

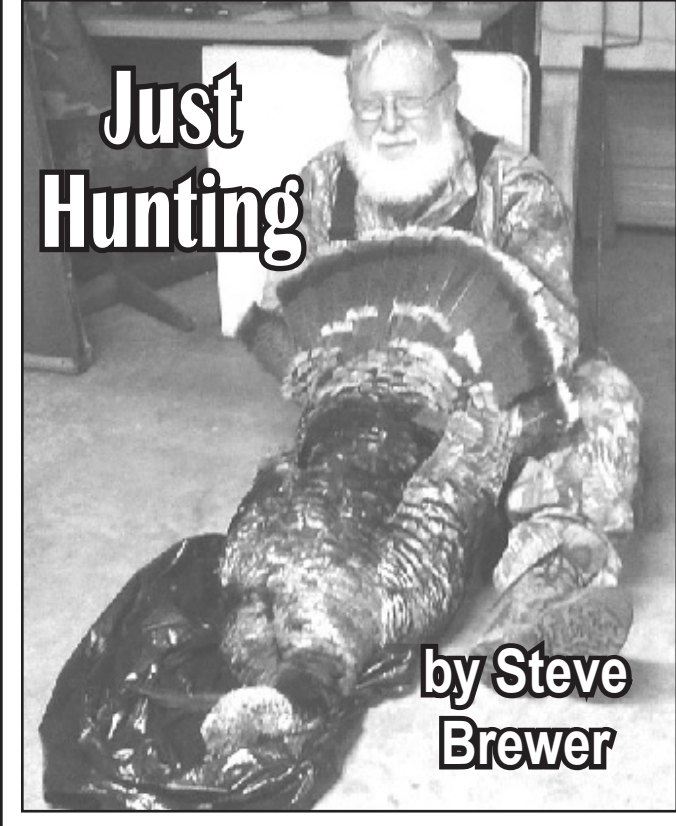


Masonic Lodge Continues Partnership

O.D. Henderson Lodge continues to provide bicycles to West Irvine Intermediate to promote education. In the past several years, the lodge has donated bicycles to promote student attendance. This year being obviously a "little different", the masonic lodge asked the school representatives to draw from a pool of students who had given a good faith effort towards academic achieve-

ment, attendance, and behavior. Thank you to the individual lodge members and Meade's Do-It Center for donating bicycles. Winners of the drawing this year pictured left to right: Rahul Singh, Preston Hardy, Matthew Partin, Sandra Flynn, Danielle Willis, Mya Pearson. (Sandra will pick up her bicycle at Meade's next week.) (Greg Horn photo)

Close Encounter of the Worst Kind



fore I had to sit down on him. He placed me in front of him, about twenty yards, and started calling. It was nice to have someone else do the calling, and I sat and enjoyed. Around 10am, he stood up, said, "let's go," and we returned the two miles back to the truck; thank goodness this was downhill. I asked him, "what was next?" His answer, back to the lodge for lunch and a siesta.

We ate a wonderful lunch, and Gerardo disappeared. I saw him again at 4 that afternoon. Refreshed and ready to go, we loaded into the Ram, and off once again, in a different direction. Gerardo and myself hiked as far as we drove, or so it seemed. He glassed what seemed almost every few feet we walked. I was thankful, this walk was on level ground. After about an hour, he sit me down, and once again position himself about twenty years behind me, and started calling.

After a couple hours of his calling, I glanced to my right, and lo and behold, here walked a big black bear. Being a black bear hunter, having taken 11 total, I sized up the danger walking toward me and decided there was none; it was a female. You can tell a female black bear from a male; when they are walking straight toward you, if you have ever hunted them before. A female walks straight, with her front legs together, a male sways from side to side.

Not being too alarmed, I scanned the countryside once again, looking for my turkey. I noticed Gerardo had stopped calling; I figured as to not alarm the female black bear. Man was I ever wrong, she was about 20 yards in front of me. I looked another ten yards behind her; there stood her mate, a 500 pound male. "Lord, feet don't fail me now." Knowing you can't outrun a black bear, they can outrun a horse for a short distance, knowing I never had a weapon that was effective against such a brute. I knew if she kept walking, he would follow her, and she was bearing to my left. As luck would have it, she stopped. He walked right up to her and then right on past, heading toward me, to see what she was looking at. I knew my best bet was for her to start walking again, but for a minute she stayed put.

He was within six feet of me, stood up, and started winding. The wind was blowing right in my face, so I knew his nose was no defense. I was stealth, and he couldn't figure what was in his path. Just as he started to make another step, the female saddled off to my left and started to walk away. He got back down on all fours and followed. Gerardo walked up to me, he was shaken, and I knew why; he never even



Steve Brewer (frozen on left) is filmed by his guide as a male and female black bear pass by.

had a pocket knife. I would have been his last, and only, line of defense had the male attacked.

He said, "Mr. Steve, man you sure was cool, I filmed it, did you." I said, "Are you kidding me, I never moved."

We walked back to the truck, it was dusky dark. I looked over to the other side of the truck, there stood mountain lion, but, unlike the black bears, decided she wanted no part of humans. She got gone, and we never had a chance to get her picture. We arrive back in camp in time for supper, a shower, and lights out.

Next week, Day Two of my Mexico hunt with OJO Caliente Outfitters. You won't want to miss Day Two of the hunt.

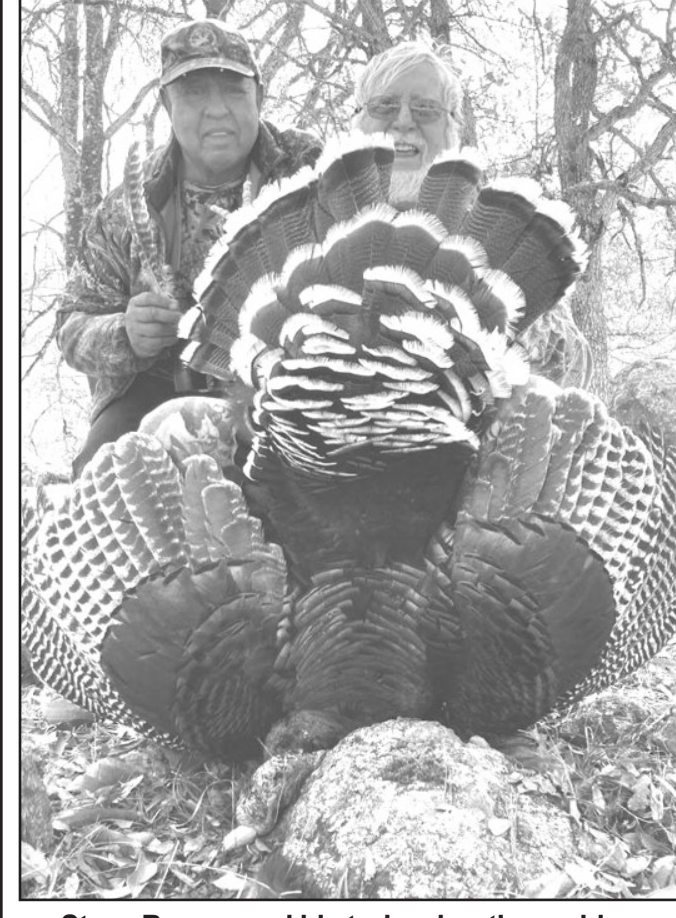
You can email Steve Brewer at <Steve@EstillTribune.com> and message is automatically forwarded.

After arriving at the Outpost of OJO Caliente on the evening of my first day in the lodge, it was time to get acquainted with how things work. They are right on the minute of how they do things. We arrived for supper, it is at eight o'clock, sharp. The generator is running, that is how they power the camp. The generator runs from 8pm till ten, and in the morning from four till after daylight. There are no on-off switches in the rooms, everything is controlled by the camp manager from the outside.

When the lights come on, you know it is 4am, and time to get up. Breakfast is at four-thirty, you leave the 6000 above sea level camp at 5am, and start a climb to around 7000 feet or higher. First, along roads just wide enough that a Ram 2500 truck can keep all four wheels on the "so called" trail. We parked, and then the hunt begin.

We walked a total of a little over 8 miles for the two days I hunted, according to my guide's machine he had on his side that kept track of such things. We kept climbing up and up till I thought my lungs would bust. Although I am from the Pine Mountain range, in Letcher County, it is only half the distance I was hunting.

Just as the sun was coming over the mountain, my guide said, we hunt here. Wow, just in time be-



Steve Brewer and his turkey hunting guide.



A look at the turkey hunting landscape