

Las Vegas Woods and Waters
Since 1991

GAMEBAG

"all we want to do is hunt and fish and talk about it"



August 2 015, Issue 284

August 12th Lunch Program: Archery in schools recap NASP

August is **Bring a Kid to Lunch Month**. so bring your kid, grandkid or the neighbor kid, the club will buy their lunch and have a special door prize drawing just for the kids (must be under 18 to qualify for a free lunch). We also hope to have a few kids from the organizations we supported this year stop by and give us a short presentation on how they utilized the funds we provided.

August 29th is the last Angler of the Year event....**Striper Fishing at Lake Mead**. Honcho Randy Weaver. This is always an early morning affair before it gets to darn hot and the fish stop biting. Generally the crew meets at the dock around 5am and fishes until 10. Everyone with a boat is especially invited, more boats are always needed, if you plan to fish and have a boat please contact Randy at 702 460-7829 as he needs to pair up guys and boats to make sure everyone gets out on the lake. Water levels are down but the fishing should be good as each year lots of striper are landed. The club hires a fishing guide to help out the club, getting a seat on the guides boat is highly sought after as you are almost guaranteed to catch fish, Randy may have some special incentives if you want a shot at the guide boat so contact Randy for the specifics. August 29 4:50am Lake Mead Marina also known as Boulder Harbor. The Club fishing guide John will lead the charge to the prime fishing locations so you don't want to be late.



Yuma AZ Dove Hunt 2015

As dove season approaches I want to tie down a solid trip. That in mind here are the details: Drive down to Yuma Arizona on Thursday the 3rd of Sept. Hunt Friday (Sept 4th) and Saturday (Sept 5th) Morning / Evening and Morning of the 6th.

Reserve your rooms now!! All hotels are filling up quick since this is Labor Day weekend and opening week of Dove Season. Hotel: Holiday Inn Express 2044 South Avenue 3E Yuma, AZ. 85365 Phone # 928/317-1400

Get your license online: <https://az.gov/azgfd/license/home.xhtml>

3-Day Non Residential - \$61.25 Dove Stamp - \$4.50

Last year we had a great hunt with most hunters getting their daily limit. We have scouted the territory and know the places to slay the birds so join us for the fun.

E-Mail Russ at russ@cordcruncher.com or call 702-271-0430 with any questions/concerns.

Next meeting Wednesday September 9th, 12 noon at Charlie's Lakeside located at 8603 W. Sahara (Sahara and Durango) price 20\$



www.LVWoodsWaters.org



Presidents Message.....Sean Cassidy

August is upon us and to all the members and friends hitting the field in search of Antelope, deer and elk I say good luck. The hunting season is upon us and I can't stress enough to all to be safe in the field. We want to hear the stories when you get back in one piece. This is a great month to get things in order if your tags are later in the fall, but it's also a great time to get shotguns out and get some exercise in the dove fields.

As we draw closer to fall it leads to the thought of our next major club function the annual Fall Feast and pig roast. Mark your calendars for Sept 12th and the annual pig out at the County Shooting Park. Be ready for a full day of shooting and eating.

August is the annual kids luncheon for all members. We would love to have all the kids and grandkids come and enjoy the luncheon and listen to some great stories and video from Mike Reese's Alaskan fishing adventure and Neil's trip to the Ruby Mountains.... Come one come all we look forward to a great attendance.

Now is the time to start making plans on attending our annual Striper Fishing Derby hosted by Randy Weaver. Grab a friend and a boat and make a plan to join us. Last year we had 6 boats in the water and we're looking to make it ten this year.

Hope to see everyone at the luncheon

Enjoy the Summer....

Sincerely, Sean Cassidy

LVWW President 2015

Fall Feast Sept 12th at CCSC

This is always one of the better attended events as there is **FREE** food for all...members, families, friends and neighbors all are welcome. Mike Reese usually handles the shooting event either trap or skeet or sporting clays, he always adds a fun twist to keep things interesting. There is a cost for the shoot to be determined but there is a chance to get your money back in the Lewis Class scoring system. Cal Heinbach has taken over the pig roasting duties the past couple years and he does a fantastic job the rest of the fixins are provided by The Road Kill Grill. This is a Marksman of the Year shooting event and a great way to brush up on the fall bird season. Dove season will be in full gear, see info on page 1 for the Yuma Dove Hunt too.



The July **Archery Shoot** date has slipped a bit. Honcho Sean Cassidy is trying to secure a location, date and time for this annual Marksman of the Year Event. Most likely an evening event after work will be on the schedule in late July or early August. Stay tuned for more information as it comes together, email blasts will keep everyone informed of the details. The plan is to have a cool indoor range where the summer heat will not come into play for the event.

What I Did On My Spring Vacation by Gordon Warren

The bush pilot periodically reported our altitude to an air traffic controller. When I asked why, he said, "So they'll know at what elevation to search for our bodies if we fly into a mountain." I and the other two hunters, Mark from the San Francisco area and Dale from Dallas, exchanged looks. I nervously tightened my seatbelt as we flew beneath snow-covered peaks in Harvey Flying Service's four-seat Grumman Widgeon on our way to a brown bear camp.

We had signed up for a 12-day hunt (April 28-May 9) on Kodiak Island, Alaska where monster brown bears roam. Mark came with a .338 magnum, Dale with a 70-pound bow, and I with a Remington .375 H&H magnum. We were the only hunters on the annual spring hunt hosted each year by the outfitters, Gus and Koreen Lamoureux (alaskafishandhunt.com). We each had our own guide, and our daily hunting areas never overlapped.

Hunters are required to check in with the Alaska Fish & Game office in the City of Kodiak for orientation and to pick up a locking-tag, as well as check out and return a permit report when they leave the island. Non-resident hunters must be accompanied by a registered guide or an Alaskan resident (within the second degree of kindred and holding a hunting license), either of whom must be within 100 yards when the non-resident attempts to take game.

We were told to wear hip boots on the plane because it would land a few yards from shore on Kaiugnak Bay at the southeastern edge of the main island in the Kodiak archipelago. The guides hunted in hip boots and advised us to do the same but we found them awkward and unnecessary. So we hunted in muck boots or hiking boots. At splash down, our gear was taken to two cabins fitted with bunk beds, a kerosene heater, and a wood stove (which I used to dry my clothes every night). Because you generally are not allowed to fly and hunt on the same day in Alaska, we spent the rest of the day checking our weapons' zero and glassing distant mountain slopes. We saw several goats but no bears except for one walking on a beach far across the bay.

We were fed well during our stay—beef, moose, salmon, and fresh king crab, among other meals. Dinner was usually served at 10 p.m. when we had returned from our hunts. We ate breakfast at 7 and by 8:30 took a twenty-minute boat ride across Kaiugnak Bay, heading to areas called Seal Beach, Buck Valley, Bald Point, etc. The hike up from the chert-covered beaches was about 150 yards on a slick, muddy, 35-degree bear trail that forced me to use the rifle's composite stock as a walking stick while I clung to salmonberry bushes with my left hand, a daily ordeal I came to dread.

Where were the bears? Anywhere. Everywhere. We glassed them crossing snow-covered saddles at 2,400 feet, meandering through valleys, and prowling beaches. Although we saw bears every day, they were often small, a sow with cubs, or too far away. Several hours would pass without seeing one. Occasionally, we found fresh bear tracks pressed atop our morning boot prints when we hiked back to the beach at night. One evening a bear rose up on the trail and huffed at us from about thirty yards as we climbed to the ridge crest before descending for the boat ride back to camp. The Kodiak brown bear (*Ursus arctos middendorffi*), an Alaskan grizzly sub-species, may weigh up to 1,600 pounds and can sprint at over 30 m.p.h. They flee from hunters most of the time. But sometimes they don't.

On the second day, about 6:15 p.m., we were glassing from the northern part of a ridge that faced Buck Valley and partly paralleled the beach. My guide, Bret, whom I met at the 2015 SCI convention in Las Vegas, spotted a bear at 1,300 yards and estimated its size at 8½ to 9½ feet. A bear's size is calculated by laying the relaxed hide on the ground (not stretched on a frame), then measuring the distance between the two front claws and from the nose tip to the tip of the tail, adding the two figures, and dividing by two. I had told Bret that, for the first six days of the hunt, I did not want to shoot any bear that was less than nine feet. Because





the bear possibly met my criterion, we prepared to leave but waited until he appeared to bed down.

We then plunged downhill through the dense alders that dominate Kodiak, and hiked across what looked like a flat grassy field yet actually consisted of grass hummocks interwoven with narrow deep bear trails. Over an hour after leaving the ridge, we climbed up from a chert-lined creek bed to reach a position that Bret thought would put me within shooting range. Before I arrived on Kodiak, the outfitter had advised me not to take any shot over 100 yards but the guides stretched it to 200 yards, warning us not to stop shooting until told to stop.

We crept to the top of a short hill just when the bear stepped out of some alders. At 70 yards, Bret realized that he had overestimated the bear's size that he now figured was just eight feet and change, the average Kodiak brown bear taken by both residents and non-residents. I debated for several minutes before deciding not to shoot because it was only the second day of a 12-day hunt. Bret then pulled out a predator call and began screeching on it. The bear stood up on his hind legs, turned, and raced panic-stricken from the racket.

I hunted with Bret for four days, going back the next morning to Seal Beach, where we had gone the first day, and then back again to Buck Valley. By the fourth day, when I glassed the same eight-foot bear heading north out of Buck Valley, I was so tired I wished I had shot it two days earlier. Bret, who had been coughing for days, was evacuated the next morning after the outfitter learned he had been coughing up blood.

On the fifth day, May 2, I headed back to Buck Valley with Lyle, an experienced guide, and Steve, a recently licensed guide. When I groaned at hiking up the Buck Valley trail two days in a row, Lyle cheerfully predicted, "Gordon, at the end of 12 days, you'll be in great shape." "Or dead," I murmured. That day we glassed on the southern part of the same ridge from which Bret and I had hunted. It turned out to be a good location because there was no alder maze to navigate when we dropped into the valley.

About 7:30 that evening, Steve spotted a bear at 1,900 yards. Both guides believed that it would measure over nine feet. The bear had not bedded down when we began our stalk so I was not optimistic about finding him. Taking only my rifle, we traveled fast and reached the general area within 45 minutes. Steve moved 125 yards to our left, trying to glimpse the bear. Lyle and I sat quietly to give the bear time to relax if it had heard our approach. After about ten minutes we began moving forward. At 150 yards, we saw a large male bear emerge from the alders. So far, the wind had been blowing toward us. A brown bear's eyesight is comparable to ours but its sense of smell is far superior, which worried me a little. They can scent carrion from 18 miles, and I hadn't showered in six days!

After the bear turned back into the alders, we resumed our stalk and crouched down within 100 yards. Although I had trained my rifle on an opening at the right side of the alders, he emerged from the left and began ambling in our direction. Lyle threw his frame pack on the ground for me to lie across as a rest. The bear began circling, apparently trying to identify us. He kept raising his nose, testing the air, trying to get our scent. I had to keep shifting my position on the pack so I could cover him with my rifle as he padded closer. Suddenly, he turned toward us. "Shoot when you're ready," Lyle whispered. Brush and tall grass obscured so much of the bear's body that I didn't have a clear shot at his shoulder. I wanted to break him down so we wouldn't have to pursue a wounded bear into an alder thicket. At forty yards, he stepped into an open space. Lyle by then was drumming his fingers on my shoulder: "Any time, Gordon! Any time!"

When the Leupold scope's cross-hairs settled on the bear's left shoulder, I fired. The bear collapsed on his right side, struggled repeatedly to get up on his left side, but kept falling back as it stared hard at us, never making a sound. "Good shot," Lyle exclaimed, "keep shooting." The bear had fallen into a depression that made it difficult to find a good target but I fired anyway, taking out the bottom part of a lung. Still struggling to stand, the bear showed no reaction. I jumped up and moved a few feet to the left. As the bear turned his head to its left, I fired at his neck. The bullet shattered the first vertebra and he died instantly. I reloaded, having fired all three shots in about eight seconds.

As we cautiously eased up behind the bear, I fired an insurance shot behind his shoulder. The front part of the body leaped about a foot off the ground. Thinking that he might still be alive, I chambered another round but Lyle stopped me from shooting. The bear, he said, was dead. The impact of a Barnes 300-grain TSX bullet traveling at over 2,400 feet/second had caused the lifelike movement. For the record, I did not "harvest" the bear in the vernacular of the politically correct silliness that is polluting the English language. I killed the bear.

Brown bear hunters probably should avoid taking the heart-lung shot that is often used on antlered game, unless it's the only reasonable shot. True, such a shot will kill the bear. Eventually. But "eventually" could get you mauled or killed. A heart-lung shot will not always drop a brown bear instantly, allowing time for pain and adrenaline to fuel an enraged charge. Mark, the California hunter, made a perfect heart-lung shot on a wonderful 9'10" bear at 200 yards on a beach but the bear didn't fall. Fortunately, the bear fled from the two guides and Mark, who missed a running shot as the bear bolted to the top of an adjacent ridge where it thrashed around before dying. Despite their huge size, brown bears can run almost as fast as leopards. Think you can outrun an attacking brown bear on Kodiak's terrain? Mr. Brown can cover 100 meters in a sizzling 10.3 seconds. The world track record for men, unencumbered by gear and heavy boots, is 9.58 seconds. Is your last will and testament in order?

We arrived back at camp very late, and ate dinner at midnight. The next day, the guides skinned the bear and measured the relaxed hide at 10 feet eight inches between the front claws and 9 feet 4 inches from nose to tail for a total of twenty feet. Thus, the bear measured exactly ten feet. Even after the hide had been fleshed, it still weighed 100 pounds. Although Fish & Game requires all meat to be salvaged, an exception is made for brown bears (unless taken with a subsistence permit) which are considered inedible. The guides left the carcass in the field for eagles and other predators but gave me the penis bone as another 'trophy.' While it was a large bear, Fish & Game measured the skull at only 26 and 5/16 inches after sealing the hide, and tentatively estimated the bear's age at 8-9 years. The hide also had a significant rub, which is not what a hunter likes to see but, for a bear that big, I was willing to ignore the rub. Maybe some day, I'll try to hunt down a Kodiak monster with a hide in prime condition. Maybe.



Gordon with his prize



Mark the other hunter in camp with his bear

BUY—SELL— TRADE

Buyers & sellers agree to obey all firearms laws and local regulations in all transactions and hold LVW&W harmless.

Steve Linder has some great quality items for sale, great for the fall hunts. Badlands 4500 pack NEW with tags. \$250, Swarovski SLC 15x56 binoculars NEW, \$1700 and Leupold VX-III 8.5x25x50 Gold Ring Long Range rifle scope \$850. Contact Steve at 702 525-8911 or SKIA36@aol.com

Savage 30-06 Model 110 with 3x9 Simmons scope \$415 contact Neil Dille 702 234-7215

New members: Magdi Ghali

Welcome to the club make sure president Sean Cassidy gets you a new hat at lunch, invite a friend to join the club. If you see a new face at lunch say hi, introduce yourself and welcome the guys to the club. Invite them to one of our next shoots or outings.



I took my son and grand kids fishing out of Sturgeon Bay, Wi. into Lake Michigan. It was a miserable day weather wise. We were in and out of rain showers, therefore, we all got wet and cold. The temperature was about 55 (it beats 110). However, the fishing was good. We caught 12 salmon weighting from 13 to 20 pounds. I had to help my grand kids reel them in and my arms got very tired from all the action, so when the captain said we were going in after 4 hours of fishing, I was glad. Al Scholen

A man gets stopped by a game warden with his basket full of fish.

Warden: do you have a permit for all these fish?

Man: no sir. These are all my pet fish.

Warden: your pet fish? How's that?

Man: well, every night I take all my pet fish for a walk to the lake, I let them swim for about half hour and then I whistle and they all come back and jump in my basket and we go home. We do this every night.

Warden: Well that's just a crock of lies!!

Man: here I'll show you... (Releases the fish in the lake)

Warden: well this I got to see!!

5 minutes later...

Warden: well??

Man: what?

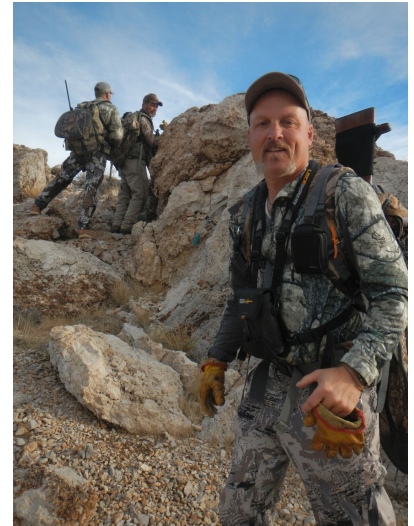
Warden: the fish!! Where's your pet fish??

Man: what fish??

ANNOUNCEMENTS

LVWW Marksman Angler Events

- August- Bring a kid to lunch month 12 noon at Charlie's Lakeside
Lake Mead Striper Fishing 29th
Honcho Randy Weaver 460-7829
- September- Yuma Dove Hunt 4-5-6th (not a Marksman of the Year event)
Honcho Russ Johnson 271-0430
Fall Feast trap or sporting clays at CCSC 19th
Honcho Mike Reese and Cal Heinbach
- October- HUNTING SEASON no events scheduled, help a buddy on his
hunt if you don't have one of your own.
- November: Silhouette Turkey Shoot at CCSC



In the News/Coming Events

Clark County Advisory Board to Manage Wildlife
Next Meeting Saturday Sept 22nd 5:30pm-9:00 pm at Government Center, Pueblo rm
500 S Grand Central Pkwy.

Please contact me with comments
or articles you want in the GB.
Brian Patterson 702-715-2020
admin@lvwoodsandwaters.org

Ken Johnson is looking for a dove hunting partner or partners to leave LV on Monday Aug 31 hunt Parker AZ Tues.
Sept. 1 & 2 then drive to Yuma on 3rd & hunt w/ club 4th & 5th come back home On Sun. 6th. Anyone interested call me
702-221-0592 or 702-858-8551. Thanks
Cheers, Ken

September Fall Feast is to include an outdoorsmans Swap Meet! Buy-Sell-Trade some of your gear. Everyone has
some gear in their closet or garage or gun safe that is still in good working order but you simply don't use it any longer.
Why not recycle it to someone else who will use it? The club will be setting up an area at the Fall Feast to bring stuff
to sell or trade. Get rid of some things and replace them with something else.....quad, boat, guns, scopes, binoculars,
knives, clothes, tents, fishing rods, bbq's, lanterns, stoves, propane tanks, coolers, ammo etc. clear out some room for
new stuff. Ralph Willits will be in charge with more details to follow. We may set up tables for you or simply sell items
out of the back of your truck after lunch. mark your calendar for Sept 12 at CCSC.

Marksman of the Year Standings

2015 standings after 3 events

Dave Famiglietti	25 pts
Clayton Philipp	23 pts
Mike Reese	21 pts
Craig Wright	18 pts
Ralph Willits/Al Scholen	17 pts

Angler of the Year Standinags

2015 standings after 3 events

Larry Cusimano	23 pts
Mark Gallear	20 pts
Brian Patterson	18 pts
Ralph Willits	15 pts
Sean Cassidy/Steve Linder	14 pts

"Choose a job you love, and you will never have to work a day in your life."
Confucius

The GameBag

Las Vegas Woods and Waters Club
P. O. Box 29081
Las Vegas, Nevada 89126-3081
[www. LVWoodsandWaters.org](http://www.LVWoodsandWaters.org)

Email: admin@lvwoodsandwaters.org
Editor: Brian Patterson 702 715-2020

www.LVWoodsWaters.org

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION—LAS VEGAS WOODS & WATERS CLUB

PO Box 29081 Las Vegas, Nevada 89126-9081
admin@lvwoodsandwaters.org

Annual Membership Due \$50

Name: _____ Amount Due with application \$50

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Email: _____

Cell Phone: _____ Home Phone: _____

Payment: Check____ Cash____ Visa____ MC____

Account No: _____ Expires: _____

Signature: _____ Date: _____

“all we want to do is hunt, and fish and talk about it”

JOKES

Hi Bob, This is Alan next door. I'm sorry buddy, but I have a confession to make to you.

I've been riddled with guilt these past few months and have been trying to pluck up the courage to tell you to your face, but I am at least now telling in text as I can't live with myself a moment longer without you knowing.

**The truth is, I have been sharing your wife, day and night when you're not around.
In fact, probably more than you, particularly in the mornings after you've left for work.
I haven't been getting it at home recently, but that's no excuse I know.**

The temptation was just too much.... I can no longer live with the guilt and I hope you will accept my sincerest apologies and forgive me.

I promise that it won't happen again. Regards, Alan.

THE CONSEQUENCES

Bob, feeling anguished and betrayed, immediately went into his bedroom, grabbed his gun, and without a word, shot his wife twice, killing her instantly. He returned to the den where he poured himself a stiff drink and sat down on the sofa. He took out his phone to respond to the neighbor's text and saw he had another message.

THE REPLY

Hi Bob, This is Alan next door again. Sorry about the slight "typo" on my last text, I expect you worked it out anyway, but as I'm sure you noticed, my predictive text changed 'WiFi' to 'Wife'. Technology hey?!? Hope you saw the funny side of that. Regards, Alan.

Tree Huggers

A woman from Los Angeles, who was a tree hugger, a liberal Democrat, and an anti-hunter, purchased a piece of timberland near Colville, WA. There was a large tree on one of the highest points in the tract. She wanted a good view of the natural splendor of her land, so she started to climb the big tree.

As she neared the top, she encountered a spotted owl that attacked her. In her haste to escape, the woman slid down the tree to the ground and got many splinters in her crotch. In considerable pain, she hurried to a local ER to see a doctor.

She told him she was an environmentalist, a Democrat, an anti-hunter and how she came to get all the splinters.

The doctor listened to her story with great patience, and then told her to go wait in the examining room and he would see if he could help her. She sat and waited three hours before the doctor reappeared.

The angry woman demanded, "What took you so long?" He smiled and then told her, "Well, I had to get permits from the Environmental Protection Agency, the Forest Service, and the Bureau of Land Management before I could remove old-growth timber from a "recreational area" so close to a waste treatment facility. I'm sorry, but due to Obama Care...they turned you down."