

*** Montana ***
WILD SHEEP
FOUNDATION
KEEPING SHEEP ON THE MOUNTAIN

Wild Sheep

Winter 2021 | Volume 29, Issue 1

**Virtual 29th Annual
Banquet & Fundraiser**
Raffles and much more!
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All contributed material will be published at the discretion of the Editorial Board of the Montana Wild Sheep Foundation (MTWSF). The Editorial Board consists of the editor of the newsletter, the executive director of the chapter, and the president of the chapter.

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Photo on page 15 - Steve Kline.

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Visit us online at www.montanawsf.org!

While there, visit the **Photo Gallery** page. If you would like to have a picture posted, email (photos@montanawsf.org) your name, the photo (jpeg format preferred) along with a brief one to two sentence description of the hunt.



The Montana Wild Sheep Foundation will give a reward of up to \$1000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of cases involving the illegal taking of bighorn sheep in the State of Montana. If you have information of any illegal act, contact 1-800-TIP-MONT (1-800-847-6668).

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President's Message



I am looking forward to 2021 with many new opportunities ahead. Several Montana Wild Sheep Foundation (MTWSF) members and directors participated in a sheep capture in December to restore wild sheep to the Little Belt Mountains. Fifty sheep were captured and released and are reported to be doing very well in their new home. MTWSF has also planned to help with a major sheep study and habitat restoration in area 250, the West Fork of the Bitterroot, along the Idaho/Montana border. The West Fork is very wild country and is bordered by the Selway Bitterroot wilderness to the south and west. It is a majestic area that is difficult to access, but is filled with beauty and wonder. I am especially passionate to help on this project as it is close to my home.

While I will greatly miss seeing all of our members in person, our 2021 MTWSF Fundraiser and auction on February 27th will be available to everyone online. We've already made great progress adding options to our website to help enhance the online experience. Thanks to several board members and Meetings Northwest for helping MTWSF increase its online presence. Many of the raffle opportunities are already listed on our website MontanaWSF.org. Montana doesn't allow raffle purchases with credit cards so go to the MontanaWSF.org with your debit card ready and purchase tickets now! Please pass the information along to all of your friends. If your friends aren't yet MTWSF members please encourage them to join. You'll still be able to enter the Life Member Dall sheep hunt drawing when you sign up for the MTWSF Virtual Fundraiser. The MT Wild Sheep Virtual Fundraiser on February 27th will be available for everyone to attend so it is very important that you update your information and make sure we have your current email address. With several wild sheep captures, transplants, studies, and habitat restorations coming up it is vital that our membership support the virtual fundraiser so that we can raise funds to pay for these exciting projects.

Shane Clouse

Montana Wild Sheep Foundation President

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Story by: California Wild Sheep Raffle Winner Donald Patterson



My adventure started with a phone call at my work, "Is this Don Patterson?" I said yes. They said, "Congratulations you have been selected as this year's winner of the California Wild Sheep raffle drawing!" I thought to myself this must be a scam, I told the caller I was at work and could I call them back later that afternoon? We agreed that at 2 p.m. I would call Donald C. Martin aka "Hollywood" as I would come to know him.

I called Don back that afternoon and began my journey to Alaska's Wrangell St. Elias National Preserve and an Ultima Thule Dall sheep hunt. I quickly realized I was in for a serious adventure and that I would need to be in the best physical condition of my life. I'm a 62 year old average guy from Montana that likes hunting elk and deer every year in the mountains of western Montana. I have also been putting in for a Big Horn sheep tag in Montana for 13 years and have never drawn so this would be my first sheep hunt. I got on the web and looked up Ultima Thule and read the story of Paul and Donna Claus and the name Ultima Thule. The ancient Greeks used the name "Ultima Thule" to describe the unknowable realm beyond the northern bounds of their maps. I knew this would be the adventure of a life time.

I began getting in physical condition December 2015 joining the local athletic club and going to "Spinning" and working on weight machines. Anything to lose weight and get in shape I told myself. As winter turned to spring I began hiking the trails of the Bitterroot Mountains. When summer came I was hiking 20 miles per week up and down the mountains of western Montana. I got my pack and loaded it up with 25 lbs. of gear and hiked every chance I got. I went to rifle range every week and practiced various shooting scenarios and banging the 18"x24" steel plate at 300 yards with my Tikka 300 WSM until I was confident in it.

August arrived before I could be completely ready but I knew it was time to go to the Wrangell's and do the best I could; knowing full well that I would be fully tested in the coming weeks. I got to Anchorage and texted Donald C. Martin about pick up, he said he would be there around 7 am, I was ready. We picked up the other 3 hunters and headed to McCarthy, Alaska, the end of the road. We got there around 4 pm and Paul Claus was waiting at the airstrip in his turbine otter with wheel/skis. As we were loading gear Paul would grumble and ask why we were taking so much gear, he said he did a 10 day back pack hunt from the lodge and took no more than 30 lb. pack for the entire trip. I looked at our gear and had to admit we looked a bit heavy compared to what Paul described. Folks started climbing into the otter and I was waiting in line, Paul said "someone can ride up front" I took the opportunity to ride copilot and climbed aboard the plane. It lifted off the gravel air strip like a feather and took us up for

my first look at the famous Wrangell Mountains. They were spectacular. We arrived at the lodge and found our comfortable quarters for the night in anticipation of the morning and our super cub flight to our spike camp.

The next morning arrived and after a wonderful breakfast we got our rifles and did a sight-in check on the range. All was good and we went to get our gear and head to the air strip for the ride out to our respective spike camps. Paul had determined that Don Martin and I would be dropped off at a place named "the Tommy strip" on a glacier about 25 air miles from the lodge and a short trip by super cub. As we were flying to the spike camp it began raining as it would almost every day I was there. Lonnie landed the super cub on a patch of cobble rock alongside a glacial stream on the east side of the glacier. Don and I unloaded packs and gear and got settled into the Arctic Oven tent. It was still day light so we decided to set up the spotting scope and do some glassing. We looked the country over and saw some sheep but could not tell their age or quality at the point. We then had a hot cider and our Mountain House dinner and hit the sack in anticipation of the next day.

It was dark and we had oatmeal and coffee before starting our hike out of camp. We went east up the stream looking for sheep, and did not go far before spotting a group across the canyon. We set up the spotting scope and glassed them over, no good ones in that bunch, so we moved on up the stream. We spotted some more and repeated the process but no shooters in that bunch either. Don said we need to go "up" the mountain and go over the top. He said he had seen good rams up top before so I said "let's go." We began our climb up the mountain through the alder brush and rocks. It got steeper and steeper as we climbed. We climbed for a couple of hours and got on a spine ridge that took us up to the top of the mountain, about 3,000 vertical feet up. I was exhausted. We crept over a small ridge to look in the next high bowl and sure enough there were 2 rams there, but they were not legal. We ate our lunch and watched the rams feed in the high mountain basin 250 yards away. They were magnificent animals and I loved seeing them. We hiked further to the east as far as we could go before being cliffed out and glassed the surrounding mountain sides, basins, and valleys for sheep.



The day was winding down and we started back to the spike camp. We started down the side of the mountain and it was steep, Don said "this is where some guys take out the valuables from their pack and just throw it down the mountain." It will go all the way to the bottom no problem! I took a look and sure enough it was that steep. We got back to the spike camp and rested some before going out and glassing more. This time we went west up to the edge of the glacier and glassed across. After a while Don said "that is a good sheep." We looked at the band of sheep feeding in a high basin across the rocky glacier and saw that one of the sheep was larger body and heavy looking. We watched them until dark then headed back to the tent. Don said that is a good sheep and that we should go over the glacier. I was very intimidated by the sight of the glacier. It was 2 miles of the most broken, uneven, rocky piece of ground I ever saw and it had small streams that ran in to ice holes that one would ever get out of if you fell into. I looked at Don and said "do you think I can get over there" Don said "look at it this way, this is the adventure part of the hunt" Okay, let's do it.

The next morning we woke before dark and started packing our gear for the crossing of the Hawkins. We setup the spotting scope and glassed the rams again to make sure they were good ones before heading across the Glacier. We took small tents, food for a couple nights, change of socks, sleeping bag/pad, rifle, stove, rain gear and started the journey. First we had to climb up the side wall of rocky debris the glacier pushes to each side. A jumble of granite rocks about 150 feet high and then down onto the glacier itself. Each step was on a rock, some solid, some not. I followed Don step-for-step. There were small hills of granite rock debris scattered across the entire way, the north side of each is solid ice and impassible. Winding

around each of these granite boulder hills, we headed in the general direction of the other side. It took us most of the day to get across and it began raining as we neared the far side. By the time we got to the far side it was raining hard and we had to climb up the side wall of the glacier to get off. The side wall was compressed granitic rock and dirt. It was compressed so hard I could hardly get a toe hold with my boot to climb up the steep side wall, I ended up crawling up the hill on hands and knees and it was raining hard by now. We got off the glacier and set up the tents in a small valley between the glacier and the mountain side, it was raining harder now. I got in my tent and sleeping bag to warm up, had some mountain house and cider and went to bed completely exhausted and listened to the rain come down. It rained all night.

The next morning we got up in the dark and it was still raining. We talked it over and thought the rain may have brought the sheep down lower in the hanging glacial valley above us. We had a quick breakfast of oatmeal and coffee and headed up the mountain side. It was very steep and had alder brush and willow up the side we were going. We climbed about 500 feet to the top of a small side ridge and peaked over to see the sheep had come down, they were about 600 yards feeding beneath a tall cliff in a valley that sloped toward a small glacial stream. There was a good ram in the bunch of 5 sheep and they were feeding slowly making their way back up the valley away from us. We dropped back and discussed our options. The only stalk we had was to retreat back down the mountain and get in the stream for the approach. If we stayed in the stream the cut bank would shield us from view of the sheep, at least for part of the way. After retreating down the mountain a ways we got in the stream and started back up the hill staying low and crouched over.



We scrambled up the granite cobbles and rushing water making our way up closer to the sheep when we came to a portion of the stream that was totally exposed with no cut bank to hide our approach. We were stuck having to cross an open portion where the sheep could see us. That is when Don said, let's put on the "whites", splendid idea! I said, "Let's go for it." We dropped our packs and put on the Tyvek painters whites, bent over and stayed in the stream that was rushing down the steep hill creating a perfect back drop of glacier white water. We crossed the open portion and was soon hid behind another cut bank between us and the sheep. We continued up as far as the cut bank went and eased up over the top for a peak at the sheep. They were scattered across the hillside below the cliff feeding about 290 yards away. Don said to get ready, so I got set up prone across the top of the cut bank hill laying on granite cobble. Don said the sheep all the way to the left is the one. I got situated across the rocky terrain prone with a good rest. I took several deep breaths, calmed myself in anticipation of the shot. I got the ram in the cross hair and made sure the set up was solid. I took a deep breath and let half of it out, settled the cross hairs on the quartering away ram and slowly squeezed the trigger.... Boom it went off and I heard the distinct sound of the bullet hitting the ram. The ram stumbled forward and regained his footing, I reloaded and got ready to hit him again... boom and he went down for good.

Wahoo, congratulations, what an amazing ram, photos, high five, smiles all around. We caped the ram for a full body mount, deboned the meat, packed up and headed back down the mountain to our spike camp. Man that pack was heavy!! We had mountain house dinner, hot cider and then retired to the tents after a long day.

Up early the next morning for the load up and back across the glacier only this time with heavy packs and threat of sprained knees or ankles. The load was heavy but we made it across and back to the arctic oven tent that day, got the cape soaking in a glacial stream to wash it up some then hit the sleeping bags after a long day. Up at daylight and it was a gorgeous morning, Don got a willow fire going and we had fresh sheep tenderloin over the fire while we waited for the super cub to pick us up and take us back to the main lodge. We got back and took care of the meat and cape, then got a sauna and had a gourmet dinner at the lodge with a cold beer! Awesome night.

The next morning we loaded up and caught a super

cub to McColl ridge and setup camp for some black bear spot and stalk. The country was totally different than the glacier, with rolling tundra hills just loaded with all types of berries. We glassed the next morning and afternoon spotting one black bear that was average size, we wanted to look for a bigger one and had two days to hike and look around the country. Day two we glassed and hiked all day and did not see any more or different bears. The third and final day we got up early and glassed and saw a huge black bear, but he was at least 5 miles away, we watched him for quite a while deciding if we should go after him. After an hour or so, we decided not to go after him but to put the stalk on the first bear we saw and was about 2 miles away still feeding. We hiked over the next drainage and glassed, he was feeding down the hill away from us. We hiked down the hill and dropped our packs for the final stalk. He was about 200 yards away and disappeared behind a small rise, we approached and peaked over the hill, he was gone. He must have winded us and dashed in to the thick alders, Don said to get set up and be ready, and we waited. I got the bipod down and setup facing down the hill. After about 5 minutes Don said, "get ready he is coming out." I said, "where?" Don said, "down the hill." I looked and saw a black blur dashing up the far side of a gully, swung up the 300 WSM, saw black in the scope, squeezed the trigger, boom and the bullet went smack. I saw a paw swing up in the air and the bear rolled out of sight in to the alder brush down the hill.

I went up to where I had shot the bear, no sign, no blood, nothing. Don circled down the hill and into the gully that had a small stream running in it. Don said, these bears always fall off the hill/cliff and land in the bottom. After about 5 minutes Don hollered "I got him" sure enough the bear had rolled off the hill down the cliff and into the very bottom of the thick willow and alder choked stream. I made my way down into the brush and we got ahold of that bear and dragged him out on to the side hill. He was just over 6 feet long, beautiful black coat, big beautiful black bear! We caped the bear out and took the back-strap meat and headed back to spike camp. We got there just about 5 o'clock, too late for a super cub to pick us up and get back to the main lodge, we had to overnight and get a ride the next morning.

When we woke up the next morning we were socked in with rain and fog. "No plane is flying in this soup," I said. We waited until noon, no change, we waited until 3 p.m. and it started to break up a bit, soon we heard the sound of a super cub flying in a circle around us,

after about 15 minutes the fog cleared and the super cub dashed in and landed on the tundra, it was Paul Claus. We loaded up and headed to the main lodge. The sauna never felt so good that night. What an adventure and experience that I will never forget.

I want to thank the California Wild sheep foundation, Donald C. Martin, and Ultima Thule lodge for this once in a life time experience. I'm now a dedicated sheep-

a-holic and looking forward to contributing what I can to "put and keep sheep on the mountain" and help conservation efforts for these magnificent animals. See you in Reno at the Sheep show.

Sincerely,

Don Patterson, Life Member Montana Wild Sheep Number 247 🍷



A Cabinet Mountain Wilderness sheep hunt like none other...

Story by: Tony Fantozzi



“There is a solitude, or perhaps a solemnity, in the few hours that precede the dawn of day which is unlike that of any others in the twenty-four, and which I cannot explain or account for. Thoughts come to me at this time that I never have at any other.” - George Bird Grinnell

The mercury registered -4 degrees Fahrenheit on Sunday at 3AM, unseasonably cold for October, even by Montana standards. It would have been easier to stoke the fire and roll back to bed. But nothing is easy with a Cabinet Mountain Wilderness Sheep tag. Groggily and hastily, I jotted a little note for my fifteen year-old son, Zachary, explaining that I had to borrow his rifle (mine earlier in the week took a couple hard falls, and I did not have time to re-zero it) and then closed with, “I’m feeling it today.”

The previous evening, I had agreed to meet my hunting partner, Kyle, at the trailhead in the heart of the Cabinets at 5:45 AM. One could argue that Kyle is not your typical sheep hunting partner...let me explain.

Flashback to a foggy and rainy mid-September day: I had just arrived at a trailhead in the central Cabinets, when out of the corner of my eye, two camo-clad hunters appeared (one packing a bow, the other packing a rifle). I greeted them and instantly knew the hunter with the rifle either had a sheep, goat, or moose tag. The latter was the correct species, and he showed me a bruiser he had caught on film. I wished him the best, and congratulated him on the good fortune of drawing a very rare and difficult tag. Nonchalantly, I explained, “Oh by the way, I drew a sheep tag for the Cabinets.” Upon hearing this, they both grinned ear-to-ear and proceeded to tell me their other brother Shawn, had drawn the same tag two years previously. After hearing Shawn’s name, and his Cabinet tag, I began to put two-and-two together; I had just watched a YouTube video on a Cabinet sheep hunt from 2018. Recognizing the two hunters in front of me now, Kyle (with the bow), and Sheldon (with the rifle), they were both in that same video with their brother Shawn! We exchanged contact information and would apprise one another on any sightings.

Flash forward to the day before our Sunday hunt: Sheldon had sent me a text stating that his brother Kyle, on Friday, had been in the same drainage we had met and saw at least one and probably two rams. He sent me a photo--definitely a mature and respectable ram by any means (Sheldon also sent a photo of a very large, mature bull moose he had just harvested)! He advised I should text Kyle who was still hiking out of the drainage.

Nonetheless, I excitedly texted Kyle about the rams. A few hours later, Kyle replied and asked if I had plans

for Sunday. I explained that I had planned on going with a different buddy, Chad, up a drainage just to the north of where Kyle had been. However, Chad, two nights previously, had fallen off his roof, and not only dislocated his left shoulder, but broke it!

Knowing full-well that Kyle would be pretty exhausted from the hike out, especially after a nasty Cabinet storm that dropped a couple feet of snow, I did not get my hopes up that he would be able to accompany me. Since my other buddy was obviously out-of-commission with a busted shoulder, I seriously contemplated going up there solo. That move would be brazen, bold, and some would argue, even foolish. Such delusions of grandeur go through one’s mind with a Cabinet sheep tag. Fortunately, I didn’t have to consider a solo ascent. Much to my surprise Kyle replied, “Pick a time.”

Amazingly, given the nasty conditions, we were both on time and picked our way up the trail to begin our sojourn in the heart of the Cabinets. The darkness and cold, crisp air was interrupted with views of a most impressive gibbous moon and star studded sky.

At around 10:00 AM, we neared the spot on the finger ridge where Kyle had camped on Friday. Shortly thereafter, he spotted two rams, then a third! We took our time setting up. Looking through our spotting scopes, the third ram was easily the biggest (not a book ram, but a mature ram with descent bases). I tried to get prone, but the angle of the shot and protruding rocky outcroppings prohibited this. Steadying the rifle on my pack, I gently crushed the trigger. The rams immediately scattered at the sound of the report.

“Shoot again!” Kyle exclaimed peering through his binoculars. The ram was briefly broadside, but not long enough for a follow-up shot.

We made quick work to get to where the rams were. We methodically combed the area and of course saw tracks, but nothing



A Cabinet Mountain Wilderness sheep hunt like none other continued from page 11

else. No blood. No hair. No evidence of a hit. We continued to follow the tracks and both surmised that (fortunately) it was a clean miss. I cursed myself for knowing better. This small band of rams was the first I had seen all season--and the adrenaline, excitement, and haste all culminated in an errant shot.

I took Kyle's lead as we huffed-and-puffed towards the looming ridge where he believed the rams might have went to feed. Two hours later, much to my chagrin earlier, he was right! Kyle ranged the band of rams at 200 yards. Initially, we saw about four rams, at least two of them shooters, but they would not afford us an ethical shot. We anxiously glassed for several minutes, then nothing. No more rams. We carefully changed positions and angles as we were perched on a precipice glassing down on them. Again, nothing. Perplexed, I sat down again and pinned my elbows against my knees; scanning the deep snow again. Almost immediately, I spied a ram. And then another. And another. I motioned to Kyle simultaneously as I set up my pack for a rest. He hit the record button as I knelt down and put the crosshairs on the biggest ram of the band of seven—all arranged in single file.



As I crushed the trigger, the ram stood motionless. I quickly cycled another shell, uncertain if I hit or not. Within a few seconds, the second report echoed off the ridge and precipice we were on. An obvious shoulder hit, the ram staggered a few steps, favoring the shoulder. He was mortally wounded, but still standing, unable to keep up with the other six rams. Again, I wasted no time, and the third shot dropped him as we watched him roll down and off a small 50 foot cliff into four feet of snow.

“Mission accomplished!” was the pre-texted message that my wife, Amy, received from my satellite Spot receiver. This in turn prompted her to contact a bunch of buddies to assist, since our coordinates were automatically sent with the message.

Despite the fancy technology, Kyle and I were skeptical of any help. We were six miles in. Deep snow, easily four feet in places. Bitter cold with plenty of wind. Dangerously steep. A hell hole, if there ever was one.

We took frequent breaks, as I packed cape and horns; Kyle all the meat. A sufferfest. Both packs eclipsing the century mark in poundage. Then, two hours into the sufferfest, we heard a voice. We answered. Within minutes, one of my buddies, Boyd, took up the challenge. What a pleasant surprise! Even more surprising, immediately behind him, was my wife and son! We all took a much needed break, dis-



A Cabinet Mountain Wilderness sheep hunt like none other continued from page 13

tributing weight so that the fruits of our labor would be more bearable.

Shortly after that, two more figures came into our view. It was another buddy, Chad, and his nephew, Tristan. This is the same guy who earlier in the week broke and dislocated his shoulder! Unbelievable! This guy is tough-as-nails...or stupid. I would have hugged him, but I feared that even an innocuous move like that would pop-out his unstable shoulder.

During the pack out, I later learned that my wife had ran a 10K earlier in the morning. What a day! Are these guys' gluttons for punishment? Kyle, half my age and basically a stranger, is a mountain goat to the extreme. The missed shot (that turned out to be a blessing). My crazy buddies, broken shoulder and all. Seeing my wife and kid, priceless. A Cabinet Mountain Wilderness sheep hunt like none other. An adventure where the sum of the parts, are greater than the whole! 🍷





**MONTANA
WILD SHEEP**
FOUNDATION



29th Annual Fundraiser

February 27, 2021 6:00 pm

SUPPORT MT WILD SHEEP FOUNDATION

We are excited to announce our annual fundraiser will be held virtually on **February 27, 2021!** This year's fundraiser will include many of the events you have come to enjoy at our annual banquet, including:

- Annual Member Meeting and Montana Wild Sheep Update
- Sponsor Highlights
- Online Auction
- Premium Gun & Gear Raffles
- Fannin Sheep Hunt Raffle
- Life Member Dall Sheep Hunt Raffle (must purchase event ticket to be eligible)

We appreciate your dedication to wild sheep conservation and invite you to give generously to this year's fundraiser. Together, we can continue our endeavor to keep Montana's wild sheep on the mountain.

REMEMBER: Raffle tickets can **ONLY** be purchased online with a DEBIT card. We appologize for the inconvenience, but are following Montana State Law with this requirement.

MORE INFORMATION

BUY TICKETS | VIEW AUCTION | BUY RAFFLE TICKETS

on line at <https://montanawsf.org/events-wsf/>

FANNIN SHEEP HUNT

with BLACKSTONE OUTFITTERS OF YUKON
MAXIMUM 500 TICKETS SOLD

\$100



Description

Hunt Information: Blackstone Outfitters of Yukon, Canada will be taking one lucky hunter Aug. / Sept. 2021 on a hunt of a lifetime for **Fannin Sheep**. This hunt is transferable, but is NOT refundable. Hunter is responsible for travel to and from Yukon Canada, and will need to be in good physical condition. Visit www.blackstoneoutfitters.com for more information.

- Maximum 500 tickets sold
- No limit to number of tickets purchased per individual
- Must be 18 or over to participate in Prize Drawing
- Need NOT be present to win

Fannin Painting by Desmond McCaffrey

Description

Big 10 General RAFFLE: Drawing for this charitable raffle will be held February 27, 2021 during Montana Wild Sheep Foundation's Virtual Fundraiser. Must be 18 years of age. Need not be present to win. Debit Card required to purchase. Winners will be selected in the order listed.

BIG 10 RAFFLE

HUNTS • GUNS • GEAR

\$20



BUNDLE 6 TICKETS \$100 15 TICKETS \$200

1. Zeiss Conquest V4 6-24x50mm Rifle Scope. ZMOAi-T20 Illum Reticle, Elevation Turret, Ballistic Stop .25 MOA | MSRP \$1,200
2. Burch Barrel suspended barbecue and firepit. | MSRP \$895
3. Bergara B14 Ridge Wilderness .300 Win Mag Rifle. | MSRP \$975
4. Mathews TRIAX Bow. 29" Draw, 70# in Lost Camo. | MSRP \$999
5. Zeiss Terra ED 10x42 Binoculars. | MSRP \$499
6. Stone Glacier Sky Talus 6900 Pack with X-Curve Frame | MSRP \$685
7. Montana Canvas Wall Tent. Relite Spike III tent. 12'x12'x4' with internal aluminum frame. | MSRP \$1,750
8. Weatherby 18i Deluxe – 20. Ga. Shotgun – 26" barrel | MSRP \$1,899

9. Kifaru SuperTarp. The basic shelters are open at the front for 3 season use. | MSRP \$440
10. Texas Aoudad Hunt for 1 Hunter with Hidden Creek Outfitters. This is a 2-on-1 guided hunt in West Texas for free ranging Aoudad (Barbary sheep) for 3 days. This hunt will be on very remote and private ranches. All meals and accommodations are provided. Hunt date is January 21-23, 2022. | MSRP \$6,000

Description

10 Premium Guns 1 RAFFLE: Drawing for this charitable raffle will be held February 27, 2021 during Montana Wild Sheep Foundation's Virtual Fundraiser. Must be 18 years of age. Need not be present to win. Debit Card required to purchase. Winners will be selected in the order listed.

GUNS • GUNS • GUNS
10 PREMIUM GUNS
1 RAFFLE

\$20

BUNDLE 6 TICKETS **\$100** 15 TICKETS **\$200**

1. Bergara B14 Ridge Wilderness 6.5 PRC | MSRP \$1,055
2. Springfield Hellcat 3" Pistol BLK OSP – 9mm | MSRP \$600
3. Weatherby Accumark – 6.5 WBYPM | MSRP \$1,749
4. Bergara B14 Ridge Wilderness 6.5 Creedmoor -special purpose 18" short barrel | MSRP \$975
5. Kimber 1911 .45 ACP | MSRP \$1,299
6. Springfield Victor 16" 5.56 BLK 15" HG B5 STOCK | MSRP \$999
7. Ruger American .300 win mag | MSRP \$599
8. Glock G22 .40 cal S&W | MSRP \$520
9. Sig Sauer P220 Legion .45 ACP | MSRP \$1225
10. Weatherby 18i Synthetic 12 Ga. Shotgun 28" | MSRP \$1,099

Description

Custom Rifle RAFFLE: Chambered in .300 PRC, we started with a Defiance Machine ultralight anTi-X action with integral scope mounts and recoil lug. The action is coupled to a PROOF Research carbon fiber wrapped match-grade barrel, tipped with a MBM 'beast' titanium muzzle brake and carefully bedded into PROOF's industry leading carbon fiber 'Mountain Hunter Stock'. This beauty carries a Trigger Tech trigger and Hawkins Precision's BDL bottom metal. To top it off, an illuminated Zeiss v4, 4-16x44 scope was chosen. Bolted down with a set of 30mm lightweight rings and integrated bubble level, this is one of our lightest custom rifles yet. *Need not be present to win.* **Estimated value of \$7,500**

CUSTOM RIFLE RAFFLE
CHAMBERED IN .300 PRC
MAXIMUM 500 TICKETS SOLD

\$20

PROOF Research
DEFIANCE
ZEISS We make it visible.

Photo Gallery



Elly Martin
Ewe HD 680-31.



Photo Gallery



Kyle McGovern
Life Member



Jeff Nicholls
Ram HD 380.



Kris O'Bleness
Ram HD 680.



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