

THE RAM'S HORN

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ARIZONA DESERT BIGHORN SHEEP SOCIETY, INC.
A NON-PROFIT, TAX EXEMPT CORPORATION

Volume 22

Spring '86

#1



THE RAM'S HORN

P.O. Box 5241, Phoenix, Arizona 85010 is the official publication of the Arizona Desert Bighorn Sheep Society, Inc., and is published quarterly for the Society's membership. Current Membership: 800.

Arizona Desert Bighorn Sheep Society, Inc.

ADBSS 1986 BOARD OF DIRECTORS & COMMITTEES

PRESIDENT	H: 943-0454
Joe Bill Pickrell	O: 269-7911
VICE PRESIDENT	H: 996-1997
Jim Marquardt	O: 992-7220
SECRETARY	H: 840-8749
Pete Cimellaro	O: 275-5198
TREASURER	H: 947-7993
Jim Svaboda	O: 244-7411
PAST PRESIDENT	H: 832-8489
Jim Fiedler	O: 981-9400
LEGISLATION	H: 257-1917
Steve Williams	O: 255-4625
PROGRAMS	H: 992-0303
Paul Ruskaup	O: 863-5304
MEMBERSHIP	
Bob Orth	H: 956-5977
RAMS HORN	
Paul Pavlich	H: 997-2146
Larry Heathington	H: 836-9386
PUBLICITY	
Larry Heathington	H: 836-9386
FINANCE	H: 945-7379
Bill Hook	O: 949-3474
PROJECTS	H: 834-0926
Frank Tennant	O: 898-4340
Dean Bowdoin	O: 863-5362
BY LAWS & RESOLUTIONS	
Harry Hussey	H: 942-8104
ZOO	
Win Welch	H: 841-0318
LIBRARY	
Robbie Robinson	H: 834-0816
Administrative Office	(602) 957-0773
3602 E. Campbell, Phoenix, AZ 85018	

NOTE

If you haven't been getting your Ram's Horn, contact ADBSS office.

LIFE MEMBERS:

Lee Arce	Arthur Pearce
James R. Barrow	R. Norman Pearce
Claude Evans	Jack Pinckney
Perry H. Finger	Art Porter
Nicolas Franco	Catherine E. Tuft
John Gillett	Bryon Wiley
Bob Gourley	Greg Wiley
Alan Guenther	Martin F. Wood
Dennis Hankerson	Marvin Wood
Harvey Kadlec	W.T. Yoshimoto

SUSTAINING MEMBERS:

James DeForge
Reinhart Fajen
Drew Getgen
Bill Hook
Greg Pierce

1986 CALENDAR OF EVENTS

PROJECTS

April 5-6	Cabeza Prieta (New Date)
April 19-20	Little Black Mountains
May 3-4	Lost Drill Bit, Van Deeman, Black Mountains
May 3-4	Kingman
May 16	Annual Steak Fry

Board Meeting

The ADBSS Board Meetings are held on the 2nd Wednesday of each month. The meetings are open to all concerned members. Time of meeting: 7:00 p.m. to 9:30 or 10 p.m. For location, call President Joe Bill Pickrell, 269-7911.

SAN CARLOS RAM



A quiet, cold five A.M. was interrupted as my alarm watch beeped its rude message. It didn't matter. I had been awake for hours thinking about the huge desert Ram that had eluded us in the rows of canyons and cliffs of the Ash Creek drainage on the San Carlos Indian Reservation the day before.

The San Carlos, located in East-Central Arizona, acquired its desert sheep almost by accident. At the time of the immensely successful transplant of sheep into Aravaipa Canyon in (1957) the Ash Creek Mineral Strip was not part of the reservation. A number of years ago, though, the San Carlos Reservation won a land dispute with the State, adding the mineral strip to the reservation. This brought the Southern boundary to within a few short miles of what is probably the most fantastic desert sheep hunting anywhere. The natural movement of Rams, plus a spill over of a growing Aravaipa herd and — presto — the San Carlos has a sheep herd. Even though many of the sheep are transitory on and off the reservation it is all the same bunch of sheep.

Early in 1985 the Safari Club International approached the San Carlos Reservation on the subject of a desert sheep hunt to raise funds for the Tribal Game and Fish Department. An agreement was made to raffle one permit, and — I — was lucky enough to win the raffle, held at the SCI banquet in December. Soon plans were made to take full advantage of the best chance I could ever have at taking a really good desert sheep.

My brother-in-law, Mike Morgan, an accomplished hunter himself, was as excited to learn of my good fortune as anyone, and through all the scouting and the hunt itself, Mike was supportive, and a tremendous help. He also photographed the entire adventure.

John Housenga, Pete Cimellaro, Norm Crawford, and Larry Heathington accompanied me on scouting trips before the hunt. My Father, Howard Wiley, provided valuable help in camp, freeing the rest of us to concentrate on the task at hand. Larry and Tom Martin would be on the hunt.

In camp that first night, the strategy for day two was simple. Split up and try to locate the old Ram which had been found on a previous scouting trip. He was the kind of Ram that ends your search for something better — period.

Tom and Larry searched an area a few miles from camp while Mike and I glassed from where the Ram had been seen the day before. After about an hour of glassing, I spotted a good Ram lying on a hidden shelf out of the biting wind. We were not sure it was 'our' Ram until the advancing morning sun rise caught up with the bedded sheeps' secluded ledge. Once the sun's rays caught the flare of his magnificent right horn, there was no doubt.

After feeding for a while, the aging Ram bedded in the welcome sunshine, as sheep usually do. Now it was time to move. Larry and Mike would keep an eye on the Ram from our distant vantage point while Tom and I sneaked on the Ram.

At the risk of sounding corny, it suddenly occurred to me that we were about to embark on what may be the zenith of hunting on the North American Continent. Stalking a truly giant Desert Bighorn Ram in its bed!

As stalks go, this one was not difficult. Peering over the top of a ridge from around 250 yards, Tom nodded his reassurance that the solitary animal was still bedded and unaware of our presence.

At this point I wish I could write that, at the sound of the shot, the game lowered its head, never to rise again. But there is something very humbling about snuggling up to your favorite mountain rifle with its space age plastic stock, and peering through the too all costly optics which you convinced your wife was the only scope you could own, at the sitting duck - can't miss - good as dead sheep, and blowing the Be-Jeepers out of (right next to) the target! And with an audience to boot! Well the Ram was not having any, thanks, as the next view I had of my dream-come-true trophy was a 'high gear retreat'. After a few jumps the Ram paused momentarily, giving me time to make sure the next shot was a winner. Thankfully it was.

Sheep hunting is emotional business and taking one of God's most magnificent creatures stirs mixed feelings. Joy and sorrow at the same time is the only way to describe it.

I wish to thank all my help on the scouting trips and the hunt, and everyone involved with the Safari Club that made this hunt opportunity possible. Also the San Carlos Reservation Game and Fish Department.

Oh yes, and I'll thank my wife, and all the other wives that put up with the fascination inflicted on guys like me, by this magnificent beast.

SUMMARY CHUCKWALLA POT HOLE

February 1st and 2nd, 1986

February's first project found the A.D.B.S.S. in the K.O.F.A. Wildlife Refuge assisting the U.S. Fish and Wildlife in building a new pot hole on the west side of Castle Dome Mountains. A masonry dam was constructed and the pot hole sealed. Estimated capacity of water storage was placed at 50,000 gallons.

A tall gabion was constructed above the pot hole, and a burro fence was completed by noon Sunday. A large shade was to be added later. This pot hole will provide a stable water source in good sheep habitat. The following people were in attendance:

David Marquardt
Andy Marquardt
Randy Barnes
Joyce Barnes
Paul Ruskaup
Pete Cimellaro
Lendell Sherrick
Robby Robinson
Winston W. Welch
Bill Hook
Steve Hill
Gary Warnica
Alex Holgin, Jr.
Harry Hussey
Rick Mollineaux
Bernie Higgins
Tom Yates
Ron Kearns
Alan Kahlen
Jim Fiedler, Sr.
Joe O'Connell
John Weathersby
Frank Tennant

Fred Marquardt
Lorin Crosby
Dan Roberts
Jim Marquardt
Larry Heathington
Mark Kessler
J.R. Tennant
Orie Spegal
Joe Bill Pickrell
Don Hill
Lowell Whitaker
Richard L. Robles
Clinton Caszats
J.S. Stephenson
Don Hendrix
Loyd Barnett
Joe Machac
Bob VandenBerge
Joel David
Jim Fiedler, Jr.
Kris Miller
Dean Bowdoin

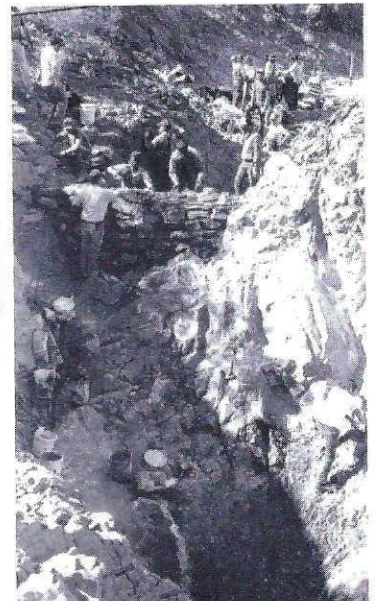
SUMMARY PICACHO-CLANTON POT HOLE

January 11th and 12th, 1986

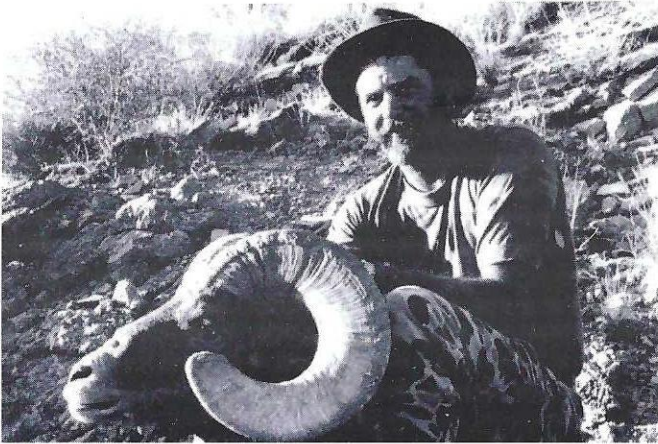
1986's first project was in Picacho-Clanton Hill south of the Eagle Tail Mountains. The project consisted of two masonry dams with shades, and a gabion above to trap silt and debris. Recent reports are that both pot holes are approximately 1/3 full, however, there is some small leaks in both pot holes. (Following were present).

Kraig Johnson
Eric Johnson
Ken Morgan
Patrick Adams
Bruce Barnes
Jim Marquardt
Lendell Sherrick
Jim Diamond
Stephen Williams
Pete Cimellaro
Kris Miller
Bill Sturgeon
Ken Branson
Greg Beyer
Bill Hook
Tom Martin
Jim Fiedler, Sr.
Jim Fiedler, Jr.
Mernice Alkire
Harry Vander Hoek
Bill Werner
Larry Heathington
Doug Wolfe
Steve Weisser
Tyler Weisser
Ronnie Clark

Larry Landes
Robert Gray
Rob Gray
Dick Bauman
Paul Miller
Bill Grooms
Pat & Margie Whaley
Charles Dalton
Gene Dalton
Jack Hall
Larry Dalton
Andy Dalton
Robby Robinson
Myron C. Monroe (Mick)
J. C. Dalton
Dean Bowdoin
Paul Ruskaup
Mark Fredlake
Joe Bill Pickrell
Don Johnson
Frank Tennant
Lendell Sherrick
Dave Hussey
Harry Hussey
Winston Welch
Don Belknap



1985 AUCTION PERMIT



The hunt began shortly after the FNAWS convention in Reno with the first in a series of scouting trips to the KOFA to become familiar with the area and to locate the big rams. Three rams in particular were of interest - Balloon Horns, the Tunnel Mine Ram, and possibly another one that lived near Signal Peak. Members of the ADBSS, the Game and Fish Department, and sheep guides provided the names and locations of these rams from hunts and surveys past. During the first weekend trip in March I saw nine sheep, two rams, no shooters. The four scouting trips in March were very important since the rams had left the ewes, formed their bachelor bands, and had moved from the high country to the lower elevations that they would inhabit during my hunt.

Two of these scouting trips stand out. The first was with Dean Bowdoin and covered the areas from King Well to Kofa Queen Canyon to Tunnel Springs Canyon - the places most people hunt in the west Kofa. Dean's experience with the area was a great help as he showed me all the good look points and described the places where they had taken rams on other hunts. In three days we saw thirty four sheep, twenty three rams, three trophies, and one boomer ram. The second scouting trip that was exceptional was a weekend with Pete Cimellaro and Larry Heathington in Burro Canyon. Altogether we saw seventy sheep including one really fine ram that jumped out of his bed thirty five yards from us and paused long enough for us to be really impressed before he headed for the spires at the head of Surprise Canyon. Kyle Saad took this fine ram during the regular hunt.

In June during the annual water hole surveys, Dean Bowdoin and I sat on High Tanks 7 and 8 respectively. The count for the weekend was over thirty sheep and a dozen deer. All the sheep that came into water were rams and we got some nice pictures. Pete and Larry sat on another waterhole and saw thirty three rams, six in the 170's class - two that were real monsters. After comparing notes with Pete, I decided to concentrate my remaining scouting trips in the area where he and Larry had seen the two big rams.

In November there was an opportunity to participate in a sheep capture in the Kofas and go scouting afterwards. During the capture Bob Vandenberg was kind enough to answer questions about the rams that he had seen during the annual sheep survey the previous week. I was interested in finding out if the sheep that Pete and Larry had seen in June had

scattered during the rut or if they were still in the vicinity of the water hole. They had only seen six rams in the area, but one was the biggest that they had seen on the survey. Bob called him the "King of the Kofa's". I decided to spend the remaining time before the hunt in the east Kofa's looking for that big ram. In the day and a half that was left for scouting after the capture, I saw three full curl rams. The range was in good condition. The plants were greener; the ocotillo had leaves and the little annuals and grasses looked like the spotty summer rains had been better in the south than up by Kofa Queen Canyon.

The final scouting trip before the hunt had to be scheduled after the regular hunters had filled their tags. I didn't want to be looking for sheep while other hunters were in the field. After checking with the Game & Fish Department to be sure the hunters were out and finding out which rams had been taken, I spent the last six days of the regular season looking for the big ram and a good centrally located campsite. The campsite was located the first day in a draw off the beaten path, sheltered from the wind with plenty of firewood and as it turned out - rams within easy walking distance. I saw rams every day, but the jackpot was on Saturday Dec. 21st when ten full curl rams topped the ridge to the west of my look point and proceeded to bang heads, kick and mount each other in a rollicking brawl. The "King of the Kofa" was there with his stove pipe, three quarter curl, flared tip horns along with two full curl heavy horned rams, one two - hands - from - his - face wide full curl heavy overlay lighter horned ram, all of which would make the Boone and Crocket minimum. It was one of the most impressive and exciting bunches of sheep I have ever seen. In four previous sheep hunts in Canada, I had never seen one record book sheep and here in the Kofa were four in one bunch.

The day after Christmas, I picked up Hugh MacAulay at the airport and headed for our campsite, hoping the rams would still be there. None of the rams I had seen so far matched the mental picture of the ram I was looking for, but with so many good ones in the area I was very confident that we would have a great hunt. We decided to spend the first ten days of the season looking for the big full curl Pete had seen with the white collared ram at the water hole count in June. That ram was a long heavy full curl broomed off at 40 inches with a very large body and heavy horns that came up over his nose. The remaining six days of the season would be reserved for one of the big ones seen on the scouting trip.

The first day of the hunt we found the biggest eight rams in the bunch of ten were still together and in the same area. We also found two other rams, one an old full curl trophy ram on the mountain to the south and east. Moe Cowin joined us that night and we had a great time telling sheep stories. We saw fourteen rams the second day, six were farther south and east, but the other eight were to the north where we saw them the day before. They did not seem to be repeats. We decided to get a better look at those rams so we moved to a look point the third day that put us right next to them. We saw eighteen rams that day including six record book rams. The first three days of the hunt we saw thirty two mature rams within four miles of camp and we were convinced that we had found sheep hunters heaven. The only sheep that was

cont'd

cont'd

missing was the big ram and his white collared buddy.

Moe left and my hunting partner Jim Mecey joined us on Sunday. We decided to leave those rams alone and hunt the fringe ranges of little hills to the south and west of camp. The country was very broken and difficult to hunt and the sheep would be hard to see without a lot of walking. We split up most days to cover more ground and to have someone move the truck to where we would come out. This was more like text book hunting - lots of glassing - and only three small rams in five days of hard hunting. There were sheep out on the flats away from the mountains as we saw their unmistakable tracks cross our tire tracks in the road on the way back to the car in the evening, but we couldn't find any big rams. We even spent two days hunting the higher country to the north west, but knew we were in the wrong spot when we turned up lots of ewes and young rams. We did see two large trophy mule deer bucks that any deer hunter would have been proud to take.

After six days of seeing no trophy sheep, we had to go back and look for those rams near camp. We had been hunting a total of nine days and had covered the area from every angle. We had found the white collared ram but were convinced that he was alone. We also found a really large ram with one horn knocked off that could have been a boomer. There could have been a few big rams in the country that we missed, but there weren't a lot of sheep. If our big ram was out there, it seemed like we could look for a month and still not be sure that we'd find him. We had one more day to look and then it was going to be time to be getting down to business. We decided to see if those big rams were still there after a week and to see if any new big ones had showed up.

We climbed the butte behind camp for a look before daylight and watched four rams all day. Two of the ram's were in the 170's class and it was good to see the trophies were still in the area. While we were having lunch, a young ram walked out on the rock ledge above us and posed for a picture. He made a very curious spitting sound that seemed to be an alarm signal. He belonged to a bunch of ewes and lambs that lived on the butte behind camp. That night I didn't sleep very well as the decision was at hand whether to take a sheep tomorrow or to circle the mountain to the east where we saw seven rams. We had never been on the far side of that mountain and were wondering whether the ram we were looking for was over there.

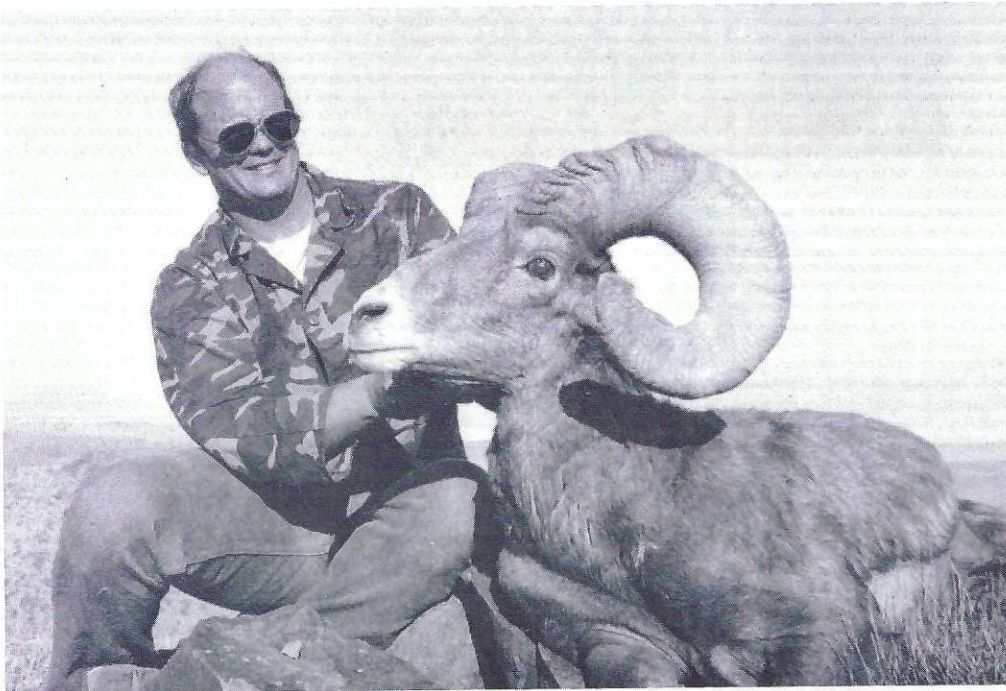
On the morning of the eleventh day of the hunt we decided to circle the mountain to the east and look for one more day. As we topped out on the cliff band to the mountain, the sun hit the ridge tops of the ram country to the north. Three rams came over the ridgeline in the early morning sunlight and one looked like a keeper. Jim stayed to watch them with the spotting scope as Hugh and I took off for the stalk. After three hours, we had closed the distance to where the sheep looked too small. The ram was a nice full curl with heavy overlay, but the horns were too light. They were bedded in the basin above us when we backed out and left them. Jim thought we lost them in the broken country and really steamed off the mountain to tell us where they were when we showed up at the rendezvous point. We discussed strategy for the rest of the day as we ate lunch. It was too late to circle the mountain to the south east by now, so after lunch Hugh and I headed east while Jim made a run into Quartsite for the phone and supplies.

We climbed out of the wash around three o'clock and I kidded Hugh about letting him see the sheep first for the last couple of days. He didn't say much, then started to get out his spotting scope. I could tell he had seen sheep. There were three rams about a half a mile away. Two were bedded on the top of a rock pile half way up the ridge we called the "little green hills" and the third was in a cut behind a palo verde. We casually watched the three rams for half an hour before all three of them got up and started feeding up the ridge. Once the big ram was up, we decided to get closer for a better look. Positioned about six hundred yards from the three rams, the big one still looked very nice. He was a full curl ram with a very big body. The horns appeared to be 15 x 36 and they carried the mass as well as any of the full curl rams we had seen. He wasn't as large as the stove pipe ram, or the loose curl thirty eight and a half incher, but he had a classic heavy full curl trophy look that was very impressive. He was the third best ram we had seen in thirty two days of scouting and hunting. We estimated that he would score 174 to 176 with 15 inch bases and a possible 180 if they were better. We decided to make a stalk.

The wind was blowing hard and swirling from a dust storm that was threatening from the west when we decided to intercept and approach the sheep from the bottom. We agreed that if the sheep was not as large as we estimated when we got closer we would back off as before. The rams looked into the basin where they were headed for fifteen or twenty minutes before they were calm enough to start feeding. Once they were committed we took off as fast as possible to intercept them. Traveling up the rocky wash bottom we were very well hidden, but the wind was a concern as well as the possibility that we'd bump into the sheep and spook them at close range. As we came around a bend in the wash there was a ram feeding on an ocotillo at sixty yards. It turned out to be the smallest of the three, but at that range he looked like he had very heavy bases. I realized that the gun wasn't loaded at this point and tried to slip a shell into the magazine as quietly as possible. The sheep heard the shell sliding home and a stare down started. After about a minute the sheep resumed feeding and we became intent on finding the others. A blast of wind carried our scent to the ram and gravel scattered everywhere as he hit overdrive scaling the sides of the cut. He paused on the side of the hill and looked back as the two other rams joined him from the brushy ridge on the right side of the draw. The gun was up and resting on my walking stick when the cross hairs settled on the big ram's shoulder. Hugh said, "He's as big as we thought", and the blast of the .270 knocked the ram off his feet in a flash. The other two rams didn't look back as they churned over the ridge line back to the right.

This sheep hunt was my fifth and completes my grand slam. Of all the hunts, this one was the best as far as the number of trophy rams, the quality of the trophies available, the weather, and the ease of walking. The ram green scored 170 with 14 $\frac{3}{8}$ bases and 35 $\frac{5}{8}$ length. After a bout of how we did overestimate those bases and asking myself the question, "What's more important — the trophy or the score?" I'm extremely happy with my ram and very pleased to have had the opportunity to participate in the hunt. It's also nice to know that the conservation efforts on the behalf of the desert bighorn sheep in the Kofa have resulted in such a healthy herd of quality animals.

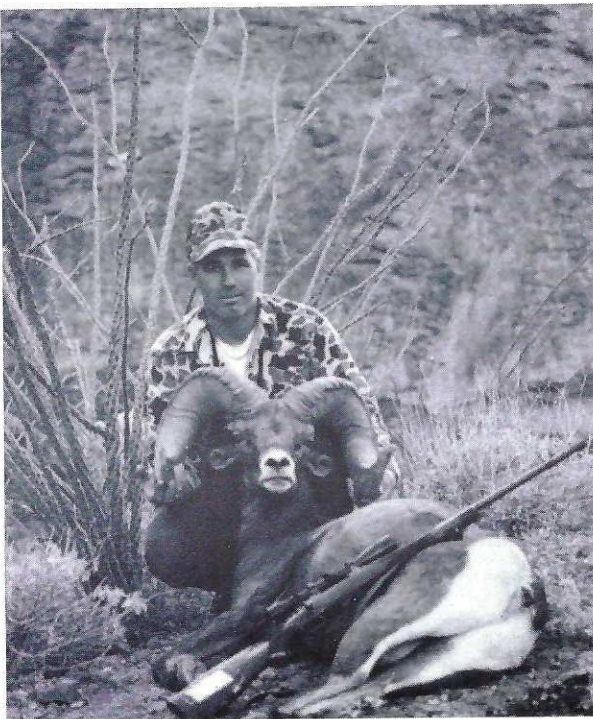
THE HUNT



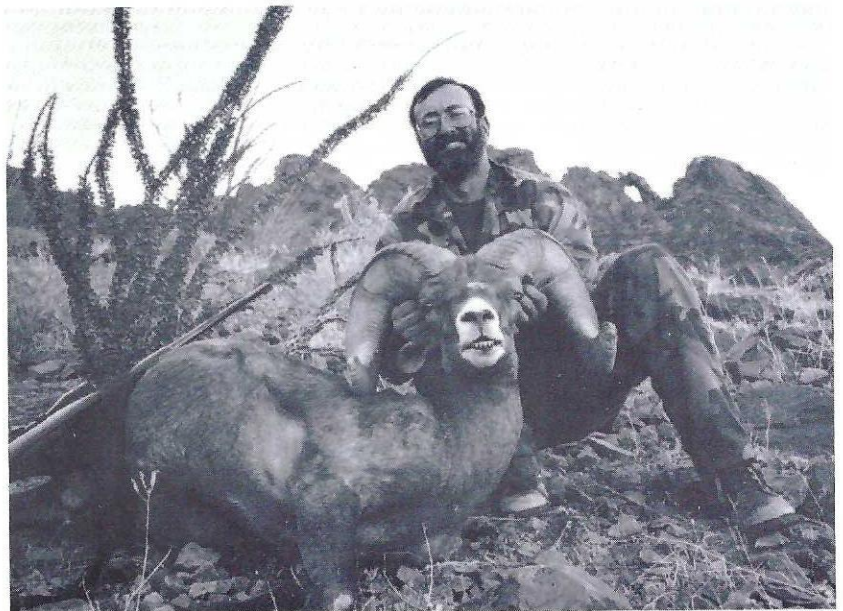
G. K. Remaklus of Scottsdale with his ram from Unit 15B west. The ram was taken from a herd of eight mature rams

Protect Our *Watchable Wildlife* With a Checkoff or a Check

More than 700 species of nongame wildlife -- *Watchable Wildlife* -- are found in Arizona. You can help protect these valuable wildlife by checking the appropriate contribution box on your 1985 Arizona State tax form. Support the Arizona Game and Fish Department's Nongame *Watchable Wildlife* program. Check your tax form and help our nongame *Watchable Wildlife*.



William Hever took this ram in the West Kofas using a 7mm Magnum, hitting it 2 out of 3 times at 600 yards.



This picture is of Felix Sanchez. His permit was in Unit 44B, Plomosa Mountains. Felix saw 23 rams on the hunt, taking his ram on the 7th day. His trophy scored 160. Guided by Ronnie Clark of Desert Bighorn Outfitting.

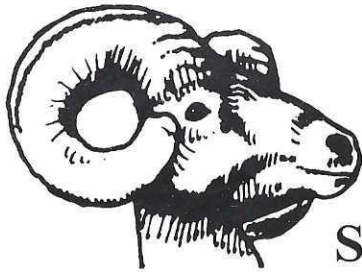
THE RAM'S HORN

P.O. BOX 5241
PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85010



BH000848A 8512 8335651
MATTHEW DOMINY
1415 E BATES RD
MESA AZ 85203

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED



Send Pictures!

Had a successful hunt???? Send us an article, along with pictures, and we will print them in the Rams Horn.

REWARD Report Wildlife Violations

The ADBSS offers a \$1,000 Reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of anyone poaching bighorn sheep in Arizona.

CALL: 1-800-352-0700

TRINKETS

Arizona Bighorn Sheep Society shirts, books, Koozie cups, prints and pins are available.

Contact Bill Hook, 949-3474

Any member interested in running for a board position, contact nomination's chairman, Bill Hook 949-3474.

MEMBERSHIP INVITATION

Individuals who are interested in promoting the welfare of the Desert Bighorn Sheep and desire to affiliate with an organization dedicated to this purpose may do so by joining the Arizona Bighorn Sheep Society, Inc.

The membership roster of the Society includes conservationists, sportsmen, professional wildlife managers, educators, biologists, photographers and just plain folks all interested in the Arizona Desert Bighorn Sheep.

The Society undertakes an annual program of several (usually 5) major habitat improvement construction projects in cooperation with and under the direction of the State and Federal agencies responsible for management of the Desert Bighorn Sheep.

One of the more important projects of the Society is the conduction of the annual Sheep Clinic training program.

In addition to projects, members of the Society participate in other conservation and game management activities; a special legislative committee of the Society closely watches legislation that may affect the sheep or its habitat and general welfare.

While the opportunities for active participation are numerous, such participation is not a prerequisite for membership. All interested persons are encouraged to join, the Society needs and welcomes your moral and financial support.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

I hereby make application for membership in the Arizona Desert Bighorn Sheep Society, Inc., and enclose my membership donation. DONATIONS ARE TAX DEDUCTIBLE.

New membership prices are as follows:

Regular membership	\$25.00/yr.
Youth membership	\$15.00/yr.
Sustaining membership	\$100.00/yr.
Lifetime membership	\$500.00

RENEWAL NEW MEMBERS DATE _____

NAME _____ TEL. NO. _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Make checks payable to Arizona Desert Bighorn Sheep Society, Inc.
P.O. BOX 5241 • PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85010