LUCK OF THE DRAW:
UNIT 13 IDAHO RANDOM DRAW

HELLS CANYON RIVER ADVENTURES
SHEEP FEVER
WHY NOT ME?
SCOTTISH ROYALTY
JACK’S CREEK SURVEY
STRAIGHT OUTTA NEW ZEALAND
GENERATIONS BORN TO HUNT

Winter 2019
IDAHO WILD SHEEP FOUNDATION
the biannual journal for the Idaho sheep hunter
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EDITOR'S LETTER

O

n behalf of the Idaho WSF, we hope you’ve a successful and adventurous 2019 hunting season.

In this Fall edition we hear about a Hells Canyon River Adventure tour from Bill London. Board President Jim Warner describes finishing out his Final Four right here in IDAHO! KC Ramsey talks about his experience as an average guy getting to hunt his first sheep in Alaska. We hear from one of the luckiest sheep hunters, Gordon Lyons, pulling an exceptional ram from Idaho’s Unit 13. Visit New Zealand with Mark Barber who won his trip at the annual IDWSF banquet! Finally, experience the humbling gratitude of helping our next generation grow up hunting with Don Colter and his nephew.

We are so pleased to continue including information about our many sponsoring companies who were so generous in donating last year. As you read through the wonderful articles enclosed, several from hunts donated at the auction, please take the time to recognize the companies who are supporting conservation of Idaho’s wild sheep by donating products and money to our organization. If you’re in the market for goods or services we would encourage you to reach out to the companies advertised.

We accept submissions for our journals throughout the year. Do you have an epic tale from this hunting season? We always look for amazing stories written for the Idaho sheep hunter, but we would be thrilled to include any elk, bear, or other hunts experienced in the Idaho wilderness. If you purchased a hunt through our banquet we would love to hear about your experience and time spent with the amazing outfitters who donated their time and resources to help you accomplish your hunting goals!

If you would like to be a part of one of Idaho’s fastest growing conservation non-profits by donating to our banquet, please contact Jim Warner at jwarner@ptius.com. Until next time,

Lindsey Dell
creative director/editor in chief
Idaho WSF Board of Directors

WINTER 2019

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I hope it has been a fun and successful hunting season filled full of memories for everyone! There has been some great rams harvested throughout the state this year including the pending new state record ram out of unit 11 taken by Centennial Life Member Doug Sayer. The mass and length on this ram are incredible which is exciting for Idaho! Seeing the smiles on the faces of the successful hunters reminds me of how important conservation is. It is the future for our Bighorn Sheep and it takes everyone getting involved and helping to really make a difference.

On July 31st we drew the winner for the Idaho lottery Bighorn Sheep tag. The lucky winner was Andrew Tomlinson of Prescott, AZ. This year excluded unit 11 and was a record year in sales for a year not including unit 11. Total tag sales were $109,593.00. The previous record for a year not including unit 11 was in 2017 with sales totaling $83,134.00. Due to the success with this year’s banquet, Idaho WSF board of directors voted to take the $23,876.00 that would be given to Idaho WSF to cover the costs for marketing and sales of the lottery tag and designate it to IF&G to be used for special Bighorn Sheep projects. This money has been put in an account ready for IF&G to draw from when they need it for up and coming projects. Idaho WSF has been working hard to continue working hand and hand and support IF&G with special projects for Bighorn Sheep here in Idaho. Dedicating these funds right to IF&G is part of our constant efforts to work together to better our Bighorn Sheep and serve our mission.

Idaho WSF had a request from IF&G this year to support a boots on the ground effort needed to survey the sheep in Big Jacks Creek for potential pneumonia and herd composition. Idaho WSF reached out to the membership and had an incredible response resulting in 12 teams comprised of 23 volunteers. Great job by those involved and thank you! Idaho WSF was actively involved with the efforts and funding to retire the Crooked Creek, Mahogany Butte and Cedar Point/8 Mile domestic sheep allotments. This success removes the final three Tier 1 domestic sheep allotments in the southern ends of the Lemhi and Beaverhead ranges. This is a huge success for removing risk of contact.

The 35th annual banquet will be March 21, 2020 at the Boise Centre on the Grove. Save the date! It’s going to be another great event. Don’t stall on registration as seating will be limited. We will sell out! You don’t want to be the one who missed it. The banquet committee is engaged and starting the leg work in preparing for another great event. We are working on finalizing some great sheep hunts to win so stay tuned to our Facebook page, website and email releases for more details on these hunts. It takes a lot of effort securing sponsorships and donations for products and hunts for the event. The banquet committee always try to have a variety of quality products and hunts to meet the wants and desires of the attendees in the room. It is easy to get spread pretty thin so if you would like to donate, be a sponsor or have a connection that would like to be involved please reach out to them and help bring some great things to the event. Remember Idaho WSF is 501 © (3) organization dedicated to Wild Sheep Conservation. As the year end approaches and tax season will soon follow you can donate to be an event sponsor or to the life member hunt underwriting which will help offset some of the overhead costs that are unavoidable. This allows the net profits from the event to go straight to Bighorn sheep conservation.

Looking forward to seeing you all on March 21st!

JIM WARNER
Idaho WSF President
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The 34th Annual Idaho WSF Banquet held on March 30th, 2019 at the Boise Centre on the Grove was yet another stellar record-breaking event. With 690 in attendance, a new record was set for our largest banquet to date. Once again, there was substantial growth in membership finishing out the night with 586 members; 400 of those memberships are life members and 48 are centennial life members. It is good to see this growth and commitment to the foundation! Net proceeds were staggering. The night closed out with a net profit of $213,385.00. This puts Idaho WSF in a strong position to support the mission of “Putting and Keeping Wild Sheep on the Mountain”. Please see the following page for the Idaho WSF 2013-2019 Banquet Metrics for the past few years of performance.

It was exciting to have the legendary 1st SGT Matt Eversmann from Black Hawk Down as our keynote speaker. Thank you, SGT Eversmann, for supporting our event but mostly for your service! Without the sacrifice of our service men and women like SGT Eversmann we would not be given the freedom to live our lives the way we want and be able to enjoy a night like this with our family and friends.

The night ended by giving away two sheep hunts. Both winners were in attendance. Nathan Ingram was the winner of our Life Member Hunt and will be traveling to the NWT to chase Dall rams with Harold Grinde and Gana River Outfitters. Chad Herman was the winner of our Stone Sheep Raffle and will be traveling to the Yukon to chase Stone rams with Aaron Florian and Yukon Stone Outfitters. Congratulations and best of luck on your hunt’s guys! A special thanks to Harold and Aaron for working with Idaho WSF to bring such incredible sheep hunts to our event! The night ended with a great after party event next door at Lucky Fin’s. It was nice to be able to relax and enjoy the social opportunity of visiting and listening to stories with all of the Idaho WSF family and friends.

Thank you to the countless volunteered hours that went into the event to make it successful! Until you are involved you never realize the front-end effort it takes to secure sponsorships, donations and life member hunt underwriting so quality products and hunts at the event are available for everyone that is attending. A special thanks to the banquet sponsors, donors and life member hunt underwriters. There are many hunting and wildlife organizations who all hold several banquets so these donors and sponsors are getting hit a lot. Idaho WSF has one event and needs to make it count. Choosing to support the Idaho WSF banquet is greatly appreciated and makes the difference in the mission. Without this kind of support, it would lead to heavy overhead leaving little net profit to support the mission.

Thanks to the incredible attendees at the event. You showed up in numbers with overwhelming support. All the effort that has to go into this evening means nothing if those in attendance don’t get involved. You all dug deep in your pockets and supported every aspect of the event from buying raffle tickets and helping sell out the games to bidding the silent and live auctions up to great values.

The success of the event is due to everyone’s support!

JIM WARNER
Idaho WSF President
IDWSF 2013-2019 Banquet Metrics

**BANQUET ATTENDANCE**

- 2013: 230
- 2014: 230
- 2015: 360
- 2016: 362
- 2017: 440
- 2018: 489
- 2019: 690

**Banquet Net Profits**

- 2013: $30,330.00
- 2014: $20,690.00
- 2015: $51,012.00
- 2016: $55,188.00
- 2017: $68,880.00
- 2018: $150,001.00
- 2019: $213,385.00

**Membership Funds**

- 2013: $2,130.00
- 2014: $1,845.00
- 2015: $22,270.00
- 2016: $18,470.00
- 2017: $22,750.00
- 2018: $42,255.00
- 2019: $57,950.00
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RIVER ADVENTURES

HELLS CANYON JET BOAT TOUR

by Bill London

While wandering the Silent Auction at the 2019 Idaho Wild Sheep Foundation Banquet, I saw a jet boat trip up the Snake River into Hells Canyon. The trip was donated by River Adventures of Riggins, ID. My wife Shannon had never been up Hells Canyon so I bid on the trip—and won it.

July found us in Riggins hopping into the River Adventures shuttle van with Rich Friend who is the company owner, and our boat pilot for the day. Driving along, Rich told us about the geology and history of the countryside. We rode up over the ridge from White Bird down—way down—to Pittsburgs Landing on the Snake River. There we joined other guests on the triple engine jet boat named after Rich’s great grandfather “Prouty” who lived and died in Hells Canyon. Aply, our First Mate was Rich’s own son, Fisher.

Rich’s family history is interwoven with the Snake River canyon bringing the past into a fresh perspective. Indian stories at Suicide Point, prospector trails, and pioneer homesteads all blend with the incredible scenery and wildlife.

The first stop was at the historic Kirkwood Ranch. While most guests explored the ranch and its antiques, I cast for bass, catching several. Then we motored upstream seeing both Bald and Golden Eagles. The boat stopped as we approached the upper rapids and were instructed to don life jackets—these are real rapids, and real fun, with water coming over the bow.

Running Wild Sheep rapids involves a mid-rapid turn across the river with whitewater and house-sized boulders on all sides. The Hells Canyon visitor center was interesting and provided a shaded lunch spot. We started downstream soon learning that the rapids are wetter on the way down—water cascading over the front windows onto us laughing guests.

Along the way we saw wild turkeys, and of course Big Horn Sheep! We glassed the band of six ewes with four lambs. It was
good to see the healthy lamb production. One ewe wore a radio
telemetry collar. It was rewarding to know that IDWSF had
probably paid for part of that collar and for the data that was
being collected to better manage these regal animals.

It was sad when we turned a corner and saw the take out at
Pittsburg Landing, but the day had been wonderfully filled with
incredible scenery, friendly people, and wildlife. Can’t ask for
much more!

Shannon and I have already booked a River Adventures tour
of the Salmon River in the Frank Church River of No Return
and River Adventures has already donated jet boat tours for the
2020 IDWSF banquet — make sure you look and bid! •

Photos by: Sigma Wolf Photography
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This was my final ram to complete my dream of harvesting four North American Wild Sheep. My first sheep hunt was in my home state of Idaho in 1997 when I drew one of the states controlled hunts. Even though I ended that hunt with a tag in my pocket, it changed who I was as a hunter. It left that burning desire we all know as “SHEEP FEVER”. To look back and see the events come around full circle and to actually accomplish taking my final of my four North American Wild Sheep back where it all started in my home state where I had my first sheep tag and where I grew up.

I chose to hunt with Big Lost River Outfitters. This is the old outfitting area Doug and Shelly Sayer owned and we outfitted in for several years. Will Marcroft would conduct the hunt with the help of his boys/guides Josh Gillish, Jared Gillish, Justyn Gillish and friend/guide Jake Johnson. It was exciting to have all these guys be a part of this hunt. Will and I have hunted together through the years and he is one of the best hunters I have been on the mountain with.

During our years hunting together the boys were just little guys tagging along on many of the hunts. During the last years operating our outfitting area, Will and Jake were instrumental in the business success as the main guides. I was also able to have my sheep hunting partners Doug and Shelly Sayer with me and my oldest son Tristan and my step daughter, Madyson. I also had a lot of support from the rest of the family Shaina, Macey, Wyatt and Kynley back at home who could not be on the mountain with us.

On day two of the hunt we were watching some small rams below us. As I was looking through the spotting scope, I caught a glimpse of something in the rocks.

Then, all of a sudden, a mountain lion appeared and he was on one of the rams.

When the lion laid down about 15 yards from the ram it must have made some noise because the ram picked his head up from feeding and turned towards the lion. That’s when the lion made its move. The ram jumped over a ledge with the lion right after it. We quickly ran down to see what happened when Jake spotted the lion going out the bottom of the canyon. I had a mountain lion tag and the season was open so we took advantage of the opportunity to remove the sheep killer.

We had found a ewe the lion had killed in the first pass we had gone through that morning. The morning of day 3 we got a report from Doug and Shelly that they had found a ram we needed to come look at. Once we got to their location, in a short look, we knew we had a potential ram. We closed the distance and after studying the ram for some time, I decided this was the ram I was going to take. Jake and I made our move while the others hung back and watched. After a pretty tough stock and a couple missed shots, I connected with this beautiful 9 year old ram. The ram rolled a ways down the hill and we all meet at the ram together.

I have been very fortunate to have two of the best sheep hunting partners in Doug and Shelly. We have been many miles together and have been on the mountain with some of the best. We have all been there and supported each other as we completed taking our four North American Wild Sheep. The unit we hunted suffered a die off years ago. Doug, Shelly and I have been active with the involvement of getting the population back on its feet. Doug and Shelly have been active in supporting the state auction tag. Doug designed a new lid bracket system to keep the lids on the guzzlers from blowing off, which has worked flawlessly. Doug and Shelly donated the materials and manufacturing of the lid bracket systems for the guzzlers and Doug and I spent the day with a great team getting the new lids and lid brackets installed. It was great to see how well the sheep population in this unit is doing today!
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WHY NOT ME

SHEEP WAIT FOR NO MAN

by KC Ramsey

As I sit here and write this story, “Why Not Me?” are the exact words I often asked myself. For years I would go to sheep shows and hunting expos just to sit back and watch every other hunter win hunts, book hunts or just basically find a way and commit to something they really wanted to do. Each year would go by with me procrastinating and thinking, “Maybe next year.” Three years ago that changed. Ken Jafek, a good friend and someone I really look up to, told me a story about having a chance to go on a sheep hunt for a fraction of today’s costs. Like we all are apt to do, he said he let life make excuses and simply talked himself out of going. He is now in his 80’s and will never get to experience what he always dreamed of doing. Those words hit me hard and made me realize how fast time flies and the reality that we can’t buy back time.

I’m just your average guy. I get up for work everyday, chase kids around and do the best I can to provide for my family.

I’m just your average guy. I get up for work everyday, chase kids around and do the best I can to provide for my family. The reality of booking a sheep hunt at today’s prices just doesn’t happen for guys like me. But not everyone has a wife and great supporting cast of friends like I do either. The decision was made and my good friend and the one person I owe all of this too, Jim Warner, was all over it and had just the guy to set up my hunt. After an introduction was made at the Hunting Expo in Salt Lake City I hit it right off with my guide and knew he was the right choice. Like most good guides he was booked out for the upcoming year so it would be a long two years before I could go.

I always felt like I kept myself in good shape, but mentally this would be something I had never done before. I have always been pretty independent and even guided a few people myself, but I’d never been on the client side. I knew how much my family and friends where counting on me which just added to the pressure I had already put on myself. I have been around the hunting world enough to know nothing is a guarantee but I was going to do everything in my power to control the physical and mental part of it. The rest would be left up to the sheep.

August 2018 finally arrived. I checked and double checked my gear, boots, gun and felt positive I had everything I needed and from the weight of my pack I was pretty sure that was the case. The plan was to fly out of Fairbanks and arrive at base camp two days before my hunt was to start. The flight in on a bush plane was just like everything I had seen on tv, read about, and imagined. It was amazing. The sheer remoteness of the area I was about to take on was quite humbling. I covered hundreds of air miles with no sign of human life — so different than the hunting I’m used to back home where you have to pack in your own rock for a place to sit. By now reality had set in and for the first time it was me on the mountain getting ready to cross off a huge bucket list item.

The next morning my guide Ron and I woke up early (as if I slept anyway) and started the day off with a good breakfast. We then set off with eight days of food in our packs. The walk in gave me all day to reflect and really take in the scenery and run different scenerios through my head. A lot of you will relate to me when I tell you back home I have always been one that just loved being out hunting, seeing what was over the next ridge and heaven forbid having to punch my tag opening day. I have as much desire to harvest an animal as anyone out there, but also have no problem eating a tag if the animal just isn’t what I want — this is where I knew my biggest struggle would be.

This hunt was different for lots of reasons. Knowing I probably wouldn’t be rebooking this hunt when we got back to base camp, I had to be honest with myself and ask what would I be happy with. Sounds like a real arrogant question for a guy who had never even been on a dall sheep hunt, but a question that I took very seriously. Now don’t get me wrong, I wasn’t coming into this saying “40 or bust,” I just wanted to take it all in and hopefully get a chance at something that would be a great trophy to me. Basically, I was scared to be done hunting
on the first day and left to wonder what else was out there.

Finally after a long climb, we reached our first spike camp and a place my guide felt very confident we could turn up a shooter ram. It had taken most of the day to get there, but with it being light out almost all day we quickly set up our tents, unloaded most of our packs and climbed up the hill to take a look. It wasn’t long and we had our first band of rams spotted. They were too far to tell, but there where a few with potential that we wanted to get a better look at. The next morning would be opening day. We got up had some quick breakfast and headed out to find the rams we had spotted the night before. Within minutes we had them, 13 to be exact. We set up the scope and began to break them down. It was a bright sunny day and most of the hills still had snow on them from a storm a day or two before. The rams were in no hurry and gave us plenty of time to look them over. One ram really stood out. He wasn’t a super heavy ram, but Ron was sure he would make 38 inches. At the time there was just to many eyes and no cover for us to make a move so we kicked back and enjoyed the company. Ten hours went by and the sheep were content to feed and stay on our side of the mountain which eliminated any chance for us to get in closer for a better look. Day one would come to an end with twenty-three rams spotted and my hopes were high as ever that this was going to happen.

At the end of the day we spotted what looked to be a really heavy broomed ram way off in the back of the basin. He was at least four miles away so getting to him would take some effort. The next morning we decided to work past the first band of rams we had seen without spooking them and see what this other ram was. I was the first hunter of the year and as far as we knew the only people in the area. We felt like the sheep weren’t going anywhere as long as we didn’t spook them. Everything went just as planned as the other rams fed over the top of a ridge and allowed us the chance to sneak past them undetected. As we started moving in on the area we had seen the heavy ram, the winds picked up making it really hard to go forward. We finally reached a fork in the canyon and after glassing everything around we felt confident the ram was just around the corner. The wind continued to be iffy, but there really wasn’t anything we could do. Just as we got ready to round the corner the wind switched just like we feared and spooked the rams up the hill. I quickly got my gun out and tried to find a good rest. In the meantime, Ron was looking him over trying to determine age and length. Things finally settled down and we had eight rams in sight with one being the heavy broomed ram that we now realized was a definite shooter standing 650 yards away. I had practiced religiously with my gun and felt more than comfortable making that shot, but with the
high winds swirling around in the box canyon there was no way I was going to risk a shot. We sat there motionless watching the rams slowly make their way out the top of the canyon. Even though we had seen plenty of sheep and still had lots of time, I knew this moment had been a golden opportunity that had got away from us.

Even though we had seen plenty of sheep and still had lots of time, I knew this moment had been a golden opportunity that had got away from us.

I still knew the group of 13 head with another shooter wasn’t spooked and given some time they would work back in a huntable place for us. Ron had talked about a place farther up the glacier that he had always found rams in — a place not many of his hunters had made it to. I was up for the challenge and agreed it would be worth a look. The next morning we woke up to fog and rain like you have never seen. It was miserable to say the least, but we decided to test out our rain gear and go anyway. The rest of the day we fought through the elements to make it clear to the end of the world and see nothing. I could tell Ron was shocked that no rams were there.

It was another humbling walk back to my wet tent now really starting to wonder if I had lost my opportunity. The next three days would find me reading a book in my wet tent trying to survive what we are guessing 80 mph winds. Lying there really made me realize how fragile we are in nature. If she wanted to end my hunt there was nothing I could do about it.

Now it was the fifth day of my eight-day hunt and we couldn’t turn up any of the rams we had seen the first two days. The decision was made to pack up and go around the mountain and try and relocate the rams. This move would be my last if we committed to the other side — there was no time to come back. We both felt like this was our best chance to turn up a shooter ram. The first ram we had spotted on day one had no idea we existed and had to be somewhere. It took us most of the day to get clear around the mountain and I had a whole day to think about the choices I had made and not made.

Like the first day we reached our spike camp and set up our tents to take advantage of last light to try and find something for the next day. Just like day one, within minutes we had a ram found. Too far to judge, but something to give us hope in the morning. Day six would come with nothing but fog. Alaska was determined to show me everything it had in those eight short days. We worked our way up the maintain only being able to see
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a couple hundred yards just hoping that later in the day it would lift and give us a chance. We sat in that fog all day without even a sliver of hope finally realizing it wasn’t going to lift so we packed up and headed down off the mountain. Just about the time light was fading and we had almost made it back to our tents I took one last look up the mountain. As luck would have it the clouds lifted just enough to see him and know he was our ram we were looking for. It was too late to march back up there so we just crossed our fingers that the next day’s weather would cooperate and give me a chance. That night was painful as once again I found myself at the mercy of Mother Nature. If the morning was clear, I would have a chance of fulfilling a lifelong dream and if it wasn’t I would be eating a sheep tag.

The next morning was starting to come and as you can imagine we were both up early in anticipation of our fate. That morning the sheep gods were looking down on us because you couldn’t ask for a more clear, beautiful day. To top it all off, we could see the ram perched out on a ridge with one single ewe from our tent. We still had a long ways to go and luck still needed to be on our side, but at least we had a chance. It took us about four hours before we were in position to pop over the ridge and see if our ram was still there. Talk about a moment of truth, everything we had worked for came down to these next few seconds. Ron went first peeking over every spot he could. Finally he turned back to me and said, “I’ve got your ram.”

He was out sunning on a column of rocks overlooking the valley below a picture in my mind I promise I will never forget. He was 800 yards away without a care in the world. We dropped back to get closer. The last time I would peek over he laid at 280 yards facing broadside to me. He was surrounded on three sides by a cliff that would surely break him up if he fell. I looked at Ron and told him it was my chance — I knew I could make the shot. I had all the time I needed and even took a minute to set up my camera to get the kill shot on video, this would prove to be one of the best decisions I’ve ever made. I took aim and watching the vapor trail you can see a perfect shot anchoring him right in his bed. The video captured not only an epic kill shot, but the raw emotions I experienced that day. After getting down to the ram we realized just how lucky we were to stop him dead without him rolling off.

He was perfect. Not only was he a great ram but where he died and the pictures he allowed us to take were one in a million. I hope this story can serve as kind of a motivational speech to everyone out there who thinks something like this isn’t possible. For all of you that are on the fence, if you want it bad enough you will find a way. We aren’t getting any younger and the worst thing you could ever say to yourself is I wish I would have done it sooner because now I can’t do it at all. Thanks again to my family, Jim, and Ron — you guys have no idea what this hunt meant to me.
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SCOTTISH ROYALTY

STALKING STAG IN SCOTLAND

by Bill London

You can’t always get what you want, but if you try sometimes...

Mick Jagger

September found me and my wife Shannon in Ireland and Scotland. We explored family histories, played golf, saw sights, drank a wee bit of Guiness and scotch, and with Shannon’s blessing I got to hunt the Scottish Lowlands for roe buck. (I certainly married the right gal.) While touring Scotland we saw roe deer, but no bucks. The diminutive beasts would be seen along field edges before quickly disappearing. I had been told that the bucks often laid up in September after the August rut.

On the eve of the hunt we met with Chris and Anne Dalton of South Ayrshire Stalking at their Garryloop Guest House near Girvan. Chris, who retired military, specializes in roe deer and red stag hunting in the lowlands of southwest Scotland. In the dark of predawn I met my ghillie Shaz Akhtar and his fox Labrador Kai. (Kai means ‘Fire’ in Scottish.) As we headed for local timber company lands* Shaz explained that Scottish stalking involves moving very slowly into the wind to catch a roe along the edges of the spruce groves and in the small grassy glens. Hunting would occur during the first and last three hours of the day. Mid-day was open to spend time touring with Shannon.

At grey dawn we stalked along the timber towards a recent clearcut. Kai heeled beside Shaz, he was scenting and alerting like a bird dog. Kai’s job was to let us know where to look for the deer. Shaz soon spotted a roe doe with two kids. These elusive small deer appear and disappear before your eyes. Over the next hill the wind was quartering towards us from the left. Kai went on alert to the timber on our left. We sat and setup shooting stands while looking left into the wind. Kai was visibly staunch, like my Brittany bird dog pointing a pheasant. There was certainly a deer in those trees. Then came that breeze that we all know; it cools the back of your neck. When the breeze resumed from the left Kai had lost interest.

It’s always intriguing to experience a different style of hunting. Scottish stalking is quiet and peaceful. Shaz and Kai snuck along as a team with me in tow. With Shaz using his binoculars to glass ten to thirty yards in front of us, I had to adjust my 400-yard glassing habit.

We returned to Garryloop to join Chris, Anne and Shannon for a traditional Scottish breakfast of home-produced Venison sausages, free-range eggs, toast with homemade preserves, salmon and black pudding. Since I was hunting only two days, Chris reminded me that I could also shoot red deer stags. I replied that with Roe buck as my priority it would need to be a pretty decent stag to shoot one.

Mid-day, Shannon and I went to the Culzean castle and country park. The wind was picking up and by the time we left, a storm was blowing in. It was raining and blowing a gale when Shaz arrived for the evening hunt. We discussed that if the storm eased, animals would want to feed in small protected glens before darkness fell. He picked a forested area with a small burn (stream) that was bordered by narrow glens. The storm persisted as we stalked through the forest to the burn which ran left to right and was intersected by a long narrow glen to our front. Here, Shaz put me in a small hide with a cutout window to the front and each side. He and Kai sat in the trees about 10 yards behind me.

Rain flew in the left window. I put my rain jacket on that side and the rifle to the dryer right. As the storm eased, the critters came out. First, a pheasant to the front. Soon, three roe to the left. Rifle out the left cutout, I watched as the roes moved through some hardwoods and crossed the burn. Due to high grass, all of the roes were not visible at once. It took a while to confirm that they were two does and a kid, no bucks.

I brought the rifle back in thinking that I had better get back to checking the rest of the hillside. To the front 200 yards away was the rump of a feeding red deer, head down. Binoculars up for a better look, but still not excited. Saw an antler tip; binoculars down - rifle up; interested now. The deer raised its head displaying the beautifully symmetrical rack of a mature stag. Very excited now, but no shot as I can only see the rump and antlers.
Life Member Raffle

7-day Desert Sheep Hunt in Sonora, Mexico
ONLY Life & Centennial Members present at the banquet will be entered into this raffle.

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Clay Lancaster & Ryan Harder
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Life Members present will receive one entry and Centennial Members present will receive three entries. Life and Centennial Memberships can be purchased now through the banquet. Current Life Members can upgrade to a Centennial Membership.

This is a 7-day guided Desert Sheep Hunt in Sonora, Mexico with Clay Lancaster and Ryan Harder / Lancaster Expeditions.
Dates are December 2020 or February 2021.
Winner of this hunt will have a legit opportunity at a 170” class ram.

Accommodations are included.

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Hotels before and after the hunt.
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Additional hunters or non hunters if arranged with outfitter.
Additional animal trophy fees if arranged with outfitter.

Lancaster Expeditions
Clay Lancaster & Ryan Harder
The stag continued to feed going away. If he took two steps left, he would be into the trees. Waiting for a shot let me settle down a bit. Finally, the stag stepped to the right and offered a quartering shot. The .243 bullet dropped him cleanly. I was in shock! I had been hunting roe buck and this magnificent stag had wandered out in front of me! Shaz erupted from the trees. He had been watching the stag, praying that I would see and shoot it. He was excited that it might be a Royal stag with 12 points.

At the stag, we discovered it was in fact a 13 pointer! (7x6) I said a prayer over the stag. It was still raining as Shaz explained the gralloch (Scottish field dressing). Wild venison is sold into stores and restaurants, so the animal must be cared for according to strict guidelines.

Back at Garryloop there was celebration and scotch. The next morning, still elated, I was thinking that a roe buck might be asking too much of my luck. Shaz and I continued stalking deer, saw several and worked within 15 yards of one unaware doe. After a mid-day hike with Shannon to an ancient church, Shaz, Kai and I tried again. We stalked along a clearcut and through a forest catching fleeting glimpses of roe and only able to clearly identify does.

In the fading light of dusk, I was thankful for my blessings: the hospitality of Chris and Anne, the friendship of Shaz, the beautiful countryside, time with Shannon, the experience of Scottish deer stalking…and the Royal Red Stag.

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*There are no high fences. These are all free ranging wild animals.

SIDE BAR:
South Ayrshire Stalking has donated a Roe Deer hunt for the 2019 Idaho Wild Sheep Banquet. It would be a perfect addition to a family summer vacation.
“Nothing in this world is worth having or worth doing unless it means effort, pain, and difficulty.”
- Teddy Roosevelt
THE DRAW

UNIT 13 IDAHO RANDOM DRAW TAG

by Gordon Lyons

On Friday, June 8th, 2018 I was at my office working on a court-ordered medical-legal case. I had a bit of a headache from multiple hours of chart review. As I was walking back to my office, my cell phone rang, and “Huntin Fool Cedar City UT” showed up on the screen of my iPhone. It was Austin Atkinson, and as I plopped down in my office, he asked how I was doing. As Austin began to speak I could hear people in the same room with him, laughing as he said, “I’ve got some news that will help get rid of your headache and make your day better...Gordon, you drew the random draw tag in Unit 11!” I sat astonished, trying to grasp the news while two or three men and women in the background were yelling “Congratulations Gordon! Way to go!”

I was stunned to say the least. After a few minutes of blurred conversation that I really don’t remember the conversation came to an end. I sat remembering the exact moment years ago when I had been notified that I’d drawn the 2009 Oregon side Imnaha Bighorn tag. Then I let out a huge yell...prompting one of our staff from two doors down to run down the hall to make sure that I was not in any distress. I told her that I was fine, and that as a sheep addict I had just been told the computer spit my name out for one of the “Holy Grail” Bighorn sheep tags in the entire USA. Wow. Unit 11. Hell’s Canyon. Holy Grail. Bad Ass Country. Definitely “No Country For the Faint of Heart.”

“You have one guess as to who drew the random tag in Unit 11. Call me at your convenience.” I noticed that Jon had called and left a voicemail later that night. The excitement in his voice was obvious. The voicemail said, “Good things happen to those who wait, they also come to good people. Gordon, that is TREMENDOUS news!”

Over the next several days and weeks I called and texted a group of sheep-addict friends ranging far and wide. I still can’t believe I drew the Oregon Hell’s Canyon tag for the ONE non-resident tag in 2009...and now I’d drawn the one and only resident/non-resident random draw tag on the Idaho side nine years later...I talked with the Wild Sheep Foundation staff in Bozeman who didn’t know of anyone who has drawn the random tag on both sides of Hell’s Canyon. In 2017, the tag was auctioned at the WSF convention for $130,000, and the prior auction tag on the Idaho side went for $180,000 per the folks at WSF. As the Raffle Tag winner I would be able to hunt Unit 11 which had just been extended to include Units 13 & 18. There is only one designated random draw tag and no Auction or Governor’s tag for the year. In 2016, a Nez Perce tribal hunter controversially killed a 205 Boone & Crockett ram, the largest taken in Idaho. Also in 2016, in Unit 11 two rams had been taken scoring 187 & 188. In 2017, two more rams taken out of Units 13 and 18 scored as 186 and one in the mid 170’s. We figured the odds are more than 50 percent that there was a “sleeper ram” farther north in the original part of Unit 11. No rams had been killed in the original Unit 11 in two years giving them those two years to grow undisturbed.

Over the next couple of weeks, I reviewed maps and Jon later made copies and sent more detailed topographical maps of areas we would be hunting. In preparation for our hunt, we devised a Three-Phase Attack:

I. Mike and Jon scout “usual unit 11 areas” now
II. Go further south into unit 13 & 18, backpack in early-mid August 4-5 days into areas where there


For me it was a no-brainer as to who to contact ASAP. During my first Bighorn hunt on the Oregon side of Hell’s Canyon in 2009, my guide, Jon Barker, and I had become good friends. We’d also done a couple of hiking/rafting trips since then in the Bruneau/Owyhee drainages. My first text and voicemail was to Jon Barker’s cell and office number on Friday afternoon...
wasn’t much known “with few rams and few sightings, we need to make sure there isn’t something we’ve missed”.

III. Strictly concentrate on the best and biggest rams. On August 29, 2018 I arrived in the town of Lewiston. I enjoyed a midday walk along the main thoroughfare in Lewiston, noting how clean and neat the town was. I also enjoyed the minimal humidity, sunny and breezy day, and the 65 degree weather. The next day was to be our first “Day Hunt.” I was instructed to pack light so I chose to use my Easton Day Pack and the Kuiu Icon 7200.

August 30th, Jon and I left the hotel at 4:30 a.m. We entered Unit 11 from the north and we made our way along progressively narrower and rougher dirt two-tracks to “lookout ridge.” We arrived at “the end of the two-track” about 5:45 a.m. We donned our gear and set off walking. After walking about 45 minutes we set up Jon’s spotting scope looking basically due north to glass the north side of one of the target canyons and multiple side canyons. We were glassing where Jon had videoed nine rams a few days earlier. We spent a good 4 hours going up and down the ridge, looking in as many side/finger canyons as possible…nothing was moving. No sign of any of the rams, no elk, no deer. Zippo!

Jon was very frustrated that the group of nine rams he had located just five days prior seemed to have vanished. Jon’s plan for the afternoon was for his friend Mike and I to cross the Snake River and drive the Snake River Road on the Washington side, stopping in pull-outs to glass across into the various canyons/draws/drainages on the Idaho side. This would be enhanced by the sun being either behind us or at least over our right shoulders. Mike and I started at 1:30 p.m. and finished at 7 p.m. We took one break, pulling over and taking a nap on the cool sand of one of the small beaches along the river. We watched multiple mule deer does and yearlings on our side, most of which had twins. They were coming out of the Washington-side volcanic basalt breaks and bluffs, going to water as they crossed the sparsely-traveled road. As we were waking up from our nap, we had a doe and twin yearlings walk up the beach within 30 yards of us as they watered. Additional wildlife seen included 15-20 osprey, 5-10 golden eagles, about 15 coveys of California quail. As for sheep, we found one ram all alone feeding halfway up the basalt cliffs, not 200 yards above a family setting up their riverside beach tent camp for the Labor Day weekend.

Quite frankly, I was amazed as to how fine the sand was, and again amazed as the number of small beaches interspersed between the smoothed river-rock “bars” along the river. I enjoyed watching at least 6-7 family groups unloading their jet boats and “setting camp”. As someone not from Idaho, I had no idea that due to the multiple rapids on the Snake and the plethora of boulders in the river, the jetboat was the choice
and basically a necessity if you wanted to run up and down the Snake River in Hell’s Canyon. These boats were hard-sided aluminum tunnel-hull jet-pump driven boats, and they were everywhere I looked. It seemed every home had one on a trailer in their driveway. Outdoor living!

The true highlight of Day One was stopping at “Buffalo Eddy” on the Snake River. It is a Nez Perce Petroglyph Site that Jon later told me had been dated as old as 6,000 B.C. It was on the west bank at a bend in the river, and on the east bank was a flat where the “Ancients” and the Native Americans had camped for thousands of years. On the west bank of the river was a massive formation of basalt, with sheer smooth & glistening surfaces also known as “faces.” The majority of these faces had at least one or two petroglyphs. Some “faces” had 20-30 glyphs.

On Day two we left Lewiston at 4:15a.m. and Jon continued to voice his frustration about the nine rams that had disappeared. Our plan was to dissect even more the draws and canyons along the target areas with the four of us checking more places we hadn't viewed on Day One. By 4 p.m. we hadn't seen anything despite glassing of 50 to 60 draws, finger canyons, brushy draws, timbered slopes, open breaks and alpine meadows.

On day three the weather turned cooler and windy. The Sitka puffy jacket with Kuiu hooded puffy jacket over it, along with a fleece neck gater and the Mechanix gloves, really came in handy for glassing on the ridgetops with intermittent 30mph gusts. I’m not sure how long we “slugged it out”, but I think it was about 1-2 p.m. before we regrouped. During the jaw-rattling ride back, we discussed strategy. After a brief nap we headed north to a different vantage point. There were cows, mule deer, and a couple of cow elk in and on the edges of the fields, but after 90 minutes of glassing across, still no sheep. Jon picked me up as the sun dropped past the horizon, and we spotted numerous mule deer staring at us from above and below. It was rough-looking country, with multiple rocky outcroppings and only the blowing wind as backdrop. It seemed like a lonely place from another generation, but had a stark beauty all its own.

That night we all expressed our frustration, but I wasn’t “mad at anyone.” This is hunting, and we needed to either keep plugging along, or as Jon suggested, consider coming back later at the end of September. He recommended, and I agreed, that we should give it a rest, and after 10-14 days, Jon and Mike would go back to glass intermittently and then more frequently to try to re-locate that band with the largest ram. Jon told me, “I really want to find that big ram.”

In the days between “Phase One” and what would become “Phase Two,” I was able to catch up at work, and continue my workout routine. After the first three days in Idaho, I knew exactly what exercises to focus on, so I threw more “weighted bags” into my Eberlestock getting it up to 58-60 lbs. By the
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September 26th departure date, I was even more mentally and physically ready. Jon and I planned for at least seven days of hunting, with a moving target of an October 3rd return home, depending on what we found.

Jon and Mike had scouted hard in my absence and found a group of rams in a different area. This trip we were joined by fellow sheep addict Ted Day from Boise. Instead of repeating the glassing in the first area, we opted to go into a new area that required being dropped off and the first day’s hike would be nine miles to get to the general area where Jon wanted to hunt. He asked if I were up to it, as we would have to carefully pack gear/food/water with only two natural springs in the area, that didn’t flow continuously.

Day Two of Phase Two, Ted went south as Jon and I traveled north finding several groups of Bighorns — some a mix of ewes/lambs/young rams, some were small groups of rams. At least three of the the rams were high 160’s to mid 170’s. Jon knew there were better rams in the area, so we kept hiking and glassing, looping back south to make sure we didn’t overlook any finger canyons. We re-grouped late on DTP with Ted about to blow up with great news. He had found at least seven mature rams about 2.5 miles from camp. We knew daylight was fading, but we figured we had enough time to grab our sleeping bags, load up and hike over to where Ted had found the rams. With renewed vigor, we double-timed it at least two miles. Jon and I took about five minutes to shed our packs and followed Ted as quietly as possible to a vantage point. As we climbed the rumps of the rams came into view. We were in the “box end” of the canyon, it appeared to vary from 300-600 yards wide from what I could see, and dropped off to about 400-500 feet to the bottom. The rams were about 2/3 of the way up the north side of the canyon, feeding and occasionally one of the older rams would rear up and “whack” a subordinate ram. Even with my poor hearing and tinnitus, the echoing “Whack” was impressive.

They were a good 400-plus yards away, and even with spotting scope/binos/riflescope, we couldn’t make out which ram was the best, as the daylight played out. It appeared the largest had a collar and a yellow tag in its right ear. Knowing where the rams would be settling in, we backed out of the canyon and decided to spread out our sleeping bags about 400 yards over the crest of the ridge at the back of the canyon, at least a quarter mile away. We were asleep by 8:30 p.m. and I was up and getting ready at least an hour before daylight. Jon was surprised to see me up so early and came over, gave me a whack on the shoulder and whispered, “It’s going to happen!” I listened while they whispered the plan-Ted would stay high with my video camera, while Jon and I dropped down, half crawling, to the upper third of the canyon, behind some large boulders. As daylight came, we were able to count seven rams, five to our left and two two to our right, but after 30 minutes of glassing Jon said none of them were The One.

After another hour of glassing and looking, we decided to stay low and move about 300 yards further left to another glassing point. We found three more rams. Jon said “Mr Big” was one of three rams bedded directly cross-canyon and below us, bedded and quartering towards us. I had a good rest for my rifle and bipod, and had lots of practice from prone/sitting out to 450 yards with the Gunwerks 7mm LRM, but the steep sides of the canyon didn’t give my left foot much of a base to anchor on...it kept slipping out from under me and I was about to slide down the canyon! Jon quickly got below me and had me plant my left foot on his right shoulder, as he pecked around the boulder and whispered, “262 yards-can you make the shot?” After a good minute of slowing my breathing down and confirming my three-point rest was secure, “Fire in the hole!” I squeezed off with the crosshairs at the base of the ram’s chest. “High over his shoulder! Get up and let’s move to a better setup!” The four other rams scattered like quail up canyon, and “Mr. Big” bolted and ran down canyon. Needless to say it was a “bit tense” between shot 1 and 2 as I was totally focused on both Jon’s movements/instructions while keeping an eye on the target ram, who dropped down out of view from our first vantage point.

I grabbed my backpack, Jon grabbed his binos, and we scrambled about thirty yards to another flat-topped boulder that luckily had a more level grassy area behind it and gave a clear view of the target ram. I quickly set up and Jon was right with me, “Okay, he’s still cross canyon, ran down about 100
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yards, he’s standing trying to figure out what that noise was, he’s quartering to us.” This time I had a much better footing with better anchoring for the rifle/bipod. Jon said, “Okay, slow your breathing down, you shot over him, it’s going to happen, he’s about 250 yards across and lower, slow your breathing and focus.” I told Jon that I was good, that I didn’t know why or how I shot high, but was, “Back on and good for Fire in the Hole when or if he turns broadside.”

It was as if in slow motion, but as the ram turned to walk up canyon along the sheep trail he was on, I squeezed and remembered seeing through the scope a brief shudder as the ram flinched and then started running up the trail. “He’s hit hard, no, no don’t shoot again, he’s hit hard!” As Jon followed through the bins. I followed with my riflescope and the last image was the ram’s legs collapsing and then free-falling to the bottom of the canyon. The next thing I knew, Jon was hugging me and saying “We did it! Gordon, I know I pushed you hard, but we did it and even for us this has been extreme!” The next thirty minutes were a blur of elation, exhaustion, sadness for the life of such a regal animal, and the schizophrenic experience of the success of a backpack hunt with so much mental and physical energy expended.

If you’re not intimately familiar with your gear, if you’ve not trained to the best of your ability, if you don’t have the utmost respect (and definitely some remorse, but not regret) for the life of your quarry — in my opinion, you shouldn’t be allowed to hunt these regal animals. Period. A quote flooded my brain at this point, as they had from prior mountain adventures, from Teddy Roosevelt, “Nothing in this world is worth having or worth doing unless it means effort, pain, and difficulty.” Well, I had Jon, Mike and Ted to push me and keep me going, and this success was as much or more THEIRS than mine. I am immensely thankful for their friendship and encouragement throughout the experience.

What a great experience. I am lucky to have met so many people that lift me to new and higher levels of appreciation of being alive, and teach me a continually deeper appreciation and respect for North American Ecology and Wildlife. It took us 2 hours 15 minutes to get to the ram, and we weren’t strolling along “la la la” picking blackberries and elderberries. Fortunately when we located the ram, no broken tips or chunks missing, not even scuffed hide, due to the ram landing on the head-high mass of intertwined blackberry briars that choked the majority of the base of this canyon. We estimated his weight at 325-340lbs, and he had 1/2” fat from his hindquarters to his shoulders. We counted eleven annular rings, without lamb tips. After pulling him off the briars, setting up on a scree field for photos, capping & quartering, we divided up the cape/head & horns/meat and we headed west towards the Snake. Not a trail to follow, so the added weight made it sketchy for all of us. Back at camp and being out of water for over four hours now, we filled water bottles/bladders and took turns using the Life Straw to re-hydrate. Water never tasted so good! We then all stripped and jumped into the cold river-yelling and screaming but it felt oh so good. In the arid environs, it didn’t take long for us to “air dry” and we then laid out our sleeping bags and crashed.

The next morning we had several “Cast and Blast” crews stop by, and Jon let them know that one of his friends was going to be dropped off to re-supply us. A kind soul left us a sixpack of cold beer, with Ted and I readily “toasting” our success. The first week of December the ram was officially scored at 185 5/8 net B&C… it’s just a number, but it adds icing to the cake!

What a great experience. I am lucky to have met so many people that lift me to new and higher levels of appreciation of being alive, and teach me a continually deeper appreciation and respect for North American Ecology and Wildlife. I am humbled and try to absorb as much as possible.
The Centennial Life Membership is the premier Life Membership of the Idaho Wild Sheep Foundation. This is an exceptional commitment made by those Life Members who want to do more for Idaho’s Wild Sheep. The Centennial Ram is arguably Idaho’s most Iconic Bighorn Sheep and it is only fitting to recognize these Life Member as such. In recognition for your investment with IDWSF, you will be provided with a Centennial Ram lapel with your donation. In addition, Centennial Life Members receive a tax acknowledgment for tax purposes. We honor our Centennial Life Members at our Annual Banquets by giving your 3 tickets for our annual Life Member raffles every year. Dues of Centennial Life Members will be used right here in our great state of Idaho ensuring lasting populations of this majestic species.

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Idaho Wild Sheep Foundation, Inc. is a 501c3 nonprofit association.
The mission of Idaho Wild Sheep Foundation is to enhance wild sheep populations in Idaho, and adjacent states, for public enjoyment, education, and fair chase hunting; to promote professional wildlife management and protect sportsmen’s rights. With this as a mission statement it was no surprise to me that when the Idaho Department of Fish and Game asked for volunteers to help investigate an unconfirmed reporting of “coughing” sheep our members responded in force. The full story goes as follows.

In May of 2019 Bill London, a member of the IDWSF board of directors, was approached by Rachel Curtis, a Regional Wildlife Biologist, from IDF&G. Rachel asked for a group of volunteers that could assist in investigating an unconfirmed sighting of “coughing” sheep in the Big Jacks Drainage of Owyhee County, Idaho. As many of you reading this article will already know, wild sheep are particularly susceptible to respiratory disease and pneumonia, so this sighting was not something to be taken lightly. The biologist originally asked for five to eight IDWSF members to hike the rims of five specifically identified sections of the Big Jacks Drainage. Their task being to locate and observe wild sheep for any signs of coughing or sickly-looking animals.

In early June of 2019 the board sent an email to our members asking for volunteers and the response from our members was overwhelming. Within days of the email being sent we knew we had enough volunteers to easily cover the five areas identified by IDF&G. Now it was just a matter of buttoning up the final details and getting boots on the ground. In early July the volunteers received an outstanding information packet from Rachel. The packet included a bighorn sheep aging guide, bighorn sheep monitoring instructions and an observation form to be filled out in the field if you found any sheep and a link to a YouTube video showing how to properly identify sick sheep. During each weekend in July groups of IDWSF volunteers drove to Owyhee County, ID to search for “coughing” sheep in the Big Jacks Drainage. At the end of each group outing they would report back to the biologist with the coordinates of the area they covered and whether they spotted any sheep and the classification of the sheep observed. The biologist then used their coordinates to provide a location for the next groups to survey. In total twenty-three members of the Idaho Wild Sheep Foundation volunteered to assist in the survey. With our volunteers and the staff at IDF&G we were not only able to survey the five originally identified area but the entirety of the Big Jacks drainage as well as the Little Jacks...
and Shoefly Drainages. The result of the survey was that we covered a much larger area than initially anticipated and the groups that found wild sheep did not see any signs of coughing or sickly-looking animals. Using the provided observation forms we were also able to provide invaluable information on the populations, age, gender, and lamb production for the herds in those drainages.

Although I didn’t personally see any wild sheep on my outing, I enjoyed seeing some beautiful country and took pleasure in the opportunity to help with wild sheep conservation in the field. The Idaho Wild Sheep Foundation Board of Directors would like to thank all the members who donated their time and effort to help with this survey. We hope there will be more opportunities to assist Idaho Fish and Game in the near future.
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New Zealand Hunting Experience Auctioned at IDWSF Annual Banquet

by Mike Barber

My Wife, Monica and I were sitting at the Idaho Wild Sheep Foundation dinner and the live auction started to go pretty strong. When they got to the Tahr hunt in New Zealand, I looked at her and said; “do you want to go to New Zealand?” She said without hesitation, “Heck yeah!” so I raised my hand and we won! We contacted Croc the outfitter and guide right away, set up dates and began the long year and a half wait. Before we knew it we were on our first leg of the journey and heading to New Zealand for a very memorable and awesome experience!

Croc and Lora were there at the airport, as promised, and took us straight to their hunting cabin in Glen Lyon, in what we called “God’s country!” His hunting area was located in a large valley with a beautiful river running right down the middle and breathtaking views on both sides. Electricity was limited to the solar powered lanterns and small lights mounted in the cabin and the fireplace was stoked for a wonderful night’s sleep. We woke to coffee brewing and the fog rolling in and out of the mountains filling the valley floor with moisture and my heart with anticipation for the day’s hunt.

Our first day we targeted red stag and our focus was for a specific bull that he thought would score close to 410 inches. We searched high and low for this bull and after many hours we finally found him bedded in a large dark green pasture. Lora and I snuck in to about 50 yards and the bull had no idea we were there. Unfortunately, we were so close, we couldn’t see over bushes and trees that were protecting the bull. As we tried to maneuver our way around the bull, the wind shifted, and he took off without us even noticing. We spent the next hour or so looking for him but with no luck. We hiked back to Croc and the rig and headed to search another location. We drove to a few more locations and were heading back for lunch when Croc said let’s check one more place. We rolled into the valley where Croc wanted to glass for the bull and there he was. We put on a short stalk and I settled in at 310 yards and dropped him with one well-placed shot. He was a truly special bull with 22 points on his left side and 14 on his right side. I was beyond happy!

We had a great lunch and headed back out to check for Tahr in the late afternoon. Croc took me down river to a spot he said lots of Tahr like to hang out. We spotted two great bulls at about 450 yards and made our way to about 250 yards when Croc asked me if I wanted to go after one of them. Without hesitation we made the ascent through the steep tree-covered draw and before you I knew it we were only 175 yards away from the two bulls and were discussing the shot with Croc. On a side note, earlier in the day Croc was explaining to me how tough the Tahr were and that shot placement was critical and if I shot one to keep shooting to ensure they were dead. So, as I looked through the scope at the Tahr, this was playing through my head because I wanted to make sure I did my part and made a good shot. As the bulls moved around and continued feeding, the one bull looked better than the other, so we focused our efforts on him. He had a large clump of Spaniard Grass in front of him on what was a very vertical shot, so I was concerned about shooting him low, so I believe I over compensated and hit him high. As I pulled the trigger...
he collapsed and tumbled straight down the hill towards us. Croc watched him and pinpointed his final spot. We high fived each other and began the hike to him straight up hill. To my amazement, when we got to the spot, he was last spotted, he was gone!

We searched for over an hour until it was completely dark but could not spot the bull. Croc explained to me that the bull was hit, but was hit high and after he fell down from the shock, he just got up and ran away confirming what he explained to me earlier; these are super tough animals! Croc’s tracking dog, Ruby was searching the entire are, but she could not find the Tahr and she kept leading us to a very steep cliff area that was too dangerous to go down. Croc was certain that the bull was not fatally hit and would recover from the shot. I went to bed that night feeling really bad about my missed opportunity and hoping for redemption.

We woke early the next day, had a good breakfast and headed out to go all the way to the top of the mountain. According to Croc, this was the rut and the bulls would be searching for the females which all lived on the tops of the mountains. We climbed through the fog and made our way to about 300 yards from the top and Croc spotted this very large bull coming around the top of the mountain about 100 yards from the top but walking our way. I couldn’t believe that we might get a chance at this bull. We hurried up and covered another 125 yards and got into position just in case the bull came our way. After a very short wait, he was there! He had no idea we were there and as he fed along, he presented a great broadside shot with no obstructions in the way, so I gently squeezed the trigger and he fell straight down and began his roll down the hill. I quickly reloaded and asked Croc if I should take another shot and he explained that this bull was down for good.

The bull got hung up in an old barbed wire sheep fence about 75 yards from us. Croc went up to free him so he could roll down to us. After releasing his leg from the barbed wire, the bull rolled straight towards us and then right into a small stream that was only about 18” wide. Unfortunately for us, he found the only 4-foot-deep hole in the stream and plunged straight into it completely submerging himself. After performing the water extraction, we fluffed him up as much a possible and took lots of pictures. Croc was really impressed with sheer size of the bull, his weight and mass of his horns as well as the length of them. We believe he weighed close to 300lbs, his horns were very symmetrical and 14.25” on each side and just shy of 9” bases, a magnificent animal! We celebrated that afternoon and into the night!

We spent a couple more days at the hunting cabin enjoying scenery and relaxing. We were sipping wine and spotting Tahr from the porch, incredible!

After our stay at the hunting cabin, Monica and I began our tour of the South Island and our first stop was the cute little town of Wanaka. We stayed for a total of two days in Wanaka where we enjoyed great food, fun conversations with the locals and more beautiful scenery. After our visit there, we made our way back to Queenstown, but we stopped for some
local wine tasting and at a really cool little town called, Arrow Town. Because it was the fall season there all of the trees were changing color giving us a spectacular view of the hillside. We ate some ice cream did a little shopping and soaked up the local atmosphere. We made it to Queenstown late that afternoon and checked into our awesome hotel that was right on the side of a hill that overlooked the water.

We spent three days in Queenstown, walking on the pier, eating great local food, riding the gondola up to the top of the mountain and eating at the huge buffet. Our next stop was Christchurch which was a little farther north. We stayed there for 2 days and hired a private car to tour us around and explain the history of the town. This proved to be money well spent and we were lucky to get a great diver that was very knowledgeable of the town and its rich history. We ate at one of the best restaurants in town based on a recommendation from the local winery names Straight 8.

Our first stop on the North Island was in Wellington, the capitol of New Zealand. We stayed there for two days visiting the botanical gardens, the New Zealand rugby headquarters, the Parliament building and of course Cuba Street. We ate some really good seafood on the wharf after lots of walking. We finished our trip in Auckland and we stayed in the heart of the city at the Sky City Grand Hotel so we could get the full flavor of what the town had to offer. We took a wine tour on Waiheke island which was truly amazing and a must do activity. Monica and my daughter, Jessica play roller derby here in Boise so we went to a local roller derby bout to support the team and get Jessica some New Zealand derby swag.

Overall the trip was way above our expectations. The hunting was just a small part of the overall New Zealand experience! Great people, beautiful scenery, wonderful food and plenty of activities to keep anyone busy is what New Zealand is really all about!
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Some people are born hunters, some people learn to appreciate hunting along their journey.
Generations Born to Hunt
by Don Colter

You never know where the passion comes from. Some people are born hunters, some people learn to appreciate hunting along their journey. I have enjoyed hunting as long as I can remember; ground squirrels and rabbits as a kid, doves, ducks and pheasant along the way, then discovering big game as a young adult. Rifle, shotgun, muzzleloader and bow; I like hunting in all its forms. I was fortunate to have a family that encouraged my passion, although my Dad wasn’t necessarily much of a hunter. Much of my life we lived out on a ranch, had cattle and open spaces. Dad would say why eat a deer when we have good beef. For me it’s about being out in the field, smells in the air, wind through the trees, seeing the birds and animals and sometimes actually harvesting and animal and providing some tasty table fare.

Growing up I was lucky to have many sources of support and encouragement of my passion for hunting; parents, family friends, teachers, authors and anyone that would talk about hunting. Growing up I was lucky to have many sources of support and encouragement of my passion for hunting; parents, family friends, teachers, authors and anyone that would talk about hunting. Several events stick out in my hunting memories. Sitting on my Dad’s lap shooting ground squirrels with a .22 that had taught several generations of family members about shooting and gun safety. There were several Dads in our town that would gather up a group of us kids and we would have grand adventures camping and quail hunting. Taking hunters education with my buddies and dreaming of someday grand hunting trips.

As an adult, I have enjoyed opportunities to give back and encourage hunters and hunting. Teaching hunter’s education and seeing a kid’s eyes light up and soak up messages of safety, how to shoot, tracking, animal identification and what to do once you get something. Taking my niece and nephew on their first big game hunt and helping them harvest an animal. Tales of hunts gone by with friends and family. Sharing delicious grilled elk steak. A package of venison jerky as a Christmas present.

Recently I had the opportunity to share my passion for hunting and share an incredible experience in Idaho’s backcountry. It all began, as have many of my adventures, at the Idaho Wild Sheep Foundation banquet. As I perused the auction list, I noticed what would prove to be a most memorable adventure. Fred Imler and Will Marcroft owners of Big Lost River Outfitters donated a cow elk out of their lodge in Mackay, ID. What caught my eye was that the successful bidder would be able to bring a junior hunter at no additional expense. I thought about my nephew Jacob in St. Louis and how much he would enjoy an elk hunt. Jacob is a born hunter, I have sent him antlers, bones and skulls picked up while in the field, shared hunting tales, stacks of hunting magazines and books. He wasn’t born into a hunting family but has had encouragement and family friends that have taken him shooting and hunting whitetail deer and turkeys at their farm in the country. Jacob’s Dad, JR, even caught the hunting bug.

Auction time finally arrived, and the elk hunt was up. Someone else must have had a similar idea and the bidding was brisk, but I prevailed. Jacob would be stoked. Right there at the table I texted Jacob and JR what I had in mind, next December they would join me for a cow elk hunt and an adventure of a lifetime.

December seemed like it would never arrive. There were a lot of calls and texts about what do we need, what will it be like, how do you hunt elk. The day finally arrived, after a night of preparing gear and packing, we were off to Mackay. It was a great trip, lots of hunting stories and some of the most
magnificent country ever made.

Will met us in Mackay and off to the lodge we went. What a great place and location. After settling in, Will prepared a great meal that was shared over lots of hunting stories. Morning came early, coffee and breakfast, ready the packs, grab the rifles and into the truck we go. Daylight was breaking and Will was taking us to some of his favorite areas to find elk. Cold and clear, elk hunting weather. As we got to the far side of the valley, we stopped to glass the hills. After a couple stops, we finally spotted a small herd of cow elk and in usual Idaho fashion they were at the very top, probably 1,000 vertical feet above the valley floor. Jacob and JR are used to hunting whitetails from a tree stand, which is an excellent method and fun. But neither had seen the size of Idaho's mountains. This was also the first time Jacob had ever seen an elk, how exciting. Will knew a forest road that would take us around the backside and halfway up hill. We got dropped off and Will said he would go back around and keep an eye on the elk and us.

Let the game of cat and mouse begin. Up the hill to the ridge top, maybe they would be just over the edge where we saw them. Nope, they're elk and were crossing across the slope. Slowly we trailed the herd and glassed and watched and listened. Side hilling through the snow, through timber thickets, over rocks, close, but always a step behind. Four miles and several hours later, Will calls and says the herd is finally settled down and bedding across a grass slope just over the ridge from where we are. The final push is on. We slowly work over the ridge and spot elk, game on. There is a small rock point about 300 yards away, if we can make it there unnoticed, we will have a great set up. Slowly down the slope, we stay out of sight and make it to the rock without being seen. There was cow slowly feeding at 175 yards perfectly broadside, Jacob got set up with a solid rest on the rock. Plenty of time to settle in and calm down. I find a cow standing about 250 yards away, find a nice rest on the rock and get ready. JR was ready between us to spot for Jacob. I had told Jacob to take his time and shoot when he was ready, however as soon as he shot, I was going to shoot. Getting Jacob an elk was my primary objective, but I wanted to get one too. Boom, boom, boom, we had two elk on the ground. Jacob had taken his first elk and I got to be part of the experience. How lucky am I to be with Jacob and JR for this memory.

Let the work begin. Another experience for Jacob was discovering how big an elk is on the ground, especially compared to a whitetail. It was about ½ mile down the hill to the truck, which is a long way if you are trying to drag one elk, but we had two elk. Will walked up the hill to help and lead the charge. After what felt like hours of rolling, pulling and pushing we got them to a spot to field dress the elk. I had asked Will to help Jacob learn the process and let him do most of the work. Will was great with Jacob, getting him started and guiding him through the process. Some more pulling and pushing and we made it to the truck and got the truck loaded. Back at the lodge we tell and retell the events of the day over a delicious dinner. Another story to tell around a campfire, hunting camp or dinner table. Maybe the story will help stoke the passion for hunting in someone, because you never know where the passion comes from.

What an awesome experience and memory of a lifetime that wouldn't have been possible without the generosity and hospitality of Will Marcroft, Fred Imler and Big Lost River Outfitters. •
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The conservation committee has been involved on several fronts; primarily habitat, disease transition (primarily Movi) from domestic sheep to wild sheep, and education.

1. Jack’s Creek Bighorn Surveys for Pneumonia

IDWSF volunteers teamed with the Idaho Fish and Game to conduct bighorn sheep surveys.

There was an unconfirmed report of a coughing bighorn sheep in the Big Jacks drainage. Idaho Fish & Game (IDFG) did not know if pneumonia is present in that drainage. IDFG did know that there was a pneumonia die off in Bruneau River drainage two years ago. That pneumonia strain was strong enough to kill adult sheep, but even a less virulent strain will kill off lambs.

Initially the IDFG had hoped to gather enough of a crew to survey some of the Big Jacks drainage. The Idaho Wild Sheep Foundation volunteer response was amazing, with 12 teams comprised of 23 people. They surveyed all of Big Jacks, and Little Jacks and Shoofly Creek.

Most importantly NO sick sheep were observed and herd composition data was collected.

2. Congressman Mike Simpson Task Force on the United States Sheep Experiment Station (USSES)

Congressman Mike Simpson’s office convened an initial meeting of stakeholders to explore possible modification of the USSES mission to conduct research that benefits both wild sheep and agricultural interests. IDWSF representatives joined a diverse group of representing sportsman, conservation organizations, Idaho and national domestic sheep producers, and both state and federal political offices.

Hopefully this collaborative effort will move all the involved parties forward in cooperative endeavors.
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- [ ] I will not be able to make the banquet, but please renew my membership (check member type below)

  ___ Annual Membership $35  ___ 3 year Membership $95  ___ Life membership $500
  ___ Upgrade from Life to Centennial $1,000  ___ New Centennial Membership $1,500

- [ ] I will not be able to make the banquet but included is a donation to keep up the Idaho WSF work.
- [ ] I would like to donate an item for banquet.
- [ ] I am interested in becoming a banquet sponsor.

**Total Amount Due:** __________________

- [ ] I have enclosed a check or money order.
- [ ] Please charge my credit card - Card # __________________ Exp. date: __________

Please return the completed form:

**BY MAIL:** Idaho WSF, P.O. Box 8224, Boise ID, 83707

**BY EMAIL:** trowley@armsidaho.com

**BY FAX:** 208-321-4819

For more information call the office at 208-345-6171 or go to www.idahowildsheep.com
14-DAY STONE SHEEP HUNT RAFFLE

ONLY 600 TICKETS WILL BE SOLD
Enter to win a 14-day Stone Sheep Hunt with Stone Mountain Safaris Ltd. in British Columbia. Value of the hunt is $48,500.00. Accommodations during hunt are included.

ONLY 600 tickets will be sold!

Do NOT need to be present to win.

500 tickets will be available prior to banquet with 100 held for sale at banquet only.

Winner will be drawn at the Idaho WSF Banquet March 21, 2020 in Boise, Idaho. Hunt dates are 2020 or 2021 to be finalized with outfitter.

Additional costs to be covered by winner:
Flight to and from camp, including flying out meat and trophies.
Hunt Package 5% GST tax: $2,425.00
Hunting License: $189.00 CDN
Sheep Tag: $651.40 CDN
Non Resident Preservation Fund: $200.00
Government Sheep Harvest Fee: $250.00
Transportation to and from Fort Nelson, BC
Hotels before and after the hunt

Tips/Gratuities
Crate and Freight charges for shipping trophy's
Additional hunters or Non hunters if arranged with outfitter
Additional animal trophy fees if arranged with outfitter
Additional flights required to take cut extra meat

RAFFLE ENTRY FORM

Name:______________________________
Address:______________________________
City:_________________State:____Zip:__________
Phone:______________________________
Email:______________________________

Tickets: Tickets are $100 each
_______Number of tickets

NO limit to number of tickets purchased. Need not be present to win.

Online order form available at www.idahowildsheep.org

To receive a receipt/confirmation, please use the online order form.
Completed forms can also be faxed to 208-321-4819 or, emailed to trowley@msidaho.com or, mail to Idaho WSF, P.O. Box 8224, Boise, ID 83707

Payment:
  __ Credit Card # __________________________ Exp: _________
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Located in the beautiful Lost River Range of Idaho, Big Lost River Outfitters provides a wide range of outdoor adventure, combined with breathtaking natural scenery. Some of our exciting hunts include: Elk hunts, hunts for Mule Deer, Mountain Lion, Antelope, Big Horn Sheep, Moose, Bears and more!

Big Lost River Outfitters is a team of friends joined together by their passion for the outdoors. When we aren’t guiding clients, you will most likely find us together out in the mountains looking for that next trophy big game animal. When you book a trip with us, whether it be a hunting, backpacking, trail riding, fishing, or a photo safari, you can rest assured that you will instantly become one of our friends and be treated as part of our family.

Contact us for information about your next hunt.

www.biglosriveroutfitters.com

Big Lost River Outfitters
PO Box 547
Mackay, Idaho 83251
United States

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IDAHO WSF CHAPTER

35th Annual Banquet and Auction

MARCH 21, 2020

Boise Centre on the Grove