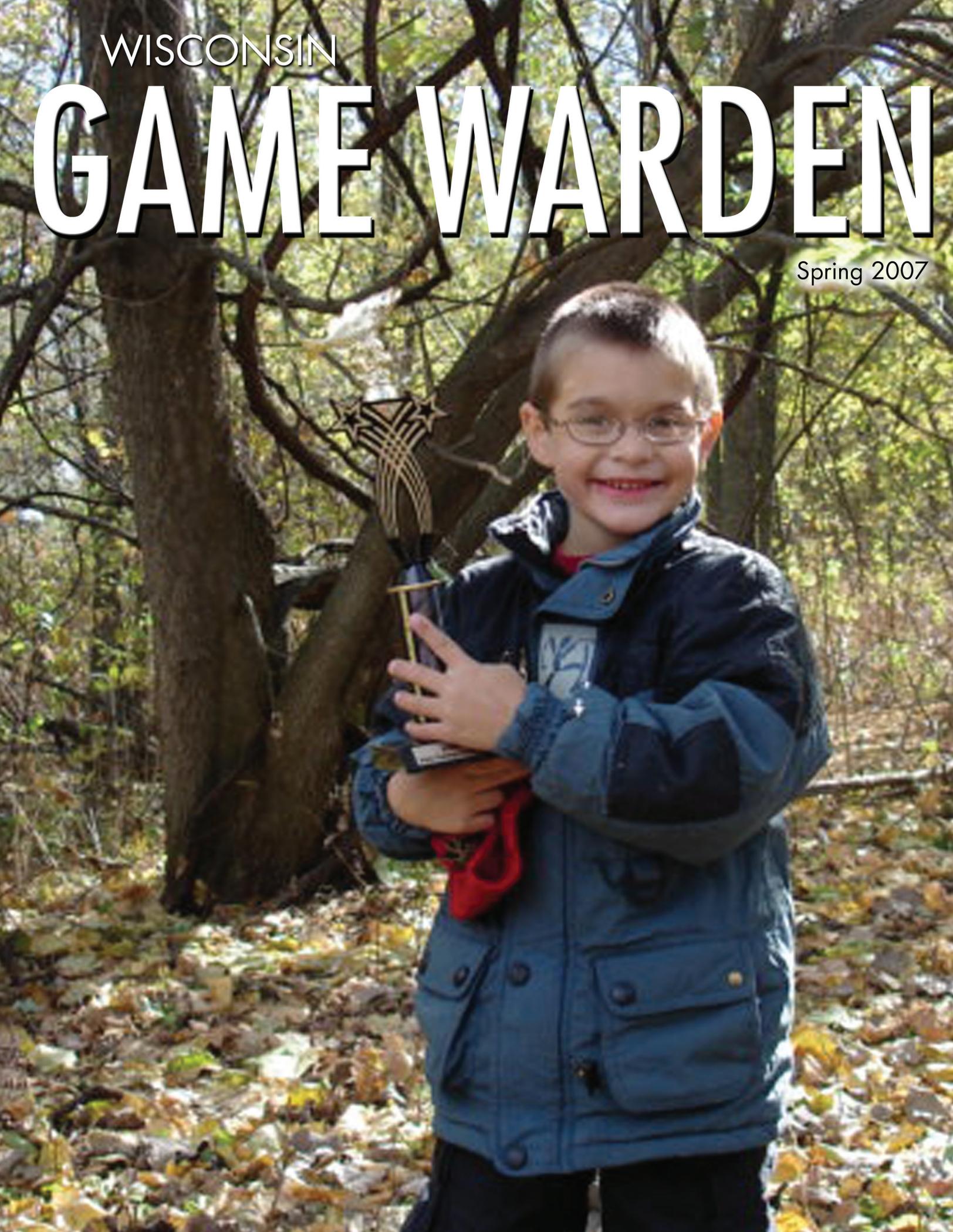


WISCONSIN

GAME WARDEN

Spring 2007



— WISCONSIN —

GAME WARDEN

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on the cover...

It's fun when you go fishing, but even more so if you can win a trophy at the 21st annual Fremont Area Law Enforcement's Kids Fishing Tournament. See story on back page.



Fruits of their Labor

Polk County Warden Rich Thole shot this 9-point buck with his bow on Nov. 2, 2005 in Buffalo County. The deer scored 132 2/8 P&Y. Also pictured are Buffalo County Warden Bob Jumbeck and Clark County Warden Paul Leezer.

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WISCONSIN GAME WARDEN is the official publication of the Wisconsin Conservation Warden Association. Third Class Postage Paid at Oshkosh, WI.

POSTMASTER:

Send address changes to: WCWA, P.O. Box 44,
Madison, WI 53701-0044.

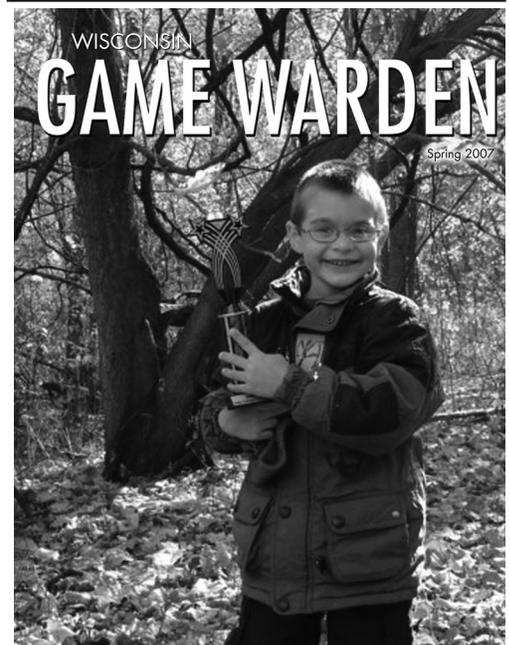
IDENTIFICATION STATEMENT

WISCONSIN GAME WARDEN SPRING 2007

Published two times a year by the Wisconsin Conservation & Educational Foundation Inc.

P.O. Box 44, Madison, WI 53701-0044

Volume 17, No. 1



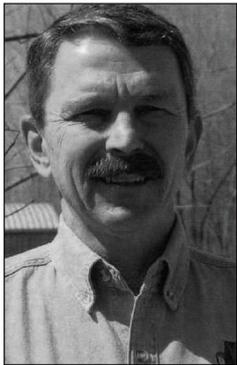
THANK YOU & good bye

Editor's Note: Tom Bahti recently said his good byes to the Northeast region warden force. His remarks are reprinted here.

By Tom Bahti

As many of you know, I'm 10-24, 10-7....

Public service is an honorable profession, and runs deep in the roots of my family. My grandfather was a county social worker, my mother a nurse, my father a career diplomat with the State Department, my brother a public university professor and my wife a high school teacher. Most of the general public will never appreciate what you do, or understand the sacrifices you make

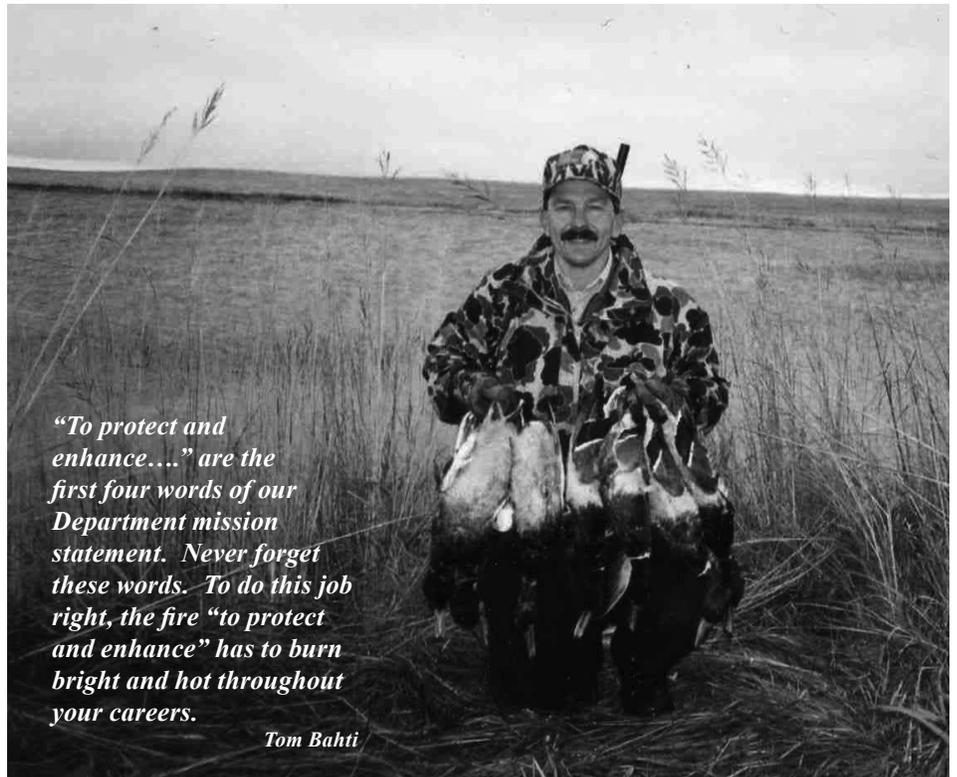


Bahti

as public servants —mental, physical, psychological and financial.

“To protect and enhance....” are the first four words of our Department mission statement. Never forget these words. To do this job right, the fire “to protect and enhance” has to burn bright and hot throughout your careers.

During my career I have been, first and foremost, a wildlife biologist. My second passion has been conservation law enforcement. It has been my honor and privilege to carry the law enforcement credentials of a deputy conservation warden since the late 1980s. I've worked with virtually all of you in this room in some fashion, either directly in the field or through training, providing requested



“To protect and enhance....” are the first four words of our Department mission statement. Never forget these words. To do this job right, the fire “to protect and enhance” has to burn bright and hot throughout your careers.

Tom Bahti

TOM BAHTI poses with ducks shot near a North Dakota wetland.

information, registration stub checks, constant nagging, or the like.

We've laid on bad bear baits and cabin shooters, worked shiners and gone in on really late hunters. We've been at snowmobile and car wreck fatalities, and investigated hunting and ATV accidents. We've slogged around in hip boots checking duck hunters, worked walleye and trout “double trippers,” and checked a lot of boaters and fishermen.

I've slept on your couches, danced at your weddings, cried at funerals, eaten meals with your families, spent an inordinate number of hours standing outside your trucks while you took statements, gone days without a hot meal, and, with a

few of you, watched your hair turn more gray and your children grow up. We even managed to make some good cases together. These are great memories.

This job is all about passion and compassion — for the resource, for the job, for the Department, for the people we work with and serve, and for life. I believe that all of you embody those qualities.

Some of the proudest moments of my career have been those times I've spent with the men and women in this room. Thank you for that.

Tom Bahti is a retired Wisconsin regional wildlife supervisor in the Northeast region. He also worked as a deputy conservation warden for 17 years.

Fate in the north woods

By Brad Schmit

For the last 14 years the big woods of northern Wisconsin have drawn me like a magnet. The tamarack swamps and hardwood ridges all seem like my backyard when the maple leaves begin to blaze.

If there is one thing that I have learned while hunting this vast habitat, it is that any day spent in these woods can trigger a chain of events that could burn in your memory for a lifetime.

Oct. 15, 2006 was going to be the beginning of such an event. Two days earlier northern Wisconsin was hit by an unusually early 3-inch snowfall. The snow provided a golden opportunity to pinpoint and verify some of the buck movement that I had observed the previous bow season.

In the predawn I eased my way through the tamarack swamp; the snow made for quiet going. It was the kind of morning that made you feel just good to be alive. Last year the backside of this swamp held quite a bit of deer sign and I had seen two decent bucks there during the rut. The plan was to sit for a few hours and then do some quick scouting through the area.

Even without any deer sightings I was enjoying all the other small creatures that call this place home. It seemed that they were all hurrying about trying to catch up to Mother Nature and the impending winter.

As I retraced my steps out of the swamp my mind was thinking about the next area I must hurry to, again to verify deer movement. Then as I neared the edge of the swamp, a large deer track caught my attention. This was the kind of sign I had been looking for.

The deer appeared to be paralleling the swamp edge, staying just on the inside edge as bucks often do. I remembered there was a small 3- or 4-year old clear-cut about a quarter of a mile away and I wondered if this could be the area where this deer might be feeding or traveling through. It could be another piece of the puzzle that this early snowfall just might reveal.

The track twisted and turned through the thick brush, then two more tracks mingled in and it took a little time to unravel. Finally, the deer was heading out of the swamp and going in the direction of the clear-cut. I thought the hardwoods would make for much quicker going. But in mid-stride I almost froze. There, steps away, in the pure white show was a huge red blood spot. My mind raced as I tried to decipher just what I was looking at.



WARDEN SUPERVISOR DAVE OGINSKI and Brad Schmit were at first confused how this buck died.

The track I was following stopped at the blood spot and then proceeded around it. In the middle of the blood was an even bigger track; again I wondered, "What had happened here?" I wondered if a lucky bow hunter was nearby.

I started to backtrack the deer that was obviously mortally wounded, thinking I could meet the lucky hunter who must surely be close by. But after 50 yards I stopped; it wasn't making sense. Looking at my watch I realized it was after 10 a.m., a little late for most bow hunters. I knew this area well and I had never seen a bow hunter in this section of woods. Something else occurred to me; this deer was losing blood fast and anybody could follow this trail. Where was the hunter? I watched and waited for a few minutes, and when no one showed, it was time to follow the track to see what was going on. The trail led another 100 yards past the blood spot and there I found what I suspected would be in the last print.

He was a good buck with a huge body, all muscled up, a swollen neck, in prime condition for the upcoming rut. My eyes glanced quickly over him looking for the arrow or arrow wound that surely must be there. But there was no evidence of such on the side I was looking.

As I rolled him over I noticed that he was still very warm and

very flexible, indicating a recent death. “Where was the arrow?” I thought. I glanced at his back trail again looking for the hunter, but there was no one.

The buck’s now exposed hindquarter revealed a good amount of blood. I cringed when I noticed his one testicle held on by only a small piece of skin. Still no arrow. “I must be missing something,” I thought as I grabbed his heavy horns and looked at his head and neck. I then noticed he was missing one eye. The wound appeared to be a few weeks old. Being ever watchful for a broadhead, I began to probe the blood on his back thigh. I found something that instantly made me stand up and take a few steps back — a small round hole!

As I stood looking at him, thoughts and emotions flooded into my mind. This was a proud monarch of the North Woods that should be hung over someone’s fireplace; now to me he became a gloated treasure for some criminal or poacher.

I wondered what I should do next. I reasoned that he must have been shot before I had entered these woods or I would have heard the shot. But why wouldn’t the shooter have tried to recover the deer? Since my own tracks were now part of the events, I reasoned the poacher would surely leave the deer alone. This deer could make fine table fare I thought, or could be left for the ravens and coyotes to scavenge and nourish; after all that is an important part of nature out here.

But this deer somehow deserved more. Maybe it was the last 14 years in the big woods that I had devoted my falls to, pursuing these great creatures. Whatever it was, I couldn’t just leave him and walk away.

Law enforcement seemed to be the only answer. I consider myself a law-abiding citizen, but as most people, I get a sick feeling whenever I see flashing red lights in my rear-view mirror. So with a bit of anxiety I headed for town.

The local registration station was a combination gas and convenience store. The clerk informed me there was no DNR person working today; I asked if there was somebody close by that could be called. I informed him of the deer and the possible situation. Returning a few minutes later he stated there was no answer at the local warden’s home and being that it was Sunday it would be difficult tracking him down. He suggested I leave my name and phone number and a brief description of what I had observed.

“That wouldn’t do,” I told him. “What about the sheriff?” A few minutes later he again returned saying that a poached deer was not part of their jurisdiction and that I would need a game warden. Again he said, “Just leave your name and phone number.”

There must be someone else, I told him. The store was busy and I realized he had business to attend to and I was pushing his patience. It would have been easy to walk away and say, “I did my best.” But one more time I asked him if there was anybody else. Five long minutes later, he returned and stated he had found someone that I could talk to.

On the phone was Dave Oginski, conservation warden supervisor for the Park Falls Law Enforcement Team. I relayed the events of that morning and he asked if I was planning on hunting that afternoon. I assured him that taking care of this deer was more important to me. He agreed to meet me in half an hour at the registration station and he would then follow me out to the scene.

After a 45-minute drive we arrived at my parking spot. We proceeded to follow my tracks into the woods, still clearly visible in the snow. Retracing my exact trail we came to the blood spot, and it was now time to let Dave do his job. Dave suggested we back track the deer to wherever the scene had started. As we followed the track I realized we were heading to the area where I had entered the swamp in the pre-dawn. We had passed a metal gun stand earlier while entering the swamp and now Dave suspected that it was the place where the poacher had committed his crime. Dave was right. About 70 yards from the stand, which was now clearly visible, we came to the first blood sign.

“Whatever happened, it started right here,” Dave said. At that point it became very clear that he had done this many times before since his attention to detail was evident. He proceeded to the stand to find the footprints and sign that must be there. Confused, we both looked around. The snow was untracked except for an old deer print. A strange feeling swept over me as I watched Dave, who was now sitting in the stand with a puzzled look on

his face. I suddenly realized that my tracks were the only ones near the scene and the deer. What must Dave be thinking? I had tried to do the right thing, but my mind was racing as what this was going to lead to.

There were no human tracks or empty cartridge casings; in fact, there was no clear evidence at the scene. With a sick feeling in my stomach, I began to think that Dave considered me the suspect. But he said he didn’t, which was a huge relief because I know what a large buck can do to people and the controversy that often surrounds them.

But there was still more work to be done. Dave climbed down

A warden’s notes

By Dave Oginski

This story presents a dedicated sportsman with an ethical dilemma. Brad’s love of the outdoors and his passion for hunting whitetail deer in their element is obvious. The dead buck presented a challenge for Brad, as well as an inconvenience of disrupting a short weekend hunt. But more than that, the dead buck provided Brad with an uncomfortable dilemma of involvement in a possible case involving an illegally killed whitetail buck, which Brad described as “a proud monarch of the North Woods.”

Brad’s 35 years of hunting experience guides him during his hunting adventures, but it also took control during this ethical dilemma. As a friend, I wouldn’t question Brad’s ethical judgment. And as a warden and a sportsman, I’m proud he stood up to represent us by paying reverence to the wildlife we all enjoy and work so hard to protect.

Hunting is often an individual pursuit; the hunter is challenged not only by the wildlife he seeks, but also by his own limitations. Each sportsman works to develop his or her knowledge of the outdoors and an understanding of the wildlife it supports. Moral and ethical conscious must also be developed. Outdoor experiences enrich our lives and strengthen our inner self.

Brad was challenged by his inner-self to do the right thing for the dead buck. He was again challenged by the buck he harvested, this time by the wilds of Wisconsin’s North Woods. Both experiences intrinsically tied will be remembered for a lifetime.

I’m proud to work for the people of Wisconsin who are so graciously represented by sportsmen like Brad Schmit. Thanks for the memories Brad!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6 / Fate

Miracle: from page 5

from the stand and we proceeded back to the first blood. He started scrutinizing every detail. He found a small fresh rub, then a tuft of hair, which he let me examine. Then we noticed the lack of snow just at that spot. Could there have been a buck fight here? If so, why wasn't the ground all torn up? Dave stood up and said we had to look at the deer again. The pieces of the puzzle weren't adding up.

As we approached the buck, I stayed back to let him do his work. Meticulously, he searched and recorded with pictures the evidence he was finding. Dave found the small round hole and began to probe. The hip joint showed no sign of trauma that is typical of a gunshot wound. Then Dave found another small round hole and probed it. He asked me to take both hands and stick one finger next to each of the round holes.

"Brad," he said looking at the distance between my hands, "I



ON CLOSER EXAMINATION, the deer wasn't poached by man, but rather killed by another deer. And a big one, at that.

hope you plan on hunting here the rest of the season." I didn't quite understand.

"This buck was taken out in a fight," Dave said, "and the buck capable of this has got to be one big deer." I felt a huge sense of relief and something stirred inside of me. This great deer, after all, was not the victim of a criminal, but rather the result of Mother Nature at work. Yes, he had died and obviously suffered. But he lived and died the way nature had defined the rules of life in the North Woods. Only the strongest survive.

Dave said I could purchase the deer and a permit would be issued allowing me to legally possess it since it was found on national forest land and died of natural causes. "So he's yours, if you want him."

This deer deserved to be honored in life. His venison was salvageable and I knew in that moment that this deer was going to get the place he deserved, and that his story would be told for years to come. He would be honored in life and death; it seemed fitting.

After gutting the buck, Dave even helped me drag him to



BRAD SCHMIT shot this big buck during gun season. He believes it is the deer that killed the one he found in October.

the road, something that was not easy as two days later I would weigh the deer and find out he tipped the scale at 240 pounds dressed out.

Through the course of that day, I found out that both Dave and his wife, Kathy, are avid hunters and real sportsmen. But what really stuck out in my mind was the very evident love and respect they both shared for the whitetail and the other animals that roam the North Woods. These were just the kind of people that I feel good about protecting our wildlife.

As I made the long journey home that night I realized all was well. It was not just a hunter, deer and a warden, but rather it was people coming together to ensure the integrity of the great sport of hunting and to preserve and protect the rights of these magnificent animals. I had gained a new respect for the job that the DNR does and have relayed the story many times to friends and family; however, the story unbelievably does not end there and little did I know I would secretly be thanking them again.

The chain of events would continue from that day in mid-October. I hunted the area hard as Dave had suggested during the rest of the early bow season, knowing that a big North Woods buck was still out there. I reasoned he had called that big tamarack swamp his home. Typically I try to hunt different areas every day so as not to alarm the deer, but I just had to keep putting my time in around that swamp. The peak of the rut passed with no decent buck sightings, but I didn't get depressed. Finally, it was time to select my gun stand and it would be the first time in five or six years that I wouldn't hunt another swamp that I was particularly fond of.

Opening morning found me still hunting toward my stand in the poplars, as I had found a very large track there the week before. As I neared the area in the early light, I noticed what I had been dreading. There was another hunter positioned at the intersection of the two trails that I was going to watch. Carefully I backtracked out of there so as not to ruin the area for the hunter. Luckily, I had selected another spot the week before as a backup stand, just in case such a situation would arise. It would prove to be a fateful decision. The week before my wife and I had found an area with some large scrapes and fresh sign that wasn't far from the swamp. It would have to do.

As I sat down I looked at my watch; it was 9:45 a.m., awful late to be settling in. Ten minutes into my vigil I heard rattling antlers coming from inside the swamp; by their tone they did not sound like big bucks. I wondered if another hunter was possibly imitating two bucks sparring. Over the course of the next hour I heard the horns come together three different times, but I could never see anything as the swamp was just too thick. At 2:30 p.m. I heard the same rattling again, but then a short time later I heard a sound that made the hair on the back of my neck stand up. It was unmistakable, the sound of a very large tree being shredded by large antlers. I knew now these sounds were coming from the real thing. Instinctively the grip on my rifle tightened, I thought of the big buck that I had found and of the events of that day. It was time to be patient.

At 3:15 p.m. a buck emerged from the swamp; I studied him through my binoculars. He appeared to be an average 8 pointer

and maybe one of the bucks that had been sparring. But he was not the buck I was looking for. Fifteen minutes later, I again saw movement, then legs, then a brown body, come from the swamp edge. As he cleared the thick brush the unmistakable rack told me it was him — a deer big enough to do battle and win a fight with another great buck.

Next, my more than 35 years of deer-hunting experience took over. I had learned many lessons in that time; the celebrating and shaking would have to wait until after the deer was down. It was over in seconds. As I walked up to him, my mind was again flooded with emotion. I thought of Dave and Kathy Oginski, the wonderful people I had met and how they would not believe what had just happened to me. I thought again of the job Dave does and how lucky we are to be able to hunt and enjoy the great North Woods. Then again I secretly thanked the people whose job it is to protect our great hunting heritage and the rights of the animals that call this place home.

These two great bucks shared the woods together, fought winters, starvation, hunters, bears, coyotes, and maybe even wolves. Together they fought for the right to pass on their genes to the next generation and now they will proudly be displayed together, their story to be shared for many years.

I would like to thank Warden Dave Oginski and his wife, Kathy, for being part of a story of survival, ethics, law enforcement and fate. My wife and I now think of them as friends, a fitting ending for an unbelievable story.

Youth learn-to-hunt pheasant program a success

The Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources teamed up with “Outdoors Forever,” Whitetails Unlimited and the Wisconsin Conservation Warden Association to host a youth learn-to-hunt pheasants program on Nov. 5. The event took place at the “Outdoors Forever” property in Juneau County.

Eight students attended the daylong event, which consisted of a morning and afternoon session. In the morning, the youth reviewed firearms and hunter safety, and were introduced to pheasant hunting, wildlife and habitat management and trap shooting. Students also saw a hunting dog demonstration and could try out an interactive hunting simulator.

The afternoon consisted of a pheasant hunt. Students were paired with a mentor and headed out in search of pheasants. Each group had a dog and dog handler.

Many birds were flushed,

and the students were able to get a better appreciation for pheasant hunting by firsthand experience. In the end, students, mentors and parents ended the hunting

day like any other hunting day would end — taking pictures and sharing their stories, including stories of “the one that got away!”



YOUTH AND VOLUNTEERS POSE after a successful day of pheasant hunting.

Move over Labs!

poodles take to field

Enthusiasm, intelligence wins over hunters

By **BEN SHOUSE**

bshouse@argusleader.com

Dogs bound through the switchgrass, hunters in orange caps advance in a row behind them. The sun shines, and even if there aren't many pheasants to shoot, all is right with the world.

Except there's something not quite right about the picture. The dogs have those bouffant hairdos and those floppy ears, and a couple of them have a sort of pom-pom on their tails.

No, you're not hallucinating. Those are hunting poodles.

The image of a standard poodle hunting pheasants is one of the more incongruous sights in South Dakota. It's about like seeing Queen Elizabeth at a hot-dog eating contest.

But on Saturday, six hunters began a weekend of hunting behind four poodles - Beau, Scout, Lambeau and Bella. Most of them used to swear by Labrador retrievers but now say the companionship and, yes, the hunting ability of poodles have won them over.

Gary Scovel, a retired game warden from Minocqua, Wis., brought the two most experienced dogs, Beau and Scout. He says over the years, he has gotten a few sideways looks from other hunters, but it doesn't bother him.

"They say, 'Those dogs hunt?' and I say, 'Yeah, they hunt darn good,' and they're a little bit surprised," he said.

On Saturday, the poodles worked the fields near Freeman with all the vigor of any pack of Labs, helping to bag 13 roosters and two partridges by day's end, according to the hunters.

They hunted on public land in the morning, so there were precious few roosters to be had. But the skill of Beau and Scout was evident as they charged through the tall grass yet never strayed too far ahead.

"These two like to stay close, and that's something I like," Scovel said. "Any Lab would get on a pheasant, and you simply have to go like a house afire to keep up with them, and as a result, the bird will flush farther away."

Bella, an 8-month-old poodle belonging to Blair Jackson of Sioux Falls, picked up the idea enough to help find a hen in a field of deep grass.

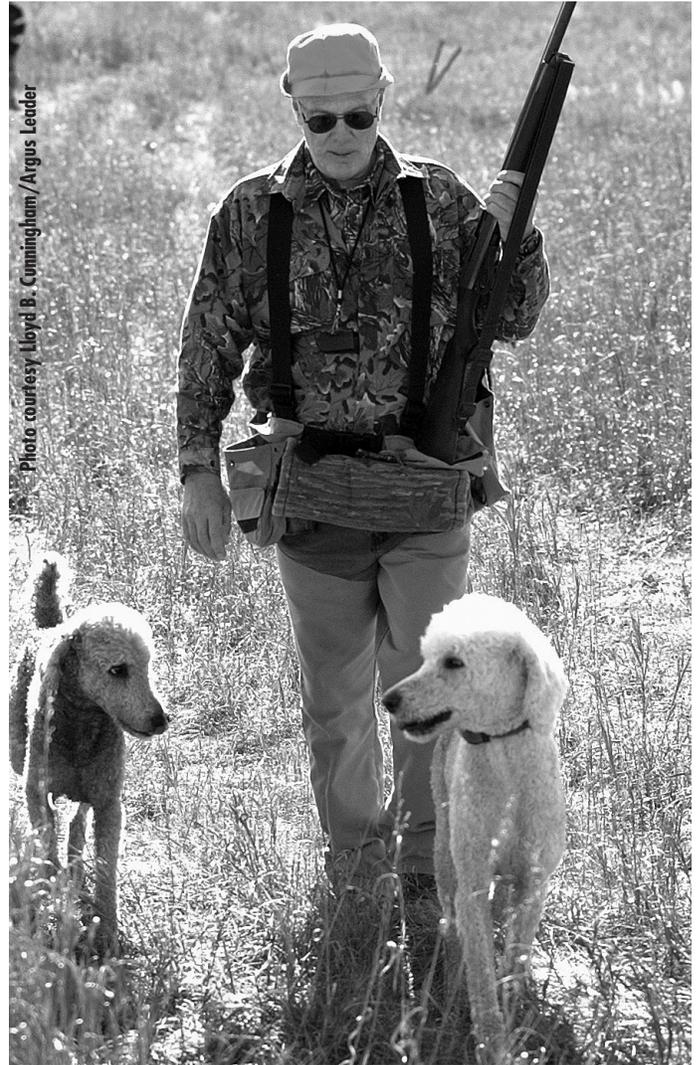
"Bella was on that one - somewhat," Jackson said after the bird suddenly burst from the cover and flew south. The hunters held their fire as the law requires for female pheasants.

Also in the field were Jackson's son Seth, Tony Newman of Chatfield, Minn., and Jim Kostboth of Sioux Falls.

Cultural barriers

These hunters are impressed by the bird dogging ability of poodles, but there are serious obstacles to more widespread acceptance.

For one thing, the culture of dogs and hunting is aligned against the breed. The American Kennel Club puts them in the



RETIRED WISCONSIN DNR WARDEN Gary Scovel and his hunting dogs Beau and Scout move to another field while hunting near Freeman.

"non-sporting" group. In 2004, the National Rifle Association enlisted them as a symbol of presidential candidate John Kerry's lack of authenticity, using the slogan, "That dog won't hunt."

Lee Schoenbeck, a Watertown lawyer and outgoing state senator, says he has hunted only once with poodles. While his group worked a deep slough, the poodles stayed on the edges while the Labs charged into the snow, he said.

That cemented his opinion:

"If you're hunting in heavy cover, as hunting dogs, they're pretty good house pets."

But he said perception might also be holding poodles back.

"My quick reaction is it's cultural. But on the other hand, pheasant hunters are pretty resourceful, and if there is a dog around that's going to be a good hunter, they're going to hunt with it whether it's orange, green or purple," he said.

Wet or dry

At one point Saturday, Beau and Scout actually were green.

They were working through a patch of cattails and strayed onto thin ice. Scovel called out to them to come back, but it was too late.

They fell through the ice, into a slough. They struggled to get out of the water, unable at first to either jump onto the ice or break through it to get to dry land. Eventually, they emerged covered in green algae.

Scovel allowed that poodles might have more trouble with water than Labs do. But Jackson said he has seen Labs struggle the same way, and Newman said his dog, Lambeau, does just fine retrieving ducks shot down over water.

In any case, Beau and Scout did not seem to lose enthusiasm after their soaking. They worked the rest of the field, though they did not find any pheasants.

“As for our bird count, make sure that you mention it was all public land,” Scovel said.

He has owned poodles since 1974 but says he didn’t start hunting with them until he got Beau in 2001. He had owned several Labs but gave them up when he saw how miserable his last one was living outdoors in a northern Wisconsin winter.

At that point, he thought he was stuck with house pets.

“I hate to admit it, but they sleep on the bed at night,” he said.

His wife likes poodles for their personalities and the fact that they are easy to clean up after.

“The big thing is they don’t shed,” he said.

Good bird dog

But then Scovel read an article in *Gun Dog* magazine about a Colorado woman who got two poodles up to the top ranks of American Kennel Club hunting trials. He started training Beau and discovered his inside dog could be a heck of a bird dog.



IN A WARM UP before the hunt, Scout practices following whistle commands and retrieving.

What he thought was a compromise turned into the best of both worlds. It was as if Queen Elizabeth not only came to the hot-dog eating contest, but joined in and started slamming down franks with the best of them.

Kostboth, the Sioux Falls man, did not bring a dog but is considering getting one for hunting. He does not want to keep it in a kennel, so he is considering a poodle.

“I was impressed. They did a good job. They followed the commands well, they hunted hard,” he said. “It wasn’t their fault we didn’t get the birds.”

But he’s still not sure. A dog is a very personal thing, especially when it has to be a hunter and part of the family, he said.

“That’s something you’ve got to talk over with the wife.”

Reprinted, with permission, from the Nov. 6, 2006 issue of the Argus Leader.

Poodles: As good or better than other breeds

Editor’s Note: Gary Scovel posted a story about his South Dakota hunt to the Yahoo Hunting Poodle List. Excerpts of the article follow below:

The hunt, day one: We met the *Argus Leader* outdoor writer, Ben, and his photographer at 9:45 a.m. Shooting hours start at 10. Ben has never hunted and definitely doesn’t know anything about dogs, be they poodles or any other breed. He does, however, know how to write a decent story...

But the best part of the day didn’t start until 1 p.m. after the newspaper guys had left. We got to partake in a very traditional SD family style hunt at Todd’s farm. All seven armed hunters, plus about five unarmed kids, loaded into the back of Todd’s truck and headed out to a long narrow strip of sorghum planted strictly for pheasant habitat. Blockers were stationed at the end. Beside our

four poodles, there was a lab and at times a Wirehair and a Britt. Only the Lab was present on the first drive.

The pheasants did not stand a chance, although several did escape later on. With six or seven birds dropped on this first drive, all but one, shot by the blockers, were retrieved by poodles — much to the admiration and quickly changing attitudes of Todd’s friends. I’m sure the group was curious to see if poodles really could hunt and expected the worse. It didn’t happen. By the end of the day there were 13 roosters in the bag. There were easily enough flushes followed by misses to fill a 21-bag limit.

Day two was back to poodles only on 160 acres managed for pheasants. Jim invited us to hunt on his land to see if a poodle might be worthy of being his next hunting dog. While Jim was busy explaining how he wanted the hunt

conducted, several roosters started flying out of a shelterbelt just across the road into Jim’s property. We finally settled on a plan ... and were done at Jim’s by about 2:30 with 15 birds. There was no easy cover here, mostly head-high cattails and standing corn. The poodles absolutely excelled, with close flushes and tough retrieves.

By day three we were down to three hunters. It was, by far, the toughest hunt, with big sloughs and acres of standing corn. We finished with seven roosters, two short of the limit due 100 percent to lousy shooting.

I doubt we would have finished here with more than two roosters if not for the dogs recovering birds that we could never have found without them.

To read more of Scovel’s story and to learn more about hunting with poodles, go to www.lakelandhuntingpoodles.com.

Warden pilots helped guide deputies

Wardens in air help sheriff capture 2 gunmen hiding in brush cover

By Harland Steinhorst

“Wardens Guided Posse in Danbury Manhunt” was the headline of an article in the Wisconsin Conservation Bulletin of May 1956. Ah, something for the warden magazine was my reaction. So I started looking for background information on the two wardens. Then by chance I came across a photograph in the *Wisconsin Game Warden* magazine of Fall/Winter 1999. It was taken at the Siren Airport on March 4, 1956, the day of the following events:

Following a burglary and gunfight at Danbury in Burnett County, a sheriff’s posse

caught up with three fugitives March 4 — and two airborne conservation wardens played helpful roles in the capture.

At 6 o’clock that Sunday morning, Wardens Russell DeBrock of Webster and Earle Gingles of Luck received calls from the sheriff’s office at Grantsburg. They were asked to report to the Siren airport with a portable radio and a rifle.

It developed that the gunmen were believed to have fled on foot, and the wardens were to try to track them from the air. With Gingles as pilot and DeBrock handling other equipment, the wardens flew over Danbury in constant radio communication with officers on the ground. They learned that one fugitive had been captured, but that two were still at large.

Circling Danbury at low altitude, the wardens spotted footprints in the snow along the railroad tracks heading toward Markville, Minn. The trail was not too hard to follow from the air, despite the fact that the wanted men had walked the rails part of the time.

Seven minutes flying time out of Danbury, the wardens found where the fugitives had left the railroad tracks and taken to brush cover. A few sharp turns with the plane then revealed where they were



As the posse closed in, Gingles put the plane through repeated dives to pinpoint the exact location of the gunmen, who surrendered without further resistance.

hiding. One of the fugitives pointed a gun at the plane, but DeBrock saw through his field glasses that it was a shotgun so the wardens were able to keep buzzing around at fairly low altitude.

Meantime the warden’s radio kept a sheriff’s posse informed of developments and guided the posse to within 300 yards of their quarry.

At this point the fugitives broke cover and tried to gain refuge in some farm buildings. DeBrock turned them back by firing several shots ahead of them.

As the posse closed in, Gingles put the plane through repeated dives to pinpoint the exact location of the gunmen, who surrendered without further resistance.

The posse included Sheriff’s Stusek of Burnett County, Moore of Polk County and Scharhag of Washburn County, as

well as deputies, town officers, Minnesota law enforcement officials and local volunteers.

It is not exactly the responsibility of conservation wardens to join a hunt for gun fighting burglars — but the fact that they do is a reflection of the “you help me, I’ll help you” spirit that exists between them and sheriff’s departments.

Those with sharp eyes will note in the photo that Earle Gingles was not holding a typical General Electric or RCA pack-set issued to field wardens. It appears to be a sheriff’s

department portable, which would explain how the wardens maintained contact with the sheriff’s posse. Secondly, what if the viewed “shotgun” was loaded with slugs or 00 buckshot? Maximum range of a 12-gauge 7/8 oz. slug is listed at 817 yards, some 587 yards for 00 buckshot. I am sure they were below 1,000 feet of altitude at various times during the pursuit. The rifle wheeled by Russell DeBrock appears to be a lever action Winchester 30-30 caliber rifle, a popular deer hunting rifle of that era. Lastly, tracking and capture of the two suspects took place in the state of Minnesota. Danbury is about one-half mile from the St. Croix River, state boundary with Minnesota. Doctrine of “Hot Pursuit” applied in this situation.

From the 1950s to the 1980s, each district except Southeast had a warden pilot and aircraft. Both were phased out when the annual cost did not justify having a separate warden airforce. Warden pilots of the past included Donald Beghin, Ken Beghin, David Froggatt, Harley Peterson, Earle Gingles, Ken Corbett, James Palmer, Darwin Krall and Dan Doberstein.

HARLAND STEINHORST is a retired conservation warden now living in La-Valle.

A day in the life of...

A UTAH GAME WARDEN

By Pat Lisi

The 1-ton pickup rocks and rolls its way across jagged, tennis ball- to bowling ball-sized chunks of ancient lava and sandstones as the driver gingerly picks his way along. There is a road somewhere under us, but it is barely visible as we have now ventured far away from secondary routes. We're in the back country of southern Utah, that's for sure. However, Saint George, which is probably the most densely populated city south of the Salt Lake neighborhoods five hours to the north, is a mere 12 miles away. A testimony to how quickly one can escape into Utah's outback.

My mission this morning: A mule deer survey with one of Utah's youngest but finest conservation officers, Jonathan Moser. There are only 75 such "game wardens" in the state of Utah, a small handful of them are supervisors who tend to become desk bound just like supervisor wardens in Wisconsin. That leaves roughly 55 field wardens to patrol a state that has some of the most awesome and vast natural areas found in North America. And, believe me, the wildlife is out here to prove it. Case in point:

A few weeks prior to our 'muley' survey, Jonathan and a couple other wardens responded to a call about a full-grown mountain lion that had become accidentally entrapped in a leg hold meant for a smaller species. Now, all of us Wisconsin wardens have been involved at one time or another with a live animal stuck in a trap, and we've been very successful in freeing

many of those victims.

But, imagine a mountain lion, big and heavy, with only one thing on its mind — to tear to shreds the first person who even thinks about getting close to him, with whatever gizmo they plan to cover or hold him down with, while the other humans release the trap. Do you understand the Chicago or New York Italian phrase that phonetically states:

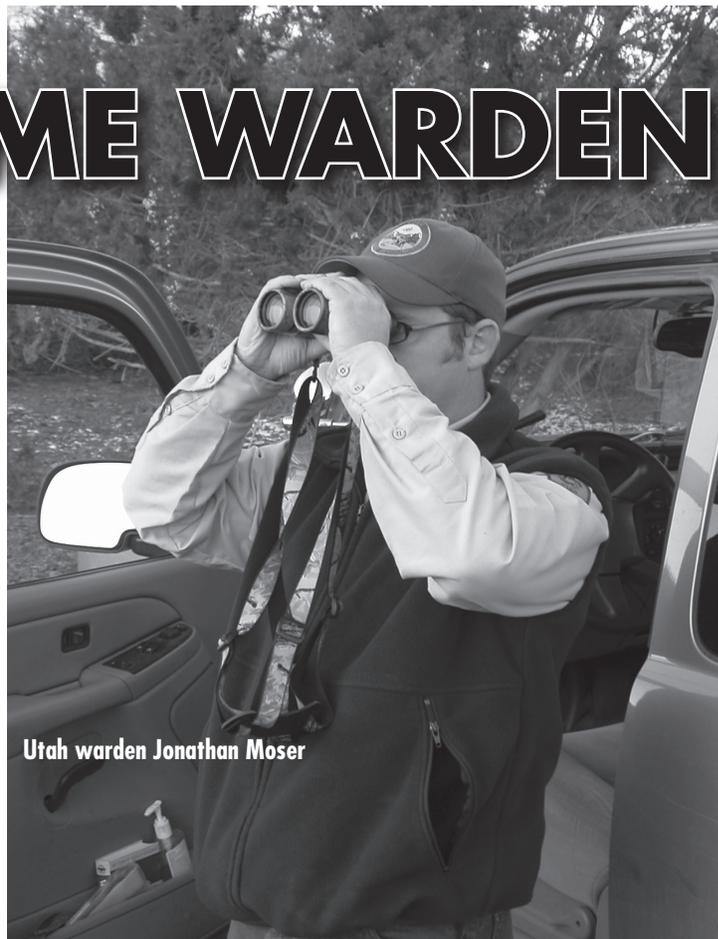
"FoGeddaBaa-dit!"

This mission ended in victory for everyone, including the cougar. He managed to rip the trap apart while attempting to charge and subsequently kill his rescuers. The point is, this episode occurred within a few miles of civilization. Hikers beware!

Utah conservation officers start about \$3 an hour less than Wisconsin recruit wardens. They drive pickup trucks like we do, bought on a bid system very similar to ours. The equipment inside the vehicle is roughly the same — lights, siren, spotting scope, computer, etc. Recruit wardens are on probation for one and a half years. They attend the law enforcement academy and then go out to FTOs. When they get their first assignment, however, they must always work alongside another officer for many months before officially claiming the station as theirs.

As in Wisconsin, Utah game wardens are considered to be the front-line representatives of the Department of Natural

IN UTAH, mountain lions sometimes roam close to cities and towns, so hikers and outdoorsmen need to be aware.



Utah warden Jonathan Moser

Resources in the field and in the towns where they reside. However, most of these officers really are game managers and biologists. They assist with wildlife projects such as corralling and relocating cervidae, work hands-on duty when the hillsides are alive with wildfire, and are generally expected to respond to anything natural resources related whether it is in their position description or not ... and, it probably is in their PD.

We continue to ease along the extremely rough path, being careful to not disturb what is already an incredibly harsh eco-community consisting of prickly pear cactus, blackbush, juniper, and a dozen other equally fragile species in this high desert landscape.

We've counted about 75 mule deer before 9 a.m., but strangely enough no bucks. I start to see what seems to be the mirage of the tiny town of Veyo come into view out on the horizon and, about a half hour later, we are back onto a secondary road, then gravel, and finally the blacktop. It's been a glorious start to another fantastic day in Paradise.

Pat Lisi is a retired Wisconsin conservation warden currently living in Ivins, Utah.



Photo by Pat Lisi

TRADITION

The Bill Waggoner Trout Trip spans 40-plus years

By Barry Nielsen

Wisconsin Conservation Department Warden Bill Waggoner suggested having a trout fishing trip/sweet corn feed sometime in the early 1960s. It would involve a small group of men who were originally a combination of county officials and state employees. The thought was that fishing for a day together would provide a chance to improve communication and working relationships. So plans were hastily thrown together along with waders, fishing poles, creels and Coleman stoves.

The group would depart early morning, leaving a variety of vehicles behind and the chosen few carrying the men and gear to the finest trout streams in North America. Streams like the Eighteen Mile, Twenty Mile, Long Brand, the White and Namakagon.

Traveling north, we stopped only for a hearty breakfast of pancakes, eggs, coffee, and bacon — enough to fill the hungriest soul. At breakfast, plans of the day were discussed — who would be fishing which stream or portion thereof, and where and

Bill may not be fishing with us anymore, but I think he would be proud of the success and commitment that the one-day-a-year event has developed into.

when each angler would be picked up. But those plans were often disrupted by beaver dams, fish biting frenzies or a complete loss of time. Still, each fisherman would inevitably stumble out of the brush and be picked up by a forgiving companion.

Adventures of the day's events were replayed in detail at a nearby pub followed by the return trip south to Mike's or Hugh's cabin or Barry's place. The evening was filled with campfires, Coleman stoves, sweet corn and some of the very best fried trout you have ever eaten. And

don't forget the bacon/peanut butter sandwiches.

Communication improved and friendships grew, and the working relationships formed into cohesive partnerships that would last a lifetime.

Bill was a true and compassionate outdoorsman and has since been remembered, in the very least, by a tradition that has now spanned more than 40 years. Bill died in 1977 and our fishing trip is now known as the Bill Waggoner Memorial Trout Trip. While Bill may not be fishing with us anymore, I think he would be proud of the success and commitment that the one-day-a-year event has developed into.

Bill had a way of making newcomers feel welcome by looking at their belt buckles. When the newcomer would ask why the sudden interest in their buckle, Bill would reply, "So we know what happened to you when we find the buckle in the bear droppings." Bill would also check each fisherman's creel, making sure no one had more than nine trout, even though the limit at the time was 20, so no one would over bag. Some of the camaraderie was less loose after we had returned home safely to the campfire, Seneca chief sweet corn and trout.

Success of the trip was an individual goal and anglers consisted of varying



Photos courtesy Barry Nielsen

WHEN THE FISHING is done, it's time to gather around the campfire and talk of the day's fishing. From left are Bill Smith, Dan Kalschuer, Bruce Moss, Rick Freitag, Dave Zeug, Hugh Smith, T.J. Edwards, Aaron Smith, Tom Butler, Phil Wallace and Bob Washkuhn.



SEE — They actually do catch fish on their trout trip!

degrees of proficiency at trout fishing, but it was and still is possible to catch and release 50 or more trout in a single day per person. Forty-plus years later, the tradition carries on, although there are some new faces and some empty spots around the campfire.

Forty years is but a trickle in the flow of a trout stream, but it takes its toll on the life of mere mortals. Still, 40-plus years later and the tradition carries on. Planning begins by phone, mail and word of mouth in mid- to late-summer. There is much discussion about which month, which day

and which stream will reward best.

On the chosen day, we meet at Hugh's in the breaking light of morning to "plan" vehicles and riders and decide which café to stop at to pack down that energy breakfast of pancakes, eggs, bacon and coffee on our way to Grandview. Planning over breakfast and recon maps, we decide on the last-minute meticulous details with military like precision, including which stream segment each seasoned fisherman will be assigned. The same

plans have materialized the same way with nearly identical results each of the last four decades. But it's not the consequence of the plan that's important; it's the tradition that is.

The gathering of friends who share a common bond, providing that good plans work and good people can work together. It has become an annual event shared by a handful of friends that savor the solitude and environs where trout are found.

I think Bill would be proud!

The fishermen & campfire friends

- Bill Waggoner
- Art Oehmke
- Les Walsingham
- Bill Daugherty
- Bill Lindenberger
- John Gozdziwski
- Bill Albright
- Glen Peterson
- Jim Swan
- Dan Kalschuer
- Barry Nielsen
- Aaron Smith
- Allen Haesenmeyer
- Bob Washkuhn
- Hugh Smith
- Bob Becker
- Dave Swenson
- Loyd Potterton
- Mike Linton
- Chuck Foley
- Mr. Sparks
- Forrest Thannun
- Fran Washkuhn
- Bill Smith
- Dale Moen
- Jackson Smith
- Warren Speake
- Lynn Linton
- Dick Alford
- Phil Wallace
- Dave Zeug
- Tom Butler
- Rick Freitag
- Bruce Moss
- Mike Miller
- Larry Fletcher
- Mike Bartz
- John G.
- Dave Zebro
- T.J. Edwards

From warden to sculptor

Palmer creates bronze warden art; hopes to return it to state some day

By Jim Palmer

In 1989 I retired as chief of the special investigations section of the Wisconsin DNR, and moved to Silver City, New Mexico. If you're a wilderness horseman, and I am, this is the place to be.

A few years ago I was hunting out of an elk camp in the Gila Wilderness and the camp cook was a retired New Mexico game warden. He was also a sculptor. After helping me dress and quarter the 6 X 6 elk I shot, he invited me to visit Scattergrass Studio where he learned the art. I guess you'd say I was hooked.

I began creating limited edition bronze sculptures through the lost wax process about four years ago. When there was talk a while back about a warden's museum for Wisconsin I knew I wanted to do a piece to be displayed there. As I hear it, some politician axed the museum. What a shame.

I grew impatient to hear that the project might be resurrected, and seven months ago I went ahead

and started the piece. It's finished now, a 25-inch tall bronze of a 1950s-era Wisconsin game warden on snowshoes.

I haven't yet decided where in Wisconsin he'll reside, but I know I'll bring him home someday.

Check it out!

Want to see more of Palmer's work? Then check out his Web site at www.jimpalmerbronze.com.

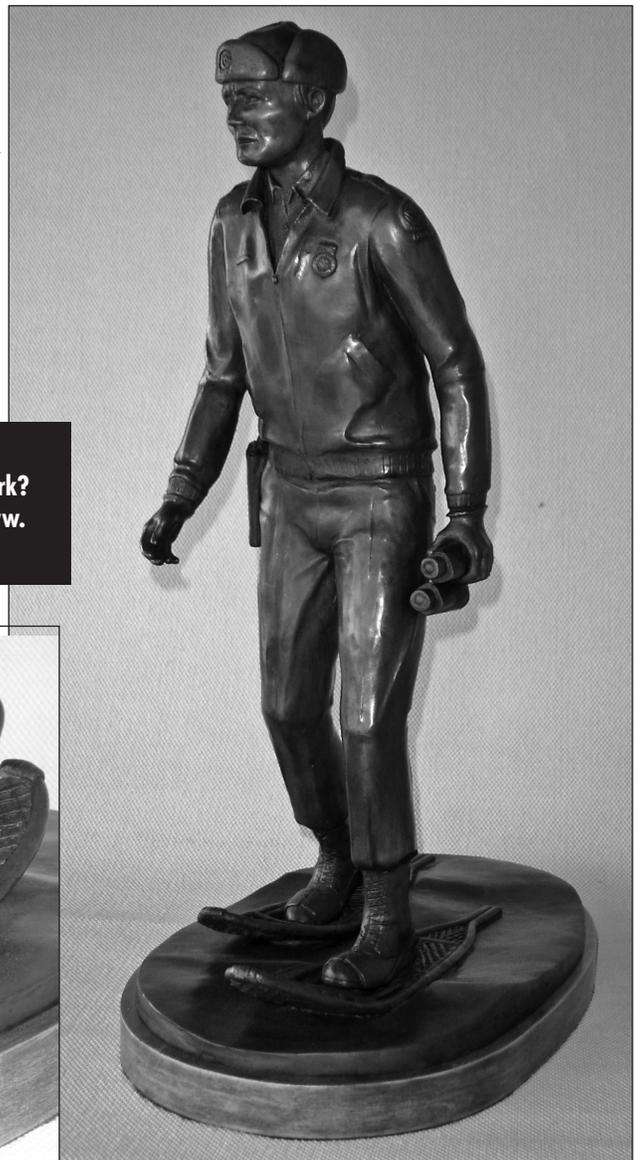




Photo courtesy Times-Villager.

BOB CHURCH proudly holds the plaque he received from the DNR for his 33 years of service as a special deputy warden.

Little Chute deputy warden honored

By Diane Baumgart

Following 33 years as a special deputy game warden, Bob Church of Little Chute, retired in June 2006. He was recognized for his service by the Department of Natural Resources in late November and presented with a plaque recently.

"It's kind of unique to have someone like Bob Church, who has accrued the amount of service time, size of area and worked with the number of wardens he has worked with and still he has all the other things going on in his life," said Byron Goetsch, Northeast Region conservation warden about his dedication. "That makes this (honor) special."

As a game warden, Church worked weekends throughout the fall and spring plus some in winter. He spent his summers as park ranger at High Cliff State Park in Sherwood. He worked under 25 wardens during that time, beginning with Dale Morey in 1973.

"I worked with many other deputy wardens who have become chiefs of police, full-time wardens and some have become warden supervisors," Church said. "I also worked with many warden recruits, either stationed in Appleton or during the spring fish runs (walleye and sturgeon)."

His territory included Outagamie, Calumet, Manitowoc, Kewaunee, Brown, Door, Winnebago, Waushara, Waupaca and Shawano counties.

Church participated in various warden activities that included archery, duck, pheasant and gun deer season, sturgeon spearing and walleye, sturgeon and salmon runs. He enforced boating, snowmobile and fishing regulations. He appeared in court at the trials of people who violated the laws. He also made and worked with deer decoys and watched for shiners, which were two of his favorite tasks. He often dressed in a white camouflage suit with pine needles on it to help him hide in the woods. One day three hunters walked right past him.

"It was so much fun just to deal with the people who tried to

take the deer decoys at night," Church said.

One fall he watched for deer shiners with another warden and had the highest number of cases. On two different occasions he worked deer decoys when a guy shot seven times from the road. One of these incidents was in Waupaca County with Wardens Mark Beilfuss and Goetsch, which resulted in four separate cases. During the spring sturgeon spawning, Church apprehended two fellows who nabbed a sturgeon. One of the men knocked him down and got away.

According to George Protogere, warden supervisor, if another warden needed help or if there was a job to be done, Church was called and usually was available.

"When we asked for somebody to do stuff, it was Bob who responded. It was Bob who would be out in the cold and wet waiting for the poacher, while the other warden was warm and dry in his vehicle," Protogere said.

"That's the thing; it's hard to find people available when you need them," said Goetsch. "He was always available and made himself available when we asked for assistance."

"Bob was a constant in the area," Protogere said, adding he was often called to help show new recruits around. "He knew all the people and places and really got the new warden started on the right foot."

In addition to serving as a game warden, Church worked as a park ranger at High Cliff for 36 years. He continues working maintenance at the state park.

Church's job with the DNR, however, was secondary to his 31-year career as a teacher at Little Chute High School. Church taught biology and environmental sciences before retiring two years ago.

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BRIEFS

New addresses of members needed

If anyone can update me with the addresses or status of the following members it would be greatly appreciated.

Paul Beck, Mark S. Johnson, Paul Bernlich, Robert J. Jumbeck, Shawna Kerndt, Dr. Carl Cihlar, Keith Kromm, Sr., David J. Nett, James D. Everson Family, Scott A. Prouty, Urban Floor, Michael Rogers, August Grunewald, Randy Rossing, Winter Hess, Donald L. Russ Sr., Ed Hightshoe, Mike Smith

Send the information to koginski@pctnet.net or call (715) 332-5672. In advance, thank you for your help. – Kathy Oginski

Thanks WCWA!

On behalf of the WOA Education Foundation, I would like to thank the Wisconsin Conservation Wardens Association for its contribution of \$1,000 to the 2006 Wisconsin Outdoor Education Expo. Your donation qualified the WCWA as a One Point Buck Sponsor and entitled you to statewide recognition in all Expo 2006 publications and signage.

The Wisconsin Outdoors Alliance

Bow book updated

“Tuning Your Compound Bow”, an in-depth set-up and tuning guide for all compound bow shooters has been updated in a new fourth edition.

Written by Larry Wise, the revised edition includes new chapters about tuning the asymmetrical (hybrid) cam bow and 3-D hunting and shooting for bowhunting.

The book is available through archery shops and sporting good stores.

The price is \$13.95 plus tax and \$3 handling and shipping. For more information, go to www.deerinfo.com.

Wisconsin Conservation Warden Association

Our purpose

The Wisconsin Conservation Warden Association (WCWA) exists to further conservation efforts within the state, without unionizing or collective bargaining, and is dedicated to all of the men and women who have served as Wisconsin Conservation Wardens since 1879.

Our objectives

- Promote natural resources education.
- Promote the profession of natural resources law enforcement.
- Strive to enhance conservation warden/community relationships.
- Provide encouragement, recognition and support to all members in their profession.
- Increase awareness and understanding of conservation and environmental issues.

Why join the W.C.W.A.?

- Receive the official W.C.W.A. magazine with information, pictures and stories that revolve around Wisconsin conservation wardens, past and present.
- Help support the W.C.W.A. Scholarship Program at UW-Stevens Point.
- Help establish and maintain a Conservation Warden Memorial Program.
- Help establish and maintain a Conservation Warden Museum.

Membership categories

- Regular Membership* — Active and retired, full-time permanent conservation wardens who have served part of their career as wardens; past and present special and county conservation wardens; and active and retired law enforcement officers from other agencies.
- Associate Membership* — Individuals, organizations and businesses expressing an interest in supporting the association.
- Sponsor Membership* — Any individual or organization that wishes to provide additional financial support to the association.
- Corporate Membership* — Any business that wishes to provide financial support to the W.C.W.A. Receive a free ad in this magazine with donation of \$500 or more.

I want to become a W.C.W.A. member

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____

Email _____

Regular and Associate memberships

- \$20 for one-year membership
 \$200 for life membership

Sponsor Memberships

- \$25-\$99 one year
 \$100-\$499, five year (with certificate suitable for framing)
 \$500 or more, life membership (with wooden plaque)

Corporate Sponsorship

- \$250-\$500 one year (\$500 or more includes free ad)



Memberships expire on June 30. Please make your check payable to the W.C.W.A. and send it to the W.C.W.A., Post Office Box 44, Madison, WI 53701-0044.

Your email will not be shared with anyone. It is for the sole purpose of helping maintain membership status and contact with our members.

A GOOD DAY OF HUNTING — From left, Stefan, Doc and Tim know what they'll be eating for supper tonight.



North plains ducks challenge hunter

By Greg C. Dobratz

Our hunt took place in October in the north plains region of North Dakota. But the story actually began during the summer while training DNR employees about the intricacies of shooting high-powered rifles.

As you likely know, Tim Lawhern runs the hunter safety program for the state of Wisconsin. He is a fair shot with any type of firearm, partially due to the fact that he was born south of the Mason-Dixon line in the foothills of Tennessee.

We had just finished a class in Black River Falls when Tim introduced me to Randy, who runs the firearms department at Moe's Hardware Store and Birdseed Emporium. While we were looking over a selection of new and used rifles and shotguns, Tim found a 12-gauge Remington 1100 in a camo pattern, which I told him would be a perfect duck hunting gun.

Tim shouldered the shotgun and explained how good it felt, but said that he was not really a duck hunter. I then suggested he accompany me to North Dakota for a duck hunt in October. After much deliberation and coercion by Randy and myself, Tim finally broke down and purchased the shotgun. So plans were made, and after several phone calls back and forth, Tim had his North Dakota license and a lot of shells.

In the early morning hours on the last day of September, I picked up Tim and we headed west on the interstate. A half a

day later, we arrived at our destination, a small town called McClusky, ND, along with our other hunting partners, Ivar "Doc" Gailans, his son Stefan and his father-in-law Robert Brauchle. Doc and I had recently purchased a house in McClusky and this was the break-in hunt, so to speak.

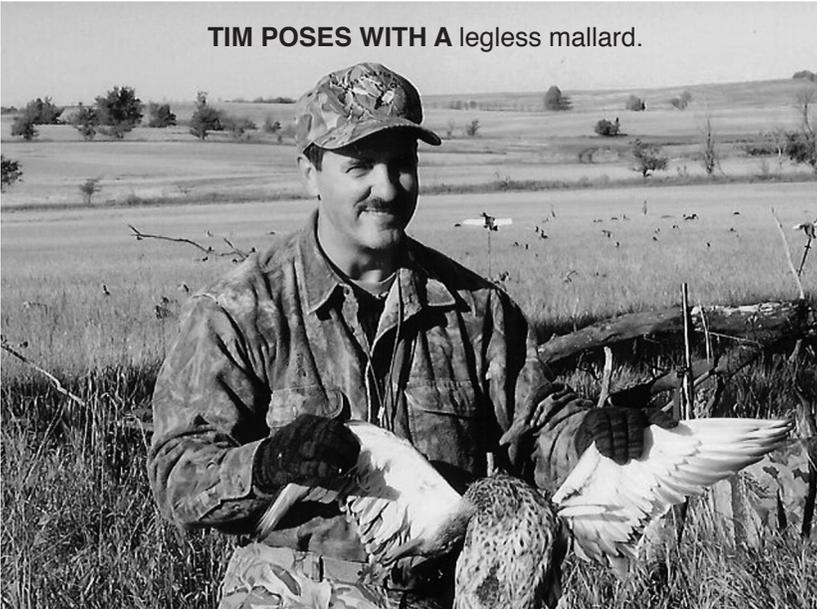
Tim became concerned about the food situation when he noticed we didn't bring along much to eat. He became leery when we told him that we'd be eating duck for dinner every night.

After getting unpacked and settled in our rooms, we took a tour of the hunting area to check on potholes and fields. Many of the potholes that we usually hunted were dry. But we were confident that we would get ducks.

Hitting the sack early that night, Tim asked if any ducks did live in this desolate part of the state that was almost devoid of water. If you go to the prairie pothole region of North Dakota you will notice a lack of trees, but the seemingly flat land is littered with small potholes and drainages that are all filled with water in the spring of the year. This area produces many ducks throughout the Central Flyway.

Waking up before the sun even decided to make its daily round, we loaded up the trucks with several dozen goose and duck decoys, along with several robo ducks. We headed to a cut wheat field located between two large ponds where we have always had fairly good success. Finishing the decoy spread just 20

TIM POSES WITH A legless mallard.



minutes before legal shooting, we had time for a cup of coffee. We debated whether to take the ducks on the first pass or let them circle around again. But we didn't make a decision until the first flock of ducks buzzed the decoys. Since we weren't ready, we decided to let them circle, which they did, but only higher. After they vacated the area, we finally decided to take them on the first pass.

Soon another flock came into the decoys and we didn't let them circle. But when the smoke cleared just a couple of ducks lay in the decoy spread. Tim remarked that the ducks were a little quicker than doves, but after several rounds he was connecting. I would like to profess that we shot a limit of ducks that morning, but we did not. We did, however, shoot enough for dinner that night.

Tim was not really sure about eating fresh duck, explaining that he had a rather bad experience with wild duck before. But after that evening's dinner, all of Tim's reservations were erased.

During the next several days, Tim experienced several different field hunts and pond hunts, shooting his share of the ducks and still having shells left on the last day. He also found out that duck is extremely tasty when prepared right, either in a Crock Pot or barbecued on the grill.

Tim also demonstrated a new method of cleaning ducks that were brought home. Doc wanted him to make a video of this operation for other hunters to see, but Tim declined. Tim and Stefan were rookies in the duck camp and did take a little good-natured ribbing, but they both came through with flying colors. Yes, Tim, you can tell your wife that I forced you into buying that shotgun.

Just one other little thing happened while we were in McClusky. The first night Tim and I noticed that the house across the street from ours had a high amount of vehicle and foot traffic lasting to the wee hours of the morning. We both suspected that the resident was selling drugs so we reported our suspicions to the local authorities and left it at that.

During my next visit, the traffic continued on Friday and Saturday night so I reported the activity again. On the last day of the hunt, we had just returned from the field when officers from Sheridan County, the state patrol and the metro drug unit from Bismarck knocked on my neighbor's door. Seems like my neighbor was on parole for selling controlled substances and he was setting up shop again. He and several others were arrested and several meth labs in the area were shut down.

GREG C. DOBRATZ is a hunter safety instructor, a coach at the Hunter Safety Academy, and has worked as a LTE firearms instructor for the DNR's Chronic Wasting Disease program.

Articles, photos sought for fall 2007 issue

Wisconsin Game Warden Magazine is looking for interesting articles that deal with the great outdoors. The deadline for the fall issue is Aug. 1, 2007.

Possible topics include ecology, warden cases made, places to go, resource conservation methods, gotcha-type stories, animal rescues, history of the warden force, and articles dealing with the natural world.

Other possible story topics include vacations, recipes and the future of the warden force.

Aren't sure if your story is a good one? Contact Managing Editor Barbara A. Schmitz at (920) 235-0972 and ask.

Articles can be submitted to Schmitz at 1705 Graber St., Oshkosh, WI 54901, or emailed to Schmitz at write2us@sbcglobal.net.

When possible send photographs to go with your story. Photos will be returned, if requested.

Photos can also be sent electronically to Schmitz. However, they need to be scanned in at 300 dpi for to ensure quality printing in the magazine.

Raffle benefiting Learn to Hunt youth programs

By Kathy Oginski

Thanks to the generosity of everyone who donated items and purchased raffle tickets, we should be able to acquire some nice equipment to be used in the Learn to Hunt programs. My goal is to have a "locker" of hunting gear that can be loaned out as needed, to make the kids' hunting experience as enjoyable as possible.

When I approached companies, corporations and individuals for donations, most were more than happy to contribute for the benefit of the kids. There are so many kids who have an interest in hunting but may not be offered the opportunity by their parents or family. The Learn to Hunt programs have opened doors for these kids. By having a variety of equipment on hand it makes it the easier for kids to participate, while taking the burden off their parents in having to buy equipment.

If any members of the warden association have ideas for equipment that would assist with the programs, please contact me at (715) 332-5672 or koginski@ptcnet.net. Some of the equipment that is being considered is double tree stands, pop-up blinds, youth firearms and clothing.



Photo courtesy Mike Nice

VOLUNTEERS AND YOUTH pose for a group picture after a successful weekend of waterfowl hunting at the Duck Inn Lodge on Sept. 16-17, 2006. The weekend included trap shooting and duck hunting, and the youth were also taught how to identify and call ducks.

Youth waterfowl hunt a success

Group harvests 22 ducks in weekend hunt

The Duck Inn Lodge 3rd Annual Youth Waterfowl Hunt, held Sept. 16-17, 2006, introduced about a dozen youth to the world of waterfowling in a fun and safe way. The group harvested 22 ducks, helping to make the hunt even more memorable.

To participate, youth had to be 12-15 years old and possess a valid hunter safety certificate. The youth were asked to bring a shotgun and to dress in camouflage from head to toe. But the hunt provided all the rest of the necessary equipment — from hats, to shotgun shells, to lodging, to meals and drinks.

Youth were paired with mentors such as Jerry Lynch, John Cler, Dave Guy, Jim Korb, Mike Nice, Kevin Salava, RJ Dunkel, Mike Williams, Fritz Hirsbrunner and Chuck Horn.

The event started Saturday afternoon with four educational stations — trap

shooting, duck identification, duck calling and hunter safety. The group then scouted and prepared for their evening duck hunt before they set the decoys in place and waited for the ducks to fly overhead. Soon it was back to the lodge, located between Woodman and Boscobel, to clean ducks, eat pizza, tell stories and go to bed.

The next day's activities started early, and by 5:30 a.m. the group was traveling to their respective blinds and placing decoys. Each mentor and mentee hunted for 3 1/2 hours, and they again returned to the lodge for pictures, lunch and to clean the ducks before going back home to Richland Center.

Warden Mike Nice said the event couldn't happen without the mentors. "They are dedicated volunteers who want to give something back to the future of hunting and conservation. Their time, experience and knowledge make a difference in the lives of our youth."

But the hunt couldn't occur, either, without the financial support of groups such as the Wisconsin Game Warden Association. The WCWA's financial donation allowed the group to buy hats for the men-

tors and mentees.

"The little things that make it special are much appreciated by the mentees and mentors alike, and assist in creating those memories that could last a lifetime," Nice said.

Other sponsors and their donations included:

- Cabela's, which furnished duck carriers, hats, and drake and hen decoys for each youth.
- Duck's Unlimited, Richland Center and Boscobel chapters, which donated duck calls, a greenwing membership for each youth, and duck ID booklets.
- Jones New World Sports, Richland Center, which provided the use of three ATVs and a trailer for the weekend.
- Appleland Sports Supply, Gays Mills, which donated steel shot and camouflage facemasks.
- Richland Locker, Richland Center, which provided hamburgers, brats and hotdogs.

Additional sponsors included Wal-Mart, Len Doudas Chevrolet, the Scenic Hills chapter of the National Wild Turkey Federation, Gander Mountain and others.

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MEN —

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WARDEN HISTORY

Wardens get 'natty' uniforms in 1927

“Oh, the old time warden, ain’t what he used to be, ain’t what he used to be; oh, the old time warden ain’t what he used to be, since Louie took over the throne.”

The headline was “Louis Nagler Dressing Up State Game Wardens.”

Louis Nagler was the director of the conservation department and the year was 1927. The following article appeared in the *Rhinelander Daily News* of Dec. 28, 1927. It was a tongue-in-check article about the coming event.

“Next year, summer visitors to Wisconsin will have a lot of trouble dodging the game wardens. Knowing that these visitors would be looking for a roughly dressed woodsman, Louis B. Nagler, director of state conservation, has ordered a clean-up week for all game wardens.

The new rules specify that each warden must own and wear a bright and natty uniform, must shave every other day, and be of certain age, and have certain education. Evidently, like the director, the warden must have read about the conservation, to be fitted for their work.

Each warden must sprinkle 12 drops

of perfume de Paris on their uniforms before starting out to wade a river for miles in search of a game violator. They mustn’t wear hip boots on such a trip — it would ruin the morale of the service. Each warden must have his cut at 6 o’clock every Saturday night and use a green colored comb to part his hair. Before starting out he must use a mouthwash and gurgle so he’ll not have halitosis.

Baths must be taken each morning and evening. Fingernails must be polished after each raid. It is presumed the uniforms will be pink with yellow ruffles. *The Capital Times* at Madison suggests that the wardens wear a badge shaped like a fish.

Personally, we can’t imagine Al Robinson, W.S. Hayner and Lyle Guilday attired in evening clothes while crawling through a swamp looking for some lumberjack who is trapping muskrats out of season. But, the new rules say all game wardens shall wear nice, new uniforms next year, and must keep them clean.

In truth, wardens next year must have valets to follow them, so that the suit can be pressed and all spots removed before

the official arrests some luckless hunter shooting a deer. If the wardens wear outfits colored like deer, they may be in grave danger during the open season, so it is presumed they will be ordered to have different colored uniforms for sunny days, cloudy days and dog days.”

...

Since 1879, when the first fish warden was appointed, until 1928 field wardens wore outdoor clothing and 14-inch laced leather boots. The new director, Col. Louis N. Nagler, retired U.S. Army, was going to change what wardens, forest rangers, park managers and high department officials wore when meeting the public. This was a “work” uniform and not a dress uniform. Department employees were required to purchase the forest green colored uniform for \$35.35. Wardens could add leather puttees, Stetson hat and black Sam Browne pistol belt, again out of their own pocket.

Another article on the new uniforms is printed on page 21.

RESEARCH BY Harland Steinhorst, a retired warden now living in LaValle.

Photo by Tim McEnroe



Fog obscures deer

A herd of deer stand in a farm field west of Asylum Bay Park, east of County Trunk A near Oshkosh. The picture was taken on Dec. 31, 2006 at twilight.



WCEF Grant funds, musky patrol t-shirts

Thanks to a grant from the Wisconsin Conservation and Education Foundation, a group of volunteers who make up a Musky Patrol can easily be identified by new T-shirts proclaiming their work.

Rich Thole, conservation warden in Amery, said the Musky Patrol is a group of volunteers from the Polk County Sportsmen's Club, Amery High School and the community of Amery who watch over spawning muskies at the Kennedy Mill Dam west of Amery. The members volunteer their time at the dam to deter people from harassing the spawning fish.

Thole said the WCEF grant allowed him to purchase the shirts that read "MUSKY PATROL" on the front and "TURN IN POACHERS" with the hotline number on the back.

Uniforms to add 'distinction' to service

"Wardens to don 'unies' in May" was the title of an article published in *The New North* newspaper, dated March 29, 1928.

"When the warm, sunshiny days of May arrive, and the grass is on the meadow, and the flower blossoms begin to form, nature is not the only thing that will take on a new appearance.

For on the first day of that month the wardens and foresters of the state conservation commission will blossom forth in their new forest green uniforms.

And they will be very swank. The outfits are to consist of a pleated Norfolk jacket similar to those worn by aviators with army-style breeches set off by leather puttees.

They are to be worn not only by the men in the field, but by Louis B. Nagler, director of conservation, and his assistant Matt Peterson as well.

Measurements for the uniforms are now being made. It is expected that between 75 and 100 uniforms will be ordered in the first lot, with more probably required later.

A conference of all wardens and foresters, for the purpose of giving them instructions regarding the proper use of their uni-

forms, will probably be called before official orders to don them are given, Mr. Nagler says.

Objections have been raised in some quarters over wearing of uniforms. Some members of the department have protested that they will be unable to apprehend game violators if they are made conspicuous by their dress.

To this objection the commission replied that it is seldom necessary for the wardens to make their arrests by stealth, and if occasion should arise for "plain clothes" work, the men will have authority to change to civilian wear.

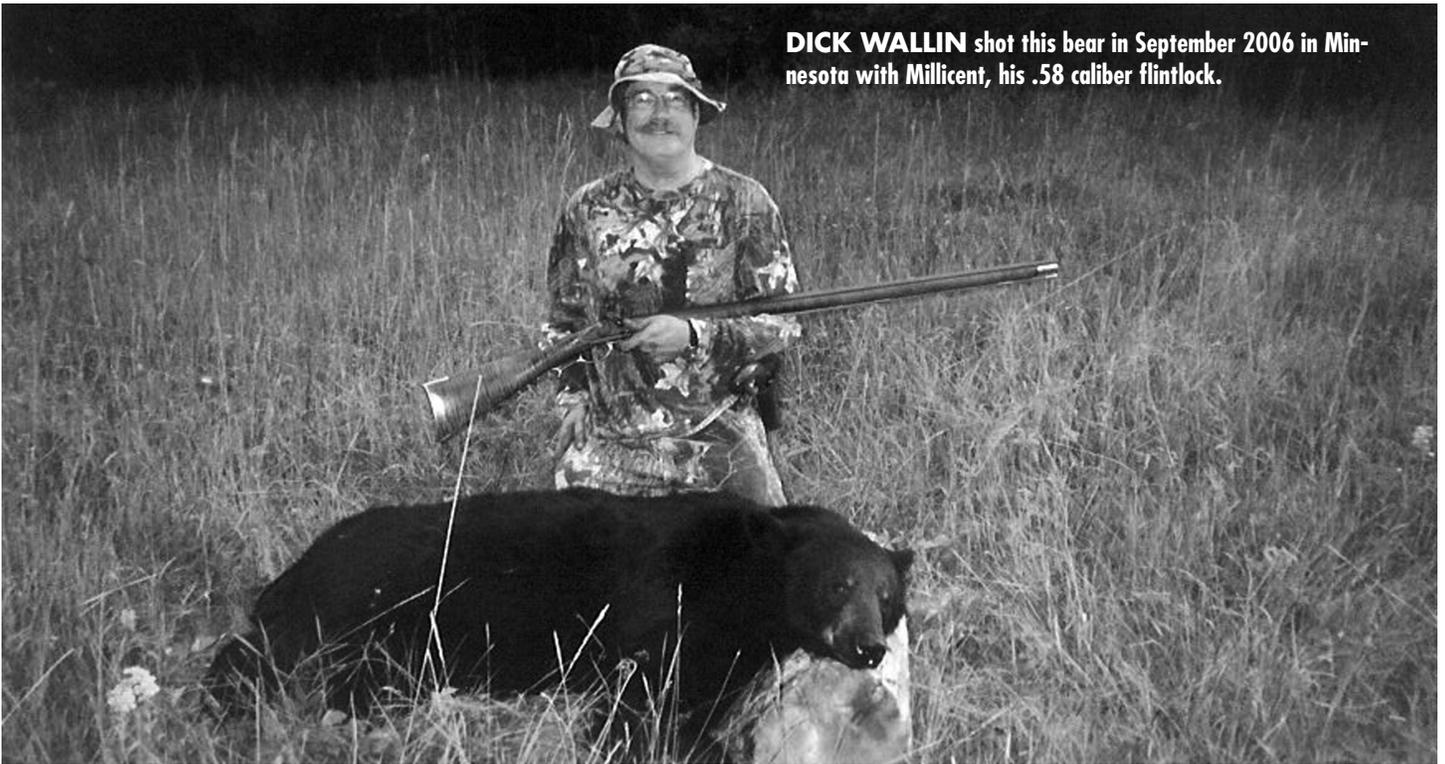
Mr. Nagler and the commission members believe that the uniforms by the wardens will add distinction to the service, and the men will be proud of their appearance. At the popular fishing and hunting points he says it will be a service to the sporting public to have uniformed wardens meet incoming trains, and be on hand to dispense

information to people who have come on hunting and fishing expeditions.

Another point raised by Mr. Nagler is that wearing of uniforms by the wardens will help discourage any tendencies they might have to loaf around poolrooms or other public places.

Another point raised by Mr. Nagler is that wearing of uniforms by the wardens will help discourage any tendencies they might have to loaf around poolrooms or other public places. He believes the uniforms will make them conspicuous when they publicly neglect their duty.

DICK WALLIN shot this bear in September 2006 in Minnesota with Millicent, his .58 caliber flintlock.



Adventures with Millicent

By Dick Wallin

I blame several vices on college. One of them is my addiction to muzzle-loading firearms. I began in college in the dark days when no one yet had even dreamed of 21-inch shotgun barrels with open chokes and rifled sights, let alone rifled barrels. This boy, with the heart of a rifleman, journeyed to River Falls in Pierce County. Pierce was and is a shotgun county for firearms deer hunting. I had a Remington 870 with a 30-inch full-choke barrel. It could shoot its five slugs in an 18-inch group at 50 yards and kick the be-Jesus out of you while doing it. This was just unacceptable.

Then, one day while reading the regulations book, I read the section on muzzle-loading firearms. In that epiphany I thought that even a bad rifle has to be better than a shotgun and slugs. I soon bought a .58 replica 1863 Springfield, a Civil War gun. I bought a Lyman bullet mold and began casting 575 grain Minie Balls. That fall, I killed a deer with it and I was hooked.

Fast forward a few years and I had accumulated several "tailor made" replicas of front stuffers, in calibers from .36 to .58 and a 12-gauge shotgun. I thought it would

I don't know how much time I put into building my rifle. I started in late May. Sometimes I would work on it for 15 minutes, sometimes for three or four hours at a time. As it took shape, I would dream about shooting it and hunting with it. I guess that I have 140 hours into building it, but it might be more.

be fun to build a muzzleloader from a kit. I bought one that was basically a finish the wood and put it together kit. It turned out all right; how could it not? I began to build harder and harder kits. In the process, I acquired more caplock muzzleloaders than any one person could reasonable need. I also reached a point where I only hunt with muzzleloading firearms and archery. Then I got interested in flintlocks, or as some say flinchlocks.

I began hunting with a group of Pennsylvania wardens during the late flintlock season there that runs from Dec. 26 to Jan. 15. The group is called the Green Valley after Christmas Society. The

closest thing to a leader in the group is Ted Fox, a retired Pennsylvania warden. Ted has built more than 50 flintlock rifles. I spent many evenings over a brew, picking Ted's brain about how to build a flintlock. Last spring I bought a copy of the book, "The Art of Building the Pennsylvania Longrifle," by C.G. Dixon. The book has excellent instructions and advice, with many good illustrations.

I bought a Jim Chambers Siler Lock and a Long Hammock .58 caliber barrel blank in the 42-inch length. I got a trigger guard and butt plate from Track of the Wolf in Minnesota. These parts are sand cast and rougher than a football. Last I got a good piece of hard maple plank.

I don't know how much time I put into building my rifle. I started in late May. Sometimes I would work on it for 15 minutes, sometimes for three or four hours at a time. As it took shape, I would dream about shooting it and hunting with it. I guess that I have 140 hours into building it, but it might be more.

I confess that I did use some modern woodworking tools to shape and carve the stock. I made the sights from two small divots of steel, using only a hacksaw and files. I used a triangular file to cut



WALLIN SHOT this 8-point buck during the early CWD season in Wisconsin with his .58 caliber flintlock named Millicent.

The gun comes to the top of my shoulder when standing beside me and weighs nearly 10 pounds. I named it Millicent after the cartoon elephant from years ago because the gun is as big as an elephant. (If it ever comes up as a trivia question, it's Barbie's middle name, also.)

When building it, I set a goal to get a bear, an elk and a buck with it, the first fall. Millicent was done the last week in August. The first of September is bear opener in Minnesota. The second day, I shot a bear that dressed 186 pounds with Millicent. The bear bypassed the bait and was circling to check things out. I dropped it in its

tracks

the dovetails in the barrel to mount the sights. I made the tenions from scrap steel to fasten the forestock to the barrel. I drilled doles in the barrel and staked them I had to

on. drill and tap holes to mount the lock. I finished the barrel by draw filing it smooth and then browning it, the traditional finish. It's a rich chocolate brown. The traditional finish for hard maple is to use a mixture of about one part of nitric acid to three parts water. The stock was almost white to begin with. When applying the water acid mix, it takes on a sick greenish-yellow color. This staining process is about 300 years old. When the sick color appears, the old timers heated a large bar of iron red hot in the forge and passed the stock over the heated bar, taking care not to char the wood. The heat darkens the wood. The more acid and heat treatments, the darker the wood. While working on the gun, I couldn't help but wonder who the first person was that took a gunstock that they probably spent about 30 or 40 hours making and thought, Hey, I'll just dip this in acid and put it close to a red hot iron and see what happens. The forge in my basement workshop is a little too cold for heating iron, so I used the largest burner on my electric stove. When the desired color is reached, the stock is de-whiskered and then you can start putting on coats of linseed oil. After the linseed oil dries, you steel wool it and then put on another coat. I put about 15 coats on my rifle.

When it was all finished, we went to the range. I had deliberately left the front sight way too high so I could file it down to zero. I would fire a round at 50 yards and file then fire another. I soon attracted an audience of nine people (on a week day morning.) I had to explain what I was doing and answer a lot of questions about building the gun. I soon had it zeroed in.

with a single shot at 10 yards, using a .58 round ball.

The next week found me in the Medicine Bow Mountains in Colorado with Millicent in my hands and cow elk tags in my pocket. The only elk I could have shot was a 6x7 bull at 50 yards. That same evening, a Bull Moose walked up within 18 yards.

Saturday afternoon of the early season in the CWD Herd Reduction Area found Millicent and I sitting out in a steady rain. When I arrived on stand, I found I had broken the stopper on my priming horn and could not get any FFFFg priming powder out of it. In addition to the rain problem, I had to prime the pan with FFG barrel charge powder. I decided I would limit myself to shots of 25 yards or less, because between rain and the priming powder problem, I expected a long delay between pulling the trigger and the firing of the shot.

Soon an 8-point buck came out into three picked bean fields I was watching. He fed broadside within 50 yards. It was a shot I would normally have taken. I watched as he worked his way across the field and down into a draw and out of sight. A half hour later, a large doe come trotting out, looking behind. She skirted the field and went by at about 7 yards. The 8-pointer came back out of the same draw. I watched him work a scrape. Then he began to follow the doe's trail. When he got about 25 yards away, he offered a quartering shot at his left shoulder. I raised the gun and fired. It seemed that the shot went off instantly. The buck dropped right there.

Two out of three ain't bad. Millicent and I are still looking forward to firearms deer season, muzzleloader season and then the late flintlock season in Pennsylvania. If you are looking for us the second week in September of 2007, Millicent and I will be in the Medicine Bow Mountains, and this time I'll have a bull tag in my pocket.

Deer stories from John

Editor's Note — A good friend of mine, Bernie Kuntz, wrote the following article. Bernie was recently Bozeman's Region 3 Information and Education Officer for Montana Fish, Wildlife and Parks. I worked very closely with him conducting the Hunter Education Program in Gallatin County. Bernie is a skilled hunter and has taken the "Grand Slam" on Big Horn sheep. He writes for several newspapers and magazines in Montana, North Dakota, and South Dakota. After hearing of my hunting ordeal with my son, John, and his friend, Carl Anderson, he published this article in several papers and magazines. — John S. Plenke, Retired, Northwest District Warden Supervisor.



John Plenke

We were sitting at the picnic table on my patio last summer, sipping some of John Plenke's wonderful homemade wine, when he told me the story of his 2005 mule deer hunt. It was interesting enough that I dashed into the house, grabbed a notebook and took some notes. John, a 70-year-old retired game warden captain, originally from Wisconsin, lives with his wife, Connie, in Belgrade. He is a friend of mine and was once my chief hunter education instructor for Gallatin County while I worked for the state wildlife agency. What follows is John's story:

"We were hunting in the Cabin Creek Breaks north of Baker in southeastern Montana. I had been hunting there for 20 years and knew the area very well. My son, Jay, who is a warden sergeant from Wisconsin, joined us for the scouting trip. We drove cattle trails and checked canyon fingers, junipers, big hills ... we split up at about 9 a.m., but not before seeing a buck I think was 7 x 6.

"Our plan was to move up to the head of a drainage and meet at 11 a.m. We saw some good bucks, one that was 5 x 4 and maybe 25 inches, but after first seeing him, like the 7 x 6, I never could find him again."

John says he started angling down the hill at about 10 a.m., taking his time. Twenty yards from the bottom of the hill (it was cold, clear, windy and 8 degrees), his right foot slipped on shale. John fell forward and broke his right ankle. "I heard it," he said. John was one mile from the vehicle, but called on a radio and told his son of his predicament.

"My son was there in 20 minutes," John said. "I told him to tighten my boot as tight as he could get it and see if I could move. We took it a step at a time, and got to the creek bottom. I told Jay that we had to have more help. Soon, Carl, one of our partners, arrived and decided we couldn't carry all the gear so he and Jay took things back to the truck.

"They sat me on an emergency blanket — I was shaking uncontrollably — got me to the bottom of a bank and out of the

wind. I was nauseous, close to fainting, and experiencing shock and probably the first stages of hypothermia."

The trio's hunter education training reminded them to elevate John's feet, using a chunk of gumbo, and they wrapped him in a blanket while they walked back to the truck. John attributes hunter education training to saving his life.

"As long as my foot stayed straight, I was OK," he said. "In an hour they had me back at the truck, and with the heater, I felt 100 percent better."

John said he felt very bad that his son and friend had waited three years to draw a license, and that he was impeding the hunt, but his son insisted they drive to Baker and to the hospital.

"No, we are going to keep hunting," John said. So they propped up his leg, and John drove his pickup, using his left foot on the accelerator.

"We drove for a mile," he said. "We saw three bucks and six does. All the bucks were small so we went to a different spot and saw a 4 x 4 but we couldn't get a shot."

By 3:30 p.m. John admits, "I was hurting pretty bad," but he suggested they check one more location. "We glassed three deer — a three-point buck and two does. I said to Jay, who was now driving my truck, 'Let me out; I want to shoot it.' The buck was walking slowly, and I was trying to get into position with my Model 70 Winchester in .308. I used my Stoney Creek shooting sticks for a walking stick. Fifty yards from the truck, sweat in my eyes from the ankle pain, which obscured my vision, I made the shot."

At last, John agreed to go to the Baker emergency room where he was told he would need reconstructive surgery. "All hunters are nuts!" the doctor told him. The doctor put a temporary cast on his leg.

"The next day my son shot a 5 x 5 buck and Carl missed a 4 x 4," John said. Four days later he had surgery in Bozeman, with an eight-inch steel plate implanted on one side of his ankle and the ligament reattached on the other side. The doctor ordered that he place no weight on the leg for two months.

Seven days later Connie drove their Dodge pickup into a ditch on their way to hunt cow elk near Bozeman. Their cell phone didn't work. When a woman from a nearby ranch stopped to rescue them, and noticed that John was in a cast, she said, "You probably shouldn't be here, should you?"

"It cost \$206 to have a tow truck from Belgrade haul us out of the ditch," John said. "The woman offered me beer, hot chocolate, coffee or whiskey. I said, 'Coffee-only please.' It was quite a season."

LEGISLATIVE UPDATE

By Tom Van Haren

Selected 2007 Assembly Bills – Introduced from 1-1-07 through 3-10-07

- **AB 14 - Relating to:** admissibility of digitally produced photograph, film, motion picture, audio, or video. This bill allows the introduction of a digital representation of a photograph, film, motion picture, audio, or video for purposes of proving the content of that digital representation only if that content has not been altered and is in a format that includes bits representing a watermark scattered within the file in such a way that they cannot be identified or manipulated and that shows that the digital representation has not be altered from its original representation. The bill creates a misdemeanor for requesting the admission into evidence of a digital representation to prove the contents of that representation if the person knew those contents had been altered. Introduced by Rep. Schneider. Referred to Judiciary and Ethics Committee.
- **AB 40 - Relating to:** prohibiting the disposal of dredged material that contains polychlorinated biphenyls in solid waste disposal facilities. Introduced by Rep. Owens. Referred to NR Committee.
- **AB 42 - Relating to:** reinstate the appointment of the secretary of natural resources by the NR board. Introduced by Rep. Black. Referred to NR Committee.
- **AB 44 - Relating to:** state government holidays. This bill provides that May 30 must be the day on which the offices of the agencies of state government are closed to celebrate and observe Memorial Day, unless May 30 falls on a Saturday or Sunday. If May 30 falls on a Saturday or Sunday, then the following Monday is the day on which the offices of the agencies of state government are closed. Introduced by Rep. Musser. Referred to Committee on State Affairs.
- **AB 45 - Relating to:** requiring that personal flotation devices be worn by children under age 13 on boats under 26 ft. Introduced by Rep. Gottlieb. Referred to Tourism, Recreation and State Properties Committee.
- **AB 49 - Relating to:** fees charged to qualified lake associations for certain permits to control aquatic plants. Introduced by Rep. Friske. Referred to NR Committee.
- **AB 59 - Relating to:** the operation of all-terrain vehicles on highways for the purpose of access to trails from residences and places of lodging. Introduced by Rep. Marsau. Referred to Rural Affairs Committee.
- **AB 62 - Relating to:** electric receptacles maintained by the Department of Natural Resources at state park campsites. Introduced by Rep. Gottlieb. Referred to Tourism, Recreation and State Properties Committee.
- **AB 86 - Relating to:** ballast water management. This bill requires a person who operates an oceangoing vessel that uses a port in this state to obtain a permit from the DNR. To obtain a permit, the person must demonstrate to DNR that the vessel is not capable of taking on ballast water or that the vessel is equipped with technology that DNR determines will prevent the introduction of aquatic nuisance species into the Great Lakes. A person who operates an oceangoing vessel without a permit or operates in violation of a permit is subject to a forfeiture of up to \$25,000 for each day of violation. Introduced by Rep. Molepske. Referred to NR Committee.
- **AB 92 - Relating to:** voting by the members of the conservation congress. Under this bill, the Natural Resources Board may not accept the results of a vote on an advisory question made during any spring county meeting of the conservation congress if nonresidents were allowed to vote at that county meeting on the advisory question or to vote for delegates of the conservation congress. Introduced by Rep. Marsau. Referred to the NR Committee.
- **AB 96 - Relating to:** the possession, release, control, storage, sale, and transportation of fish of an invasive fish species. This bill prohibits any person, with certain exceptions, from possessing, releasing, controlling, storing, selling, or transporting fish, or viable fish eggs, of an invasive fish species if the person knows, or should know, that the fish or eggs are of an invasive fish species. The bill defines “invasive fish species” as a species of fish that is not native to the waters of this state and that causes, or is likely to cause, harm to the economy, to the environment, or to human health. Introduced by Rep. Schneider. Referred to NR Committee.
- **AB 108 - Relating to:** free access to state parks and state trails by certain disabled veterans and former prisoners of war. Introduced by Rep. Musser. Referred to Tourism, Recreation and State Properties Committee.
- **AB 113 - Relating to:** enforcement of motor vehicle safety belt violations. Current law does not allow an officer to stop a vehicle solely because the occupants are not wearing safety belts. This bill authorizes a law enforcement officer to stop or inspect a vehicle solely to determine compliance with seat belt use requirements, if the officer has probable cause to believe that a violation has occurred. The bill also increases the penalty for violating this state’s laws requiring the use of seat belts from \$10 to \$25 for a first offense and to not less than \$50 nor more than \$75 for the second and each later offense committed within three years. As under current law, violators pay no additional costs, fees, or assessments. Introduced by Rep. Beis. Referred to Transportation Committee.
- **AB 117 - Relating to:** requiring certain approvals for the construction, enlargement, or modification of a dam that affects the water level of a drain. Introduced by Albers. Referred to Agricultural Committee.
- **AB 130 - Relating to:** issuing hunting approvals to members of the Wisconsin national guard. Under this bill, DNR must consider a nonresident to be a resident of this state for the purpose of being issued a hunting approval if the person exhibits proof that he or she is a member of the Wisconsin National Guard. Introduced by Rep. Hubler. Referred to NR Committee.
- **AB 131 - Relating to:** issuance of certain hunting approvals to certain members of the U.S. armed forces. This bill allows DNR to issue wild turkey hunting licenses, Canada goose

LEGISLATIVE UPDATE

hunting permits, and hunter's choice and other special deer hunting permits to residents of the state who are in active service in the U.S. armed forces outside the state but who are on furlough or leave within the state. The bill prohibits DNR from imposing any deadlines or other restrictions on the timing for submitting applications for these hunting approvals or for issuing the approvals. Introduced by Rep. Nerison. Referred to NR Committee.

- **AB 135 - Relating to:** pointing a firearm at or towards a law enforcement officer and providing a penalty. Current law prohibits a person from intentionally pointing a firearm at or towards a law enforcement officer who is acting in an official capacity. This bill prohibits a person from intentionally pointing an object at or towards a law enforcement officer who is acting in an official capacity if the law enforcement officer may reasonably believe that the object is a firearm. Introduced by Rep. Benedict. Referred to Criminal Justice Committee.
- **AB 145 - Relating to:** a surcharge for convictions related to operating a vehicle (does not include ATVs, Boats, or Snowmobiles) while intoxicated. This bill increases the driver improvement surcharge from \$355 to \$455. Under the bill, \$100 of that amount is given to the law enforcement agency that arrested the person who is convicted of the violation relating to operating a vehicle while intoxicated. The bill requires the law enforcement agency to use the money to purchase and maintain law enforcement equipment that will be used to prevent alcohol-related and other drug-related criminal activity. Introduced by Rep. Staskunas. Referred to Corrections and Courts Committee.

Selected 2007 Senate Bills – Introduced from 1-1-07 through 3-10-07

- **SB 16 - Relating to:** requiring that personal flotation devices be worn by children under age 13 in certain boats. Referred to Environment and Natural Resources Committee.

- **SB 27 - Relating to:** releasing persons arrested for certain offenses related to operating a vehicle while intoxicated. Under this bill, a person may only be released to his or her attorney, spouse, relative, or other responsible adult if the attorney, spouse, relative, or other responsible adult accepts legal responsibility for the actions of the arrested person for 12 hours after the time that the person was arrested. In addition, the bill requires a law enforcement officer to seize or immobilize the vehicle used in the incident that gave rise to the arrest for 12 hours, except that, if the vehicle is the only vehicle owned or leased by any member of the arrested person's household, the officer may release the vehicle to a member of the household. Introduced by Sen. Lassa. Referred to Judiciary and Corrections Committee.
- **SB 29 - Relating to:** increasing the recycling fee imposed on the disposal of solid waste. Introduced by Sen. Jauch. Referred to Environment and Natural Resources Committee.
- **SB 43 - Relating to:** pointing a firearm at or towards a law enforcement officer and providing a penalty. Current law prohibits a person from intentionally pointing a firearm at or towards a law enforcement officer who is acting in an official capacity. This bill prohibits a person from intentionally pointing an object at or towards a law enforcement officer who is acting in an official capacity if the law enforcement officer may reasonably believe that the object is a firearm. Introduced by Sen. Robson. Referred to Judiciary and Corrections Committee.
- **SB 49 - Relating to:** free access to state parks and state trails by certain disabled veterans and former prisoners of war. Introduced by Sen. Lehman. Referred to Veterans and Military Affairs, Biotechnology and Financial Institutions Committee.
- **SB 56 - Relating to:** fees charged to qualified lake associations for certain permits to control aquatic plants. Introduced by Sen. Breske. Referred to Environment and Natural Resources Committee.

Do you have photos of wildlife to share?

Wisconsin wardens don't just protect the resources. They also enjoy the resources.

That's the purpose behind our feature, Fruits of their Labor.

Do you have a picture of your family with fish and game they've harvested in Wisconsin? Or how about one of you and some game? We'd like to include it in future issues of our magazine.

Mail or email photos — color or black and white are acceptable — to

Gary Eddy or Barbara A. Schmitz. Submitted photos will be returned; emailed photos should be at least 4" x 6" and 300 dpi.

Eddy can be reached at gary.eddy@dnr.state.wi.us or 101 S. Webster St., Madison, WI 53707.

Schmitz can be reached at write2us@sbcglobal.net or 1705 Graber St., Oshkosh, WI 54901.

Only one photo was submitted for Fruits of their Labor this issue. You'll find it on page 2.



The Unheralded Angels

Editor's Note: LaJeane Hettrick, widow of warden Harold Hettrick, sent in the following poem with this note. "At one of the warden conferences years ago, the poem was enclosed in the packet for the wives. Retired warden Homer Moe writes beautiful poetry and this one has always been special for me. I thought it might be used in Wisconsin Game Warden and shared once again with the wonderful 'warden family.'"

By Homer E. Moe

The Good Lord loves wardens' wives, you know it's true.
They are angels ... and lovers ... and good friends, too!
And it's not so easy to be a warden's wife,
but the mate of a warden is a mate for life.

Her career begins with a lonely night,
as her man pursues poachers 'til morning light.
It's a shock to learn that the "Spawning Run"
Tires out her man, so he's no "Lovin' Fun."

But she works things out in her own sweet way,
and their "Spawning Run" comes by light of day.
As the telephone sings a nerve-jangling chorus,
she sweetly says, "There's a fire in the forest."

Wardens, up and away! Save the whole damn state!
So your wife can be proud, and worry, and wait.
And answer the phone, and take care of the kids,
and clean up the mud from your "waffle-stomp"
skids.

There is no routine for the great warden wives,
and the state gets for free a piece of their lives,
As they answer the calls, and do all the rest
that helps their man to complete every test.

Warden wives are all sizes, and each looking great!
Individuals, unique ... those wardens sure rate!
From a "meal-makin-momma" as dawn breaks anew,
to a career of her own, is what many will do.

Their family is a full-time career for some,
for others there's more, and a job to be done.
But for all of the wives of wardens we know,
their mutual concern for their men make them glow!

Yes, the conservation warden is a fortunate man,
with a willing wife to fulfill every plan.
And should he go first to that well-earned rest,
may the Good Lord guide her through every test.

And make all her memories of their lifetime shared,
pleasant ... and tranquil ... and knowing he cared.
A special reward, surely God has in store,
when the wife of a warden sets foot on His Shore.



A BLACK BEAR is part of a new diorama at Crossroads at Big Creek that honors the men and women who wear grey.

WCEF grant helps fund wildlife diorama at preserve

By Chuck Olson

Crossroads at Big Creek in Sturgeon Bay is a preserve where learners of all ages can study science, history and the environment.

And thanks to a \$1,000 grant from the Wisconsin Conservation and Education Foundation, learners can also see a new diorama that showcases Wisconsin wildlife mounts that were donated by Joel and Jan McOlash to honor the men and women who wear grey and walk the thin blue line.

In addition, some of the grant money was used for teacher training through the University of Wisconsin-Green Bay with teachers learning how to infuse wildlife education into their curriculum.

In 2006, about 11,000 people participated in learning activities at the Collins Learning Center.



THE DIORAMA includes the fauna of Wisconsin.

The 128 acres that make up the Crossroads property have numerous hiking and cross-country ski trails, an astronomical observatory and an historical village.

Crossroads at Big Creek is located on State Highway 42 and 57 at the junction with Michigan Avenue in Sturgeon Bay. It is open to the public.

For more information, visit www.crossroadsatbigcreek.org.



Hooked on fishing

About 150 children, ages 3 to 13, participated in the 21st Annual Fremont Area Law Enforcement's Kids Fishing Tournament on Oct. 14, 2006.

The event, organized by the Fremont Police Department, the Waupaca County Sheriff's Department and the local Wisconsin DNR warden, drew children from as far away as West Bend. Individual and business donations, along with a grant from the Wisconsin Conservation Warden Association, help fund the event annually.

The donations pay for tent rental, gift bags, raffle prizes, T-shirts, trophies and a picnic-style lunch.

The day's festivities begin with a morning fishing tournament that lasts about 2 hours. Each fish caught is counted and mea-

sured, and trophies are awarded in the afternoon after lunch. First, second and third place trophies are handed out to winners of each age category for most fish caught, with individual trophies being presented for youngest angler, biggest fish caught, and most total fish caught.

Raffle winners are also announced, and photos from the tournament are placed in the local newspaper.

"The event provides kids, parents, and guardians an opportunity to meet local law enforcement officials outside of normal work contacts, while providing them with a family outdoor opportunity that will hopefully catch on and continue away from the event," said Fremont Warden Jeffrey P. Knorr.

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