

# FRONT SIGHT

**SCI**  
FIRST FOR HUNTERS

Mid-Michigan Chapter Safari Club International

April 2008, Issue 2



Cover picture taken by M. Harter  
Kayak Island, Gulf of Alaska  
South East of Cordova, Alaska  
Trip from the Sam Fejes  
Tsiu River Lodge



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**Front Sight** is the official publication of the Mid-Michigan Chapter of Safari Club International, keeping club members informed about local club activities, and encouraging and defining good sportsmanship. The Front Sight Magazine is published quarterly: January, April, July and October. Distribution 355+ . Please support our advertisers! Call or write them for catalogs and information on their products and services. Make sure you tell them you saw their ad in the **Front Sight**.

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## SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Meeting Schedule 2008

Date	Meeting Type	Time	Location
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 TBA
June 2, 2008	Board	4:30 p.m.	Camp Misery
August 11, 2008	Board	4:30 p.m.	Harter's



## Message from the President



President, Tim Hauck

Another Mid Michigan SCI calendar is coming to a close. This is a good time to reflect on our Chapters accomplishments. Big Buck Night continues to grow and be the fun social evening of the year. Our 29th annual Hunters' Convention moved to a new venue on the Campus of CMU. Our new format was a great success and this location will continue to let us grow and improve our convention in the future. Our monthly membership meetings were well attended and our membership continues to grow.

We have continued our mission of Youth Education along with our support of Hunter Safety in partnership with local conservation clubs. We continue to send Teachers to AWLS and Youths to MUCC Camp. We have partnered with the DNR archery in schools program to provide archery equipment in 11 different schools.

On a personal note, it has been a great year for me. I had a great deer season and then started rabbit hunting. I had forgotten how much fun small game hunting can be when you have good dogs and hunt with your friends. We had the pleasure of taking a young hunter out and getting him his first rabbit. This is something we all need to do if our hunting tradition is to continue.

This will be my last letter to you as chapter president. It's been a great three years and I would like to thank every one for their support. Our future is bright and I know the chapter will continue to prosper and help preserve our right to hunt

Good Hunting,  
Tim Hauck  
Chapter President

## Editor's Letter

This is my second edition and all of you are making my job easy! I appreciate and enjoy your articles and pictures. Keep them coming. We all enjoy reading of the adventures of others. Also, keep the Front Sight in mind when you find an interesting poem, joke, recipe or other item of interest.

In the next issue, I would like to include pictures of youth enjoying the hunting experiences with others. Please send me pictures with a brief description on the back by May 15. It is critical to share our hunts with our youth to encourage them to hunt and continue this natural heritage so many are wanting to end. Remember your first hunt and how thrilled you were with your first rabbit, squirrel, pheasant, or deer! Sharing this love of hunting and introducing youth to this way of life is the best way to protect our freedom to hunt. Our youth are our future!

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



Editor, Mary Harter  
Hunting in Northern Alberta

# A Journey Into Mongolia

By: Rod Merchant

## PART 3

### Mongolian Whitetail Gazelle

#### Monday, August 1

Up at 5:00 a.m., we hope to hunt the whitetail gazelle today. We do hunt the whitetail gazelle all day. We travel from 8:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. across the open fields driving from one hill to the next, then stop and glass. We made a couple fruitless stalks but mostly we traveled. The gazelles obviously have been hunted; when they see your dust you see theirs and they can run forever.

We know we are not going to make UB by nightfall, so Luke takes us to another abandoned Russian town and we stay in some old Russian barracks. This room reaches a new low in our accommodation ranking and the latrine is interesting to say the least. Also, the smell of the cooking in the next room is more than we can take. Just knowing whatever smells that bad will soon be in a bowl delivered to our room; we are the only guests.

#### Tuesday, August 2

Up at 5:00 a.m., our hunting has taken us away from UB so we turn northeast and work our way to town. We hunt and drive across the country and stop and scope until around noontime and then give up. Roger says to take us to UB. We arrive at 8:00 p.m. tired and worn out but happy to be in civilization again! We take a hot shower, eat a beef steak, and call home.

#### Wednesday, August 3

Took the whole day off. Had breakfast and delivered 22 rolls of film to get developed. Luke took us to two museums and a local folk dance and music show. It was wonderful! The colors, rhythm, and precision were spectacular.

#### Thursday, August 4

Up at 6:00 a.m. for another bone-jarring 12 hour trip to the northeast for Roe deer. Luke is not with us but the new guide, Aswan, is. We finally reach camp before dark, pitch the tents, eat soup and something. By suppertime it is dark so we sneak the local dogs a nice selection of bread with yak butter, mystery meat and a fermented cheese. We are still very tired. We are camping with a family of about 20 people along with their goats, sheep, cows, and horses. Everyone works real hard all day. We did a little magic show that night which they loved. We liked this family very much and they were very nice to us.



#### Friday, August 5

Up at 4:40 a.m. for a drive to Roe deer area. Skunked again. We climb to a high plateau to stalk and glass and glass but no Roe deer. We returned to camp for a two hour nap that we needed! We hunt again in the evening with no luck. Mosquitoes are the worst we have ever seen!

#### Saturday, August 6

Moved to a new area where there are local men on horses. They drive the ravines while we sit up high and glass. This turns up nothing. We hunt from 6:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.; there are no Roe deer here. Roger decides to give up.

#### Sunday, August 7

We decide to move and hunt the Gazelles again to the south. After 10 hours on the trail we finally find an area that is promising. We do a quick hunt for the whitetail gazelle before dark but nothing.

#### Monday, August 8

Up at 5:00 a.m. to drive to another area. Oh, yes, mutton for breakfast and lunch! Finally find a herd of whitetail gazelles. Roger makes a long stalk up wind and shoots a nice buck. We dressed it out and went back to camp, took a bath in the dirtiest river you have ever seen and it felt great! We leave for UB in the morning with maybe one more try for the Roe deer.

We have whitetail gazelle back straps for supper. Thank God for A-1 sauce; will never travel without that and Skippy peanut butter! Showed the Mongolians how to drink vodka American style where you open the bottle, then throw the cap over your shoulder. It was fun.

(continued on next page)



**Tuesday, August 9**

Up at 6:00 a.m. and only have a nine hour ride to UB. We eat our greasy eggs, a slice of mutton, and we are off. The families we have been staying with here are very friendly and gracious but seem poorer and sicker than the other families. Their water supply is a dirty river and we wonder if it could be contaminated.

All of the other families on this trip, although they are poor nomads, have been clean, happy, extremely disciplined people that laugh, joke, and tease, especially with the children. The people also seemed very dignified with a great sense of their heritage. Ging-us Kahn is still talked of often with great pride. Each Mongolian seems blessed with a wonderful voice and they sing all the time. We saw no signs of malnutrition and disease or lack of medical care on the entire trip until this camp.

About 3:00 p.m. on the trip home, we stopped for a bowl of soup at a roadside shack. They brought Roger and my bowl real quick but had to kill a new sheep for the other three bowls so it took longer. Roger and I just couldn't do the soup so we excused ourselves and went to the truck and had a granola bar. We couldn't swallow another bowl of mutton soup - ever!

Arrive in UB about 7:00 p.m., take a shower, call home, eat Italian at Marco Polo Restaurant. We had a real salad and chicken. Wow! Was that good!

**Wednesday, August 10**

Slept until 9:30 a.m.; it was great! Took a hot shower again; that was great, too. We think the stink of mutton doesn't wash off with one shower! Met Basaan and Tsogo for a trip to the market where we bought some gifts and had lunch. Then we took another nap, we are still really tired. We are bumped and bruised, scratched and bit, and just plain worn out. The last day of travel was very windy so the dust from the Gobi Desert just fills your nose and throat. It was like the Gobi had one last gift for us to remember it by. We checked our mileage and we traveled 2,100 miles in our little Russian jeep. Sometimes we had two jeeps but most of this trip we had five people and all our gear in this really small vehicle. Roger keeps complaining that his knee is killing him and I said if there was anything seriously wrong with his knee, it would have given out on the Ibex hunt. It was astounding to see the Mongolians scamper up and down the mountains, but just as remarkable that Roger and I managed to get where we had to be and back again. The horses only helped so much. At some point, you always got off and continued on climbing up and down on foot. Roger's determination to hunt this Ibex surprised me more than the Mongolian's physical abilities. I am glad it is over, but wouldn't have missed it for the world!

**Thursday, August 11**

A decision has been made; we are out of here! Basaan made changes, we packed and repacked, loaded all capes. We bribed all the airline people we could find, and loaded about a ton of capes and gear on to our Miat flight to Beijing. We arrived about midnight and were met at the airport by Mr. Zudoc, worked through customs, and went to Jade Palace Hotel where we had a big bowl of ice cream, a cold beer, and fresh peanuts. They all laughed at us but we were enjoying our first cold beer in 30 days!

While in China we saw the Forbidden City, The Great Wall, Tianamin Square, a really nice Buddhist temple, and a silk and jade factory. The weather is either 100 degrees with smog so bad you can hardly breathe, or it rains. We mostly try to stay inside and did a little shopping and bought way too many gifts and trinkets. We drank a lot of beer and just waited. The roads are all washed out to hunting camp and we must wait for a bridge to be reopened.

We are off for Xanling; we drove for about 12 hours in the rain. We were supposed to fly but apparently the airport is closed. We are not too optimistic because the roads and airports are closed. How are we supposed to hunt?

We have been staying in a little town now for two days. Chinese food is okay if you do not know what it is. Kidneys, frogs, stomach and lips are all on the same table plus eels and all kinds of fish that are real greasy. Forks and knives are out of the question!

We give up, it's over! The blue sheep hunt was officially canceled today. We have been waiting with a man from France and we just had a meeting and decided to return to Beijing and go home. There is no hot water here and the mosquitoes are terrible. We will just have to try again later.

**The Jeep -**

Our jeep is a little Russian machine very similar to an old army jeep. It is a 4 cylinder 4 speed, very efficient no frills piece of iron. There is no padding, even on the seats. It has a storage space about 20" behind the back seat. Nothing from the US could take the abuse we have heaped on this little beauty and survive. Our jeep just kept rolling. We were told that we would have two jeeps for our cross country excursion but that was not meant to be. We just crammed stuff under the seats and on top of the roof, hung it on the back, put it on our laps, and even under our feet and went! On a good day this jeep does not seat four comfortably and we had five people for our entire journey. The only upside to this is we didn't bounce around because we were too packed in. We were never comfortable, ever.

*(continued on next page)*

## The Trip -

We left UB in the northeast of Mongolia and flew to the southwest and traveled over 1600 miles across the great expanse of desert and mountains. There were never any roads! We usually traveled on two track trails that were made more and more rugged with travel. Most of the time we just crossed the valleys and plains wherever we wished, they just seemed to go on forever. As the trails became rutted and eroded we simply drove out and around the area which added miles and miles to our journey. Serpentine back and forth instead of a straight line; we never traveled 100 yards straight! The entire trip was rough as hell and the little jeep had zero suspension. It just jarred us to death. All the trails were old horse trails so as a horse might walk around a small bush or stone, this is how the road was formed. There is no fence or border of any kind in this whole country, no private land; you can travel wherever you want.

## The Towns -

In the 1970's, Russia build 320 town all over Mongolia. They had a grand design of owning all the land between

them and China and picking all the various products from Mongolia - water, meat, hides, uranium, coal, etc. It did not work. Now there are 320 abandoned towns all over the country. Most have a few families. Those left there are just victims. At one time they had electricity, heat, phones, schools, and commerce but now that is all gone. Nothing is left but the buildings and a few squatters with no other place to go. The steam heat, electricity, and water are all gone in all the towns. We found only two towns in our journey with water and electricity.

## Luke -

Our interpreter has been wonderful. He is an educated lawyer with a very good vocabulary of English. He has traveled to the US and is very intelligent and funny. He has totally made our trip bearable. One minute we will be having a conversation on world politics or economics and the next he is sitting cross-legged on the floor eating cold mutton with the locals. He fits in with both worlds.

**JEFF CHADD**

Alaska Master Guide #125

Colorado #939

Montana #6792



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# Thank You!

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Mr. Tim Hauck, Mid-Michigan Chapter  
Sierra Club International  
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Mt. Pleasant, Michigan 48858-0486

Wednesday, August 15, 2007

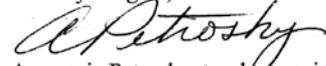
Dear Mr. Hauck,

I would like to thank you and the Safari Club for the wonderful opportunity to attend the American Wilderness Leadership School in Jackson, Wyoming this summer. It was a very valuable learning experience demonstrating the importance of instructing the youth of today of about the need to conserve habitat for animals and how humans are a part of the bigger picture. I work in an inner city district where there is not the opportunity to go outside and play in the woods and see how nature works and interacts with other living organisms, but through my experiences at AWLS I feel that I can share the knowledge and experiences I had with my students.

I would also like to express my gratitude for the great staff at AWLS. Bill Barr and all of the staff made everyone feel welcome and went out of their way to make sure that we were taken care of (meals, snacks, and activities). Dr. Decker's presentations were very well thought out and presented in a way that a teacher could use the same information with their students and they would understand the topic of discussion. I also enjoyed Mr. Peter Kummerfeldt's knowledge of outdoor survival skills and wildlife photography. The field trips to the different locations in the states and the guest speakers helped to emphasize the importance for management organizations.

I have had the opportunity to attend other summer teacher institutes in other states; however, I can say that I gained the most, professionally and personally, from attending AWLS.

Thank you again,



Annmarie Petrosky, teacher session #4

Terry,  
I just wanted  
to say thank you for  
giving Cheri and I the  
opportunity to go to the AWLS in  
Wyoming. We had a great time!  
Thanks for all your support  
with your chapter. I know you  
had a big part in having Cheri  
and I chosen. This school  
does a wonderful job at  
promoting the outdoors and  
choosing teachers to send the  
message out is a great idea!  
Love,  
Jill

Dear Mid Michigan Chapter,  
Thank you so much for sponsoring my trip to Jackson Hole, Wyoming. It was the opportunity of a life time! I met several amazing people, learned more than I ever imagined, and experienced activities that I will never forget! I feel extremely thankful to have had the opportunity, and can not thank your chapter enough for the experience of a lifetime! I look forward to sharing my trip with you at an upcoming meeting. Thanks again for all you have done!



IT WAS VERY MUCH APPRECIATED.

Thank you so much for the wonderful opportunity!

Sincerely,  
Kelly Roe  
Swan Valley School District

# Thank You!

HOUGHTON LAKE RESORTER • THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 2007 • C5



## OUTDOOR EDUCATION

Roscommon County educators (left to right) Cheri Hutek of the Gerrish-Higgins School District and Jill Trahan of the Houghton Lake Community Schools took part in the American Wilderness Leadership School at the Granite Creek Ranch in Jackson Hole, WY this summer. Hutek and Trahan were part of 400 teachers from around the country selected to take part in the week-long workshop on wildlife and ecosystem management practices founded by the Safari Club International Foundation. They were sponsored by the Mid-Michigan Chapter of Safari Club International, which is based in Mt. Pleasant.  
(Courtesy Photo)



# LUDINGTON AREA SCHOOLS

## SECONDARY SCHOOL COMPLEX

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Complex Principal

Dale Horowski  
Assistant Principal 9-12  
Curriculum Director

Steve Brockelbank  
Athletic Director  
Assistant Principal

Melissa Bansch  
Assistant Principal 7-8

January 4, 2008

Dear Safari International Members,

On behalf of the Physical Education Department and students of Ludington Area School District, we would like to thank you for selecting our school for your generous support of the "Archery in the Schools" equipment grant. The archery program is an exciting addition to our physical education curriculum. We look forward to teaching and involving our students in archery. Please convey our appreciation and thanks to all of your club members.

Sincerely,

Deb Follrath  
Physical Education Teacher  
Ludington Area School District  
Ludington, MI

Schools with archery programs funded by  
your Mid-Michigan Chapter of SCI:

Bad Axe Junior High School  
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Academy of the Americas  
Houghton Lake High School  
Walkerville High School  
Ludington High School  
Carmen Ainsworth High School  
Owosso High School  
Kenneth T. Beagle Middle School



## BACK IN THE THICK OF IT!

by Dave Hulme

(written for Tim Hauck and Ed Peters)



*Blood spurting from her muzzle, the buffalo cow was up in an instant. Spinning around with revenge and adrenalin in her heart she came at the hunters. Two more well placed shots finally brought her down.*

***Though it is late in the day, lion bait is urgently required. It is important to make the most of this opportunity. After readying themselves, the hunters head out, soon swallowed up by the heavy jesse.***

The men move as fast as the bush permits. Twenty minutes later, they are on a low cliff-bank overlooking an expansive floodplain at a gradual bend in the river. The buffalo herd has left the plain and split, the main body penetrating dense jesse a couple of hundred meters upstream. A splinter group has crossed the riverbed and a dozen or so stragglers are seen hauling themselves up the far bank. After a brief consultation, Pete and veteran PH Magara Durapenga decide to target the splinter herd. Waiting for the last buffalo to disappear into cover, the men stride out across the sand.

Although the hunters are onto the splinter group in short time, it is on the move and the brush is very thick. Tim takes aim and prepares to shoot on several occasions,

but circumstance dictates and any realistic opportunity of a clear shot eludes. The wind is initially favorable, but the buffalo unexpectedly change tack, wrong-footing and winding the men. More confused than alarmed, the herd clatters off a short distance over the rough ground. The hunters up the tempo, pushing the herd, working the angles and seeking out a window of opportunity. Even a small window will do - Tim Hauck is a great rifle shot.

Eventually, the hunters break from the jesse into a small mapari (open area), and the awaited opportunity presents itself. Eighty yards away, on the fringe of the clearing and partially obscured by light brush, several cows stand stock-still and alert, looking back the way they have come. These cows are herd security and they know they are being followed. One particularly large cow stands apart from the others, broadside on with her lung zone unobstructed. Tim sets himself up solidly on the shooting sticks, takes a bead on the foresight of his .416 Winchester and lets drive.

At the shot, the herd thunders off. Pete turns to Tim

*(continued on next page)*

and his silent question receives a nod in response - the shot felt good. A few minutes pass and, though no death bellow is forthcoming, the hunters move forward over the open ground. Soon they are in the thick of it - onto blood and moving slowly through the prohibitive jesse, scanning the way ahead as they go. A low whistle from Magara and the men crouch reflexively. Magara is pointing off to the right, where a patch of black bulk can be seen through the entangled stick and scrub, about thirty yards away. It takes only seconds to ascertain that the cow is not the one Tim shot at, before it crashes off through the brush. The focus immediately reverts back to the blood trail and the brush ahead. Twenty more methodical yards and Pete spots the cow, down and motionless in a tiny clearing. She is lying on her stomach and facing away - head down, seemingly lifeless. Although she appears stone dead, the hunters approach quietly and cautiously - these animals command the utmost respect. Roughly fifteen yards from the prone buffalo, a twig snaps under someone's foot and the cow's head snaps up, swiveling towards the sound. The hunters pull up abruptly, shouldering rifles in an instant. What seemed to be stone dead seconds before is actually very much alive. Very much alive and ready to do battle.

The cow is on her legs and spinning around to face the men in an instant, a double-barreled stream of vital blood spraying from her muzzle. And then she begins her charge, fast picking up momentum with flame red nostrils held high. Pete trains his rifle on the approaching buffalo, holding his fire and giving Tim the opportunity to finish what he started. The cow advances only a few yards, and Tim's .416 roars, hitting her in the center of the chest and causing her to falter. She regains her balance momentarily, before Tim pumps another solid into the same spot. Tottering but still defiant and totally dedicated to the destruction of her attackers, the buffalo takes two more well-placed shots in the chest before she is knocked down. Ringing eardrums fail to appreciate the deafening silence after the gunfire.

As adrenaline levels ebb, everyone begins talking at once, and nervous, post-rush laughter fills the little clearing in the jesse. In due course, a bullet hole examination is made. Tim's first shot double lunged the cow, and the four that followed tore into either lungs or heart. Still that torn heart pumped pure courage and willed her to come on. How phenomenally tough are these animals anyway? Pacing out the distance from the dead cow to where the hunters were standing, Pete reports that it is eight yards. Getting close, very close, too close....

Tim and Ed are hunting Chewore Safari Area for lion, leopard and buffalo, with operator Roger Whittall Safaris and professional hunters Peter Wood and Richard Tabor.

Tim has hunted Chewore with RWS and Pete Wood before, taking elephant, buffalo and eland. This time around, Tim's focus is on lion, whilst Ed hopes to take leopard, buffalo and a variety of plains game animals.

The first week of the hunt is spent looking for spoor, securing bait and baiting likely areas. By the week's end, the lion hunters have five baits out, and the leopard team has eight. Although females and immature males hit a number of these baits, the big toms prove elusive. Pete and Tim sit in several blinds that first week, experiencing awesome sightings but not coming across what they seek - a big maned lion. Although it is mid-winter and daylight hours are short, the hunters' days are long and exhausting - three o'clock in the morning walk-ins and time-consuming bait-check hauls over some of Africa's most rugged terrain. Time flies and the hunters hunt hard.

In retrospect, the incident with the buffalo cow seems as if it was a curtain raiser for the main event, which takes place a few days later and involved Ed and Rich. After checking their baits one morning, the leopard hunters decide to walk a stretch of the Mkanga river and look for a kudu or bushbuck. The chosen stretch of river gouges its way crudely through the rugged Muveya Hills, an area known to be a preferred "dagga boy" haunt. The men walk off in single file, with Rich leading the way and Ed second in line. Bringing up the rear are the Parks game scout Zambezi, and Rich's number two tracker, Oriah. Tawengwa, the number one tracker, has driven off in the cruiser to meet the hunters at a predetermined point downstream.

The walk has hardly begun when all hell breaks loose. The hunters come to a sharp bend in the river, passing by a jumbled collection of large boulders at the base of a sandstone cliff-bank. Rounding the water-worn boulders with rifle slung, Rich comes face to face with a buffalo bull, no more than five yards from him. Rich instinctively takes a couple of steps backwards, unslings his rifle and orders those behind to retreat. The buffalo glares at the men for two misleadingly protracted seconds, and then comes boiling from behind the boulders with mayhem on its mind.

Backpedaling at pace, readying himself to shoot and keeping his eyes on the bull at the same time, Ed overbalances and falls over. Ed falls directly in the charging bull's path and it bears down on him, killing rage in its furious eyes and mind. Two rapid shots from Rich's .470 Krieghoff slam into the enraged bull and it turns at the last second, pounding hooves missing Ed by inches. The bull surges across the sand and into the thick riverine beyond, receiving a raking from Zambezi's AK 47 as it goes.

The unprovoked attack leaves the hunters shaken. Facing any buffalo charge is a frightening experience, let

*(continued on next page)*



alone a totally unexpected one. Of course, the question on everyone's lips is what caused the bull to charge. But the answer to that question can wait - the main concern is following up and killing the wounded bull, before it kills a human. The men consolidate, smoking a couple of cigarettes and pondering their predicament - they know what has to be done. After about fifteen minutes, Rich calls time and rifles are double-checked. With Ed at his shoulder, Rich leads the way into the jesse. The hunters move forward, step by painstaking step, eyes sweeping the surrounding bush and senses screaming at full throttle.

Oriah stays on the blood and hangs back, whilst Rich, Ed and Zambezi stalk ahead and scan the bush for irregularity - shadow where shadow shouldn't be, a flicker of movement.... Though it seems an eternity, no more than ten minutes have passed, no more than forty yards covered, when Oriah snaps his fingers. The men freeze and turn to the young tracker, who is gesturing at a clump of underbrush off to the right. Rich turns back and the bull breaks, hooves pounding the earth and crashing through the ten yards of brush that separate it from the focus of its intent.

Rich unleashes both barrels into the bull once again, the first at about four yards and the second at exactly zero yards. The bull comes on and Rich spins from its flight path, already reloading. With Rich out of his line of fire, Ed is able to pull off one hasty shot, as he leaps to the side. The bull is beginning to feel the effects of the heavy caliber punishment and it staggers briefly, before blundering straight over Ed, heavy hooves hammering into his legs and torso. Out of control now, the bull careers into Zambezi and sends him flying, before its front legs give way completely and it nosedives into the ground. Floundering on its side and flailing for purchase, the bull flips over, regaining its feet and

spinning around in search of another target. Ed is on his feet and reloaded, and he manages to bury another round in the bull before it is onto him again. Using his rifle as a block, Ed is bowled head over heels into the dust; the rifle hooked from his hands and sent cartwheeling into the air. Rich has been waiting for a clear line of fire and now he sees it. The .470 bellows and the bull sinks to its knees. Rich strides in closer and ends the affair with a single shot.

It is an absolute miracle that nobody is seriously injured. Although there are sure to be bruises aplenty, and possibly a couple of cracked ribs, both Ed and Zambezi are in one piece. Who ever hears of someone being run over by a buffalo and escaping unscathed? It just doesn't happen. But it happened to Ed Peters and Zambezi the game scout, and Ed was bowled over not once, but twice! If Ed didn't believe in guardian angels before the encounter with the bull, he surely believes in them now. Upon closer inspection, it is found that the reason for the bull's aggression is a ripped and festering scrotal wound. It is difficult to determine the cause of the wound, as the animal is otherwise unmarked.

Tim and Pete arrive on the scene about an hour later, after receiving a garbled radio message from a shell-shocked Oriah. Oriah reported that a buffalo had trampled Ed and Zambezi, and that they were seriously injured! Knowing only too well what happens in men who are trampled by buffalo. Tim and Pete were fearing the worst and drove the length of Chewore South over extremely rough roads at breakneck speed. They are astounded and extremely relieved to find their friends unhurt. Later that night, a great deal of talk takes place over a generous quantity of scotch. Before dawn the next morning, when only the faintest traces of pink smudge the eastern horizon, the hunters leave camp. Out on the hunt again. Back in the thick of it....



*An encounter with an angry buffalo cow that will be remembered for a long time to come.*



*As if the encounter with the cow was not enough, a few days later Ed and Tim ran into this bull that almost killed Ed. The old dagga boy took fourteen shots to bring down.*

# Big Buck Night

January 7th



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Joanne Witte  
measuring antlers.



Cammie & Arnie Weigel  
MEASURERS



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Julie Davis and Terry Anderson



Bill & Elle Martin and family  
with Dick Stockmar



Dennis Lorenz, AWLS participant,  
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Ron Huffman and Ron Mingle



Steve Marshall, Roger Card and Chris Chase



Terry Braden, measuring Tim Becker's buck.  
Largest taken on an estate.



# *Trophies being awarded by Kevin Unger on Big Buck Night on January 7, 2008*



Dr. Terry Braden receiving his award for largest buck taken in Michigan with a rifle.



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Ron Arendt, Presenter of World Hunting Diamond Ring Award to Larry Higgins, Larry Rudolph, Warren Parker January 24, in Reno at the Safari Club International Convention



Trevor McClintic with Sanctuary bucks on display



Shane Quinn, Alpine Hunting in New Zealand, talking with Don Harter & Tim Hauck



Larry Higgins, Winner of the World Hunting Award Diamond Ring



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Harry Roth, Mary Harter, Dave Petrella in Reno



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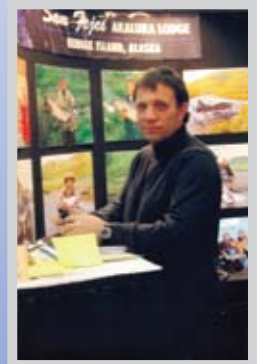
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## THE BEST NOT THE BIGGEST

By Joanne Witte

This was my first Cape buffalo hunt and I loved it. On the 8th day of hunting during my 6th stalk I shot my buffalo. My Professional Hunter, Roy Ludick from Chifuti Safaris said I had experienced every kind of buffalo stalk before finally collecting my magnificent trophy with its 41-inch spread.

At the 2005 International SCI convention in Reno Larry, my husband, had Craig Boddington sign his Buffalo book for us and he asked Craig where we could find a good place to hunt buffalo. He suggested "Those guys over there - Chifuti Safaris." We signed up for a 15-day hunt in early June, 2007, for leopard for Larry and Cape buffalo for me. I already had a leopard and he had a Cape buffalo.

Chifuti's hunting area is in the extreme northeastern corner of Zimbabwe in the Dande region and is bordered by Mozambique on the East and Zambia on the North. We stayed at the Mukanga Camp on the Mukanga River at the far southern boundary of Chifuti's hunting area. Chifuti Safaris has a main camp, Pedzi Pasi, and four satellite camps. This camp was very well run and very comfortable even though there was no electricity. For light, we had a candle in the bathroom and a propane lantern in the bedroom. A large propane tank provided power for the freezer. Without a generator, the camp was very quiet. The camp staff was very efficient and responded very quickly to our needs.

Roy was a joy to hunt with. He and the crew worked extremely hard to see that we acquired our trophies. He was enthusiastic, very competent and lots of fun.

Our routine was to leave camp about 6:00AM after a breakfast of hot porridge, tea and toast, often with peanut butter. There were 8 of us in the truck. Larry, Roy, and I were in the cab. On the back were Muno (the camp manager and a learner PH), Final (Roy's driver), Muzamani (Roy's tracker), Innocent (the game scout for the National Parks with his AK 47), and Shumba (the game scout for the communal lands).

We began by looking for buffalo tracks and leopard bait. Leopard bait was very hard to come by. The impala were so spooky that they often disappeared before Larry could get a shot. After we had some bait, we spent the afternoons hanging and checking bait. During the course of the hunt we drove almost 1500 miles and sometimes we didn't get back to camp until 8:00PM.

During our buffalo stalks Larry and Final stayed at the truck and occasionally one of the game scouts passed up a stalk. Larry is a disabled hunter and is not able to walk long distances. Early on, we asked Roy if "Final" was really his name. He said the native people often name children after



life events. "Final" was probably his mother's last child. Roy knew one person named "Hard Birth".

My first stalk happened the first day of the hunt and proved to be very exciting. While driving the trails, we spotted a very large herd spread over an open grassy expanse. Roy wanted to get a good look at the animals with his binoculars so we climbed a large hill to get in front of them. I scrambled up the hill hanging on from branch to branch. Luckily, Muno carried my very heavy Browning A-Bolt H&H .375 for me. In fact, I could not have ascended the rocky hills without using both hands. Once on top of the hill we crept from tree to tree as the herd slowly grazed up the hill toward us. Muno and Muzamani used their squirt bottles filled with ash constantly to check the wind direction.

There were all sizes of buffalo from huge bulls to tiny calves with everything else in between. The tiny ones were very cute.

At one point when we were in front of the herd Muno jumped back in surprise as a bull confronted him at about 15 yards while it worked its way up the hill. Shortly thereafter, Roy surprised another young bull a few yards in front of him as it lay in the grass. When they spotted each other Roy had his rifle up in a flash and the startled bull turned around and raced back down the hill. We were very relieved that both animals fled away from us.

We crested another large hill still watching the herd advance. Roy spotted a good bull and asked if I wanted to shoot it. He wanted me to shoot an old dugga boy past breeding age. At this point I was looking for an animal that would meet the minimum requirement for entry into the SCI Record Book so I passed on that one.

This stalk took about two hours and as we sat waiting for Final to bring the truck to us I heard the game scouts and Roy talking in Shona, (the language used by the staff). When I asked him what they said, he told me they said it was bad luck not to shoot that good buffalo even though it was the first day. I began to doubt my own decision. As things turned out they might have been right.

Just before lunch we spotted another herd in the same general area. This time we saw lion tracks with the buffalo

*(continued on next page)*

tracks. Since I was so new to the game I asked why everyone seemed so crestfallen. Roy said if lions are following the herd, the animals will not stop long enough for us to get a good look at them. After following them for about an hour and not making any progress even though the wind was in our favor, Roy said we might as well stop pursuing them. In the distance, I saw the black backs of buffalo crown a hill followed by two swinging yellow tails.

The next day we didn't see any fresh buffalo tracks, but we hiked down to two different waterholes where Roy thought there might be an old dugga boy or two. Unfortunately, there were none. One hike was down a very steep rocky gorge. I stepped very carefully because I didn't want to fall. Of course, those young guys hopped nimbly from rock to rock with surefooted grace.

On the third day of our hunt, we spotted tracks about 7:15AM and started a long stalk. Roy said we would be gone for maybe four hours. Actually we were gone 5 hours. We traveled single file with Muzamani in front using his excellent tracking skills. Roy followed him; Muno came next, carrying my rifle, then me, and then the two game scouts. One of them had a backpack full of water bottles that we drank from frequently. We covered some very hilly uneven ground at a rapid rate. At times I had to struggle to keep up with the group.

As we walked periodically one of the men would feel the underside of the buffalo dung. They could tell how long ago the buffalo had passed from how warm it was. I was amazed at how accurately they could judge our distance from the animals by the warmth of the dung. One of them would feel it and say, "We're close now" and a few minutes later we would hear or see them.

About 9:15, we heard the buffalo bellowing and a few minutes later saw several animals in a herd of about 200 bedded down under a huge tree. At this point Muzamani dropped back. Muno took the lead with Roy and they discussed how to get in front of the herd without spooking them. This was nothing like the first day where we had a good look at lots of animals. Here all we could see were parts and pieces of black backs, heads, horns, and feet.



The brush was very thick. There were lots of dead leaves and grass underfoot and it sounded like we were walking through great bowls of Cornflakes. We tried to place our feet carefully to minimize the noise. In addition to the crunching leaves, the wind kept swirling causing us serious problems.

Several times we were within 15 to 20 yards of the buffalo but the unstable wind was a big problem. I got my rifle on the sticks at least 6 times but each time the wind changed and off they went. It was very frustrating. Our hunting boundary was the Mukanga River and they were right on the edge of the river. Due to our activity the herd split into several groups and we followed one group. We made one final try but the wind fouled us up again so we finally gave up.

When we got back to the truck, Roy said I had done very well—not one complaint—and I kept up with the bunch and moved quietly. Now I knew, no matter what, no complaints. I had developed a blister on the bottom of my right foot and I was tired. That afternoon I stayed in camp to treat my blister, shower, read, and rest. Larry and the crew went to look for leopard bait and he shot a kudu cow at a great distance, which earned him the respect of the team. Muzamani, who spoke no English, told Roy, "The old man shoots straight for a long ways".

The next morning we found good tracks again at about 8:15AM and embarked on another "long walk" as Roy called it. We found a large herd milling around under a huge tree surrounded by jess bushes. Once again we were on the border of our hunting area so we walked down the dry riverbed hoping the buffalo would wind us and move inland so we could get a look at them.

They didn't move so we walked out of the riverbed and up into the jess. Our senses were on full alert as the herd boiled around us every time we moved. There would be a small clearing where we could glimpse feet, legs, backs, and parts of heads just a few feet in front of us but behind the intervening brush. When we moved they moved too. Since I had no experience I watched the others carefully and I

*(continued on next page)*



saw how cautious they were. Every step we took on those “Cornflakes” caused the herd to mill and boil and surge around us. Sometimes they sounded like thunder as they moved. We were right in the middle of the herd. Roy said it was cool for them in the jess so they would not leave and because he couldn’t get a look at any horns, we might as well stop for the day.

Muzamani told Roy, “The auntie really wants a buffalo”. I hope he didn’t say the “old auntie” but I suspect he might have. That day I wore my hiking boot/tennis shoes instead of my hunting boots and my feet were fine. They were my footwear for the rest of the hunt.

Our days had turned into a routine of looking for buffalo tracks in the morning and shooting and hanging leopard baits in the afternoon. I was regretting that I hadn’t shot that buffalo the first day.

That afternoon as we checked a bait, Muzamani started gesturing wildly and when Roy looked they could see a large leopard lying in the brush across from the bait watching them. Roy and the crew built a blind overlooking that bait and Roy, Larry, Muno and I sat until about 9:30PM when hyenas approached the bait and drove the leopard off. That was my last night of sitting in a leopard blind because I could not manage without a bathroom break for the whole night.

We saw a leopard sneaking off in the brush near that bait again the next afternoon. Larry, Muno, and Roy sat in the blind until 6:30AM and saw a large female feeding. They heard a second leopard in the area, probably a male, but it never came to the bait. Later they discovered the remains of a monitor lizard that they deduced the male had eaten. On a third occasion we saw a leopard watching us near that blind.

The next day, Roy spotted two sets of huge old dugga boy tracks crossing the road. We set off after them. This was an entirely different kind of stalk. We traveled single

file again but tracking two animals was much more difficult than tracking a herd. We crept stealthily along step by step trying to avoid the “Cornflakes”. After trying to brush away the dead leaves each foot would be carefully placed. The terrain was very rocky and steep and often there were great expanses of rocks that did not hold tracks. When we lost the tracks, Roy, Muno, and Muzamani fanned out into the vegetation and sand that surrounded the rocks and looked for the exit path. One of them would spot tracks and motion to the rest of us to follow. They did a masterful job.

At one point we stood on the top of a hill and looked down over a rock-strewn hillside into a valley. I croaked, “Are we going down there?” Muzamani took pity on me and held my hand on the way down.

Several hours later we came upon the two animals. They were standing under a tree looking at us from about 20 yards. Unfortunately the horns were too small so we headed back to the truck once again. This time the trip back to the truck was as difficult as the trip to the buffalo. Just as I thought I could not go another step and the road appeared in front of me to my great relief.

For the next two days we did not see any fresh buffalo tracks. I asked Roy if this was unusual and he said it was.

The following day Roy was determined to find me a buffalo. We spotted tracks about 6:30AM that had been made the previous afternoon. The tracks crossed a road that circled around to a native village. Roy said we would drive to the village to see if the buffalo had come out to raid the crops as they often do. After about a 40-minute drive we found that the herd had not exited the area so we went back and began our stalk.

The terrain here was more flat and open than the other areas where we had stalked and the vegetation was red bush willow and mopane scrub instead of jess. Thank goodness! I



*(continued on next page)*



was ready for “flat and open”. As we followed the huge herd we saw evidence of lots of buffalo. This must have been a favorite spot. The dung and tracks were both old and new and there was so much of it that I stepped carefully. We came upon the herd relatively quickly considering they had crossed the road the afternoon before. As we tried to get close to them they split into three groups and we followed a group of about 60 animals.

We crossed and recrossed our own tracks trying to get in front of them and get a good look at some horns. The buffalo milled around us in confusion. Once again we were very close. At one point I was eye to eye with a buffalo who looked at me malevolently. I could only see the head and horns through the leaves and trees. We both stood there dead still staring at each other. I decided not to move until the buffalo looked away. I wasn’t sure what would happen if I moved first. Later Roy said it was a female.

About 10:00AM Roy set up the sticks, motioned me over, and said, “Can you see the back of the front leg?” to which I responded, “No”. I looked more closely and said, “Oh yes, now I can see it.” I could see the back of the left front leg where it met the curve of the chest, partially obscured by leaves. Roy told me to shoot about two inches above the point where the leg and the chest met. I did.

I was using a Remington 300 grain Swift A-Frame bullet. Because I had a Browning with a boss, I used hearing protectors that closed on impact when a shot was fired. Back home I tried using the rifle without the hearing protectors and it deafened me so much that I decided I needed the protection.

I hit the buffalo with my 40- yard shot and injured both front legs. After being hit it galloped off and circled about 150 yards in front of us. We cut straight across a little hill and there it stood looking at us. Roy told me to shoot again so I hit it with two Federal Premium 300 grain Trophy Bonded Sledgehammer solids that I shot offhand. Much to my surprise the heavy rifle felt like nothing as I lined up and shot. Roy also put two solids into the animal. After teetering for a few moments it fell over dead.

We walked up to the animal and congratulated ourselves for a well executed stalk and a great animal. Lots of hugs and pictures followed.

Roy and I had discussed earlier whether or not I wanted him to shoot. I told him I wanted him to use his judgement about whether or not he should. He didn’t want the buffalo to get into the thick bush and have to be tracked. I didn’t want to put any of us in a dangerous situation either.

After that first stalk Roy convinced me to shoot an old dugga boy and not be so concerned with how it would score. This one scored a little over 90 but it had that wonderful 41-inch spread. It is magnificent animal. They were all thrilled with the spread and said it was the best bull taken out of that camp so far.

It took us two hours for the crew using their unique batonka axes to cut a road in to where the animal lay, get it loaded and take it out to the two track.


In addition to the Cape buffalo, I shot a huge baboon. Larry shot a very nice waterbuck and a large civit cat that will be number one in our chapter. Larry also shot a kudu cow and three impala for bait. He used my buffalo, the waterbuck, and a ½ of a zebra that someone in another camp shot for bait also. If we had collected our major species in short order we would have gone to a different camp for plains game.

For the rest of the hunt we concentrated on Larry’s leopard. Over the course of our 15- day hunt there were eight females and three cubs feeding at different baits. Larry, Roy, and Muno sat all night in blinds with the temperature in the mid-40s for a total of 4 nights. A large male fed on one bait two nights in a row but it jumped the light every time it was turned on. In the communal lands we could use a light but not in National Parks. We even had lions climb trees and eat three of our baits. Who says lions can’t climb trees? Larry is ready to try again for a leopard.

I loved buffalo hunting. During my hunt I had experienced every kind of stalk there was from pursuing a large herd to following single animals. If I had shot that buffalo the first day I would not have experienced true buffalo hunting. Do I want to hunt Cape buffalo again? Absolutely!








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## Buffalo Narrows - Saskatchewan, Canada

by Terry Anderson



In the middle of May, SCI member Terry Anderson ventured up to Northwestern Saskatchewan with fellow SCI member Glen Daly from East Lansing, MI to hunt black bears. After flying from Grand Rapids, MI to Saskatoon, they rented a vehicle and drove for about six hours up to the outfitters camp. The drive through Northern Saskatchewan was already worth the trip. We even saw several bears out eating dandelions on the shoulders of the road. The farther north we drove we started to run out of open prairie farmland and in to pine forests. We could not help but notice prior forest fires along the roadway. In one instance the fire had scarred trees for more than twenty miles!

Arriving at the camp, we met the owner, Ronald Pedersen. Screaming Eagle Outfitting has been guiding bear hunters for the past ten years. Ron Pedersen is a long time Safari Club Member. Ron has donated several hunts to the Mid-Michigan Chapter of SCI, Mt. Pleasant, MI. Many record book bears have come from his hunting area. This hunt actually started out at the Mid-Michigan Chapter SCI annual fundraiser in February of 2006. Ron Pedersen had donated a Saskatchewan bear hunt. I have never had an interest in hunting black bears. It was the last auction item. I happened to be the lucky bidder.

Ron told both of us, "Do not shoot the first bear you see!" He reminded us of this fact on several occasions. We would usually leave the camp by pick-up truck about 4:00 in the afternoon. We drove about eighteen miles up the highway. Then we switched over to an old suburban which trailered a 4 x 4 ATV. After another half hour of navigating rocks, ruts, and mud holes more than a foot deep we ended up at a landing on one of the numerous lakes. The outfitter has over fifty baits scattered throughout his area. Since spring arrived early, he felt the larger male bears would be back in the more remote areas of his hunting concession. We loaded everything into his boat and proceeded up the shoreline of the lake. We dropped Glen off at a stand that

was twenty yards from the shoreline. We then went across the lake where I was dropped off. After looking at the bait pile, I climbed up the tree stand and settled in for the evening. I could hear gentle waves along the lakeshore. All of a sudden you realize that you are all alone in a dense cedar swamp. I have hunted dangerous game around the world. As the shadows settled in, the anticipation of seeing a bear up close became very interesting!

A pair of red squirrels were having fun running around the log pile that covered up the bear bait. This usually consisted of beaver meat, cooking grease, donuts, and some liquid spray formulas that Ron Pedersen used to attract bears.

About seven thirty, I glanced at the bait site and saw a pumpkin shaped black head staring at the bait pile. The bear then turned and looked straight up at me. I was thirty-five yards down wind yet that bear already knew I was in that tree stand. After cautiously scanning the woods, the bear began ripping the logs off the bait site. When I shot the bear, it ran between my stand and the lakeshore. After going only about seventy yards, the bear died at the edge of the lake. In a few moments it was all over and I had collected my first Canadian black bear. It is always a little anti-climatic after you take an animal. The hide was in beautiful condition with no visible "rubs". I can see why many hunters are hooked on hunting black bears. This was a magnificent trophy.

I found out later that my entire animal was donated to a local native woman. I met Lucy who is a First Nation Dene. This eighty-one year old woman lives by herself on a lake with no indoor plumbing. She gathers her water from the lake. Today we stopped by and delivered my bear meat to



(continued on next page)



her. She was drying white fish. The natives net these fish and air-dry them over a smoldering fire. The dry fish stays edible for about six months. The fish actually tasted pretty good. Lucy was kind enough to give me a handmade beaded purse made from moose hide.

Later in the week I filmed Glen taking a nice black bear. This was his third Canadian black bear that he had harvested.

Since we still had a couple of days left on our trip we were invited along to watch some of the Native Indians lift one of their gill nets in a nearby lake. We were given enough walleye to have a nice fish fry. It is always hard to say good-bye when you make new friends. I am always impressed how these people who live in the Northern parts of Canada survive through their winter season. Gasoline was equivalent to \$5 U.S. per gallon. The money the outfitter makes and the money paid to the guides helps them pay their bills.

I am not one who carries a tape measure with me. All of my animals that I have collected are trophies in my mind. However, my Canadian black bear will score nearly 19 inches and weighed 427 pounds.

If anyone would like information, they are welcome to contact me at [terry@charterinternet.com](mailto:terry@charterinternet.com) or (989) 366-8223. You can also go directly to Ron Pedersen's website at [www.screaingagleoutfitting.ca](http://www.screaingagleoutfitting.ca). His phone number is (306) 235-7795.



## Looking Ahead --

*In our next issue --*

- \* **Columbia Whitetail Hunt**  
*by Corey Hyde*
- \* **Hunting with the Next Generation**  
*by Mary Harter*
- \* **Two Bucks - Same Night**  
*by Robert Mills*
- \* **Deer Roping**  
*by Chris Chase*
- \* **New Zealand - Land of the Long White Cloud**  
*by Mary Harter*
- \* **Wild Turkey Slam**  
*by Roger Card*
- \* **Buck of a Lifetime**  
*by Dana Hodgess*
- \* **South African Safari**  
*by Josh Christensen*

*And more articles, poems and jokes yet to be submitted.*



## Climbing for Mountain Goat in Alaska

by Mary Harter

My husband, Don, bought me this hunt at our annual hunter's convention. I was thrilled to be able to hunt with Sam Fejes, who is a legend here in Michigan. So many from our club had hunted with him and had wonderful experiences and now we were going. I later found out that Sam's first presentation for outfitting was to our club at The Embers restaurant in Mt. Pleasant being invited by Roger Card.

We flew in to Cordova, Alaska, a small town in the Copper River Valley, with no roads in to it, just access by boat or air. Ben, Sam's pilot met us and flew us to Sam's camp, The Tsiu River Lodge. Sam has four planes, a beaver, a 185, and two cubs, plus three different runways to have choices with various winds and weather conditions from which they taxi right up in front of the lodge. Our luggage was transferred to our private cabin and we settled in. When we finally entered the lodge, we were welcomed by Diana, Sam's cook or more appropriately should be called his chef who cooks everything from scratch, even the bread and rolls. She made us feel right at home showing us around and telling us to help ourselves to the things we needed. Her husband also worked at the lodge as well as Caleb, Jack, Chris and Wes who was our guide.

Sam's camp consists of a main lodge of logs, several log guest cabins, a bath/shower cabin, the cabins for guides, and a skinning cabin. The main lodge had pictures all over it of former clients with their successes. Many I recognized as from Michigan, even Deb Card with her world record moose, shot from this camp.

Later that afternoon we road four-wheelers down to the ocean through a rain forest where we saw raspberries, watermelon berries and salmon berries plus mountain lupine, fire weed, asters, devil's club, moss covered spruce and aspen. On through sand dunes with dune grasses, driftwood, and on to the Pacific Ocean where the waves were crashing in. We watched people fishing for silver salmon on a tributary of the Tsiu River at the mouth where it flows into the Pacific. We watched seals body surfing to catch the silvers. The seals were in very swift current which varied with the tide. Caleb was with us and answered our many questions including when WE would be fishing which was the next morning.

The next morning the guides drove down the four wheelers with all of the fishing gear and Ben flew another couple and us down in one of the cubs. We waded out in the water and using spoons of various colors, cast in the



Outside our cabin.  
TSIU RIVER LODGE

swift current near the far shore. Don had the only success. After snagging several pinks and silvers, he finally hooked a silver in the mouth. I think it probably bit out of anger instead of hunger; it had been agitated by the spoon one fatal time.

When we returned to the lodge, we sighted in our rifles and later that day, Sam flew us one at a time to our hunting site upon the mountain. Wes flew in ahead of us and set up two tents. Sam landed me in an alpine meadow full of wild flowers and we quickly unloaded my gear as the fog was rapidly settling in. I unpacked my gear in the tent, got out my sleeping bag while it was still light, and then Wes and I ate a freeze dried dinner cooked over a small propane stove which tasted very good. The camping done from the lodge is very low impact on the environment. We made no fire. The only thing we left behind was a few bent blades of grass where our tents were placed and where we sat to cook and eat. After we ate we sat on the kitchen supply boxes chatting as the fog got thicker and thicker. When we had given up on the return flight with Don aboard, we heard the plane. We saw them only when they came down out of the thick fog and landed.

We slept great on the edge of the meadow with a glacier in the background and a stream about 300 feet below us. A waterfall lulled us to sleep.

About 5:00 a.m. we were up for coffee and oatmeal and then our mountain climb. We put a lot of our clothing in our backpacks and crampons (climbing irons) on our boots and up we went. Up and up through beautiful alpine wildflowers I just hadn't expected - lupine, fire weed, coral bells, daisies, edelweiss, and many more I couldn't identify. We looked back towards camp and a grizzly bear climbed from the opposite side down the valley and up towards our camp. He came up near the runway and smelled where we had gotten out of the plane. He started to eat blueberries nearby. He did not go into the camp while we were watching but we wondered what would happen while we were

*(continued on next page)*



gone. All food was in containers setting outside the tents. Wes had us even put our toothpaste outside in the kitchen containers. Because of bears, we were to carry our rifles at all times, even to the bathroom (the leafy bower). We also saw a black bear across the valley and a ptarmigan flew up as we passed.

As we climbed higher, thankful for the crampons on our insteps, we could see a goat high on the mountain but Wes said he was unattainable. He was laying in a grassy area surrounded by rocky cliffs. He was a "charmed" Billy. We sat on top of a mountain for about six hours glassing for goats. We kept checking on the charmed Billy and he got up a few times to eat a little grass or to just face another direction. He was our practice goat. We hiked up further to the top of another mountain and glassed. We could still see the first goat.

In about an hour at our second spot, another Billy came over the ridge of the nearby mountain. Well, nearby was 1,200 to 1,300 yards away. He was a beauty. Wes said he had large bases to his horns. He was larger than the first goat and certainly a "shooter". We drooled over him for awhile using the spotting scope but there was no way to climb up to him. He was feeding and kept eating tufts of grass and was headed down. He fed and wandered for a couple of hours and kept coming down the mountain. Wes and Don had discussed that if the goat came down far enough, it would be a long shot, but it could work. Don's gun is a 300 short mag with a TDS scope and he asked me if I would use it and, of course, I said I would.

Finally, the goat was close enough!! We hurried down our mountain nearer the goat and set up for me to use Don's gun and shooting sticks. At about 300 yards, the goat stopped, saw us, and started running. I shot - nothing - I shot again - nothing. I had missed both times. After two shots the goat was rapidly moving further away from us. Don said, "Mary, he's at 400 yards". I grabbed my 30-.06 and shot. Wes said, "You hit him!" rather surprised and the goat kept moving and I kept shooting. I could see red on that beautiful white coat. Finally he fell and didn't get up. The head dropped and we knew he was dead. My first shot was at well over 400 yards (we never did range it)



Mary's mountain goat - on a rock slide.

and I was shooting sitting cross legged with my right elbow on my knee. I took three shots with my rifle and hit him all three times. One hit him in a front leg and slowed him down, one went through the front shoulder and double lunged him, and the last hit him in the spine.

Now we had to get to the goat. A roaring glacial stream was between us. We walked up stream to where two smaller streams joined together and then crossed each one only getting our feet a little wet. Then over rocks and boulders for about a quarter mile to the goat. This was treacherous!! Lots of these rocks and boulders were very loose and rolled as we touched them. They had recently been deposited by the glacier further up the mountain. I was so afraid that we would trigger a rock slide. Finally I could see blood on the rocks and spotted my goat and we started down to him. He was near the river. We went down one at a time because of all of the falling rock. Wes had to help me a lot and I slid down some of it in mud and gravel where there just wasn't anything solid to hang on to. We reached the goat. I held on tight with one foot wedged against the only solid rock I could find while pictures were taken and I just had to get down to something more secure. I was sitting in mud and gravel and water was running underneath me. I could just feel the ground moving under me. I got down to the edge of the stream away from the rock slide and those boulders and rocks were more solid. I finally felt better.

Don and Wes moved the goat and he fell under the edge of a sheet of ice and snow and I couldn't see him anymore. That is where he was going to stay until morning. If we had stayed to cape him it would have been dark before we got back to our tent.

We followed the edge of the stream back to where we could cross. We were wading in the water sometimes, up over boulders, and then across the stream and our feet really got soaked this time. Wes said the cold water really felt good. We all laughed and did feel refreshed because we had worked up quite a sweat. We climbed back up and then down to get to our camp. We saw the grizzly again near our camp but he hadn't damaged anything. He was still on our side of the valley but wandered off, hopefully, not to return while we were there.

(continued on next page)



Our home is the valley before our climb - Yes, those are glaciers on the mountains.



*Sam landing in an alpine meadow.*



*Caleb with a salmon berry.*



*Beautiful Alpine flowers.*

On the last hillside going towards camp, I was so tired I sat and slid down part of it. The vegetation was very slippery so I just sat in it and tried to slide very slowly.

After a good dinner of freeze dried veggies and meat we went to bed. We had to change all of our clothes because they were soaked with sweat from climbing and wet from wading the stream. Even with thoughts of the grizzly in the neighborhood we slept sound.

The next morning we got up, ate a delicious breakfast of freeze dried eggs and sausage, and packed to be ready for Sam to pick us up as Wes climbed back to skin my goat. While waiting we watched a brown bear eating berries on the mountain side. He ate his way down and came to within 170 yards of us. We racked a shell in the chamber of our rifles and remained alert until the bear decided to go down the bank and hopefully up the other side. Wes had left right after breakfast to retrieve my goat. He had to skin it and bone out the meat, pack it up and carry it back. Sam came to get me before Wes got back, next Don, and then Wes.

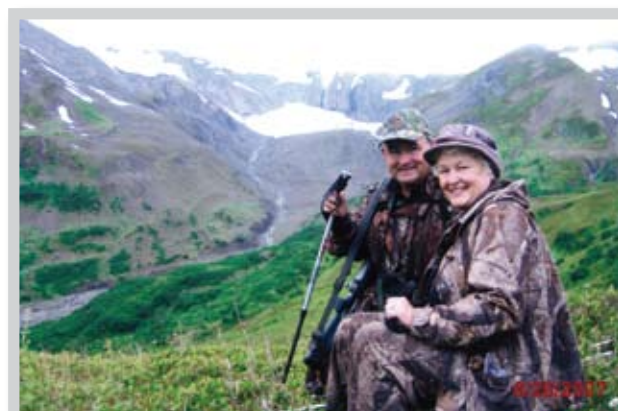
That evening, Don went back out to hunt with Wes, and Chris went along as the packer. Chris is Sam's nephew and learned rather quickly how hard the guides and packers worked.

The next day, Ben took another couple in camp, John and Carol DeFalco, and myself sightseeing. We flew over the glaciers and lakes with icebergs, out over the Pacific Ocean, the lighthouse on Kayak Island, and saw seals and fish in the ocean. We landed on the shore of Kayak Island and walked to a plaque commemorating the arrival of Vitus Bering in 1741. He was the first person to discover Alaska. He was from Denmark but explored for Russia. They had been at sea for six months before arriving on Kayak Island where they stayed only 45 minutes selecting a few fresh plants to eat. Lots of drift wood was along the shore and we took a walk looking at all of the debris. Carol wanted to find some of the glass floats used on fishing nets but none were found. We did find a mast from a ship that

had holes drilled through it that were worn from rubbing ropes. If we only knew how long it had been there and what kind of a ship it had come from.

The next day, we went fishing again and caught more fish. I rode with Caleb on one quad and another couple in camp, CW and Bonita, went on the other quad. The salmon were trying to come upstream and would come right up on the sand between the ocean and the river. When the waves would recede the fish would be up on shore and we ran out to get them. Caleb caught three, CW caught three, and I caught one. We caught some with our lures, also. If we snagged a fish, we had to let it go because a fish had to be hooked in the mouth. I did manage to catch one in the mouth. The tide was coming in and we really had to watch the waves from the Pacific and watch our step. We were fishing in the river with our backs to the ocean. Waves would come in and take the sand right out from under our feet and almost upset us. There is the old saying, "Never turn your back on the ocean", and now it made sense.

When we returned to camp, word had gotten back by radio that Don had shot a mountain goat. Now read his story ---



*On one of the mountain tops during our climb.*



## Climbing for Mountain Goat

by Don Harter

My goat hunt started the same day we flew back to base camp after Mary's successful hunt. Sam said, "Don, your going out tonight. I found four nice goats but they are up high with no place to land the plane there. You'll have a two day climb to get up to the goats. I'll fly Wes out with me. Ben will fly you and Chris (the packer) out to a gravel bar near the ocean. Then I'll pick you up and fly you in next to the mountain." I repacked my back pack, had a delicious meal of silver salmon that Diana had cooked, and off we went.

That night we set up camp on a sand/gravel bar at the base of the mountain. We could glass up the mountain and see four goats feeding in a grassy area near the top. They were the ones we will be going after. The next morning we headed to the mountain. The first three hours we went through tag alders then up into the big timber. We climbed our way

up, over, and around one blow down after another. Coming out of the big timber it got vertical, no trees, but lots of brush, berry bushes, and larger tag alders. To my surprise I was having no trouble climbing. The 1 1/2 hours every day on my elliptical machine was paying off.

When we stopped to take our second short break I was sweating like crazy so I stripped down to just my boots, under armor, gloves, and back pack. This was much cooler to climb in. The climb was tough but very rewarding. The scenery was gorgeous and the salmon berries were delicious. After climbing for nine hours we arrived at a flat area next to a small pond. Wes said we would camp here tonight. Our camp site was overlooking a lake with a large, long glacier at the far end.

The next morning I awoke to the sound of ice calving into the lake. We were having some hot cider to drink.

Looking up the mountain next to a waterfall I could see two goats feeding. It was exciting. We started our climb, lots of which was very vertical. Thank goodness for tag alders to hang on to. After about five hours and two breaks, we were above the brush and close to where we spotted the goats earlier.

We left the packer and started climbing, looking for goats. The climbing was much easier up here, no brush to fight your way through. We headed over towards the small grassy area where they were feeding the night before. No goats.

We kept climbing and glassing trying to spot the goats. Then we spotted two bedded down on a rock slide about a mile away. We got down into a valley without being spotted. We took our time being as quiet as we could in the rocks, each step getting closer. Then we climbed the last hill between us and the goats. One was up feeding on very sparse grass. The other was still



### Success!

bedded down. Wes and I both thought the one lying down was the bigger of the two goats. I got set up to shoot laying behind a rock. Wes said, "He's at 306 yards." "OK", I said, "Let's just wait for him to stand up". We didn't have to wait long, under five minutes. My Christensen Arms 300 WSM with a 165 grain Nosler Partition did the job. I caught him in the front shoulders and down he went. Then he started rolling for about 75 to 100 yards and ended up laying on the ONLY flat rock on the whole steep rock slide. After much congratulating, Wes said, "I was afraid once he started rolling he was going to go right off the side of the mountain." Another client had that happen earlier in the week.

Wes headed back down to pick up Chris and the back packs. I walked across a small snow pack to my Billy. There was no ground shrinkage!! The closer I got the better he looked. We spent the next couple of hours picture taking,

skinning and deboning the meat. The rest of the day was spent climbing back down to our tent camp, spending another night, then climbing to the river gravel bar from where we had started. We arrived early in the afternoon on the next day and waited for Sam to fly in to pick us up arriving back at base camp before dark.

Mountain goat hunting is said to be the most challenging hunt in North America. From my hunting experiences, this is very true. However, it was also the most personally rewarding hunt I have ever done. Being 64 years old, I would like to think I always have one more good mountain climb in me. Roger Card has told me for several years I should take Mary and hunt with Sam Fejes. Now, I'm telling you if you want a fabulous hunt, book a hunt with Sam! Call Fejes Guide Service, 907-349-4040, write to P. O. Box 111394, Anchorage, AK 99511-1394, or e-mail him at [viper@acalaska.net](mailto:viper@acalaska.net).



Don's second night camp view.



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## REQUIREMENTS FOR TROPHY RECORD SCORE SHEETS

JOANNE WITTE, TROPHY RECORDS CHAIR

*Now that our Hunters' Convention for 2008 is over and I am receiving score sheets from 2008 for the 2009 Convention, I would like to remind you of the requirements.*

### Time Period

Animals taken between December 1, 2006 and December 1, 2008 are eligible for the 2009 Awards Competition. Remember, I need to have the completed score sheets by December 1, 2008.

### Minimums

The only animals for which we have minimum requirements for listing in the Chapter Record Book are Whitetail and Mule Deer. The minimum score is 100.

### Chapter Membership

You must be a member of the Mid-Michigan Chapter when the animal is shot to enter it in the Competition. If you are planning a big hunt, join our local chapter now so if you harvest something wonderful it can be part of the competition. Once you become a member, any animals you have taken in the past can be entered in the Cumulative Record Book.

### Spouse

You cannot enter an animal under your spouse's membership. You must be a member of the Mid-Michigan Chapter to enter an animal in the Chapter Record Book. Because you cannot be a member of the local chapter

without belonging to International SCI, that means you must belong to both International SCI and our Mid-Michigan chapter to enter an animal in our Record Book. Our \$20.00 local chapter membership is a real bargain so make sure all your friends and relatives are members.

### Young Hunters

Parents (and Grandparents) who are members of the Mid-Michigan chapter, if you have a young hunter who has harvested an animal, please call me. Our official membership list does not indicate the age of the hunter. Our chapter wants to encourage young hunters and we want to recognize them during our Awards Program whether or not the child is a member of SCI. With approximately 350 members in the chapter, I will not know the young hunters unless someone tells me.

Now that it is legal for children age 10 and above to hunt in Michigan we want to do all we can to encourage our young hunters.

If you have questions about requirements for trophy entries, please call me at 231-796-4927 or e-mail me at [witte@tm.net](mailto:witte@tm.net).  
*Keep those score sheets coming!*

## Diana's Key Lime Cheesecake

*from the kitchen of Chef Diana  
Sam Fejes' Tsiu River Lodge in Alaska*

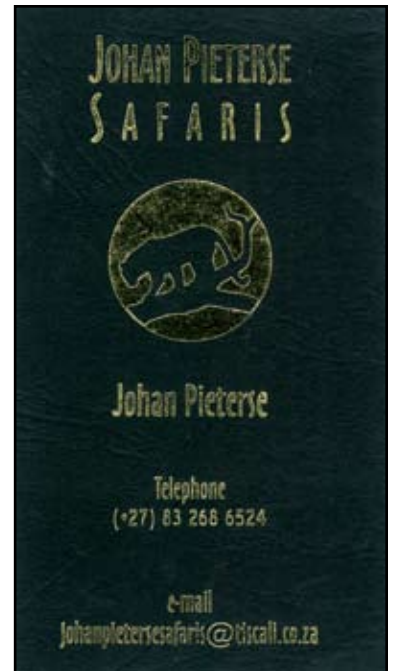
- 1 cup lime juice
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 (1/4 oz.) envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 5 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 T. grated lime peel
- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 (8 oz.) cream cheese
- 1/2 cup whipping cream



Make a 9" graham cracker crust.

In 2 quart saucepan combine lime juice, water, and gelatin. Let stand 5 minutes to soften. Add sugar, eggs, and lime peel.

Cook over medium heat stirring constantly until mixture just comes to a boil (7 to 8 minutes). Do not boil. Set aside. In large mixing bowl combine butter and cream cheese. Beat at medium speed until well mixed (1 - 2 minutes). Continue beating, gradually adding hot lime mixture until well mixed (1 - 2 minutes). Refrigerate 45 minutes stirring occasionally. Beat whipping cream to peaks, fold into lime mixture. Pour into crust. Refrigerate 3 to 4 hours.



## THE MAYONNAISE JAR AND 2 CUPS OF COFFEE

A professor stood before his philosophy class and had some items in front of him. When the class began, wordlessly, he picked up a very large and empty mayonnaise jar and proceeded to fill it with golf balls. He then asked the students if the jar was full. They agreed that it was.

The professor then picked up a box of pebbles and poured them into the jar. He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles rolled into the open areas between the golf balls. He then asked the students again if the jar was full. They agreed it was.

The professor next picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar. Of course, the sand filled up everything else. He asked once more if the jar was full. Of course, the sand filled up everything else. He asked once more if the jar was full. The students responded with an unanimous "yes".

The professor then produced two cups of coffee from under the table and poured the entire contents into the jar, effectively filling the empty space between the sand. The students laughed.

"Now," said the professor, as the laughter subsided, "I want you to recognize that this jar represents your life. The golf balls are the important things - God, family, children, health, friends, and favorite passions (hunting) -- things that if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full. The pebbles are the other things that matter like your job, house, and car. The sand is everything else -- the small stuff. If you put the sand into the jar first," he continued, "there is no room for the pebbles or the golf balls. The same goes for life. If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff, you will never have room for the things that are important to you. So ... pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness. Play with your children. Take time to get medical checkups. Take your partner out to dinner. Play another 18. There will always be time to clean the house and fix the disposal. Take care of the golf balls first -- the things that really matter. Set your priorities. The rest is just sand."

One of the students raised her hand and inquired what the coffee represented. The professor smiled. "I'm glad you asked. It just goes to show you that no matter how full your life may seem, there's always room for a couple of cups of coffee with a friend."





## 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 \_\_\_\_\_



**MID - MICHIGAN CHAPTER SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL  
MIDMICHIGANSCI.ORG  
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:  
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