

**The Rasmuson Ram
(The First KFN Sanctuary Hunt)
by
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When the auctioneer said sold for \$160,000.00, the realization that Ruby Range Outfitters was going to handle the logistics of the hunt had set in. Ed Rasmuson of Anchorage, AK, bought the hunt. I congratulated Ed and spoke with him briefly, as the table he was at was BUZZING with excitement. This was at the FNAWS Banquet in Reno, NV, in January 2006. For the next six months we had all sorts of time to think about what we would like to see happen on this hunt. The KFN Game Sanctuary had been restricted to First Nation hunting only for the past 50 plus years.

Luke Johnson spearheaded this hunting opportunity from the get go. He dedicated a lot of time to this dream. Ryan Leef of Ruby Range Outfitters had been selected to run the hunt, and Ryan and I had talked about it at great length. Ryan decided that I would be the guide to represent Ruby Range for the hunt.

Once the preseason scouting was done, and the base camp was set-up, we were anxious to have Ed, and his wife Cathy, join us. The Team consisted of Luke Johnson of KFN, Ryan Leef (Outfitter), Kelly Wiebe (Guide), Denny Striga and Andre Van Hilten all of Ruby Range Outfitters.

It was later in the afternoon on the first day of hunting when Ed first got to see the ram; he said to me as he studied the ram through my spotting scope, that it was, bar none, the biggest Dall ram that he had seen alive. Ed also said that if this look at the ram was all he got, he would call it a successful hunt.

We climbed after this great ram in all sorts of weather, with sightings nearly everyday. The ram seemed to be always a step ahead of us. The Team was working hard together to get Ed into shooting range. Finally on the last day we got it done. Ed and I lay side by side at 275 yards from the band of rams that held the big ram. After about an hour wait the ram finely got up and stretched in his bed; it took at least another 3 to 5 minutes for him to give us the broadside shot we needed. Ed's first two shots were near misses, but as they say the "third time's a charm". This being the case, we all watched the ram work his way down the near vertical cliffs into his bed. I'm sure we all took a deep breath of that fresh mountain air knowing that Ed had his ram.

As we all met back at base camp late that night, again the realization of the hunt set in, as both horns were over 45 inches (green). What a ram, what a hunt. Behind every hunt there is a good team of people. I, for one, am thankful to have been a part of that "TEAM" on that hunt. Good hunting.