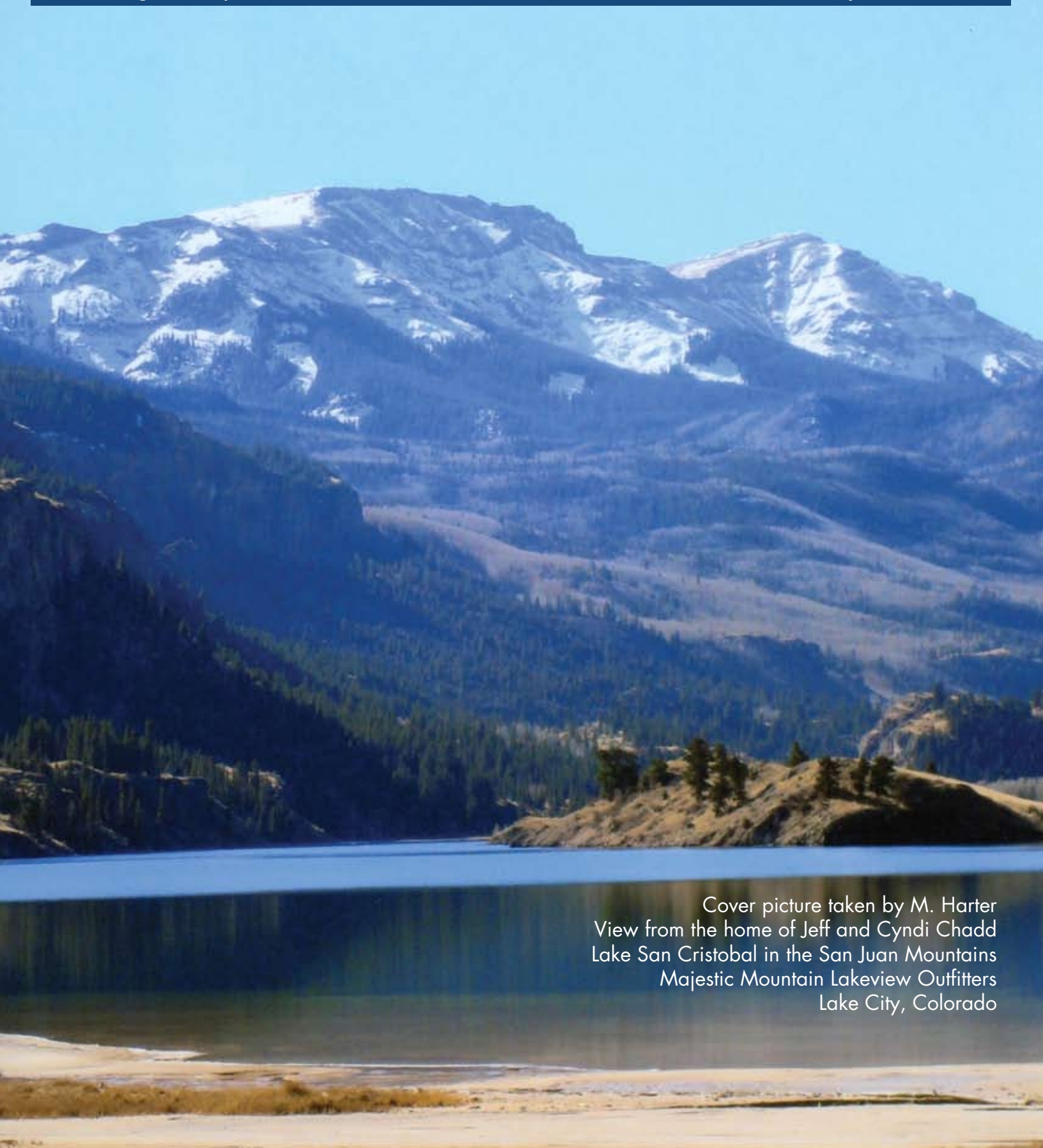


FRONT SIGHT

SCI
FIRST FOR HUNTERS

Mid-Michigan Chapter Safari Club International

January 2008, Issue 1



Cover picture taken by M. Harter
View from the home of Jeff and Cyndi Chadd
Lake San Cristobal in the San Juan Mountains
Majestic Mountain Lakeview Outfitters
Lake City, Colorado

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Chairmen are listed first

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SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Meeting Schedule 2008

Date	Meeting Type	Time	Location
January 7, 2008	Board Big Buck Night	4:30 p.m. 6:30 p.m.	Comfort Inn
February 4, 2008	Board	4:30 p.m.	Riverwood
February 15-16, 2008	Fund Raiser		Finch Field House CMU
March 3, 2008	Board	4:30 p.m.	Riverwood
April 7, 2008	Board Membership	4:30 p.m. 6:30 p.m.	Riverwood
May 5, 2008	Board Membership	4:30 p.m. 6:30 p.m.	TBA
June 2, 2008	Board	4:30 p.m.	
July 7, 2008	Board	4:30 p.m.	



Message from the President

As you can see from the picture the winter hunting season is off to a great start.

2008 should prove to be a great year for the Mid Michigan Chapter. The year starts off with Big Buck Night to be held at the Comfort Inn on January 7. Ed Peters and Kevin Unger have an exciting night planned. It will be lots of fun.

In February we will be having our 29th Mid Michigan SCI convention and awards presentation. This year this show will be held at Finch Field House on the Campus of CMU on Feb.15 and 16. It was necessary to move to a larger location to accommodate an ever increasing number of exhibitors and increased seating for dinner.

Invitations will be going out in early January.

Please plan on attending. Our convention is the Chapter's largest fund raiser and we need it to be successful if we are going to continue to fund our mission of education, conservation and protecting the right to hunt.

On a final note Denny Pung, along with Kevin Unger, Don Harter and myself are donating a two day rabbit hunt at this year's fund raiser. This is truly a hunt you do not want to miss! (See picture)

Good Hunting,
Tim Hauck

Editor's Letter

Hi! I'm your new editor and hope I can provide you with a publication of which you can be proud. I grew up enjoying hunting stories told by my grandfather, father, friends and family. I have been lucky enough with the help of my husband to have a few stories of my own. Now, as your editor, I need your help. Many of you go on wonderful hunts and the stories need to be shared. If you can, please e-mail me your stories and digital pictures or submit them on a disc, but please include a hard copy. Also, it would be helpful to others if you would fill out a hunting report and a copy is in this issue. Please feel free to make as many copies as you can use and fill them out. My feelings are if the hunt was good, it is worth sharing.

It has been suggested to me that we have an area for classified advertisements. These would be for hunting items only and for nothing commercial. Please send me your stories, pictures, ads and any suggestions or ideas.

Thanks and Happy Hunting!
Mary Harter
harter65@gmail.com



African Trophies Treasured

By Rev. Rosanne Wyant

I had the privilege of experiencing a wonderful safari in South Africa last year, taking several trophies. Among the trophies are 12 different animals, including jackal, steenbok, impala, zebra, blue wildebeest, duiker, klipspringer, warthog, baboon, kudu, blesbok and gemsbok. I treasure them all dearly.

Another trophy I treasure was to experience a wonderful relationship develop between myself and my P.H. Jon. By the end of the first day we totally trusted one another. This led to six more days of great fun and success in the field.

I treasure the trophy of meeting the challenge and enjoying a very physically demanding hunt. We averaged 6-8 hours per day of climbing in rocky, 5,000 feet above sea level (thin air) conditions.

I treasure the evening we walked over a mile back to the pickup using a huge full moon and a million stars to light our path. This was after watching the sunset, behind two beautiful giraffes.

I treasure the hilarious event that left me in stitches. Yes, seven stitches to be exact. After thirty years of hunting I chose Africa as my first time to experience, "scope bite." That zebra got even with me.

I treasure the photographs I brought home and those snapshots that happened too quickly to take advantage of. They are forever etched in my memory to be revisited at any time. As are the smells and sounds of South Africa.

I treasure the laughter and the stories shared with fellow hunters around the supper table each night.

I treasure the love and care shown to us each day with warm meals, clean clothes and smiling faces waiting to hear of our day's success. This was Tens and Zella, the owners of the ranch we hunted.

Africa is a very special place to hunt with its large variety of big game animals, distinguishing land terrain and wonderful people.

Some say Africa is the "dark continent." But, I know for a fact that in August of 2006 the light and the glory of the "LORD" shone brightly in South Africa. I have my African trophies as a testament to that.



A Journey Into Mongolia

By: Rod Merchant

PART 2

If you missed the first part of this article, you missed much excitement and adventure as Roger Card collected one of the many animals on his trip into Mongolia.

We continue now, as Roger ventures further into the mountains in search of the Ibex and then into the Gobi desert.

Monday-July 25, 2005

Up at 4:00 am for a horse ride into the high country. We see lots of Ibex families but no rams. Around noon, we spot a large group with a nice ram. We put on a huge stalk but get slipped again. The stalk takes us towards camp and we end up only three miles out. The return trip brings us down 3,000 ft. which is brutal and very dangerous. The entire return trip was shale slides and loose rock. I am certain Roger's knee will give out and we will have to shoot him, as it will be way to hard to carry him out. Fortunately, the knee makes it and Roger lives to keep hunting.

Back at camp, we are exhausted and hungry. We have a bowl of rice as we are out of meat. Tomorhuu and his tracker leave camp to go buy a sheep from someone and Roger and I enjoy our first Mongolian shower. They put up blankets just for us and heated water to put in a tea kettle to pour over our heads; it worked and felt great. While Roger was in the shower there was suddenly excitement in camp. A nice ram was spotted on the mountain watching Roger! We got Roger out of the shower and handed him a spotting scope. After he found it, he checked the yardage....480 yards straight up. Someone handed him his gun and shooting sticks. He takes a deep breath and is now a successful Mongolian Alti Ibex hunter, just quick. Unbelievable but true, after three days of hard hunting, Roger shoots his first Ibex right out of camp with shampoo in his hair, a towel around his waist and tennis shoes on his feet. The total hunt was four minutes or less. When it's meant to be, it's meant to be. The cook and her assistant climbed the mountain to retrieve the Ibex as Tomorhuu was still gone in search of camp meat. The staff consisted of; two cooks and their husbands and I believe none of them had ever fired a rifle or been on a hunt and it was fun to see how excited they were to have been a part of this.

Tuesday- July 26, 2005

Kinda got a little drunk last night by accident and slept



in until 8:00am and pretty much wasted the day! We did a little magic show that night and turned in early as we were both still a bit worn out.

Wednesday- July 27, 2005

We were up early, packed up and said goodbye to Badma, Gansu the camp staff. We leave for a 15 hour trip to the Gobi. Good news along the way, we stopped and did a little stalk which yielded Roger's Gobi Ibex. Three down and two to go.

On the way in, we saw a few Blacktail gazelle in the area so we are optimistic. At 11:00pm we arrive to camp. Tents are set and we are fed. The food is not terrible but, you really don't want to watch the preparation. Just assume it is mystery meat and enjoy, after all, we are tent camping in the Gobi desert.

Thursday- July 28, 2005

We are up at the break of day for a long stalk on a blacktail gazelle. The guide spotted a ram and Roger made a very good shot to put number four in the bag. The Gobi is 200,000 squar miles of desert. Colors and hues are spectacular but really hot and dry. There is no way to describe the vastness of this country.

Somewhere along the way, Roger and I pick up an allergic reaction and we are both miserable. Runny noses and burning eyes, we are very tired. We have been driving for

(continued on next page)

16 hours and we are beat. We drive until 11:30pm to reach town with a hotel. Unfortunately, they turn off the electricity in town at 9:00pm and there is no hot water. They give us a candle and take us to a third floor room. That was kinda creepy; we liked our tent better. For three days we have been fantasizing of beds, real food and hot showers; we came up empty on all three. Disappointment sets in.

Friday- July 29, 2005

Got up at 6:00am, warmed up our soup for breakfast and moved on. Traveled all day; we stayed in a yurt by a salt lake. A lady and her daughter were generous hosts. They gave us their beds and made us a big bowl of, drum roll.....mutton soup! We enjoy this camp as much as possible. I think it has been a couple of weeks of just sleeping wherever, whenever, with no hot water and only mutton and cheese to eat. It's getting old!

In the Gobi, this time of year the weather is 100 degrees each day with violent storms late in the afternoon. We saw a really cool tornado and a rainbow that was the largest and longest either of us had ever seen. The tornado was three miles or more away, so we were not in any danger but, it was just like we see on TV.

Saturday- July 30, 2005

We traveled hard to hook up with Basan, our outfitter, at the city of Arvaitiear. Since arriving in Mongolia, we have traveled 900-1,000 miles and only seen about 10 miles of improved roads.

Tonight we stayed in one of two hotels in the new capital. Roger made them switch hotels because there was no

water in the hotel Basstam checked us into. It took them two hours to heat the water so Roger and I can shower. The shower was a flexible wand from the sink with about three pounds of pressure. It was an awful shower but, felt great! We had supper in the hotel with Basstam and an extended guest list. We performed a little magic show for the kids. We also found out that these people like their vodka, wow!

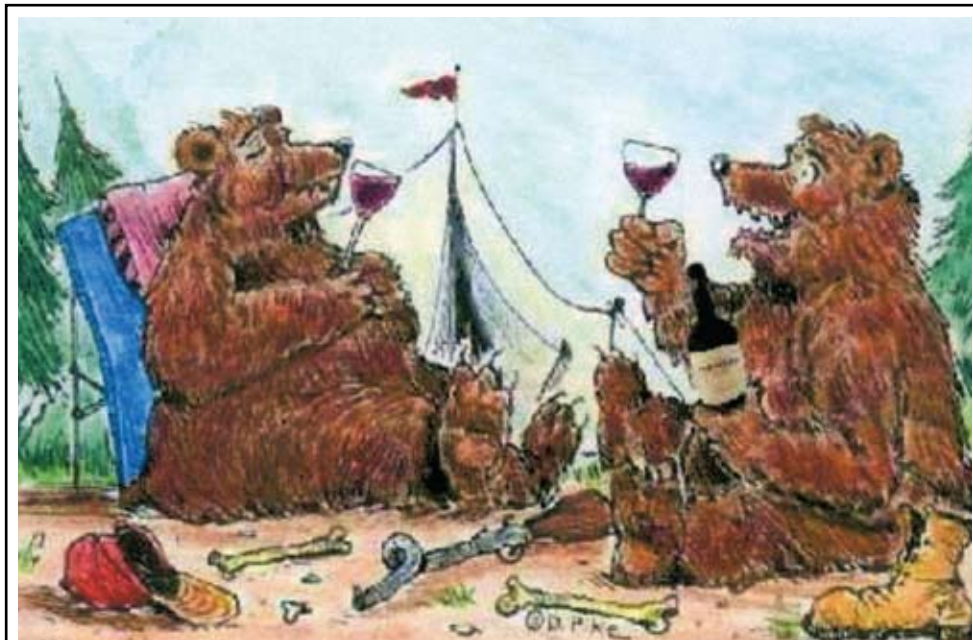
Sunday- July 31, 2005

Basstam traveled with us today. We traveled to a Monastery camp. It was once a small town before the communists shelled it. Stayed in a nice yurt that is what the Mongolians call a campsite. We think it was kind of a travel destination for a vacation, it was very neat and clean. We went on a hunt in the evening but, saw nothing. Luke says whitetail gazelle should be no problem.

It would be several days of hard driving and hard stalks before we make a successful stalk on a herd of whitetail gazelle. Roger made a great upwind stalk and a fine shot on a good buck. Finally, back straps for supper. Thank God for A-1 sauce; I will never travel without that and Skippy peanut butter. Tonight, we celebrate and show the Mongolians how to drink Vodka American style where you open the bottle then throw the cap over your shoulder.

This was a very grueling trip for Roger Card and Rod Merchant but, they brought back some very nice trophies and memories to tell for life.

In the next issue, we will travel along with them once again into China in search of Blue Sheep and a quest for the S.C.I. World Hunting Award.



I finally remembered—red with hunter, white with fisherman.

Reindeer Lake

By Terry Anderson

Last summer, my wife Phyllis and I went on a fly-in fishing trip to Arctic Lodges, LTD located in Northern Saskatchewan.

After staying overnight in Winnipeg, Manitoba we caught a charter flight that took us directly to the camp. The flight up to camp was under blue skies and a comfortable 70 degrees.

Upon arrival, Ray Littlechilds and his wife Jan the owners of the lodge met us at their airstrip. After the greetings and introductions, their staff put our gear into our private cabin and we began filling out the fishing licenses. We had a great brunch, then out into the lake we went.

The first hour on the lake, we knew this was going to be a great trip as we had both landed northern pike in excess of 15 pounds. I can honestly say, the northern pike fishing was spectacular!

Phyllis switched over to a silver and golden spoon and quickly started catching lake trout while I cast towards shore with a plastic frog. We both continued to catch fish right up until shore lunch.

While I helped our guide prepare lunch, Phyllis continued to cast her shiny spoon into the clear, deep water and promptly began catching lake trout. I must say, the



native guides did a wonderful job filleting our catch and preparing our shore lunch.

In spite of unusual strong winds and rain, we continued to catch fish during the balance of our stay on Reindeer Lake. I have been fishing different parts of Canada and Western Alaska for over 30 years and this place ranks right up there among the best.

If you want comfort, (cabins and boats with 25 horse motors) and remote Northern Canada fishing, you need to contact them. They have a number of packages available which include a 2 ½ hour charter flight from Winnipeg.

Their season runs from mid June through early September. You can call Ray and Jan Littlechilds directly at 1-888-353-2432 or e-mail them at ray@arcticlodges.com Their web site is www.arcticlodges.com



Saskatchewan Bear Hunt—May, 2007

by Joanne Witte

Finally! It was the 7th bear on the 7th night of hunting. As the bear appeared at the bait, Alvin Campeau (of Campeau Guiding) whispered, "That's a shooter!" so I shot.

My husband, Larry, had purchased two 10 day guided bear hunts with Campeau Guiding in Carragana, Saskatchewan, at our Mid-Michigan SCI Fund Raiser in Feb. 2007. This was our third hunt in three years with Campeau Guiding. The first two were for white tailed deer in the fall of 2005 and 2006.

On Sat. May 5th, we flew from Grand Rapids to Minneapolis and on to Saskatoon where we stayed overnight in a motel. Alvin's son, Mike, met us the next morning and took us to camp. The drive east to Carragana is about 180 miles crossing farm lands that transition to mixed farm and forest cover. Since Sunday is a non- hunting day in Canada we settled in at camp and got our rifles and gear ready for hunting the next day. That afternoon we spent several enjoyable hours renewing our friendship with Alvin, Mike, and Larry Lee who would be Larry's guide.

We stayed in a trailer near Alvin's home and were treated to Marie's wonderful cooking that included fresh bread and delicious cinnamon rolls. Our daily schedule consisted of breakfast at 9:00 AM, dinner at 2:00PM and then we set out for the stands that were about an hour's drive away. Marie left soup and sandwiches for us to eat when we returned about 10:30PM each night. During the day Alvin and Larry Lee checked and replenished baits, hung stands, and kept the quads in good running order. Larry and I read books, watched movies on TV and I went for walks. Due to Larry's medical condition he was not able to walk for pleasure.

Monday, May 7 was our first hunting day but it was so windy that we didn't even go out. The spruce trees were bent in half with the wind and it was all we could do sight in our rifles at 25 yards instead of the preferred 100 yards.

Tuesday we went to the stands. The ride to the stands on the quads was an adventure in itself. The woods road was full of giant mud holes that we slogged through and around. There were ruts and ditches, and washboard bumps such that we didn't dare let our tongues get between our teeth as we bounced along. We were glad we had on white suits, per Canadian hunting rules, because it kept the worst of the mud off our hunting clothes. However, I did pull chunks of mud out of my hair. Alvin and I went down an abandoned railroad bed on a teeth chattering ride that caused me to hang on for dear life. At one point I had to dismount while Alvin went down into the ditch to get around a washout under about 6 of the railroad ties.



Our stands were the 4 by 4 platforms about 8 feet high that Alvin uses for deer hunting. We sat on plastic chairs and had camo cloth around the blind to help disguise the blasted white suits. We were very comfortable. At Alvin's suggestion, we used Thermacell Mosquito Repellent devices that run on butane cartridges. They worked like a charm. We had no mosquitoes. For bait, Alvin chained barrels containing beaver carcasses to trees that were about 40 yards in front of us. Each barrel had a hole cut in it about half way down and a piece of tin was anchored over the hole so the bear had to pull the tin away from the hole. Anything to make it harder for the bear to get the bait.

No bears were seen that night.

On Wednesday it was windy again and very cold but we went to the stands anyway. Our hunting days were slipping by. Alvin and I left the stand early because we were so cold but Larry and Larry stayed till the bitter end. After that we decided we would wear warmer clothes.

Thursday was a beautiful evening—warm and calm. A moose crossed our path on the way to the stand. At 7:35 we heard shots and surmised that Larry had his bear.

About 7:00PM a big bear came from the right along the logging road that was between us and the bait. I waited for him to get to the bait and settle down so I could get a shot but unfortunately he winded us, turned around, and ran off. We saw three more bears, one of which came to the bait. He was still there when we left the stand. It was fascinating to watch Alvin when bears were around. He could hear them, knew how many there were, knew where they were and what they were doing but he couldn't tell the size until he saw them.

Sure enough, Larry had a beautiful black bear but it was not the monster he had hoped for.

Friday Larry and Larry went to their stand to video-tape bear activity while Alvin and I went to our stand hoping that big one would return. We saw 2 rather small bears who became regular visitors to this bait, but that's all. Once again it was windy.

On Saturday it sprinkled and rained but we went out anyway. The rain was gentle and the spruce boughs kept most of it off of us. We had fun watching our two resident bears pull chunks of beaver out of the barrel and run off to eat with the meat swinging from their jaws. A bigger bear came right under the stand as I was trying very quietly to get on my rain pants. Alvin said it was a good one but before I could decide to shoot, it left. Later we saw two second-year cubs fighting at the bait until their mother showed up and settled them down. Three bears crossed the railroad grade as we were leaving. Bears were everywhere!

On non-hunting Sunday we read more books, watched more TV and I went for a long walk.

Monday was windy again. Darn! However, our two resident bears came back for supper. We left early due to the wind but a bear arrived at the bait just as we left and one crossed the railroad grade while we were loading up the quad.

Tuesday we went out earlier determined to stay until last light. I noticed that the barrel had been turned completely upside down. The barrel was upright but the chain was at the bottom of



the tree instead of at the top. Our two resident bears were at the bait and two others came off and on. A sad dejected looking little bear came slowly down the road and looked longingly at the bait but didn't go to it. Another small bear came from the other direction but didn't go to the bait either.

Then about 8:40 a bear appeared at the bait and Alvin whispered, "That's a shooter!" Boom. That was my bear. I was using my favorite rifle—a Browning A-Bolt .300 WSM with 180 grain Swift A Frame bullets. I had the bear in the scope for a perfect broadside lung shot but just as I shot, he was distracted by one of the small bears and turned so I actually hit him in the neck. I had a few anxious moments before we found him about 80 yards into the bush. Lots of hugs, congratulations, and pictures followed.

Larry Lee came to help us load the bear. That was no small task. The ride out of the bush with the bear on Larry's quad and me with Alvin on his quad was another breathtaking adventure. We had to get around that huge washout but couldn't go down the steep incline we used to get to the stand. Instead we slogged through the cedar swamp on a route that Alvin had planned earlier in case we needed it. I watched my bear jounce around with its head just missing branches and its weight pulling the quad and Larry back dangerously.

The next day we took the bear to the taxidermist, packed up, and came home several days early so we would have 10 days at home before leaving for Africa.

It was a great hunt. My bear measured 18 inches and was the second biggest bear of the eleven I have shot.

September 20, 2007

Safari Club International, Mid Michigan Chapter,

Thank you for your continued support of the Isabella County 4-H Shooting Sports Program. It is the assistance and cooperation we receive that gives us the opportunity to grow and excel.

In August we attended the State Shooting Sports Competition in Port Huron. Our results are as follows:

Kyra Levandowski Sr Small Bore Field Rifle (.22 Cal Rifle) 8th Place
 Adam Johnson Sr 3-D Target Open Archery 14th Place
 Brandi Andrews Beg 3-Position Air Rifle 4th Place
 Remington Vandaveer Jr 3-Position Air Rifle 5th Place
 Mike Hawkins Sr 3-Position Air Rifle 1st Place
 Riley Andrews Jr Unsighted Bow 9th Place
 Sylvia Vogel Jr Sighted Bow 7th Place
 Katherine Vogel Sr Archery Open 16th Place

Our group included new members attending for the first time and members that have attended in past years. We were proud to represent Isabella County and look forward to going again next year. As always, there is some very stiff competition and we did quite well.

We've included a photo of our Senior Open Archery Team of Sylvia Vogel, Adam Johnson, Katherine Vogel and Remington Vandaveer. They took 8th Place.

Thank you again for your continued support of our program!

Sylvia Vogel
 Katherine Vogel
 Remington Vandaveer

Adam Johnson
 4-H Youth



"McSteamy" Mule Deer Hunt

by Mary Harter

In November of 2007, we drove to Lake City, Colorado, to the home of Jeff and Cyndi Chadd, owners of Majestic Mountain Lakeview Outfitters. We wanted to drive not only to enjoy the scenery on the way but to be able to bring back the meat, hides, and antlers. We were sure of a successful hunt.

Jeff and Cyndi have a beautiful new home on Lake San Cristobal, the second largest natural lake in Colorado, located in the San Juan Mountains. Five peaks of 14,000 feet are located in this area. Just check out the picture on the cover of this magazine.

We stayed in their new guest quarters over the garage and Cyndi Chadd cooked all of our meals.

Jeff does a lot of scouting year around and described several large bucks he had spotted in the area. He had several in mind that he hoped we would see and get shots at.

The first morning we were up early and out before daylight in the brisk 17 degree weather. We drove to one of Jeff's favorite areas and we could see several deer in the willows. We set up to view them and could see three nice bucks. One had a high, narrow rack. Another was a nicer basic 4 x 4. The third was a 4 x 5 with brow tines and was massive and wide. The third one was a beauty and I decided I wanted to shoot him even though it was only the first day. We watched until he cleared the willows and then I shot. It was about a 125 yard shot. When the bullet hit the deer, you could see the steam escape from his lungs behind him. Jeff said, "Mary, you can put the gun away now." We knew the deer was dead before he fell. He wobbled a little and down he fell. Jeff nicknamed him the "Steam Buck" but I called him "McSteamy". After taking a lot of pictures, we decided to do a half mount of him and Jeff caped him out and we were off to the slaughter house. "McSteamy" was 28" wide.

We went back out hunting in the early afternoon and drove to several of Jeff's favorite spots. We saw several bucks but no shooters. We went high on a mountain and spent several hours glassing, seeing many does and a few bucks. This was a weekend and the first day of both a mule deer and an elk season so we saw many hunters.

We left this area early enough to check out some other areas. On the way out we spotted several more deer and the last one looked like a good buck. We drove nearer to him to get a better look and the closer we got the better he looked. We stopped and Don got out on the far side of the vehicle.



He still was waiting for the thumbs up from Jeff. The buck started climbing the hill side and I could finally see his whole rack and saw that he even had brow tines. I knew Don would shoot him. Jeff said, "He looks real good." BANG!! Don shot him right in the heart. Even with that shot, he took about eight steps and Don shot him again. Don's buck was 28" wide. We had a double on the first day.

Brad Eldred was also on this hunt and shot a nice mule deer. He flew to this location so we took back his hide and antlers.

Jeff Chadd also does elk and antelope hunts with bow and arrow, black powder, and rifle. There are several different hunting seasons in Colorado. Jeff also takes hunters to Montana and Alaska for Dall sheep, grizzly bear, black bear, and wolf. Jeff is 100% on mule deer in both Colorado and Montana.

This is a first class operation and I would advise anyone to enjoy one of his hunts.



TOP NOTCH

Atalie Hebel, Kyle Wollam and Zack Parr recently qualified for the National Rifle Association's Light Rifle "Distinguished Expert" award. The trio are members of the Houghton Lake Sportsmen's Club's National Rifle Association Junior Rifle Club. (Courtesy photo)

Three HLSC students earn 'Distinguished Expert' rating

Three of the Houghton Lake Sportsmen's Club's National Rifle Association Junior Rifle Club members recently completed all qualifications for the NRA Light Rifle "Distinguished Expert" award.

Atalie Hebel, Kyle Wollam and Zack Parr have completed the seventh level of qualifications to receive the highest award the NRA grants in the Light Rifle Prone Course. To attain the achievement, each student had to shoot two 100-point combined rounds of at least 191 points each 10 times. Several of the students had multiple perfect 100-point rounds.

To achieve Distinguished Expert ratings, the students had to endure many demanding sessions through the first six ratings to attempt the "Distinguished Expert" final ranking. By the time a shooter completes the Distinguished Expert rating, he or she has obtained a proficiency level paralleling that of a competitively

classified sharpshooter. Thomas Oakey, NRA instructor, range safety officer and HLSC range officer, was assisted by Bob Balsely, NRA range safety officer and HLSC treasurer, in directing the students. A total of about 23 students met weekly after school to practice firearm marksmanship, safety and the marksmanship skill building program.

The HLSC expressed its appreciation to the Safari Club International, the Roscommon County Sheriff's Posse and Jay's Sporting Goods for their contributions to the program. The club plans to continue the Junior League Program after the start of school this fall with a renewed basic course for new students and an advanced course for the past year's students. The club hopes to start an adult introduction to firearms program for those who have watched their students succeed or would like to learn more about firearm safety.

**Door Prizes
throughout
the night!**

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held June 1, 2008

**RSVP by
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wk (989) 773-1711
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Ed Peters
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cell (989) 621-2344

Mid Michigan Chapter of Safari Club International

presents

Big Buck Night

Open to the Public

Monday, January 7th

Comfort Inn Conference Center

Adults \$20 • Kids 12 and under \$10

Bring your rack that you shot in 2007 and get it professionally scored plus get in the FREE gun raffle with your scored rack.

Special Guest Speakers

All tickets are pre-sold. Must have ticket prior to event.

Registration starts at 5 pm

Dinner at 7 pm

*Dinner includes one entree buffet, salad bar and dessert table
Cash Bar • Free soda for the kids*

Don't Miss It!

**29th Annual
Awards & Hunter's
Convention
Our Biggest Ever!**

Friday & Saturday, February 15 & 16, 2008

**Finch Field House • Central Michigan University
1275 S. Franklin St. • Mt. Pleasant, Michigan**

*Outfitters from North and South America, Africa,
New Zealand and Australia*

*Trophy Animal Displays • Carvings • Artwork • Paintings
Big Game Hunts • Fishing Trips • Guns • Auctions
Games • Exhibitors*



Sponsored by:

Safari Club International
Mid-Michigan Chapter

Friday, February 15, 2008

2:00 - 10:00 p.m. • \$5.00 Admission
Outfitters, Exhibitors, Awards and Auction

Saturday, February 16, 2008

Outfitters, Exhibitors, Banquet and Auction

10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Registration

5:00 - 6:00 p.m. Dinner (reservations required)

6:00 - Close Live Auction

For more information, contact Tim Hauck: (989) 772-4737

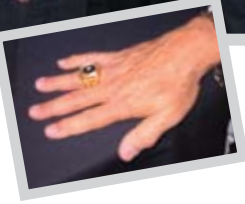
Partial list of live auction items:

Dicki Slykuis Tracks in Africa, 14 day Leopard Hunt in RSA
Paul Payton Nebraska Trophy Whitetail Deer Hunt
Safari's Pheasant Hunt, Phil and Patty Lentz, Pheasant Hunt
Richard Holmes Safaris, Eastern Cape South Africa
Ultimate Firearms, Ken Johnson - Muzzleloader
Wycon Safaris, Wynn Conduct, Antelope Hunt in Wyoming
Jim Stahl Mustang Outfitters, Mule Deer in Nevada
Dan Kirschner Wild Spirit Guide Service, Bear Hunt with Hounds
Dan Kirschner Wild Spirit Guide Service, Bob Cat Hunt with Hounds
Roger Froling's Buffalo Ranch, Buffalo Hunt
Thirstland Safaris, Kobis Honiball, Namibia Plains Game
Brian Simpson, Wittrock Outfitters in Alaska, Caribou Hunt
Jeff Chadd, Colorado Rocky Mountain horse back trip
Thormahlan and Cochran Classic Safaris, Namibia Plains Game
Larry and Joanne DeVuest, Texas Whitetail Hunt
Mike Cowan, Missouri Deer Hunt
Toquero Hunting Services, Fallow Deer Hunt in Spain
Sam Fejes, Tsiu River Lodge, Alaskan Goat Hunt
Mike Carlson, Larsen Bay Lodge, Kodiak Island, Black tail Deer Hunt
Ron Lind, Bear Skin Creek Outfitters, Alaskan Brown Bear Hunt
Mark LeValley, North Rim Trophy Elk Hunt, Colorado
Argentina Safaris, Brown Brocket Deer and Cabybara
Craig Hill Alaskan Moose Hunt
Gwen Hughes Rio Bonito Ranch, Texas Exotic Hunt

Check our website for a complete listing - www.midmichigansci.org

SCI Convention • Reno, Nevada

Major Awards Cocktail Reception



SCI World Hunting Award ring introduced in 1995, is the highest award in the World Hunting Awards Program, recognizing extraordinary efforts in conservation of wildlife. Only 55 hunters have qualified for this 2.5 carat, 18-Karat gold and onyx ring.

Receiving rings were, top left: Archie Nesbitt, Bruce Keller, Lou Misterly, John L. Estes, Roger Card, Bela Hidvegi, William A. Paulin. Top Right: Roger Card and Dr. Terry Braden. Left: Roger Card's World Hunting Award Diamond Ring. January 25, 2007, Reno, Nevada.



Left: Roger Froling, Julie Davis, Keith Davis with the SCI Major Award.

Bottom Left: North America Award sponsored by Jack & Chris Cassidy, Cassidy Outfitters. 4th place Keith L. Davis, Western Canada Moose, 553 4/8.

Right: Cindy & Larry Higgins.

Bottom Right: Terry Braden, Pat Bollman, Roger Froling. Boutineers for 25 years as a member in SCI.





Mary Harter, Mary Cabela, Dick Cabela, Don Harter

While in Reno last year we attended a session put on by Dick and Mary Cabela. It is very interesting how they began their mail order business back in 1961 selling hand tied fishing flies. Now, Cabelas is very well known and IPOed on the NYSE June 25, 2004 as CAB. During the session, Mary introduced several of their nine children and Dick read a favorite poem which for years has been a favorite of my father's.

The Man in the Glass

by Harry Holland Upchurch

When you get what you want in your struggle for self
And the world makes you king for a day
Just go to the mirror and look at yourself
And see what that man has to say.

For it isn't your Father or Mother or wife
Whose judgment upon you must pass.
The fellow whose verdict counts most in your life
Is the one staring back from the glass.

Some people may call you a straight shooting chum
And call you a wonderful guy
But the man in the glass says you're only a bum
If you can't look him straight in the eye.

He's the fellow to please, never mind all the rest
For he's with you clear to the end,
And you have passed your most dangerous test
If the man in the glass is your friend.

You may face the whole world down the pathway of life
And get pats on the back when you pass,
But your final reward will be heartache and strife
If you've cheated the man in the glass.

Chapter Sponsored Teachers' for American Wilderness Leadership School

This coming summer the Mid-Michigan Chapter of Safari Club International is sending at least five teachers to the SCI American Wilderness Leadership School. This is an all expense paid trip to Jackson Hole, Wyoming - Granite Ranch awarded to people from our chapter area. These people present a report to us at a future meeting.

Those who attended last year were:

Brian Sponseller - Mt. Pleasant Public Schools
Jill Trahan - Houghton Lake Schools
Kelly Roe - Swan Valley - Shields Elementary
Cheri Hutek - Gerrish Higgins School District, Roscommon
Annmarie Petrosky - Bay City - Handy Middle School

To obtain a 2008 application, log on to the SCI website and search under foundation. Send completed applications to either Don Harter or Jeff Chaulk for consideration.

Michigan Sportsmen Against Hunger

The Michigan Sportsmen Against Hunger will accept donations of all types of wild game, especially deer. It is processed and given to food banks and other agencies that help feed the needy. Countryside Custom Butchering, 4244 S. Winn Road, Mt. Pleasant, is one of the participating processors. Drop off the deer and tell them it is for the MSAH program.

The American Red Cross has a processor they can tell hunters about who will process the deer for free and then Red Cross can use it, but it has to be commercially processed. Call 989-773-3615 for more information.

The Isabella Community Soup Kitchen also accepts wild meat donations. According to Genny Sobaski, she has served a great variety. They will also accept home processed wild game. They are located at 621 S. Adams in Mt. Pleasant or call 989-772-7392.



Golf Outing!

Kevin Unger

This years Third Annual Safari Club golf outing was held at Riverwood Resort in Mt. Pleasant, Michigan. Riverwood welcomed our fifty-six golfers early Tuesday morning July 10th. The day started out a bit cloudy and overcast; but proved to be a great day to play golf. Our format was a four man scramble where each golfer had to use at least four drives during the round. We had five proximity pins, which meant five more chances to win. Our games included:

Long Drive Men	Long Drive Woman
Closest to the Pin	Closest to the Pin Second Shot
Closest to the line	

Each of these proximity pins paid its winner twenty five dollars cash. After the first nine holes all fourteen teams where flighted. This made the golf event equally fair for all teams. The First-Flight winners, shooting a sixty two, included:

George Fussman	Russ Teegarden
Mike Fitzpatrick	Leslie Walton

Second Place in the First-Flight, shooting a sixty five, was as follows:

Terry Anderson	Jerry Anderson
Jack Card	Doug Johnson

The Second-Flight winners included dear friends of mine. (Much to my surprise...and I did not believe it upon receiving the card so I asked to speak to a one - Joe the Golf Pro for a thorough "review" of the card in question and its scoring records...after explaining to him what "poor" golfers these men are... I knew there must have been an error in the scoring! But much to my surprise and upon even further and more intense examination of the persons and equipment involved... the scores where correct!) The winners of the second flight (*pending a state fraud investigation) are currently:

Wally Bontrager a.k.a lil wally	Rick Bennett
Rick Sprague	Ken Macdonald

As you could expect...they were as shocked (or appeared curiously shocked) as I was! Upon further review of the "golf cart" authorities did find a pencil with an eraser on it. This interestingly enough not supplied by Riverwood Resort or available to any of the other golfers. Another item of interest which was recovered was a duplicate score card, along with several empty beer cans. We also found an empty container which we believe held four anabolic

steroids; this could explain the reason they shot such a good round of golf. What the four don't know is that when I congratulated them on their socalled WIN?!? I had a cotton swab hidden in my handshake...which secretly retrieved their DNA. This is now being tested at the Michigan State Forensics Crime Lab. Until these results have been completed these men including their leader a.k.a. lil Wally -will remain the winners. As you can see we had a great time at this golf outing and we hope next year to have over a hundred golfers and more fun! This is something that is fun for everyone involved in safari club and we look forward to next year!



First Flight: Russ Teegarden, George Fussman, Leslie Walton, Mike Fitzpatrick



Second Flight: Ken MacDonald, Rick Bennett, Rick Sprague, Wally Bontrager

Trophy Records

Joanne Witte Chairman

If you would like the deer you bring to Big Buck Night on January 7, 2008, entered in our Chapter Awards Record Book, please mail me the score sheet or give it to me that night. The deer are not automatically entered in the Chapter Record Book.

Mail score sheets to:

Joanne Witte
11219 Birch Park Drive
Stanwood, MI 49346
Phone: 231-796-4927



2109 Maple Street
Myrtle Point, OR 97458

Mashed Potato Bake

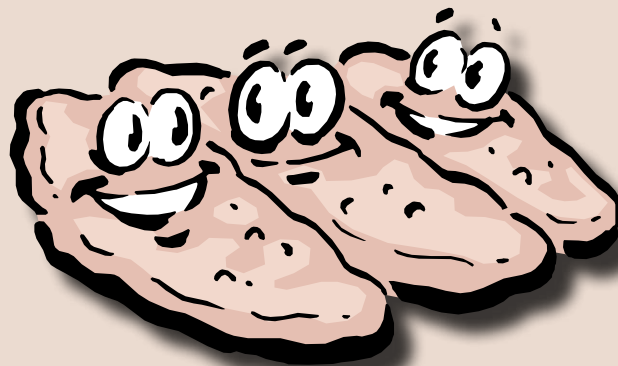
From the kitchen of Cyndi Chadd,
Majestic Mountain Lakeview Outfitters in Colorado

5 pounds potatoes (peeled/cooked/mashed) or
6 servings instant mashed potatoes w/o milk

Add - 6 oz. cream cheese
1 cup sour cream
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 Tbls. margarine or butter
1 diced, small onion

Beat until light and fluffy.
Place in 9" x 13" pan. Top with grated cheese.
Cool, cover, place in refrigerator.

When near meal time, bake at 350° for 35 minutes.




**Hunt-Fish Alaska & Russia
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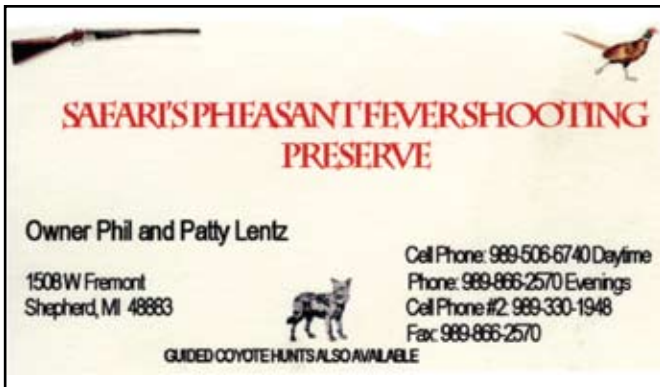
Brian Simpson
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Fairbanks, AK 99706
907-452-3822
Email: noainc@mosquitonet.com

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Mech./Aircraft Engineer
Professional Hunter



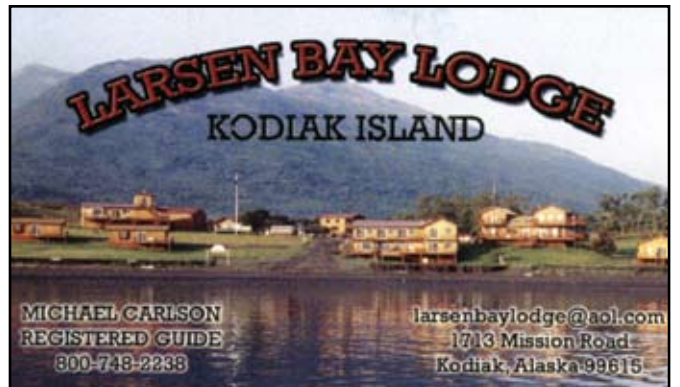
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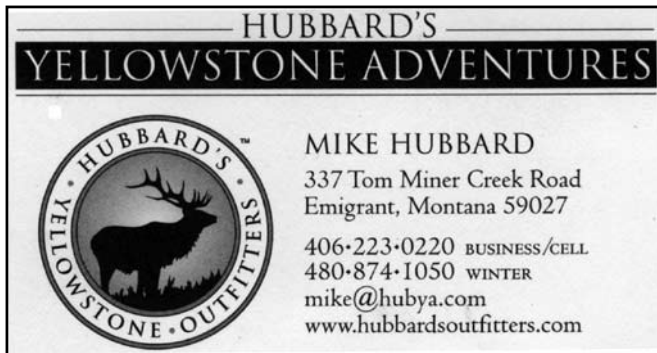
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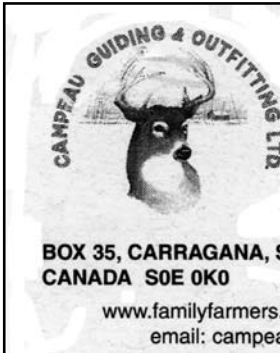
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Dear SCT,

Thankyou for sponsoring me so I could go to the Michigan-out-of-doors camp, it was a blast. I'm 11 years old and I think I should tell you guys that I learned alot more then I expected. Here is a schedule we followed everyday.

Wake Up 7:30

Flag pole 8:00

breakfast 8:15

2 hour session

Recreation time = free time

lunch

FOF - Feet off floor

2 hour session

Recreation time = free time

supper

Campfire or all camp swim.

bed 9:00

I learned alot, I learned about, guns, bow & arrows, mammals, trees, plants, insects, and more. I did here an abbreviation that was unfamiliar to me and that was FOF Feet - Off - Floor. When I was at this camp I earned my Hunter's Saffety certificate and that made me feel good.

The test for Hunter's Saffety was easy for me I thought it was all common Sence. When we did campfires it was fun we did Camp eridle and that's where two kids sing and the winner goes against another kid. We also sang songs and acted out stories

Thanks again,

Danielle Eldred

Thanks for the great time at the camp. It was wonderful my favorite was archery and riflery

signed,

Nathan

Justin



Dear Safari Club,

Thank you for sending me to camp. It was so fun, my favorite activatie was camp fire. It was asome! Thanks again.

From
Angela Maio

P.S. I Learned some camp songs and scits, They were so cool! I want to go againe next year.

Dear Safari Club,

I had a very good time at camp and I would love to go next year. My favorite part of year. My favorite when we camp was archery. We shot 12's for when we shot. Thank you for sending me to the camp for kids.

Signed

Anthony Maio

Thank You!

An Arctic Adventure

By Paul Connor

It's the end of September and the long wait is finally over. This morning's flight marks the beginning of an Arctic adventure, the hunt for Muskox and caribou in the land above the Arctic Circle.

Packing had consumed more time than usual due to needing a cold weather sleeping bag. I had to finally dig out the big green Cabela's duffel, the one that's no fun to carry. It now has its fill of heavy clothing, heavy boots, regular necessities and, the sleeping bag. A small carry-on bag held clothing for the return trip, binoculars, cameras and film.

A small commuter plane flew me to the Toronto airport where I was to meet my hunting partner Jim Stender. An airport baggage attendant retrieved my luggage and hurried me to Customs, then to Security and my boarding gate. No problems! I waited until the very last moment to board as Jim hadn't shown up yet.

After a long flight to Edmonton Alberta, I once again collected my gear, and stepped outside to a waiting shuttle bus that took me to the Nisku Inn. When booking this hunt with Bob Vitro of Safari Specialists, he assured us of a problem free, spectacular hunting trip. He's never let us down.

Our reservations were in order, and it was dinnertime at both of the hotels fine restaurants. A fresh lake trout dinner with a bottle of Canadian beer made things better. Still...no Jim! I returned to the front desk to tell them a tired and unhappy traveler would arrive in the wee hours of the morning. About 1:30AM a loud knock awakened me. Oh no, I forgot to leave the door unchained. At last, Jim was here.

Early the next morning, after a quick breakfast, we were off to the airport. Everything was going well until, on the way to Security, I noticed my bags were checked to Yellowknife and on the wrong flight. Jim's were on the correct flight to Norman Wells, NWT. A fast trip back to the check-in counter solved a potentially bad situation.

Our plane landed at Norman Wells, we found our bags and gun cases and a young man in a pilot's jumpsuit stepped up and introduced himself. Andrew Bailes of North Wright Airways was, like everyone else at North Wright Airways, helpful, professional, and on time. He was also our pilot and just a great guy.



We loaded our gear in Andrew's truck and drove to the floatplane base. Everything was fine, right up to the moment we learned about the weather at the village of Paulatuk—it was not good. Also, there was nowhere to spend the night because all nine hotel rooms were taken. Warren Wright graciously gave us a home for the night. It was much appreciated.

Better weather the next morning allowed us to load all our gear in a beautiful blue and white Turbo Porter floatplane and depart. We then heard news about meeting our guides at Delesse Lake, south of Paulatuk. After a few hours flying time over remarkable scenery, Delesse Lake appeared below us. We landed, unloaded our gear, and met our native guides, Steve Illasiak and his son Joe. We also met his wife Jessie and daughters Sara and Trina.

We carried all our gear to our quarters, a small warm well-sealed cabin that appeared to have been recently renovated. Hot coffee and snacks awaited us next door. On the short walk to Steve's cabin, we passed menacing growling sled dogs around which we detoured.

Once safely inside, we had coffee and sandwiches with Steve's family while we listened to our hunting plans unfold. We talked about the clothing needed, the hazards of the Arctic weather and the traditional method of transportation—wooden sleds. This time of the year the sleds would be pulled by 4-wheelers. During our discussion three-year old Trina rushed outside in her T-shirt and shorts and jumped on the sled dog who seemed to enjoy the encounter. The

dogs no longer seemed menacing.

We asked Steve how much clothing to layer for the hunt tomorrow. He told us to wear everything we had. Survival and safety come first in the arctic. One final bit of information was in order before turning in for the night. Solemnly, Steve mentioned that a Grizzly had broken into our cabin recently. The cabin was now safe and sound, fixed as good as new, but should the dogs become loud and excited during the night—be alert and take all necessary precautions immediately. We had another cup of coffee. Then we walked quietly back to our cabin, flashlights in hand, thinking about our position on the food chain as we crawled into the heavy arctic sleeping bags.

The next morning found us about 10 kilometers out, hanging on for dear life as the 4-wheelers pulled us quickly over the rough, frozen arctic terrain. It was a cold clear morning for the first day of our hunt. Steve spotted a herd of caribou so we stopped to glass for a good bull which we found. He recommended getting far enough ahead of the herd to set up for a shot. Twenty minutes later I was in position to shoot. I had won the coin toss! Jim was



quietly behind me with the video camera, prepared to film the event.

Steve told me the range, wind direction, best location for the shot and which caribou was the RIGHT caribou. All good information! My .340 Weatherby roared and the bull instantly disappeared. Jim had captured it all on video from the beginning to the dramatic end.

Now it was time for pictures and work.

In the midst of the activities Joe called his father over for a pow-wow. He had spotted a herd of Muskox a few kilometers away on higher ground. Steve asked Jim if he'd like a Muskox today and a caribou tomorrow. A big smile meant YES! As we hurried to pack the sled, it started to snow.

We were now stopped 17 kilometers out, a couple of kilometers from the Muskox herd prepared to stalk and glass for a trophy bull. As we moved slowly toward the herd, bent over to change our profile, eleven Muskox came into focus. It took a long time to get close to them in the snow and cold. All our layers of clothing made crawling over the rocky frozen ground a little less painful. Remembering our conversation about full mounts, I whispered to Jim about a possible change in plans. "These things look like Suburbans with fur coats", I told him.

Jim and Steve moved another 50 yards closer for a better look at the lone bull. A few minutes later Jim's .300 Weatherby broke the arctic silence. A good shot as usual. As the shot echoed away, the herd halted its undirected escape. A second bull walked into the clearing. Through my 10 X 40 binoculars it looked as good as the first one. Steve said it had my name on it.

We patiently and quietly waited for the bull to change its position; a better angle was needed. We were all amazed that the herd was still in the area and not running from Jim's shot. The bull slowly turned my way. As I listened to Steve tell me about



shot placement, I chambered a round. The bull was now in the open. For the second time in less than three hours, the .340 spoke again. Now we had our third big game animal down. It was still snowing and getting colder.

After many pictures and handshakes, the work began again. The heavy Muskox was difficult to move around for skinning. It was then that Joe said—"Caribou". A herd with a large bull trotted within 200 yards of our downed Muskox.

The bull slowed, appeared curious, and then cautiously moved away. By now Jim's rifle was in his hand. Everyone helped Jim locate the right animal. A final check told him it was the right one and there were no others in line. Another 180 grain Partition found its mark. We now had four big game animals down on the first day of our hunting trip. How much better could it get? It was snowing again, getting still colder and our ears were ringing from the shot.

The promise of a spectacular hunt had been achieved. Hours later the work was finished. A perfectly mushroomed 250-grain Nosler Partition was retrieved from my Muskox, a souvenir for Steve.

Before our journey back to camp began, more caribou showed up but since we were all out of tags we took pictures and waved. My all black Mark V rifle was lying across a sled, now completely white with snow and ice. The sleds were really loaded, with little room left for us hunters to sit for the return trip. Later we arrived at camp cramped and cold, but still smiling. Just as we got our legs straightened out and working again, Jessie had the coffee ready. A perfect ending for a perfect day in the arctic.

The following day, as Steve's whole family involved themselves in the care of our trophies, we watched and learned. The afternoon hours were used for photography, collecting unique rocks and cleaning our firearms. Bob Vitro had recommended purchasing a fishing license, which we did in Norman Wells.

Joe, Steve's son, informed us that today was a fishing day. The lake ice was minimal and we had nothing better to do. We dressed in heavy parkas,



grabbed some snacks and departed. The metal fishing boat transmitted the cold from the water most efficiently. The 20-MPH wind completed the chilling effect. It is fair to say that the fishing was pretty good, with lots of large fish ready to do battle. Joe knew all the good spots and had decent tackle. It is also fair to say that it was too darn cold to fish. We now had pictures of each other holding big fish and, keeping a few for dinner, we headed back to camp. Several cups of hot

tea later we removed the parkas, another arctic experience under our belts.

Several days later with the hides, horns and racks all cleaned, salted and prepared, Andrew flew in to take us back to Norman Wells. We stayed two more days at the Mackenzie Inn to take care of paperwork, package the hides and racks for shipment, freeze them and make preparation for shipment to True-Life Taxidermy.

Officer Ryan Smith expertly helped us with the needed Canadian paperwork. We now had time to do a little looking and shopping at the highly recommended "Norman



Wells Historical Center". Mayor Richard Carnegie says this is a really great place to visit and learn about the far North. He was right. It is a treasure trove worth exploring. Local museum quality artwork is for sale and can be shipped directly home for a reasonable fee. Later we decided a fine meal was needed to celebrate our last night in town so Jane Han, owner of the Mackenzie Inn, agreed to solve the problem with caribou medallions in wine and mushroom sauce accompanied by a good bottle of red wine. Jane was a perfect hostess.

The next morning as it was time to leave, a little depression found its way into our thoughts. This trip was almost two years in the making and, now nearly over, we were not ready for it to end. The one thought that kept the adventure alive was knowing that our mounts would be displayed at the upcoming Safari Club show in Reno Nevada. An Arctic hunt is truly one of the last great adventures, and hunting with Steve Illasiak exceeded our expectations. We will be returning again for another Arctic adventure.



Looking Ahead --

In our next issue --

- * ***Part 3 of A Journey Into Mongolia***
by Rod Merchant with Roger Card
- * ***The Best, not the Biggest***
An African Hunt by Joanne Witte
- * ***Buffalo Narrows, Saskatchewan, Canada***
A Bear Hunt by Terry Anderson
- * ***Climbing for Mountain Goat in Alaska***
by Mary Harter
- * ***Hunters' Convention Highlights***
- * ***And more articles, poems, and jokes yet to be submitted***





**MID - MICHIGAN CHAPTER SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL
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APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP
PLEASE PRINT**

I hereby apply for membership _____
FIRST MIDDLE LAST

Fill out both mailing addresses as well as email. Please indicate by placing a X in the appropriate box where you would like to receive club correspondence. If at all possible we would like to utilize your email address for this purpose.

<input type="checkbox"/> _____			EMAIL ADDRESS		
<input type="checkbox"/> HOME			<input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS		
STREET			STREET		
CITY	STATE	ZIP	CITY	STATE	ZIP
TELEPHONE			TELEPHONE		

MEMBERSHIP DUES		(PLEASE CIRCLE ONE)			
18 + 1 Year	\$ 55 National Dues	\$ 20 Local Dues	=	\$	75
3 Years	\$ 150 National Dues	\$ 60 Local Dues	=	\$	210
Life	\$1500 National Dues	\$200 Local Dues	=	\$	1700
Over 60	\$1250 National Dues	\$200 Local Dues	=	\$	1450
17 & under:					
1 Year	\$ 15 National Dues	\$ -0- Local Dues	=	\$	15

Check/Cash attached \$ _____ Bill my credit card:
VISA MASTERCARD DISCOVER (PLEASE CIRCLE ONE)

CREDIT CARD NUMBER	EXPIRATION DATE	NAME ON THE CARD
APPLICANTS SIGNATURE	SPONSORS NAME	
DATE OF APPLICATION	SPONSORS ADDRESS	

PO Box 486 Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858-0486 989-773-4563 ext 119 FAX 989-773-9323
MIDMICHIGANSCI.ORG

HUNT REPORT & EVALUATION

MAIL TO:

Mid-Michigan Chapter SCI

P.O. Box 486

Mt. Pleasant, MI 48804-0486

HUNT LOCATION: County _____ State/Province _____

Area/Concession _____

SPECIES HUNTED: _____ SPECIES TAKEN: _____

WERE TROPHY ANIMALS: Abundant _____ Occasional _____ Scarce _____

HUNT BOOKED THROUGH: _____

OUTFITTER: _____

YOUR PERSONAL GUIDE: _____

WAS YOUR GUIDE CAPABLE: _____

CAMP FACILITIES: Excellent _____ Good _____ Fair _____ Poor _____

EQUIPMENT CONDITION: Excellent _____ Good _____ Fair _____ Poor _____

FOOD: Excellent _____ Good _____ Fair _____ Poor _____

TROPHY PREPARATION: Excellent _____ Good _____ Fair _____ Poor _____

TROPHY SHIPPING ARRANGEMENTS: Excellent _____ Good _____ Fair _____ Poor _____

TIME REQUIRED FOR RECEIPT OF TROPHIES: _____

SEASON: HUNT DATE _____ Spring _____ Summer _____ Fall _____ Winter _____

Dry _____ Wet _____ Cold _____ Hot _____

HUNT TRANSPORTATION: Airplane _____ Boat _____ Vehicle _____ Horse _____

Foot _____ Other _____

WOULD YOU RECOMMEND THIS HUNT & OUTFITTER TO OUR MEMBERS: _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ DATE _____

STATE/ZIP _____ PHONE _____