



California Wild Sheep

Fall 2014



IN THIS ISSUE

From the Editor	3
President's Message	5
Houdini Stone's Sheep	8
Comments on Management	
History	13
Turkey Hunting in Nebraska ...	19
2013 Ram from the	
Marble/Clippers	20
Steep in the Floridas	26
Once-in-a-Lifetime	
Desert Bighorn	28
47-Year Grand Slam	29

Jeff Chin
Desert Bighorn Ram
Marble/Clippers
2013



We would love to meet you - here's our convention schedule for 2015:

Wild Sheep Foundation "The Sheep Show" Reno, NV Jan 7-10, 2015
Dallas Safari Club "Traditions" Dallas, TX Jan 15-18, 2015
Grand Slam Club/OVIS, Reno, NV Jan 28-31, 2015
Safari Club International, Las Vegas, NV Feb 3-6, 2015



www.explorersatellite.com
www.eschunting.com

Explorer Satellite Communications rents and sells Iridium, Inmarsat and Thuraya handheld satellite phones and Inmarsat BGAN equipment for remote Internet access. We understand the needs of Hunters, Guides and Outfitters and have proudly served the hunting industry for over 10 years and offer the services and know how to keep you in touch with your loved ones and business while out hunting.

We offer sales and rentals of satellite phones and data terminals that allow you to spend more time in the field - away from your desk and TV - without missing a beat back home!

All of our equipment is sent with a fully charged battery and easy-to-understand instructions so you can hit the ground running. Please mention CAWSF when you contact us.

Register on our hunting website for special promotions and updates on what is new in satellite communications

sales@explorersatellite.com
Please mention CAWSF when you contact us
1.866.662.2665 • 954.763.8650

**DISCOUNTED
PRICES & RENTAL RATES
FOR CAWSF MEMBERS**

CALL NOW!



**Stay in touch
wherever your
adventures
take you!**

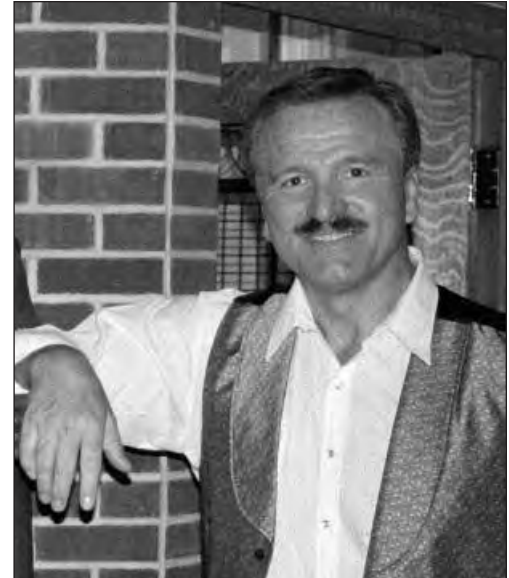


From the Editor's Desk

I'm back! Thanks to Ron Del Toro for editing these past two years. I'm back and excited to be bringing this my first issue in my new chapter to you. I hope you like it.

Your feedback, ideas, articles, requests are always welcome. Best way to reach me is email: mike.borel@contextnet.com, or phone: 925/937-4180. Due date for input to the 4Q issue is November 21.

Mike J. Borel
CA WSF Newsletter Editor



WSF DIRECTS MORE THAN \$4.371 MILLION TOWARD MISSION PROGRAMS

More than \$794 per each WSF member!

Cody, Wyoming, USA. The 2013-14 fiscal year for the Wild Sheep Foundation (WSF) closed June 30, 2014 with WSF directing an incredible \$4.371 Million to mission programs during the last twelve months focused on our Purpose to "Put and Keep Sheep on the Mountain™."

"This is an exceptional accomplishment enabled through our 2014 record convention success, and is due to the generosity of our members, exhibitors, donors, auction buyers and sponsors and the leadership of our board of directors, committees and fine staff. WSF directed nearly one half a million dollars more to mission programs this year over the prior year representing an 11.3% increase and the second consecutive year of 10+% mission funding growth" noted WSF President & CEO, Gray N. Thornton. "An industry leader in mission effectiveness, WSF raised and directed more than \$794 in on-the-ground mission focused funding for each and every WSF member. Our membership can be justifiably proud of their Foundation's efforts and success," Thornton added.

CA WSF WANTS YOU – As a Member!

Are you a Californian? A transplant to or from? Do you hunt wild sheep? Do you dream about hunting wild sheep? Do you want to help assure that wild sheep thrive for future generations? Do you want to be part of a 14 years young, growing, and making-a-difference organization?

If you answered yes to one or more of the above questions – please join CA WSF! If you are able, join or upgrade to Life Membership. The desert bighorn in California is doing well (even with the 2013 die-off) and CA WSF is making a difference by raising funds, getting connected, working with California Department of Fish and Wildlife, collaborating with Society for Conservation of Bighorn Sheep to preserve and enhance desert bighorn populations in California.

Joining is very easy:

Online – www.cawsf.org

Call – Beverly Valdez at (650) 472-3889

Email – forthesheep@gmail.com.

Board of Directors

Officers

President

Paul A. Brisso (2015)

Northern California Vice President

Adam Casagrande (2015)

Southern California Vice President

Donald C. Martin (2015)

Vice President, Operations

Mike J. Borel (2016)

Secretary

Ken Crother (2015)

Treasurer

Board of Directors

Aaron Armstrong (2016)

Vic Mancuso (2016)

Ron Del Toro (2015)

Don C. Martin (2016)

Ken D. Fish (2016)

Roger L. McCosker (2016)

Ben Gordon (2016)

Don Priest (2016)

Bob Keagy (2015)

Cliff St. Martin (2016)

George C. Kerr (2015)

California Wild Sheep is published quarterly.

Please email all articles and photos to
mike.borel@contextnet.com

Photos should be high resolution and in color.
It is recommended that digital photos be sent by email.
Please include photo credits and captions.

Events

2014

November 11	CA WSF BOD Conference Call
November 17	Sheep Summit XII in Ontario
November 21	Due date for articles for 4Q2014 CA WSF Newsletter
December 8	CA WSF - SCBS Quarterly Conference Call

2015

January 7-10	The Sheep Show, Peppermill, Reno
January 13	CA WSF BOD Conference Call
January 21-24	GSC/Ovis, Grand Sierra, Reno
February 4-7	SCI Convention, Las Vegas
April 25	CA WSF Fundraiser, Rancho Cordova

Likhulu Safaris

Matt van Vuuren
info@likhulusafaris.com
www.likhulusafaris.com

Rincon Outfitters

Robert "Rom" Dryden
rdryden@fairwaymc.com
www.rinconoutfitters.com

Tejon Ranch

Brian Grant
bgrant@tejonranch.com
www.tejonranch.com

President's Letter

Dear CA WSF Members and Friends:

I am continually amazed at the positive impact that CA WSF has in promoting the interests of wild sheep and their environment. This is all the more impressive given the huge population, geographic size and largely urban nature of our state, our state's budget problems, and the small group of us that band together as CA WSF.

As you are no doubt aware, recent months have tightened the drought on the Western United States in general and in particular the southwest desert areas. Our herds of wild sheep, already stressed in some areas by a disease outbreak last year, have been further hit by extreme drought and high temperatures. In teamwork with our friends of the Society for the Conservation of Bighorn Sheep and the cooperation of CDFW and the federal BLM, we have engaged in emergency transport of water to critical areas and herds and no doubt literally saved the lives of a great number of sheep.

We are not alone in our efforts on behalf of wild sheep. We have over the years received support from the national Wild Sheep Foundation and from other chapter affiliates. This summer we were able to support our sister chapter in Nevada to assist it in bringing emergency water supplies to stricken herds in that state. See photos of some of the work on page 24.

Despite the common perception (sometimes well-deserved) that the California legislature is at best apathetic toward hunting, and sometimes anti-hunting, we have nevertheless been successful in recent months on the legislative front, including moving forward bills to increase the non-resident fees for desert bighorn sheep tags to increase funds available for sheep conservation, to allow conservation organizations (such as CA WSF) to keep a portion of funds raised by auction of special state tags to help defray the expenses of the marketing of the tags and to return to sheep projects, and to help ensure that the funds raised by special tags are used to benefit the specific wildlife species that generates the tag revenue.

As you take the field this fall, whether in California or somewhere else in the world and whether you are lucky enough to be chasing wild sheep or other game, take pride in the fact that your support of CA WSF has made — and continues to make — a huge difference.

Good hunting, and see you next April at the annual dinner.

Paul Brisso, President CA WSF



In the last issue Cliff St. Martin was incorrectly referred to as Cliff St. John in the President's letter. Our apologies.

MEET YOUR NEW DIRECTORS



AARON ARMSTRONG, who lives in Roseville, California, may be familiar to many of you as he is the owner of Western Wildlife Taxidermy. He has been involved in our fundraiser in the past and has generously donated his work to help raise money for the sheep. Aaron has run his business for 26 years in the Sacramento area working for hunters nationwide. He has a 14-year-old daughter and has recently introduced her to the hunting world as well. Aaron has been involved in classes for kids from kindergarten through high school to teach them the importance of hunting, fishing, trapping and wildlife conservation. Aaron is a former director of the Sierra Circuit Bull Riding Board and had a 10-year career in rodeo. He is a member of WSF, NWTF, CDA, RMEF, CA WSF and the Sacramento SCI. He is currently a life member of SCI and the NRA. As an avid outdoorsman, he has taken over 70 species on five continents – quite an accomplishment.



VICTOR MANCUSO JR. lives in Los Gatos, California and is a life member/charter member of the California Wild Sheep Foundation. Vic is also a life member of SCI and the NRA, as well as membership in the WSF, both San Francisco and Golden Gate chapters of SCI and Grand Slam Club Ovis. Vic grew up in a hunting family and began his hunting with small game, upland birds and shot trap. His big game hunting began in 1996 and involved many species, but mountain game has gotten in his blood. He has been fortunate to see many beautiful places and has made many great friends on his excursions. Vic looks forward to serving our wild sheep and conserving the places they roam.



DONALD PRIEST resides in Truckee, California. Don's heritage in California began with his great great grandfather as a homestead rancher on California's central coast in the 1850s. Don is an Actuary and has his own underwriting agency, Pacific Reinsurance Managers, that underwrites reinsurance into a number on syndicates at Lloyds of London. Don is a member of and active conservation supporter through California Wild Sheep Foundation, WSF, GSCO, SCI, NAHVDA, DU and Trout Unlimited. Don has hunted his whole life, and in the past ten years has harvested four North American sheep as well as a number of sheep and ibex species in Asia. He has also hunted many other species in North America and Africa. He is an avid upland bird hunter and is the proud owner of two Large Munsterlanders. Don looks

forward to participating on the Board of CA WSF to keep our lands and waterways conserved and populated with wildlife for hunters' and non-hunters' heritage and enjoyment.



CLIFF ST. MARTIN currently lives in Three Rivers, California. Cliff is one of our well-known sheep hunter/guides in the western United States. Cliff has numerous trophies to his credit in his over 30 years of experience in the field. He is a third generation outdoorsman and has hunted big game in most of the Western U.S. with both rifle and bow. Cliff has worked for the U.S. Forest Service in Northern California as well as the California Department of Fish and Game as a biologist in the backcountry of the Sierras. With this background, Cliff will bring a wealth of knowledge to our Board. Cliff has been a long-time member of CA WSF. He and his partner in Dry Creek Outfitters, Tim Mercier, have been a driving force within CA WSF for many years and have brought many new members to our organization.

PHOTOS FROM THE FIELD



Henry McNatt III
Kamchatka Bighorn
August 2014
Siberia



Caden Casagrande (center)
with Adam and Cole Casagrande
Bezoar Ibex
Florida Mountains, New Mexico



Bob Ybright
Marble Mountains
Dry Creek Outfitters
175+ Ram



Mike Smith
Marble Mountains
Dry Creek Outfitters



Nick Simpson
South Bristols
Dry Creek Outfitters
12-year-old Ram



Paul Roen
San Geronios
Dry Creek Outfitters
174+ Ram

HOUDINI STONE'S SHEEP

by Adam Casagrande



As the Cessna 185 gains altitude over Taku Inlet, we crest the coastal range southeast of Juneau in route to hunt Stone's sheep with Golden Bear Outfitters in northern BC. Suddenly the plane starts to shake and I look over at the pilot. He reaches up and adjusts something and the shaking stops. Seconds later the shaking starts again. Before I have time to ask if everything is ok, he banks hard right. I am not talking a nice easy turn. He turned the thing on a dime, as I looked out my window the tops of icy peaks below are staring me in the face. As we level out the pilot leans over and says, "We need a new plane." The 20 minutes back to Juneau were about as white knuckled as they get.

Back to Juneau unload and reload into a Cessna 206. I never found out the problem, but at that point was just glad not to be plastered on the side of a mountain. The second flight was uneventful, and I couldn't help but think as we were flying over the vertical rock faces and through the ice-covered passes maybe my definition of being in sheep shape was a little off. The ruggedness and

remoteness of this country had me in awe.

We soon arrived at base camp landing on a small lake in a high mountain valley. The rest of the evening was spent getting to know each other, eating and organizing gear for the next morning. The inside walls of the cook shack were filled with names of successful sheep hunters of the past and as the glow of the lantern grew dim I wondered if someone someday would be reading my name on these walls.

Morning came early. We loaded up the horses and headed out. We had been riding for about 30 minutes before we dismounted to lead the horses out of the valley into the river bottom below. The trail was steep and muddy. I managed to end up on my backside a few times and the thought of my horse coming over the top of me had me back on my feet quickly each time. We made our way up the river valley crossing the glacial river a dozen or so times.

After about four hours, the walls of the river valley closed in and the river forked into two different drainages. From this point on we would be carrying everything we needed for six days on our backs. We hung another six days of food, fuel, extra socks and underwear in a tree in case we needed to resupply. The plan was to head farther up the valley to a series of high basins and the loop back around. As Blake put it, we were basically going exploring.

My Stone Glacier Terminus felt a lot heavier than what I had been training with for the last few months. We hiked to a high point and pulled out the spotting scopes. Within minutes we spotted two different groups of ewes and lambs, but no rams. Then Blake said, "Three rams top of the center basin." They were headed up into the cliffs at the back of the basin. We sat and watched as the rams made their way into the cliffs over and out of the basin. We hiked about two miles to the bottom of the basins. We decided to make camp here for the night with hopes that the rams would return in the morning.

As we were setting up camp, Blake spotted a grizzly feeding low on the side of the mountain. Blake didn't seem concerned, but I would be sleeping with a round in the chamber. After camp was set up we pulled out the spotting scopes and started glassing the three basins above us. We spotted a

mountain goat high in the basin to our right. He looked to be big bodied and Blake said we had enough light to go up and get a closer look.

The basin was nothing but rock and ice. The clouds and fog rolled in and out. Blake said, "I think I just saw a sheep." The clouds kept our view obscured for a few minutes, but then a clearing verified it was a sheep and a ram at that. He was big bodied had a dark cape and was full curl with lamb tips. Constantly on move feeding and with the fog and clouds we could not get a long enough look to age him and really tell how big he was.

The next morning we headed up to where we glassed the ram the night before. Within minutes I spotted the ram in the back of the basin making his way up to the rim. As we watched him feed his way up, the clouds and fog started to roll in, making it harder to keep eyes on him. Once on top he bedded on the third knob from the right with nothing but ice and cliffs below him. The fog thickened and obscured our view and we headed his direction.

A few hours hiking put us below the rim working our way up a creek to the top. To our left was the series of knobs where he should have been bedded. We were in the clouds and visibility was decreasing quickly. As we crawled to the top of the second knob on our bellies, I pulled up my binos and saw the back of his horns. The fog rolled in and visibility dropped to zero. We got set up and I was laying prone over my pack and the wait began. Three hours we sat in the fog, rain and wind. Finally the fog started to break up. We locked our binos on his position and

he was gone. We start to question whether he was ever there to begin with. Were we just seeing things in the clouds? We waited a while longer and decided to ease up there and see if he had moved down off the knob. Nothing. He had vanished. Blake told me to wait there and he went up into the cliffs to see if he could find him, as there was nothing but glacier to each side.

I sat down and started to glass back to where we had been set up and glassed up the ridge when I saw him. There he was in all his glory, bedded on a rock outcropping a few hundred yards behind and above where we sat for three hours in the fog. As I watched him, I noticed a fresh trail in the loose shale that lead up to where he was. He had walked by us at less than 50 yards in the fog up wind of our position.

Blake made his way back over and we continued to watch him, confirming he was a mature ram. Finally he got up and worked his way away from us, dropping into a ravine. We scrambled to the rock outcropping and peered over, and 250 yards below us he was broadside feeding. Blake laid his pack across the rock as I steadied myself. As my crosshairs settled behind his shoulder the trigger went off, and with one shot I had my first sheep A Stone's sheep at that. After Blake cursed at me for not waiting for him to turn on the camera, we exchanged high-fives and a few man hugs.

Houdini, as this ram became known for the rest of the trip, measured 38" on both sides with a green score of 157 4/8. He was exactly what I



envisioned as the perfect Stone's sheep with his dark coat and white face and lamb tips flaring out.

After pictures, we got to work in hopes of getting to camp before dark. Reflecting back on the day helped me take my mind off the heavy load. It's amazing how a heavy pack doesn't feel so heavy when it contains your first sheep.

We were up early the next morning, knowing it would be a long day getting back to base camp. We broke camp, headed back to the drop-off point and waited on the horses to arrive, spending the hours relaxing and enjoying some tenderloins. We made it

to base camp that night as the day's light faded.

After a day of rest, we set out on a 17-hour near-vertical excursion where I was able to harvest an incredible mountain goat that green scored 50 4/8. What my sheep hunt lacked in duration and difficulty my goat hunt more than made up for in one long grueling day.

This adventure was one I will cherish for a long time. I must say thanks to my wonderful wife, MacKenzie, and three boys, Caden, Cole and Chase, for letting me pursue my passion and dreams and to Greg and Blake Williams of Golden Bear Outfitters.

Psychiatrist or Bartender?

courtesy of Tammy Scott, to give you a smile

Ever since I was a child, I've always had a fear of someone under my bed at night. So I went to a shrink and told him:

I've got problems. Every time I go to bed I think there's somebody under it. I'm scared. I think I'm going crazy.

Just put yourself in my hands for one year, said the shrink. Come talk to me three times a week and we should be able to get rid of those fears.

How much do you charge?

Eighty dollars per visit, replied the doctor.

I'll sleep on it, I said.

Six months later the doctor met me on the street. Why didn't you come to see me about those fears you were having? He asked.

Well, Eighty bucks a visit, three times a week for a year, is \$12,480. A bartender cured me for \$10. I was so happy to have saved all that money that I went and bought me a new pickup truck.

Is that so? With a bit of an attitude he said, and how, may I ask, did a bartender cure you?

He told me to cut the legs off the bed. Ain't nobody under there now.

Hilbers Inc.

Kurt and Mary Hilbers

GSCO

Dennis Campbell
campholl@aol.com
www.wildsheep.org

Gary Madison's School for Hunting and Calling Coyotes

Gary Madison
gmadison@centurytel.net

Artistic Wildlife Taxidermy

Eric Gould
artisticwildlifetaxidermy@yahoo.com
www.artisticwildlifetaxidermy.net

Mule Shoe Outfitters

Justin or Sandy Wright
muleshoe@wbaccess.net
www.muleshoeoutfitters.com

INFORMATIVE AND USEFUL NEWS CLIPS FROM CDFW

Thanks to Clark Blanchard

CDFW Opens Chimineas Unit of Carrizo Plain Ecological Reserve for Apprentice Deer Hunters:

The California Department of Fish and Wildlife (CDFW) is offering a draw for an apprentice deer hunt on the Chimineas Unit of the Carrizo Plain Ecological Reserve. CDFW News Release, 7-23-14

CDFW Announces Upland Game Bird Hunting Opportunities in Southern California:

The California Department of Fish and Wildlife (CDFW) is announcing three special dove hunts in San Diego County. The first opportunity is slated for Saturday, September 6, 2014 from 5:30 a.m. to noon at Oak Grove, a sub unit of San Felipe Wildlife Area, in San Diego County. This hunt will take place on CDFW property located off Highway 79, 1.5 miles south of the Cleveland National Forest Oak Grove Campground. This hunt will accommodate up to 20 hunters. CDFW News Release, 7-25-14

Rethinking the Wild – The Wilderness Act Is Facing a Midlife Crisis: You won't hear it on your summer hike above the bird song and the soft applause of aspen leaves, but there's a heresy echoing through America's woods and wild places. It's a debate about how we should think about, and treat, our wilderness in the 21st century, one with real implications for the nearly 110 million acres of wild lands that we've set aside across the United States. Christopher Solomon, New York Times, 7-5-14

CDFW Offers One-day Waterfowl Hunting Clinic in Redding:

The California Department of Fish and Wildlife's (CDFW) Advanced Hunter Education Program and California Waterfowl Association are sponsoring a waterfowl hunting clinic in Redding on Saturday, Sept. 20. The clinic is designed to teach waterfowl hunting techniques and will accommodate all skill levels.

CDFW News Release, 7-25-14

Forum at UM helps hunters, wildlife activists find common ground:

A forum at the University of Montana brought together hunters and wildlife conservationists to try to find some common ground. The Missoulian, 7-13-14

CDFW's SHARE Program Offers Fall Hunting Opportunities:

The California Department of Fish and Wildlife's (CDFW) Shared Habitat Alliance for Recreational Enhancement (SHARE) program will be providing public access for big game and upland game hunts this fall. CDFW News Release, 7-18-14

Bipartisan success in sportsmen's bill? Just a fish tale: A bipartisan bill to open up more public lands to hunters and fishermen and block more regulation of their equipment was abruptly killed in the Senate on Thursday, after senators from both parties tried to use amendments as the platform for a renewed gun-control debate.

McClatchy Washington Bureau, 7-10-14

Algar Safaris

Lilianna Saccomano
algar@fibertel.com.ar
www.algar-safaris.com

Point Blank Hunts

Joe Jakob
joejakab@pointblankhunts.com
www.pointblankhunts.com

Golden Bear Outfitting

Greg Williams
bigsheep45@gmail.com
www.goldenbearoutfitting.com

Leo Peressi Alpaca Garments

ajhasz20@gmail.com
www.leoperessi.com

2014 Weatherby Award Winner

RENEE SNIDER

Renee is one of our CA WSF Members and Supporters



Renee Snider is a diminutive woman and modest about her achievements, but don't let her quiet demeanor fool you. A world-class big game hunter with drive and heart, Renee's passion for the outdoors began as a youngster as she accompanied her father, who was a skilled outdoorsman, hunting along the Continental Divide.

Renee first traveled to Africa with her husband, Paul, in 1979. Finally, by 1982, he persuaded her to carry a rifle herself. She has enjoyed hunting with family and friends over the years, however for the past 20 years she has hunted alone worldwide. While in Africa, Renee's humanitarian skills come into play. She takes medical supplies with her and treats native villagers topically and administers major first aid. In some remote areas, Renee is the only medical source these people will ever see.

Renee has received the prestigious Diana Award and is the only woman to receive the Golden Malek Award and the OVIS Award in their histories.

When asked about her favorite hunt, she will simply respond "It is not just about the hunt. More importantly, it is about the beautiful people one meets, the different cultures one experiences and the breathtaking landscape one has the pleasure to see. They are all very special memories."

(Taken from www.weatherbyfoundation.com)

Explorer Satellite Communications

Andy Cool
sales@explorersatellite.com
www.explorersatellite.com

Monarch Taxidermy

Stuart Farnsworth
info@monarchtaxidermy.com
www.monarchtaxidermy.com

COMMENTS ON MANAGEMENT HISTORY, VOLUNTEERS AND THE IMPORTANCE OF LEADERSHIP, AND SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FUTURE

Part 1

by Vernon C. Bleich



Deserts are among the most beautiful and unpopulated places in North America. I was fortunate enough to have spent my entire career working in those arid, but very special, ecosystems. Some might not think such places are special, including many of those that I worked with (or for) over the years. But, that is because they chose to avoid those places and did not experience the wonders of the endless sunsets, the rugged mountain islands rising out of desert seas, and the amazing wildlife. And, some people just don't like the heat!

Desert bighorn sheep are more special to some individuals than are other species. Bighorn sheep clearly were an important part of Native American cultures in the southwestern United States long before Europeans arrived on the scene. These wild sheep are among the most well-adapted large mammals occupying desert ecosystem, and have been of special interest to many Californians for many years. Moreover, these animals have been severely impacted by humans, and drive many of us to do our best on behalf of conservation.

Two subspecies of bighorn sheep occur in California; one (*Ovis canadensis sierrae*) is listed as federally endangered, and many millions of dollars have been spent on their behalf by the California Department of Wildlife since 2000. A second group of bighorn sheep, those occupying the peninsular ranges of the Sonoran Desert are classified as *O. c. nelsoni* but, with the exception of bighorn sheep in the Sierra Nevada, are the same subspecies as all of the other bighorn sheep that occur

in California. Bighorn sheep inhabiting the peninsular ranges are, however, listed by the federal government as an endangered population segment. Millions of dollars have been spent to acquire habitat, conduct surveys, and on other projects since they were listed as endangered in 1998. Those listings stirred much controversy among individuals having very different viewpoints, and have been a source of frustration among many interested in wildlife conservation. Currently, bighorn sheep in the Sierra Nevada are far more numerous than at any time in the recent past, and those inhabiting the peninsular ranges are very near their historically high numbers.

Bighorn sheep currently comprise about 50 populations in California, of which 11 are the direct result of management actions to reestablish them in areas from which they had been extirpated. The number of bighorn sheep populations that formerly occurred in California is thought to have been about 110. The isolation and disjunct distribution of these populations has made it difficult to monitor them, and for much of the last 30 years aerial surveys have been the primary method of doing so.

Management of bighorn sheep in California was mostly passive for many, many years, but centered largely on ensuring availability of water for wildlife in desert areas; that program was a Pittman-Robertson project that had been ongoing since about 1950. The vast majority of wildlife water sources in the deserts of southeastern California were, and remain, "natural" sources, many of which have been maintained by humans for hundreds, if not thousands, of years. Still other water sources have been constructed specifically for the purpose of providing water for wildlife, whether large mammals or other species. Those developments were created, with the intent of enhancing the persistence of populations of those animals during hard times, or making a greater proportion of otherwise suitable habitat available to them. I want to emphasize that these water developments do not necessarily increase the absolute density of wildlife, particularly if other resources like forage, limit the population in question; and, that is almost always the case. Such

developments do, however, have the potential to increase the number of animals in a population by allowing members of the population to forage over a larger area and, thereby, increase the total numbers comprising a given population. This has important implications for the persistence of populations at the level of the landscape.

Modern management and active conservation efforts on behalf of bighorn sheep really began in October 1968, following passage of California Senate Resolution 43, which resulted in the most detailed statewide survey of that species ever conducted. Until then, basic inventory data had consisted of information gathered during cursory statewide surveys which occurred in 1940, 1946, and 1957, along with published and unpublished anecdotal accounts. Following legislative direction, Department of Fish and Game employees Richard Weaver, Jerry Mensch, and their part-time assistants began the first detailed surveys of bighorn sheep populations in California.

Over a period of several years, Weaver and his assistants produced a series of reports providing the greatest amount of detail on bighorn sheep in California ever accumulated. Among recommendations provided by Weaver and staff were land acquisitions to protect natural water sources, acquisitions of private lands to protect habitat, recommendations for the management of feral species, and a list of locations at which water should be developed to enhance bighorn sheep habitat. Thus, "modern management" of bighorn sheep had begun, and for several years it involved two full-time positions and a part-time position.

Following completion of Weaver's efforts in southern California, he transferred to Sacramento and occupied a position in which he had assumed the responsibility for statewide coordination of activities involving bears, mountain lions, and bighorn sheep. He also was the Department of Fish and Game expert on donkeys and their effects on native wildlife.

As a result of the series of reports generated in the early 1970s, Region 6 (which was part of Region 5 at the time) established a program to maintain and construct water sources to provide additional water to bighorn sheep, as recommended in Weaver's 14 reports. That program was also funded with Pittman-Robertson monies, and was known as Federal Aid in Wildlife Restoration Project W-26-D (Wildlife Habitat Development). Three full-time positions and one part-time position (a Wildlife Habitat Supervisor II, two Fish and Wildlife Assistants, and a Fish and Wildlife Seasonal Aid) thus, were established as a result of Weaver's efforts.

The positions initially assigned to the W-26-D project in southern California remained in place through December 1977, a period of intense develop-

ment activity. Although some of the original personnel stayed with the Project during that period, there also were changes in staffing as individuals transferred from the desert to other, "nicer" parts of California. In December 1977, the Wildlife Habitat Supervisor II position became vacant, but the position was filled in March 1978 by an Associate Wildlife Biologist that became the project leader and retained supervisory responsibility for the other positions in the program. Placing a biologist in charge of Project W-26-D provided greater opportunities for exploring the status of bighorn sheep populations in California, while maintaining a strong emphasis on habitat enhancement for bighorn sheep and other species.

From establishment of the program in the early 1970s through December 1985, when the position of Project Leader was eliminated, W-26-D personnel worked extensively with members of what became known as the Volunteer Water and Wildlife Survey (VDWWS), organized by the Society for the Conservation of Bighorn Sheep and numerous other sportsman's groups (the VDWWS actually was launched to assist Weaver with his initial survey work). During that period, volunteers donated thousands of hours of labor, hundreds of thousands of vehicle miles, and tens of thousands of dollars in equipment and materials to the Department of Fish and Game, a result of the sincere interest among Project personnel, strong leadership in the W-26-D program, and careful and effective coordination of the volunteer program.

On 31 December 1985, the position of Project Leader was abolished, leaving two full-time positions and one part time position affiliated with Project W-26-D, a situation that lasted for the next several years. One of the Fish and Wildlife Assistants was promoted to Wildlife Habitat Assistant but, for supervisory purposes, reported to a Wildlife Habitat Supervisor II not directly affiliated with the habitat enhancement work, and not funded by Project W-26-D. Thus, the number of personnel active in maintaining or enhancing habitat, and coordinating volunteer activities on behalf of bighorn sheep and other wildlife declined from 3.75 positions to 2.5 positions. This situation resulted in far fewer opportunities to investigate the status of bighorn sheep, and greater emphasis was placed on maintenance of existing facilities, but with less coordination with non-governmental organizations. Staffing remained at this level until 1996, when the Wildlife Habitat Assistant (who had during that 10-year period been promoted to Wildlife Habitat Supervisor I) retired from state service.

See Part 2 in the next issue of *California Wild Sheep*.

Hold The Date! You Don't Even Want to Miss this! Mark Your Calendar Now!

April 25, 2015

for the California Chapter Fundraiser in Rancho Cordova!!!

We will be having a great raffle, a really exciting set of silent auction items, and a live auction including hunts both from North America and internationally. We are already beginning to line up an exciting program for the auction, and you won't want to miss it. We are pretty darn selective in our hunts, and this is YOUR opportunity to support YOUR chapter, have a great evening, get a great hunt, and best of all, "help put and keep more sheep on the mountain."

Remember, the great majority of our funding for our many projects come from this fundraiser, so be sure to attend!!!

See 'ya there!
Your Fundraiser Committee



SHEEP UPDATE FROM DFW

Regina Abella, Bighorn Sheep Coordinator, CDFW

Regina has been extra busy and unable to provide a report this quarter. Your editor provides the following: The Comprehensive Desert Bighorn Plan is nearing it's release for public comment, the goal is an approved plan by year end. Actions which follow the plan are already underway. Getting a contract for helicopter survey work in 2014 is a big priority and key for hunting tags. Further captures and collars are also planned to better understand and manage the disease situation we've experienced.

Black Rock Outfitters

Michael Hornbarger
www.bighornmh@gmail.com

Horse Creek Outfitters

Adam Beaupre
adam.beaupre16@gmail.com
www.horsecrkoutfitters.com

Asian Mountain Outfitters

Bryan Martin
bryankmartin@gmail.com
www.asianmountainoutfitters.com

Maers & Goldman Outfitters

Jason Wilson
arielgoldman@fibertel.com.ar
www.maers-goldman.com



ULTIMA THULE LODGE

CONTACT: DONALD C. MARTIN 310-766-3921 OR DON-MARTIN@EARTHLINK.NET



Founding Life Members

Michael Borel
Michael Casey
Edwin Charkowicz
David Combs
Frank D. Cox

Brad Farrow
Doug Holl
Larry J. Johns
Raymond Liden
Robert C. Marshall

Richard M. McDrew
Kyle M. Meintzer
Bill Pritchard
Deborah Ramsey-Casey
Tammy Scott

Brenton L. Scott
Joe M. Surprenant
Dennis Swanson
Brett Wingfield

Additional Life Members

Ralph E. Adams
Jack Ahart
Daniel M. Alegre
C. Dennis Anderson
Donald B. Anderson
Brian Anderson
Terry B. Anderson
Stanford Atwood
Pamela Atwood
Armen Avedissian
Ray D. Barger
Peggy Barnett
Kenneth L. Barr
John M. Barritt
Derek Berry
Vernon C. Bleich
Steven F. Boitano
John Brelsford
Michael Bright
Paul A. Brisso
Matthew T. Burke
Richard Butler
Don K. Callahan
Robert S. Campbell
(Deceased)
Ron Carey
Adam Casagrande
John F. Cavin
Mark Celso
Kern L. Chew
Michael S. Chittim
James Coffrini
Joe Colangelo

Mark Dickson
Joe E. Diedrich
John M. Diedrich
Jim Dismukes
Bret Dismukes
Noah Dismukes
Krista Dismukes
John R. & Diane
Drummond
Jim R. Egan
Danny B. Ferguson
Kenneth D. Fish
Jim Fitzgerald
Randy C. Fortune
Dan Fox
John C. Frazier, III
Dallas Freeman
Ronald S. Gabriel, MD
William Garrouette
Rick Garzoli
Steven Gingras
Don Giottonini, Jr.
Ben Gordon
Paul T. Goularte
Lester G. Graf
(Deceased)
Tom Griffiths
David W. Hanna
Douglas Hart
Robert L. Highfill
Chip Hollister
J. Craig Holworthy
Daryll Hosker

Scott A. Jesseman
James Johnson
Bob Keagy
Jay Kellett
George C. Kerr
Butch Kuflak
Charles LaPorte
David Le Fevre
Leon M. Lesicka
Thomas Liming
Jimmy Low
Brian MacDonald
Victor R. Mancuso, Jr.
Robert Manger
Jeff F. Martin
Donald Martin
Joseph Massolo
Roger L. McCosker
James McIsaac
Steven A. McNamara
Tim Mercier
Rod Miranda
John Montelli
Bo Morgan
Ken Morrill
James C. Mower
Tim Murray (Deceased)
Robert Lee Murry, Jr.
Richard P. Musselman
Glenn Napierskie
(Deceased)
Andrew Ohanesian
Robert J. Pacini

Richard Papapietro
S. Edward Parish
Jeffrey J. Passanante
Richard J. Pierce
Dan Pocapalia
Romeo Pompei, Jr.
William E. Poole
(Deceased)
Paul Prudler
Robert L. Puette
Blake Quinn
Graham Rogney
Thomas B. Rutherford
Dennis J. Saccone
Michael K. Saiers
Albert D. Seeno, Jr.
Dennis J. Sites
Dan Smith, III
Dan Smith, IV
Renee Snider
Arnie Spiess
Brooks Stiltz
Gerald Tadina
Richard Thompson
William H. Tilley
James H. Tonkin
Dick Weaver
John D. Wehausen
Graham G. Weiss
Darryl Williams
Richard E. Wiseley
John Zenz

New Members September 2013 - August 2014

Robert Charkowicz
Santoni Charles
Jeffrey Chin
Corey Choate
Daniel Connelly
George Davis
David Felton

Bruce Hamilton
Robert Hill
Patricia Holloway
Pete Imhor
Mark Laramore
Randy Long
Wyatt Martin

Peter Martin
Josh Matheson
Eric Nelson
Mike Newman
Earl Parker
Sean Paxton
Gary Rotta

Nick Simpson
Brooks Stiltz
Adam Tressler
Craig Vanarsdale
David Welch
Bob Ybright

ONE TENT, ONE CAMPFIRE!

by Kyle M. Meintzer, WSF Director

When WSF held the first Chapters and Affiliates meeting in Cody, Wyoming in 2008, WSF CEO Gray Thornton shared his vision that WSF and our Chapters and Affiliates would be able to create a “One tent, one campfire” relationship.

At the time, that was a reach, as the relationship was frequently contentious and the lack of trust between the parties could not have been more evident. At the same time, those in attendance could see there was a huge underlying desire to create just such a vision.

Fast forward to the 2014 Chapters and Affiliates meeting in Scottsdale in late June 2014.

The relationship had improved dramatically within the first year or two following the meeting in Cody. Subsequent meetings in Reno, Nevada, Edmonton, Alberta, Denver, Colorado, Lewiston, Idaho, Salt Lake City, Utah and then Scottsdale, Arizona served to build a bond of trust between all parties. The relationship just got better and better, to the point where Chapters and Affiliates were lining up to host this important meeting.

Over fifty representatives from Canada and the USA attended the Scottsdale meeting, graciously hosted by the Arizona Desert Bighorn Sheep Society. On Friday morning, ADBSS arranged a trip to Canyon Lake where the attendees boarded a paddle-boat and

did a three-hour trip up and back on the lake. Dozens of desert bighorn sheep were seen, many within 200 yards of the boat. A great many rams were spotted and the quality of the rams was astonishing! Awesome mass, tremendous horn length!

But the clear highlight of the meeting occurred at the end of a long meeting on Saturday. A representative from our Las Vegas Affiliate, the Fraternity of the Desert Bighorn, made a plea for funding for an emergency water haul project. This critical project needed significant funding as a result of the extreme drought Nevada has experienced the past two years. Many of the big game drinkers can only be accessed by helicopter, thus the cost of flying water in to the drinkers is very expensive.

We went around the room, and with WSF taking the lead, within five minutes, over \$55,000 had been pledged from the Chapters, Affiliates and even two individuals personally! \$55,000!

Then on Sunday morning, ADBSS had arranged a special “AZ Hunter Ed” course. Twenty attendees from the Chapters and Affiliates meeting participated, thereby gaining the permanent Bonus Point Arizona awards to people who have taken the Arizona Hunter Ed course!

Now THAT’S “One tent, one campfire!”



ElandPro Safaris
Gerrit Breedt
elandpro@mweb.com.na
www.elandpro.com

Western Wildlife Taxidermy
Aaron Armstrong
aaronhunts@gmail.com
www.western-wildlife.com

TURKEY HUNTING IN NEBRASKA

by Vern Bleich



Theron Bleich

At the May 2013 CA WSF Convention, I was fortunate enough to have been the winning bidder on a 4-day, 2-person hunt offered by Nate Swanson, of Hunt Nebraska. After nearly a year my son, Theron, and I drove the 550 miles from Bismarck, North Dakota to Arapahoe, Nebraska for our hunt in early April of this year. We were greeted warmly by Nate, who manages the operation, and John Koller (the owner), and other staff. The lodge is a beautifully refurbished historical building, wonderful accomodations, superb food, and the staff was fantastic. Additonally, John is a great chef, and wonderful conversationalist. Hunt Nebraska

can accommodate numerous clients at one time, and is able to arrange special opportunities for corporate meetings or family gatherings.

The first morning of our hunt, it seemed as though birds were everywhere, and Theron was successful in taking a mature tom having a 9" beard. After returning to the lodge for lunch, exchanging numerous stories, and a brief nap, we headed out again at 1600. We watched a group of about 20 birds from a distance of 400 yards for four hours, calling occasionally without success. Near dusk, and after assuming that we would not be successful that afternoon, five toms suddenly began to approach our "sit." As the birds came closer, the excitement grew, and suddenly we had "limited out."

We spent the next day touring the area with Nate, shot some prairie dogs and shot at some others, caught some fish, and enjoyed another series of great meals. We cut our trip short by a day in order to return to Bismarck on Saturday in time for a family gathering on Easter Sunday.

Nate, John, and Hunt Nebraska provided us with a great hunt, and it was the first time that either Theron or I had hunted turkeys, a species that does not occur near our home in Bishop, California. I am on the verge of becoming a turkey hunting addict, and look forward to next season. Ours was a great trip, and we thank Nate Swanson and Hunt Nebraska for a great introduction to an exciting sport, and we are looking forward to our next turkey hunt!

Wild Sheep Foundation
Gray Thornton
wildsheepfoundation.org

Zulu Nyala Group
Veena Joory
hvjoory@mweb.co.za
www.zulunyalagroup.com

G and J Outdoors
Cary Jellison
Cary@gandjoutdoors.com
gandjoutdoors.com

Ultima Thule
Don Martin
don-martin@earthlink.net
www.ultimathulelodge.com

2013 RAM FROM THE MARBLE/CLIPPERS

by Jeff Chin



November 19, 2013, 1615 hours

"Clifford!," Joel whispered trying to get Cliff's attention. "Cliff!," he said again a little louder. And there, not more than 100 yards away, was a ram that had wandered over the ridge we were sitting on. Cliff quickly wheeled around and assessed the ram through his binoculars, then pointed his calloused finger at me and wiggled it toward him whispering, "You...the gun...come here!"

There was a slot between two large boulders that Cliff was looking through. As Joel and I tried to scramble as quietly as we could over the 30 feet of volcanic rock and shale, the ram wandered a little further away. When I finally arrived at Cliff's location, the ram looked up and stared at us for what seemed like an eternity. "Don't move," was all Cliff said. And I froze right where I was, behind him, hunched over, with most of my weight on one knee against a very uncomfortable rock. Finally, the ram relaxed a bit and I was instructed to get into position as fast and as quietly as I could because the ram was about to bolt.

I lay down, chambered a round, and took aim.

All the while I could hear Cliff desperately calling out as loud as he could whisper, "You're gonna shoot the rock! You're gonna shoot the rock!" I repositioned and took aim again. The ram was still in position and had his entire left side toward us. Cliff gave me the go ahead and BANG! The recoil of my Savage Axis .308 took me off the ram and I had to ask Joel and Cliff if he was still there. Did I miss again? He was only 160 yards away. Was he gone? But, I reacquired him in my scope and only saw his rear end. Cliff calmly told me to just hang on and be ready for him to move. A few seconds later, the ram turned to his left again and I squeezed off another 150 grain Barnes Tipped TSX. This time the recoil took my eyes up the mountain where I saw a ram blazing up the hill. Both Joel and Cliff said I got the ram, but I could only ask if I needed to shoot him again because he was running up the hill. They both laughed and said, "No! You got him. He's down." I looked back and saw that our ram was lying in the rocks. Relief and elation. I couldn't catch my breath. I was tearing up. I put my head in my arm and said, "Thank you Lord! You certainly did provide."

Three Days Earlier

My friend Joel Aguilar and I arrived at sheep camp in the South Bristol Mountains, late in the day but the weather could not have been better. Sunny and in the 70s, slight breeze. I could hardly believe that this day had finally come. When I logged into Fish and Game's website the previous June, the thought that I'd actually be on this hunt had not even crossed my mind. I had only bought a raffle ticket because another friend of mine, Anthony Barrios, had bought one on the day we went to the office to get our '13-'14 hunting licenses. I noticed that it was the only fund raising hunt that included a guide, and it was only \$5.97. "I'll give it a try," I thought to myself. So, I only bought one ticket. I was in such disbelief that I had actually won; I took a screen shot of the draw results because I thought it might change the next time I logged in. Surely this had to be some kind of computer glitch. I was in suspense for the next few days until I got a call from Regina Abella from the California Department of Fish and Game (now Wildlife), who confirmed that I really did win the hunt. She put me in touch with Cliff St. Martin the co-owner of Dry Creek Outfitters. Cliff's first words to me on the phone were, "Hey, is this the luckiest guy in California?" followed by, "How many tickets did you buy?" As soon as that conversation was over, I knew this was going to be an experience like none other.

It was now time to put all the practice and working out to the test because the hunt was finally here. I'd be lying if I said that I wasn't nervous or anxious. I'm sure anyone with this opportunity would feel the same. Ideally, my wife Dyan would have come along. But with three young children, finding someone to watch them for potentially two weeks was just not an option. So, I was just thankful that Joel didn't get his usual Arizona elk tag and was able to accompany me on this hunt.

We met the crew (Owners Cliff aka Partner and Tim Mercier aka Cowboy; Guides Shawn Lindey aka Alabama, Clay Gibert aka Mojave, Tom Humphreville aka Sparky; and caretaker/cook Grover Dobyns aka Watchdog) and took care of paperwork, etc. Then we enjoyed smoked salmon appetizers before we sat down to a pot roast dinner. This was not like the movie *City Slickers* where the food was just, "Brown, hot, and there was plenty of it." The meals all week were certainly

filling, but they were also delicious. It was an odd feeling having someone provide for your every need, but Grover (really all the guys for that matter) has a true servants heart and he does everything he can to assist or accommodate you.

Where's All the Sheep?

We left camp before dawn the next morning and headed to the Clipper Mountains. It was about a 45-minute drive to our first glassing point. I typically love the desert, but I was truly in awe of the terrain. Tim warned us the night before about how treacherous it could be. He cautioned, "There ain't nothin' out here that can't cut ya, poke ya, stab ya, sting ya, or bite ya. So be careful." He also took the time to point out different vegetation as we walked near it.

We set up to glass just south of the Clipper Mountains. Most of the guides had set out on foot to spread out over the mountains. I was amazed at the formations and was also nervously wondering if we were going to have to climb those mountains too. They looked formidable. We glassed for a little over an hour but no sheep, so we drove to another spot. Just before we got up to leave I got up close and personal with the first tarantula of the trip



(there were three that we saw). It apparently had wandered right between my legs as I was sitting on the desert floor while glassing. It was a good thing that Tim warned us earlier because just before I put my hand on that spider's hairy back I looked down and saw it. It calmly kept moving toward its destination while I regained my composure.

We settled atop a smaller mountain with a great view of a valley and a spot the crew affectionately refers to as "Second Base." I'll leave the reason up to your imagination as to why it's called that. We also had some incredible views of tower like formations and one we called "Predator Rock" because it appeared to have a helmet from the movie Predator sitting on top of it.

As the day wore on, I could see a little concern on Cliff's face. For the last couple of months leading up to the hunt I had heard and read about pneumonia spreading through the California Desert Bighorn herds. As far as anyone knew, it had not spread to this herd, but Cliff said the lack of sheep in this area was unusual. We spent the rest of the day on the hill then packed up and headed back to camp and a delicious grilled chicken dinner.

The fellowship at meal times was one of the highlights of the trip. I wouldn't be surprised if people on old Route 66 could hear the laughter coming from our mess tent at times. Joel loves to tell stories and he was right in his element being able to regale the crew. Being the greenhorn, I just sat back and enjoyed the fellowship and the full belly.

Clay talked about a ram that he had spotted earlier that looked like a possible candidate. He said that it looked like a big old ram, but he was really only able to get a good look at its private parts from the back. So that ram became known as "Big Balls." I was certainly up for the challenge and was willing to do whatever it took to get a shot at a big ram. So, Cliff and Tim developed a plan to put a stalk on this ram the next morning.

To Hell and Back

We left camp again before dawn full of anticipation and optimism to get back to the hunt. Cliff parked the truck and we headed out on foot. The other guides also spread out over the mountains while Clay went in to confirm if his ram was still there. Little did I know what lay ahead.

The hike in was difficult for me to say the least. It wasn't particularly steep, but there were long stretches of moderate grade and side hill hiking. The worst part was the shale that would just give way unexpectedly. But despite all that I think the adrenaline was pumping because we were headed after a ram. About halfway in (2 miles or so), we got a call from Clay confirming that the ram was still there. That gave me the extra boost to make it the rest of the way.

We finally got to a place where we could begin to approach the ram. It had been about a five-hour hike. We dropped our gear and Cliff and I headed in closer while Joel stayed back. I know it killed him not to be right there with us. We got just inside 300 yards. The adrenaline and nerves were now at full throttle and I tried to get him in my sights but it just wouldn't come together. Then my leg started to cramp up. I finally spotted him and let it fly...miss. He scrambled away and I fired again...miss. One more time...missed again. The ram started up the hill but stopped, so I repositioned and fired again...miss. I was empty and the rest of my ammo was back with Joel and the gear...100 yards away. The ram was gone. My chance was gone. This was the only sheep I'd seen in two days. And he was a monster! I didn't know if I'd see another. Needless to say the 4.5 miles back to the car were infinitely worse than the 4.5 coming in. I was physically, mentally, and emotionally finished. My leg was cut up from the barrel cactus I slid into. I was out of water and cramping up. It was only by God's mercy that I even made it back to the truck. At least I didn't have any blisters.

As we drove back to camp, I replayed the entire ordeal through my mind. Then the psychological 2nd guessing kicked in. All the things I should have done differently. "Why didn't I bring more ammo?" "I should have gotten in better position." "Did I knock my scope out of zero?" etc.

I tried to keep a stiff upper lip until I got back to camp. Then I locked myself in the car & called Dyan. That's where all the emotion I was trying to hold in came out.

A New Perspective

"I'm excited for you," not exactly what I was expecting to hear from Dyan after I shared about my failure earlier in the day, "because God's plan

is so much better than ours.” She was right of course, but that didn’t necessarily make me feel any better at that time. As I told her through tears how done I was and how I just wanted to come home, she simply encouraged me to get back out there because there was something special on the horizon.

I hung up with Dyan, dried my eyes, and then headed for the mess tent. The crew was incredibly gracious and supportive and reminded me that missing is part of hunting. Clay also let me know that there was still ample opportunity out there. That was really good to hear because my only previous big game hunting was for deer in California. I wasn’t used to getting second chances. So, the words from the crew were invaluable to me that night. It was also nice to be able to drown my sorrows in another one of Grover’s great dinners. I slept surprisingly well that night.

Yahweh Yireh (The Lord Will Provide)

We set out on day three and headed for a different area in the Marble Mtns. New territory for Joel and I. We set up to glass with Cliff and Shawn and within minutes you could hear guys saying, “Got one,” or “Oh, there’s some.” Sheep were everywhere. Not too many rams and none were shooters, but after two days I was just happy to lay eyes on some sheep. It was here, during our morning glassing, that I recalled some scripture from Genesis 22:13-14. Specifically where Abraham names the location of the ram in the thicket as “The Lord Will Provide.” Then I said, “Lord, I don’t know what you’re trying to teach me, but I’m ready to stay out here as long as it takes. I’ll wait patiently for you to provide.”

We glassed the morning away and enjoyed our first lunch in the field. Then we spotted some rams up in a saddle about a mile and a half away. Joel was getting antsy and Cliff thought there might be a ram worth a closer look, so we started up the mountain around 1400. As we moved up the mountain, it was amazing to me how many sheep were there and how close we were getting to them. It seemed like they were just popping up out of the ground. We settled on a ridgeline with a large rock outcropping on top of it to glass a little more. The rocks gave us good cover and there was a small

plateau for us to set up on. I just took in the 360 degree views and enjoyed being in God’s country.

The place we set up on was still over 300 yards from the ram we went looking for. Cliff assessed him said he had long horns that weren’t very thick and he was young too. He wasn’t one we’d want to shoot. At this point I was fine with that. I was completely OK with backing off that mountain and hunting again the next day. I was just having a great time watching sheep do what they do up in those mountains. But after we’d been up on the mountain for about an hour, Joel spotted that ram that wandered over the ridge from out of nowhere. After the ram was down we headed over and confirmed he had expired. I immediately cleared my gun, took off my pack, and gave Cliff and Joel huge hugs. Joel even shed a few tears.

It was late afternoon when we took the ram, so Cliff prepped it & we left it on the mountain overnight. We took a few pictures before it was too dark, then headed back to camp. I sent multiple text messages & called Dyan with the great news. The adrenaline was still pumping though because I didn’t get to sleep until nearly 2300. I was also a tad nervous at what could happen to that animal in the next 10 hours, but the crew assured me it would be fine. Luckily we were able to sleep in a little the next day.

The rest of the trip was devoted to preparing the ram, lots of pictures, and some video. Joel and I stayed one more day in camp before heading home. We had enjoyed our time with the crew so much we wish we could have stayed a little longer. But before we left, we got to enjoy an early Thanksgiving dinner with all the trimmings with the remaining crew. Another great meal from the old “Watchdog.”

Closing Thoughts

Getting the ram was a blessing, but the greater blessing was meeting and working with the crew from Dry Creek Outfitters. Everything they provided was above and beyond what I had imagined.

I am so thankful to my wife Dyan who held things down at home so I could go on this hunt. Most of all I’m thankful to God who blessed me with this opportunity.

EMERGENCY WATER HAUL IN THE DESERT

August 2014

The 2014 drought added greatly to the challenge of keeping water available for our beloved desert bighorn and other species. SCBS did all they could with manual water hauls (36,000 gallons between May and August!!), but helicopter help was needed for the Sheepholes after several sheep were found dead from thirst, including 2 rams larger than ever taken in the Sheepholes! These pictures show the process. CA WSF financed the operation and SCBS were the “boots on the ground” and the organizers. Another job well done.



CALIFORNIA LEGISLATIVE NOTES

by Bob Keagy

The California Legislature has been in a flurry of activity since reconvening August 2. Numerous bills have been introduced or resurrected from prior to the Legislative Recess, and, unfortunately, many of these are unwelcome and damaging to the hunting community, and subject of a great deal of correspondence and comment.

It would be unfair however, to overlook one of the few success for our organization. AB2105 was passed by both houses, was enrolled, and awaits the Governor's signature. CA WSF member Kyle Mientzer was central to this bill's approval. A key provision of this bill will allow California Charitable entities to retain 5% of the auction proceeds on auctioned California game fundraising tags. This affects auctioned tags for deer, elk, antelope and Bighorn. A second provision of AB 2105 would be to increase the out-of-state fee for a Nelson Bighorn tag to \$1,500, more in keeping with modern values.

Well done, Kyle!

The chief Legislative challenge facing shooters and hunters in the State of California is Senator Kevin De Leon's SB 53. This bill has a principal co-author of the now discredited Leland Yee, now no longer seated in the California Senate. This bill has now also been amended at least seven times, indicative of its flawed nature.

Recent amendments have been so rapid that a summary provided by Bill Gaines, noted Sacramento analyst, and principal of Bill Gaines and Associates, is probably the most up-to-date analysis (quote) :

SB 53 was amended late Friday to soften the impact on California's hunting community. However, we believe the bill, as amended August 22, still places unnecessary requirements on those purchasing ammunition, and would unreasonably limit the availability of ammunition and increase cost. Because of these remaining concerns, Gaines & Associates recommends we continue to oppose the bill on the Assembly Floor where it could be brought up for a vote as early as tomorrow. Defeated in the wee hours of 8/30/14!

The bill, as amended August 22nd, no longer requires those wishing to obtain ammunition to obtain a permit, submit fingerprints, undergo a background check and pay an application fee. However, as amended, the bill still would require the vendor to record the purchaser's name, driver's license, birth date, address, telephone number, and the brand, type and amount of ammunition purchased. Further, the bill would require the vendor to provide this data to the Department of Justice

who would have to retain it for five years in a database to be known as the Ammunition Purchase Records File.

As amended, the bill now would allow individuals holding a valid hunting license to purchase ammunition via the internet or mail order -- surely in response to complaints that banning internet and mail order sales would significantly impact the availability of non-toxic ammunition hunters will be required to use for hunting all species statewide no later than July 2019. However, as amended, the bill would still require target shooters who do not hold a hunting license to acquire their ammunition face-to-face.

The bill, as amended, would also require those wishing to sell ammunition to meet strict qualification criteria and to be licensed to sell ammunition by the Department of Justice. This language would seriously reduce ammunition sales outlets, limit ammunition availability, increase cost, impact small business and cost our state jobs -- and even preclude you from selling, loaning or transferring ammunition to friends and family.

Finally, the bill would go as far as banning non-profits from including ammunition in the auctions and/or raffles of their fundraising events -- unless the event was held at a shooting facility and the ammunition was to be used during the event.

To read the bill text (as amended 8/22/14), click on <http://www.leginfo.ca.gov/pub/13-14/b> (our thanks to Gaines and Associates).

Note also that under this program, Boy Scout marksmanship programs, most Hunter Safety programs, and, ironically, the California Legislative Caucus' annual Skeet shoot, would all be illegal.

It is also unlikely that large internet retailers will be willing to comply with, and obtain all of the documents required by, this law, if enacted, effectively cutting California hunters and shooters from a major source of the varied types of ammunition seen today.

Urgent Update: SB 53 died for 2014 , falling six votes short of passage in the last, bitter, final hours of the 2014 legislative season. The defeat came at 2:30 in the morning of August 30, on the third, and final, vote count of 35 "Aye"/35 "No" and 8 not voting, with 41 votes required for passage! "I believe that each member that phoned or wrote can take great pride in this, as it is a major win," said Legislative Liaison Bob Keagy.

STEEP IN THE FLORIDAS

by Caden Casagrande



It's 2:00 a.m. and my dad wakes up my brother, Cole, and me as we drive into the Super 8 parking lot in Deming, New Mexico. Twenty hours of driving and we are finally here. Dad says, "We need to get some sleep. It is going to be an early morning."

Let me go over the previous two days of my life. Alarm goes off Christmas morning I wake up my brothers, Cole and Chase. Mom and dad are up already so that means it is time for presents. Chase gets a new bike; Cole and I get a full set of Sitka camo. Drive to our cousin's house, open more presents, play with our new stuff. Eat breakfast, eat lunch and eat dinner. Drive home, help dad load truck. Go to sleep. Alarm buzzing 5:30 a.m., dad says need to be on the road by 6:00 a.m. Kiss and hug mom goodbye. Drive, drive and drive some more. California, Arizona quick stop at Cabela's, and that's when I guess I fell asleep, because now we are in Deming, New Mexico. It is dark, cold and 2:00 a.m.

So what are we doing in Deming, New Mexico you ask? Well I was lucky enough to draw a Florida Mountains Youth Ibex tag. My dad tells me it is a very hard tag to draw. After I drew the Ibex hunt I started to do some reading about the Florida Mountains and Ibex. The Florida Mountains of

New Mexico are known for two things: Bezoar Ibex and rattlesnakes. Good thing it will be the middle of winter. The highest point in the mountains is Florida Peak at 7295 feet tall. Although the mountain range is small, it is still twelve miles long and very steep and rocky.

Ibex are only about the size of an average dog when it comes to body size. The thing that really makes Ibex different is their horns. Male Ibex can grow horns up to 55 inches long. Good size females grow to around 15 inches. So the males are known for horns, what about females? The females serve as the lookout. They have eyes better than an eagle as some people say. Whenever a female sees something she does not like, she makes a sound that sounds like a duck quack to alert everybody else in the herd. The one thing both males and females have in common is their climbing ability. These animals are amazing climbers and can literally climb up vertical cliffs. Ibex are all around cool animals!

I need to get some more sleep; we are supposed to meet our guides in three hours. Just as I shut my eyes the alarm goes off. "Time to go" my dad says. We got our new Sitka camo on and walk out to the parking lot to meet our guides, Anthony and Billy from Compass West Outfitters. We jumped into the truck and drove about 30 minutes over to the Florida Mountains. Just as it starts to get light, I get my first view of the mountains I have heard and read so much about over the last few months. I tell myself, *They don't look that steep*. When we got to the mountain, we got out spotting scopes, and some more clothes as it was 15 degrees outside. Almost immediately, we saw two big groups both with huge Ibex in them. We choose the group on the left to go after as they were lower on the mountain. Our plan was to head in the direction of the Ibex up the dry creek bottom and then up and over the ridge that was between us and them. That whole part about not being so steep, well I take it back. The mountain goes straight up and every rock moves and every bush has thorns. We spent a lot of time over the next few days pulling out cactus spines. When we got to the top, the Ibex weren't there. We looked over into the next canyon to our left and sure enough there they were. They were all the way across the canyon,

way too far for me to shoot. We sat and watched as they disappeared from sight. We sat for what seemed like forever, and they never came back. My brother and Billy, our spotter, hiked from below up into the next canyon over to see if they could push them back toward us but that did not work.

The next morning as we looked through the spotting scopes, there they were perched on top of the rock domes. I kept asking myself how in the heck they get up there. So we again started our hike toward the ibex. We were hoping to get to the base of the dome they were on before they came down. Just as we got under the big rocks, they started moving away from us. We knew we didn't have much time and had to keep moving up the mountain. They beat us to the top of the canyon and disappeared again. We hiked up and down and around the rocks and cliffs all day, I have never hiked that much in my life. I was getting really tired. I could tell my dad was worried about me.

We were set up at the top of the mountain looking off the other side at some ibex, and they went over the top of another ridge then we heard a shot. Next thing we knew they were running our direction. We got to where we thought they would come over the ridge. We sat and waited ready for a shot, soon my dad spotted them. There was a small billy and some females about 130 yards away. But we got outsmarted by the big ones, and they went up the mountain to exactly where we had been before we moved. Another opportunity missed. As we were headed down the mountain for the night, Anthony glassed over to the rock dome where the ibex were early this morning. He spotted some ibex moving toward the rock dome to sleep for the night. It took us about 25 minutes to get down the mountain and over the ridge between us and the ibex. We were at the very base of the rock dome and ended up on the ledge of a cliff. Anthony peaked over the edge as we thought they were close. As soon as he did, "Quack, quack, quack." They spotted us. We got set up really fast, so they wouldn't get out of range. I looked through the scope and I see a bunch of ibex. Anthony said to pick out a big one. I picked out a big one and BOOOOM!!! I heard the whack of the bullet hit. He started limping up the mountain. I reloaded. BOOOOM!!! Again, I heard the whack of the bullet, but he did not go down. I reloaded again and shot. I missed. He finally bedded down. One more shot. He tried to lift his head up, but it fell right back down to the ground. A feeling of excitement came

over me. I had just taken my first big game animal, and of all the animals in North America ... a Bezoar Ibex. It was almost dark and there were huge cliffs between us and my ibexs so Anthony said we would need to come back in the morning. I was exhausted, but on the hike down in the dark we told stories of the last two days. There was another youth hunter there, and she had killed a nice ibex earlier in the day. We congratulated each other and then headed to dinner to celebrate with Anthony and Billy.

The next day Anthony, my brother Cole, my dad and I hiked up to get my ibex. It was a brutal hike up, but when we found my Ibex I was all smiles. We all hugged and gave high fives as we sat up there below the cliffs and took pictures. Turns out my ibex had one broken horn, but it made no difference to me. I was very proud. When we were done gutting and skinning, we hiked back down the mountain. By the time we got to the truck Cole fell down 40 times. Now that's was funny. We finally made it back to the truck and measured my ibex. It was 37.5 inches.

We said our goodbyes, and as we drove off I said thank you and goodbye to the Florida Mountains. The rest of the day we spent packing and driving to Cole's cow elk hunt. That's a story for another day. I give a lot of thanks to my guides – Anthony and Billy – and even more to my dad and my brother Cole. I had so much fun on my hunt and hope to return to the Florida Mountains someday soon.



ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME DESERT BIGHORN

by Sean Osmond



It was June 15, 2013 when I went to the mailbox and discovered that I had won the proverbial hunting jackpot. I opened the mailbox as I had done a million times before, and I had drawn the mother of all California hunting tags. I was drawn for the Kelso/Old Dads Desert Bighorn Sheep.

I quickly went online to gather as much information as I could about sheep hunting and guides. It was then I learned about the pneumonia outbreak that had been discovered just a few weeks earlier in the Old Dads. After doing a lot of research, I spoke with Terry Anderson of San Geronio Wilderness Outfitters. He had first-hand information about the outbreak, and told me to keep my fingers crossed. He said there was a chance that the DFG was going to close the zone and refund my money. I was in shock. Talk about the rug being pulled out from under you.

I spoke with Regina Abella at the DFG and she said that they were waiting to do an aerial survey in mid-July to determine if they were going to allow the hunt. The survey showed that numbers were down, but there was still a viable population of sheep in the area. Regina said they needed to present the information to the Board for further review before any decisions would be made.

It was a long summer. I continued to prepare for the hunt, even though I still wasn't sure if it was going to happen. It wasn't until mid-September that the DFG finally gave the green light. Now, with only seven weeks before opening day, I could truly focus on my hunt.

December couldn't arrive fast enough. I had been in touch with Terry on a weekly basis and knew that it was going to be a tough hunt.

Terry and his crew had been scouting the area for a few weeks prior to my arrival. They had successfully guided an auction hunter a week before my hunt. They had spent countless hours hiking the desert without seeing much of anything. Terry prepared me for a long 10-day hunt to find my desert trophy, but assured me that we could get the job done.

Just three days before my hunt, I got a call from Terry letting me know that they had spotted a group of rams, and that there was a nice mature ram with them. Those were the longest three days of my life.

My brother Paul and I arrived at camp late on Friday night to meet up with Terry and the crew. Starting out swapping hunt stories over a good meal, we planned the start of my hunt for the next morning. Finally going off to bed and literally counting sheep it was not my most restful night's sleep.

Morning arrived to a quick breakfast, a cup of coffee and we were off. Because our camp was in the middle of the Mojave desert we didn't have to go very far. Terry took my brother and I to the area where the rams had been spotted three days before. They had seen the rams go in, but never saw them come out. Terry said there was a valley up ahead that they could not see from below, and thought that's where they were hiding. We hiked for about 45 minutes to get to the area where he thought the sheep should be. The morning air was crisp at around 30 degrees with a breeze around 25 mph. Spotting some freshly broken barrel cactus, it looked like we were in the right spot.

It was only about ten minutes later that I said, "There he is; he's the one!" My heart began to race. He looked so majestic, a true trophy. The ram came out across the valley about 450 yards from where we were sitting. As we watched, a second, smaller ram appeared. As they fed along the edge of the valley, the larger ram

lifted his head and looked right up at us. We all froze in our tracks.

The ram put his head down, and started walking right toward us. Making sure I was set up with a good rest and ready, we watched the two rams begin their trek across the valley floor feeding as they moved. The ram walked into 350 yards and closing ... 300 yards. "Wait for it. They will pop up right below us at under 200 yards." The rams dropped into a draw just below us and out of sight for what seemed like an eternity. As I watched and waited, out they came, moving fast!

I heard a whispered voice say, "Take'm when you got a shot." The ram stopped. I lined up my 300 Win Mag, slowly exhaled squeezing the trigger. The sound of my brother yelling "ram down!" filled the air.

Then, quickly we made our way down to the ram. It was only then I could truly absorb what had just transpired.

A 170 yard shot, at 9:00 a.m., on opening morning, I had harvested a beautiful Nelson Desert Bighorn Sheep. He was scored by the DFG at 159 5/8".

This ram marks Terry Anderson's 150th ram. Thanks to all the SGWO crew.

47-YEAR GRAND SLAM

by George Davis



All at once, George Davis of Cloverdale, California became a GSCO member and registered all four of his sheep to receive documentation #1807. George started hunting sheep back in 1966 when he took a Dall's ram in Alaska. George then got his Rocky Mountain bighorn from Wyoming, and he hunted with outfitter Rollie Brown. In 1972, George took a Stone's sheep from British Columbia with Red Sorensen. From start to finish, George took 47 years to complete his quest for a Grand Slam when he got his desert bighorn with Terry Anderson of San Geronio Outfitters. George sent photos and proper documentation to be a permanent Grand Slam number that will forever go down in history.

Giuseppe Carrizosa Spain
Giuseppe Carrizosa
giuseppecarrizosa@gmail.com
www.giuseppecarrizosa.com

International Adventures Unlimited, Inc.
Michael H. Grosse
intadvun@gunnison.com
www.internationaladventures.us

Black Rock Outfitters
Michael Hornbarger
www.bighornmh@gmail.com

Asian Mountain Outfitters
Bryan Martin
bryankmartin@gmail.com
www.asianmountainoutfitters.com

ElandPro Safaris
Gerrit Breedt
elandpro@mweb.com.na
www.elandpro.com

Wild Sheep Foundation
Gray Thornton
wildsheepfoundation.org



California Chapter Wild Sheep Foundation

423 Broadway, #617 Millbrae, Ca 94030
(650) 472-3889 (Phone and Fax)
cawsf@cawsf.org www.cawsf.org

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION or RENEWAL

Name: _____

Phone: Primary: _____ Alternate: _____ Fax: _____

E-mail: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____ Country: _____

Preferred method of communication (check one): Phone ☐ eMail ☐ Fax ☐

Membership Type: Annual (\$40) ☐ 3-Year (\$100) ☐ Life (\$500) ☐ 3/4 Curl Youth-17 & under (\$25) ☐

Payment Type (check one): Credit/Debit Card ☐ Check Enclosed ☐ (payable to: "CA WSF")

Credit Card Type: Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover ☐ AMEX ☐

Cardholder Name: _____

Credit Card #: _____ Exp. Date: ____/____/____

Signature: _____ Date: _____

Yes, I would like to volunteer to help the California Chapter with its' events and/or projects! Please contact me about volunteer opportunities! (check here) ☐

Additional Information (please check as appropriate): Are you a National WSF Member? Yes ☐ No ☐

Are you a Grand Slam/Ovis (GSCO) Member? Yes ☐ No ☐

Do you hunt with a: Rifle ☐ Bow ☐ Muzzleloader ☐ Handgun ☐ Don't Hunt ☐

Have you hunted Sheep? Yes ☐ No ☐

If "yes," which sheep have you harvested? (Please list and note year)

Please mail this form to CA WSF, 423 Broadway #617, Millbrae, CA 94030-1905 or fax to 650-472-3889.

Don't forget to share this form to your hunting friends and relatives!

OPEN SPACE, OPEN ARCHITECTURE, OPEN OPPORTUNITY *EXPERIENCE IN PERSON WEALTH COACHING WITH PURPOSE*

Living a life that embodies your values while investing in what's important to you is critical to those who strive to live well, but with balance and purpose.

As wild sheep advocates and conservationists at heart, CAWSF Members and their families seek to sustain the irreplaceable sheep populations and heritage of preservation that exist in the mountains of California and Nevada.

Kyle M. Meintzer, CERTIFIED FINANCIAL PLANNER™ Practitioner shares this commitment and heritage. As the Founder of the California Wild Sheep Foundation and a long-time Life Member of the organization, he sees the importance of aligning personal passion with financial independence. For over thirty-seven years he has helped guide conservation-minded families and business owners through the varied challenges of wealth accumulation, business succession, retirement, estate and legacy planning. He has utilized his extensive experience to uncover untapped financial opportunities on his clients' behalf, while still tackling the challenges that could lie ahead.

Life is long, but time is short in terms of financial gains and losses. Decisions made today can impact options for the future. In today's economic environment qualified, in person guidance can be the key to success. If you are prepared to work with a wealth counselor that understands you and your priorities call Kyle M. Meintzer, CFP® to set up your complimentary consultation.



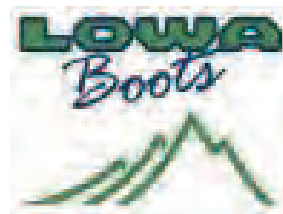
In acknowledgement of his ongoing support and belief in CAWSF's mission and members he is extending a **10% discount to all documented CAWSF Member families**. Call 775.657.8529 today to learn more or visit www.heritageworthpreserving.com

KYLE M. MEINTZER, CFP®
Lincoln Financial Advisors
14310 Quail Ravine Court
Reno, NV 89511-6765
phone: 775. 657. 8529
kyle.meintzer@lfg.com
CA Insurance License#0552192

**Lincoln**
Financial Advisors®
A member of Lincoln Financial Group

Securities and investment advisory services offered through Lincoln Financial Advisors Corp., a broker/dealer (member SIPC) and registered investment advisor. In CA, insurance offered through Lincoln Marketing and Insurance Agency, LLC and Lincoln Associates Insurance Agency, Inc. and other fine companies. In NV, insurance offered through Lincoln affiliates and other fine companies. Lincoln Financial Group is the marketing name for Lincoln National Corp., and its affiliates. Not licensed to conduct business in all states. Not to be considered a solicitation in those states in which I am not licensed. CRN201211-2074361

2014 Fundraiser Supporters



CA WSF
423 Broadway #617
Millbrae, CA 94030

Non-Profit Org.
US POSTAGE PAID
Millbrae, CA 94030
PERMIT 31