

The RAMPAGE



“The Family Ram”
Page 47

Wyoming Wild Sheep Foundation
Spring 2022



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The **RAMPAGE**

Spring 2022

Features

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Contact us at:

info@www.wyomingwildsheep.org
Or by phone: (307)213-0998

Wyoming WSF Board & Membership Meetings

Wyoming WSF holds its winter board membership meeting on the first Saturday of December and summer convention/ board/membership meeting the first Saturday in June. Details and locations are listed in the Calendar of Events, and on line at: www.wyomingwildsheep.org. Funding requests for consideration at the winter board meeting are due no later than Nov. 1. Funding requests for consideration at the summer board meeting are due no later than May 1. The Grant-In-Aid request form is available on the Wyoming WSF website: www.wyomingwildsheep.org.
Contact address:
Wyoming Wild Sheep Foundation
P.O. Box 666
Cody, WY 82414
E-mail: info@www.wyomingwildsheep.org

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Address Changes

Become a member to receive your own copy of the RamPage. Dues are \$40 per year or \$750 for a Life Membership. Subscribe at: <https://www.wyomingwildsheep.org/store>.

Please send address changes to: info@www.wyomingwildsheep.org or by phone at (307) 213-0998

Advertising Rates

Full-Page \$500

1/2-Page \$300

1/4-Page \$140

1/8-Page \$100

Donations netting WY-WSF >2500 entitle donor to a free full page ad in the next 2 issues of The Rampage. Ads must be received in camera ready format by 09/25 & 3/5!!

2021-2022 CALENDAR OF EVENTS

May 19-21, 2022
WSF Chapter & Affiliates
San Antonio, TX

June 3-4, 2022
Annual Convention
Lander, WY

June 16-17, 2022
Wyoming Big Horn Sheep Summit
Burgess Junction, WY

Dec 2-3, 2022
Board/Membership Meeting
Cody, WY

January 11-14, 2023
WSF Sheep Show
Reno, NV

2022 Governor's License Sales Totals

2022 Sale Location	2021 LICENSE SALES	2022 LICENSE SALES
WSF	\$120,000	\$305,000.00
Eastern	\$200,000	\$200,000.00
Midwest	\$127,750	March 26, 2022
Iowa	\$135,000	\$190,000.00
WY	\$130,000	June 4, 2022
Total	\$712,750	\$695,000.00

New Life Members

#634 John Schreiner
#635 Greg Hartman
#636 Paul Glessing
#637 Judy Archie
#638 Jasline Eastman
#639 Charles Monson
#640 Andy Moeckel
#641 Will Dolinar
#642 Scott Mitchell
#643 Jeff Geiger
#644 Nick Roskowiak
#645 Ron Zimmermann

Wyoming WSF would like to thank, and recognize, Life Members who have signed up since the Fall 2021 RamPage was published. A complete listing of WY-WSF Life Members is available for viewing on the WY-WSF web page, under the "Life Members" tab: <https://www.wyomingwildsheep.org/lifemembers>. If you would be interested in signing up or upgrading to Life Member or Ramshorn Society Life Membership status with WY-WSF, please visit our store or membership pages on the website.

We thank all of our past, current, and future Life and Ramshorn Society Life Members!!

Dear Member; To save printing costs we send one copy per address. If you would like to receive multiple copies, please contact Dean DiJenno at (307) 213-0998 or info@www.wyomingwildsheep.org.

Blast from the Past - WY-WSF Board of Director, John W. Harris was President of FNAWS in 1990/91. What a guy! See him on page 60!



Wyoming
Wild Sheep Foundation



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For each raffle ticket (\$100) purchased you will receive a one year WY-WSF membership, plus you will be included in EVERY Weatherby drawing for the next 365 days. Each time the chapter sells 25 tickets a winner will be drawn. Raffle ticket holders may win more than once. Purchase multiple tickets and gift or donate the memberships. Current RHS and Life members may participate. Winners may select from any of the firearms listed below. Allow 90 days lead time for delivery. Weatherby will ship the items to an FFL of the winner's choice at no expense to the winners.

All current annual members may renew for another year at \$100 upon notification that their annual membership is expiring and remain in the contest.

Existing annual members may upgrade to the incentive raffle by purchasing a \$100 raffle ticket. Their current membership expiration date will have one year of eligibility in the raffle added to it.

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Executive Director's Report

By Katie Cheesbrough

Up until this past year, the national Wild Sheep Foundation Sheep Show in Reno was nothing more to me than great stories told by friends and colleagues. However, I had the opportunity to attend this legendary event for the first time this year and it proved to absolutely exceed all expectations and left me with a few stories of my own. This incredible event includes two days of professional meetings that bring together the most current science about wild sheep from all over the world, the biggest exhibit hall with every outdoor/hunting vendor I could ever imagine, seminars that offer something for everyone, the most beautiful banquets with fascinating presentations, and opportunities around every corner to catch up with old friends, make new ones, and talk about wild sheep, why we all love them, and what we can do to ensure their vitality into the future. On top of all of that, I had the privilege to watch as the Wyoming Governor's bighorn sheep tag was auctioned for a record-breaking \$305,000 . . . it was spine-tingling! The great thing about the Wyoming Governor's Big Game License program is that 90% of the funds come back to Wyoming to help our bighorn sheep and provide further opportunities to Wyoming hunters.

Coming home from such an incredible gathering of sheep enthusiasts from every walk of life who collectively raised huge funds for wild sheep, made me contemplate how we as a Chapter can most effectively put these dollars to work. One recurring theme that came up throughout the week in meetings and seminars was the importance of advocacy on both local and national levels. Now, if you're anything like me, I didn't completely comprehend what "advocacy" meant until recently. Just by being a part of the WY-WSF, you inherently become a part of a group that supports and advocates for the conservation of Wyoming's bighorn sheep, our hunting heritage, and encourages youth outdoor education and outreach. When you attend the banquet and buy a raffle ticket or partake in one of the games, you are actively putting your money toward our efforts to put more bighorn sheep on the landscape and provide more hunting opportunities. Volunteering to help us build a guzzler or planting native shrubs in fire scars shows your personal commitment to enhancing Wyoming's wildlife habitats. All of this is a form of advocacy, however, when the Wyoming Governor Big Game License program was threatened due to wording put into House Bill 43 during the 2022 Wyoming Legislative session, I learned how powerful political advocacy can be.

Our sportsmen community came together to oppose changes to this program that has put millions of dollars into maintaining our wildlife management and conservation. Most of all, your WY-WSF board stepped up to the plate, contacted their representatives, and got the word out to others that this could have substantial impacts on Wyoming's ability to have adequate funds to properly manage and conserve bighorn sheep into the future. Partnering with our friends and colleagues at the Wyoming Wildlife Federation and other sporting groups, we were able to convince our state representatives that this was bad for Wyoming.

Civics was never of much interest to me in school, I wanted to learn about animals and plants. But, after all of my years in wildlife management, I'm finally starting to understand the power of being an involved citizen, especially when it comes to wildlife and hunting issues. Compared to other industries in Wyoming, the hunting and angling community has very few professional lobbyists at the Wyoming legislature; one, to be exact. However, we as sportsmen and sportswomen have a huge collective voice in this state, if we choose to use it. No doubt, sifting through legislation and bills is a lot to ask of any one person, however, by partnering with groups like the Wyoming Wildlife Federation and the Theodore Roosevelt Conservation Partnership, the WY-WSF can help keep you informed and up to date on the bills that are important to Wyoming's wildlife, our hunting and angling community, and conservation of our natural resources. Deputy Director, Dean DiJenno is working hard to update our website and make

it an easy-to-navigate place where you can find bighorn sheep news, resources, and WY-WSF information. Additionally, we will maintain space on this new website dedicated to political advocacy and resources. Beyond that, we hope to continue working with other sporting groups to support the annual Wyoming Wildlife Federation Camo at the Capitol event which teaches sportsmen and sportswomen how to be effective advocates and lobbyists, teaching how bills work, what legislative decorum looks like, and providing opportunities to speak directly with your representatives. Please consider joining us at this incredible event next year.

In the meantime, I intend to reach out to my local and state representatives, get to know them, and make sure they get to know me and our organization. I encourage you all to do the same and join me as the WY-WSF becomes a voice to be heard in this state. I hope to bring stories back to the Sheep Show next year of how we as an organization have grown in our advocacy work and ensure that we get to see that Wyoming Governor's bighorn sheep tag break another record!





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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

BY ZACH MCDERMOTT

2021 ended as a huge success for WY WSF. Record numbers for the Governor Sheep Tags and the Summer Banquet led us into a very enthusiastic Winter Meeting in Laramie. The weekend was highlighted by a very educational tour of the Sybille Canyon Research Center sponsored by G&F. En route to and from the Center, the group was able to take in some great viewing of the bighorn sheep in the area. The Saturday night event was once again sold out and a lot of fun was had by all. The 2022 Governor Sheep tags have started off with a huge bang! At WSF Sheep Show, the tag went for an unbelievable \$305K. Eastern WSF is raffling their tag again with gross proceeds of \$200K. The Iowa FNAWS auction tag sold for \$190K. Two tags remain for upcoming auctions, one at Midwest WSF and one at our own WY-WSF banquet in June. Even without these 2 tags, we already have record sales for the Gov Tags!! At Sheep Show this year, we unveiled our new Membership Drive Raffle. Each new membership gets a chance to win a Weatherby firearm. After every 25 memberships sold, a winner is drawn. This has been a huge hit. As of press time, we have added 96 new members, 2 Life and Ramshorn members and drawn for 6 guns. This all leads us to our Summer Banquet, June 3-4. After several years in Casper, the board decided the banquet

needed a new look. Lander will be the host this year. The enthusiasm is already starting to pour in so please make your reservations as soon as possible. We are expecting another sold out venue with record attendance. The Board of Directors is also looking forward to another highly productive session at the Bighorn Sheep Summit. The event takes place every year in late June and is a collaboration with WY G&F. Our foundation is very grateful to Cole and Elaine Benton for providing

the impetus and location for our annual summit. This summit is the only one of its kind in the West between a Game and Fish Department, an NGO and that focuses on a specific species. Last year saw a real bonding between WY-WSF and the G&F Sheep specialists. This has been able to continue as we have ongoing discussions regarding habitat enhancement, disease, monitoring, potential transplants, and possible reintroduction projects. Great things lie ahead for WY and our Bighorn Sheep.



Zach

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Conservation Fund Update

BY SCOTT BUTLER

Spring 2022

Youth memberships awarded to date:

2017: Guilianna McDermott
and Kolby George

2018: Brodie Fackler and
Addison Youmans

2019: Archer Seitz and
Frank Maestri III

2020: Isaac Sims

2021: Amelia Sims and
Austin Edmunds



I will ask that these above life members remind their family to attend June fundraiser in Lander and to bring you with them.

We will award 2 more youth, in attendance, Life memberships. For those young ones in attendance that are not Life Members it seems your chances should be getting better!

Projects supported:

6-17 Cabin Creek Conifer
Removal, Cody \$5000

12-17 Cheatgrass Control,
Rawlins/Wheatland \$1000

12-17 Cabin Creek Conifer
Removal, Cody \$7500

12-19 NBSC Education and
Outreach, Dubois \$5000

12-20 Cabin Creek Toadflax
Control, Cody \$15,000

6-21 Seminole Mountain Conifer
Encroachment, Rawlins \$25,000

Our December meeting in Laramie had a grant request that was a good fit for the Conservation Fund, so we funded it! The National Bighorn Sheep Center, our education partner, had a request of funding for Education Program and Critical Operation, with our support of \$7500.

Conservation Fund Total after
commitments: \$355,500

Conservation Fund Total
February 1, 2022 = \$403,946.44

GIAs funded = \$66,000

Life Memberships Awarded = 9

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“41 DAYS”

By Larry McDermott, RHS Life Member #507

Somewhere on our trail of life together my son, Zach, developed a passion for wild

During my youth I spent more birthdays in the Colorado Rocky Mountains than anywhere else

I'd been exploring the Mount Zirkel Wilderness area since my teenage years, now our sheep



sheep. This has led us both on several big game adventures and relations with great people, hunters and non-hunters alike. He also has an uncanny knack for drawing limited quota tags. Many in Colorado. Drawing a Rocky Mountain Bighorn Sheep tag in Colorado was another example and carried a special meaning for us both.

including my home in Omaha, Nebraska. Family members owned land parcels and cabins near Central City and Walden. Zach was five years old when my wife Candice began taking him, our oldest son, Shane, and their neighborhood friends to the remote cabin and country west of Walden on annual summer outings.

hunting son had drawn a coveted non-resident tag in that area. I can't put into words the euphoria we all felt. Congratulations and commitments came pouring in. Passionate board members of the Rocky Mountain Bighorn Society, John and Zac (Z-2) were extremely helpful and supportive throughout. Another first, along with his horses,



was avid sheep hunter and good friend, Frank. His horses turned out to be a great compliment to our two saddle mules, Tammy and Salty. A trial run and scouting trip was planned, first for late July or early August. Then the fires started. My anxiety and training in the desert heat of Cave Creek Arizona (our new home) began to wear me down. Zach often reminded me: "Stay the course, be comfortable being uncomfortable."

August 25th: Packed my gear.
 August 26th: I met my nephew Ryan on I-17 and trucked to Walden, CO. After checking at the Forest Service office for any fire updates we rendezvoused with Zach, Frank, his horses, and our mules. We traveled to a trail head on the south end of our unit which was not closed but had an open fire ban in effect. At this point we're not sure if the hunt was going to happen. The opener was in twelve days. Our scouting trip was declared a success. We rode the Wyoming Trail on the Continental Divide and enjoyed quite a few bands of sheep. NO RAMS.
 August 29th: We broke camp and

packed out. By noon the crew was loaded, going our separate ways. Zach and Frank to Sheridan, a six-hour drive on a rough graveled, potholed two lane. Ryan and I traveling for a taxing thirteen hours to Phoenix.

August 31st: My wife and I were on the road to Sheridan, Wyoming, Zach's home, to make ready for his hunt and my adventure. He was in constant contact with Colorado Parks and Wildlife, the Forest Service, and other hunters. Our hunt area continued to be closed west of the divide and the total fire ban was still in effect. This meant no campfire, a staple in any hunting camp.
 September 3rd: Zach and I, with our mules,

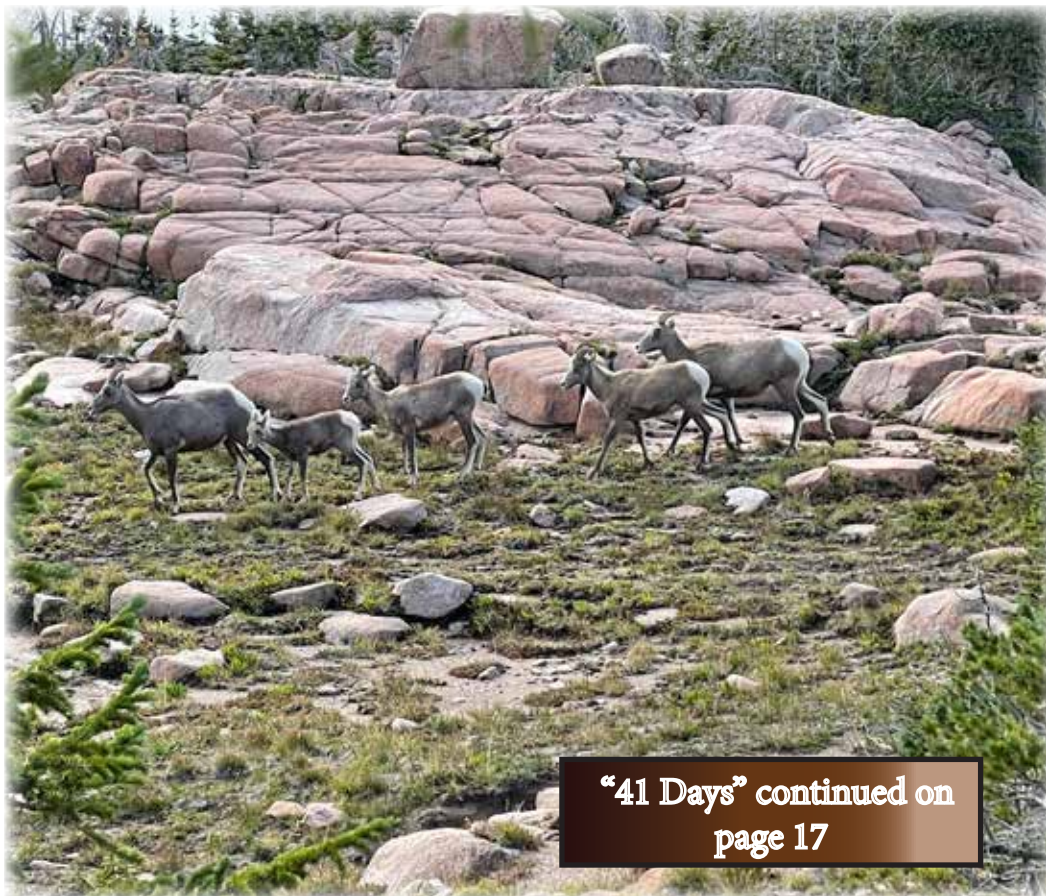
left Sheridan for our hunting unit and opener on the 7th. Ryan met us at a different trail head, late in the day, drizzling, we decided to go forth. This meant setting camp

after dark in a spot we had to find, in an area we had never been to.

September 4th: We finished camp and started learning the territory. Frank and friend rode into camp to help anyway they could.

September 5th: Comparing notes over Mountain House dinners heated by Jet boil water, Zach and Ryan disclosed they had seen a group of rams on a distant ridge line from Flat Top Mountain (elev. 12,118 ft.) despite contending with the ever-present smoke. This became Zach's favorite vantage point; climbed too many times to count. I stated that I saw two rams on a ridge not far from camp. Because of this country's vastness distance is a relative thing. Frank asked, "What time did you spot them?" It was 1:00 straight up," I declared. They became the 1:00 Rams on 1:00 Ridge. The following four days were uneventful, saw sheep every day. NO RAMS.

September 9th: Returning from glassing skylines and ridge tops, we ate a late lunch and the group decided to change course and try another approach. We broke camp and packed out. NO RAMS.



**"41 Days" continued on
page 17**



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A Z Y R E

G E A R



"41 Days" continued from page 14

September 10th: Frank had received a tip from a tourist who said she saw a great big mountain sheep. She even produced a picture. "Low and behold, that's a 170-class ram," Frank responded. We decided that the ram had to be migrating to Sheep Mountain, of all places. We saddled up and rode the hell outta Sheep Mountain. NO RAM. September 11th: Acting on another tip, Zach and I rode and hunted Red Canyon. Near the top I decided to traverse a small glacier (BAD IDEA). I no sooner got out of that mess when the lightning and thunder rolled in. Meeting up with Zach, we hustled down to where we left the mules and started our ride out. The weather just got crazier and crazier as mountain weather often does. An hour or two from our horse trailer, riding through a forested area that could use a good burn, the trees were popping, cracking, and crashing. Our mules quickened their pace. They knew we were riding through the "Goblin Forest." NO SHEEP. September 12th: Sunday, we stopped in Walden for a coffee on our way back to Sheridan. Zach still works for a living. September 16th: Back on the road heading to our high camp. September 19th: After seeing no rams for three days, with a heavy fog covering the mountain tops we packed out and headed for Sheridan. September 21st: Candy and I left Sheridan for home. I had to keep my promise. She agreed to ride along and watch Zach's dog, Elvis, provided I'd have her home for her Arizona scheduled activities. Zach also had to contend with the fact that his wife, Gina, was traveling back and forth to Salt Lake City helping nurse her father, Sam. He was on death's doorstep

from Covid-19. Sam was a trooper, encouraging us to not worry about him, "Keep huntin'. Get a Big sheep." A bit of good news arrived via a personal phone call from Chris at the Forest Service field office in Walden. If Zach could inform them of our daily in and out of the fire closure area using his inReach, we had their permission to go into that portion of the unit that had been off limits. September 28th: I prepared to leave early on the 29th. September 29th: Again, it took almost thirteen hours to reach Walden. September 30th: We both were in possession of limited deer tags. Tags left unfilled due to the sheep! With a report of a 170 ram on or near Sheep Mountain, I decided to hunt and glass the mountain again while Zach was in route. This area is surrounded by private land and excellent habitat. Unfortunately, no sheep and only a few small deer. Fortunately, being able to watch a beautiful cinnamon black bear and monster bull moose,

role of sherpa. Four and a half hours later, upstream, I arrived to find camp set and water bags filled. A nice touch for a seventy-two-year-old sherpa. Zach left for Flat Top, me to a place I'd been using to glass from near camp. We glassed until dark. NO RAMS. October 2nd: Zach decided to get on the backside of the ridge where the group of rams had been spotted days prior. I am along for the ride. With Forest Service permission slip in hand, we rode and glassed ridge line and drainage after ridge line and drainage. Not a soul had been in the area. It took four hours of riding and hiking (downhill), three hours after dark to reach camp. Zach led riding Tammy, never made a wrong turn. I was glad and impressed. NO SHEEP, no elk, no deer. October 3rd: Giving our mules the day off, Zach hiked Flat Top again. I stayed low to cover the rocks and ridges surrounding "One O'clock Ridge". Near dusk two nice rams appeared grazing south to north. Glassing them,



made the day very worthwhile. October 1st: After spending the night in our horse trailer at the trail head, we packed the mules and started for our high camp. Now it's just the two of us. In order to get all our provisions in for a possible eight days, I took on the

suddenly they abruptly turn and ran back from whence they came. Later we met at camp for Mountain House meal number??? Our mules were turned out happily grazing bunch grass. When I told Zach of my ram sighting and their hasty about face, he stated he

had not seen them. “I usually glass that ridge and One O’clock. I’ve been down that way umpteen times. I don’t know why I didn’t check it out.” The trail was a rocky, treacherous, switch backed 500-yard descent. He scoffed when I mentioned fatigue. Over and over, we knew and had been saying the rams have to be somewhere. Now we had proof. These were the first legal rams we had seen since before the opening on the 7th of September. Days were winding down. Four days left of a thirty-day season. One of the more remarkable things about Zach’s demeanor was his lack of anxiety. His ardent persistence was inspiring. Seeing sheep almost every day we were, to a small extent, starting to clock and pattern their movements. Over a shot of Jack, our night cap, we concluded that seven a.m. would be the time to be in position.

October 4th: Not being where I wanted to be, crossing a meadow below camp, through the trees, I looked to the ridge where I saw the rams, the previous late afternoon. There they were casually munching their way south to north. Garnering Zach’s attention, he geared up and moved to try to intercept them. Off hand, I tried to settle my Maven 15x56 binos while keeping the rams in focus. Not knowing where he went, I glassed as they moved out of sight. Much to my surprise and amazement, came a third ram. OMG, what a ram! Minutes later, a shot rang out. Seconds later, a follow-up shot. The crescendo that followed was music to my ears and told me everything I needed to know. Running to find him, I dropped gear along the way. At 10,600 feet and climbing, it didn’t take long for this old timer to slow down. Releasing our pent-up emotions together as father and son was a moment never to be forgotten. Knowing all that Zach had been through, his resolve, his resilience and fortitude made me as proud as a father could possibly be. After thanking the sheep gods and pictures aplenty, the work started, including getting our mules to the downed ram. A majestic twelve-and-a-half-year-old chocolate. Willfully, Tammy and Salty fulfilled their roles. Back at camp we hung and boned

out the meat. Then fleshed out the cape on our “kitchen table,” a sizable dead fall log near a vacant fire ring. Time and again a resplendent red fox joined for a snack.

Later, we put the mules to bed, celebrated with a shot of Jack and called it a night. What a Monday! October 5th: Turned out the mules at first light, broke camp, caught and packed our mules, micro crumbed the area and then hiked out. Two and a half hours later we were at the horse trailer, tired and hungry with a lot of busy work yet to do.

First and foremost, we had to find the field office of Parks and Wildlife in Walden, hoping an officer would be present to record and plug the ram, cooler the meat, and find an overnight for the mules.

Anyone who has been on a DIY hunt knows you need help along the way. The folks working the field office could not have been more helpful. One had a place for our mules, her ranch. A walk-in cooler was available for the meat and an officer arrived in the nick of time, near closing, to record and plug. This

turned out to be a fun and rewarding experience in that Zach’s ram was marveled at by all the personnel and hunters coming for check-ins and other various dealings. I left Zach at the field office to finalize his paperwork while I tried to find us a room. During all this we contacted home to tell our story. After a quick burger and beer at the bowling alley we showered and hustled to Stockton’s bar, an old family destination. It sits on main street in the center of town and has been in the same

building with the same sign has far back as I can remember. Chris of the Forest Service met us there, he and Zach had become friends during their many conversations concerning the fires and their windswept directions. We three told stories and toasted our good fortune. October 6th: Up before dawn, it was decided I would leave for my arduous trek to Cave Creek. Zach would retrieve the mules and meat when the field office opened at 8:00 am. Zach and I want to thank my wife Candy, his mother, for her unbridled support and patience listening to our adventure time after time.

I personally must thank Zach for including me on many of his adventurous hunts and outings. Our friend, Ron Dube, once told me an old saying I had not heard, “Luck is what happens when preparation meets opportunity.” So it was. It goes without saying I thank my lucky star that I’m still willing and able to be part of a sheep hunt.



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# Raven's Throat Dream Hunt

## By Jerome Garcia and Shelby Wilson

Monday morning, June 3, 2019, I arrive at work, open my computer, and browse my emails. A message from "ddjianno" is in my inbox and I almost hit delete from this unknown as he goes on to mention the same old marketing propaganda, "congratulations you're the winner"... After some coffee and a little closer observation, I read it again and it says "You won the Mountain Caribou Hunt in 2020 with Raven's Throat Outfitters..." That is when it hit me, I purchased a handful of tickets just prior to the raffle sale closing. I had to make sure it was not a prank from this culprit, Dijenno, sure enough, I won. When I finally overcame the shock and realized I won the mountain caribou hunt raffle, there was no way I could experience this hunt alone and knew I needed to share it with one of my greatest hunting partners, my daughter Shelby. Of course, in the previous year, 2018, my dear wife, Michele, asked me what I wanted to do for my 50th birthday. The answer was easy, I wanted to go Dall sheep hunting. The search was on, and I made out on an awesome chance in the NWT and booked into a cancellation hunt. This was thought to be my once in a lifetime opportunity, so I insisted my other greatest hunting partner, my son Justin, accompany me as a guest and we worked out a deal to add a mountain caribou for him if the opportunity presented itself. This trip alone was a stretch, and I seriously did not believe I would get to visit this part of the world a second time. So as expected, the news of traveling to the NWT to hunt a second time was tremendous. We were slated for the 8th and last hunt of 2020. The coming of 2020 brought more than we all bargained, enter Covid-19, travel restrictions and canceled hunting in the NWT. Then ultimately Raven's Throat Outfitters scheduling and commitment to their hunters made it necessary to hunt in 2022. Let me tell

you it's a tough proposition to keep the excitement level up, over that long of time. The silver lining in this story is in May 2020 I received a call from the Colorado Rocky Mountain Bighorn Society congratulating me for winning the Colorado Statewide Bighorn raffle. Needless to say, this incredible news quickly quenched the burn of delayed hunts and Covid-19 epidemic. Fast forwarding to late July 2021 I received a call from Griz Turner inquiring whether we could make the hunt in September 2021, a year early. Wanting to burst out with an absolute

Departing from El Paso, TX on September 25th, the arduous travel and suffocating Covid restrictions made getting to our jump off point in Normal Wells tasking, then snowstorms and low cloud ceiling set us back nearly two days, finally arriving at Raven's Throat Outfitters base camp on the afternoon of September 29th. The pace accelerated as we met the crew, completed some paperwork, checked rifle zero's, reorganized our packs and deployed to our spike camp and hunting destination. The entire process was professional and organized, but very quick. These hunts are helicopter supported and the rotary flight experience has never ceased to amaze me, especially with the spectacular scenery. On this journey we observed loads of caribou transitioning to their winter range. We dropped into a valley next to a frozen pond and adjacent river. The site was outstanding. Our guide was Matt Bruin, an Ontario native turned mountain man. He is an absolutely fantastic person who rounded out this experience and helped make it unforgettable. That night, tepee tents were pitched and camp duties quickly completed before dark. There was just enough time to peek up and down the valley at the many caribou in the area.

We made a deliberate decision to bypass a fire in the tiny wood burning box stoves. This was not the wisest decision as the frozen snow covered ground and declining adrenaline made us realize we'd be in for really cold night. In the pitch darkness I could hear Shelby tossing and turning, then I finally asked how she was doing. "Dad, I'm freezing", I passed her my down jacket and pants which helped, she was already wearing everything she had, but morning couldn't come soon enough. We enjoyed some hot burritos and coffee in the morning and hustled to a prominent glassing point to gain a little elevation and begin filtering



"HELL YES!!!", I chose diplomacy in our household and asked if I could call him back with a definite answer. First, I spoke to my apprehensive but supporting wife, but ultimately it was in Shelby's hands as she and her husband Sam had just moved from Anchorage back to New Mexico after nearly 4 years in Alaska. After a short discussion and acknowledging the uncertainty of everything in the world, she agreed it would be best to go this year in 2021. On one condition, she had to be back on Monday, October 10th to start her new employment. Whew! I quickly called Griz back and let him know we were in!



through the herds to find Shelby a big bull. We could see Dall sheep up on the mountain tops, caribou up and down the valley, nearly as far as we could see. There was a large boar grizzly gently feeding opposite our side of the valley and we hoped he would stay there. Mid-morning, we spotted a big bull with really good tops and a big frame. He had double shovel, double bez on one side, back scratchers, and nine points on each top. We certainly were not in a rush, but a couple of comments stuck in the back of my mind. Winter was quickly approaching and should the lake at base camp freeze we'd be in a predicament getting back to Norman Wells by way of float plane. Second, we were enjoying the greatest number of caribou Matt had witnessed all season. Lastly, as the caribou filter through, there will not be a reasonable chance to catch up once they pass. The bull we targeted was very nice and it was subtly suggested Shelby take him. We crossed the river, climbed the opposite side and snuck into a position near the bedded bull. After some time, he finally stood and she put two 143 grain ELD-X bullets into bull. Shockingly he jumped back up and rejoined the herd. They drifted a few hundred yards where we snuck in close for her final shot with dad's 7mm Rem Mag shooting 195 grain Berger's. We celebrated, quartered the bull and had the meat picked up. Dark was quickly approaching, and we headed back to camp. The gentle and partially frozen river from the morning had somehow grown during the pleasant day, water levels were much higher and swift. Matt chose to cross first, drop his pack and return for Shelby and her pack. Getting wet was inevitable, so Matt chose to carry Shelby piggyback across the river as he and I interlocked our arms and went together. Perhaps halfway across, I could feel water rushing under my gators and completely filling my boots. Both Matt and I were soaked. As darkness approached, the frozen valley started to become inhospitable. Our first task upon reaching camp was to gather enough firewood to keep the stoves going throughout the night and hopefully dry out our wet boots and clothing. That night we enjoyed some fresh caribou tenderloin, pasta, and hot apple cider. The box stoves in the tents did a remarkable job of both drying out our wet items and keeping temperatures bearable. It was a late night and we didn't turn in until nearly midnight. The sky was clear, and this was my first and only experience seeing the Northern lights (aurora borealis), indeed spectacular! I woke somewhere around 3:00 AM and thought I'd be treated to another view, but instead the clouds had moved

back in and the show was over. The following morning, after breakfast, we proceeded in the opposite direction. There were many caribou that we never really had a chance to judge. After a couple hours and what could be considered a short climb and hike we were observing multiple bulls and herds. The neighboring grizzly had moved and claimed Shelby's caribou carcass. Nearby, there was a descent bull that after closer observation was bleeding on his shoulder from a long slash. Then, Matt called out he found my bull, "Sir Bez A lot" maybe a half mile out. The bull was across a deep canyon and further yet, I spotted a big bull standing solo on a hilltop. These two bulls had potential, but the further bull turned and walked out of site never to be seen again. I really was not sold on Sir Bez A lot, but we moved in that direction hoping to get a better look. In true fashion, he not only disappeared, but reappeared 100 yards to our front. He was a bull on a mission. I set up my spotting scope to get the best look possible and there was no doubt he was genuinely nice with exceptional bottoms, good tops, double shovel, and back scratchers. Of course we all knew what he was and this was the one and only time that I couldn't get an absolute recommendation to shoot or pass. I really wasn't in a rush, but I didn't have a good reason not to take this beautiful bull. So, I alone made my decision and ended the hunting part of this adventure which was far from over. It is difficult to express my sincere appreciation and gratitude for this opportunity and experience. The bulls we harvested are gorgeous and unique. I have no regrets about the way this played out. The caribou hunt was more of an enjoyable hunt and not the tormenting grind of a hunt that others can be. We now had an opportunity to enjoy some overdue time together, stress free. Our next challenge was beating out the approaching winter and getting home in time to resume the most demanding time of the year for our business and Shelby starting her new position. We returned to camp and flew out that afternoon back to base camp. Four of the six hunters and filled their tag with great bulls. We awaited instruction for when the float plane would pick us up and return to Norman Wells to begin our journey home. Again, the snowstorms

and cloud cover prevented any flying. The next phase of our experience was getting to know Griz and Ginger Turner, and the entire camp crew. We enjoyed great meals, cocktails (Makers Mark) and card games for the next three days. The next day Griz asked us to accompany him on a survey of the hunt area. Flying for nearly two hours and only covering perhaps one third of the concession. This flight was certainly a highlight to our trip, as we observed hundreds of sheep, caribou, moose, and several grizzlies. The Raven's Throat Outfitter's Crew is top notch, among the absolute best in the business. Matt, our guide, stuck with us throughout the remainder of our time in camp. We processed the meat to return home, packaged antlers, and salted/prepped capes. It was ingrained in me when I was young that we have a responsibility to eat what we kill, and 120 pounds of prime caribou venison came home with us as checked baggage. We also brought the capes and antlers along with all our baggage. It was quite a production maneuvering through the airports and hotels, eventually arriving home on the evening of October 8th, thus ending this great adventure. Griz and Ginger Turner own Raven's Throat Outfitters and hunt an area of approximately 3.8 million acres of some of the most beautiful and truly wild country on earth. The couple are some of the very best people I have ever had the pleasure of knowing in any industry or walk of life. They are humble, capable, and honorable in everything they do. This hunt was extremely well communicated, organized, and executed equally or better than any operation I've ever witnessed or participated. Shelby and I both begrudgingly departed the camp to travel home after feeling as though we were taken into their family and world. Forever and always, we will be connected through this experience and this is said as an attempt to express the massive impression that was made upon us. Finally, I wanted to thank the Wyoming Wild Sheep Foundation, I am sincerely grateful.





## 2021 - Winter Meet



WYO G&F Director  
Brian Nesvik

Our Saturday tour was to  
facility. We broke up into s  
were treated to a behind th



WYO G&F Assistant State Wildlife  
Vet, Peach VanWick



Our attendance continues to grow.  
This year almost 100 attended.





# ing - Laramie

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small groups and  
the scenes look.



RHS Life Member #393,  
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# "An Adventure with Steve Kilpatrick"

## By RHS Life Member #496, Terry Dieren



We enjoyed delicious home cooked meals from his front porch looking out at the mountains. It was such a relaxing atmosphere.

Steve's history and expertise as Wyoming's wildlife biologist in the area made for interesting and educational conversation every day. We really enjoy learning more about the places we visit and the wildlife that calls it home. This was the perfect opportunity for just that. I know our kids would much rather be there than in the classroom!

The next day we saddled up Steve's horse and mules and headed into the Fitzpatrick

Wilderness. Steve, Lisa and the girls made their way up the mountain and had an awesome, close-up encounter with a group of ewes! This was not far from the Whiskey Mountain Bighorn Sheep Winter Range. One of the most interesting stories Steve had to share with us was how the biologists tracked the ewes giving birth each spring. He helped us to understand how imperative it was to try to reach those newborn lambs as soon as possible to help maximize their chances of survival. This is some truly tough country and I have a newfound respect for those brave individuals!

The following day, we decided to saddle up and head the other direction into totally different terrain. In an almost 'badlands' type of terrain, we went treasure hunting for ancient buffalo bones! Steve described how this area had been used as a Native buffalo jump and the remnants were buried there to prove it. Steve led the string as they made their way through some tricky terrain to reach the gap. We had a great day looking for artifacts and got out of tough country just in time before it started to rain. That made for a



very memorable ride back!

We rounded out the trip with a tour of the National Bighorn Sheep Visitors Center. This is one more place I'd encourage everyone to stop and see!

Educational, visually stimulating, and well thought out - it was also another example of Steve's career and personal contributions to a commitment to Keep Kids and Wild Sheep on the Mountain! We are so Thankful to Steve for the opportunity and happy to have made another friend for life while making these family memories!

It was at the Iowa FNAWS Banquet in February 2020 that my wife Lisa and I made plans for our family's summer trip. We had visited Yellowstone years earlier when our kids were much younger, and we wanted to see wild Wyoming again with them now that they had all reached high school age. Steve Kilpatrick was just the guy to help us create such an incredible experience!

Steve had graciously donated a pack trip for the banquet auction, and we saw an opportunity to have a great adventure with our family and help by donating back to aid wild sheep at the same time.

So, after a year delay because of covid complications, we made the trip last July and arrived late in the day at Steve's home to a warm welcome and comfortable accommodations. The next morning, we set out on a UTV excursion to the backcountry of the Shoshone National Forest to find a secluded mountain lake.

There we enjoyed the incredible scenery while fishing for trout. The kids had a great time paddle boarding and kayaking while we soaked up the sun. It was a real treat to be so secluded.

Each evening we'd return for a delicious meal and great company.







**“The great use of life is to spend it for something that will outlast it.”**  
— William James

#### What is the Conservation Education Fund?

To promote future generations of wild sheep conservationists, Gary Butler and the Butler Family Foundation seeded the Conservation Education Fund in 2018. This fund functions as an endowment for the National Bighorn Sheep Center’s mission to provide education and outreach for the national conservation of wild sheep, wildlife, and wild lands.

But it needs ewe to help grow the fund!

#### What does the fund do?

With this fund we build a sustainable future for wild sheep by providing programs that shape future generations of biologists, researchers, and educators.

#### How does it work?

Your donations are invested in the “Sheep Forever Fund”. Each year, proceeds are put to good use through our programs and national outreach. Your contributions are literally a gift that keeps on giving to the Center’s mission.

Gifts to the fund support national outreach that goes far and wide and grows each year. In 2019, The National Bighorn Sheep Center reached 13,000 youth through our education program and 7,000 visitors through our museum. We hosted a 4-day youth summer camp, called Camp Bighorn, at Whiskey Mountain (critical bighorn winter range). In 2022, we launched a Webinar Series where we host

## Conservation Education Fund

By Executive Director  
Sara Bridge

sheep researchers and scientists the second Thursday of every month to focus on national sheep issues. And your gifts help keep us going and keep our message moving forward!

#### Why do you need me?

The National Bighorn Sheep Center committed to raising this fund to \$250,000 by 2028. Today, it has grown to \$35,000. We need EWE to help us meet our goal of \$250,000! Actually, we’d like to surpass it!

Without your help we simply cannot continue our national outreach!

As we move forward with a 1,000 square foot expansion to our existing facility, we seek to grow this fund to help support the programs and technology key to our strategic plan.

We invite you to join us to surpass this goal!

But I already gave to the Wild Sheep Conservation Fund. Isn’t this the same fund? No, it is a different fund. The “Conservation Education Fund” is for use on the national level. It is to focus on the education of wild sheep, wildlife and wild lands across all of the United States.



How can I give to the “Sheep Forever Fund”?

Ways to give:

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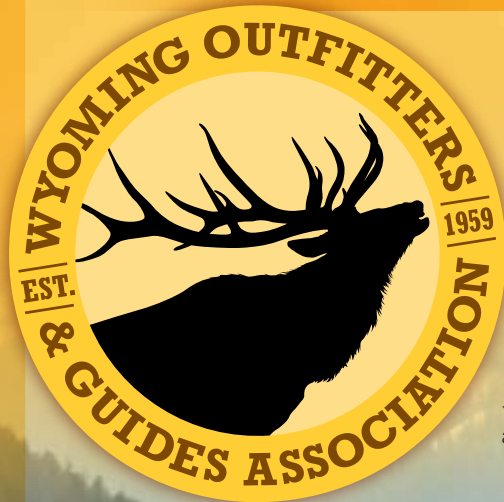
Interested in creating a lasting legacy? The National Bighorn Sheep Center recognizes Legacy Society members each year at their Annual Banquet. Many of our supporters have included the Conservation Education Fund in their Estate Plan.

- The Conservation Education Fund is held at Dodge & Cox
- The Fund seeks regular income, conservation of principal, and an opportunity for long-term growth
- Webinars are recorded and can be found here: [bighorn.org/repository](https://bighorn.org/repository)
- Join the National Bighorn Sheep Center at the events: [bighorn.org/special-events](https://bighorn.org/special-events)





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# "An Update from Our Sheep Observer"

## By RHS Life Member #6, Freddy Goetz

Well, another year has gone by and just like 2020 we didn't get to go to Cody to look at the sheep. This year it was the weather and health problems.

Didn't get to Laramie for the Winter meeting either, but I was able to go to the outing they had at the Sybille research station. Sure, was nice to see some of the people I have met throughout the years in the Sheep foundation. Sure, hope I can make it to Lander for the Summer meeting and fundraiser. The Lander crew will do a good job. They are a real fine group of people.

I have been going up the Sybille Canyon to look at our bighorn sheep we have down here, near Wheatland. The last two winters I have seen some real nice rams.

The lamb crop has been about the same the past years. Now, this is just what I have seen myself. Like I have told you before, I am not sheep expert but I'm better then some I've seen. I got some pictures of the last group of sheep seen up on Morton pass. There were 5 rams, 23 ewes and 8 lambs. And they all looked good. That's the biggest herd I've seen for a couple of years. About once a month I must go up the canyon to get my sheep fix. I am about like a junkie; I need a sheep fix or I'm no good until I see Bighorn Sheep.

This year was my 31st year in a row going to the ranch for hunting camp. I would've had 56 years in a row, but I had to go to Nashville and Memphis for our 25th anniversary. I only spent 5 days up at my trailer this year. My heart and body weren't into it this year. I hope that I have

a better 2022 that the past two years.

I am writing this article out in my shop. On my south wall I have photos, yeah, you guessed it, they are big horn sheep. I just finished a frame for the sheep called Chester that spent his life at the research station. He was 12 years old and both his left and right horns measured 40  $\frac{3}{4}$  inches. His bases were 14  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Total for this ram was 185  $\frac{7}{8}$ . The wood I used for this frame came from the Delano Homestead. The house was built in 1902. The wood came from the window frame. It turned out real nice.

I had to take a break from writing this article but I'm back and maybe I can finish this now. I have been going through all my collections of Bighorn articles and came across a few that I would like to share with you. This is about a Santa Rosa, CA. Desert bighorn sheep by the name of Howard. His parents were vaccinated to protect them from the disease killing the Santa Rosa herd. As a result, they passed their immunity onto Howard. At two years old, Howard had 17-inch bases and a 30-inch curl. His base measurements alone, already match those of the largest Desert Bighorn Rams ever recorded. This article was written in Sept./Oct. of 1987. By the bighorn research institute. When I was trying to find a cape for the bighorn I shot, a good friend of mine gave me a photo and article he got off the E-Bay. It was a photo of a full mount ram that was 200+ located in Jackson, WY. The only thing that stopped me from buying this mount was the price. They only wanted \$27,000 for it. I would have only had to put \$575 for all the years I put in for a tag. Boy what a deal.

This winter I have been doing a lot of house cleaning on all the things I have collected throughout my past 80 years. Just a few of what I have collected are prints, belt buckles, model cars, coins and thousands of photos of bighorn sheep and race cars. Now I must figure out what I am going to with all of them.

Well, I guess I had better end this article for this year. So, take care and think bighorn sheep.

## 2022 Photo Contest

Bring your favorite photo to the banquet and win Auction credits! Color or black and white, no larger than 11 X 14, put your name on the rear of the photo, no frames please.

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*Landon A. Dicking*



# WYO Wild Sheep & The Wyoming Wildlife Federation, Partners in Conservation

## By Jaden Bales



Imagine what Wyoming's conservation landscape looked like prior to 1937. There was no Interstate-80, there were fewer than 250,000 Wyomingites living in the Cowboy State, and the Wyoming Game and Fish Commission was in its infancy, only having gained the ability to regulate hunting and fishing 8 years prior. Then, hunters fought hard to pass the Pittman-Robertson Act to fund habitat and wildlife management across the country. At that time, it became clear the Wyoming Game and Fish Commission needed someone, or some organization, to coordinate the states' sportsmen. The goal? Educating them about responsible wildlife management, habitat, and regulated hunting and angling opportunities.

### Enter, The Wyoming Wildlife Federation.

To this day, this community of passionate hunters and anglers continues the fight to conserve wildlife, habitat, and outdoor opportunities. Wyoming's bighorn sheep play a vital role in all three of those tenets and are a canary in the coalmine for the ecosystems

we enjoy hunting and angling in.

### Conserving Wildlife

Few things are as important as conserving the wildlife Wyoming has today for future generations. That's why the Federation's members and staff highly value all projects to sustain more wildlife on the mountains and in the sage. Organizations can make wildlife conservation happen in a variety of ways, but for the Wyoming Wildlife Federation, one of our main focuses is improving wildlife crossings around the state.

In 2017, it was overwhelmingly obvious Wyoming had issues with wildlife collisions on our roadways and our members wanted to do something about it. That year, the Wyoming Wildlife and Roadways Implementation Team kicked off with WWF's policy director, Joy Bannon, as a crucial member of that team. Together, the WWRIT identified over 40 hot spot locations for wildlife collisions – some of which include areas with high bighorn sheep vehicle strikes – and set out to find common-sense solutions to minimize or eliminate wildlife collisions in those areas.

Fast forward 5 years and WWF has worked with organizations to fund a variety of wildlife crossings projects. The next one on the docket to fund is the Dubois project. This is an area known for bighorn sheep strikes on the roadways. While any collision with wildlife on our roadways is something we all would like to prevent, it's an especially sensitive issue near Dubois home of the famous Whiskey Mountain herd that winters near the highway.

In addition to working for funding at the state level, WWF works to find creative funding sources and helps facilitate even the smallest of fundraisers to raise money and awareness for these projects. Most recently, auction items at the Western Bear and Wildlife Banquet raised \$500 specifically for the Dubois wildlife crossings projects. While the bill for these crossings is orders of magnitude higher than a couple hundred dollars here or there, every little bit helps.

### Conserving Habitat

There is a saying among the conservation community – habitat is

where it's at – and the Federation's membership believes in this whole-heartedly. If we do not have quality habitat in Wyoming, we will not sustain or rebuild our big game populations be they mule deer, antelope, or wild sheep.

WWF-supported habitat improvements range from boots-on-the-ground projects, like removing unused fences and spraying

Overpasses like this one, are important to reducing roadway collisions. WWF works through legislative avenues and individual fundraising efforts to fund these important projects.

Photo by: David Frame





The Federation works with partners to organize multiple fence removal projects to rid the landscape of possible entanglements. This is a small portion of the fence removed from the Shoshone National Forest in one field day.

Photo by: Jaden Bales

ovipneumoniae or M. Ovi for short) or habitat limitations could result in major sudden population declines. It is in this way that hunting can truly be used as an effective lever in wildlife conservation.

### What's this mean for the average hunter?

If you care about maintaining Wyoming's wildlife and

wild spaces for now and for future generations, then the Wyoming Wildlife Federation is working for you. It takes a village, and we at the Federation are incredibly honored to have great partners like the Wyoming Wild Sheep Foundation to work with hand in hand to make a difference for all the wildlife we care about.

With the support of passionate members and partners working on these issues, the future of the next October sunrise is bright. The goal is for all of us to put those cold binocular cups to out eyes and see a healthy landscape full of our favorite critters; mule deer, pronghorn, bighorn sheep, and many more.

First, we must get involved and do something about that vision for the future and invite you to join us in the fight.

for invasive species, to working on policy and legislation that offers lasting change over generations.

In 2022, the Wyoming Wildlife Federation's legislative team of Jessi Johnson and Auna Kaufmann spent the entirety of the legislative session at the Capitol fighting for the full funding of the Wyoming Wildlife Natural Resources Trust (WWNRT). This fund is the bell cow for the biggest conservation projects in the state. Whether conserving properties from over-development through easements or doing landscape level spraying for invasive species, this fund makes an incredible difference for the future of all wildlife in Wyoming.

### Improving Outdoor Opportunities

The Wyoming Wildlife Federation supports any chance to increase hunter opportunity as a part of science-based wildlife management. That goes for all species, but in particular, there are a few ways the Federation is excited to increase hunting opportunities for bighorn sheep.

In 2021, the Wyoming Game and Fish Department began work shopping the reintroduction of bighorn sheep at Sweetwater Rocks. While there is no doubt WWF members would love to see more sheep on the mountain, the Federation is

particularly involved in this process via the Bighorn Sheep / Domestic Sheep Conflict Working Group. Again, policy director Joy Bannon is taking lead for the Federation in discussions with agricultural producers to come to a resolution that includes putting sheep on the mountain while respecting private landowners and their livelihoods.

When it comes to public outreach, WWF is actively involved in informing and engaging hunters in the public comment process. This goes for specific projects, like the Sweetwater Rocks reintroduction, but also for the yearly season-setting process. In 2022, there are two proposed ewe hunting opportunities to manage bighorn sheep population levels in area 7 near Jackson and area 12 near Devil's Canyon. The Wyoming Wildlife Federation supports using hunters to ensure these populations do not reach levels where disease (like Mycoplasma

Each year, Wyoming Wildlife Federation represents the hunter and angler voice for wildlife and habitat conservation during the entire legislative session. That includes a day of advocacy where sportsmen around the state don their camo and discuss important issues with their elected officials.

Photo by: Landon Blanchard





# GRANT IN AID UPDATES

## “No Exceptions”

By Jordan Seitz, Encampment K-12 Teacher

My classes are known for adventures in inclement weather, and this winter was no exception!

It took three attempts in November and December before we could get out and set our second camera for the winter. We placed it in a river bottom...out of the sagebrush

In early February we set a new trip record. It was almost ten below zero when we loaded up and headed to A-Bar-A Ranch to meet with Burk Knowlton, Benjy Duke, Mike Forsberg, and a small crew from Platte Basin Timelapse. It was so cold that snowshoe bindings were snapping. The kids were

we focused on was camera placement so the images have aesthetic value.

Later in February, Teal came in and taught the sixth graders more about bighorn sheep: how they got here, what makes them unique, and why they are adapted to “sheep country.” The students took notes and put together



scouring wind! It is positioned on a trail we suspect sheep use to access the northwestern most section in their management area. G&F Biologist Teal CuFaude saw the sheep there mid-winter, so we are interested if we have any camera data to confirm the use of that travel corridor.

tough and no one lost any appendages (hand and foot warmers helped)! We traversed the frozen Platte River, looked at existing camera placements and their data, studied tracks and fur in the snow, and finally chose a location to set a new camera. One of the techniques

a poster summarizing key information.

This spring we hope the snow melts enough for us to access our cameras to collect the fall/winter data and relocate them for the summer.



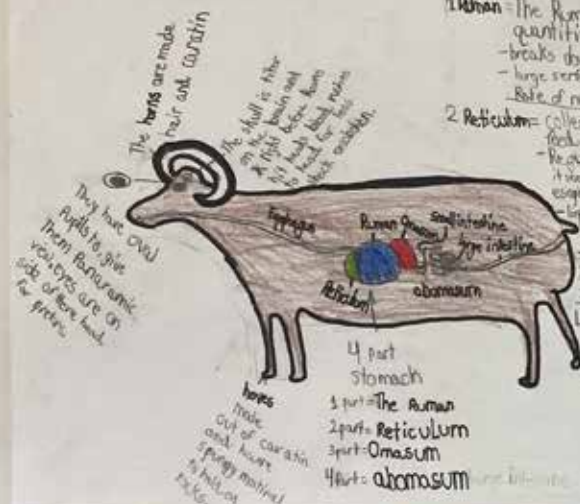
# GRANT IN AID UPDATES

## Bighorn Sheep

Cay  
munroe

Things about the 4 part stomach

- 1 Rumen - The Rumen holds large quantities of olive.  
- breaks down plants.  
- large surface area allows for High Rate of nutrient absorption.
- 2 Reticulum - collects smaller pieces of food.  
- Regurgitates and chews food it had bulk to the Rumen and regurgitates for further chewing.  
- food with more that takes like "Mucous".
- 3 Omasum - reabsorbs water and some nutrients.
- 4 Abomasum - breaks down food further before going in the small intestine.

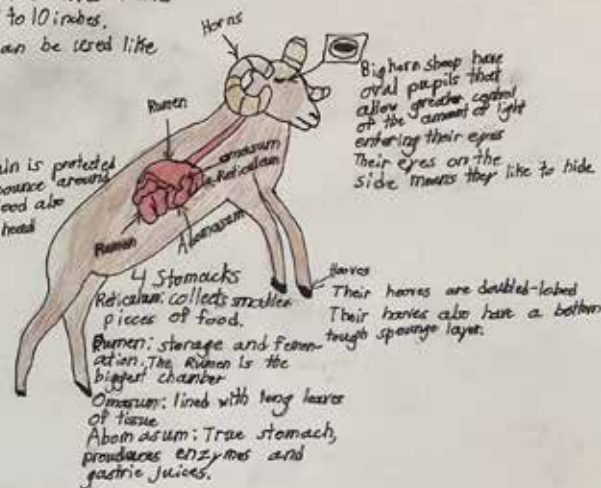


## BIGHORN Sheep

Kristy  
Wheeler  
Ottawa

Horns: Rams horns reach to 30 inches while ewes horns reach to 8 to 10 inches.  
Rams horns can be used like a helmet.

Skull: The brain is protected so it doesn't bounce around with impact. Blood also rushes to the head before impact.



### What is a bighorn?

- Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep.
- The names of bighorn are.
- Rams - ewes - lambs.
- Boys spin are 9-14 years old.
- Rams have a shorter lifespan do to the rut.
- 10 year old Rams are local.
- Rams have a big curl in their horns and ewes have small spirals horns with a slight bend to them.
- You can tell the age of Rams by their horns.
- Rings back up but are smooth but so rings grow fast than slow.
- Rams: Bites horns are made out of keratin like deer antlers.

### Encampment Sheep History

- Wild sheep crossed Bering land bridge.
- Ice age.
- The Bighorn Range.
- About 6000 years in Wyoming.
- Encampment sheep came from Bighorn Mountain.
- There are about 60 sheep around Encampment.
- Colored 10 sheep in November.

### Habitat & Food Sources

- Rocky Mountains.
- Wild grasses.
- Shrubs.
- Mountain mahogany.
- Bitter brush.
- Sage brush.
- Snowberry.
- Rabbit brush.
- Rocky areas hard for predators.
- In the winter bighorn move to the grassy hills.
- In the summer they move to the high rocky areas.

snow berry



### Challenges

- bears, wolf, bobcat, and eagles.
- predators.
- crabs, plants, chest grass.
- human hunters.
- other bighorn sheep.
- human disturbances.

### What is a Bighorn Sheep

A Bighorn Sheep used to be called "big horn". A kind of deer, white rump, and Ugly reindeer. Bighorn sheep have 4 stomachs. The life span of a bighorn sheep is 9-14 years. You can look at their front teeth to tell their age.

### Enc Sheep History

Big horn sheep crossed the Siberia bridge over 100,000 years ago. There is 60 bighorn sheep in the Encampment river herd. They were found from California to Nebraska.

### Habitat/Food

A Bighorn sheep's Diet is mostly grasses, sedges, forbs. Their digestive system allows them to eat large quantities of food. Grass: Western wheatgrass, and Needle and thread. Forbs: Western yarrow, Ballhead sandwort and Milkweed. These are some foods that they have to eat in the winter/fall. Snowberry, Bitterbrush, Sagebrush, Mountain Mahogany, Rabbitbrush, and Service Berry.

### Challenges

Bighorn sheep have many challenges, for instance A Disease like Pneumonia. There is lots of competition. There is a few predators to watch out for lions which they will go for any bighorn sheep. Eagles won't go for Rams but will go for a ewe if they are wounded. Coyotes go for the young and also wounded.



# GRANT IN AID UPDATES

## Douglas Creek Update

By WYO G&F Senior Wildlife Biologist, Lee Knox

Thanks to contributions of WWSF In February of 2022 we were able to get 19 gps collars on ewe bighorn sheep in the Douglas Creek Herd. We wish we could have used more of you as volunteers for this project but due to disease transmission concerns we kept volunteers to a minimum. We used two different staging areas to disperse collars, and had 307 Aviation's capture crew sling the sheep to us so we could maximize the data collect off these animals.

We started at the Wyoming/Colorado state line on hwy 230 where we usually have 12-15 sheep wintering. We were only able to capture two ewes in that area, but the pilot observed three ewes, five lambs, and three rams, which is promising for future populations. We shifted to our second LZ at the A Bar A Ranch, who was very generous in allowing us to bring our crew down past their ranch house and set up as close as possible to where we would be capturing the sheep. We were able to collar an additional 14 ewes, and even thought the pilot was seeing smaller bands of sheep that were spread out on the landscape, sheep were coming in hot, and we chose not to put out the last collar. Of the 19 collared ewes, we were able to collar five of the eight individuals that were collared in February of 2019 which is really exciting! This will allow us to compare these five ewes movement on the landscape and any changes in their habitat selection on the individual level pre and post Mullen fire. The additional 14 collars will help us analyze population level changes post fire,

as well as help us track ewe survival over the next three years.

The disease data we received back is not what we were hoping for. We detected. Leukotoxin-positive Mannheimia in 15 of 17 tonsil swabs, Mannheimia haemolytica in 2 of 17, and P. multocida in 10 of 17. We detected M. ovipneumoniae in 12 of the 19 nasal swabs for the

not be transplanting any additional sheep into this herd anytime soon.

These latest results are really interesting and may provide some additional insight into how some bighorn sheep herds can persist or even thrive in the presence of respiratory pathogens, while others do not. It isn't all doom and gloom. Lamb recruitment is averaging

46:100 ewes, and of the eight ewes collared in 2019, only one died in three years of the study, and that was from a lion. These sheep are visible and highly observed by the public, and we have not had any reports of coughing sheep. The Mullen fire is the kind of habitat change wildlife managers have been asking for since sheep were brought in to the Platte River in 1970, and the sheep are already expanding into new areas. It is likely if you are able to float North Gate Canyon this spring, for the first time in decades, you will be able to see wild sheep along your way. The stage is set to make this an interesting herd to watch to see if habitat trumps

pathogens or vice versa. Keep your fingers crossed.



first time in this herd. In other words they are dirty sheep. This is disheartening considering they had a fairly clean bill of health in 2019, thought the sample size of nine ewes was likely to small. The detecting of M ovipneumoniae in over 60% of the herd in 2022 indicates this herd could have been exposed since the last sampling. Needless to say we will





# “Windy Wyoming Ram”

By Scott Hushbeck, Life Member #620

Attached is a picture of my WY Ram from 2021. I hunted with Shoshone Lodge Outfitters and Carter Nielsen was my guide. We saw 32 rams in 6 days of hunting. We watched one group of rams for 3 days waiting for them to get in a spot where we could attempt a stalk at the largest ram in the group. They disappeared on the fourth day not to be seen by us again. I passed on a young ram that evening at 250 yards.

The first 4 days the weather was spectacular. On the 5th day the famous WY wind began to blow although it wasn't unbearable. We spotted another group of rams on the 5th evening that disappeared into some timber. We didn't push them and made plans to go back the next morning.

On our way in the next morning, we found 2 more rams we hadn't seen. One of them looked like he had potential. We made an attempt to get a better look, but we got cliffed out and couldn't see them. We hiked back to where we left the horses and relocated the sheep still in the same place. Carter decided he would stay there and watch them while I made a stalk on them of about 3/4 of a mile. If they were still there, he would give me a thumbs up sign. As I got closer to where the rams were last seen I was too far from Carter to see a thumbs up signal with my binoculars. In addition, we didn't discuss a plan of action if the rams were not where they were the last time I saw them. I got to the spot where we thought I would have an opportunity and fortunately the rams were bedded where we last saw them about 250 yards from my vantage point. I waited about 30 minutes for the larger of the 2 rams to stand up, made a good shot and had taken a ram much bigger than I could have hoped to have for.

WY Game and Fish aged him at 8 years and 38.5" on the long horn.

I am thankful for the effort Carter put in to help me have a great experience.

**I am very appreciative of the work Wyoming Wild Sheep and Wyoming Game and Fish does to put and keep sheep on the mountain. Their efforts provide the opportunity for people to both experience sheep in the wild and an opportunity to have the experience of a lifetime pursuing them.**







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# “More Than Just A Sheep Hunt”

By Bralli Clifford, Life Member #538

Every year we attend the Salt Lake City Hunting Expo. It is a great way to catch up with friends and find new hunting opportunities around the world, building new friendships in the process.

February 2015 we met Jake Gunson with Gunson Guiding and Outfitting. I had successfully hunted and harvested a Dahl's sheep, sealing my sheep hunting addiction, and Stone Sheep was next on my list. Jake and his family had recently acquired an area in British Columbia that historically held a fair number of

be a major turning point in our lives. Greg was diagnosed with Idiopathic, Longitudinally Extensive, Acute Transverse Myelitis. His entire left side was paralyzed and he had significant weakness to his right side. During his 5 day hospital admission, before spending a month in inpatient rehab, I emailed Jake with the devastating news. To my shock, Jake worked some magic, exchanging my hunt with the hunter from the next year allowing us the hope that Greg would recover and my Stone could be harvested in 2017.

Lochie, Tim and Merlin, who would serve as guides, wranglers and extra eyes to find rams.

The next day would mark the start of our horseback ride to cover country and begin the search for a mature ram. Jake, Lochie, Merlin, Greg and I were scattered between pack horses and began working our way through the beautiful British Columbia terrain. After a full days ride we settled into spike camp for the evening, splitting up chores between the five of us. After a quick night we awoke and began breakfast and preparations for the days ride. As Cecilia, the kids, Tim and the camp mascot remained at base camp, Jake checked in multiple times a day with Cecilia to verify that everything in camp was ok as well as getting the daily report from Tim on any sheep activity he had seen while scouting for us. We learned that the normally tough and never ill Tim was indeed quite sick. He had not left his cot, eaten or had much for fluids since the prior night and Cecilia was quite concerned about his health. Jake, Greg and I discussed Tim's symptoms and the possible ailments he was facing, the most likely of which was a viral pharyngitis and the most unlikely and rare option being a retro-pharyngeal abscess. Because of the remote nature of base camp we encouraged Cecilia to continue monitoring Tim and keep us updated of his condition. If he required medical intervention only two options existed; a very long and extensive horseback ride followed by an equally long drive to the nearest hospital or a chartered float plane followed by the same drive to the hospital. Neither option were efficient or cost effective. Later that morning, as Tim's symptoms became worse, the decision was made to fly Tim back to Muncho Lake and get him to the nearest hospital for evaluation. This required Merlin to return to base camp to continue the daily camp duties, leaving us one guide/wrangler/ set of eyes shorter. Although it increased the requirements of our now group of 4, our concerns were



mature Stone sheep. Although Gunson Guiding and Outfitting only received one Stone tag annually, we believed this was a worthy opportunity to harvest my second sheep. We put a deposit down and scheduled our hunt for August 2016.

January 19, 2016 I awoke to my husband sitting up in bed with extreme neck pain which quickly led to numbness in one hand. Being the most stoic man I have met as well as an ER physician who almost never sought his own medical care, I knew immediately that something significant was wrong. After he individually hugged each of our three children while telling them we were going to the ER, I knew that this would

Despite the odds, Greg did indeed recover, although not to a level close to his prior abilities. As a result, our “Sheep Shape” looked very different from prior hunts, which we knew would add a significant level of difficulty to an already tough hunt. We started our trek north, beginning with a 5 1/2-hour drive to Denver, multiple flights north, another 15 hour drive to Muncho Lake and a chartered float plane to base camp. We had finally arrived! We met Jake's wife Cecilia, their 4 children as well as the furry member of their family who could be counted on to alert the camp to bears or other predators. We were also introduced to the three New Zealand Kiwi's in camp,



with Tim and the cause of his symptoms. We learned the significance very late that evening, Tim had been diagnosed with a retro-pharyngeal abscess, a rare ailment that requires immediate surgical intervention to prevent his airway swelling closed. By the time he reached the hospital he could not speak and was unable to control his oral secretions, the worst symptoms possible showing the severity of his condition. We were all shocked but grateful to find out that he had successfully undergone emergency surgery and would spend a couple of days in the hospital recovering. Although the news was good, I couldn't help but think....bad things usually happen in 3's and this was number two.

The next day started out much less eventfully. Lochie, who had been with Gunson Outfitting for the previous 4 years set out on his own to do what he did best, find a ram. There had been much talk, for years before our arrival, while booking with Jake and during our short time in BC, about a very specific ram. A ram who was loved by the family, had been unsuccessfully harvested by prior hunters and who Lochie had both admiration for and a strong desire to find and help harvest, a ram they called Curly. While Jake, Greg and I sat amongst a small band of ewes and lambs, watching a handful of young rams on another ridge, Lochie's intentions of finding Curly materialized. We had a target, now we needed to make the journey by horseback to put us in place to make a stalk beginning first thing the next morning.

Our morning started before dawn, blackness still covering the country. We worked our way further from the swiftly moving river up a drainage finally coming to the bottom of the mountain where Lochie had last seen Curly before night settled the prior day. Our climb was slow and steady, with Greg and I using trekking poles to assist in his continued lack of balance. The temperature was unseasonably warm and shortly after the sun broke, the heat increased and with it the bugs. After hours of climbing, wet with sweat, we reached to top. From our vantage, with binoculars, we could see Lochie on a neighboring ridge. After short communication with him we discovered that Curly had not yet been seen. We continued to work our way to his last known location across the top of the ridge line. Suddenly there were four

rams cresting a small hill in front of us, we immediately dropped to the ground against the white rocks, not able to find any cover but frozen in place. The rams had not seen us and continued their slow walk, eating and posturing to each other with mild aggression. The rams were all young, none mature and not what we were looking to harvest. Yet, as with the group of ewes and lambs, we were awestruck being so close to them and being allowed an extensive amount of time to observe them in their natural habitat. The heat continued to intensify however, as did the bugs. We each carried with us approximately a quart of water. Jake's happened to be in the form of a re-purposed pancake syrup bottle as his water bottle had been lost after falling from the horses saddlebag. Jake had told us of a water spring on the ridge so we were not concerned with the speed in which our supply was diminishing.

As they day continued, our hopes never faltered, despite not having laid eyes on Curly. We knew it had to only be a matter of time before we encountered him. We continued to fight the bugs and the heat, making our way across the ridges covered with beautiful flora and fauna of the British Columbia mountains. We were astounded to realize that from our vantage we could see the highway coming out of Muncho Lake, we had effectively traveled all the way back by horse to the location we had left by float plane only days earlier. Despite our best efforts, and the four sets of eyes searching for Curly, the day was quickly turning to evening. The terrain off the mountain was steep and dangerous and the decision was reluctantly made to begin our decent so that portion of our journey back to spike camp could be completed with the remaining daylight. Jake and Greg stood and walked back to our packs to begin preparations and Jake called Lochie to break the bad news. Almost immediately after Lochie dropped off his adjacent ridge, and out of radio frequency, and just as I put my hands on my knees to stand, Curly stepped out. I dropped to my belly, my rifle still in position and silently motioned to Greg and Jake. The crawled back to my position, the two of them flanking me. With our intended target in sight, any thoughts of leaving the mountain vanished. I prepared for the shot, easily finding Curly in the scope and squeezed the trigger sending the trajectory the 250 yard distance.

The sound of impact was instantly accompanied by Curly dropping to the ground. My first thought was of Lochie, unknowingly headed back to camp having missed the shot on his longtime nemesis. The celebration immediately ensued, with hugs and congratulations being easily traded amongst the three of us. Even the knowledge of the work ahead couldn't dampen our spirits. I had successfully harvested my Stone Sheep, half of my grand slam officially complete.

We began taking photos and admiring Curly in all his glory. He had been a unique ram whose right horn had been growing into the side of his face for years. Jake and Lochie had watched him as he first broke a few inches from the horn and in the continuing years continued to whittle down the impedance leading to only a few inches of remaining horn on that side. His thin, bony body showed his extensive age, later the taxidermist officially aged him at 9 but commented that he was a really tough one to age because of the way he stacked up and figured him for much older. We were sure that this would have been Curly's last year on the mountain and I was grateful to harvest him and bring him home instead. We had decided that we would spend the night on the mountain, starting fresh with the first light of morning. While Greg and I worked on caping him out and quartering him to start the cooling process, Jake went to refill our long empty water bottles. He returned quickly with the news that the mountain spring was dry, our plans to stay on the mountain were no longer an option....our efforts to process the sheep intensified.

Being truly thirsty is not an experience that most people have endured, I had until this night been amongst the majority. By the time we processed the sheep, loaded him and our other gear in our packs and started off the mountain with the light of our headlamps, we had been away from spike camp for approximately 16 hours and close to half of those had also been without water. The journey down the mountain was slowed by the dark of night, the extra weight in our packs, our thirst and the exertion already spent for the previous hours. Although the terrain was less steep, the following hours of hiking through downed timber on top of the moss covered forest bottom reminiscent of



# "It Was More Than Just A Sheep Hunt"

By Bralli Clifford, Life Member #538

walking on a water bed, proved equally challenging. When the trees finally opened and we found ourselves, once again, in the boulder covered drainage we knew we were on the final stretch. Yet, we also knew this final stretch was another two to three hours of hiking that was now accompanied by the constant but very distant sound of the river...with cold, refreshing water. The feeling of being taunted by the sounds were constant. We trudged along, for what seemed like days, for another series of hours dropping our packs as the river came into view. The three of us were silent for many long minutes, except for the distinct sound of drinking that sounded very much like horses slurping greedily but was actually us filling our bellies with cold, wet water as the dawn began to break, effectively ending our 23 hour feat.

We rendezvoused with Lochie mid-day and completed the ride to a nearby old hunt cabin. Greg and I never prefer to leave if we harvest early, instead opting to spend as much time in unfamiliar country as possible. Jake stayed one evening with us and then took off back to base camp, grateful for the early harvest so he could enjoy a few extra days with his family. Greg, Lochie and I settled in for a few days of rest and relaxation in the two small cabins next to the clear mountain lake. We spent our time visiting with Lochie about his time in New Zealand and with Jake in British Columbia, hunting blueberries and fishing in the lake. And we laughed at the classic Kiwi attire that Lochie modeled daily which included short shorts, New Zealand brush chaps and the space of hairy leg not covered by

either, all of which he obliging flaunted with subtle bends at the waist and butt scratches. We knew our friendship with Lochie would not end and made plans to meet up with him when we visited his native New Zealand with our three children the following year.

September 3, 2020; 5 years, 6 months, 1 week and 6 days after booking my Stone Sheep hunt, the day disaster struck. Lochie Bellerby, as well as 42 other crew and almost 6,000 cattle capsized in rough seas due to Typhoon Maysak while traveling from New

Lochie. Forty souls still lost, forty men still being missed.

As I sit in my home, writing this story, with Curly's life sized mount in the background, I am grateful despite the struggles and in spite of the loss. This adventure began full of hope and expectations, then moved into the unknown with my husbands illness. With the strength and perseverance greater than any I have ever known we once again found excitement and anticipation. When Tim fell gravely ill during the hunt we were again left with a sense of uncertainty. After a successful harvest and safe travels back to base camp and home we assumed this story was over, we didn't think the friendships could be too. I am grateful however; grateful for my husbands recovery and health, grateful that Tim was able to make a full recovery despite the dire position he was in and the remoteness of our base camp location. And I am grateful to have had the opportunity, albeit short, to have known Lochie and to call him my friend.



Zealand to China. The events that lead to this disaster are numerous with the most prominent being the COVID-19 pandemic. Under normal circumstances, Lochie would have been spending another season with Jake and his family guiding for Stone Sheep, Moose and Caribou in British Columbia. However, because of the restrictions, BC was closed down to international travelers, which left Lochie in need of a temporary job. To date, only two survivors and one body have been found, none of which are

**Hunting is not encompassed by the successful harvest of an animal. Its true focus is the people we meet and form lifetime friendships with, the hardships we overcome, proving to ourselves time and time again what we are capable of, and the memories we make, the ones that sustain us even after the people are gone.**



# 2022 Banquet Highlights!

## Friday Night Rendezvous

Join us for a pulled pork dinner with all of the fixings. Play corn hole, Herd Unit Square, friendly poker and try for a S&W pistol win on our card raffle. One lucky participant will win the Schnee's boots as our door prize.

We will update you with talks on how our Wyoming Wild Sheep are doing and entertain with short videos and photo galleries. WYO G&F Director, Brian Nesvik will speak and respond to questions from the audience.

Relax, talk, reunite with friends, meet new ones Join us at 6 PM on Friday, June 3, 2022



## 20th Annual Life Member Breakfast

On Saturday, June 4 at 7:30 AM for Ramshorn Society and Life Members only!

Biscuits and Sausage Gravy, Hash Browns, Scrambled Eggs, Bacon, Fruit, Pastries are on the menu as we reconvene to celebrate another year of accomplishments for the WY-WSF.

Executive Director, Katie Cheesbrough will entertain with updates on our grant in aid and project accomplishments. There will be a short live auction accompanied by a silent auction featuring hand made items from our skilled life members. A card raffle, cooler raffle and mystery purse(yes, there is a gun in there) plus a pair of Schnee's boots as a door prize will keep you entertained.

Life Member Incentive Continues!- Someone in the crowd will receive a banquet credit of \$5000 that they will be able to spend throughout the day during the banquet.

Ramshorn Society Incentive- A lucky RHS life member will win a Bergara B-14 HMR 22-250.



## Membership Meeting & Seminars

Join us on Saturday morning, June 4, 2022 at 10AM for our membership meeting. Help decide which grant in aid requests to fund along with other business of interest to the chapter. Following the membership meeting we will have seminars with topics of interest to outdoorsmen, hunters and wild sheep enthusiasts from 1-4PM.

## Youth Experience

Meet us at 5PM on Saturday, June 4 at the Lander Convention Center.

Youth Activities- The young and old alike will be entertained by our partners, The National Bighorn Sheep Center and Wild Sheep Foundation. They will expose your children to the wonders of nature and especially wild sheep with their display of natural artifacts, hides and feathers. Their will be games for playing and prizes awarded. Later all youth will join us on stage where they will have a chance to win a cow elk hunt with Cole Benton, a youth shotgun, or life memberships to WY-WSF.





# “The Family Ram”

By Lisa Adamson

**This** definitely was a year of uncertainty, but when I opened the mail and saw I finally drew one of the most coveted sheep tags in the state of Wyoming after 23 years applying for the bighorn sheep tag, I was certain I was going to do everything I could to

on my pad I kept at my bedside. Years of being a nurse and mother had turned me into an effective planner to a fault. Immediately we started with numerous phone calls to the community. This hunt was only a success because of the Wyoming community and local ranchers. I am born and raised in Wyoming

Clancey would be a big asset on this hunt. He is an extremely good spotter with his binoculars. Almost every weekend in the summer we went on family hikes and scouting trips. I loved it. I fell in love with Wyoming all over again. The country was beautiful. It was littered with granite boulders, shale and cedar



have a successful hunt. I am a nurse for the VA hospital. The pandemic meant unpredictability and demands that could change quickly for a nurse. I experienced firsthand the wrath from this pandemic. It left me a little uneasy and wondering what our future may be. Receiving my tags during these times was thrilling and it brought back some normalcy to my life. It also threw a curve ball in the preparation and planning for this hunt as well. I immediately started preparing. I was mentally preparing while I was sleeping, as most women do. I sat up in bed on numerous occasions and wrote notes

which helped tremendously with the preparation. I knew I had my work cut out for me. As a family we made a pact to do every hunt together. I mentally prepared myself to make this an enjoyable experience for my kids to maintain their interest in the outdoors. My daughter is 10 and is already an avid outdoors young lady she really loves to camp and hike which made it really nice to have her along on our scouting trips. My son, Clancey, is 15 and has already committed almost all his time to hunting from all the big game animals, to calling coyotes in the winter months. We knew that

trees. The smell of the high country surrounded us. This was a first time in a long time that I could relax a little as the kids were older now and I didn't have to necessarily watch them like a hawk. It was so enjoyable on these scouting trips. We were able to spend a lot of quality time together as a family, at the same time trying to learn everything that we could to make this once in a lifetime hunt. We saw a lot of wildlife from elk, deer and was even blessed to witness an absolutely beautiful cinnamon colored black bear. I loved watching my kids be free, run, not a house or any signs



that humans existed as far as I could see. The Wyoming mountains due inherently have a lot of dangers. I couldn't help but think becoming a nurse was a really good choice while we were hiking through the back country. We had a pretty scary encounter with a rattle snake. Jim Bob, Clancey and I were climbing a fairly steep mountain face. I was in the lead, when all of a sudden less than two feet in front of me a huge rattle snake was coiled and not happy with our presence in his territory. Jim Bob tried to kill him with a big rock but he got inside of sagebrush. We decided we better just leave him alone. Late summer was grueling. Temperatures reached 100 degrees. The granite cliffs really ignited the heat and held onto it into the evening. We had numerous steep hikes and I have to say my kids were champs. Clancey packed a huge pack and never quit. We did a lot of glassing and were really struggling to find any rams at all. We did see some ewes and lambs but didn't see a single ram in our scouting adventures. We were starting to wonder if we had made a mistake applying for this unit. With being the largest sheep area in the state it can be very difficult finding the rams. That is where the community comes into play to support us in spotting rams, or it is like finding a needle in a haystack. Our scouting came to an end and I felt confident when the season opened, we made every effort to be successful. Our big hunt was here. We decided to not bring our daughter. She was 10 and the intensity of this hunt would be too difficult for her. There were times we would have to climb 2,000 vertical feet quickly and it would not be enjoyable for anybody, especially a 10-year-old. The decision was not made lightly. I missed her every day and didn't truly enjoy the amazing things that I saw because my daughter wasn't there to enjoy them. Our first steep mind-numbing ascension validated that we made the right choice. I felt good, I was focused and I was determined to be successful. Of course the typical events occurred, the day before opening day, a mammoth ram strolled by in front of the truck.

We both looked at each other and laughed. He didn't have a care in the world, he knew he would be safe. He showed us that he held all the power, I guess I would have done the same, LOL. The morning of opening day we were very hopeful that he wouldn't be far off. We only had a section of public land to hunt in this spot so I'm guessing that he wandered onto the private. We hunted him for 2 days but never saw him again. On the 3rd day we finally had a positive morning. Clancey spotted a band of 13 rams with 2 of them being absolute giants the trouble was they were 700 yards on the private. We had been told rams in that area will move to the public. You just need to be there when they move. They settled in very nicely. We watched them for a while hoping they would graze off to an accessible spot. No such luck. We watched them for 3 straight days and they only moved about 300 yards farther from the public. I guess the grass was greener on the other side. Days went by with constant glassing. We finally located 6 rams that were on some property that we had permission to hunt. There was one that was absolutely beautiful a very dark chocolate full curl. We made a 4 hour stalk and got within 130 yards. I had snuck to a position to get a shot at this big ram. Laying prone watching the rams I knew this was going to be the harvest I had dreamed of for so many years. As I settled my scope on the rams, I could see him, but wouldn't you know it there were two young rams standing in front of



their majestic leader. It was like they were protecting him. In a matter of seconds they wheeled and were gone in a flash. I saw my once in lifetime hunt fading fast. I felt ill. This was my only shot. Clancey needed to go to school and the pandemic was not slowing down. We could not spend an extended time in the field. We met a lot of nice people in the field who wanted me to be successful. We got a tip that there were 2 nice rams on a sagebrush hogback. We glassed for hours over several days but without success. We received another tip that there was a small band of rams currently hanging out in a known occupied area for sheep. We were off! We glassed for a while and saw nothing. To say the least, despair was really starting to sink in. The next day we climbed a big ridge to reveal a pocket we thought they could be sheltering in. We made our ascent. The top of the ridge held amazing views. We settled in to glass. We had cell



## ‘The Family Ram’

By Lisa Adamson

service on top of that ridge. We received a very important call from a gentleman we met from California who was hunting mule deer. He said the band had moved and they were on public land and looked as if they were bedding down. We quickly made our descent, maneuvering amongst the big granite boulders and other obstacles. Finally, we reached the far side of the canyon. Sheep hunts as they may be, are so frustrating. Add in all the behind the scenes work and grueling physical demands makes it so hard to face the disappointment. We arrived to find out that a local rancher had spotted the band earlier and had notified his friend who had a tag as well. He beat us by 10 minutes. He got a decent ram. The band escaped with 1 really nice ram. We were heartbroken to say the least. We were running out of days to hunt. I was getting very anxious that this once in a lifetime hunt was going to be lost. Jim Bob decided that we should contact the outfitter in that area to see if he could take us. He has an impeccable reputation, we were told that he knows every ram in that area. Needless to say it was getting so late in the season he had elk hunters and wasn't able to take me. We decided to go home and come back the following weekend. It worked out nice because we decided to take the whole family, including my husband's mom, Linda. She is an experienced huntress. I was super excited we could all be together again. I really value passing down traditions to my children. As we pulled out of our driveway for our hunt we received a call from the Californian gentleman again. He spotted a group of 7 with a mature ram, on land that we could hunt. Super excited we accelerated to get there before dark. We parked the camper ¾ mile away from the spot he stated and hoped they would be there in the morning. Just before daylight we made our way there. We left Summer Joy with Linda,

even at 78 years young, I knew that Linda would have her eyes glued to her binoculars. We were devastated when we couldn't find them. We received a call from Linda saying she spotted a large Ram close by. It was hard to get my hopes up, but we headed there quickly. We glassed him and immediately knew he was our guy. I studied him for a while to get a feel of where he was headed. Jim Bob and I headed out on our stalk. Grammy, so the kids call her, Clancey and Summer Joy stayed at the camper to watch us make the stalk. Clancey was intently looking through the spotting scope at the ram. We had made a plan. We moved up a ravine, just out of sight, from the ram. I was really getting anxious now. I allowed myself to get excited again. I slowly peered over a boulder to see him. I glassed and had a difficult time locating him. When I re-glassed there he was, his big majestic beautiful face. He was bedded just above the brush. I originally mistook him for a rock. We were able to make a great stalk and get 200 yards away from him. There was no good shot. He suddenly looked right at us. I slowly moved my rifle into place. He knew something was up, but he couldn't see us. He abruptly stood. The brush

covered his side. I couldn't move. The seconds felt like hours. My excitement almost got the best of me. I held the cross hairs in place. With a stretch he revealed his beautiful broadside. He was mine. I shot and he rolled down the steep rock slab. Cheers and support from the camper rang up the canyon. Jim Bob hugged me and gave me a high five. When we examined the ram we guessed he was about 8 years old. He had a full curl and was gorgeous. It was so exciting to hear Clancey tell the story of watching the ram in the spotting scope and then all of a sudden he fell and didn't even hear the shot. Clancey and Summer Joy were able to climb the mountain and come help me celebrate this magnificent animal. I never dreamed, if I was fortunate enough to harvest a ram, my beautiful children could be at my side. It was a bittersweet ending to a long grueling hunt. I can guarantee I am not the only sheep hunter that ever said this. This is one memory that I will cherish for the rest of my life. I am sure the kids will remember their view watching their mom stalk a sheep the rest of their lives. It couldn't have been a better experience hunting in big majestic country with an amazing ram down. It was truly a blessing from God.





# GRANT IN AID UPDATES

## Highway 34 Wildlife / Vehicle Collisions

By WYO G&F Terrestrial Habitat Biologist, LM #384, Ryan Amundson

On December 4, 2021, members of the Wyoming Wild Sheep Foundation and southeast Wyoming Game and Fish Department (WGFD) personnel met with several District 1 employees of the Wyoming Department of Transportation (WY DOT), to discuss wildlife / vehicle collisions and public safety concerns for Wyoming Highway 34. Highway 34 is a stretch of road that cuts through the Laramie Plains, winds through Sybille Canyon, and crosses the Wheatland Flats. It is connected to Wyoming Highway 30 on the west, and Interstate 25 on the east. Sybille Canyon serves as important winter range for mule deer, elk, and bighorn sheep. Wildlife viewing opportunities are high in this area year round.

Motorist use of Highway 34 has steadily increased in recent years. Peak times of year for travel include summer months and weekends in the fall. Many motorists traveling to University of Wyoming football and basketball games use this road if traveling from northeastern and eastern Wyoming population centers.

Mule deer use of Sybille Canyon increases sharply in the fall, particularly early September to mid-October. With some fall precipitation, roadside vegetation greens up and attracts deer to the right of way ditches. This has resulted in increased wildlife / vehicle collisions, especially during

busy traffic periods such as UW Cowboy football game days.

Historically, as winter approaches and bighorn sheep start to work their way eastward from Morton Pass eastward and deeper into Sybille Canyon, they graze on the south-facing aspects of the mountains directly above the highway. Salting and sanding completed by WY DOT on Hwy 34 during and after storm events has inadvertently resulted in luring bighorns to the shoulder and surface of the road to lick free salt. In the last year, 3 adult rams were killed in vehicle collisions. Luckily, no one was injured in each separate accident.

The December 4th meeting resulted in some very worthwhile discussions and action items were formulated to try and reduce wildlife / vehicle collisions going forward. Since then, the WGFD has applied for funding for Dynamic Mobile Messaging Signs, and hope to have those in place for Fall/Winter 2022. In addition, WY DOT has taken a very proactive step and have eliminated salt from their snowplow truck sand mixes. This has resulted in very little bighorn sheep use of the roadway in Sybille Canyon for the last 3 months! This change has come with extra labor and fuel costs encumbered by WY DOT, as they have extra travel time to return to Laramie for the "salt free" sand mix to be used on this specific stretch of roadway.

In addition to added signage and changing the composition of the sand mix spread by WY DOT snowplows, the WGFD, WY DOT, and WY WSF have recently committed to increasing information / education of the traveling public at a follow up meeting. The agencies and WY WSF will work on messaging for the public in the coming months. Social media sites, WY DOT, WGFD, and WY WSF websites, radio and newspaper ads, are just a few of the outlets that will be explored to better alert the public about wildlife using the Highway 34 corridor.

We appreciate WY DOT's willingness over the last 3 months to work with us to find solutions that will reduce wildlife mortalities, as well as improve motorist safety. Sybille Canyon is a truly scenic and beautiful stretch of Wyoming highway. We hope that people can modify their driving habits and can slow down and enjoy the drive, and watch out for Wyoming's wildlife.

*\*WY WSF granted \$11,000 to the WGFD in December 2021 for the purchase of two Dynamic Messaging Signs. Funding applications are being submitted currently to other conservation partners for the remaining funds required to purchase the signs.*





# "My Last Wyoming Sheep Hunt"

By RHS Life Member #30, Cole Benton

I started sheep hunting in September 1981 in my home state of Wyoming. Along with me on this first sheep hunt was neighbor Glenn Green (deceased), best friend Hap Myers, and my dad Al Benton LM #130 (deceased). We hunted Area 1 from Pilot Creek. I killed a ram on the end of "Sheep Mountain" after several days of hunting. We have all found that your very first sheep hunt will have you loving it or hating it. I got the sheep bug!

Not too long after this hunt, I booked my first Dall sheep hunt in Alaska 180 miles north of Anchorage. This was an all-backpack hunt. After several days of spike camping, I took a beautiful old Dall ram. I did this hunt with my brother-in-law Keith Neustel LM #98. At the National Sheep Show in Reno, two of my clients, Mark Fountain LM #102 and his father (both deceased), talked me into doing a stone sheep hunt in BC with them and we booked with Bradford & Co. After a two-year waiting period, I took a beautiful blue Stone ram. In 2009 I harvested a Desert Bighorn ram in Mexico to finish my Grand Slam. On February 14th, 2010 I was awarded Grand Slam #1500 with GSCO. Later I harvested another Dall with Alaska



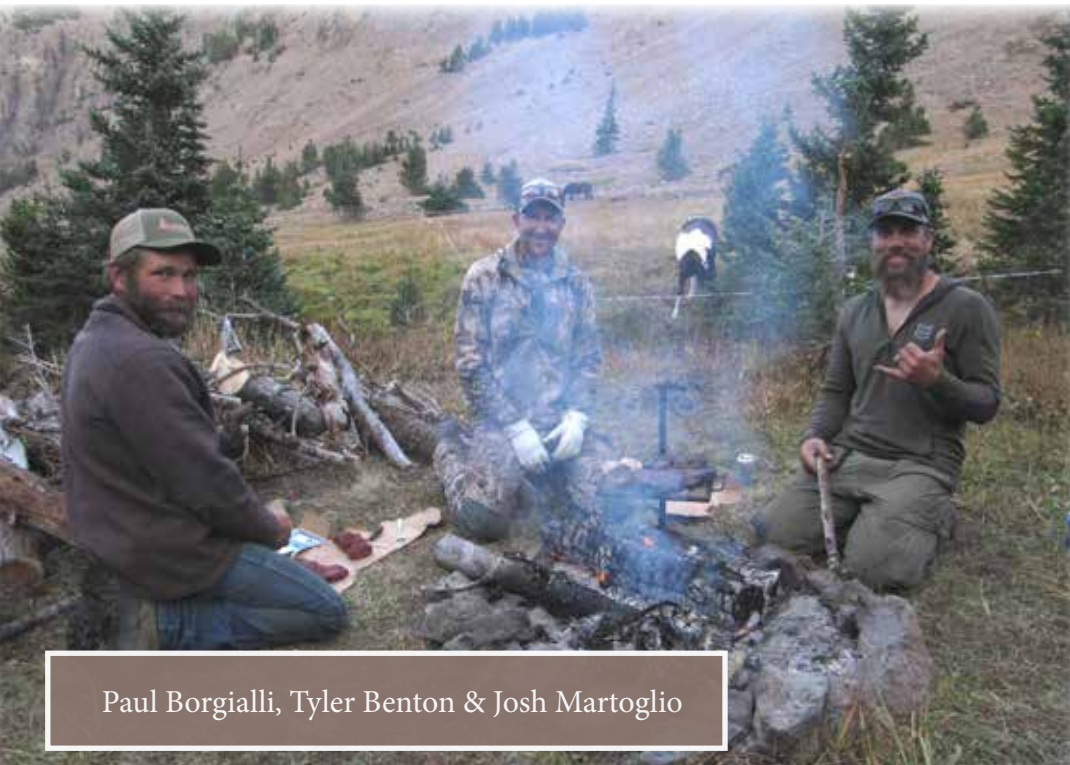
Outfitters. In the fall of 2013, I went back with Bradford & Co. and harvested a 40 1/8" Stone that was 12 1/2 years old.

Now the waiting period to maybe draw my last WY Bighorn ram. With 22 points I drew in May of 2021. I immediately booked with past guide, friend, and partner Josh Martoglio. I consider Josh one of the finest bighorn sheep outfitters in the state of Wyoming. Accompanying

Josh and I on the hunt was my son Tyler LM #40 and neighbor Paul Borgialli. We packed into the Thorofare on September 11th and spotted the rams two days later but could not get to them. Early the next morning we left camp with the hopes of locating them. Josh's knowledge of the trails was unbelievable. I asked him how he could remember all these places he has been. His response was "If I travel a trail one time, I never forget it". After

several hours of riding, Josh spotted them. There were several rams, and the one we wanted used the other rams for protection so I could not shoot. One thing I remember clearly was Tyler and Josh saying several times "don't shoot the wrong one!" The ram finally cleared and we had him. This ram is 11 1/2 years old and will be life-size mounted by Trophies Unlimited out of Buffalo, WY. We packed out two days later after seeing eight grizzlies, two wolves, and countless rams.

I wish to thank Josh, Tyler, and Paul for such an incredible hunt and all of the help I received.



Paul Borgialli, Tyler Benton & Josh Martoglio





# 183+ BIGHORNS

*in 10 years*

**VERY HIGH SUCCESS ON  
ALL SPECIES HUNTED!**

**WE ALSO OFFER OUTSTANDING HUNTS FOR**

- ELK
- DEER
- BEAR
- MOUNTAIN LION
- MOUNTAIN GOAT
- MOOSE
- ANTELOPE





# “Hoosier Hysteria Ride In Wyoming”

By Julie Chapman

**Like** most sheep hunters, I had been training hard for months in eager anticipation for my bucket list Wyoming bighorn sheep hunt. With excitement, the day finally arrived and I reluctantly headed for the airport to fly from Indiana to Cody. I say reluctantly only because I had to leave my two teenagers to manage their Dad or perhaps he manage them! I held little hope that, while away, all of our kid's activities and schedules would be completed. Actually, I lowered my expectations to 'all will be well if the house doesn't burn down and everyone is alive and not in jail before I get home'. I boarded the plane and headed to Cody to meet up with renown videographer and friend, Jordan Budd, of Running Water Media to capture and record my bighorn sheep hunt. After all, the golden rule in our competitive family is, “if you don't document the events, then it really never happened”.

Jordan and I met up with guide and owner, Josh Martoglio, of Shoshone Lodge Outfitters at the local hotel. After meeting with his team of wranglers, we jumped in his truck full of gear and pulling a trailer full of horses headed off to the trail head. After a final check of gear, food, license, and everything else we could fit into our packs, we gave them all a final weigh and appropriately packed the horses. The excitement that had been building started when we

saddled up and the hunt actually started. The anticipation of a successful and epic hunt fueled the adrenalin rush that was aided by the smell of sweat stained saddle leather, the old saddle blankets full of history, and even the horse itself. The simple beauty of the horses as they clicked and clacked on the rocks along the trail we squeezed through groves

all around me had my heart skipping a beat or two. Again, I sat high on my horse and pondered if everyone else was accustomed to this brilliant landscape and could I be the only one not taking it for granted?

I have been fortunate to successfully harvest big game and sheep in several beautiful places such as Idaho, British

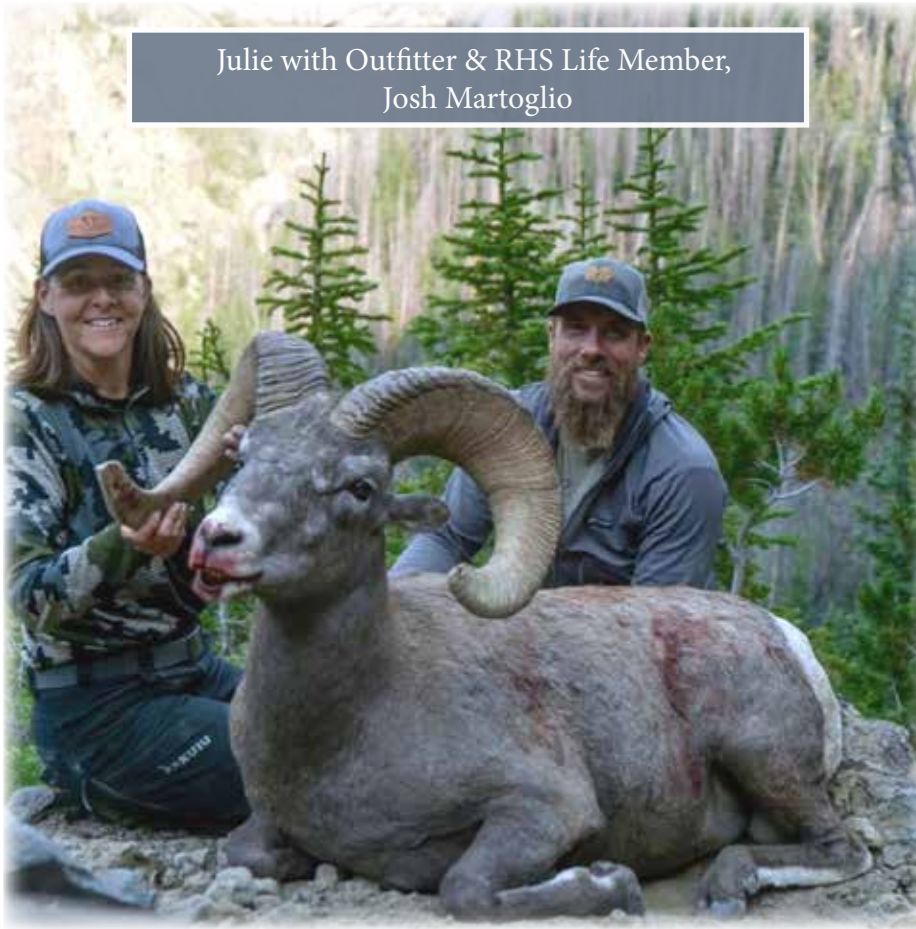
Columbia, Mexico, the Yukon to name a few, but this was my first hunt in Wyoming. The stories I've had the pleasure of reading or hearing about the magnificent hunting in Wyoming was all becoming a reality. The breathtaking landscape of the western mountains to a “flatlander” from the Midwest can be awe inspiring. I feel that those that live in the shadows of these mountains often take the beauty for granted just as a Midwesterner do the rolling hills filled with green corn, grasses, and bean fields.

Did I mention

I was from Indiana—oh yes, a Hoosier. What the heck is a “Hoosier” you may ask. The answer is “I don't know” but I would like to try to explain “Hoosier Hysteria”--- perhaps a little later.

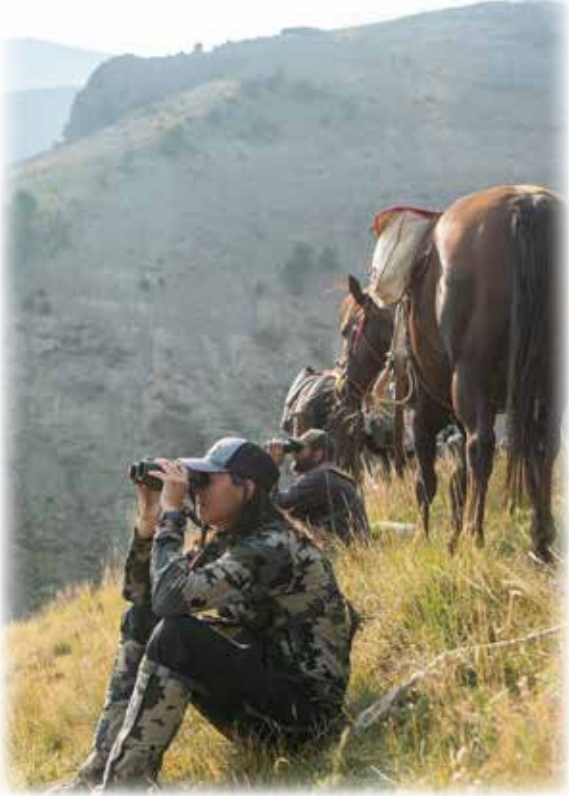
After several hours of riding trail, we made it to one of Josh's lavish wall tent base camps. As the opening day for Wyoming bighorn sheep was two days away, the simple plan was to scout the next day and try and locate a shooter ram. The weather was perfect, cool but not freezing and no snow or sleet. That evening, like every hunter that has shared

Julie with Outfitter & RHS Life Member,  
Josh Martoglio



of cottonwoods was tranquil music to my ears. As we continued onward we travel through a large stand of pines and the crisp clean air, accompanied by mountain pine scent, was so wonderfully invigorating. As no words were spoken, I wondered if I was the only person in the group that was noticing the splendor of the Shoshone National Forest. Just as I thought it couldn't get any better, the string of horses descended down through one of the many streams of ice-cold water trickling across the rocks. My keen awareness of the sounds and beauty





a hunting camp, we sat motionless in the dark for hours, mesmerized by the crackling fire as it spit embers skyward. Life long friendships are most often made sitting around a warm fire and this was no different. As the hours flew by, story after story was told and the anticipation of the next day began to grow higher. While tucked into my warm sleeping bag I began to count my blessings. I was serenaded that evening with the sounds of bull elk bugling back and forth. I gave it my best effort to relax and try to fall asleep. But, like a five year old awaiting Santa in the morning, sleep just wouldn't come. The realization that I was finally hunting sheep in Wyoming took my excitement to new levels that left me awake most of the night.

Morning coffee behind us, we loaded up and set out for a day of glassing. Our view for most of the morning was compromised by the smoke from the surrounding states forest fires. As we made our way from one glassing point to another the nervous excitement began to fade. After a short nap basking in the sun, I went off by myself and tucked into a small pine tree to begin glassing yet again. I sat quietly with my binos positioned perfectly, when all of a sudden I heard a strange noise headed directly towards me from the valley below. As I pulled away from my binos, my eyes locked with a large bull elk who stopped on a dime about 7 yards from me. I'm not sure who was startled the most at

this point but he definitely ran across the mountain landscape a lot faster than I could. After all this commotion we decided to move across the mountain to look into a different valley. The repositioning paid off as we found a nice band of rams. Several hours later we had all agreed that this was "the ram" and we would watch him till bed. As the day was coming to a close, we hustled back to camp to get a few hours of rest and pack for the morning hunt.

The day had finally arrived. I had been dreaming of hunting sheep in Wyoming for several years. Wyoming has great numbers of bighorn sheep and you never know what kind of sheep you will turn up, that's what makes this place so special. I remember my teeth chattering that morning while we were riding in the dark, not from being cold but from getting so worked up and nervous about the day ahead. That all passed when it was go time. We tied up the horses, loaded our packs, and headed up the mountains. We had planned on a long day of hiking but as we crested the first mountain ridge, Josh quickly jumped down and turned to whisper "ram". We all hurried into position but this turned out to be the first of many false alarms. The rams had ran down the mountain side, crossed the creek, and was bedded half way up the other side to stay out of the wind.

After an intense 45 minute stare down, we found an opportunity to move a little lower on our side of the mountain to try and put us directly across from the rams. We all played a great game of cat and mouse for well over 6 hours. As one of the rams would stand to stretch we would run across the side of the mountain to a new position, only to run back to the original spot when they would step back to the right. This repositioning went on and on until they finally decided to break from the cover of the trees. The patience and perseverance was rewarded when he separated from others allowing me to make a clean and ethical shot from around

300 yards. And just like that, Wyoming Ram down!

The elation and adrenaline rush is overwhelming and can't be described. The feeling of accomplishment you have when that majestic ram is loaded into your pack and you are carrying it off the mountain one painful step at a time. Every sense is heightened to an almost euphoric state. This too, I have felt before with Hoosier Hysteria. As an Indiana high school basketball player prior to class basketball we would find ourselves packing gyms of 7,000 fans. Towns literally shutting down to go watch us play, the smell of popcorn as you walk into a gym, fans screaming from tip off to buzzer, the locker room walls shaking as fans were standing and stomping for us to take the floor. If you took "March Madness", the World Series and the Super Bowl and put the excitement from those on steroids with every town and every rabid basketball fan in the entire state you would be getting close to describing Hoosier Hysteria. And this is exactly how I felt coming off that mountain as a successful sheep hunter. The wonders of mother nature in the beautiful Shoshone National Forest left me speechless and hard to find the words to describe its magnitude. I try desperately to be a good person, a good Christian, mother, wife, and a good hunter but I don't know what I have done in my life to earn such a blessing as this hunt.







Addie Tator holds a trophy grayling!



Izzie Tator holds her trophy grayling! Do you think there is any sibling rivalry?



JonDavid Tator scored this big buck, a cow elk and a bull elk last Fall.



Life Member Andrea Dominick with daughter, Zuzu



LMs Meade, Andrea, Zuzu and Lash Dominick after a successful family outing



Greg Warren from Laramie harvested this HA-1 Ram on Oct. 30. This was Lash's first ram kill.





Photo by Ross Gorman- NF Shoshoni River



Life Member Jason Teeples with his ram.



Cory Higgins purchased his La Palmosa Mule Deer Hunt at our 2021 Banquet



Photo by Landon Richins-NF Shoshoni River



RHS Life Member Steve Quisenberry-Desert Sheep



RHS Life Members Joni & Mack Miller have summited 47 of the 50 highest peaks in each state.



RHS Life Member, Eric Johnson scored in  
HA-3



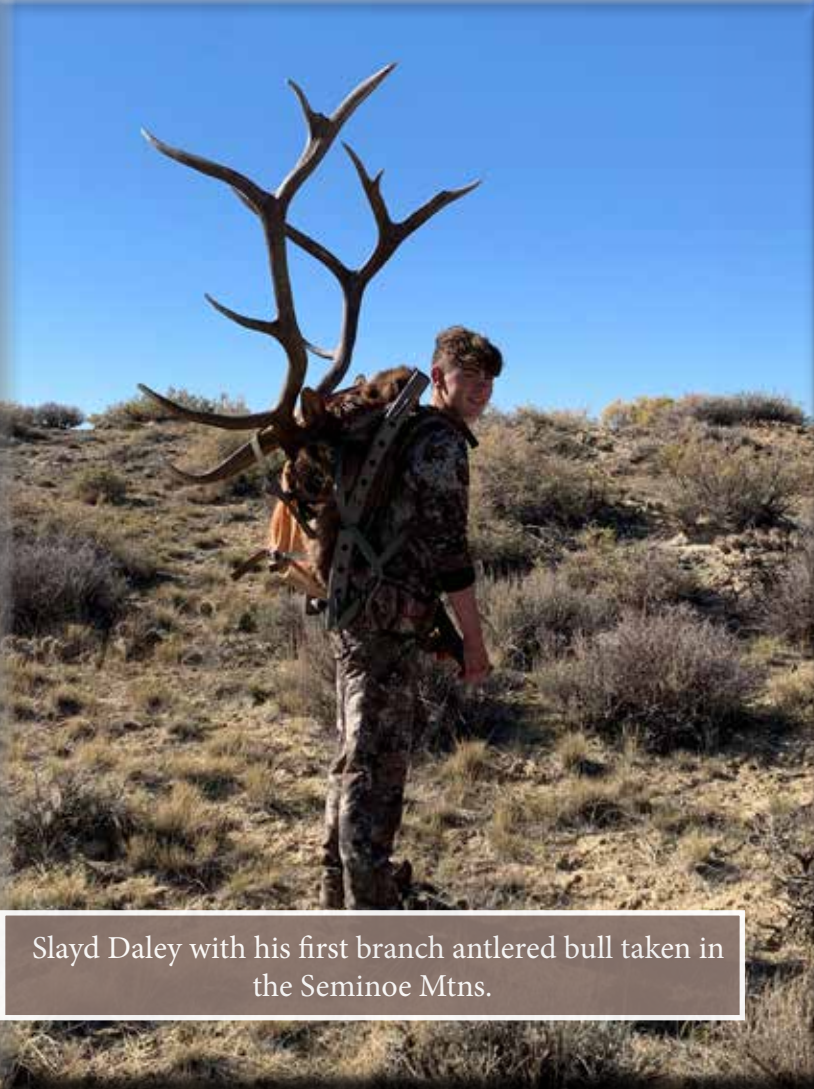
RHS Life Member, Rocky Yargas with his  
Dall's Sheep.



RHS Life Member  
Tom Trapp



Slayd Daley with his first branch antlered bull taken in  
the Seminole Mtns.





Rylee Wright with her first black bear. The 8th grader is the step daughter of LM Mike Murray.



Life Member, Tammy Scott earned this ram in HA-5

RHS Life Member, Tera Butler with a nice speed goat.



Ty Peterson of Cody with a DIY Buck.



LM Karen Sullivan took time out from the National Bighorn Sheep Center to score this buck.



LM Sara Domek continues in her former teaching role at NBSC but now with a son! Tosi is very interested in studying Rabbit Grass





Members are encouraged to submit photos for publication in the RAMPAGE as well as in our website galleries. Please send your photos via email to: [info@www.wyomingwildsheep.org](mailto:info@www.wyomingwildsheep.org).



Ryan Brock, Colorado



Photo by Mary Litzel of Buffalo

LMs & Brothers, Dirk and Brett Montgomery scored one for Brett in HA-2

RHS Life Member Eric Johnson scored a 36" Aoudad

# Member's Gallery

Neil Goldman purchased this Aoudad hunt with Rowdy McBride during our live auction in 2021.





Taken April 2021. This tag was the "Texas Drawn Hunts" Desert Bighorn tag/hunt, there was only one, for this year. 10+ years old and the oldest ram located during the hunt at Elephant Mountain Wildlife Area south of Alpine, Texas. There were 6,600 applicants for this tag/license. That's my friend Bo Morgan standing behind me. He came along to help spot and provided invaluable wise counsel.



## BLAST FROM THE PAST

DO YOU KNOW THIS

GUY?(Answer on Page 3)



RHS Life Member, Steve Brock  
with a Cody area Bull.







Games! Raffles!  
Friday Night Rendezvous!  
Saturday Life Member Breakfast!  
Youth Experience! Seminars!

# Join the Crowd in Lander!

Wyoming's 38th Annual Convention will be held at the Lander Community Center on Friday, June 3 and Saturday, June 4, 2022.

Register at: [www.wyomingwildsheep.org](http://www.wyomingwildsheep.org).  
Call (307)213-0998 or Email: [Info@wyomingwildsheep.org](mailto:Info@wyomingwildsheep.org).



Photo Credit: Mark Gocke

## Live Auction Items:

[2022 Wyoming Governor's Big Horn Sheep License](#)  
[2022 Wyoming Governors Bison License](#)  
[2022 Commisisoner's Elk, Deer or Pronghorn Licenses](#)  
[LaPalmosa Mule Deer Hunt, January 2024](#)  
[Desert Sheep Hunt with LaGuarida](#)  
[Sitka Blacktail Deer, Oct 2023](#)  
[Causarina 7 Day Bahamas Vacation for 8](#)  
[Custom Weatherby Backcountry 2.0 in 6.5 WBY/RPM](#)



Scan to Visit our Auction



# **WY-WSF 2022 Live Auction**

## **Saturday, June 4, 2022 at 8 PM**

**View the Complete Auction line Up with Detailed Descriptions, Photos, and Videos at:**

**[Online Hunting Auctions-Click to Visit](#)**

**Text- WYWSF2022 to (510)-617-1112**

**Phone Bidders: Call (307)213-0998**

**5th And Final 2022 Wyo Governor's BH Sheep License**

**Wyoming Governor's Bison License**

**Wyoming Commissioner's licenses for Elk, Deer, Pronghorn**

**Mule Deer Hunt at La Palmosa in Mexico**

**Custom Handmade Saddle Bags By LM Ryan Amundson**

**Maven S-2 Spotting Scope With WY-WSF Logo**

**One Full Day Of Guided Fly Fishing For Two Anglers On The North  
Platte Near Casper with overnight cabin.**

**3 Day 2 Antelope Youth hunt on a private ranch near Gillette in 2023/2024**

**Azyre Gear Women's Clothing Package**

**Sheep Horn Lamp from WYO Backcountry Decor**

**2 Sheep Taxidermy Mounts**

**Desert Sheep Hunt in Mexico with LaGuarida in 2024**

**HA 58 Cow Elk Hunt with Meade Dominick**

**Custom WY-WSF Weatherby Backcountry 2.0 Cowboy in 6.5WPY/RPM**

**7 Day Sitka Blacktail Deer Hunt for 2 on Kodiak Island in 2023**

**7 Night excursion at Causarina at Abaco, Bahamas with room for 8**





# "Our Steelhead Trip With Kent Anderson"

By Damon Gross & Laurie Forrest

Wyoming Wild Sheep Foundation  
Steelhead trip Pacific City Oregon 2022

I was the lucky bidder on this great trip offered by Kent Anderson of Anderson's Outdoors. We met Kent in Pacific City Oregon a day ahead of time and got our licenses secured, made a plan for the next couple days.

7 AM came early the next morning and we were off up river to get fishing. Put the boat in about 7:30 after getting everything situated and Kent doing a little tuning to the new boat, we were underway. Water was a little low and clear, flow was slow not ideal according to Kent. We were going to make the most of it no matter what. Little drizzly and cool we started our first drifts fishing roe bouncing bottom, Kent getting the boat set up and making sure we were in the right spots we got after it.

Laurie my girlfriend hooked up with the first fish of the day and the battle was on. After a couple good runs, we got the fish to the boat and netted. First fish was a wild fish around 8 to 9 pounds and had to be released, after pictures of course! We continued on down the river, switching over to bobbbers and a couple different colors of roe with some scent. Laurie was hooked up again and another battle ensued, not quite as long as the first one

and after a few minutes we had another steelhead to the boat. This one was hatchery fish and we were able to keep. Dinner in the boat now it was my turn to get on a fish, we continued down river hitting all the holes and a couple multiple times. Finally nearing the end of a good run, I get my chance. Kent saying bobber down, bobber down, I reel in some line and raise the rod up. Feeling the head shake, I was looking for I set the hook and the battle was on. After fighting the fish for at least an hour, and having to chase it down river some it spit the hook. No time to cry we got back to it and continued fishing. Ended day 1 with 1 wild 1 hatchery and 1 lost.

Day 2 started at 7 again Kent picking

we had to get down river to a good spot to fight him. Mouth of Farmer Creek we made our stand, I was able to get this one in the net and had my first steelhead keeper. Continued on drifting and working the runs. Towards the end of one of our last runs of the day Laurie was hooked up again and the battle was on. Laurie getting the hang of it by now, and Kent's expert coaching, she had this fish to the net in no time and we had another keeper!

Day 3 found us out again at 7 starting a little lower on the river today we got right to fishing. We drifted down river working bobbbers and roe along the way. Pretty slow day for the most part with a few missed bites and some trout nibbles along the way. Kent keeping things lively with a few stories of the local lore and happenings on the river. Nearing our take-out spot Laurie hooked up again and was into her fifth or sixth steelhead of our trip. This fish looked to be pretty bright and was very hot. Kent saying, he hasn't been in the river very long. He wanted no part of the boat and made a good run straight at us, turned out to the current and gave a head shake. Hook came out and he was gone!



us up and up river we go. Put the boat in and start drifting right away. Cool and drizzly again Laurie had Kent start the propane heater for her right away. Didn't take long and she was into fish again, seeming to have the hot hand I was relegated to taking pictures. Kent coached her through this fish as it seemed to be fairly stout. After several big runs we put him in the net and had our first fish of day 2 Another wild fish, pictures taken and released we got back to fishing. Headed down river enjoying the day and local history from Kent I finally got my next chance,

We finished up our trip with 3 hatchery fish kept, 3 wild fished released, and several more lost along the way. Trip was everything we could have asked for and more. Kent did an awesome job of putting us into fish and working to keep us in fish. His knowledge of the Nestuca River, the fishery, and the local lore was exceptional! He coached us both along the way, kept everything light and fun. Boat accommodations were first class. "Maiden Voyage" on a new Willie boat is hard to beat, quality gear, and an awesome personality made for a true once in a lifetime trip.

Anybody looking to do a Steelhead Trip should consider picking this one up, you will not be disappointed! Bring your bidder # and some cash as I will be back in on this come June at the Wyoming Sheep Dinner.

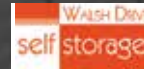






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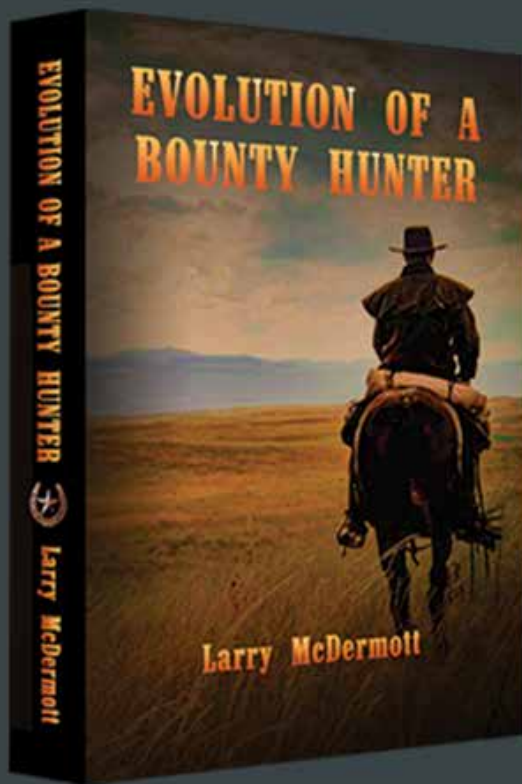


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We at Grizzly Outfitters, LLC pride ourselves in having some of the best guides. Pepper, Tyler, Pat, Jess, Colby, Adrian, Ed, and Brad have all been involved in our operation for many years. They know and understand the game patterns and the terrain.



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Our main lodging is the Cabin Creek Lodge, which is our personal residence, and the Squaw Creek Camp is used for the Wyoming season. We offer excellent accommodations with all the comforts of home. We employ two full time cooks, so be ready to gain some weight with our home style meals.







Ross Gorman  
PHOTOGRAPHY

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