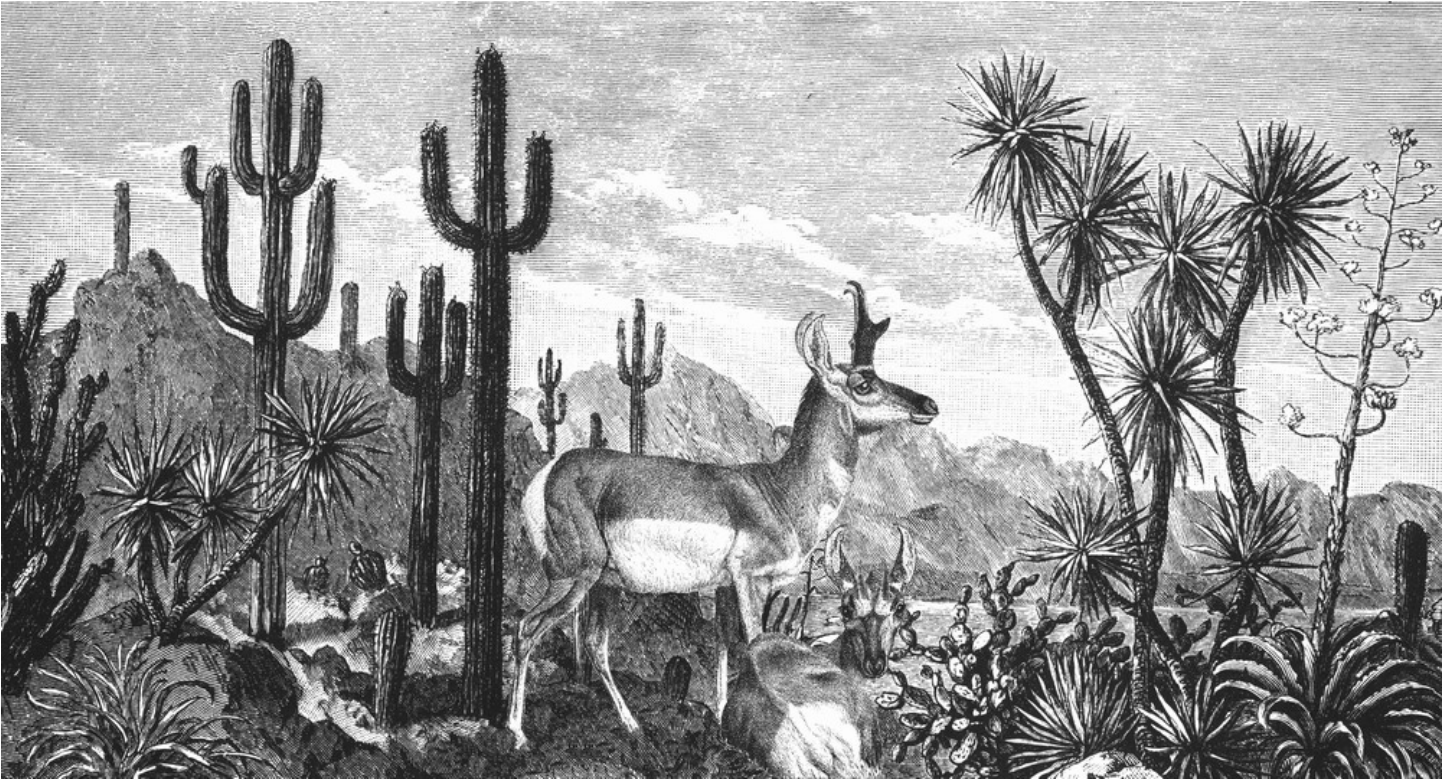




PRONGHORN

Official Publication of the Arizona Antelope Foundation, Inc., a Non-Profit, Tax-Exempt Corporation ~ Volume 12, Number 2, 2nd Quarter 2006



THERE'S STILL TIME.....

Don't miss the 3rd Annual Fundraising Banquet. See details on page 3

Don't miss the 14th Annual Hunter Clinic. See details on page 15



IN THIS ISSUE:

- Horseshoe Ranch Update
- Big Lake Work Project Report
- Arizona Wildlife Trophies 2005
- Sonoran Pronghorn Update
- Outdoor Life Article "Hunting in the Land of the Pita"
- Anderson Mesa Project Report
- Super Raffle
- Special Tag Fund Historical Revenue
- Rifle Raffle
- Aging Study
- AAF Adopt-A-Herd Program
- Hunter Clinic

ARIZONA ANTELOPE FOUNDATION, INC.

2006 Executive Board

President

Dave Laird
623-936-3533

Vice President

Brian George
480-946-5209

Secretary

Tice Supplee
602-468-6470

Treasurer

Jim Mehen
928-527-0340

Immediate Past President

Jim Unmacht '04 & '05
623-570-0534

Directors

David Brown Thom Hulen
602-973-0591 602-619-0717

Sue Foote Scott Anderson
623-936-3533 480-213-1611

Matt Massey
480-926-2086

Board of Governors

Pete Cimellaro '93
602-840-8749

Jim McCasland '94
520-445-3886

Mike Cupell '95
602-993-3803

Nancy Lewis '96
602-942-7682

David Brown '97
602-973-0591

Joe Bill Pickrell '98
602-943-0454

Don Johnson '99
602-278-3010

Bill McLean '00
480-671-7392

Warren Leek '01
602-494-0213

Bill Keebler, '02
602-433-9077

Jerry Guevin '03
480-946-3648

Ex-Officio Member

Richard Ockenfels
602-789-3379

LIFE MEMBERS

Art Pearce, Phoenix
Larry D. Adams, Bullhead City
Nina Gammons, Payette, ID
Pete Cimellaro, Phoenix
Harry Carlson, Phoenix
Art Boswell, Tucson
Chrissy Weiers, Phoenix
Mary Keebler, Happy Jack
James Stewart, Phoenix
Dale Hislop, Calgary Canada
George Welsh, Kingman

Jim Mehen, Flagstaff
James K. McCasland, Prescott
Nancy Lewis, Phoenix
Jerry Weiers, Phoenix
David Brown, Phoenix
Charlie Kelly, Scottsdale
Al Sue, Scottsdale
Bill Keebler, Happy Jack
Terry Schupp, Tempe
Mike Rusing, Tucson

HONORARY LIFE MEMBERS

John Reggio, Phoenix

Robert Peterson, CA

SUSTAINING MEMBERS

Jim Ammons, Yuma
Jim Babbitt, Flagstaff
Tim Blank, Mesa
Rob & Kelly Chabak, Phoenix
William C. Cordasco, Flagstaff
Ron & Sharon Eichelberger, Alpine
Thom Hulen, Cave Creek
Bill & Kerry Jacoby, Chandler
William H. McLean, Mormon Lake
Peter Mertz, Phoenix
Derek Oyne, Anthem
Bob & Judy Prosser, Winslow
Jim & Tracy Unmacht, Phoenix

Larry Audsley, Tucson
Robin & Billie Bechtel, Show Low
Darren Burke, Cave Creek
Bill Cole, Glendale
Eugene & Linda Dightmon, Peoria
Roger Hailey, Flagstaff
David Hussey, Cave Creek
Bruce Johnson, Peoria
Paul Medina, Peoria
Richard Ockenfels, Mayer
Joe Bill Pickrell, Phoenix,
Tice Supplee, Phoenix
David L. Wolf, Flagstaff

FAMILY MEMBERS

Scott & Jen Anderson, Scottsdale
Kyle & Terry Brock, Cave Creek
Ken & Kathy Cook, Casa Grande
Michael Domanico, Scottsdale
Brian George, Scottsdale
Andy Hernandez, Winslow
Keith Menasco, Flagstaff
Amy & Stephen Ostwinkle, Gilbert
David & Debra Scott, Glendale
Barry Sopher, Tucson

Randy, Ty & Kyle Brandt, Peoria
Steve Chauvront/Vicki Allison, Scetsdl.
Brian & Dorothy Dolan, Tucson
Dave & Debbie Fisher, Prescott
Robert Graham, Peoria
Matthew & Georgia Massey, Gilbert
Cookie & Walt Nicoson, Williams
Tom & Brett Ramey, Glendale
James & Joyce Silvey, Scottsdale
Chris & John Vassel, Queen Creek

Contact Us

**P.O. Box 15501
Phoenix, AZ 85060**

Visit us on the World Wide Web

**www.azantelope.org
info@azantelope.org**

MEETINGS

Board meetings are held at 6:30 P.M on the 2nd Monday of each month at the Phoenix Zoo. Visitors welcome!

Pronghorn is a quarterly newsletter for the members of AAF. Letters, comments, news items, articles, pictures and stories are all welcome and will be considered for publication. Address all such items to: Pronghorn Editor, PO Box 15501, Phoenix, AZ 85060, or by email at info@azantelope.org.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Our 3rd annual fundraiser banquet is July 22nd at the El Zaribah Shrine auditorium. The banquet is only about one month away. We still need volunteers to help with the banquet. Please consider donating some time to help antelope. Donations of all kinds would be welcomed as well!

You still have time to purchase tickets for the rifle raffle. We are offering a complete package with a 25-06 Ruger Rifle with all the trimmings. Visit our web site at www.azantelope.org to see the rifle and find out how to purchase tickets. The lucky winner will be drawn at our banquet.

As I am writing this it is almost time to submit our annual wish list to Arizona Game & Fish department. I heard a rumor from

the department that applications are running at almost the same rate as the last online drawing. I for one plan on drawing every tag I apply for. All pipe dreams aside, I hope to see you in the field this fall.

Our annual hunter's clinic is August 15, 2006 at the Sportsman's Warehouse located at I-17 and Yorkshire drive in Phoenix. Come to the clinic and get information that will help to make your hunt a success. For more information on the clinic, check our website.

I would like to encourage everyone to take a child on an outdoor activity. The type of activity is not as important as getting the child involved and building memories for the both of you. Consider an



outing working on one of our habitat projects. Not only will you teach your child the importance of giving back, but you will have the satisfaction of doing something together as a family.

Dave Laird

3RD ANNUAL FUNDRAISING BANQUET

WHEN: SATURDAY, JULY 22, 2006 **WATERHOLE:** 4:00 PM **BUFFET DINNER** 5:30 PM

WHERE: EL ZARIBAH SHRINE 552 NORTH 40TH ST. (JUST SOUTH OF I-202)

HOW MUCH: \$60 PER ADULT/\$30 PER CHILD UNDER 18
\$600 TABLE FOR 8 – INCLUDES \$200 IN RAFFLE TICKETS

WHAT: LIVE AUCTION, SILENT AUCTION AND RAFFLES FOR ART, GREAT HUNTS, FISHING TRIPS, FIREARMS, HUNTING, FISHING AND CAMPING GEAR, AND A SPECIAL RAFFLE FOR THE LADIES

WHO: FOR TICKETS CALL DON JOHNSON 480-983-6146.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT JIM UNMACHT 623-570-0534

TO SEE A LIST OF SOME OF THE GREAT ITEMS WE WILL BE AUCTIONING AND RAFFLING, LOOK FOR THE BANQUET PAGE ON OUR WEBSITE, WWW.AZANTELOPE.ORG.



“HELP US FILL THE AUDITORIUM FOR ANTELOPE!”

AAF RENEWS PARTNERSHIP WITH THE HORSESHOE RANCH

For many years the AAF had "adopted" the Horseshoe Ranch north of Phoenix and east of the Bloody Basin road in Unit 21. Over time we had performed many work projects and fence modifications on the ranch.

The last couple years saw our project focus in Unit 21 move north off the Dugas Road. Historically the pronghorn herd in 21 had been split between the northern and southern portions of the unit. Interestingly, when we had been working in the south on Horseshoe lands, there were more antelope in the north. The last few years of the drought saw the opposite occur when we went north to work. Pronghorn numbers began to rise in the south (project efforts bearing fruit???) and fewer animals surveyed in the north.

A lot of change has taken place in the southern half recently...the Agua Fria National Monument was formed towards the end of the Clinton presidency, the Horseshoe Ranch was sold to Mr. Dale Longbrake, owner of the Red Mountain Mining Co in Mesa, and last year the Cave Creek Complex fire profoundly impacted BLM and Forest Service lands in the southeast section of the unit.

Another important change is currently in the works, the AAF has come to agreement with Mr. Longbrake and Game & Fish to once again "adopt" the Horseshoe Ranch as a conservation partner! We are very pleased to rekindle this partnership and look to have a long relationship, both in promoting multi-use in this important habitat, and enhancing our efforts at ensuring antelope continue to prosper in Unit 21.

Special thanks to Dale Longbrake and his associate Jimmy Peterson for hosting a BBQ for AAF Board members and families, as well as folks from Game & Fish, Habitat Specialist Dana Warnecke, Wildlife Manager Jake Fousek and Access Program Coordinator Troy Christensen.

Look for the "Adopt-a Ranch" signs back up, in and around the Horseshoe Ranch in the near future! And just as important...plan to come out for our next project there! Watch the website for details.

Jim Unmacht





BIG LAKE WORK PROJECT

On May 20th the AAF teamed up with the Arizona Elk Society for a fence removal project at Big Lake near Springerville. The project entailed removal of a fence around the lake and campground. We removed the posts, 5 miles of fence, and 16,000 pounds of material. In all, volunteers provided over 420 man hours and drove over 8000 miles to get to the project and back.

The post removal was made easier using the hydraulic post pullers we borrowed from the Arizona Wildlife Federation. The gas wire rollers the AAF purchased was used to roll the wire. It will make hand rolling barbed wire almost a thing of the past. These rollers allow us to roll multiple strands at once, creating small, tight rolls that are

easy to handle, and enable us to accomplish what is usually a labor-intensive process with relative ease in a much shorter time period.

The AAF would like to extend a grateful THANK YOU to Sharon Eichelberger and her crew from the Elk Society who provided meals, and to AAF volunteers Art Boswell, Dave Laird, Sue Foote, and Bob and Marilyn Hanlin for helping make this project a success.

FOR THE BOOK BY BILL KEEBLER

A new Arizona record book is out. The "Arizona Wildlife Trophies: 2005" published by the Trophy Book Committee of the Arizona Wildlife Federation in cooperation with the Arizona Game and Fish Department and Boone and Crockett Club. The book was expertly edited by Dave Conrad. The 343 page book is packaged in a dust jacket illustrated by wildlife artist Tom Finley.

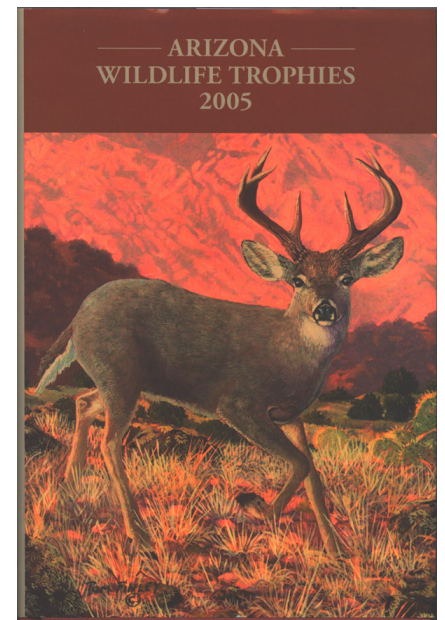
The book ranks Arizona pronghorn, elk, deer (Coues and mule deer), bison, bighorn sheep (desert and Rocky Mountain), javelina, bear, lion and a few jaguars taken before they were protected in 1971.

There are 3,250 entries in this book, a 20% increase from the 2000 book. This is partially due to the trophies taken in the past five years and partially to the inclusion of all the Boone and Crockett entries taken in Arizona. The Arizona record book was first published in 1970 and has been published every 5 years since. This 8th edition has many useful and interesting articles.

The pronghorn entries increased from 400 to 506. There are four new entries in the top ten. A tie for number 1 between Dylan Woods and David Meyer are pronghorns that scored 95 0/8. They are also tied for the world record. They were taken in 2000 and 2002, respectively. There is another tie for number 5 between Patrick Brewer and Wayne Webber. These pronghorn scored 94 0/8 and were taken in 2003 and 2004, respectively

Only 1,000 hardcover copies and 1,000 paper pack copies were printed. The hardcover copies are \$40 each and the paperback copies are \$20. Less than half the hardcover copies are still available.

To order either copy write the Arizona Wildlife Federation at 644 N. Country Club, Suite E, Mesa, AZ 85201, or call (480) 644-0077 or visit their Web site, www.azwildlife.org to print an order form.





SONORAN PRONGHORN

UPDATE



BY JILL BRIGHT AZ GAME & FISH
JUNE 9, 2006

Breeding:

North Half: All 12 adults and juveniles in the north half of the pen are doing well. We still have 4 fawns in the north half, but closer inspection has revealed they are all male fawns (not 3 males and one female as reported last month). The pen monitors noticed that the mature buck's neck has swollen for the rut, and the collar is not as loose as it was. We are watching this closely to make sure the collar doesn't get too tight.

South Half: All the pronghorn in the south half are doing well. We have 5 fawns in the south half, 3 males and 2 females. The buck in this pen is also being monitored closely to make sure there isn't a problem with the collar, but they haven't noticed any problem yet.

The pen is still fairly green, especially in the irrigated areas. The pronghorn are feeding heavily on both the alfalfa and the irrigated areas. The pen monitors are busy irrigating the pen. We moved one of the alfalfa feeders into an area of afternoon shade to make foraging easier for the pronghorn. We have a summer intern, Jenny Eckel, assisting at the pen, and are in the process of hiring a third person to fill a vacant position.

Water Projects: On a recent flight, we noticed that someone (illegal aliens, border patrol, ??) had put the plywood cover partially over the Fawn Hills water. Mike Coffeen (USFWS) went out and removed the cover, and carried it farther away to prevent this in the future. While there, he noticed there was pronghorn hair on the plywood, indicating that pronghorn have been watering there. This water is near where the radio-collared pronghorn have been for the past several months.

Forage Enhancements: We watered at Granite Mountains forage enhancement once during the last month. Personnel from Luke AFB Range Management Office moved two 30 ft. observation towers from the Tactical Ranges to the forage enhancement site. These towers were placed near the well and forage enhancement in order to facilitate observing pronghorn on or near the enhancement sites. Personnel, including archaeologists, from Luke also looked at areas where we are proposing to expand the Granite Mountains plots into more bajadas-type habitats.

We have been irrigating at Charlie Bell forage plot. Last week 6 wild pronghorn walked up to the water trough while the biologist irrigating was there. There were 2 females and 4 fawns.

We expanded the pipeline at Adobe Well forage enhancement for another 3000 feet to irrigate a large wash near the end of the previous line. We are targeting wash habitats in close proximity to stands of chain-fruit cholla. This habitat type is most likely to be used by pronghorn during the summer. We watered the wash areas briefly while we installed the pipe. The forage plot has been watered several times in the last month.

We have been unable to irrigate at Lower Well forage enhancement recently due to a pump motor breakdown.

Our portable generator developed a leak in the fuel tank in the last few days and we are assessing how to fix the problem. This generator is critical to the operation of forage plots. The USFWS will rent a generator in the near future to continue irrigation at Adobe Well forage plots. We will either rent a generator, or hook up an auxiliary fuel tank and continue to use the generator, in order to continue irrigating at Granite Mountains forage plots.

Other Projects: We have received funding agreements from the Air Force totaling \$138,000 for captive breeding, forage enhancements, habitat monitoring and surveys and conservation efforts. We have also received \$55,000 from the Marines to fund a captive breeding monitor. The National Park Service has contributed \$42,000 and the BLM \$10,000 to fund another captive breeding monitor. Many thanks to all these agencies for their continued cooperation and funding.

Wild Pronghorn: We did a flight 2 weeks ago and observed one radio collared doe with 2 fawns. The other radio-collared doe was with a buck, another female and one fawn.

Range conditions remain highly variable across pronghorn habitats. Shrubs and trees appear to be in good condition in Daniels Arroyo and the Agua Dulce Mountains. Ocotillos still have green leaves in some of the more eastern habitats.



Doe and fawn in the north pen. Photo by Allen Zufelt.

Hunting in the Land of the Pita

Foreword by David E. Brown

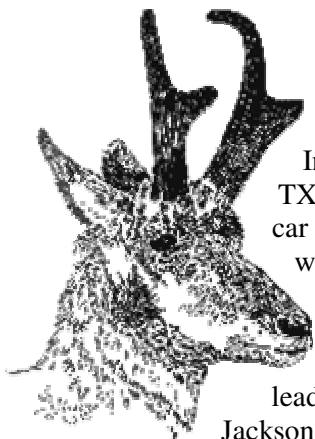


Back in the mid-1920s, conservationists, despairing over low pronghorn numbers, rightfully feared that the animal's future in the wild might be in jeopardy. Antelope numbers were then at a nadir, with only about 650 antelope estimated to survive in Arizona. The status in Mexico was nearly as dire, and only about 600 pronghorn were thought to remain in the Mexican state of Coahuila. These numbers were probably overly conservative, however, and good numbers of antelope were still to be found on Rancho Encantada, an 87,000 acre spread then managed by an American company.

"*Hunting in the Land of Pita*" (the *pita* is a large yucca, *Yucca carnerosana*) details the exploits of five Americans hunting in Coahuila's Valle de Encantada (Delightful Valley) in the fall of 1930. The story is an interesting look back, not only at the conditions of the time, but at the attitudes then prevalent regarding pronghorn. Pronghorn hunting had only been reauthorized in Wyoming in 1929, and after a hiatus of from 20 to 30 years, hunters thought that pronghorn could not be successfully hunted on foot or horseback.

Given a "special" hunting permit to take five pronghorn (a fairly common practice in pre-World War II Mexico), the hunters and their companions proceed to Rancho Encantada to hunt whitetails, bear, and pronghorn, stopping to shoot quail and fish for black bass en route. The hunt is a success by any standard. More than 100 pronghorn are seen and four bucks are bagged—one of them having horns greater than 16 inches. Although the hunters never kill any does or violate the terms of their permits, their hunting behavior would never pass muster today. Such were the standards of the day that the author, an associate editor of *Outdoor Life*, freely describes chasing pronghorn in Ford motor cars, driving cross-country in wet weather, flock shooting at running animals, failing to follow-up on fusillades at departing antelope, and continuing to hunt until well after dark. All of which shows how far we have come.

Unlike the situation in the U. S., Mexico's pronghorn continued to dwindle through the 1930s and 40's. Land reform, overgrazing, and subsistence hunting took an increasing toll, and pronghorn had virtually disappeared from Coahuila by the 1970s. Then, in 1996 and 1998, more than 150 pronghorn from the vicinity of Carrizozo, New Mexico, were released in Valle Columbia and El Novillo, Coahuila—locations not too distant from Valle Encantada. After a couple of dry years and some poor fawn recruitment, these *nuevos berrendos* appear to be making a comeback. With any luck, and the continued good work of Mexican biologists such as Manuel Valdez and Alejandro Espinosa, pronghorn will again roam the "land of pita" and congregate on Antelope Hill.



On October 1, 1930, a merry cavalcade of hunters crossed the International Bridge from Eagle Pass, TX to Piedra Negras, Mexico. The first car was a truck, loaded to the gunwales with food, tents, and duffle of all kinds, driven by Frank Keckler and a young assistant Alex. Then came a Ford coupe containing the leader of our party, our host, Dr. Dudley Jackson of San Antonio; Dr. Sidney Kaliski of the same metropolis, and G.A. Critchfield of Geary, OK. Then an open Ford driven by Harvey Pollay (he and Keckler were the head guides and major-domos of

the expedition), carrying also Paul Whipple, associate editor of *Outdoor Life*. These men, with myself, constituted the hunting party. But crossing into Mexico with us were Judge Fitch of Eagle pass, Maury Maverick of San Antonio, and other friends and well-wishers who had paved the way for our entry, and who were now to share with us the hospitality of Mexican officials of the state of Coahuila and of the city of Piedra Negras. Out at Buena Vista, in a beer garden under the trees, we were welcomed into Mexico by a charming group of Mexican officials and business leaders. *Skoal* to you, gentlemen! We will not soon forget that rousing barbeque of *cabrito* (young goat), tortillas, aguacate salad, nor the friendship you and all your people showed throughout the entire trip to this rough, uncouth-looking hunting expedition.

Continued on page 9

Hunting in the Land of the Pita cont. from page 8

After the barbeque and the Mizpahs of our Mexican hosts we drove 80 miles south with our two Fords and the truck, and by nightfall had made the own of Rosita Mines, the only settlement of any size which we touched on the way into the hunting country. Here we were royally entertained by Dr. Miguel Long. Early the next morning found us slowly traversing the dim roads along the Sabinas River. At noon we stopped in a lovely grove of pecan and cypress tress along the river, and several of us wetted a line in Mexican waters to see if this dry barren country did in truth harbor large-mouth bass. The water, shaded by the overhanging tress, was deep and calm; lily pads and underwater growths were thick. It was very silent in that noble grove; only the sounds of occasional chattering squirrels and of our plugs chunking in the water could be heard. Some of my duffle had been lost in the scramble on leaving Rosita Mines that morning; and as a result I had only a Hannon spinner with which to lure the bass. None of us had much luck. Doc Jackson broke the spell by taking a very small bass, which he returned to the water. The others had given up the fishing and hit into the ham and cheese when I, taking a last cast in the midst of lily pads in very shallow water, hooked a fighting, mauling bass that would have weighed perhaps 2 pounds. After landing him I took a second from the same spot, but this one gave up without much fight. Stomach examination revealed that they were feeding on frogs and small catfish. Well, we said, there *were* bass in Mexico.

Our progress in the afternoon was leisurely, for there were blue quail and bobwhites at which to shoot. This blue (or scaled) quail is a funny fellow. When you run across a covey alongside the road, they will scatter and run, dodging about among the low bushes and cactus. They are very hard to flush. Perhaps you will run after them trying to force them to flush. By the time one goes up you are out of breath. He is away like a shot, at some unexpected angle. You probably miss. Then another goes up behind you, flying low with whirring speed. Miss again and damn your inaccuracy. By now the rest of the covey is scattered, running heaven knows where. You return to the car with perhaps one bird, with perhaps nothing. Some say these birds are not sporty, because they are so difficult to flush. But one who has missed as many as I have after racing after them through the thorn bushes, after cursing them as they rose when one least expected them to, flying at some uncalculated angle, low and very fast – that one will probably say, as I do, that they are just a little *too* sporty.

By the middle of the afternoon we had covered the 22 miles to Bill Finan's ranch, where we made camp along the banks of little Gaucho Creek. Here, in the

milky, sluggish water I took another bass, about 1 ¼ pounds. Toward evening four of us drove over the plains to the Alamo River, and out of that blue-white water we took five more, averaging perhaps 1 ½ pounds. This was an ideal river to fish. All that we took came from the reeds along the shallow shore; and the scrappers seemed to show little preference as between my Shannon spinner, Whipple's Bassoreno, and Doc Jackson's little fly and spinner.

The third day we had 100 miles to go to reach the main camp on Doc Jackson's 87,000-acre hunting ranch. All roads in that forsaken country are tough. The going is slow, even in dry weather. But if it rains, the devil pays for it. Now it had rained scarcely three drops in all that land in the last four months, and Doc said: "Pray that it rains in the hill country above the main camp, so the acorns will be good and bears will be in." We prayed, we called on Pluvius – and he answered our prayers – too soon. As we drove through the picturesque Alameda Canyon, with sheer stone walls rising like vine-clad battlements on one side, and the thick lavender *sinesa* (sage) blossoms dropping in our cars as we brushed through them, mists were forming ahead. The big, black thorn bushes began to drip moisture.

In the early afternoon we came out of the 35-mile canyon onto high grasslands studded with pita, and went down into the Encantada, a long, flat valley bordered by low pita hills. The truck was miles in the lead, Pollay, Kaliski, and I in the car behind. Suddenly Pollay said, "I see antelope ahead!" We turned off the road and traveled in second gear across the valley grasslands toward the two objects Pollay saw. As we drew nearer we saw they were coyotes. They stood motionless, watching us. We headed for them. They began to move slowly away. We stopped when about 150 yards from them, and Kaliski and I jumped out. I missed two shots at the right-hand one as he trotted off. Kaliski got the other one with his first shot, straight through the body, a fine, clean kill. He was using a Winchester Model 54 (.30-06) mounted with scope.

It was raining now, but we were only about 10 miles from our destination. The ground grew soft. Presently we came up to Keckler and the truck, stuck fast in the mud. For two hours we worked with that massive load, but the adobe soil proved too slick and soft. Toward nightfall we got the two Fords into camp, but the truck was left where it last went down. It was some days before they got it in. The tents and duffle on the truck were brought in next day by horses sent out from camp.

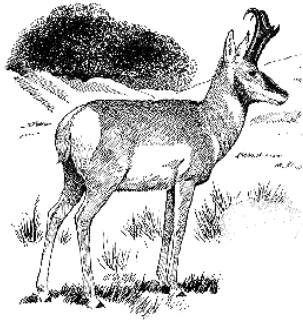
The Sereno camp consisted of one small adobe

Continued on page 10



Hunting in the Land of the Pita cont. from page 9

cook shack and two dugouts all roofed with pita leaves. Three tents were also erected. The pita roofs were excellent in dry weather, but that night they dripped *aqua pura* like sieves. We were too tired, however, to be kept from sleep even by periodic douses from above. We awoke to find that it was still raining.



The Mexican government had graciously issued to our party, special permits to kill a buck antelope apiece. In 1922 they were accorded a ten year closed season at the instigation of Dr. Wm. T. Hornaday of the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund.

Though unfortunately this protection has been largely nominal (even the game protector paid by the Fund, who was also a guide, having proved himself a notorious game slaughterer) the antelope, at least in the part of Coahuila visited by us, have done well in recent years.

Now all the modern antelope hunting that is done in Mexico is carried on just as it has been in the Wyoming special antelope season, with the help of automobiles. Before the days of the auto, sportsmen used whatever method might give them a shot – they attracted the curious animals by lying down on their backs and holding up their legs; or they tried to approach on horseback, then gave chase, tiring as they did so; or as the old print reproduced herewith as a frontispiece demonstrates, they got as close as they could in trains or other vehicles, then jumped out and shot at the fleeing animals. In these days, antelope will run at the first sight of a car. The only practical way to get a shot is to put the car in second gear, if the plains are as hard to travel over as they are in Mexico, and running as close as you can, jump out and shoot as the fleet phantoms of the plains sweep away from you.

Yet I persisted in wanting to try at least one day on horseback. I was afforded this opportunity because of the wet condition of the valley we were in. Suffice it to say that although three of us rode all one day, and saw three antelope, there wasn't a chance of getting within gunshot range on horseback. In the old days, maybe.

Today antelope are probably more frightened by any moving object, their curious gullibility seems a thing of the past, and one who imagines he can stalk them on foot or run them on horseback will be sadly disillusioned when he goes into the field. By modern hunters it simply isn't done because it can't be done successfully.

The second day in Sereno camp it was still drizzling. Doc Jackson, Kaliski, Critchfield, and I decided on a deer hunt, which would mean moving to

the El Rito temporary camp, about 9 miles northwest in the mountains. From this camp we could also hunt bear if there were any in the upper country. Keckler, who guided us on this part of the trip, had with him one of the best packs of bear and lion dogs I have ever seen – nine so-called "tree dogs," probably a cross between English foxhounds and coon hounds.

We moved to this new camp in the morning. As cook and wrangler we had two excellent Mexicans, Moises and Jose, good workers; and Moises in particular was a first-rate guide in addition. We were all soaked by the time we got in. Ironical to say the least for all this country suffers from lack of moisture during most of the year. There is no consistent supply of running water, not even enough water to support cattle. Tanajas, or water holes in the rocks, are sometimes many, many miles apart. Our Sereno camp was beside one, and so was this El Rito camp in the hills. Minor miracles of nature, these life-giving tanajas; for they seem to hold almost a constant supply of water, regardless of drought, evaporation, or the searing sun of the summer months. They are not spring fed; seepage from deep strata is the only possible explanation I could offer.

But now the rains sent a veritable torrent of water down the dry "creek" bed alongside the El Rito camp. We dried out a bit, and shortly after noon the sun broke through the mists, revealing the beauty of this upper country. Here and there a grove of yellow pine; but the verdure is mostly low scrub oak. Prickly pear and other kinds of cactus grow between, and often inviting grass. Real soil is rare; most of the country is rock a short distance under the surface.

We saddled up and rode north toward the Red Hill, a low cone a few miles from camp. Frank followed with his hounds. We spread out perhaps 100 yards apart, alert to detect any movement that would betray a deer. We had not ridden more than a mile or so when I got my first thrilling sight of a Sonora whitetail. Suddenly from the bushes, slightly to my left, a beautiful, slender form leaped up, not 25 yards from me. I started to jump from my horse, but instantly saw that it was a doe. A very big one. Her white-flag tail held aloft like a proud banner, in undulating leaps she crossed in front of me, graceful and dignified as any Grecian nymph. I sat on my horse and marveled at her exceeding beauty as she vanished in the low growth ahead.

A few minutes later I saw another doe which ran over a hill to my left, perhaps 100 yards away. Shortly after, Doc Jackson, who was next in line to me at my left, held up his hand as a signal to stop. I waited and watched him. He dismounted and moved into a clump of trees. Ahead he saw a deer standing, mostly hidden, in some oaks. The deer stared at Doc and Doc stared at the deer. They were not 75 yards apart. Doc didn't

Continued on page 11

Hunting in the Land of the Pita cont. from page 10

Finally the deer turned suddenly and was gone; and in one clear glimpse of the vanishing animal Doc saw that it was a spike buck.

We moved on to the head of a canyon near the base of the Red Hill. Frank and his dogs went down into the canyon to see if they could find a bear trail, and possibly run a bear up the steep sides. Critchfield and Kaliski rode out on the north rim and waited; Doc Jackson, Moises, and I on the south. A few times we faintly heard the dogs down in the unseen bed of the canyon far below. But that was all, though we waited perhaps an hour and a half. We had feared that it was a little early for bear to be in the country, despite the succulent acorns, growing mellow and ripe under the stimulus of the unusual moisture. Apparently our fears were justified.

On our way back to camp Doc and Moises were to my left, hidden by the slope of a rocky hill, when I heard two shots. Doc had jumped a fine buck and missed him twice.

After a supper of tortillas (fried corn meal and water dough) and bacon (bacon in a hunter's camp! Bah, what hunters, we!), we tried to sleep. The clouds had settled down again and were dripping unmercifully – so were our two soaked tents. I slept comparatively dry in my well-protected eiderdown, but Doc's old cotton sleeping bag soaked up moisture like a sponge, and he didn't look like any lily the next morning, I can tell you. Brawny Critchfield and small Kaliski had tried to be a couple of Siamese twins in one sleeping bag. I have never seen anything more ridiculous, more hilariously mirth-provoking than Critch trying to squeeze himself into that bag after Kaliski had got in. Half of Critch stuck out the rest of the night. He never did get all the way in. Pardon me if I laugh, gentlemen...

Next morning it had cleared slightly. Frank and the dogs again sought bear sign along a draw to the south, while the rest of the party divided and followed the ridges on either side. No luck, though at the top of the draw, high up on a knoll, Doc and I jumped two does that were over the top and away in a twinkling. Shortly after I separated from the rest of the party; but I jumped no deer, though I traveled the rough mesa country east till I could look right over the edge into the Encantada country, the great valley land from which we had come, and where we would later hunt antelope. Critch and Doc Jackson, on the other hand, got shots at four different bucks as they returned to camp toward sunset. Critch got seven shots and Doc five. I refuse to repeat their varied and sundry alibis here. But I will say that shooting whitetails on this rough, bush-clad tableland is sport that calls for superlative marksmanship at top speed – as we were to find out next day.

The morning of the 7th we broke camp. On the way back to the valley Frank and his dogs covered several canyons, hoping to find a bear's trail, in which case we were to rush to where the dogs would be sounding. Doc, Critch, the two Mexicans, (Moises and Jose) and I went southwest, past the Los Palomos tanaja and up on the top of the mesa at the head of Wethers Canyon. Critch and Jose were on a ridge about a ½ mile off. On our side, Moises rode in the middle, Doc on the left next a steep canyon, I on the right. We rode perhaps an hour without seeing anything. Then I saw a dull brown shape move ahead. I leaped from my horse and pulled my rifle from the scabbard, only to discover that the animal, which by now was bounding off to the left, was a doe. I could not see Moises or Doc, but I knew the doe should cross in front of them. I remounted and had moved cautiously perhaps 50 yards ahead when I heard shots to the left. They sounded in rapid succession, six of them. I veered and rode rapidly to the edge of the canyon, where Doc and Moises were standing. The doe I had scared up had run across in front of Doc and frightened out of the concealment two bucks, a big one and a little one. The three of them had gone down into the shallow canyon, where Doc had seen them crossing. He had fired six shots at the big buck as the three deer had climbed the opposite side of the canyon, perhaps 150 yards away. Doc was sure he had wounded the big buck, for the animal had stopped behind some high pita bushes near the top of the other slope. We could not see him, but Doc said he was there. We sent Moises down to come up behind the wounded buck on the other side and rout him out so that Doc could get him from where we stood. We observed Moises as he finally approached from behind the buck. I saw the big fellow take two leaps away, at right angles to both Moises and us, but Doc had no time for a shot; and the high pita bushes between him and the buck kept Moises from seeing the deer as he scurried away.

Doc and I crossed the canyon. I went high up where I could look down on the ridge which Doc and Moises, below me, were combing. We were pretty sure that none of the deer had gone far, for the spur of the mountain we were on was not large, and we doubted if the big buck, at least, had gone down into the second gully beyond.

Suddenly, about 125 yards below me, I saw a brown shape skulking off, trying to hide in the bushes. Antlers at last! Doc was not far from the deer, nor was he far from the line of fire if I shot. Almost simultaneously with the motion of raising my rifle to my shoulder, I called loudly, "Look out, Doc!" Doc dropped to the ground,



Continued on page 12

Hunting in the Land of the Pita cont. from page 11

well out of the way of a stray shot. The deer, a vague blur in the bushes that screened him, stood still for an instant. I aimed very coolly, and fired. I had missed, Again I aimed. Just as I did so the deer stole ahead, and was completely hidden from me. Yet my finger was pressing the trigger even as he moved. As the shot rang out I could not see the deer, but with that hunter's sixth sense I felt (or heard, if you will) the bullet strike home. There was no movement where I had shot. I called to Doc, "Stay where you are, I've got him!" I ran down, expecting to find Doc's big wounded buck. Imagine my surprise when I arrived at the spot where I had last seen the buck and found nothing, not even blood.

Doc was about 75 feet down the ridge. He called to me, "Come here." I did so and discovered, not the big buck Doc had wounded, but the small one, an 8-pointer. Doc said that just after I shot the second time he had seen this deer running right past him. He had thrown his rifle to his shoulder to fire. Just as he did so the deer crumpled in his tracks, stone dead.

I was amazed for we discovered that my second shot had entered just behind the right ear, and had almost blown his head off. Half of his head was shot to bits, and all of the brain cavity had been blown out. With his brain completely shot out, right down to the medulla oblongata, that deer had run 75 feet before collapsing. A remarkable instance of pure reflex action, probably motivated by nerve cells in the spinal column, which functioned for some seconds after the brain was blown out. That deer had actually run for 75 feet after he was to all intents and purposes *dead!*

Even though the bullet had mushroomed against the skull bone, which helped it to expand destructively, it was remarkable how much damage it had done. I was using a .276 rifle, based on the Magnum Mauser action, built by John Dubiel of the Hoffman Arms Co. The bullet, which had not before been experimented with on big game, was a 175-grain, 7 mm, Western Cartridge Co. boattail (velocity 2,800 feet; energy 3,100 foot-pounds).

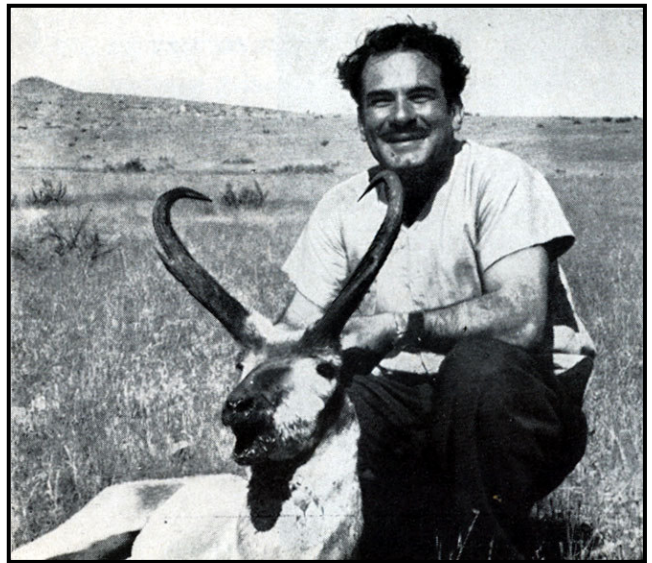
We hunted a long time for the big buck, but found neither blood nor sign of any kind. Sending Jose ahead with the kill, we finally headed for camp down off the mesa at the head of the valley. We got in some time after dark. Whipple reported no success hunting

antelope on horseback. But the grass bottoms were drying up and tomorrow we could use a car.

"If you don't get the sportiest shooting tomorrow that you ever had, my names' not Handsome Harvey," said Pollay that night as he filled us up with corn, beans, and venison. And after a warming slug of the Mexican dynamite know as *tequila* (made from the century plant, which is common down there), I – who had earned the unhappy appellation of the An Old Antelope Hunter by virtue of my hunt in Wyoming in 1929 – agreed. But I might not have been so confident of the outcome if I could have looked a few days into the future.

Look for Part 2 to "Hunting in the Land of the Pita" in our next issue.

"Copyright 2004 Time 4 Media, Inc. Reprinted with permission from Outdoor Life Magazine. All rights reserved. Reproduction in any medium is strictly prohibited without permission from Time 4 Media, Inc



Quality-sized pronghorn bucks continued to be taken in Coahuila through the 1950s. Finally, after being extirpated, pronghorn were reintroduced into Coahuila and will hopefully increase. Photo by Alejandro Espinosa"



ANDERSON MESA PROJECT

JUNE 17, 2006

We had a great day on Anderson Mesa working with our partners/volunteers from Arizona Wildlife Federation, Grand Canyon Trust, USFS and Arizona Game and Fish. The habitat project volunteers spent the morning cutting small juniper, pinyon and ponderosa trees on Anderson Mesa. After a break for lunch at camp, we continued working in the afternoon to take down some fencing, install goat bars, and put up six new wildlife habitat protection signs on roads leading to the antelope fawning motorized vehicle restriction area.



We divided into two groups. A group of 6 went with Henry Provencio and Polly Haessig to put up the six signs and take down the old signs from about 1:30 pm to 4:30 pm. We had a great time! Another group of folks went out with Rick Miller and worked on the fence removal and goat bar install. All in all, it was a successful day on the Mesa!

Thanks to the following volunteers: Polly Haessig, (USFS) Rick Miller (G&F), Henry Provencio (USFS) Lloyd Barnett, Chris Fonoti, Jimmy Mehen, Jerry Guevin, Dave aird, Sue Foote, Matt & Georgia Massey, Jim, Tracy & Jimmy Unmacht, Bill & Mary Keebler, Janet Drake, Chandler from 1-2-3-GO, Jim Goad, and Malcom & Joan.





SHORT SHOTS

ARIZONA BIG GAME SUPER RAFFLE

At the time of this writing, the final days have arrived to purchase tickets for the first-ever Arizona Big Game Super Raffle. Hopefully you were able to get your tickets ordered before the July 3rd deadline.

If you missed reading about the raffle in our previous issues, we answered one key question Where does the money go, in particular from folks that buy antelope tickets? Answer: to pronghorn and pronghorn management. Every dollar! All administrative costs for the raffle are being covered by a Swarovski Optics package raffle, sponsoring organizations, and volunteer efforts. So the more tickets purchased the more money that goes directly to wildlife and wildlife management!

If you're the lucky winner of a tag, you'll have a full year to hunt – that's right – 365 days to find that trophy antelope!

The drawing for this raffle will occur **July 8th, 2006** at National Bank of Arizona, and winners' names will be posted on the Super Raffle website: www.arizonabiggamesuperraffle.com. We will let you know in a future issue how successful the raffle was.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP INCREASES AGAIN!

Congratulations to George Welsh of Kingman on becoming AAF Life Member #21! By purchasing a Life Membership, George has helped provide a permanent endowment for the welfare of Arizona Pronghorn. If you are interested in becoming a Life Member, #22 will be auctioned at our Fundraising Banquet on July 22nd, or you can find membership information on our website www.azantelope.org.

2007 SPECIAL TAGS

The Arizona Game & Fish Commission has once again awarded to the AAF, three Special Governor's tags for 2007. Two will be auctioned and one will be included as part of next year's Arizona Big Game Super Raffle. The funds generated by these tags are put in a special account at the G&F department and used on projects that will benefit antelope. The projects are submitted by the department's six regional offices and are approved by a committee consisting of representatives of both the Game & Fish Department and the AAF.

POISED TO REACH THE MILLION DOLLAR THRESHOLD FOR SPECIAL TAG REVENUE!

Over the last 20+ years a great deal of money has been raised for pronghorn habitat work. Between this year's Raffle Tag and the 2nd Auction Tag, we anticipate breaking the \$1 million threshold!

Below you will see how much each special tag has raised thus far.

YEAR	Funds Raised
1985	\$2,441
	\$3,340
1986	\$4,700
	\$2,240
1989	\$7,600
1990	\$11,000
1991	\$8,100
1992	\$21,700
1993	\$13,000
	\$12,400
1994	\$12,900
	\$10,000
1995	\$10,500
	\$7,700
1996	\$19,500
	\$16,000
1997	\$20,000
	\$16,000
1998	\$37,000
	\$28,000
1999	\$24,000
	\$31,000
2000	\$15,500
	\$45,000
2001	\$34,000
	\$40,000
2002	\$51,000
	\$39,000
2003	\$40,000
	\$65,000
2004	\$59,000
	\$67,500
2005	\$43,000
	\$39,500
2006	\$65,000
TOTAL	\$922,621



SHORT SHOTS

TOOTH AGING STUDY

In our last edition of the *Pronghorn* we reported the results of our first tooth aging study. We will be teaming up with the Armendaris Ranch in New Mexico once again this year to conduct a study to age harvested pronghorn antelope and compare their respective horn size and B & C score. In most antlered big game species, the older the animal, the larger the antlers and the bigger the B & C score. As we previously reported, that's proving to **not** to hold true with pronghorn, hence the study. If you are fortunate enough to hunt antelope this fall, you can help us with this study by sending us a tooth from your animal. Look for more information on the study in our next issue, as well as on our website.

www.azantelope.org

RIFLE RAFFLE

Don't miss your chance to win a Ruger 25-06 Mark II Model 77 Rifle. Included are a 4x16 Bushnell Elite 4200 Scope, bipod and hard case. Tickets are \$10 each or 3 for \$25. To purchase tickets, contact us at info@azantelope.org or contact any of the AAF Board members listed in this publication. The winner will be drawn at our Fundraising Banquet on July 22nd. (Need not be present to win). Tickets will be sold for a limited time during the banquet. Thanks to Sportsman's Warehouse for donating this beautiful rifle!

HELPERS NEEDED FOR ADOPT-A-HERD

As previously reported, the Arizona Antelope Foundation has entered into an agreement with the Arizona Game and Fish Department to try and locate and evaluate several pronghorn populations too small for the Department to survey on a regular basis. The hope is that we can get volunteers to help locate these animals and report on their welfare. Any recommendations as to how to help these small populations will also be appreciated.

Game Branch Chief Leonard Ordway has identified several critical populations and the Arizona Game and Fish contact people to work with in locating them. Populations include a small number of animals in unit 28 that range on and off of former Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor's Lazy B Ranch, a former population in Hualapai Valley, a population of indeterminate size in Unit 27, and the Day Ranch in Unit 28. There are others, perhaps in your area.

If you, or anyone you know, is interested in participating in these surveys, please contact Dave Brown at bosco069@aol.com and he will put you in contact with the proper Game and Fish officer in your area of interest.

COME JOIN US FOR OUR 14TH ANNUAL HUNTER CLINIC ON AUGUST 15TH SPORTSMAN'S WAREHOUSE I-17 & YORKSHIRE

Tag or not, you are welcome to come to the Sportsman's Warehouse on August 15th to increase your knowledge of pronghorn and pronghorn hunting! We plan on having another great slate of speakers to give you pointers on what to do, and why!

If you're an AAF member, come out and visit your fellow AAF members, it won't cost you anything. Non-members will be asked to contribute a nominal donation which can be applied toward AAF membership. Someone in attendance will be the lucky winner of a rifle that the Sportsman's Warehouse is donating to the event!

Antelope hunting can be immensely enjoyable if you know what you're doing, otherwise it can be immensely frustrating! This clinic will provide excellent up-to-date information about everything you need to know for a successful hunt. We'll cover the following subjects:

- Arizona Pronghorn History
- State of Arizona's Pronghorn
- Optics & Photography
- Taxidermy
- Practical Field Care
- Hunting Tactics for Firearms and Archery
- Question and Answer Session
- Discussions with Game & Fish Wildlife Managers for your Unit



ARIZONA ANTELOPE FOUNDATION
 P. O. BOX 15501
 PHOENIX, AZ 85060-5501

NONPROFIT
 ORG.
 U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
 PHOENIX.AZ
 PERMIT NO. 318

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED

SPORTSMAN'S CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS!

<i>WHAT?</i>	<i>WHEN?</i>	<i>WHERE?</i>
The Arizona Antelope Foundation Board Meetings	July 11 6:30 PM August 8 6:30 PM September 11 6:30 PM	The Phoenix Zoo 455 N. Galvin Parkway
AAF Work Projects	October 28	Watch for details on our website
The Wildlife Conservation Council Board Meetings	July 26 6:30 PM August 23 6:30 PM September 26 6:30 PM	AZ Game & Fish Department 2221 W. Greenway Rd
AAF Banquet AAF Hunter Clinic	July 22 4:00 PM August 15	El Zaribah Shrine Sportsmen's Warehouse

Would you like the Pronghorn via email...let us know! Or if you have an upcoming event, send us the information at azantelope@cox.net.