

FRONT SIGHT

SCI
FIRST FOR HUNTERS

Mid-Michigan Chapter Safari Club International

October 2008, Issue 4



Cover picture taken by M. Harter
Franz Josef Mountain Range on the
South island of New Zealand.
Guided by Shane Quinn, owner of
Alpine Hunting. Transporting
my chamois back to the lodge.

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SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Meeting Schedule 2008 -2009

<u>Date</u>	<u>Meeting Type</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Location</u>
October 6, 2008	Board	4:30 p.m.	Riverwood
November 3, 2008	Board	4:30 p.m.	Riverwood
	Membership	6:30 p.m.	Riverwood
December 1, 2008	Board	4:30 p.m.	Riverwood
	Membership	6:30 p.m.	Riverwood
January 5, 2009	Board	4:30 p.m.	Comfort Inn
	Big Buck Night	6:30 p.m.	Comfort Inn
February 2, 2009	Board	4:30 p.m.	Riverwood
February 27, 2009	Outfitter's Night		Soaring Eagle Casino
February 28, 2009	Hunter's Convention		Soaring Eagle Casino

Message from your President

My favorite time of the year is here, October. The leaves are starting to change into beautiful bright colors. Many of our hunting seasons are open or are soon to open. Some of us have been lucky enough to travel to another state or country to hunt. I hope we all have many exciting stories to tell at our next meeting and read about in a future Front Sight.

In August I attended a President's Seminar at the American Wilderness Leadership School outside of Jackson Hole, Wyoming. There we met all of the staff department heads from our International office in Tucson, Arizona. We had excellent training and many discussions. The purpose of the seminar was to provide us with up to date information and a more thorough understanding of Safari Club International along with guidelines, suggestions, and tools intended to help chapters, members, staff, and volunteers fulfill the SCI missions.

Unfortunately as everyone must know by now, CWD (Chronic Wasting Disease) was found in a doe shot at a high fence area in Kent County. This will change our deer hunting in Michigan. Please follow all DNR guidelines to prevent this disease from spreading to our free ranging animals.

Your membership to SCI shows your support for hunting and conservation and brings you together with like minded hunters. We all need to stand together if we are to protect our right to hunt in the future.

Mark your calendar for our next fundraiser to be held February 27 and 28, 2009 at the Soaring Eagle Casino in Mt. Pleasant. We already have many exciting hunts available for auction.

Remember to educate and support our youth as they are the future of hunting.
Now get out there and go hunting. Hunt often and hunt safe.

Don Harter



President, Don Harter

Editor's Comments

The evenings are getting colder and fall is here. Gardens and farm crops have been harvested and soon it will be time to harvest game from our forrests. Squirrels can be taken now. Squirrels were my mother's favorite meat.

With the threat of CWD in our state, please be sure to follow the guidelines to help protect our deer herd and guarantee this hunting activity for the next generation.

If you are enjoying this publication and reading the hunting stories of others, please help us by submitting a story of your own. I also want pictures to publish, even if just accompanied by a short description. You can email me or send a hard copy but PLEASE, if you enjoyed your hunt, share it. Please help to preserve our hunting heritage by telling your story.

Our new trophy room built by Tim Schafer and decorated by the Wildlife Gallery is featured on the back page.

Happy Safe and Successful Hunting and Happy WRITING,
Mary Harter



Editor, Mary Harter

SCI Hunter's Code of Ethics

Recognizing my responsibility to wildlife, habitat and future generations, I pledge:

1. To conduct myself in the field so as to make a positive contribution to wildlife and ecosystems.
2. To improve my skills as a woodsman and marksman to ensure humane harvesting of wildlife.
3. To comply with all game laws, in the spirit of fair chase, and to influence my companions accordingly.
4. To accept my responsibility to provide all possible assistance to game laws enforcement officers.
5. To waste no opportunity to teach young people the full meaning of this code of ethics.
6. To reflect in word and behavior only credit upon the fraternity of sportsmen, and to demonstrate abiding respect for game, habitat and property where I am privileged to hunt.

Sportsmen Against Hunger

by Mary Harter

Since we are now thinking of deer season, I wanted to find where anyone could donate their meat, if they do not want it. It is also a good time to clean out your freezer to make way for the new arrivals. Many people do not know what they can do with this meat or any other frozen food they do not want. We all intend to eat what we place in our freezers but often do not and it would be a shame to waste it.

I called the local American Red Cross, located at 215 E. Broadway in Mt. Pleasant on the corner of Broadway and Franklin to see if they still accepted donated venison. They are very much in need of anything that can be donated as they presently are trying to feed between 15 and 20 families per day. They can accept professional processed meat from Monday through Friday between the hours of 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. You can call them at 989-773-3615.

I called our local Isabella Community Soup Kitchen, located at 621 S. Adams Street in Mt. Pleasant and they can accept any food any day before noon. On weekends donations are made to the kitchen staff. They can accept home processed food. They can accept venison as long as it is cut up and been kept cold. They will give you a credit slip for taxes listing the pounds of donated meat. Their phone number is 989-772-7392.

I'm sure many other locations are very interested in donations. Please give them a call if you have any food you can spare.

I contacted the local Meat Processors listed on the SCI website and found:

Sage's Meat, 8189 Sage Drive, Greenville, 616-754-6380, owners Dean and Kim Harter. During the firearms season, November 15 to 30, they will accept up to 20 deer to be processed for free to be donated to four different shelters, soup kitchens, and churches in their area. They process deer for \$70 and will charge \$40 for donated deer after the first 20. You can also donate part of your processed meat when you come and pick it up. They will accept professionally processed venison from last year and distribute it for you.

Kelly's Deer Processing, 19077 12 Mile Road, Big Rapids, 231-796-5414 or 231-250-8337, owner Colin P. Kelly. They charge \$75 to process a deer and \$25 to process a deer to be donated. They also accept any packages you wish to donate when you come and pick up your venison. They will accept professionally processed venison from last year and

distribute it for you. They have 25 different food pantries they donate to. This year they have already processed 159 deer donated by the Sanctuary yielding over 5,000 pounds of meat.

Countryside Custom Butchering, 4244 S. Winn Road, Mt. Pleasant, 989-773-1775, talk to Pam or Dave. They accept up to ten deer per year to process for charity at no charge. They also accept any unwanted parts from your venison to donate and receive many venison livers.

Ben's Butcher Shop, 11921 Miles Road, Six Lakes, 989-365-3422, owner Ben Blanz. They charge \$70 to butcher a deer and \$50 to process a deer for a donation. They donate to God's Helping Hands, a food pantry in Mecosta County.



SCI's Annual Hunters' Convention is an exclusive

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Justice Antonin Scalia

If you are interested, make reservations now.

Our Hunting Future

One of the most rewarding events at Card's Draw Trophy Whitetail Deer Ranch is the time we spend with our young hunting friends. In 2007 we were privileged to have three youth hunters and their parents as guests at Card's Draw, below are their pictures with their trophies.



Matt Bowling



Nicki Johnson



Patrick Kemmerling

Please take a young hunter with you when you go into the field; they are our hunting future.

Roger R. Card
Owner

Wally Bontrager
Ranch Manager

NOTICE TROPHY RECORDS COMPETITION DEADLINE FOR AWARDS SELECTION

The deadline for submitting score sheets to be included in this year's Hunter's Convention Awards Program is

SATURDAY DECEMBER 1, 2008

The period covered for the Awards is
December 1, 2006 to December 1, 2008.

Remember! You must be a member when you shot the animal to be eligible for a major award. Once you are a member any animal you harvested may be entered in the cumulative record book. Spouses must have their own local membership to enter animals in the competition.

The only exception to the above rule is that children of active members may enter animals in the awards competition without being members themselves.

Send your entries to: JOANNE WITTE
11219 BIRCH PARK DRIVE
STANWOOD MI 49346
Phone: 231-796-4927

Zambia, Africa 2007

by Roger Card

Rod Merchant and I left Grand Rapids for the hopefully uneventful nine hour trip to Amsterdam. Schipol Airport in Amsterdam was an absolute madhouse but we made it okay. Then an additional ten hours to Johannesburg. Once in Johannesburg we only had three hours more to Lusaka, Zambia.

After arriving in Lusaka, it takes two more days for our bags with the bullets to arrive. We are on African time now so it does not matter, slow down! The good part of this is that Rod breaks out his box of magic and the show begins; at the airport, hotel, restaurants, and in the hunting camps, everywhere we have a little bit of time. The hotel even offered him a free room and meals if he would stay a few days and put on some shows. I thought I was going to lose my hunting partner.

The bullets arrive, we have our guns, bags, and gear. We meet our outfitters, Ross Heath and his mother, Val. They take care of permits and paperwork and we are ready. We leave at 4:30 a.m. the following morning for a three hour drive to the Lochinvar National Park for a lechwe hunt. The park is a unique area where the Kafue River meets Kafue Lake and has a several hundred mile flood plain called the Kafue Flats. In this area you find the Kafue lechwe. It is covered with a nice grass and there are thousands of animals that feed here. There are no trees, rocks, or bushes so the animals are very easy to locate. They can also see us so the stalk is different.

The flats mainly consist of mud and muck that is about ankle deep, just slop and soup. Once you select a bull you just walk him down at an angle and eventually you get close enough for the shot. We used shooting sticks for a tripod that helped me make the 350 yard shot. At least it worked that way for me this time. I was very happy with my trophy and the quality and quantity of the herd here.

After the hunt, we stayed at a nearby farm house belonging to Ross's sister. Then it was up early for the Chobe Bush Buck hunt. There were tons of animals in this area and again it was not a difficult hunt. About 11:-- a.m. up went the shooting sticks and down went by bush buck.

We loaded our gear and drove back to Lusaka. The hunt was back on schedule and the bush plane would meet us at 6:00 a.m. for the two hour flight north to Lavushi Mandh National Park area. Mike Heath, Ross's father, met us at the

landing strip and gave us a quick tour.

Like the area we just left, this is a large flood plain. Again, the Black Lechwe will not be a problem either as there are literally tens of thousands of them standing everywhere. The official guess is five to six hundred thousand, but who would know.

In all my travels, I have never seen such a concentration of animals. All the males had approximately the same horns so we used cape color as our criteria for selecting a good, old bull. We found an extremely nice black capped male, waded out and stopped our way to within 200 yards for the shot.

I am very pleased that the animals I collected on this trip will be life-sized mounts to be added to the Card Wildlife Education Center at Ferris State University in Big Rapids, Michigan. Up to this point, we are a little tired but the hunting has been quite easy. Tomorrow the easy ends as we start the Zambezi Sitatunga hunt for real.

We leave base camp about 2 p.m. and drive 20 minutes to the canoes, load everything, then the natives pole us about 4 to 5 miles up river through the reeds to the hunting area. Once there, you grab your gear and "slog" (that is my best way to describe it) about two miles to an island that is only about 50' wide and about 6" above the water. At no time is the mud less than 6" deep or more than 12" deep. Every step is just a slippery, slimy, pull you shoes off, muddy mess.

Once we deposit our gear we made another one mile trek to the reed beds where we climb up in a machan. A machan is a high build platform 10' above the swamp. We stay until dark looking for sitatunga, but we only saw a couple of females.

As if walking in the mud to the machan was not bad enough; now the trip back to the island spike camp in the dark was unnerving to say the least. Mike had purposely selected these dates so there would be no moon and God was it dark. Lights were forbidden so you just did the best you could in the dark. With every step our concentration was, "Do not fall down!", "Do not fall down!", I kept repeating it in my head like a mantra.

Back at spike camp we ate a sandwich, drank our beer and went to bed. We have no tent, just a piece of foam, a blanket, and a bug net. I also forgot to mention, we are freezing! It is the middle of winter here and we did not bring enough warm



Roger Card with Sitatunga

clothes. We have highs in the 60's during the day but it is in the 40's at night and we are so wet all the time. We knew we had the wrong gear when we saw Mike pull on a snowmobile suit to sleep in. He also wore a wool hat and mittens. It was a lo-o-ng night.

Back to the hunt. Up at 4:00 a.m., slog through the marshland to a machan in the dark and wait for daylight and stay until 9:00 a.m.; nothing shows so we go back to the boats and return to the main camp for a hot meal, a shower, and a nap.

Then at 2:00 p.m. we start again. I have been on a lot of hunts that I considered hard and maybe I am just getting old, but I am here to tell you, three days of this and you begin to question your sanity. You are covered with mud, bugs, and crawly things are on you all the time, even worse you are either freezing or sweltering. There just isn't any in-between. Finally, on day four, out comes a nice bull at 150 yards. Just like it was planned, and I collected my last Zambian trophy with just one shot. From the time he is spotted until he is on the ground was about 30

seconds. There was no question he was good enough and I had had enough of the Zambezi Sitatunga hunting experience.

After the pictures were taken and the animal was packed out through the swamp to the canoes, we returned to the main camp. Mike said he had some good news. He had used the satellite phone and called for information on our charter flight and they said how about right now! The plane would pick us up in two hours; that worked for us! We were ready to go when the Cessna hit the runway.

We were now one full day ahead of schedule and we enjoyed the rest and good food at the Pamodzi Hotel in Lusaka to get ready for the next adventure.

A special thanks to Mike and Val Heath and their son, Ross. Wildcat Safaris is definitely a family operation that cares about all the aspects of your hunt. They were very detail oriented and we could not have been happier with the services they offer their visitors in Zambia. If anyone has any interest in this type of hunt, please feel free to contact me.

New Outfitter, Arctic Conditions, Big Bears

by Jeffrey Chaulk, M.D.

Photos by Travis Black

My dream of harvesting a polar bear seemed to be slipping away. In 2005, I had spent 10 days on the ice near Pelly Bay without spotting a single bear. I sought out Arctic outfitters at the 2006 SCI Convention in Reno, only to be told that they were all booked through 2008.

The pending proposal to list the polar bear as an endangered species, which could result in a ban on American hunters returning with their trophies, was not much comfort. I was beginning to think a return trip to the Arctic was not in the cards.

Then in February, I received an e-mail bulletin from Aaron Neilson of Global Hunting Resources, announcing that a new outfitter had been granted six polar bear tags. The hunt was scheduled for November 2006 in a new area south of Arviat, Nunavut.

It was a Sunday but I called Aaron anyway to try to secure one of those tags. Within a few minutes, he returned my call to tell me that I was the first person to book the inaugural November 5 to 15 hunt with Ryan St. John and Henik Lake Adventures.

I departed on November 4 for a two-day trip from Gaylord, Michigan to Arviat, with an overnight in Winnipeg.



Arctic foxes are a common sight around camp.

After meeting Ryan, his guides and professional chef at the airport, something told me this was going to be much different from my earlier trip to the Arctic.

Two other hunters joined our group - Chris Hudson, a bow hunter from Dallas, Texas and John Olson from Madison, Wisconsin. Ryan had also invited Travis Black, co-owner of Black Timber Outfitters and partner in Real Outdoors Hunting, to film our hunt for The Sportsman Channel and a promotional DVD. After finishing the paperwork for the licenses and permits, it was a short 35 minute flight in a Twin Otter to camp.

Ryan and his crew had set up a very comfortable camp with three propane heated cabins and generator for electricity. Chef Kelly performed her magic in the kitchen cabin, creating exceptional meals as if she were in downtown Arviat and not 65 miles from civilization. The two bunk cabins were equipped with spiked doors and windows to deter our nightly Nanuk visitors.

We reviewed camp rules, which included "no one outside the cabins without a guide and rifle," and retired to our sleeping quarters. Between anticipation of the next day's adventure and the chorus of snoring, I don't think anyone got much sleep.

The first day dawned with 70 mile-per-hour winds and white-out conditions. We were all a little disappointed, but that is part of hunting in the Arctic.

Days two and three were crisp, 10 to 25 below zero with



Outfitter, staff and the hunters who joined them for Henik Lake Adventure's inaugural polar bear hunt.



Close up of the huge head.

clear skies and variable winds. Jimmy, my 72-year-old Inuit guide, was in charge of our dog sled. Since Jimmy spoke no English, assistant guide, Cyril, was also our interpreter. Travis had decided to stay with us and film my hunt.

We traveled 10 to 13 miles each day and spotted eight to ten bears every day, most of which were hunting seals along the shore of Hudson Bay. The rough ice ranged from several hundred yards to a half mile depending on the tide and wind directions.

On the sixth day we found an iceberg approximately 1,000 yards offshore that seemed to be home for several large males. Travis filmed two large boars fighting on their hind legs, and we actually attempted a stalk. But Jimmy felt that the ice was unsafe and we had to turn back.

Home that night was a small insulated cabin Ryan had built about 15 miles from base camp and only a couple miles from the spot where we had seen the large boars. Good thing the cabin was comfortable since the next day was another white-out. Confined to the cabin, we all read and re-read

the two magazines we found and regaled each other with hunting stories to pass the time.

On the eighth day we awoke to bright, clear, crisp conditions and headed for the iceberg hoping to find the winner of the sparring match we had witnessed two days before. Within minutes Travis spotted the large boar sleeping on its back approximately 1,000 yards away. It looked like he had recently killed a ring seal and eaten most of it in one sitting.

We got downwind and proceeded to stalk to within 150 yards. I set my Dakota 375 H&H on the shooting sticks and waited for him to get up. After what seemed like an eternity, he finally woke up and rolled onto all fours. I quickly settled the crosshairs on the vitals and the shot rang out. The 270 grain Barnes Triple Shock found its mark, and after an insurance shot he went down for good.

It had taken two trips and 20 days on the ice, but I had finally harvested a polar bear. It is hard to describe what I was feeling when I walked up to the fallen giant - certainly



Transportation in the arctic.

a sense of pride and real accomplishment in the face of such harsh conditions.

There was definitely no ground shrinkage. The bear squared over 10 1/2 feet and his skull green-scored over 28 inches. An ear tag told us he was over 20 years old.

All of Ryan's first clients filled their tags. Chris, one of only a handful of bow hunters who have ever harvested a polar bear, arrowed an 8 1/2 footer, and John shot an 8 footer.

I have been privileged to hunt around the world with several respected outfitters, and I can tell you that none of them were more professional, more organized, or better equipped than Ryan St. John of Henik Lake Adventures. Imagine getting it so right on the first time out. My thanks for allowing me to be a part of Henik Lake's inaugural polar bear hunt.



This huge Nanuk now ranks as the ninth largest polar bear in SCI's record books.

Scoring White-tailed Deer

By Joanne Witte

Trophy Records

Question: When is a deer just a deer? **Answer:** Never

There are ten categories of White-tailed deer in North America recognized by SCI for scoring purposes. Each one can be divided into typical or non-typical and further subdivided into free ranging or estate. That means there are 40 (10 X 4) possibilities for each score sheet you send me.

The 10 categories of White-tailed deer in North America are:

- **Northeastern:** Illinois, Indiana, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, the five New England states, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin.
(In Canada) Ontario, and southern Quebec.
- **Northwestern:** Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington, Wyoming, extreme northeastern California, and the Northwest corner of Nevada. (In Canada) Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and southwestern Northwest Territory.
- **Midwestern:** Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Texas—north of I-40 near the Panhandle, New Mexico—north east corner, and Colorado—east of I-25.
- **Southeastern:** Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, West Virginia, and Virginia.
- **Texas:** Texas, and southeastern corner of eastern New Mexico
- **Mexican:** Mexico, and the Big Bend region of Texas
- **Coues:** Mexico, New Mexico, and the southern part of Arizona
- **Columbia:** West coast of the United States (New category)
- **Anticosti Island:** Anticosti Island (3,000 square miles off the coast of Quebec)
- **Central American:** Mexico and central America

We also have the tiny, and protected, Key deer in the Florida Keys. Of these categories, there are many species and subspecies of deer. For example, there are 6 species of Central American White-tailed deer. For scoring purposes species and subspecies are not usually of interest.

Of course, there are many types of exotic or introduced species of deer in the US. Some examples are Axis deer, European Fallow deer, Pere David deer, and Red deer. Axis deer and European Fallow deer are free ranging in some parts of Texas.

To make life even more interesting, there are White-tailed deer native to parts of South America.

You can see why it is so important when you send me a score sheet to indicate where you shot the deer and whether or not it was free ranging.

Our time period for entries for the 2009 Hunter's Convention is: December 1, 2006 to December 1, 2008

Send score sheets to me: Joanne Witte
11219 Birch Park Drive
Stanwood, MI 49346
231-796-4927
e-mail: witte@tm.net

Happy Hunting and keep those score sheets coming.

"In the Crosshairs"

- e-news from SCI's Washington Office (8/29/2008)

Victory for Wildlife Conservation and Predator Management in Alaska

SCI congratulated the voters of Alaska for defeating Measure 2 on their 8/26 primary ballot. Measure 2, defeated by a 55% to 44% margin, would have limited the state's authority to manage predator populations that threaten the state's wildlife, livestock and even pets... "The true winner in this vote was Alaska's wildlife," said SCI president Merle Shepard. "Antihunting organizations that ignore science-based conservation should take a lesson from the defeat that Alaskan voters have dealt to them.. It's time for the animal-rights groups to try to understand, once and for all, that Alaska's professional biologists at the Department of Fish and Game are best qualified to manage the state's wildlife". SCI's Alaska Chapter president, Eddie Grasser added, "The misinformation spread by the proponents of this ballot initiative was amazing, but not surprising considering these individuals are not Alaskans and do not understand Alaska's wildlife and ecology. Many organizations rallied together to ensure that Alaskan wildlife management remained the prerogative of the state Department of Fish and Game - not out-of-state extremist groups."

SCI Advances Hunting/Conservation Interests in Grizzly Bear Litigation

SCI has filed briefs in two cases in federal district court defending the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service's decision to remove the Yellowstone population of grizzly bears from the list of threatened species under the ESA. This "delisting" returns primary management of the species to Idaho, Montana and Wyoming, paving the way for better management and the possible establishment of grizzly bear hunts in the future when appropriate. There are two cases in Idaho district court and one case in Montana district court. SCI has already filed two briefs and has several more to go.

Namibia: 'Elephants Under No Threat'

"The Ministry of Environment and Tourism says Namibia has more elephants now than at any other time in the past 100 years. Growing at a rate of 3.3 percent per year, the country's elephant population is more than 20,000, up from 16,000 in 2004. Minister of Environment and Tourism, Netumbo Nandi-Ndaitwah, said the entire population especially that of the Kunene Region was healthy and growing, with the levels of consumptive off takes being very conservative and being below the sustainable off takes."

Cougar Hunting Education Courses Being Considered in New Mexico

The Bozeman Daily Chronicle ran an AP article in which various organizations in the American west are asking the state of New Mexico to adopt a hunter education course for cougar hunting. A similar education course has been developed and implemented in Colorado. The education course will address specific ways to identify male and female cougars. Enhanced hunter gender identification skills will help to reduce the number of females shot each year and will encourage a continuous breeding population of females.

Michigan's First Case of Chronic Wasting Disease Detected at Kent County Deer Breeding Facility

The Michigan departments of Agriculture and Natural Resources confirmed the state's first case of Chronic Wasting Disease (CWD) in a three-year old white-tailed deer from a privately owned cervid (POC) facility in Kent County. The state has quarantined all POC facilities, prohibiting the movement of all - dead or alive - privately-owned deer, elk or moose. Officials do not yet know how the deer may have contracted the disease. To date, there is no evidence that CWD presents a risk to humans. DNR and MDA staff are currently reviewing records from the Kent County facility and five others to trace deer that have been purchased, sold or moved by the owners in the last five years for deer and the last seven years for elk. Any deer that may have come in contact with the CWD-positive herd have been traced to their current location and those facilities have been quarantined."

Roadless Rule Ruling Creates New Headaches

Wyoming federal district court Judge Clarence Brimmer struck and issued a preliminary injunction against the U.S. Forest Service's application of the "roadless rule" - a regulation, adopted by the Clinton Administration, that prohibits the building of new roads in undeveloped forest areas. Judge Brimmer's injunction operates in direct conflict with another court ruling, in which a California federal District Court judge ordered the Forest Service to comply with the Roadless rule. The Forest Service finds itself in a precarious legal position in which compliance with one court's order will result in the violation of the other court's order. The California court's ruling has been appealed to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals and it is likely that the Tenth Circuit will be asked to review Judge Brimmer's ruling. At the moment the fate of the Roadless Rule remains both confusing and uncertain.

Moose Hunting - Newfoundland

"Six Hunters - Six Moose"

by Robert Mills

When the plane touched down in Gander, Newfoundland we had arrived for a five-day moose hunt with Mt. Peyton Outfitters. Collecting our gear, fellow hunter Roger Dixon and I took a cab to the Gander Hotel for much needed sleep after the long flight from Toronto.

We were to meet with four other members of our hunting party the next morning. Following breakfast, we met with Pat, Jerry, Tom, and Chris Judge who had flown in from Sault Ste. Marie, MI. We all were excited about the upcoming events that would prove memorable and challenging. This would be an adventure for every hunter. All members of our hunting party were friends and most had hunted together for pheasants and deer. This would be our first moose hunt together.

The outfitter picked us up at the hotel at noon for the drive to the lodge. Arriving at the lodge after a two-hour drive, we unloaded our gear, sighted in our rifles and settled into our comfortable rooms. (NOTE: Hunters should ALWAYS check their rifles following flights to be sure they are "still on".)

Mt. Peyton Outfitters offer one on one guided hunts. They only accommodate six hunters at a time and have six



Pat Judge, left, and guide Alfredo smile following successful hunt. (Note - ATV)

guides. The hunt is from ATV's with hunter riding behind guide in a "captain's chair" mounted on the back of the vehicle. Guides, the evening before, coordinate hunt areas so you never see another member of your party.

Hunting method is driving at dawn to a remote area and glassing for moose. The morning hunt lasts until about 11 a.m. and then hunter and guide return to the lodge for a hearty breakfast and relaxing until 2:30 p.m. when the evening hunt begins. Coffee and a continental breakfast are ready at dawn with a full time cook employed along with the six guides.

Hunters stay in rooms that accommodate two people with guides also in two-person rooms at the opposite end of the lodge. The lodge is a two-story structure with a TV room in the upper level and a large dining room with two large bathrooms on the lower level. The sleeping rooms are wings off the main two-story lodge. The lodge is situated on a large lake, which makes for a beautiful setting with a huge porch for relaxing and glassing the lake area.

Mt. Peyton Outfitters also has a large "meat house", excellent processing facilities and wonderful food. Power is from a diesel generator for lights and TV.

This is a first class hunt with a cost of \$3,200 each plus moose license, which is about \$450 US. Guides are very friendly and accommodating. All are skilled in hunting moose and no hunter complained about guide, facilities, or food.

Our party was prepared for cold, rainy weather, which



Mt. Peyton Outfitters Lodge in Newfoundland.

occurs in late October in Newfoundland. Hunters were armed with the usual rifles - 30-06, 7mm mag, and one 300 Win Magnum.

On the first day of the hunt, Chris Judge, Tom's son, shot a bull moose. We all celebrated as the guide brought the animal in on a special trailer built to be pulled by the ATV. Guides do all the gutting, skinning, and processing of the meat.

On the first morning of my hunt we drove about ten miles to a wooded area and then walked up a high ridge to glass for moose. After about an hour of glassing we spotted three moose, two cows and a large bull. Hurrying back to the ATV, we drove about one mile and then stalked into the tundra in an attempt to harvest the bull. Nothing resulted. We spotted the two cows but the bull escaped into the heavy forest. "Oh, well", I said. "This is the first day of our hunt."

On the third day of the hunt we repeated the procedure in a different location. After about two hours of glassing, the guide spotted three moose about one mile away. One cow, a calf, and a nice bull were feeding in a grassy meadow.

"Let's go," said the guide. Back to the ATV and another drive towards the area we had spotted the bull. Leaving the machine we walked about a quarter of a mile along an old logging trail. All of a sudden, the cow stepped out of the bush. "Wait," said the guide. We froze anticipating the arrival of the bull. Within two minutes the bull emerged from the pine forest. He stood broadside at about 80 yards, presenting an easy shot. I took good aim and shot. The bull wheeled and returned to the forest. Quickly bolting another round in my Ruger MII 30-06, the guide said the bull is down. We cautiously approached the area to find the bull hadn't gone 50 yards before piling up. What a rush! The horns were 42 inches wide with wide palms - a good Newfoundland bull. Following pictures,

Handshakes, and celebration, the work began. The time was 11 a.m. The guide gutted the moose and marked the area with orange tape. We returned to the ATV for the ride back to the lodge. Arriving at the lodge we discovered that Roger Dixon had shot at a bull but missed. Both happiness and disappointment for the missed moose was the topic at the large breakfast that awaited all hunters.

Once you fill your tag, you are done hunting. You can help in camp, relax, go for walks, take pictures, etc., but rifle is cased and your hunt is over. I had two days to relax and to savor the moment. That afternoon, Pat Judge scored on a moose. He was extremely excited, as this was his first moose. None of us had ever killed a moose so filling your tag was especially exciting. Our party had drawn three bull tags and three cow tags. We now have filled three tags - two bulls and



Moose Hunters Judge and Mills.

one cow. Only three to go to limit out.

On day four, Roger filled his tag with a cow on the morning hunt. Jerry scored on a cow on the evening hunt. We now had five moose for our party of six. Hand shakes and back slaps were frequent during the evening celebration.

The fifth day of the hunt, with only Tom hunting, proved to be the capstone of a great venture. Tom scored on a nice bull moose and completed our "sweep" of the Newfoundland moose hunt.

Hunting Newfoundland was a great experience. People are friendly and helpful. Hunters should know there are more moose per square mile in Newfoundland than anywhere in the world. The downside of hunting moose in Newfoundland is that the horns are not large like in Alaska or British Columbia. The bodysize of the moose is about the same but you will rarely shoot a 60 plus inch bull in Newfoundland.

As we cordially thanked our host, we all agreed that this was one of the best hunts we had ever experienced. Mt. Peyton Outfitters are helpful, skilled, and work very hard to provide the hunter with a quality hunt. We all agreed - WE'RE GOING BACK!

**A benefit of SCI membership is the
Hunter Hotline. For information
on travel advisories, importing
trophies and traveling with firearms,
call (800) 771-8315.**

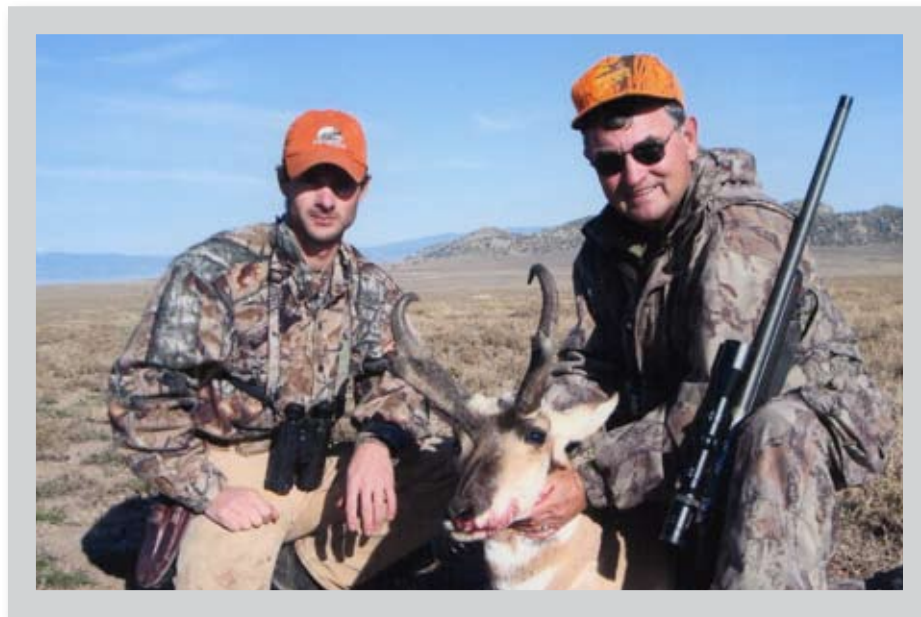
Wyoming Antelope

by Mary Harter

We drove from Michigan to Wyoming for our antelope hunt with Wynn Condict. We had purchased these hunts a couple of years ago at our Mid-Michigan fundraiser. We had conflicts so couldn't use the hunts until this year. Wynn had been very flexible with us which we appreciated.

We arrived at the Condict residence which is outside Saratoga and Wynn's wife, Barb, greeted us and took us to a small motel on their property where we stayed during our hunt. We unpacked and then met back at the house for a wonderful home cooked dinner where we met our guide, Lisle Munroe. Lisle did horse shoeing in the summer and guided for Wynn in the fall. He was excited to be guiding us on our three day hunt. The Condict ranch was homesteaded in 1885 and has been in the family ever since. Wynn has guided hunters here since 1972.

We went out to drive around for the evening and Lisle took us to his favorite spot that he called "The Field of Dreams". Many antelope came out to this hay field to graze for the evening. It was a beautiful spot with snow capped mountains all around. We saw many nice antelope and certainly got our eyes accustomed to checking for antelope. Lisle asked us what we were looking for and described what he thought was a nice looking trophy. Lisle liked the longest antlers with greatest mass but also looked for ones that were wide spread and curved in at the top. He liked the heart shaped look and thought it was the most typical and desired for antelope. He also told us the antlers are really made up of hair and the outer covering sheds every year.



Don Harter and his guide, Lisle Munroe, in Wyoming Wycon Safaris



Mary Harter and her guide, Lisle Munroe, in Wyoming Wycon Safaris

The next morning we were up bright and early for breakfast and to be picked up by Lisle for our hunt. Barb packed lunch for us. Out we went to the "Field of Dreams" to check out what was grazing. After glassing and glassing we decided to check out some other areas. We checked out a lot of grazing lands. Condicts have 6,000 acres of land, most of which is irrigated. Grazing on some of this land is traded for hunting rights on other land. There is also a lot of BLM (Bureau of Land Management) areas available for hunting but these lands are also available to the public and the antelope in these areas were very spooky. They had already been hunted and chased around. This area has free range laws and cattle travel all over the gravel roads. We saw a lot of land and a lot of animals but held off shooting. Besides the antelope, we saw a few mule deer.

The next morning, again up bright and early and out to hunt. After a delicious breakfast, we checked out "The Field of Dreams". Different antelope show up every day and we really checked and checked and found a couple of shooters. We snuck down a ravine and up the hillside but as we approached, they moved off. We set out for the other one. Again, they didn't cooperate. We just sat and watched them for awhile. Finally, we went over to another field where the first group had gone. One of the shooters was there. I set up as they walked single file over the mountain. As the shooter neared the top, he was clear to shoot. Just as he profiled on top of the mountain, I shot. It was about 300 yards. He bucked up in the air and down he went over the other side of the mountain. We all scrambled up to where he had been and he lay dead within just a few yards. I had shot my first antelope and he was a beauty. After much picture taking and congratulations, off we went to another area.

We drove around searching huge open fields and tree lined creek beds. We looked over both private land and public. We had seen an antelope the first night that had his antlers tangled in some baling twine. It was a large amount that blinded his left side. He could eat all right but did not keep up with the rest of the herd. We saw him several times on both the second and third day. We knew that when he shed his antlers, the twine would probably also be shed and he would be able to keep up with the herd.

Finally, in the late afternoon, we spotted a herd with a shooter in it. They were on public land and spooky. We watched then for quite awhile with the spotting scope. Don and Lisle finally decided maybe they could get closer by sneaking down a drainage ditch which meandered out across the field. Off they went. I could keep an eye on them with the spotting scope. They stopped where I could still see them but not see the antelope. I saw Don bring up his gun, heard the shot, and saw them walk out in the field and stop. They were just out of my range where I couldn't see the antelope but knew Don had gotten one. When Don shot, I counted 15 prairie dogs that stood up to see what was going on. They had burrows all over that field. When they finally returned, I could see the beautiful antelope Don had taken. Our hunt was finished and we had wonderful trophies to enjoy.

We took all of our meat to be processed in Encampment, a nearby town. After a delicious tasting of their products, we decided to have a lot of sausage made. The town was quite unique having started as a rendezvous spot where fur traders and Indians met. Some area businesses were The Bear Trap Saloon, The Pine Lodge Saloon, Mangy Moose Saloon, and The Kat House Bar and Grill where we ate lunch one day.

For a wonderful time hunting antelope, as we did, or mule deer, elk, or predators, contact Wynn Condict at 307-327-5502, or bcondict@carbonpower.net. Check out his website at www.wyconsafariinc.com.

Raspberry Squares

*from the kitchen of Barb Condict,
Wycon Safaris in Wyoming*

3/4 cup butter softened
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 tsp. almond extract
1 3/4 cups all-purpose flour
1/2 cup pecans, finely chopped
1/4 tsp. salt
1 8-oz. jar or 1 cup Raspberry preserves
1/2 cup coconut

In a medium mixing bowl beat the softened butter, sugar, and almond extract until thoroughly combined. Add the flour, finely chopped pecans, and salt. Beat until the mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Reserve 1 cup of the flour mixture. Press remaining flour mixture into the bottom of an ungreased 13 x 9 x 2 inch baking pan. Spread the raspberry preserves evenly over crust. Sprinkle preserves with the reserved flour mixture and the coconut. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes or until the crust and top are golden. Cool in the pan on a wire rack. Cut into bars. Makes 30.



Two Wolves

by Ron Brinegar
(from the Palisades Restaurant
menu in Gunnison, Colorado)

When I was just a little boy
Much to my delight
I'll always remember Grandpa's stories
Round the campfire late at night.

He told us bout the old days
And the way things used to be
His life out on the range
And the sights he used to see.

As the firelight danced its amber glow
When the sun was going down
The moon on high in the western sky
Round the campfire, miles from town.

But I'll never forget this one.
I know this story's true.
"Two Wolves" he called it proudly,
I'll share this tale with you.

His voice was calm and quiet,
Like a whisper in the wind.
He spoke of Wolves in the mountains,
And the Wolves we had within.

He said there's two Wolves inside of him
Both fighting hard to win.
One Wolf is mean and evil,
Full of hatred and greed, and sin.

The other Wolf stood for honor
Kindness, truth and love.
All the things we hold dear
With guidance from above.

He said two Wolves are in all of us.
That includes both you and me.
Each Wolf fighting for their cause.
It's not so hard to see.

Well, I thought about his story.
Then with a big ol' grin,
I looked at Grandpa straight away,
And ask which one will win?

He paused for just a moment.
His advice I'll always heed.
He said the answer's simple Son.
It's the one you feed.

July 23, 2008

Mr. Don Harter
President, SCIF Mid-Michigan Chapter
1375 N. Cedar Point Dr.
Weidman, MI 48893

Mr. Harter:

I would like to thank the Mid-Michigan Chapter of Safari Club International Foundation for my sponsorship to the 2008 American Wilderness Leadership School. Special thanks goes to you and Dr. Jeff Chaulk (the education committee) for your efforts and dedication to make this happen.

The AWLS experience was something that I will not forget. The facility was beautiful and the accommodations were first class. We had a variety of wildlife in camp everyday, including several moose and mule deer. I was fortunate to lodge in a cabin situated in a valley with mountains towering above us on all sides. Granite Creek ran through camp and provided a haven for Rocky Mountain flora and fauna.

The AWLS staff was fabulous. They were knowledgeable, friendly, and most importantly patient, while working with us first time hunters and fishermen. Mr. Don Brown and his staff went out of their way to make this a memorable experience. Activities and lessons were very interesting and appropriate for today's conservation issues. AWLS kept us busy from morning to late evening and provided delicious meals at breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

I learned so much while in the classroom and during field trips. Our activities included wildlife management discussions followed by field trips with guest speakers from the Bureau of Land Management, US Forest Service, Fisheries and Wildlife, National Park Service. We were introduced to basic hunter's safety and were able to shoot a variety of firearms. Personally, I really enjoyed the archery range and the 3-D archery shoot. Other opportunities included fly tying, fly casting, and fly fishing. In addition, hunting ethics were discussed and we observed demonstrations of outdoor survival, orienteering, and first aid. The week concluded with a whitewater rafting trip down the Snake River.

This experience has given me so much insight to share with my students for years to come. I teach science and outdoor education at Gaylord Middle School. Currently we offer a great curriculum including hunter's safety, archery, taxidermy, and fly-tying. I learned so much from the professionals at AWLS and look forward to incorporating my outdoor education in the classroom.

Again, thank you for this opportunity. The philosophy of teaching the teachers is working and, in my opinion, is the right thing to do. Our ability to positively influence a great number of young people is invaluable. I recommend AWLS for any educator with a desire for the outdoors and conservation.

Thank you.

Scott Doederlein
Scott Doederlein

For more information about the AWLS and applications for the summer of 2009 check out the web site and/or call Scott Holmes at 989-506-1949

Send your Teacher to School!

SCIF's American Wilderness Leadership School

Nestled in the beautiful Bridger-Teton National Forest near Jackson, Wyoming, SCIF's American Wilderness Leadership School provides the perfect atmosphere for the accredited educational programs. Established in 1976 with the vision of providing educators with a useful hands-on experience that they can use in the classroom, AWLS has provided a credited wildlife management program for 4,728 teachers who reach more than a million students annually. Accommodations include a main lodge and cabins with beautiful lodge pole pine furnishings.

Program curriculum includes the following:

- Academic lectures, discussions and field trips covering Rocky Mountain wildlife, wildlife ecology, environmental ethics, natural resource management and conservation.
- Visit state and federal wildlife areas and meet with experts trained in management/conservation.
- Exposure to current environmental education trends, materials, and outdoor interpretive techniques.
- Introduction to Project WILD, a K-12 interdisciplinary, supplementary environmental and conservation education program emphasizing wildlife.
- Outdoor Skills – with hands-on experience in plant identification, map and compass, firearms safety, fly tying, survival techniques, muzzleloading, archery, white water rafting and climbing wall.



www.safariclubfoundation.org/teacher

New Zealand - 2007

The Land of the Long White Cloud

by Mary Harter

New Zealand's North Island - 8 days of hunting

We arrived at the 5,000 acre hunting ranch owned by Shane Quinn. We passed a opossum clinging to a fence post along the driveway and quickly learned that they do not like this little animal. They are dark with a long, fuzzy tail - nothing similar to our opossum. The opossum eat a lot of vegetation and soon strip an area. Many poison stations were along the fence to help get rid of these pests. When we arrived it was dark but from the patio we could hear a few red stags roaring; it was near the end of the rut. We could hear the sika's squeal which they make five times in a row. The fallow deer grunt. We looked at the stars in the southern sky and could make out the southern cross.

The first morning we went out for an overview of the area with our guide, Bruce Rowe. He was the senior guide with 17 years experience on the ranch. All of the guides were excellent but Bruce was the best. We took the 4-wheeler to a high spot which overlooked the ranch house and many acres. We could see some of the 40,000 sheep grazing on the neighboring ranch. We saw lots of small sika deer, fallow deer, and a small red stag. It was cold and we were glad that we were dressed for the weather. Our typical hunting days started about 7:00 to 7:30 a.m. until 11:00 a.m. Then we went in for lunch. We continued hunting from about 2:30 p.m. until dark. That afternoon Bruce spotted a dark fallow deer walk into the woods from a spot high on the side of the



Cindy Eldred with her red stag with polished white tips on the rack.

mountain where we were watching. We watched for it for at least one and one half hours. We were almost ready to leave when the fallow deer finally came out. Off we went to get closer. We got off the quad just as the deer rounded the



Brad Eldred with a wonderful red stag! Look at the palmation.



Mary Harter with her chocolate fallow deer.



Mary Harter with her feral goat. They really stink.

corner coming right towards us. I had Bruce's 300 short mag and I quickly chambered a shell. The deer heard/saw us and turned back down the side of the mountain. While out of our sight, he met up with another fallow buck and they started fighting. We could hear the antlers cracking against each other sounding like they were right beside us inside the bush. We rounded the corner and there they were. Don set up my shooting sticks, Bruce told me to shoot the dark one, and I did - right through the heart. Down he rolled. He was a beauty. He had wide paddles and was a chocolate brown with spots. I had never seen one so large. I complimented Bruce on his rifle; besides being a nice weapon, he sure had it sighted in.

On the way back we heard a shot that was Cindy harvesting a beautiful red stag. We saw it when we came in for lunch and it had very dark antlers with white, polished points.



Huge sika taken by Don Harter. This was tagged for camp meat. It is delicious.

That afternoon we went out to find a red stag or two. We checked out several areas and finally saw a group of three feral goats. One was a nice black one and we walked down in the brush to try and come out close to them. When we could see them again the black one was lying down. We set up to shoot a couple of times before it was perfect. Finally he stood and I got him. Boy do they stink.

The next morning we again were looking for a beautiful red stag. It was cold, there had been a full moon, and nothing was moving. Eventually we did see several red stag. Some looked nice to us but Bruce would say they weren't wide enough, they didn't have enough mass, the brow tines weren't long enough, so something meaning we would wait. We did see some nice fallow deer but Don wanted me to shoot a red stag before we took the time to hunt for anything else. Bruce had been seeing a large red stag in the evenings come out of the mountains to graze down in the grassy areas. We set up to look for him. Several fallow deer came out. Some red stags and hinds grazed their way across the fields. We got lots of practice using our binoculars. When it was almost dark and we were wondering if we should leave, out he came. Bruce said when we saw a big stag, we would know. Bruce said, "There he is", and my heart really started to pound. I laid down to shoot and my first shot was at 300 yards. I hit him but he didn't go down. Later we learned I had hit him low in the chest. I shot again as he ran. We ran down the backside of the hill to the quad and took off towards where we last saw him. When we saw him again, I set up on sticks and shot again. Over the hill he went and Bruce ran after him and saw him go down. Oh, was he a beauty with lots of points forming crowns on the tops of



Mary Harter with her red stag which scored over 400.

each antler! We took lots of pictures in the fading light and waited until the next morning to go out and retrieve him.

Next day, bright and early, out for more pictures and we had company. Several others came out to help load my stag on a wagon pulled by the quad. Then we were off for whatever awaited us around the next corner.

We rounded a corner on the north side of the ranch near where we had seen several nice fallow deer the previous day and five were on the hillside. Bruce decided one was a shooter. One ran off and Don set up to shoot. He put that fallow deer down in its tracks at 166 yards. The other three fallow deer just mingled around not knowing what to do and finally ran off over the hill when they saw us. Don's deer had fallen in its footsteps so the other deer didn't know just what had happened. Don's fallow was lighter than mine, more typical, and the upper ends of the antlers turned in. What a beautiful trophy!!

Later that day, we came upon a herd of arapawa sheep and I decided to take a nice ram. They were a herd of twelve and we followed them for quite awhile. They would walk single file and then mingle around and we couldn't get close enough for a shot. Finally we got back on the quad and went over the hill and came back up on them from the other side. Several fallow deer



Don Harter's huge red stag.

had joined them as they were grazing on the hillside. Some young stags grazed in the distance. We snuck up until we could just see them over the hill. I was so scared that the fallow deer would bolt and send all of the animals scurrying. As they mingled around Bruce kept an eye on the biggest one and I set up to shoot. Finally they separated a little and Bruce said right there between those trees - I shot and down he went. This ram was dark with long horns. His wool was about four inches thick and you could feel the lanolin in it. I had never shot a sheep before.

Now it was time to concentrate on Don's red stag. During the rut, a stag will loose one third of his body weight, and right after, the stag's fatten back up on grasses. Bruce took us to the highest point on the ranch where there were a lot of grassy fields and we glassed and glassed from the quad. We could see a long distance. Finally we spotted a good stag and walked about a mile to a depression in the field and set up to wait until the stag grazed over the ridge.

Eventually we could see the tops of his antlers. He was still feeding towards us. We waited and waited. Bruce went back to see if he could still see him and he had bedded down. Don and Bruce snuck up over the ridge, the



Don Harter and his fallow deer.

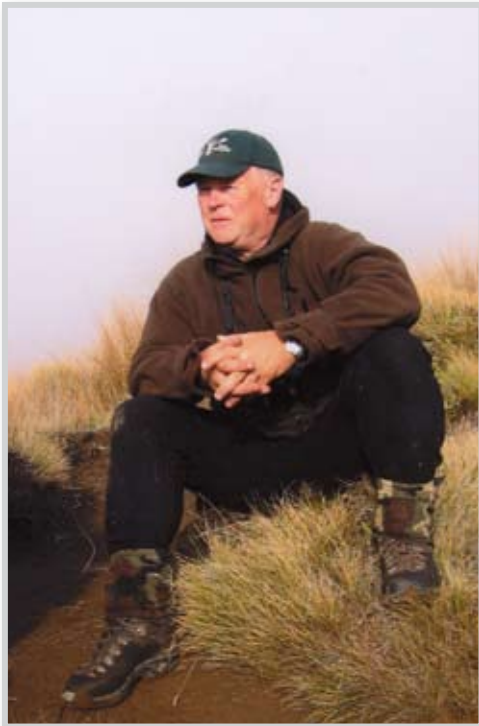
wind was right, the stag was facing away from them as he lay there just chewing his cud. Bruce asked Don if he wanted the stag to stand and he did so Bruce made a roar. The stag jumped to his feet and spun and ran full tilt away from the noise. Don shot and connected and as I watched from the depression area I could see the stag stagger and fall. I really couldn't see it's antlers until after Don shot. It was a very nice red stag with good mass and a wide rack. Just what Don wanted.

The next day was our last day to hunt and we searched and searched for a sika deer. They are spotted and are kind of between our elk and whitetails in size. They never grow antlers larger than four points each and again Bruce wanted us to shoot one with a lot of mass. We would see one but it wouldn't be wide enough, the brow tines wouldn't be long enough, or it wouldn't be massive enough. We drove up and down roads and then walked to lookouts and



Mary had a little lamb - or an Anapawua Ram with thick wool

scoped many times. Finally, it was near dusk and prime time for the sikas to come out to graze and we were looking out at a narrow grassy area about 350 yards away. Several sika does came out and grazed. A young buck joined them. As it was getting later and later on our last day, a great sika buck came out



Our wonderful guide, Bruce Rowe

into the grassy field. Don wanted me to shoot him but the

field was narrow and there would be only one shot before he would disappear. I told Don he was the better shot at a distance and for him to take it. Bruce thought they could get closer and down they went through the brush as I watched the deer. They came out at about 225 yards and more on a level with the deer and Don shot. I couldn't see Bruce or Don but I heard the shot and was watching the sika with my binoculars and knew he received a killing shot. He turned and ran back into the bush but I could see him as he fell. Don could only see that the sika's head was getting closer and closer to the ground as it ran. They both came back up the hill not knowing for sure where the deer had ended up. I congratulated Don and said, "There he is". He was visible from the top of the mountain. We went down to retrieve him and Bruce marked him for camp meat and did not save the heart or liver.

All of the meat in Shane's ranch is kept in a walk-in cooler and shipped out when there is a quantity for the truck to come and get. When they clean the animals, they leave the heart and liver inside to be checked. We ate a lot of sika deer and the one Don shot on the last day of our hunt was going to be eaten by the next group of hunters.

Shane Quinn runs a first class hunting operation. His equipment is kept in excellent condition. His accommodations are first rate and the food is excellent. If anyone wants a hunt of this kind, I would be the first to recommend Shane Quinn from Alpine Hunting.

Marco Polo Sheep, Tajikistan, November 2007

by Roger Card

THIS IS IT - IT IS OVER -

I QUIT !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I am writing this article from Tajikistan about 250 miles from the nearest civilization, if you want to call it that. We are not really under arrest, yet. Officially it is more like being under detention. The KGB agents have confiscated my gun, passport, all my permits and licenses. We are in a small cabin up on top of the mountain and I seem to have a lot of time now, so I will bring you up to date on what has happened since I left Mecosta and why this is my last sheep hunt -- ever.

People always ask me how long it takes to get to a remote camp and this time I know the answer. From the time I walked out the door of my home until I walked in the door of the hunting lodge, it took exactly six days, four hours and 20 minutes. Three times during that trip I slept in a bed, once was only for two and a half hours and another was for less than six hours.

My first problem with this hunt began thirty days before departure when the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Department informed me that in their opinion there were not enough Marco Polo sheep in Tajikistan so they were reducing their import permits from ninety to thirty. They sent me a nice real official looking letter saying since my permit number was thirty-six it basically sucks to be you Mr. Card. (My words not theirs.)

I had a sizeable non-refundable deposit on the hunt and at my age I just could not put the hunt off for a couple of years to see what would happen with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Department and their politics so I decided I would do the hunt now. I could have the trophy mounted and stored at a friend's in Mexico, with the hopes of getting an import permit in the future.

Rod Merchant and I left Grand Rapids, Michigan on November 25, 2007 and had an uneventful trip to Istanbul, Turkey, where we had made arrangements for a meet and greet by an excellent company that walked us through permits and customs without a hitch. They put us up in a nice hotel, took us to great restaurants, and delivered us to the airport for the all night flight to Dushanbe, Tajikistan. I think somewhere between Turkey and Tajikistan Rod and I crossed into the Twilight Zone. We were told by our booking agent not to apply for a visa or hunting permit prior to arrival because we would be met at the airport by "Victor" and he would have everything waiting.

As I write this, we have now been in Tajikistan for five days and no one has ever heard of Victor. The arrival area of Dushanbe Airport is a dirty cement block hanger style building that has to be fifty years old and there hasn't been any attempt to clean it since Reagan was president. As people collected their bags and left, it eventually got down to Rod and I, the customs officer and two security people remaining in the whole airport. We had none of the documentation the custom officer wanted and I think, frankly, that she did not know what to do with us. Finally she motioned for us to follow her and she took us to the Consulate Officer in another building. She allowed us to take our carry on bags, but insisted we leave our guns and duffels where the baggage handlers had thrown them. Get this -- they made us go through a radar security check to leave the hanger! We had to take off our shoes and belts as both of us plus our carry-on bags had to go through the x-ray machine in order to exit the airport - now that was a first.

Once at the consulate we were directed to a man that spoke a little English. He explained to us all the documentation we needed and we countered, "Victor has it all," to which he countered, "Good, find me Victor, but do not leave this room." The room was approximately a 10' x 15' cubicle. There are no pay phones in the airport and we didn't have Tajikistan coins even if there had been. So we sat in that office waiting for something to happen. The man from the consulate explained that the next flight to Istanbul was in nine hours and we would be on it if Victor did not appear. Our guns and gear were just lying unattended in the other building. We had not had any sleep on the flight so there we sat, dozing off and on wondering what would happen next.

After about four hours a man showed up from our hunting company pretending we were not where we were supposed to be. He seemed quite indignant that we were causing him these problems. He did, in fact, have all our papers so we were finally ever so slowly processed through customs and taken to a hotel for a three hour nap. After the nap, we finally met the outfitter and he apologized for the screw up and invited us to supper to show his goodwill. When the bill came, he managed to out fumble us and Rod bought dinner. We got back to the hotel at 10:00 p.m. and were told to be ready because "we will pick you up at 5:00 a.m." We were exhausted, but we set our alarm and got up at 4:00 a.m., showered, packed our gear, and waited. They arrived at 10:30 a.m.

From Dushanbe there is a plane that will fly (weather

permitting) about two thirds of the way to camp which would take about sixteen hours off our journey. Our outfitter said they had been checking the flight availability for the last four hours and it would not fly because of snow. Just for the record, the sun was shining and there was no snow the entire trip.

Great! Now we drive. We screwed around in town for another three hours and finally at 2:00 p.m. we left on a twenty-four hour Jeep ride. Around 11:00 p.m. we had a flat tire which meant we stood outside for an hour in zero degree temperatures waiting for the driver to do the most unorganized job of tire changing I have ever seen. At 2:00 a.m. we checked into a hotel and were told to be ready at 8:00 a.m. because the tire will be repaired and we will be off. We were up at 6:30 a.m., had a little breakfast and waited until 10:30 a.m. when our outfitter showed up and said, "Take a nap; we will be a few more minutes." They returned at 4:00 p.m. for the final leg of our journey.

Tajikistan has a strange custom that apparently any village, no matter how small, can put a police patrol on the road and inspect your vehicle and in our case, passports, visas, licenses, and luggage. Rod and I estimate we were stopped between 12 to 15 times on this trip, each stop costing a bribe to continue. We arrived in camp in the middle of the night, went directly to bed and got up early to start the hunt. I fired a couple shots to make sure the gun was on and off we went.

That first day we saw hundreds of sheep. The problem was most of them were running full speed away from us and they never stopped until they were out of sight. Once they saw the Jeep they were gone. On the second day I made a great stalk on a ram and the guides would not let me shoot. I was lying prone, scope dead on at 300 yards, but the guide was sure the ram would move closer. Nope, he suddenly bolted and never looked back.

In retrospect, it was probably a good thing because when we returned to camp the Federal Police were waiting for us and said we had no permits. It took several hours of negotiation and a substantial donation to their retirement fund to correct all my deficiencies. On the return to camp after our third day of unsuccessful hunting we were greeted by the KGB



Roger Card with his 55" Marco Polo Sheep

(different than the Federal Police). They confiscated all our papers, licenses, permits, passports, and I found out later, our guns. The only person from camp that speaks English went with them and we do not even know where they went. They have been gone for two days now so here we are.

Our cabin is a balmy 55 degrees, breakfast is always two greasy eggs fried in sheep fat and we get mutton soup for lunch and dinner. We have very little idea where we are and no idea when anyone will come to get us. Just for the record - the altimeter says we are at 14,300 feet, the wind is blowing twenty-five to thirty miles per hour, the thermometer says it is -15 degrees and Rod has me down \$257.00 in Gin. I do believe this truly will be my last sheep hunt. I am just getting too old for this crap!!

Upon returning home and getting this article ready for Mary Harter, our wonderful editor of the Front Sight, I am having second thoughts about quitting my exotic hunting adventures. (Anyone that knows me didn't really believe that anyway.) I did bag an extraordinary 55" Marco Polo Ram and we have had an experience of a lifetime. Tajikistan is a beautiful country and I am very privileged to have hunted there. Probably most important, I had a huge comeback in the gin game and returned home up twenty dollars. In the next issue, I will tell the story of the successful completion of this hunt and the scary trip out of the Pamir Mountains.

PS -

I just booked a return hunt to Tajikistan for November 2008. Isn't it amazing how time makes everything better.

Michigan sportsmen

1.37 million hunters & anglers spending \$9.4 million a day



TOTAL SPENDING \$3.4 billion

**Casting
benefits
throughout
the economy.**

- Sportsmen support more jobs in Michigan than the University of Michigan, the state's largest employer (46,000 jobs vs. 38,000).
- Annual spending by Michigan sportsmen is nearly twice as much as the revenues of Monroe-based La-Z-Boy company (\$3.4 billion vs. \$1.9 billion).
- Michigan sportsmen annually spend more than the combined cash receipts for dairy, greenhouse/nursery, corn, soybeans and cattle - the state's top five agricultural commodities (\$3.4 billion vs. \$2.9 billion).
- Michigan sportsmen spend \$177 million annually on outboard boats and engines to get out on the water and around the marshes for fishing and hunting.
- More Michigan residents hunt and fish than attend Detroit Pistons games (1.37 million vs. 905,000).

Lots of bang. Even more bucks.

Jobs	46,000
Salaries and wages	\$1.7 billion
Federal Taxes	\$406 million
State and Local Taxes	\$378 million
Ripple Effect	\$5.9 billion



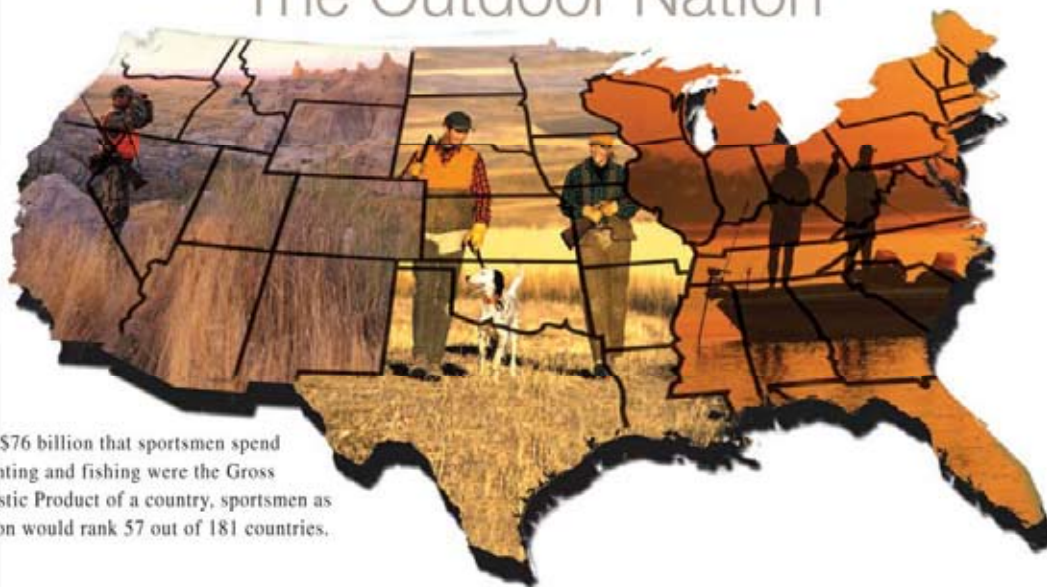
CSF and NASC are the most respected and trusted hunting and fishing organizations in the political arena. With support from every major hunting and fishing organization, we are the leader in promoting sportsmen's issues with elected officials. CSF works directly with the bi-partisan Congressional Sportsmen's Caucus in the U.S. Congress; NASC works with affiliated state sportsmen's caucuses in state legislatures around the country.

Congressional Sportsmen's Foundation 202-543-6850 www.sportsmenslink.org

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If the \$76 billion that sportsmen spend on hunting and fishing were the Gross Domestic Product of a country, sportsmen as a nation would rank 57 out of 181 countries.

PARTICIPATION	SPENDING	JOBS	SALARIES/WAGES	FEDERAL STATE & LOCAL TAXES
Sportsmen 34 million	\$76 billion	1.6 million	\$60 billion	\$25.6 billion
Anglers 30 million	\$42 billion	1 million	\$38 million	\$16.4 billion
Hunters 12.5 million	\$23 billion	600,000	\$21 billion	\$9.2 billion

Every single state makes a contribution through revenue, taxes, and jobs. Here are the facts on Michigan's anglers and hunters.

PARTICIPATION			SPENDING		
Resident sportsmen	1.37 million	# 6	Sportsmen	\$3.4 billion	# 6
Resident anglers	1 million	# 6	Fishing	\$2 billion	# 5
Resident hunters	721,000	# 3	Hunting	\$1.3 billion	# 4
Out of state hunters	32,000	# 26	JOBS		
Out of state anglers	318,000	# 5	Sportsmen	46,000	# 7
Days afield	11.7 million	# 3	Fishing	26,700	# 6
Days on the water	22.5 million	# 3	Hunting	19,500	# 5



The majority of all sportsmen consider themselves "likely voters" and 8 in 10 say that a candidate's position on sportsmen's issues is important in determining for whom they will vote.

If all hunters and anglers living in Michigan voted in the 2004 presidential election, they would have equaled 43% of the entire vote.

1 out of 6 residents hunt or fish.

www.sportsmenslink.org

*A respondent who is both a hunter and an angler is counted in each category, but only once for total participation numbers.

**Money spent on an item for both hunting and fishing is only counted for in the total spending category.

***Sample size too small to be reliable.

Statistics come from the U.S.F.W.S. 2006 National Survey of Fishing, Hunting, and Wildlife-Associated Recreation, Southwick and Associates, American Sportfishing Association, and Association of Fish and Wildlife Agencies. For further information, contact CSF at 202-543-6850.

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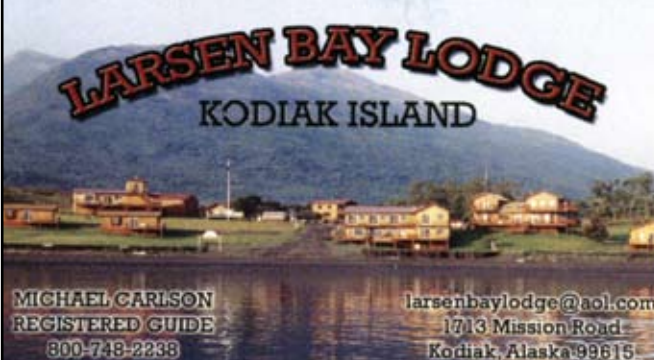
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"All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing." - Edmund Burke

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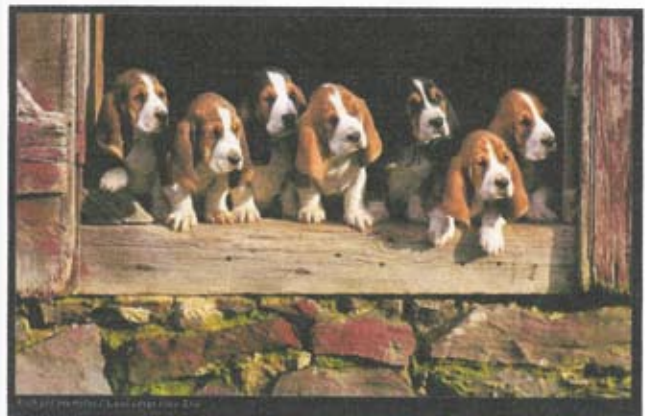
In our next issue --

- * *ibex Grand Slam in Spain*
by Mary Harter
- * *Tanzania, Africa 2007, Part 2 of 2*
by Roger Card
- * *Marco Polo Sheep in Tajikistan*
by Roger Card

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The reason a dog has so many friends is that he wags his tail instead of his tongue. -Ano nymous

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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 _____

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TIME REQUIRED FOR RECEIPT OF TROPHIES: _____

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