

HUNTER EDUCATION QUARTERLY

California Department of Fish and Wildlife

Spring 2016, V. 19 No.1



HAPPY RETIREMENT ROY GRIFFITH!!!

Hunter Education Map

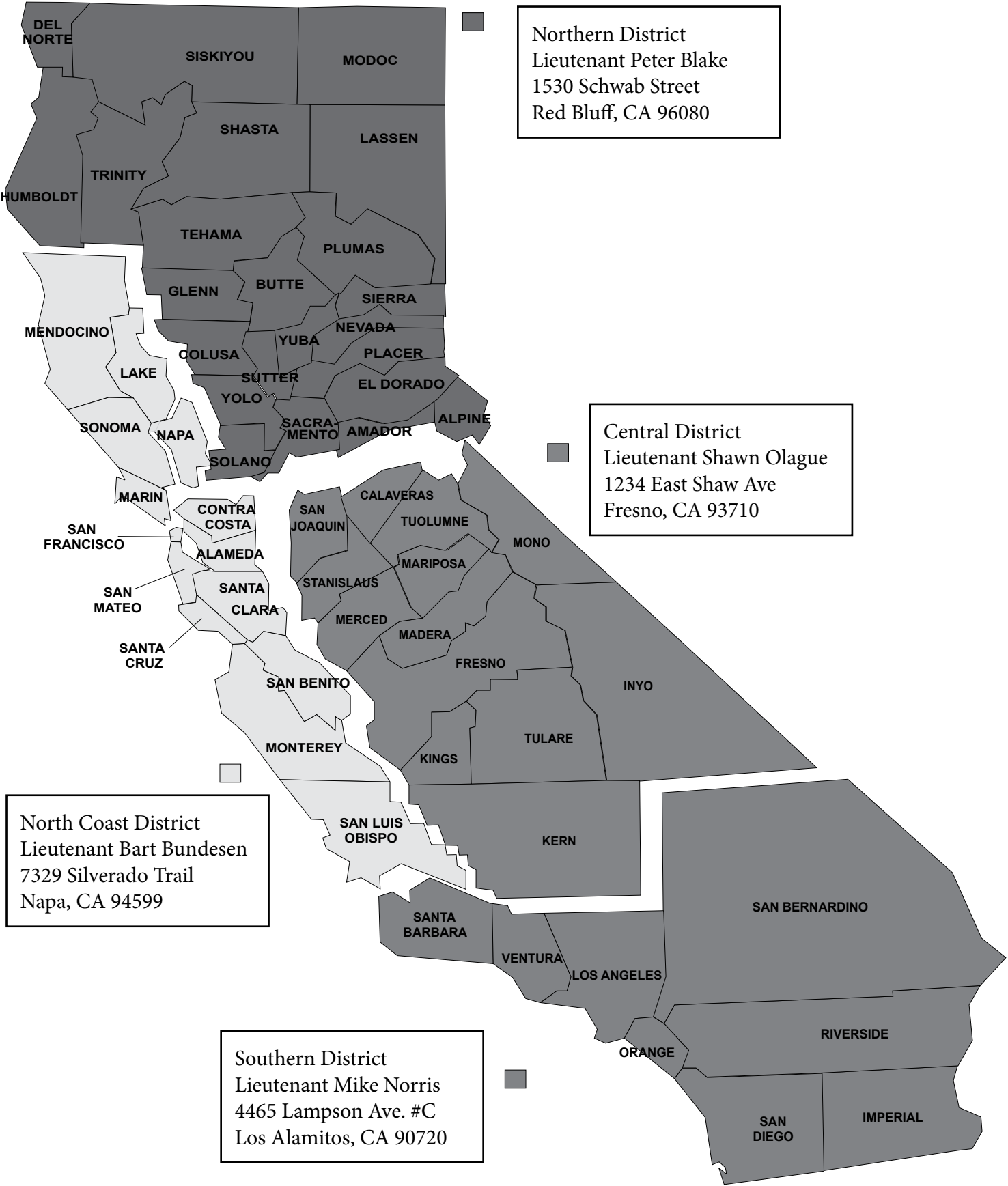
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Event Manager

Overall the rollout has been a success. More than 1,600 students passed Hunter Education in January. We are working with Kalkomey and the Department's Automated License Data System (ALDS) to address a few issues that need fixing. Setting up and posting classes seems to be pretty straightforward. The biggest stumbling block seems to be obtaining the pre-registration document and GOID numbers. We are basically dealing with two different systems (Event Manager and ALDS) with different requirements and restrictions. We will continue to make adjustments to the process until it is as user friendly as possible for you, the HEI's, and prospective students.



Legal or Not?

Hypothetically, if the deer pictured was taken within the hunt boundary and season by a J-17 tag holder – would it be legal? It appears there is no tag attached; for the sake of discussion, let's assume the deer is tagged. What are the relevant laws or regulations?

(Answer on next page)



PASSING ON THE TRADITION...

By: Captain Robert Pelzman

Matthew Lazzaretto is from Santa Clarita, California and was raised in a law enforcement family. His great grandfather was an Officer with the Redondo Beach Police Department and his grandfather was an Officer with LAPD. Both of Matt's parents were Glendale Police Officers. His great grandfather was killed in the line of duty when Matt's grandfather was just five years old. A generation later, Matt's father was also killed in the line of duty when Matt was only two. Understandably, Matt proudly proclaims to be a "mama's boy" and explained that hunting and outdoor activities provided valuable bonding time with his grandfather and other family members.

At twelve years old, HEI Derick Fong certified Matt in Hunter Education at the Oak Tree Gun Club. As a teen, Matt enjoyed hunting upland game on the Carrizo Plain and fishing the Eastern Sierras. During his high school years he realized he could combine his families proud law enforcement tradition with his passion for hunting and the outdoors by becoming a Game Warden.

The goal was set – now came the work. For his high school senior project, he scraped algae from fish runways, painted signs, loaded trout chow, and completed numerous other odd jobs at the Fillmore Fish Hatchery. In December he will graduate (in 3 ½ years) from Sacramento State with a degree in criminal justice. While enrolled at Sac State, he went to the CDFW office in Rancho Cordova to request a ride-along with a Game Warden. On his third or fourth visit, he met Captain Roy Griffith. The Captain told Matt that he appreciated his persistence and assured him a ride-along would be setup. Matt left the office and headed home. A short distance down the road, Matt was "pulled over" by a warden truck. It was Captain Griffith. Griffith asked Matt if he was interested in applying for a Hunter Education Student Aid position.

Matt has been the Hunter Education Program Student Aid for a little over a year and has developed into a respected and valued member of the hunter education team.

Department of Fish and Wildlife

Administrator's Corner



He is an HEI and recently assisted the Coordinators with teaching hunter education to cadets at the CDFW Warden Academy. Lt Blake described Matt as a gifted speaker and excellent instructor. On his own initiative, Matt developed a very simple Power-point presentation to assist HEI's with learning Event Manager. He even organized and instructed an Event Manager class for a group of HEI's. By the time you read this, his Power-point presentation will be available to all HEI's on the Instructor Resource webpage.

Matt recently passed the warden exam and is one step closer to his goal of being a Game Warden.

Answer



Yes, it's legal. The antlers are less than three inches long (barely!). Therefore, this deer is classified as an "Antlerless Deer". The J-17 hunt allows for "one either-sex deer per tag". Either-sex deer are defined as antlerless deer or legal bucks...

Relevant regulation:

T-14 CCR

351. Forked-Horn Buck, Antlerless and Either-Sex Deer Defined.

(a) Forked-Horn Buck Defined. For the purpose of these regulations a forked-horn buck is defined as a male deer having a branched antler on either side with the branch in the upper two-thirds of the antler. Eyeguards or other bony projections on the lower one-third of the antler shall not be considered as points or branches.

(b) Antlerless Deer Defined. For the purpose of these regulations, antlerless deer are defined as female deer, fawns of either sex other than spotted fawns, and male

deer with an unbranched antler on one or both sides which is not more than three inches in length.

(c) Either-Sex Deer Defined. For the purpose of these regulations, either-sex deer are defined as antlerless deer as described in Section 351 (b), or legal bucks that have two or more points in the upper two-thirds of either antler. Spike bucks may not be taken.

Bonus Points if you got this one!

FISH AND GAME CODE - FGC 204.

The commission has no power under this article to make any regulation authorizing or permitting the taking of:

(d) Any spike buck or spotted fawn. "Spotted fawn" means a young deer born that year which has spotted pelage. "Spike buck" means a male deer with unbranched antlers on both sides which are more than three inches in length.



Department of Fish and Wildlife

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Advanced Hunter Ed

As the Fall and Winter hunting seasons have come and gone, hopefully everyone was successful in their pursuits. "Success" can have a different meaning for each person. Success could mean a limit of ducks, a buck, or a Thanksgiving Turkey. Or it could be just having a good time with good friends in the outdoors. Not all of my hunts consisted of bringing home game but, every hunt allowed me to clear my head from my day to day stresses. As spring approaches, and so does the Spring Turkey Season, one of my favorites. For those of you who apply for hunts out of state it is also application season. You try to figure out where you can get drawn with the number of points you have in each state or just apply for the same zone you've been hunting for years. The area where you know every nook and cranny, every patch of trees, draw, brush patch, etc. where the animals you are pursuing like to hang out. I wish everybody luck in their respective applications.

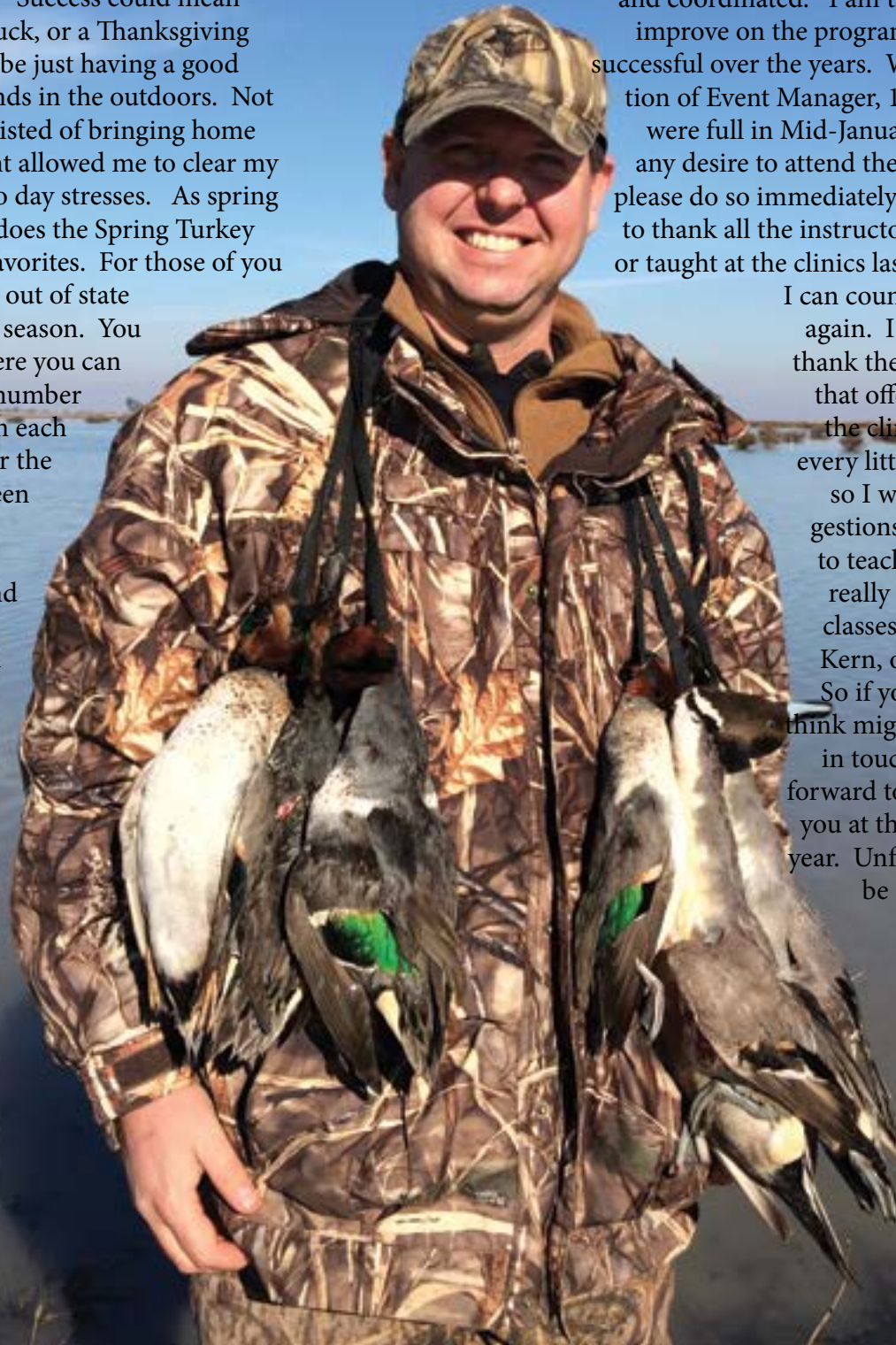
Now back to business! Spring for me also means clinic season. Turkey clinics, Deer clinics, and Pig clinics are coming up. I also have the Multi-

day Hunt Planning clinic on May 7th down in Rancho Cucamonga. I am excited for the upcoming year because it will be the first complete year that I have scheduled and coordinated. I am trying to build and improve on the program that has been so successful over the years. With the introduction of Event Manager, 10 out of 16 clinics were full in Mid-January. So if you have any desire to attend the remaining clinics please do so immediately. I would also like to thank all the instructors that helped out or taught at the clinics last year. Hopefully,

I can count on your support again. I would also like to thank the many instructors that offered to help out at the clinics. I don't know every little spot in the state so I want to ask for suggestions on new locations to teach a clinic. I would really like to teach some classes in Lake, Sonoma, Kern, or Tulare counties. So if you have a spot you think might work please get in touch with me. I look forward to meeting more of you at the conferences this year. Unfortunately, I won't be at Bart's or Peter's.

In closing I would like to wish Roy Griffith congratulations on making it to retirement and wish him luck in his new pursuit. Roy is the reason I am in this position.

By: Lieutenant Alan Gregory



Northern District

By: Lieutenant Peter Blake

This past year was completely crazy and the Hunter Ed. Program saw many changes, challenges, a few setbacks and even a handful of successes. No matter what 2015 was, it is now in the past and we are all looking forward. 2016 has seen us hit the ground running and we are moving forward at full speed, or in the words of Roy, "DOING GOD'S WORK AT LIGHT SPEED".

Probably the biggest thing on everyone's mind is the new Event Manager System. Back this past Summer all of us decided we would implement a soft roll out, releasing small bits of information and then going live on January 1st, 2016. This would give everyone some exposure to the

system and we would just work it out for the few classes that are taught in the beginning of the year prior to the main conferences where everyone would be trained. Now looking back, this may have been one of our bigger mistakes. Just in the month of January over 600 classes were successfully posted. Needless to say we have all been burning the candle at both ends keeping up with all the questions. The good news is everything with the new system seems to be working well, the instructors who are using it love it and for the most part we consider it a monumental success. The prize is in the pudding, for it's pretty hard to argue with 600 classes being posted in four weeks with no formal training.

For the few skeptics still out there please give it a chance. In the end I truly believe it will make all our lives better.

In the end I truly believe it will make all our lives better.

The other big news everyone is talking about is the retirement of Assistant Chief Roy Griffith. Yea it is true he is leaving the department as a paid employee but in true nature he will join the ranks as a volunteer instructor and is planning on teaching Hunter Ed. classes in his new found spare time. For all of you who know Roy understand that his passion towards the preservation of our hunting heritage was engrained in his DNA and he was a huge inspiration to all of us around him. Roy's shoes are definitely going to be hard to fill but I can tell you the entire Hunter Ed. staff is dedicated to doing the best we can to keep the ship moving forward and in the right direction. Please join me in wishing Roy congratulations in his retirement.



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North Coast District

By: Lieutenant Bart Bundesen

Hopefully this article finds you in good spirits. I'm not sure if the timing will find you pre or post conference. If you were unable to attend the March 12th North Coast District Conference please come join us April 2nd in Atascadero, or April 30th in Ukiah for one of the NCD Satellites. Conferences are the best way to avoid the drudgery of the Correspondence Course to fulfill your yearly training requirement.

I'm going to touch first on Event Management since it's the hot topic. I can't speak for the other Districts, but NCD has been very positive so far. You all have really shown your self-starting qualities, independence and general glass half full attitude.

I've been thoroughly impressed with the lack of assistance many of the NCD HEI's have needed during this transition. Some of you have received some one on one instruction from me. This is encouraging that you are able to recognize your limitation, but not let it set you back. Don't be afraid to ask for help, that's what I'm here for, and I am more than willing to get you on track.

With all that said, many of the approximately 200 NCD HEI's aren't planning and implementing classes as the "primary" instructor. This means your only needed interaction is reporting your hours in the Event Management system for Grant Match and Audit reasons. I can assure you, this is a simple function done in less than 5 minutes. It is easier than the previous Samaritan program.

Sidebar: you know longer need to use Samaritan, its purpose has been replaced by the "one stop shop" of Event Manager.

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As with any new program we are still fine tuning some things. Look for improvements in the future with roster management, easier function to "add" students to a class, reporting outreach hours, etc..... It is a very fluid program and many of the additions will be a result of direct Instructor feedback. Some of these changes will already be implemented by the time this goes to print.

As a Coordinator I get to see Hunter Ed in California on a larger scale than you the Instructor sometimes. Now that we are using a program implemented in many other States, I have noticed something that sets California apart. HEI's in California have a general no student left behind attitude. I've been referring to us as the "Ellis Island" of Hunter Ed programs. Many other States only take registered students, while

California HEI's go out of their way to include, walk ins, parents of students, chaperons, etc..... This is truly an impressive show of your passion to "Pass on the Tradition".

I'm going to close with a quick overview of service time. First many of you will see a start date in your Event Manager Profile from 2014. You can disregard this, service time records are kept in a different data base. Service time is by far the most difficult record that we maintain. I know that Sarah before, and Fam now, work very hard to make sure these records are up to date and accurate.

Why do I bring this up? It is conference season and the most complaints I get are over service time. If you are affected it's not a slight, simply the product of the difficulty of maintaining this info for 1000+ HEI's. With the implementation of Event Manager and some changes in record keeping at HQ, we hope that 2016 will mark the end of these issues.

If you get passed over for a service award you think you deserve, let me know. I will make it right.

As always thank you, your hard work is appreciated! My door is always open, and if you need anything I'm only a phone call or email away: (415) 892-0073 or bart.bundesen@wildlife.ca.gov

Have a wonderful spring.



Central District

By: Lieutenant Shawn Olague

We are hitting the training tour again. Hope we see you all at a main conference. This year there has been a big new shift to our program. I am talking about Event Manager. Some of you will have experienced a lot of it before we hit the training date you attend. We are hoping for some positive input and would like to get all the “bugs” worked out ahead of time, but the one thing I must ask is

also like not having to keep a bunch of paperwork together to mail in and not knowing if it has been received or not. Another hit has been the class posting features and the timeliness of the posting and removal of classes. You will come to know all the features and how to use it in short time. The only thing that is holding a few back is the resistance to change.

place at Tachi Palace this year, I will most likely have a satellite training in San Joaquin Co. and Kern Co. this year. I like Tachi Palace as a location due to its central proximity in the district. I had planned on being in Los Banos, but a scheduling conflict came up that made me move. I know the venue will be more conducive to the planned training anyway.

“I know change can be difficult and you might want to fight it, but you may be better off trying to learn it and manage it to your best interest.”

Many of you have done so already, but if you haven't please send me your income and expense statements ASAP. The Recruitment and Retention hunts will come faster than you know it and I do not want to excuse you due to lack of turning it in.

Thanks very much for your willingness to put up with changes in our program. We are excited about how it is serving the public already. We have over 500 classes posted statewide on the system at this time. Great job.

In your lifetimes think of how many changes have come about. Computers, cell phones, DVD players, etc...for some of you, TVs, cars, pen and paper... just kidding, I know some of you are not that old. I know change can be difficult and you might want to fight it, but you may be better off trying to learn it and manage it to your best interest. It is possible and we are here to help.

With my main conference taking



for you to look at this with a positive mindset rather than a negative one. If you come to our training trying to show us where we are all wrong and a bunch of dummies, you are not coming with the right mindset.

I have talked to many of the newly informed users and they like the immediacy of the program. They feel they have a better roster and enjoy not having to go over the scantrons for errors and incompleteness. They

The Best Thing to Happen... By: Lieutenant Mike Norris

What a winter it's been... and I'm not talking about the over-hyped El Nino that put some water on the ground but won't alleviate the ongoing drought. My winter has seen some highs—in the mountains of Utah, Nevada, and California—and some lows, wrestling with burst pipes in the frozen cobwebby mud beneath a hunting shack and hair-pulling back-n-forths with HEIs over the new class scheduling system.

But what I'd like to talk about are some of Hunter Ed's biggest high points over the years and the man behind making them happen—Roy Griffith, who retired March 1.

Roy, it was a pleasure working for you and now I'm looking forward to working with you.

I'm not worried about writing the same thing as my peers because it can't be said enough—Roy was the single best thing to happen to hunter education since the time (1997) I joined the program, and probably before that.

Roy's enthusiasm, drive, and vi-

sion was akin to taking a Costco-sized can of Gun Scrubber to the gummed-up action of a solid but neglected semi-auto, changing it from a balky proposition to a reliable friend that would go BANG! every time.

Gone are the days when it seemed there was an infant's handful of active instructors trying to satisfy the Hunter Education needs in the Nation's second-most populous state.

Gone are the days of outdated printed rosters and schedules used by Fish & Gamers who, with a phone clamped between shoulder and ear, would sift thru, searching for a class that would work for the caller only to discover that—sorry!—the class was full/canceled/rescheduled.

Gone are the days of Eisenhower-era paper forms with finicky, tedious bubbles that demanded attention from students, Instructors, and administrative staff. Gone are the envelopes to mail and the coordinator's nagging, “Hey, C'Mon, you said last week you were going to mail up those forms from last year!”



Gone are the days of hoping the newspaper ran the class schedule in the Community Calendar section in time for it to be useful and hadn't bumped it in favor of an announcement for the Garden Club's next meeting....

Now, upcoming classes are searchable by ZIP code and their number of seats remaining is viewable in real time by anyone with an Internet connection, anytime, anywhere. HEIs are able to personally post their classes in this scheduling system, which also collects and organizes student data and test results, then reports if for them with a click. No more forms to bubble or mail.

Now, HEIs number over 1,000

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Southern District

statewide and they offer classes at an unprecedented variety of times and locations throughout the state.

And now, with his retirement from the Dept., Roy will be among you HEIs, introducing new generations to the pastime that we all believe in so much.

Roy, it was a pleasure working for you and now I'm looking forward to working with you.

I'll be working with all you HEIs this spring to make sure everyone's onboard with Event Manager and any other issues that come your way.

For those who missed our main training conference in Ventura, where Event Manager was demonstrated, I'll be holding a couple make-up (satellite) conferences this spring, one in the San Diego area, the other in Riverside/San Bernardino area—check the Instructor Resources area of the Hunter Education website and look along the left side of the page under Announcements for the registration link or type this mouthful into your browser: <https://www.wildlife.ca.gov/Hunter-Education/Instructor-Resources>.

Those unable to attend a satellite conference will need to complete

an on-line correspondence course which will be released shortly.

Finally, I have a new mailing address: Lt.Mike Norris/CA DFW, 4665 Lampson Ave. #C, Los Alamitos, CA 90720. Please use this, and only this, address for your paper correspondence. One-thousand thanks for all that you have done and will do for generations of hunters, I look forward to another great year working with you all.

Mike.norris@wildlife.ca.gov



Continued: Peter Blake

CHEIA North will be sponsoring its second annual Train the Trainer class at the Nevada City Sportsman's Club in Nevada City on March 25th and 26th. This training will provide instructors with information designed to help them be more productive in their Hunter Education classes. Training will include Range Instruction, Technology and use of the new Event Manager System. There will be a potluck dinner

on Friday evening and CHEIA will provide breakfast and lunch on Saturday. A \$30.00 tuition is required to help cover the costs of event. To sign up or for more information please call HEI Bill Adams at 530-622-3794 or email: buffaloadams40@sbcglobal.net.

Conference season is just around the corner and all of the dates and locations have been set. You can find a list including

all associated information posted on the Instructor Resource Page. This is also where you will RSVP to whichever conference you plan on attending. This year the Northern District Conference will be held in Corning at the Rolling Hills Casino on April 23. I hope to see you all there.

This Point's for You!!!

By: Lt. Peter Blake

Effective July 1, 2008, the California Fish and Game Commission modified the methods of take to prohibit the use of projectiles containing lead when hunting big game and nongame species in an area designated as the California condor range.

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Phase 2 Effective

July 1, 2016

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In October 2013, Assembly Bill 711 was signed into law requiring the use of nonlead ammunition when taking any wildlife with a firearm in California. This law requires the Commission to adopt by July 1, 2015, regulations that phase-in the statute's requirements, but it must be fully implemented by July 1, 2019.

CDFW conducted extensive

public outreach during 2014 and proposed regulations that phase-in the nonlead requirement. This outreach effort included question and answer sessions at sportsmen's shows, meetings with hunting organizations and a series of eight public workshops throughout the state. CDFW then presented draft regulations, as modified by public input from these workshops, to the Fish and Game Commission.

In April 2015, the Fish and Game Commission adopted CDFW's proposed regulations, which will implement the nonlead requirement in the following three phases:

Phase 1 – Effective July 1, 2015, nonlead ammunition will be required when taking Nelson bighorn sheep and all wildlife on state wildlife areas and ecological reserves.

Phase 2 – Effective July 1, 2016, nonlead shot will be required when

taking upland game birds with a shotgun, except for dove, quail, snipe, and any game birds taken on licensed game bird clubs. In addition, nonlead shot will be required when using a shotgun to take resident small game mammals, furbearing mammals, nongame mammals, nongame birds, and any wildlife for depredation purposes.

Phase 3 – Effective July 1, 2019, nonlead ammunition will be required when taking any wildlife with a firearm anywhere in California.

Existing restrictions on the use of lead ammunition in the California condor range remain in effect while implementation proceeds.



Nonlead Ammunition in California

My G-3 Hunt

By: Claudia Daw
December 5, 2015

To really express how I feel about my hunt, I need to use the Hebrew word “mitzvah”. The term actually means Commandment but has come to mean the act of human kindness, or spectacular joy. It is doing something wonderful for the sake of itself, without receiving recognition from others. It is the conscious act of being selfless and much more. That is how I feel about the men who helped me on this hunt. There were three men, one of whom I knew, and two known by that one, who came to help me harvest a magnificent buck on a very unique hunt, the G3.

I arrived in Lone Pine two days prior to opening day. I stayed at the Budget Inn, a lovely, plain, roadside motel owned by a young Indian

American couple. They were so interested in whether my stay would be pleasant. I met up with a retired Department of Fish and Game warden on Thursday and he took me to see various hunting spots that would offer a positive outcome. We went up and down, in and out, through canyons, streams and low lands for about eight hours (the terrain in the high desert was a surprising combination of lava flows, ice age moraines, volcanic dust posing as soil, and sage brush. The mountains rise suddenly at nearly a ninety degree angle). Every now and then we came across other people who were scouting the area, but we never talked to them. At the end of the trek I was told to take the next day and choose where to hunt. Since I would be out there alone, he told me to check in with him every time I moved to a different location.

The next day, Friday, I drove to all the places seen the day before. I looked through my spotting scope for does because that would be the place to find bucks; after all, it was the middle of the rut. Additionally, three huge considerations, at least for me, had to be addressed. They were accessibility, kneeling down to field dress the deer, and getting the meat out once the animal was quartered. About two years ago I had my right knee replaced and it has given me problems ever since. I finally decided on one particular valley that seemed to meet the needs of my physical limitations and also had a lot of deer activity. It was a valley

that contained no less than sixty does and a dozen bucks. I watched bucks engage in shoving contests that at times appeared quite violent; the weaker of the two yielding to the stronger. On one occasion, a minor buck was skewered in the rump by the dominant buck when he turned to leave. The little buck took off like a scalded dog.

It was a wondrous and exhilarating sight to behold; the clash of the titans.

Once decided upon, and when phone reception was available, I called the retired Warden and told him where we were going, where to meet and the time of the rendezvous. Happy as a lark, I drove back to the town, bought two Hungryman turkey dinners, one for that night and one for breakfast, then back to the motel. I went to bed at about 6:30 that evening and awoke at 2:00. That morning I ate the pre-fab dinner but omitted the usual cup of coffee since I did not want the caffeine to negatively affect my shooting accuracy, took a shower, got dressed in wool, wool, wool, threw my backpack in the truck bed, and took off. The rifle I chose for the trip was a Winchester .270 and a 130 grain Winchester Razor copper bullet cartridge. I arrived thirty minutes early at the meeting place and parked on the street. During

those thirty minutes, five 4x4 trucks passed me by. At 4:45 a truck pulled up behind me, it held the three men I was to hunt with: the warden who had generously taken me on a tour of fabulous hunting spots, the former Captain of Hunter Education for the Department of Fish and Wildlife, we'll call him Captain America, and another of his buddy's, a retired police officer. Both the Captain and the officer drove about seven hours to participate in this event, which is known as the most amazing hunting opportunity in California. We spoke for a minute then headed for the chosen area. Meandering through the mountains seemed to take forever, my excitement growing with each passing mile. Finally we arrived at our destination. I pulled up behind them, and once safely parked, I joined them in their truck. We discussed the strategy for the hunt and waited until about six o'clock. Dawn was supposed to break at 6:35.

I chose a valley that was accessible from an abandoned miners trail with



a locked gate at its entrance. The shoulder, from the road to the gate, could accommodate two trucks. My plan was to take advantage of that parking opportunity but alas two trucks beat us to it. The small group of men from one of the trucks was arguing with the couple from the other. In the still of the morning we could clearly hear the men insisting that the couple had no right to hunt or park at that location. It was a ridiculous argument since the entire area was public land. Anyway, when it was time, we walked around them not saying a word. The trail we were

on was easy to traverse and we traveled it until we could no longer hear the voices of those at the entrance. Once the dawn began to break we deployed the spotting scopes and binoculars. Two of us looked down into the valley while the other two glassed up the mountain. We saw a lot of does, spikes, and forkies. I did not want to kill a forkie. To me, it would be like going to a five star restaurant and ordering a hamburger. What a waste.

Finally, we came across a large bevy of does, young bucks who were respectable 2x3's, 3x 3's and a few forkies.

They were meandering up the hill from the valley below. Suddenly, from behind them all, a 4x5, big bod-





What was left behind made the birds, foxes, and coyotes cry.

ied behemoth appeared. He was following a doe. His neck outstretched, antlers back, top lip curled upward, following as if in a trance. Paying no attention to anything or anybody except the doe he was stalking. They were 375 yards away and downhill from us. We were all awestruck at the bucks massive body and magnificent rack; amazed that we came upon such a creature so early in the morning.

I took off my pack and threw it to the ground and followed it laying prone for the shot. I knew that the rifle was most effective below 500 yards and this shot was within that range. The “hold over” for this shot was 32 inches above the heart lung target. I acquired the target and as I was doing so two does walked behind him which meant a no shoot situation. After all, had I

taken the shot the bullet would have most likely passed through him and killed the doe behind him. Thinking the does would move away I stayed in my shooting position, but they never moved. They kept shadowing him. Then he walked behind a boulder, obscuring his body. You could see his rack through binoculars, which was a type of torture to me. Finally, we picked up our gear and moved to the ridge the herd was on, hoping the buck would still be there. The retired warden decided to go to the next ridge beyond us and report the whereabouts of the buck should he leave the immediate area. Luck was on our side.

Finally the buck moved from behind the boulder to a nearby manzanita bush and bedded down in the tall grass. We could not see him. Fortunately, the aforementioned

doe got up to move, and when she did he did too. He walked about ten feet, sniffed the air, and then bedded down again. He was two hundred yards away, downhill. Forty yards uphill from him, appearing like Egyptian Sphinxes, two bucks laid, one to the left and the other to the right. At first I moved into the prone position for the shot but the grass was too tall and I could not get a good sight picture. I moved again, this time into the sitted position, legs crossed, and elbows on my knees. Fortunately Captain America had an external frame back pack which he suggested I use as a shooting platform. I sat on the edge of the trail, legs dangling over the side, my coat under the rifles forearm to absorb the recoil. Once I had moved I could not see where the buck was located. The retired police officer helped me relocate him. Since he

was bedded down and obscured by branches and grass I was left with only a neck shot. Not my favorite choice. Because of all the natural obstructions there was only three inches of his neck available as a viable target.

I kept whispering to myself, “Breath slowly, take a deep breath,

let half of it out, pull the trigger straight back”.

The shot rang out, the buck collapsed, his body twitching as his nervous system collapsed, but other than that, no movement. It was 8:15 in the morning. Someone shouted that they could not believe how

good the shot was; another said it was the best they had seen so far. I kept my rifle sighted on the buck in case he got up, but he never did.

The small herd of deer, both buck and doe, remained in the vicinity after the shot. They sniffed at his body. When we started downhill, toward him, they stayed until we were half way there. Then they retreated to the edge of the ridge and watched us. They continued to do



so for many minutes before leaving. One handsome 3x3 returned during the field dressing process about an hour later. He stood about thirty feet uphill from our location and stared. Finally he turned around, sauntered up the hill, passed about ten feet away from the warden who had stayed on the trail guarding the equipment. They both looked at one another; the buck paused, and then proceeded up the mountain side. I had never seen deer behave in this manner before and was told that this was not unusual during the rut. After all, they were all exhausted from the mating process and exhaustion brings about an altered state of consciousness.

I hobbled down to the buck using a walking stick my friends Lydia and Robert had given me, carefully navigating around rocks and brushes. Upon arriving, I stroked the bucks head and talked to him. Perhaps a silly ritual for most, but I cannot just kill such a magnificent creature that was both stunning and majestic without being a little sad and grateful at the same time. If it is true that we all have a spirit, then I wanted him to know my feelings. Captain American allowed me this time with the buck and when I was done he set him in the most splendid pose, giving him the respect he deserved. I sat behind him with my rifle; pictures were taken. I sent them to everyone on my contact list.

I did not field dress or quarter the buck; when the quartered animal was extracted, I did not carry the heavy sacks; the guys did that for me. Such a generous group of men I had never met before. I stood there and passed them the knives and held the bags the meat was placed in. The

only part of the deer that remained behind was guts, spine and ribcage. This was clearly a total disaster for the birds, foxes and other animals used to hunters leaving so much of the deer behind. Hopefully we will not receive hate mail from them.

I took the meat to a local butcher who charged me twenty dollars to refrigerate it overnight. The next day I packed everything up and drove home. I got as far as Fresno when my engine blew up and I had to call AAA for a tow. It took two hours to get home once my Chevy was loaded onto the flatbed tow truck. Meanwhile, I could not resist telling the tow truck driver about my hunting adventure. I showed him my pictures. He had never hunted before but was interested in taking a Hunter Education class.

I am most grateful to Roy Griffith and those who helped him get legislation passed that would offer special hunting opportunities to Hunter Education Instructors.

He and his willing hordes worked tirelessly for us. Winning this opportunity was a wonderful surprise. For me, this really was the “hunt of a lifetime”. Thank you to Roy and

the men who helped me during the “Open Zone” hunt. You have changed me.

The reviews are in...



***Pictured above: Dept. Fish & Wildlife Employees take the Hunter Education Course. Lt. Olague asked employees what they thought of the class.*



Student Feedback! From ‘Chris M’ @ Mike Raahauge’s

This review reflects 100% on the Hunter Education taught at Raahauge’s, and 50% on the facilities as I did not go there to shoot so I can not speak of that aspect.

The Hunter Education class taught here is a great program hands down. The instructors I had today are very informative, professional, entertaining, accommodating, and much much more. A special thank you again to Mr. Ron Owens for his service/sacrifice for this country, and the knowledge he has to offer. The same graditutde goes to (excuse me if I misspelled/used the wrong versions of your name) Instructor Casey, Instructor Steven, Instructor Dave, Instructor George, Instructor Chris, and if I have left any one out, I apologize. Without these instructors help, I would never have received a 100% on exam (I know it’s not that hard of an exam, but a 100% is 100%).

The facility was clean and staff were very helpful and courteous. I will definitely return to try out the ranges soon!

With that out of the way, this is a traditional Hunter Education class. All literature and supplies for the class is provided by the facility. They cover everything within the literature and have no issues with repeating information. The instructors really want you to pass and will not hesitate to help. It’s well worth the money and you won’t regret coming to Mike Raahauge. Not only do you get to take the class, they offer a 30 dollar gift certificate to come to try out their ranges during the week (M-F). They also provide a light breakfast and a light lunch. The class starts from 6:30 AM til whenever you finish the exam (at the time of this review, there was a lot of construction on the roads to this facility, so it’s recommended to leave earlier than you need to to get to the facility). There’s plenty of seating and elbow room so you don’t feel like a sardine in a can. If you forgot your consent paper, they give you one on the spot. ***DO NOT FORGET TO REGISTER ON FISH AND GAME WEBSITE TO GET YOUR GO ID BEFORE YOU ATTEND THE CLASS AND DO NOT FOR GET TO BRING CASH (other wise you’d have to wait until the range office to open to pay)!!!***

Pigglesworth Shoot

A Tongue and Cheek Account

By: James Overman



Died and went to heaven is the only way to describe my Great Britain pheasant shoot. This came about in a very odd way. My wife and I took the 70th Anniversary tour of the D-day Invasion hosted by the Steven Ambrose Historical Tours. The historian assigned to our group happened to be a retired British Army Brigadier General.

We were following along in the footsteps of my uncle who was in the Army in Europe during World War II in a Civil Affairs regiment. My 98 year old aunt saved his letters home, and with those letters the tour followed almost exactly in the same areas he was in. From Normandy to Belgium, reliving the Battle of the Bulge, where he was almost killed, ending up where he was discharged in a little town, north of Frankfurt, called Bad Neuheim, at the end of the war. Our tour group of about fifty bonded as our historian filled us with the many grip-

ping details of the war.

At one point I casually asked our general if he did any pheasant hunting. I was immediately corrected, "Shoot, dear boy" not hunt!

Yes, he did. Immediately I inquired if there might be a slight chance that I go on such a "shoot" later in the year. My wife was being awarded her Ph.D. from Lancaster University, in Lancashire. Afterward I would love to accompany him on a shoot.

That was the start, after we com-

pleted our tour and returned state-side and several hundred e-mails later (to which he exclaimed, "There is more planning for this than "Operation Overlord" a reference to the D-day invasion), our visit and shoot was solidified. My son and daughter-in-law were going to accompany us and, of course, my son wanted to join the shoot. Permission granted. However, in order to make this happen we both had to join the British Association of Shooting and Conservation - BASC (loosely the equivalent of our NRA) in order to obtain our liability insurance.

We were to stay at the Brigadier's home in the Cotswolds and begin the shoot from there. I asked if wearing orange was required.

"Oh no!" But all my upland game outfits wear hunter orange.

"Do I have to wear knickers??" I was corrected again.

"They are called plus fours and, no, you don't have to wear them."

"May I wear my chaps?"



Department of Fish and Wildlife

"Right, yes," he said grudgingly.

Well, I did want to fit in. I warned my son about dressing warmly and wearing the proper boots.

"I'm covered dad." OK. I didn't push it.

The Brigadier's home was lovely of course, and after drinks his wife fixed an incredible dinner—duck breast. After dinner we went to the study to prepare the shotguns. They were locked up and then removed from the safe, my son chose the Beretta, and I chose a beauti-

tion shooting. We were introduced to the game keeper and the other "mates" on the shoot. My son and I looked a little out of place as our mates wore white shirts, ties, tweed coats. They were gracious enough not to make remarks about my upland game orange shirt sleeves, chaps and hiking boots.

Prior to the shoot we gathered in a room with a roaring fire in the corner. Sterling silver shot cups were passed around filled with Port. Huh, no booze for us, ok just one shot, then turn it over and there's a number on

bush... pheasant flushes... pheasant is shot... dog retrieves... bird gets bagged ...done deal.

Nope. We divided into teams, shooters (guns), beaters and retrievers; each has his/her own duties. Off we went, shotguns are cased on the way to the field, once spotted on the ground, guns are uncased, loaded and then my big mistake, I wore a knit cap instead of a hat and of course the sun was in my eyes (a rare event in the UK). While I'm trying to get adjusted, all hell breaks loose.

B a n g i n g and crashing sounds deep in the wood, then holy cow, birds flying all over the place. It was hard to concentrate. I took a couple of shots and of course missed, then more birds, everyone shooting.



ful old field gun. Shot bags were prepped. We were ready for an up and early quick breakfast the next morning.

Off we went in his little SUV with his two dogs, a Springer and the other from a good family. We arrived at a 1000 acre horse estate that the owner lets for hunting (not quite Downton Abby, but close), correc-

the bottom, which represents our place in the hunt—sorry, shoot. Cookies were provided, uhhh, biscuits and off we trekked. Out the corral and onto the field, I had no idea what to expect.

I'm used to "hunting" pheasant with a couple of my buddies and their dog.....dog points. ...shake the

I've had a chance a few times on previous hunts to shoot instinctive and hit. So I thought I would try it right above me and of course I missed.

"We don't do that here," I was told, and of course, was immediately embarrassed—bad form, apparently. I finally got a couple of birds



and started to walk over to retrieve. Nope, that's the job of the retrievers with their beautiful black labs. OK round one over—both my son and I did finally score some hits.

Back to the estate and another gathering and imbibing of more port and small sausages. What's next I wondered and hoped no one would remark about my bad form. Ultimately the wet ground and cold caught up to my son. His light boots were not cutting it, so our host happened to have an extra pair of "wellies," (Water proof Wellington boots).

Next was the duck hunt, never been on one in my life and fully expected to hunker down in a blind and wait. Nope, we're lined up along a pond deep in the forest and waited...then more banging and crashing and then hundreds of ducks began swarming the area. You couldn't miss (well I did). Finally, got one on the other edge of the pond and the small dog (from a good family) jumps in to get it (the duck is about the size of the dog) and she swims back proudly and drops the duck at the feet of our host. Wow, that was something! As we leave to go to the manor, once again the retrievers

come in and pick up the birds.

This time back to the gathering room for a sit-down-incredible-lunch (and of course more port). This is where we got to meet and really talk to our shoot mates. A wonderful group of gentlemen and I do mean Gentlemen. After lunch, back to the cars and on to another part of the estate. The shoot continued for the rest of the afternoon. As I became more used to the scenario, my shooting skills improved (actually my son did better than I did).

At one point, we were in a "canyon" surrounded on both sides with tall trees and as the birds would fly down the "canyon," one of my mates and I bagged a bird at the same time.

No "first blood" here. He said politely indicated that it was my bird, then I insisted it was his bird, then he said it was our bird, but we couldn't retrieve it.

It started to get dark (early) and the hunt, uhmm, the shoot was done. Firearms unloaded and cased. Back to the manor for our last gathering consisting of tea and cake and, you guessed it, more port. While

standing around the fire we re-lived the hunt, uhmm, shoot and then I brought them out (I had brought with me my California Hunter Education Orange hats that we give to our Hunter Ed students). I gave one to each of our mates as a souvenir. They had a puzzled look when I handed them out and asked me about the logo on the hat.

"What manner of fowl is this??" They asked. The California Valley quail, I proudly explained our state bird. I even had enough hats for the ladies in the kitchen.

"You ladies did all of our preparations, after all!" I also gave some to the retrievers who stayed over. Snap a group picture and the day was done. Our host gave us a small souvenir booklet with the total of the day's take:

Pheasant – 135
Partridge – 36
Duck – 38

As we started to leave the estate, we noticed the birds were tied to the sides of the game keeper's pickup truck in pairs to cool. I later found out this is called a brace. Only a few birds went home with the shooters the rest went with the game keeper. We took a brace for our host to give to one of his friends. The maître d' hand shake to the game keeper ended the day. Then back in the little SUV where both my son and I held two wet and very tired dogs on our laps as we travelled home. We asked our host about firearm laws and, boy, are we lucky in the U.S. In the U.K. they can only own long arms (no pistols) which must be secured in an approved safe. The local police check the condition of the safe yearly.

What an event!

After cleaning the shotguns and getting the mud off our boots we were allowed in the house for a shower, champagne and a late dinner of salmon en crouete. The day was recounted over dinner. I couldn't stand it, I had to ask how they prepare their take. OK now the big one, "How do you cook them?"

The following is the answer from our host, the Brigadier:

"We hang our game as it brings out the real taste of game. Obviously in a hot climate you cannot do that as the birds get high and covered in flies very quickly, but you would lose the real "gamey" taste. Too many people here don't hang their game long enough and quite honestly a pheasant then tastes exactly like a chicken. Rule of thumb we hang our pheasants, partridges, duck et al for at least 7 days - during very cold weather, which we have been having here lately, (this was in December) we hang them for 10 days or even longer. The exception here in UK is grouse when they are shot in August, which is usually a hot or warm month. They are then plucked the same day or if you have a fly proof game larder a day or two afterwards. The snobs say that the birds should be cooked rare as this brings out the same "gamey" taste, but personally I don't like game rare and bloody to eat!"

"What happens to all the game and how is the event organized?"

"The Shoot Manager is responsible for everything to do with the shoot - finance, arranging the days and

getting the people to turn up and pay their share. He is also the Game Keeper. A Game Dealer arrives a day or two after the shoot and the birds, which have not been taken home by the beaters and the guns, are sold to him. They don't get very much for pheasants or partridges (50 pence\$.79 a brace, but more for duck - £3.80.....\$6.04 a brace). The Game Keeper is paid a regular salary which he receives throughout the season from the other syndicate members. He pays himself from the monies he receives from the members of the syndicate (roughly £750 per gun per day.....\$1185.00) or from the money he receives from the days he lets (a 200 bird let day would cost the man, who took it, £6,500..... \$10,270.00). The Shoot Captain runs the day and organizes the guns on the plan which have made in conjunction with the Keeper. There are three teams - the Guns, who obviously shoot and the beaters, who put the game over the guns to be shot at. They are organized and paid by the Game Keeper. As a rule of thumb each beater receives the equivalent amount of an agricultural worker - around £25....\$39.50 - £30....\$47.40 per day plus of course any fuel money. The Picker Uppers (The Retrievers) are also paid the same rate. Their responsibility is to ensure that all the game, which has been shot, is picked up, and any wounded game is killed off humanely and brought back."

All in all a wonderful experience and glad my son and I were able to participate I don't know, but thinking of going maybe next time a Stag hunt"???



Scout Bozman's Amazing Weekend

By: Scout Bozman

got to camp at 9:00pm and went to sleep.

My dad woke me up at 3:30am. It was the second day of the hunt. That day we sat in the blind for 14 hours waiting and the only thing we saw

were a few coyotes, squirrels, and the most interesting thing was a buck antelope. The elk (all 200 of them) stayed on the DFW land and never left. We got back camp at about the same time.

Then came the third day we decided to go to a different place that Alex called the wild lands. We drove around for about 20 minutes to get a picture of the land and boundaries. We started glassing and saw a solid 6 by 6 bull. The only problem was the uphill battle we were facing to put a stalk on him without scaring him. So we began to sneak through the bushes, tumbleweeds and slide past the resident rattlesnakes. We got to a spot where we could see him clearly and within range. We studied him and decided to pass on him (it was tough to leave him). When we started to walk away he did not think twice, he bolted and that was the last we saw him. We went back to the blind and sat for another 4 hours until it was time to go.

I thought that was it but, then my

Dad talked to Alex and set it up to come back the following weekend. So my Dad and I went through another week of school and work. All I kept thinking was that I hoped it hadn't been a mistake passing that 6x6.

It was Saturday of the second weekend, and we did not have our good friend Doug with us. But we did the same thing. We went to a watering hole and sat. All we saw were elk, lots of them, but there was one problem, they were not close enough, they were all too far out. We saw the same antelope as we did the weekend before. We sat there for the rest of the day and it was time for us to go back to camp.

On Sunday we woke up at 3:30am and left to go to the blind. We got to the blind about 5:00am and started glassing. We sat for about an hour. Nothing was close. Then we decided to go back to where we saw the 6 by 6. On our way, we spotted a herd of elk on Alex's land so we stopped to take a look.

In the herd was a huge bull. So I said that's the one.

They were coming out of the wild lands and heading for the fallow fields. My Dad and I ran to get in front of them before they got to the open field. We got about 350 yards from them and they were still com-

ing. We set up my shooting sticks and got steady. At about 280 yards the lead cow spotted us and turned away but the bull kept coming. We made a cow call and he stopped. My Dad said "Take him now". I shot 2 times. Then he started staggering. My Dad said "Keep shooting until he is on the ground". 2 more shots and he stepped then fell. I was so happy. When I walked up to the bull I couldn't believe how huge he was. How are we ever going to get him in our truck? The measurements were 6 x 6, over 40 inches wide, with 15 inch fronts. We gutted it and tried to put it in the truck but it was too heavy. We called the rancher, Alex. He came with a welding truck that had a mini crane and we put the bull into the back of the truck. We went to our friend's ranch to skin and quarter the elk. He let us use his walk-in cooler.

It was about 3:00 in the afternoon we had just eaten lunch and our friend Garrett (it was his ranch we took the elk to) asked if we wanted to go check out new parcel of land that they had just gained hunting rights on. Garrett said if we saw a deer or pig I could shoot it since I had the tags for both. We had just gotten on the ranch when we spooked a nice 3 by 3 buck. We drove up to a hill top and started glassing. The day was coming to an end (about 5pm). We got to our final spotting point and saw 4 does and Garrett said he saw a buck. We marked the spot and started our stalk. We got to the valley he was in and sat for about 10 minutes. We could see him through the trees but

there were too many branches for a shot. Finally the buck started walking and poked his head out of the trees but, his shoulder was covered by a tree. He made one more step, I shot and hit right in the shoulder.

The buck was a huge fork (over 20inches wide with 14 inch forks) and my Dad said he was the biggest he had ever seen. We saw a group of pigs that evening but, we did not shoot one because my Dad said he was done dragging, gutting, and skinning.

I would like to thank some special people. My dad for taking me on this trip. Garrett, for helping me get my deer. Doug, for thinking of me and making this hunt possible. Alex, for letting us hunt his ranch.

This weekend was an amazing experience. I got my first bull elk and a trophy blacktail deer all on the same day!





This story starts about fifteen years ago. My son, Graham is now 17 years old. I started taking Graham pheasant hunting with me about that time, even carrying him in a backpack for the first year or two. Since then he joined me on dove hunts, duck hunts, deer hunts, squirrel hunts, and snipe hunts. We did not always bring home game, but we always made it an adventure. Graham took his Hunter Safety Course when he was twelve and we started applying for the limited draw apprentice deer, antelope, and elk hunts. Graham finally drew a tag for the J-4 deer hunt when he was 15. We had a great hunt and he took his first buck on that hunt. But he never drew an elk or antelope hunt.

Until last year a young hunter was considered an adult hunter once they turned 16. That recently changed so that young hunters are considered juniors until they turn 18 years old. So Graham, and other 17 year olds had one more chance to put in for the special apprentice only hunts. We filled out Graham's applications in May, and then crossed our fingers, and waited. About three weeks later

the draw results were released. We held our breath as Graham's cousin, Shaun checked the results online. We could not believe Graham's good luck. He had drawn both a Spike Bull Elk tag for Grizzly Island, and Pronghorn Antelope tag for the Surprise Valley zone.

Now the planning, preparations, scouting, and anticipation started. We have hunted Grizzly Island many times over the years for waterfowl and pheasant, and one of my closest friends is Pat Graham, who works with the Dept. of Fish and Wildlife, and is the area manager at Grizzly. Pat and I met when we were students at Humboldt State University in the 1980's. Pat and his crew are very helpful to all of their hunters, and I knew he would help us with all the information we needed to have a great hunt.

We knew a whole lot less about Antelope and Surprise Valley. We called Richard Schinn, a DFW Biologist in that area, and he was very helpful with lots of information. We ordered several maps of the area and spent many hours going over them,

as well as pre-scouting on Google Earth. In July Graham's Grandma, Carolyn joined us on a scouting trip to Surprise Valley, which is in the far Northeast corner of the state. We had a great stay in Cedarville, and saw quite a few antelope in the hunting area. We headed home having a good idea of where we wanted to focus our efforts during Graham's hunt.

A few weeks later Graham's Grandpa Jack joined us when we went over to visit with family friends John and Mike Edgar. Jack, John, and Mike are lifetime friends and hunters, and probably have over 180 year of hunting experience between them. We looked over maps for hours and shared hunting stories. John and Mike hunted Antelope in Surprise Valley over 35 years ago, and had lots of good information for us. It was a memorable day spent with great people, and left us even more excited about the adventures ahead.

Finally the time arrived. The elk hunt ran for only four days and the antelope hunt period was nine days long, and they overlapped. Since we did not want to miss school, Graham is a senior in high school, and I teach high school, we would be limited to hunting weekends, the first for elk, and the second for antelope

On Wednesday afternoon we drove to Grizzly Island for the 5:00 mandatory safety and orientation meeting that takes place before each

of the elk hunts. Pat, his area biologist, Orlando, and game warden Sean Kenady did a great job reviewing safety, regulations, and letting the hunters and their chaperones know what to expect on the hunt. We headed home after the meeting, ready to return in a few days.



We arrived back at grizzly Island late in the afternoon a few days later. We spent the last few hours of light driving through the area and scouting for the next day, and saw lots of elk. We could have hunted that evening since the hunt period was open, but we both wanted to wait until the next day. We did find a distant herd of about twenty bulls, including several spikes that Graham wanted to try for the next morning. After a good dinner, we turned in for the night thinking and talking about elk, and dreaming about what adventures the next day would bring.

We woke early the next morning, ate a light breakfast, and headed out. We drove a short distance and parked the truck near a locked gate. We hoped the herd of bulls we had seen the evening before would still be in the same area. As we walked in the cool morning darkness we were

soon hearing bulls bugle in the distance. After about a mile we crossed a ditch to the west, and hunkered down to wait for dawn to come. There was a pretty stiff breeze blowing out of the west, which is what we were hoping for. We slipped into a long ditch that went in the direction of the elk, bisecting two very large, open fields. We were hoping the well vegetated ditch would give us enough cover to get within range of the herd. As we crouched and crawled our way down the ditch, Graham in the lead, we started to see elk crossing the ditch far ahead of us, all crossing from right to left. Each time this happened we stopped and let

the animal move on, so that it would not spot us and alert the herd.

Finally we reached the spot the elk were crossing the ditch,

and by then most of them had moved off and bedded down out of range. Except that is for two 6x6 bulls that decided to bed down within fifty yards of the ditch. Graham's tag was for a spike bull only,



but it was amazing to be that close to two large bulls. We remained hidden and watched them for quite a while. A little while later they stood up and started mock-fighting with each other, clacking their antlers together, and continuing to bugle. Finally the bulls spotted us, stared, and then moved off in the direction of the main herd. But they did not run or really spook.

Graham and I talked quietly about our options. We decided to back off down the ditch a ways to get the breeze more in our favor, and then try to belly crawl across the field to get closer to the bedded herd. We made it about half way through the field before the elk started to get nervous and stand up. They started to move off. There were twenty five animals in the herd, all bulls, and 9 of them were spikes. Graham picked the one he wanted to try for, and then it was a matter of waiting for a good shot with his .308 resting on our daypack. Finally the bull cleared the others and presented a broad-side shot. The rangefinder read 130 yards.

Graham held his breath and squeezed the trigger.

At the shot the bull went down. What an experience! We tagged the bull, took pictures, and then contacted Pat and Orlando. They help hunters transport their elk back to the elk camp, where they take various scientific measurements, and other data. Then they let the hunters field dress, skin, bag, and ready the elk for transport home. We were able to drop the elk off at the butcher and be home by evening.

Six days later we were leaving for Graham's antelope hunt. After about a five hour drive up highway 395 we arrived in Cedarville and checked into the Sunrise Motel. We unpacked a few things for the morning, set our hunting clothes out, and went to bed.

The alarm went off at 4:00, and soon we were driving north to the area around Fee Reservoir. We had seen quite a few antelope in this area during our scouting trip. It was still dark when we arrived at the dry lake. But soon the sun was peeking over the eastern horizon and we started scanning the distance with binoculars and spotting scope. We spotted a sizable herd of antelope over a mile away, towards the south end of the lake bed. We formulated a plan to get closer and headed in that direction. The wind was not ideal for the stalk, but there was an old berm-like dam about 6 feet high that ran the width of the dry lakebed. We planned the stalk so that the dam was between us and the antelope, providing excellent cover. We would not know if they were still there until we peeked over the berm. Along the way we walked through a group of about thirty Sage Grouse. The birds were not very concerned about us, and it was neat being that close to them. When we were about 20 feet from being able to peek over the berm and see if the herd was still there, we heard a distant whistle. We stopped in our tracks and looked in the direction of the sound. About 400 yards away, on the edge of the Juniper trees there were two other camouflaged hunters. We had not seen them before this, but they were obviously hunting the same group of animals, and they were there first, so we backed out of the area, without peeking over the berm.

We then went back to the north end of the lake bed and set out walking down an old jeep road in an area we had seen a good sized herd in July.

Before long we spotted them. There were about ten does in the group, and two bucks, one really nice one, and one pretty young. Graham's tag was an either sex tag, but he had decided that he wanted to try for a buck.

The herd was well over 300 yards away, and we wanted to get closer. As we moved slowly through the scattered Junipers, the larger buck suddenly took off after the younger one. They streaked by at about 200 yards, dust clouds curling up behind them, the bigger buck grunting loudly the whole time as he chased the younger one out of the area. We sat down under a Juniper, giving Graham a good steady shooting rest, hoping the larger buck would walk back slowly to rejoin his does after chasing off the younger buck. A few minutes later he came back just as we hoped he would, but never slowed down until he reached the does. By then the does had spotted us, and the whole group started heading off towards Nevada.



Next we decided to head a few miles further to the north, and try an area that we had not scouted in July. The area looked really good and soon we started seeing antelope. A distant group over a mile away, in the middle of another dry lake bed, with no concealing cover at all. A young buck bedded by himself on a distant knob about half mile away. We decided to keep looking. It was exciting seeing so many animals, and we knew that if we were patient, and kept working at it, opportunities would come.

About 10:00 we spotted another herd off to the west about a mile away. A look through the binoculars revealed one buck and five does, and when we studied them through the spotting scope the buck looked really nice. They were feeding at the upper end of a long, narrow valley, with a low ridge paralleling the entire length of the valley. The ridge had a good scattering of Junipers and rock outcropping along its length. We took one last look at the animals, backed off to the other side of the low ridge, and started moving towards them, picking our way through the sage, rocks, and junipers, Graham in the lead. We jumped several Cotton-tails, and flushed a covey of Valley Quail along the way. The stalk was blind, but if we judged the distance we were covering correctly, it should get us into good range of the antelope, assuming they did not move off in the meantime. The crosswind should not give us away, unless we went too far before crossing over the ridge for the final approach. As we were approaching the last portion of the stalk Graham stopped in his tracks, and bent down to pick some-

thing up. In his hand was a perfectly formed obsidian arrowhead. We just looked at each other, eyes wide. This had to be a good luck omen.

Finally we picked our way down the side of the ridge, trying to stay hidden by the Junipers as long as we could. Would they still be there? We held our breath as we peeked around the last Juniper before the open ground of the valley. They were still there, but had moved about 100 yards further away from where they had been, and they were staring in our direction. I placed the monopod shooting stick in front of Graham, and then put the rangefinder on the buck. It read 315 yards. We had practiced shooting quite a bit before the hunt, and had sighted in four inches high at 100 yards, anticipating a longer shot than we are used to with deer. The Barnes Vortex all copper loads had proven very accurate in Graham's .308. The buck was broadside, clear of the does, and Graham said he felt good and steady. At the shot the buck dropped in his tracks, but was back up in an instant. The shot was a little low. I had Graham drop into a sitting position for a more steady hold. A follow up shot put the buck down for good. Then we both started shaking.

When we reached the buck we were amazed by its striking beauty. Graham filled out his tag, we took a lot of pictures, and he went to get the truck while I field-dressed the buck. Graham took an old jeep road to get within about 200 yards, and parked next to a large Juniper. After working together to wheel the buck and game cart over and around rocks and sage, we hung it in the Juniper

for skinning, bagging, and cooling in the shade. Working together to do all this was a very memorable part of the hunt.

After a nice tailgate lunch, we went for a short walk to look for obsidian, while the buck continued to cool in the shade of the juniper. While we were looking for obsidian, we looked up to see another really nice buck and doe antelope running towards us through the trees. The buck was grunting the whole way. They stopped about 30 yards away and stared at us for a moment before running off in the other direction. Graham and I just looked at each other in disbelief.

The day just kept getting better and better.

Neither of us wanted the day to end, but headed back to Cedarville in mid-afternoon. We were able to hang the buck in cold storage at a grocery store in town, ate a nice dinner, and went to bed early.

The next morning we got the buck out of cold storage, bought a couple of big and tasty maple bars at the local bakery, and headed home. We had lots to talk about on the drive home, and will remember these hunts and adventures we shared for the rest of our lives. Extending the junior hunting age to 17 will allow more young people to experience these special hunts, improving the chances of them becoming lifelong hunters/conservationists.

A Sit-down with Roy.

By: Shawn Olague

Wow, this thought just occurred to me. With AC Griffith's recent retirement announcement I am going to be the longest serving member of the current hunter education team. Time flies.

Yes, you read it right. AC Roy Griffith, most of you will remember him as Captain Griffith, is hanging it up. He is retiring after over 25 years with our department and over 30 years in law enforcement. A well-deserved break is in order.

I can still remember where I was when Roy called me for the first time. I was on a waterfowl patrol near Salt Slough WLA in Los Banos. Our conversation started a little like this....

"Hello Shawn, this is Capt. Roy Griffith. I am the Hunter Education Captain and I was told by Chief Patin that you would be the perfect person to fill a position I have opening up. I would like you to consider applying for it"

Well after lining up all my hunter education credentials and interviewing against several other worthy candidates I was able to land the position. The result started a relationship with a man that would become my boss, a mentor, and life-long friend.

It has been ten years working under him. We have had the opportunity to get to know each other quite a bit. I knew this day was coming at some point due to the years he had on ahead of me, but I was hoping he would be around a little longer. I was asked to give him a little interview for this tributary quarterly.

S.O.- Roy, what made you decide to go into hunter education?

R.G.-That's simple... passing on the tradition! Getting to be a step in the process to allow somebody to do something I have so much passion and love for! As a young warden we had to get in our 20 hours a year in Hunter Ed. I really enjoyed teaching classes.

S.O.- What are a few things you would have liked to have seen happen before leaving?

R.G.- Reaching the mark of 1000 instructors... through the work of four outstanding lieutenants got that done! Codified the essentials of the recruitment and retention program so it cannot be taken away... We got that! So I guess I'm good LOL LOL All joking aside ... I always wanted to get an elk tag in the war chest for instructors ... But I guess I have to leave something for you guys to do once I'm gone!



Roy Griffith

(Continued)

S.O.- So what is in store for you now?

R.G.- I have accepted the position of Legislative Director with the California Rifle and Pistol Association. This is a unique opportunity I couldn't pass up. It will allow me to be an advocate for hunters and Hunter rights from another forum. CRPA are big supporters of Hunter rights and legislation in California I'm looking forward to being part of that team and continuing to fight for what I believe in with the voice while I have one left. I hope to continue to have the opportunity to work with California's hunter education instructors statewide and keep them apprised of regulatory actions that concern them.

S.O.- What are you going to miss the most?

R.G.- Being the leader of something I really believed in! I'm going to miss supervising a staff of the most dedicated state employees ever known. I never considered one of them a subordinate or even coworker... they were family... family that never failed to make me proud!

Well Roy, you left an impressionable mark on the program for sure. We who remain will try to continue the passion you exuded for our great hunting tradition. Your leadership and caring will be missed by those of us who worked for you and those who worked with you. We wish you many successes on your future endeavors.



Good luck from us all.



Dedicated To:



Alan Weingarten

We lost a great game warden and one hell of a man today~;:(

Story originally submitted to Klene's American Fly Fishing Co. Forum by Member "Steelies"/2603

Sadly, veteran CDFG Game Warden, Alan Weingarten lost his battle with cancer this afternoon. If you fished the American River much at all in the last twenty years, you knew Alan and if you didn't know him, you missed out on a great opportunity~

Alan was a man's man, short of stature but strong of will and heart...

After graduating from high school, he joined the U.S. Marine Corps and served our country facing combat in the Falkland Islands and later, in Grenada.

Alan was tough as nails but he also had a kind heart towards worthy people and a good head on his shoulders and cared a great deal about our planet and its fish and wildlife resources.

Alan went to college and studied marine biology and earned his master's degree with a thesis on marine phycology (algae). He worked as a scientific aid for CDFG, conducting surveys and biological assessment of our local sturgeon populations. He worked his way up the ladder, paid his dues and eventually graduated from the CDFG Officers Academy.

He spent the better part of the last twenty years as a game warden, protecting what he loved (the fish and wildlife of the Sac/SJ Delta and the American River Parkway). During that 20 years, he put himself in more precarious and often life-threatening situations than most folks see on television... He always had wild

stories to tell about his contacts with shady characters in way out places in the dark.

On the river, I always looked forward to seeing Alan because his presence kept the _____bags away and kept the semi-shady people semi-honest (at least for the day).

He loved the resource and he loved his job. I've met few people, and never another warden, who cared as much about protecting our salmon and steelhead runs and who actually immersed themselves in the resource as intimately as Alan did.

Many things set Alan apart from your 'typical' game warden:

He wasn't petty and would issue citations (or not) commensurate with his perception of an angler's intent. He wasn't a quota guy trying to scratch tickets to make a name for himself. If a guy screwed up and overlooked something or simply didn't know... Alan was perceptive enough to know this and would issue a warning and an explanation of why the regulation was important... but bull-*****ers liars, play-dumb-ers, and those deceitful or disdainful (towards the resource or towards him) would get a big, fat ticket and a _____ grin.

His two deal-breakers (and rightfully so...) were poachers and litter-bugs.

We all knew Alan as the camouflaged-phantom. I can't count the number of times I was standing there fishing and out of nowhere comes a voice from the levee directly above me. "Hey Mark! How's the fishing?" or I'd get a text from Alan about the fish I'd just caught and released and then he would text back, "you DO see me on the bluff up here right?" "No Alan, I can hardly see to tie a knot." and I'd squint and look up and see what I couldn't see but knew was my camo'd warden buddy looking through a Leopold spotting scope.





Alan was a people's person and smart enough to know that the best way to protect a resource was to REALLY get to know the guys and gals using it and turn us in to a resource for information. He freely gave out his phone number to the regulars on the river and encouraged us to call him anytime we saw someone abusing the fisheries. I would bet my a** that Alan got more calls from anglers and other recreationists on our river than the whole Cal-Tip hotline staff during any given salmon/steelhead season and why? because HE would actually answer and do his best to get there or send someone who could get there and deal with the situation at hand.

Sometimes there was a touch of gray in that fine line between friendship and professional obligation with Alan but he always made himself

available to you if you sought him out and I always appreciated that about him.

What started as a mild melanoma and subsequent carcinoma from over exposure to sunlight, quickly advanced to life-threatening cancer.

We thought/hoped he had it whooped when, after a several month hiatus, he resumed his duties as game warden on the river this October. Admittedly, he didn't look so good when he first returned but when I saw him in January, he seemed to get color and composure back in his face and he had a spring in his step. It was great to have him back for the upcoming steelhead season. It was great to have him back, period!

On February 20, Alan called me

and in a rather sedate voice told me he was calling to let me know he would "be out of commission for a while" and that he had taken a turn for the worse and that the cancer had spread to his liver... He told me he'd enjoyed our friendship over the years and appreciated my ethics as an angler and caretaker of the river. It meant a lot to me.

I told him about my uncle who had been diagnosed with terminal (one month to live) cancer and how he took his kids on a cruise and refused chemo/radiation but then had a change of heart and went through that hell again and came out of it and is still alive 5 years later... What else do you tell a guy who's dying? I told him thanks for all he's done for the river I care so much about and I told him I wanted to see him before I couldn't. I told him that I loved

him and I hung up the phone.

Today, I got two phone messages; one from another warden and one from a mutual friend and I didn't need to call back to know...

Alan has left for Valhalla and he won't be coming back to this place.

It's heartbreaking on so many levels. He wasn't even 60 years old... His wife, daughter and son will miss him. The river will miss him and we all will miss him. All the wardens in the region... Hell! all the wardens in the STATE couldn't replace the passion with which Alan protected our local river and its fisheries.

Alan was a rare breed, indeed.

He stuck around long enough to at least see the beginning of the end of the drought and maybe, just maybe, the falling tears will water and sow the seeds for a new beginning and... sail his Viking ship to new lands... to fight the horde, sing and cry, "Valhalla I am coming!"

I hear its pretty damned sweet in Valhalla~

So all you friends: Go wet a line and catch a pretty one, hold her up to the sky and say...

Thanks Alan!
I love you
man~



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Where's Ed?



***"As you can see, I had
mine already! The
moral of the story is -
Get those Preference
Points!"***

-Steve Bennett

HEI# 0459

Cady Mountains

Mary Bradley

HEI#1382

Obituary

Mary Annette Bradley, 61, passed away peacefully in her home on Nov. 6, 2015.

Mary was born in Nebraska City, Neb., on March 16, 1954, to John and Margret Gaines Bradley.

In August 1969, the Bradley family made Blythe their new home. She attended Palo Verde High School and was a member of the Class of 1972. Mary was employed at Yellow Mart Stores for the past 41 years and earned the nickname "Yellow Mart Mary."

Mary loved the outdoors and all types of sporting activities. She supported local youth sports activities and it was not uncommon to see her on the sidelines cheering on any team, no matter the sport.

As a child, Mary learned to hunt and fish. She made it her goal to spend every opportunity she had enjoying the outdoors.

One of her greatest joys was going hunting and/or fishing in exotic places such as Africa, Argentina, Fiji, Costa Rica, New Zealand, Mexico and Canada.

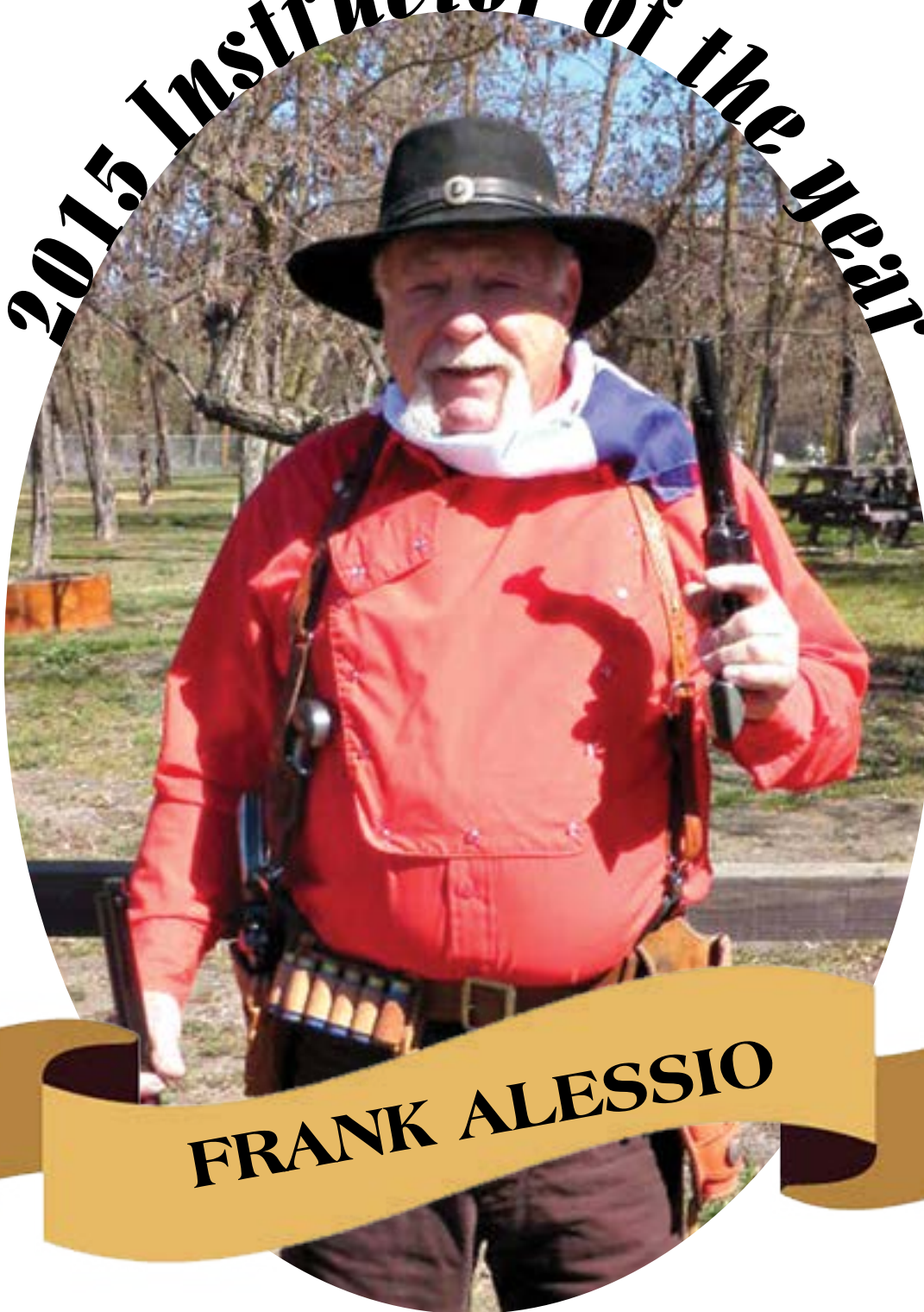
She loved to travel, see new places, try new things, buy souvenirs for those she loved, take lots of pictures and eat the local cuisine. She would always say "How do you know if you like it, if you don't try it."

Always one to be involved using her organizational skills, Mary was a member of the Palo Verde Valley Community Improvement Fund, Blythe Elks Lodge, Blythe Chamber of Commerce, Ducks Unlimited, Blythe Little League, and many, many more organizations.

Holding true to her roots and wanting to pass on her love of the outdoors to future generations, Mary became a Hunter Safety Instructor and was honored by the California Department of Fish and Game as Instructor of the Year.



2015 Instructor of the Year.



FRANK ALESSIO

Frank Alessio, 2015's HEI of the Year, runs one of those old-school classes and is one of the hardest-working HEIs this side of Sacramento. Certified in 1997 after assisting another HEI with classes for years, he's on the books as having taught 199 classes that placed certificates in the hands of 5,549 students—that's the population of some towns!

He has donated 1,639 hours of his time to the Hunter Education Program, much of it spent with his co-instructor David Premetz.

"Frank is a dedicated individual who tirelessly gives of his time and energy to promote Hunter Education," said Premetz. "He personifies the true spirit of 'Passing on the Tradition.' I cannot think of a more deserving individual for this prestigious honor than Frank."

Congratulations, Frank!