

FRONT SIGHT

SCI
FIRST FOR HUNTERS

Mid-Michigan Chapter Safari Club International

July 2010, Issue 11



Picture taken by M. Harter
Rhinoceros family
JP Pieterse Safaris
Limpopo Province, South Africa

Impressively Beautiful . . .



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In This Issue - July 2010

- 2 Chapter Officers and Board Members
- 2 Meeting Schedule
- 3 Message from your President
- 3 Editor's Comments
- 3 Membership Application
- 4 Book Review by Josh Christensen
- 5 Jerky Worth Fighting For
by Colin Kelly
- 6 2010 Awards Program Pictures
- 7 31st Annual Hunter's Convention Pictures
- 8 Thanks to our Fundraising Sponsors
- 9 2010 Archery in the Schools State
Tournament Winners
- 10 Pronghorn Adventure by Tony Brown
- 11 Houghton Lake Sportsmen's Club
Youth Archery Program
by Fred Kleinert
- 14 Strutting Their Stuff
by Michael Ritchie
- 16 Turkey by Roger Card
- 20 Card Wildlife Education Center
- 23 Michigan Game Birds Word Search
- 24 Seat Time - is - Meat Time
by Robert Mills
- 26 Quick Moose by Josh Christensen
- 28 Kansas Hunting by Joanne Witte
- 31 Bear Hunt in Wawa by Ken Peters, Jr.
- 34 Rhino, Up Close and Personal, plus Cats,
Sables, and Nyalas
by Mary Harter
- 45 Looking Ahead

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Chairmen are listed first

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The 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 400+.

Check our own www.midmichigansci.org website for copies of the Front Sight, listing of events, and fundraiser auction items.

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A wonderful Thank You from the first president of this chapter, 31 years ago, Pat Bollman

SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Meeting Schedule

Date	Meeting Type	Time	Location
Aug. 2, 2010	Board	4:30 p.m.	Harter's House
Sept. 13, 2010	Board	4:30 p.m.	Cheers Neighborhood Grill & Bar
	Membership	6:30 p.m.	Cheers Neighborhood Grill & Bar
Oct. 4, 2010	Board	4:30 p.m.	Cheers Neighborhood Grill & Bar
Nov. 1, 2010	Board	4:30 p.m.	Cheers Neighborhood Grill & Bar
	Membership	6:30 p.m.	Cheers Neighborhood Grill & Bar
Dec. 6, 2010	Board	4:30 p.m.	Cheers Neighborhood Grill & Bar
	Membership	6:30 p.m.	Cheers Neighborhood Grill & Bar

Dear Don & Mary - I was so very impressed with the job you and your team put together last weekend. I've attended more fundraising events over the years than I can remember, but I can say without hesitation that yours was at the top of the list. One again you had staged an event that should serve as a model of the way it should be done. I was proud to see so many contribute so much to our chapter, the level of volunteer commitment was truly outstanding. The leadership your board has provided the sportsperson of our area deserves our thanks and our gratitude! Best Regards, Pat Bollman

Reservations required. Please call and leave a message at 989-944-5140

Message from your President

I recently returned from our SCI board meeting held in Washington D.C., May 12 - 15. We had a busy four days visiting with our congressmen and senators on the hill, attending committee meetings, and taking part in our Board of Directors Meeting where Larry Rudolph was elected to a second term as president.

I'm happy to report to you that our chapter membership has 26 new members so far this year. This year we have a new national SCI incentive to join or upgrade to 3 years or become a life member and be entered to win a \$10,000 Cabelas shopping spree. Register to win before December 31, 2010. For more information or to register, visit Safari Club.org/memupgrade or call 888-486-8724 and use promo code 231GOABC.

Everyone who attends our regular monthly meetings receives a ticket for a chance to win a rifle to be drawn next April 2011. Members who attend most often will have the best chance of winning the rifle.

Hunt Often. Hunt Safe,



Don Harter



Editor's Comments

The end of May, I went out on the golf cart to pick wild asparagus which grows in several places on our property. On the way, on one of the trails, I spotted about a 6" white moral mushroom, which we love to eat. I went out in the woods at that point to look for more mushrooms and spotted a fawn. I backed out quickly, went home and got my camera and Don, and we both got to view this beautiful little creature and pick a few more mushrooms and lots of asparagus, all while a bald eagle circled overhead.



Some days are just special and that's how I feel every time I receive one of your articles and am the first person to read it (after you). Every article and picture are like an extra moral in my bag making the next meal (magazine) much more special.

Thank you,



Mary Harter

MID - MICHIGAN CHAPTER SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL MIDMICHIGANSCL.ORG APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

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"/> HOME	<input type="checkbox"/> BUSINESS	EMAIL ADDRESS
STREET _____	STREET _____	
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____	CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____	
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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	= \$ 1200
	Over 60	\$ 1250 National Dues	\$200 Local Dues	= \$ 95
17 & under:	1 Year	\$15 National Dues	\$ -0- Local Dues	= \$ 15

Check/Cash attached \$ _____

Bill my credit card: VISA MASTERCARD DISCOVER (PLEASE CIRCLE ONE)

CREDIT CARD NUMBER _____ EXPIRATION DATE _____ NAME ON THE CARD _____

APPLICANTS SIGNATURE _____ SPONSORS NAME _____

DATE OF APPLICATION _____ SPONSORS ADDRESS _____



SCI
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BOOK REVIEW

TITLE: 21 DAYS IN AFRICA:
A HUNTER'S SAFARI JOURNAL

AUTHOR: Daniel J. Donarski Jr.

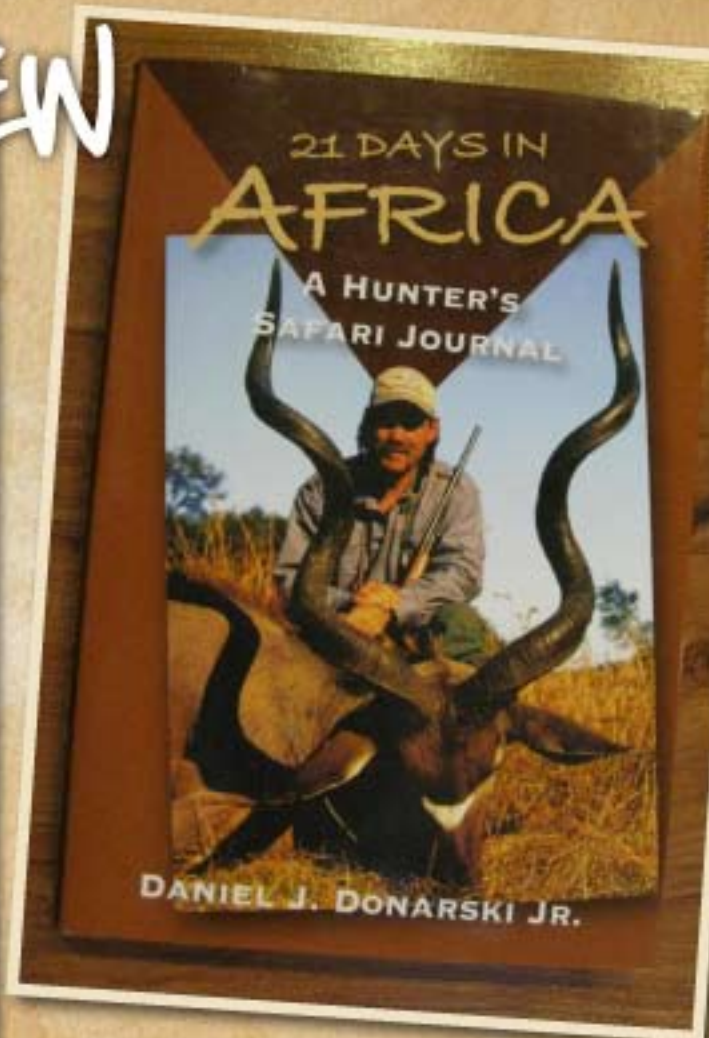
PUBLISHER: Stackpole Books

COPYRIGHT: 2008

List Price: \$29.95

21 Days in Africa is the tale of one man fulfilling his childhood dream of hunting in Africa. Daniel Donarski, who resides in Sault Ste. Marie, brings the reader along on his first trip to Africa. Donarski prides himself on writing this book from a narrative perspective, and does a good job with his vivid details. He takes the reader through his hunts, his thoughts, and all of his experiences. Throughout the book he includes many photos, in full color, as well as information he feels would be beneficial for someone contemplating a safari to Africa. These subsets of information are set apart from the rest of the each chapter so the reader can choose to read them or can bypass them all together.

This book was an enjoyable read and I would recommend it to others. The chapters are relatively short, which make it a quick and easy read. Through the authors details I felt like I was in Africa with him, and it helped me relive my own African safari. It was a non-stop adventure which not only talked about hunting many different animals, but it also discussed African culture and friendships as well.



This is our first book review by Josh Christensen. Josh resides in Gladwin, Michigan with his wife, Sara, and their 3 year old son, Elijah. Josh and Sara are both school teachers at Gladwin Junior High School where Josh teaches geography (concentrating on the eastern hemisphere) and Sara teaches science. They have both been members of Safari Club International since 2004, when they also joined the Mid-Michigan Chapter. Josh enjoys the outdoors and traveling. His goal in hunting is to hunt at least one animal on each continent. Up to this point he and Sara have hunted the South Pacific, Africa, and North America.

Jerky Worth Fighting For

by Colin Kelly, Big Rapids

Encourage hundreds of local whitetail deer hunters to donate all or part of their bounty. Then stir in the Sanctuary Game Ranch whitetail deer hunters to do the same. Add a donation of a Buffalo, an Elk, and a Ram or two from Challenger Game Ranch brought home by the hired guns from Camp Swampy. Mix in hundreds of hours spent processing this great venison meat. Collect thousands of dollars from local residents and a few generous companies. Send it all to a Little Town Jerky Company with a big heart. Then you have what it takes to start a process we call "Jerky for the Troops".

After a few days of slicing, curing, smoking, and packaging, the Jerky for the Troops is then sent back to home base, Kelly's Deer Processing of Big Rapids, Michigan.

Now the next step is to rally the troops. Local troops like the Family Support Group, Ladies Auxiliary Am Vets Post 1941 and the neighboring Eagles Posts. These people are in direct contact with where the Troops are and how many packages are needed to be sent.

Additional stirring of the (soup) recipe is encouraged by News Articles in The Pioneer Newspaper, Hooks and Bullets, Mecosta County Chamber News, American Hunter and many other publications. This also helps to start other drives for donations for the troops in other communities.

Now we are getting close. A date has been set, all that are involved have been notified and are ready to bring their packing tape and customs forms to send Jerky to the Troops. Many people arrive with their own personal items also to send to the Soldier that they are supporting. Nearly one hundred boxes are open and ready to be packed with Venison Jerky, Candy, Hooks & Bullets Outdoor Magazines and those special personal items that some families have brought.



On this day many volunteers, families supporting soldiers, and even a local catering company is there with venison snacks for all to sample.

Now the last step in our Jerky recipe. Postage! With a donation from SCI Foundation Humanitarian Services Manager, Eva Wilson, postage has been less of a burden each year. Thank you Eva, and also the Stanwood Eagles, for your donation of postage. With your support this Little Town's Jerky is "Jerky Worth Fighting For".

For more information visit
www.kellysdeerprocessing.com

Kelly's Deer Processing

Introduces

Hunting Buddy Bucks



Kelly's Deer Processing

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SCI Mid-Michigan Member

Pictures taken of our winners from the 2010 Awards Program



Pictures taken of our 31st Annual Hunter's Convention

Next Year's Date: February 18th & 19th 2011



Thank you to our 2010 Fundraising Sponsors

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Many thanks to the members/businesses who donated funds that went directly to help defray the costs of this event.

Department of Natural Resources & Environment Announces

2010 Archery in the Schools State Tournament Winners

Resources and Environment today (April 13) announced the winners of Michigan's Fourth Annual State Virtual Archery Tournament. More than 650 student archers enrolled at schools participating in the National Archery in the Schools Program (NASP) competed in the recent tournament.

Team awards will be presented as follows:

High School Division

- 1st Place - Gaylord St. Mary Cathedral High School
- 2nd Place - Northwoods Christian Homeschool
- 3rd Place - Hartland High School

Middle School Division

- 1st Place - Hartland Middle School at Ore Creek
- 2nd Place - Gaylord St. Mary Cathedral
- 3rd Place - Northwoods Christian Homeschool

Elementary School Division

- 1st Place - Hartland Farms Intermediate School
- 2nd Place - Coloma Middle School
- 3rd Place - Portage Central Middle School

The 2010 overall male state champion is Steven Schram, 8th grade of Bark River-Harris in Delta County. Schram is the defending NASP world champion after placing first overall in July at the NASP World Tournament, which was held in Orlando, Florida. The 2010 overall female state champion is Holly Lakin, 8th grade of Laker Middle School in Huron County.

The National Wild Turkey Federation provided trophies and medals for top ranking teams and individual winners. In addition, several archery equipment manufacturers donated prizes for tournament winners. First-place teams, and an additional eight qualifying teams and the top five male and female archers in each age division received an invitation to participate in the upcoming NASP National Tournament May 6 - 8 in Louisville, Kentucky.

"The state tournament is the culminating event for students and coaches participating in NASP," said Mary Emmons, coordinator of Archery in the Schools Program for the DNRE. "Teams and individuals nationwide will be competing for college scholarships and other prizes at the national tournament."

For more information visit
www.michigan.gov/archery

Pronghorn Adventure 2009

by Tony Brown

My adventure started in October 2007. I bought a hunt from SCT's February auction in Mt. Pleasant. My wife and I traveled to Wyoming for a mule deer hunt out of Cody, to the Foot Hills of Yellowstone. On our travel to Wyoming, I could not believe the large number of antelope on and near the Wyoming border. We stopped in Moorcroft, Wyoming to visit friends. On our way from Highway 90 into town there were so many pronghorns that they were even on the front porches of homes. Our friends said the town's people were even complaining that the antelope were eating the cat and dog food. So the seed was planted.

Unfortunately, I had already booked a ram hunt in Northern Michigan for 2008. The antelope hunt would have to be postponed one more year. During the summer of 2008, I got with my hunting partners and started planning our trip. Pastor Ken had done his vicarage in Torrington, Wyoming in 1993. This was our opportunity for an open range Pronghorn hunt. We found a ranch of seven sections owned all by one family. The ranch had several antelope and the hunting was great, so they said.

By January, Pastor Ken, Steve and myself had applied for antelope licenses and the wait was on for the July drawing. On July 3, 2009 Pastor Ken called. He had gone on line and found that only two of the three of us had been drawn. For my excitement, I was one and Pastor Ken was the other who had been drawn. The next three months were full of planning, shooting, and more planning. Lots and lots of target practice.

The day finally arrived to leave. We packed everything possible into the old Chevy truck and off to Wyoming we went. The weather was sunny but cool and our two day trip brought us in to Torrington, Wyoming at noon on September 30. After a nice lunch, we were off to the ranch to meet the owners and see where we would be hunting the next morning. We saw several nice buck antelope in our travels around the ranch. It was 7 sections of sweet grass and alfalfa circles. Our host family put us up for the evening and their son, Jason, was our own personal guide. We woke up to 1 1/2 inches of wet snow, blizzard conditions with 35 mile per hour winds. Not your most ideal opening day hunt, I thought to myself, but we'd have to make the best of it. We were joined by another hunter from Douglas, Wyoming. We started hunting around 6:30 a.m. and we came up on our first group of Pronghorn by 7:15 a.m. Heavy snow and high winds were still plaguing us. Our guide was able to play the wind in our favor and get our friend from Douglas within 150 yards of a nice buck. One shot with a 300 Win. Mag and the first antelope was down. It measured 13 inches with 2 inch cutters. Our hunt continued on. I spoke with Pastor Ken and we agreed that he would take the next shot. We saw several more antelope in the next hour, but were unable to get into



range of a nice one. Then we were fortunate to find a nice buck. Our closest road was three miles away, the snow had melted, and the wind just kept blowing. We split into two groups and tried to get close enough to get a shot. Pastor Ken was hoping for 200 yards or less, as we had shot paper to only 150 yards. The group of antelope did not move toward Pastor Ken, but doubled back and crossed in front of me at full speed and over 150 yards out. I could not get a good shot or choose one to shoot. They came to a fence and instead of jumping it, one at a time, all eight does went under on a belly crawl. The large buck waited until last. This gave me time to range it in and place a killing shot at 318 yards. My 30-06 Savage bolt action rifle did not fail me with a Winchester supreme 150 grain silver tip, my pronghorn antelope was down. It measured from skull plate to tip on both sides over 14 1/2 inches and had more than 3 inch cutters. The bases were over 6 inches around. At the time of scoring two weeks later the measurement was 75 5/8 inches. The time was now 8:30 a.m. and we took many pictures, loaded up, and continued on.

Pastor Ken was up now for sure and the pressure was on. Two shots and two very nice antelope. All he could say was two shots and two kills. I think he was worried, but the real pressure was on the guide to find another shooter. We continued on for another couple of miles when we spotted a large group of goats. This group had two bucks and at over a half mile they both looked like shooters. We closed the distance to less than 300 yards and the wind was in our favor. We split up again and this time the antelope started to move close to Pastor Ken. They came so close to their truck that he said he felt like they were going to jump right in. The antelope split into two groups. He sighted in on the larger of the bucks, at 254 yards and a 36 inch wind drift figured in, and took the shot. The third antelope was down and it was only 9:30 a.m. on opening day. GREAT JOB GUYS! That's all our guide could say. Special thanks to the Baldwin Ranch and Jason.

Tony Brown, Carson City, Michigan

Houghton Lake Sportsmen's Club Youth Archery Program

by Fred Kleinert

The youth archery program at the Houghton Lake Sportsmen's Club started in Mid October of 2009 with seven students attending our first class. We can accommodate most any age, including adults. Our program is based around the nationally recognized National Archery in the Schools Program. All of our instructors are certified through N.A.S.P. as basic archery instructors.

Our goal at the HLSC is to make our program safe, enjoyable, and fun for the residents of Roscommon County. Time proven, state of the art training techniques, philosophies and education methods are used to provide a foundation to support a lifetime of archery enjoyment. Positive reinforcement and feedback are the focus of our program.

We shoot every Monday from 4 to 6 p.m. During the winter months we had a high of eighteen students and at the present time we average about eleven students a week now that other outside activities are available. Most of the students want to continue through the summer months.

Some of the things we teach are range set up and safety, making a string bow, eleven steps to archery success, safety orientation and equipment nomenclature and inspection as well as equipment operation, maintenance, and repair.

The two most important things the students learn besides safety is how to make a string bow and the eleven steps to archery success. These two things will make even the most experienced archer a better shot. I could write a huge amount of material about finding the dominant eye and the making and using a string bow but I will only mention the eleven steps to archery success. Hopefully, everyone is drawing the correct draw length. The eleven steps are as follows:

1. Stance
2. Nock Arrow
3. Draw hand set
4. Bow hand set
5. Pre Draw
6. Draw
7. Anchor
8. Aim
9. Shot Set-up
10. Release
11. Follow through



Katie Schultz pulling out her arrow



Dabiana Miller pulling out her arrow

You can see from the pictures and the comments that the students have written that they are truly having a lot of fun. We shoot at playing cards, animal targets, balloons, and five spot archery targets. Each week we shoot at a ping pong ball hanging on a string at ten to twelve yards. Now this is a Matthews Genesis compound bow with NO sights and shot three fingers under. The kids are getting so good that we are moving back to fifteen yards.

Our program is a team effort with everyone pitching in. Joe Miano is our target archery guy having shot target archery for many years competitively. Vince Angel is our resident engineer. He can fix or make just about anything we need. He also teaches the 11 steps to archery success. Tom Garcia, who has years of experience as a traditional archer, repairs our arrows. Dr. Mike Ritchie has been a big help by letting us use his equipment from his Roscommon based King's Archery group. Dan Holbrock is a compound shooter like me and works really good with the students. Ted Bayne is our resident leather expert having made all of our finger tabs as well as some very nice arm guards. Ted also works extremely well with the younger kids. With these great instructors, it has been more fun and rewarding than I can put into words.

I would like to mention two other people who have been extremely helpful to our program, Art Gonzales, our publicity director, for his help promoting our program in our weekly paper, the Houghton Lake Resorter, and to our current President, Bob Balsley. Without his determination to get this program started, these kids would not be enjoying archery today. To utter what the kids said, "Thank you Safari Club, Mid-Michigan Chapter, for your generosity." It is truly appreciated more than words can express.



Kris Schultz releasing an arrow



Thomas Cochran aiming at the target



Andrew Cochran shooting his bow

WHAT HAVE YOU ENJOYED THE MOST ABOUT SHOOTING ARCHERY AT THE Houghton Lake Sportsmen's Club?

I enjoyed starting with other people. Getting a lot of help. And ~~meeting~~ new people. Setting new goals. Finding new things.

PLEASE WRITE A SHORT THANK YOU TO THE HOUGHTON LAKE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL AND THE ROSCOMMON COUNTY SHERIFF'S POSSE.

Thank you for giving ~~me~~ the sportsmen's club money and helping for supporting us to.

Thank you

WHAT HAVE YOU ENJOYED THE MOST ABOUT SHOOTING ARCHERY AT THE HOUGHTON LAKE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB?

I have enjoyed trying to hit the ping pong ball. It has been fun.

PLEASE WRITE A SHORT THANK YOU TO THE HOUGHTON LAKE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL AND THE ROSCOMMON COUNTY SHERIFF'S POSSE.

Thank you for your support of this program. I am enjoying learning archery.

WHAT HAVE YOU ENJOYED THE MOST ABOUT SHOOTING ARCHERY AT THE HOUGHTON LAKE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB?

I have enjoyed having about how to shoot and how to hit the target. I also have enjoyed meeting new people.

PLEASE WRITE A SHORT THANK YOU TO THE HOUGHTON LAKE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL AND THE ROSCOMMON COUNTY SHERIFF'S POSSE.

Thank you for allowing me to come. Without your support I wouldn't be here.

WHAT HAVE YOU ENJOYED THE MOST ABOUT SHOOTING ARCHERY AT THE HOUGHTON LAKE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB?

I have enjoyed having some help from the sportsmen's club. When I came I didn't know how to shoot.

PLEASE WRITE A SHORT THANK YOU TO THE HOUGHTON LAKE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL AND THE ROSCOMMON COUNTY SHERIFF'S POSSE.

Thank you for all the help and for the place to shoot archery in this nice clean place.

WHAT HAVE YOU ENJOYED THE MOST ABOUT SHOOTING ARCHERY AT THE HOUGHTON LAKE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB?

I like to shoot bows at targets. I made a friend.

PLEASE WRITE A SHORT THANK YOU TO THE HOUGHTON LAKE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL AND THE ROSCOMMON COUNTY SHERIFF'S POSSE.

Thank you for allowing me to come. Without your support I wouldn't be here.

WHAT HAVE YOU ENJOYED THE MOST ABOUT SHOOTING ARCHERY AT THE HOUGHTON LAKE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB?

I have enjoyed learning archery and improving my skills weekly. I hope to use my skills out in the woods some day.

PLEASE WRITE A SHORT THANK YOU TO THE HOUGHTON LAKE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL AND THE ROSCOMMON COUNTY SHERIFF'S POSSE.

Thank you to the Houghton Lake Sportsmen's Club, Safari Club International and the Roscommon County Sheriff's Posse for their support of this program.

WHAT HAVE YOU ENJOYED THE MOST ABOUT SHOOTING ARCHERY AT THE HOUGHTON LAKE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB?

I like to shoot bows. I made lots of friends.

PLEASE WRITE A SHORT THANK YOU TO THE HOUGHTON LAKE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL AND THE ROSCOMMON COUNTY SHERIFF'S POSSE.

Thank you for allowing to come. Thank you for your support.



Group Picture: Back row l to r: Vince Angel, Tim Garcia, Joe Miano, Fred Kleinert, Will Schultz

Front row l to r: Katie Schultz, Pendelope Chumack, Daryana Miller, Andrew Cochran, Jason Graham, Halie Stuhlman, Thomas Cochran

Jason Graham, Thomas Cochran, and Daryana Miller shooting from the line

Halie Stuhlman Shooting

WHAT HAVE YOU ENJOYED THE MOST ABOUT ARCHERY AND WHY AT THE HUNTERDON LAKE SPORTSMAN'S CLUB?

I like learning how to shoot a bow and every time I get better.

PLEASE WRITE A SHORT THANK YOU TO THE HUNTERDON LAKE SPORTSMAN'S CLUB, SARAH CLIF INTERNATIONAL AND THE ROCKLAND COUNTY SHERRIFF'S OFFICE.

Thank you for paying for archery. It is really fun and I am very good.

WHAT HAVE YOU ENJOYED THE MOST ABOUT ARCHERY AND WHY AT THE HUNTERDON LAKE SPORTSMAN'S CLUB?

I like to shoot bows. I made lots of friends.

PLEASE WRITE A SHORT THANK YOU TO THE HUNTERDON LAKE SPORTSMAN'S CLUB, SARAH CLIF INTERNATIONAL AND THE ROCKLAND COUNTY SHERRIFF'S OFFICE.

Thank you for allowing to come. Thank you for your support.

WHAT HAVE YOU ENJOYED THE MOST ABOUT ARCHERY AND WHY AT THE HUNTERDON LAKE SPORTSMAN'S CLUB?

I enjoy being because I get to learn to shoot a bow.

PLEASE WRITE A SHORT THANK YOU TO THE HUNTERDON LAKE SPORTSMAN'S CLUB, SARAH CLIF INTERNATIONAL AND THE ROCKLAND COUNTY SHERRIFF'S OFFICE.

Thank you for giving the sportsman

WHAT HAVE YOU ENJOYED THE MOST ABOUT ARCHERY AND WHY AT THE HUNTERDON LAKE SPORTSMAN'S CLUB?

Shooting at cool stuff and have a lot of fun.

PLEASE WRITE A SHORT THANK YOU TO THE HUNTERDON LAKE SPORTSMAN'S CLUB, SARAH CLIF INTERNATIONAL AND THE ROCKLAND COUNTY SHERRIFF'S OFFICE.

Thank you for letting me shoot and have a lot of fun.



Joe Miano, Dan Holbrook and Vince Angel



Strutting Their Stuff

by Michael Ritchie DC



Laurie with a turkey sized smile

My wife Laurie was getting up way too early for my liking. "Where are you going so early?" I asked as I pulled up the covers. "I'm going out to shoot a turkey!" she said confidently. "I can't go with you, I have to work today," I reminded her. "That's ok, I'll go get him myself!" "I will not be outsmarted by poultry," she exclaimed walking out the door decked out in camouflage. The two previous days I tried to call a Tom in to her for a shot but they always skirted our decoy just out of range. I wished her good hunting as I watched her bolt out the door. If you are planning on celebrating Thanksgiving by eating a Michigan wild turkey there are things you need to know to make that happen. The three-part season starts April 10 and runs through the end of May. Although the license drawing has already taken place, left over tags may still be available for

certain hunt areas and time periods. Contact your local license dealer for availability.

For those who have already drawn their tags but are new to turkey hunting, I have spoken with local experts to share their favorite tips to make your hunt safe and successful. To have a safe hunt, I spoke with Richard Kiessel, a Roscommon resident and award winning hunter safety instructor. "Identify your target and what is beyond. A hunter dressed in camo may be in the line of fire and not easily seen. Make sure you know you are shooting in a safe direction." He added, "On the same topic, while moving through the woods, wear a cap with hunters orange-- especially if you are successful and carrying your trophy over your shoulder. It is also a good idea while calling to sit against a big tree trunk so another hunter fooled by your call doesn't creep up behind you and shoot in your direction. The tree will protect you from stray pellets." Mark Boersen, the area biologist, says that hunters will have to work a little harder this year to bag their turkey in Roscommon County. "Due to the harsh winters of '08-'09 the populations of turkeys are down somewhat." He adds, "The increase in predators doesn't seem to have as great an effect on the numbers as the weather. I saw young chicks in August last year and most of those will not make it into this year's flock."

Brian Brown, who is the president of the Beaver Creek Chapter of the National Wild Turkey Federation, offers this advice when you go out to tag your tom this year. "When calling, try to mimic what you hear the birds doing. If they are real vocal, increase your calling. If they are quiet, then use clucks and purrs to make them think that there is a hen feeding nearby." He continues, "One tactic that has worked for me is calling in the hens and having the toms follow them into my setup."

Chuck McPherson, who is one of the conservation officers for Roscommon County, offers this reminder for hunters this spring. "Mechanical decoys or electronic calls are not legal during the Michigan turkey hunting season.



Strutting Tom



Laurie with her 2010 turkey

"There are new decoys that run on a track and are pulled along by string. These devices are illegal." He adds, "Be careful not to wear anything red, white or blue in the woods as those colors can be easily mistaken for the colors of a strutting tom's head." The public is reminded that interrupting any legal hunt is a 93-day misdemeanor.

The phone rang at the office about 5:30 PM at the office and my assistant Chris announced, "It's Laurie-- she says she needs help cleaning her big Tom turkey she just shot!" "Tell her I'll be right there to help and take photos," I responded, somewhat surprised. I shouldn't have been surprised. Just like any type of hunting, turkey hunting takes patience, determination and willingness to be adaptable. "I moved the blind and didn't call or use the decoy" she said excitedly. "They just walked right by me." Her bird was over 20 pounds and had a 9 1/4 inch beard. Not a bad size for her first tom. Since that first bird she has beat me every year, collecting quite a number of tail feathers mounts for the wall. It is all good though, as I love the fact that she enjoys getting out hunting with or without me. We both have drawn licenses this year for the first season and don't be surprised if my beautiful bird gets her turkey again this year.

Reservations can be made by contacting:



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(989) 731-9710



Larry Higgins • Owner
1894 Kosiara Rd., Gaylord, MI 49735
www.redpinewhitetails.com
redpinewhitetails@voyager.net

Turkey

by Roger Card

This article is continued from our last issue, "Nine Countries - Seven Weeks - Sixteen Animals, What was I Thinking?"

I had booked the Turkey portion of this hunt with Shikar Safaris at the SCI convention in Reno. Kaan Karahaya, the owner, picked up exactly where Felix Lalane left off. I found Kaan extremely detail oriented and his organization operated like a well oiled machine.

The first order of business was a wonderful tour of Istanbul. Having been in the building business my entire life, I find it beyond my comprehension viewing buildings, walls, and monuments that are fifteen and sixteen hundred years old. Commercial fishing season was in full swing and there were hundreds of vendors selling their wares down by the docks. Lunch was spectacular with the most delicious seafood imaginable.

At 9 p.m. that night I boarded a plane for a 1 1/2 hour flight to Dalaman. I was met by my new guide, Serkan, a cousin of Kaan, and taken to a nice little hotel near our hunting area.

At 4 a.m. sharp as per our schedule, there was a knock at my door and I boarded the Land Rover still partially asleep. We followed the little two track bumping, twisting, and turning about three quarters of the way up the mountain. Then as I had come to expect, climbed the remaining distance on foot in total darkness.

Morning was ushered in by another gorgeous sunrise complete with a spectacular mountain view drenched in absolutely vibrant colors. Most excitingly we soon spotted several male Ibex running around soaking up the sun rays. The rut seemed to be in full swing and the rams were paying much more attention to the females than they



were to us. It wasn't long before we had a nice male in the spotting scope at 275 yards. Eventually he climbed on a ledge directly across from me and I was able to take him out cleanly with a single shot. -- Just once I would like to squeeze the trigger on a mountain animal and have it fall uphill towards me. As you have guessed, the Ibex dropped in his tracks, then slid 250 yards to the bottom of the ravine. It was so violent I was sure both horns would be broken off in the fall.

The climb down was one of the hardest of my mountain journeys. It was so steep that I was on all fours most of the way. I fell twice bruising both knees,

scratching my face and wrenching my right arm. It took over two hours just to reach my ram. He survived the fall with only minor damage. The horns were not only intact but measured over 43" long. A full life size mount will be going to the Card Wildlife Education Center at Ferris State University.

Pictures were taken and a decision was made to send the game keeper back up to get the truck and drive all the way around the mountain while we would continue working our way down the game trail to the bottom. Another three hours and the first Turkey hunt was over. Boy did I sleep hard that night! The next morning was spent securing all the required permits from the government including the shipping permits to get my trophy home.

My next guide, Gallup, arrived at 1 p.m.. We had lunch, then took off for the trip to White Mountain for the Meral Stag hunt. The trip took us up and over several mountains and past many farming villages. Five hours later we reached the Thermal Springs Hotel. It was a wonderful little hotel built on a natural hot springs. Apparently thousands of people come to visit each year. I was one of the people in the hot water just as soon as we unpacked. It really felt good on my old aching muscles and bones.

We were to be up at 4 a.m. one more time driving up the mountain in total darkness. Again, daylight found us sitting up on a lookout point glassing for stage. I saw several females and two bulls, but the guides said we could do better. The rut was almost over. Only the young stags were doing a little bit of calling, they call it roaring. We did a stalk of about two hours for a nice 5x5 but he gave us the slip.

On all the Turkey hunts, the lunches were a picnic type affair consisting of cold bread, cheese, onions, tomatoes, and cucumbers. We would just tear a hunk of bread from the homemade loaf and eat it without anything. Rod and I left our peanut butter in Austria and they don't sell it here. I miss both the peanut butter and my hunting buddy, Rod.

After lunch it was back in the truck to drive all the trails we could cover until 4 p.m. Then it's walk and glass, walk and glass. It's dark and 6 p.m. and we haven't seen any stags, only three females.

Back to the hotel, eat supper and we are in bed by 9 p.m. Boy was I tired!

The second day was a repeat of the first, only different trails around many mountains. I will sure be glad when this mountain hunt is over. I think all my future hunts will be on flat land!

We ate the same lunch then drove up to the local fire tower where a man lives from May through November watching for forest fires. This little cabin is at 6,000' above sea level. What a lonely life, all alone with no electricity, phone, computer, TV, or running water. The radio batteries are charged by solar power and that is his communication. He told us that a snowstorm two weeks ago may have driven the stags down off the high mountain tops and we should try hunting lower.

It worked. We started seeing some young stags, 3x3's and 4x4's, but nothing larger. Then about an hour before dark we spotted a real nice stag with three females with him about a mile off across the valley. The guide and I took off on a fast walk up the mountain to try and head them off. We closed in on them and were preparing for the shot when close inspection through my rifle scope showed that his left antler had been broken off. Man was I disappointed! Two days of climbing, walking, and stalking and no stag.

We started the long walk back to the truck arriving only minutes before dark. We decided to walk the road around the next bend to glass one last valley and there he stood. The shot would be over 300 yards across a deep canyon and the 375 H&H mag. rifle I was borrowing made me remember a Giant Eland hunt in Africa. This rifle bullet would drop a lot at 900 feet so I held about 6" over his back. The shot hit him perfect and he only went 20 yards before collapsing. We marked the spot as it was too dark to retrieve him and we would have to return the next morning. I was in bed again by 9 p.m.

We slept in until 7 a.m. to give the frost on the bushes time to dry off, then began the decent to where the stag had fallen. Lots of pictures were taken. Then we caped him and cut up the meat to pack out. It was a long climb back out of that valley but I had a smile on my face all the way. I had bagged my second Turkey trophy, a very nice 6x6 Marel Stag.

Back at the hotel we had them prepare some of the stag meat for lunch. Meanwhile we packed our gear preparing to hit the road about 2 p.m. for the four hour drive to Antalya. That night I went to a fabulous seafood restaurant overlooking the Mediterranean Sea for dinner.



I was met the next morning at 9 a.m. by Seekana, the same guide I had for my ibex hunt. We flew from Antalya Airport north two hours to Trabzon. Our local guide picked us up and then we had a 10 hour drive to the camp near Artuin, Turkey.

Camp consisted of a three bedroom cabin set in the mountains. This range is called the Cazar Mountains with six fingers running in all directions. The 8,000' tops are all covered with snow with the temperatures at minus 5 Celsius in the morning and minus one Celsius during the day. I call this Canyon Country as the trails follow the little streams that ran down the mountains from the snowy tops. The slopes are almost straight up from the bottom. I really mean 75 - 85 degrees straight up, very, very steep. I had real reservations about being able to climb these mountains.

Up at 4 a.m. and we drove deep into the canyon country following the trail to its end where several small local cabins were located. These people all leave their cabins for the winter as the snow gets 8 to 10 feet deep.

We only had about 6 inches on the ground but traveling these little trails carved out of the sides of the mountains was more than a little scary. It was fasten your seatbelt time and hang on tight! If the truck went over the bank, no guard rails, I'm sure we would all have been killed. Sometimes it was straight down for a couple thousand feet to the river below. This country may be very nice in the summer but in the early winter, November 8 - 10, it is dangerous as hell to travel in.

We searched all day for my chamois, but couldn't find any at all. The guides think the recent 12" snowstorm may have driven them into the lower timber making it very hard to spot them. We glassed mountain after mountain until about 1 p.m. before spotting some chamois. They were about 1 1/2 miles from us across the river, up the next mountain side. One was a good male so a stalk was planned.

First we had to push a log across the river to get to the other shore, then the climb began. We were on all fours most of the time. I can't explain just how steep these

mountains are. It took two hours to get as close as we could, behind a big boulder. The rangefinder still read 510 meters, and that's a long shot with someone else's rifle.

We discussed the shot placement but we didn't remember to hold low on an uphill shot. I held 8" over the ram's shoulder. The bullet must have just missed him high, as we saw the impact on the rock he was standing next to.

At the shot, all four chamois were off to the races, full bore, along the side of the mountain. Another shot was another miss. They ran out of sight over a ridge line. Man, was I feeling down. The exhausting climb, then a miss. It was quite a long descent to the river going over and over in my mind how I had missed my opportunity. What made me most frustrated was I just plain knew better and had made a stupid mistake.

It was dark when we arrived at the truck. We had a two hour drive back to our little camp. After a nice supper I was in bed by 8 p.m.

Up at 4 a.m. for another go at the chamois, but no chance for a shot today. The ram we spotted was chasing females and we couldn't close in on him on that high mountain side. Again, two hours back to camp. It's dark upon arrival, we eat supper and are in bed by 7:30 p.m. We are getting up early again tomorrow.

While traveling back and forth to the hunting area the roads are so narrow that if you want to change directions at an intersection, the car must go back and forth to turn around. While they are backing up to make this turn around, the rear of the truck is hanging out over the cliff with a 500' - 1,000' straight down drop. Sometimes I would get out of the truck while this turn around was being made. I've got a lot of hunting to do and don't want to die falling off a mountain doing a U-turn.

Day three of our chamois hunt started at 3 a.m. Breakfast consisted of dry bread, cold bologna, cheese, and olives. The packaged coffee they brought for me was actually quite pleasant and it really helped get my day off to a good start. We picked up our other game scouts and went back to the place I missed the first day. With the 1 1/2 hour drive up the canyon, we still arrived in the dark making our way up the opposite side of the mountain hoping to be at the best vantage point when daylight came.

I want to note that being in these canyons is like a big city where the sun only shines for maybe 2 - 3 hours as it goes across the peaks of the mountains.

At daylight we found the same bunch of chamois, one big male and three females. A plan was made on how to climb to a shooting spot without being detected. Down our mountain, across the river, then the long two hour climb up the other mountain. When we arrived, the big male had left the three females. It took us about 30 minutes to find him grazing higher up the mountain. Up we went and when we reached the ridge it was a 250 yard shot. The big boy was mine!

The long trip back to the vehicle was tough as the snow made it more like sliding down rather than walking. The guides scored the chamois and they think he will be in the top 10 of SCI. What a great reward for another hard earned trophy.

On the ride out I saw some birds about the size of our robins on the river. They would actually walk into the water, go completely under, and reappear 4 to 5 feet away. The guides said they are called water birds and feed on all kinds of bugs and things in the water. First time I had ever seen that and it was really cool!

We drove into the little city high in the mountains where the game department was located. Eventually we completed all the required paperwork and export permits needed. Next we went to the guide's cousin's house to skin out the chamois and cook the back straps for supper. It was real interesting visiting these local people. We had 11 people sitting on the floor around the tray with food, dry bread, our chamois barbecued meat, cheese, and olives for supper. Every time we stopped at someone's house on this hunt, they served Turkish tea. It's very strong and I don't like the sugar they put in it so it became a very difficult taste to acquire. It's served in little glasses, very hot, and you stir the tea leaves, then let them settle to the bottom, then sip it slowly. I think I drank at least 10 gallons on this trip.

The Turkey hunt is now over and boy do I need a day off. Not to be! Michael Valencia, my booking agent will meet me tonight in Istanbul and it is on to Tajikistan. That exciting story will be in the next issue of this magazine.

Come see the....

Card Wildlife Education Center

*Located in the Arts & Sciences Commons
Room 011 on the
Campus of Ferris State
University.*

Highlights

A 5,000 square foot natural history museum, showcasing over 180 wildlife specimens from around the world.

Exhibits include specimens from Michigan & North America, Central America, Africa, Europe, Asia, and Australia.

Tours are available for school groups and other organizations.

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Thursday 8:00am—6:00pm
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Saturday 9:00am—5:00pm

Additional hours available by appointment.
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Card Wildlife Education Center Benefit Event

by Mary Harter

Don and I recently attended the Card Wildlife Education Center benefit event and toured the educational facilities at Ferris State University on Saturday, April 17, 2010.

The Card Wildlife Education Center is a 5,000 square-foot natural history exhibit that serves as an educational resource for Ferris students and faculty, K-12 students, and the citizens of Michigan. More than 200 wildlife specimens from around the world have been donated by Ferris alumnus Roger Card and his late wife, Debra, to create the Center. A scholarship fund for qualified Ferris students was also established by the Cards.

The Center and its collections provide a learning environment for those interested in wildlife biology and ecology. It is available for field trips and other educational activities. The Card Wildlife Education Center reflects the hunting and fishing culture of northern Michigan.

If you ever have an opportunity to visit this Center, please do, as it is definitely worth your time. Also, what a wonderful educational opportunity for children. Here are a few pictures of the interior.



Matthew Klein, Dean of the College of Arts & Sciences,
Mary Harter, and Roger Card



Interior of Card Wildlife Education Center



MICHIGAN GAME BIRDS

L K C U D D O O W I L D T U R K E Y A I
 O M O R B L U E G O O S E O M O S O K O
 L R C E P I N S N O M M O C T H O C L B
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 B A C C O O L S D E O Q N E M A R A H D
 K N B K O L B D E C A P B O N N B S O G
 A S O H L I R G I S Z R N G S N E Z O N

American Woodcock
 Blue Bill
 Bobwhite Quail
 Canadian Goose
 Common Snipe
 Hooded Merganser
 Merganser
 Partridge
 Rail
 Ring Necked Pheasant
 Scaup
 Snow Goose
 Wild Turkey

Black Duck
 Blue Goose
 Brant Goose
 Canvasback
 Coot
 Mallard
 Moorhen
 Pintail
 Redhead
 Ross Goose
 Sharptail Grouse
 Whitefronted Goose
 Wood Duck

Seat Time - is - Meat Time

"Time in the woods puts venison on the table"

by Robert Mills, Owner - Pine Hill Club

With 57 deer seasons under my belt, I have learned some very important lessons about bagging a whitetail buck. You must put time in the woods to consistently kill deer.

No hunter at the Pine Hill Club puts more time in the woods than Dave Mills. He scouts early, prepares his shooting lanes and is a firm believer of scent. Dave hunts in a thick cedar swamp and gets to his blind before daylight in the morning and stays in his blind until dark. Most days he sees deer but on occasion he sits for 12 hours without a whitetail sighting. Dave does this day after day and never gives up on his location. For the past 12 hunting seasons he always has filled his buck tag. (I cannot remember when Dave has not shot a buck at camp - might be the last day - but his patience always seems to pay off.)

Dave got two "wall hangers" this past season at the camp and both nine-point bucks are being mounted. He shot them eight days apart. (see pictures)

Many deer hunters get restless and think that the hunting is better over the hill. They move on a regular basis and tend to "push deer" to other hunters that are patient and stay put. At times, these "mobile" hunters do fill their tag. ("Even a blind dog will find a bone on occasion.") Most veteran deer hunters will stay put, unless they are sneak hunting - which I don't believe is very productive - the buck has the advantage with few exceptions.

As a youth hunter, I was always restless. I believed that the next ridge would be better for deer movement and continually moved throughout the day. Frequently I would hear a shot from another hunter and later would find that I had spooked deer to this patient person. On few occasions have I shot a deer while moving - I have seen lots of tails when moving around but very few kills. Moving throughout the woods has never been productive for me.

At the Pine Hill Club our hunters stay put for the



first two days of deer season. This is a strict requirement for membership. Stay in your blind all day - no walking around the woods. All hunters pack their lunch the night before and most carry coffee or water with them for their long day sit in the woods. We have twenty-one members in the camp and for 38 straight years half will tag a buck on opening day. Bucks are shot at all times during the day. Many bucks are harvested in late evening or some in early morning. I strongly attribute our camp hunting success to being patient and putting seat time in the woods.

Most of our Pine Hill Club hunters are like Dave. They go back to their blind each and every day until they tag a buck. One hunter sat for seven straight days, from dark in the morning until dark at night and did not shoot a buck. He kept seeing a nice 8 pointer but couldn't get a shot at this elusive deer. He continued to play the "cat and mouse game" for seven days. The member was intent on filling his buck tag before harvesting a doe, which he had many opportunities to do. He just passed, waiting for the big 8 pointer.

In addition to seat time in the woods it is critical that you stay alert. One of our hunters tends to nap in the woods. On three occasions I have found this hunter sleeping during prime hunt time. Needless to say this hunter did not fill his tag this season.

Below is a listing of things that hunters should do to increase their seat time in the woods.

SUGGESTIONS TO INCREASE YOUR SEAT TIME IN THE WOODS

1. Dress for the occasion. Warm clothes, layering, rain gear, etc. I always take a backpack with me hunting. I store socks, gloves, disposable hand warmers, extra shirt, rope, extra shells, license, thermos, candy/gum, and binoculars.
2. Have a comfortable seat in your blind. We use swivel chairs and leave a seat cushion in the blind for added comfort.
3. Have a heating source in the blind. We use Nu-Way Propane stoves. If you are warm, don't light the stove.
4. All blinds have a small shelf that you can lay your gun and binoculars on. Having to hold objects all day is difficult. The shelf is very "user friendly".
5. I always take my boots off in the blind. I use a thick pair of wool socks over my regular socks. This allows me to move my feet without "clunking" on the chair, etc.
6. Get yourself mentally ready for the hunt. I always think that a buck will appear within the next five minutes. Your mental preparation is very important if you are going to sit all day in your blind. Focus on staying put and staying awake. Also, regularly check behind you because bucks may come from any direction.

When you are warm, comfortable and mentally alert you have a much better chance of bagging that buck. Truly seat time has proven to be meat time at the Pine Hill Club. Hours spent in the woods yield great dividends when hunting the unpredictable Michigan whitetail buck.

If you want to increase your chances of bagging that big buck, consider increasing your seat time in the woods. I think you will be pleasantly surprised by the positive results.



Dave Mills with son Matt - 9 point buck shot Nov. 23, 2009



Buck pole - November 16, 2009 - 10 bucks



Typical hunting blind - Pine Hill Club
The camp has 35 hunting blinds

Quick Moose

by Josh Christensen

It was December 23rd, 2008 and my friend Bryan and I were on our way home from our annual pilgrimage to Cabela's. We were in good spirits because we both were coming home with new rifles. I had purchased a new Ruger M77 Hawkeye, chambered in 7mm Remington Magnum with a walnut stock. I was excited about the versatility of the rifle. Not only the distances I would be able to shoot but also the size of game this caliber could take down.

We were discussing the different hunting opportunities the world has to offer when Bryan asked me what animal I would most like to harvest. Without missing a beat I said moose. This conversation got me thinking, so over the next month I did some research as to different places to hunt moose at an affordable price. I found that Newfoundland had a lot to offer with success rates near 100% and a very high population density of moose.

My next step was to find an outfitter. So logically I began to look through websites on the internet. I also began to e-mail and call different members of our chapter to get their thoughts as to where I should hunt. I ended up going with Ray's Hunting and Fishing out of Howley, Newfoundland. I saw Ray's operation on a Gander Mountain hunting show and called him to get some information.

Over the next two months (January and February) I kept in contact with Ray and called his references. Finally, I decided on the dates I would book and sent out my deposit. I made sure to get dates that would coincide with the rut (September 28th to October 4th). I was signed up to hunt the largest of the deer family.



Josh with his moose

In March I purchased a Leupold VX-III 4.5-14x40mm scope for my 7mm. Over the summer I went out and shot at least three rounds every week to break in the barrel and become comfortable shooting at 200 plus yards. Overall, I ended up putting around 100 rounds through the barrel and I was extremely confident in my shooting ability with the new rifle.

September finally came and I was driving my way to Toronto to take a direct Air Canada flight to Deer Lake, Newfoundland which is about a forty minute drive from Howley. I stayed the night prior to departure in a hotel near the airport and was shuttled over to the airport with plenty of time to make my one o'clock flight. Upon reaching the ticket counter I was informed my flight had been cancelled and I had to fly to a different part of Newfoundland and catch a connecting flight to Deer Lake. This would put me in Deer Lake three hours later than I wanted, but what could I do? So I just smiled got my tickets and caught the flight.

I arrived at camp on Sunday around 8:00 p.m., squared away licenses with Ray, and met my guide Quentin. Quentin was a young guy, about 22 years old, and explained to me that he too is an avid hunter. After



Landscape in the area

introductions I turned in for the evening. I was awoken by the cook staff at 4:45 and had an excellent breakfast before Quentin and I departed for the first day of the hunt.

We got into a large camp truck and started out to our hunting location. It wasn't long before we were off the pavement and on the two tracks used by the logging industry. We continued on this two track through the darkness for a total of about twenty miles, where we pulled off onto another smaller two track and parked the truck. Quentin explained he wanted to wait until light before we drove the rest of the way to our first glassing location, because we might be able to spot a bull on the way if it were light out.

We stepped out of the truck to stretch our legs (and Quentin needed a cigarette). The cold air of the morning made me button up my fleece and put on my stocking cap. It was a good cool morning and I was excited to be out in the bush on a hunt.



Beautiful landscape

At first light we started up the trail in the truck looking at the clear cut land for a moose. About a mile down the road Quentin spotted something on the left side of the truck and quickly turned it off and got his binoculars out. It was three moose about 400 yards up hill. They were silhouetted on the sky line. We both quickly and quietly got out the truck and worked our way to the back of the truck to get a better angle. We saw that there was a cow, her calf and a bull. I couldn't believe it. My first ten minutes of daylight and I had already seen a bull moose.

Quentin and I discussed the bull, which was pretty wide but didn't have a whole lot of points or palmation. As we were about to get our gear to get a better look at this bull, the cow and calf started to walk off. The bull didn't move at first and let the cow and calf get about fifty to sixty yards ahead of him before he started to follow after them when we heard a noise. It didn't register to me what it was until Quentin said "There's another bull!" Sure enough, on the right side of the trail about 200 yards ahead of us stood another bull moose looking at the cow and calf up on the hill and calling to them.

Quentin quickly assessed the new bull and told me it was better than the one on the hill and I should seriously consider taking him. At this point the adrenaline was pumping. As fast as I could I grabbed my 7mm pulled the bipod legs down and got into a prone position right there on the two track. In the process of doing this, the bull stepped onto the trail and stopped, looking right at us. I took my time, dialed my scope up to 14 power and placed the crosshairs behind his front shoulder. At the report of the rifle I saw the massive animal jump, like an animal does when he's heart shot, but he didn't go down.

At this point I recalled the conversation Quentin and I had while driving in that morning. He told me "If you shoot a moose and he doesn't go down continue to shoot until he does or until you're out of ammo." So I reacquired the moose into my scope and sent another bullet flying. At this shot the moose began to trot up the trail away from us. The only shot available now was of his backside, that is until Quentin gave a cow call that stopped the moose in his tracks. When he turned to look back, he turned so he was quartering away and that's when I let him have another round. This shot finished the deal as the moose dropped.

Months of planning, 100 rounds of ammunition practicing, and two days of traveling paid off as I took my first moose. High fives, hand shakes and reliving the experience followed as we drove up to the bull. Unbelievably, in the first hour of the first day I bagged a bull moose and my hunt ended as quickly as it began. It was a bitter sweet feeling. I was excited to have gotten a moose, but at the same time saddened that the hunt was over.

Kansas Hunting

by Joanne Witte



Joanne and Larry with their deer

Larry and I hunted Whitetail deer with muzzleloaders in Kansas from September 28, 2009 to October 5, 2009. We hunted in southeastern Kansas near Peru with Jeff Brondige of Hickory Creek Outfitters. We were only about 50 miles from the Oklahoma border and we had to drive through Coffeyville, Kansas, to get to Jeff's place. Coffeyville is where the Dalton gang was killed in a shootout while the 4 brothers were robbing two banks at the same time. It seems that their sister had a house near Coffeyville and regularly hid the brothers between "jobs".

We had a great time hunting with Jeff and both harvested deer, though not the giants we had hoped for. The elements conspired against us. The weather was hot and the corn was still standing, providing perfect hiding places for the elusive Whitetails. Our accommodations were very nice and Jeff was a very attentive guide and a good cook.

Page 28



Jeff Brondige with the deer





The lodge

The first morning he took us by SUV to a pasture where he had elevated box blinds. After a short walk along a well-marked path in the dark we arrived at our blinds. The first morning Larry and I both saw several deer. He saw two good bucks and I saw one. We did not shoot them because it was the first morning and we expected to see lots of deer later in the week.

My first afternoon in the blind I saw four does and fawns comfortably munching clover. Suddenly they went on high alert and fled. I wondered if they had smelled me, but as I looked around I saw a coyote. That's what spooked them. During the hunt we regularly saw coyotes.

For the next three days we didn't see any bucks. Finally on Fri. Oct. 2 when Larry and I were sitting in pop-up ground blinds we both saw bucks. The weather was finally cooler and as the sun rose I looked to my left and a nice 8 point buck appeared out of the fog. I shot it easily, called Jeff on the cell phone, and he came to pick me up and gut the deer. As he was gutting it we heard a shot and Jeff said that must be Larry.

It was. He shot a 10 point buck. We took the deer into town to be processed and waited till Sat. so the meat would be frozen for the trip back to Michigan.

Kansas was a new experience for us. The terrain was very rocky, hilly, and difficult to walk on. To make matters worse, the rocks were hidden by ankle length grass. We had to pick our way over the rocks very carefully. This area is called the flint hills—for good reason.

Jeff's lodge was very comfortable, with good beds and a dependable shower. As usual, we had some water troubles. We figured out that the plug that runs the pump had to be periodically reinserted into the receptacle. It had



Joanne's deer with her Ultimate Firearms Muzzleloader



The shadow of a blind

Kansas scenery



The rocks close up



Larry's deer

a tendency to slip out. All the water there is trucked in which surprised us. Everyone had big tanks in the bed of a pickup that they filled in town at a cost per gallon. Once the water got low it was back into town for a refill.

The day before we left the farmers started to harvest the corn. Watching the huge machinery and trucks was very interesting. Unfortunately they didn't get enough corn harvested in time to allow us to hunt in the cut over fields.

In hindsight we both should have shot the deer we saw the first day. I always take books with me on hunting trips so I was perfectly happy sitting in a blind reading until something came by.

Jeff worked very hard to see that we had a good hunt. He had many blinds in place and moved us when he thought it would be to our advantage.

We signed up to rifle hunt with Jeff in December of 2010 so you will read a future installment about Kansas hunting then.



Bedroom in the lodge



Joanne's tent blind

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BEAR HUNT

by Ken Peters, Jr. (little Kenny)

in Wawa, Canada

The bear hunt of August 21, 2009 all started September of 2008 for me. Last September I was helping Ed Peters and Scott Raymond getting the deer blinds ready for deer hunting. All Ed and Scott were talking about was how much fun they had up at Rick Dickson's Black Bear hunt. I kept listening and thinking how much fun it would be to go on a bear hunt. Ed had to run into Mt. Pleasant for some errands and he would bring back some world famous Pixie conies. Well maybe not world famous, but you can't beat a Pixie Coney or two or six. When Ed got back, while eating our Coney, we talked about me going on a bear hunt with them in August of 2009. I told them I had to check with my wife to see if we could afford it. When I got back home pretty excited from talking about the hunt I was thinking we could afford it. At first my wife said we couldn't afford it so I was pretty bummed. Then she was doing some figuring and she told me it was a once in a lifetime opportunity so we would find a way to pay for it. I called Ed and told him I was in.

I had to get my passport so I went early just in case I had a problem but everything went smooth. Ed suggested I bring my M1 garand with me. I told him I didn't think I could bring it because of it being a military rifle. I called the Canadian firearms division to ask about it and they told me that the M1 was the only firearm that holds more than five rounds and it was allowed in Canada.

The day we left for Canada, we all met at Ed's office. I got there first. Ed was picking up Brian. When Ed and Brian got to Ed's office we went to Ed's house so Ed could load up his gear. We had to go pick up the trailer for the Wheelers. Mark's wife was dropping Mark off. Then "We the Great American Bear Hunters" had to go eat at the Chinese buffet. Nothing beats a good buffet. We had to have our bellies filled before the long drive. Once we got back to Ed's, Mark, our gourmet cook and Ed went to Sam's Club to pick up all of our gourmet food. It was amazing the food Mark made while in Canada - bear fajitas, antelope burgers with cheese inside of them, deep fried pike, and scampi with fresh salsa - really good food. While Ed and Mark were getting the food, Brian and I loaded the truck and trailer.



Bear Hunt in Wawa

Once Scott got off work we all piled into the truck, made a quick stop at Meijers for a couple of things, then we were on the way to Canada. The drive didn't seem to take that long. We all had a pretty good talk while on the way which made the drive go a lot quicker. We stopped at the duty free store to pick up the needed supplies, BEER and other cocktails. Ed being the nice guy he is bought a box of cigars for Rick, our outfitters, for \$20.00. When we pulled up to the border, Ed was driving and they asked if we had anything to declare. Ed told them our guns, we bought some beer and drinks, and he bought a box of cigars as a gift for our outfitter. They told us to pull over and come inside. One of the agents came out to the truck and asked if anyone had a semi auto gun. I said I did and he asked how many rounds it held and I told him eight. He lit right up as he thought he had me. I told him I had checked before about the gun and he took my paperwork and after a short time of checking he was told that my gun was OK. Back to Ed being the nice guy for buying the outfitter a gift. He got to give the Canadian government



Ed Peters with his black bear

a gift of \$30.00 as a gift tax. After that we were cleared to enter the country.

We stopped and got our hunting licenses and then we headed to our lodge, the Northern Light Motel in Wawa. It was a nice chalet and very roomy. It was pretty cool. We walked in about 1 a.m. and they had toothpicks lined up to say, "Hi, Ed". It was a real nice place to stay with a full kitchen and room to sleep six people. We got unloaded and went to bed.

The next morning we met with Rick, a really nice guy. He gave us our blinds and Scott, Brian, and I went and baited the stands. Ed and Mark got breakfast going so when we got back it was all ready. After we ate and got the dishes done we took a nap then got ready to head out for a good hunt. The only one to see anything was Mark. He saw two small cubs playing around the barrel. We headed back to the chalet at dark to eat supper.

Sunday after we baited in the morning we went out that afternoon again. I heard the wolves off in the distance. Then I heard a big crash behind me. I turned around and couldn't see, it was so overgrown. I turned my head back around slowly. They told me you won't hear a

bear come in and they were right. I looked up and here came a bear out of the woods. He was a shooter but I couldn't get a shot at him. He ran off real quick. I'm thinking, "Oh, great, there went my chance." Then here comes a bigger bear out of the woods and past the barrel. He turned around, walked towards the woods, and I said to myself, "You're not getting away". I put my sight just behind his shoulder and fired. I saw him hunch up but just stood there so I shot him again. He turned and ran down into the woods. I shot two more times at him. I reloaded my gun before I climbed out of the tree. I walked up to the spot where he had stood and didn't see any blood so I started down into the woods. This is about eight at night and everyone was about a mile or more apart. I thought it wasn't a good idea to go into the woods by myself with a wounded bear. So I got back in the tree

waiting for someone to show up. I heard Ed shoot twice. By the time he got to me and I drove back to get Scott and Brian, it was way too dark for us to go into the woods to look for my bear. The next morning we headed out to find my bear. Ed found him. He was half eaten so instead of getting a bear rug, I'm getting a half mount. We went to see if we could find Ed's bears. We couldn't find any trace so we thought he might have hit a twig that deflected his bullet.

Mark was the next one to get a bear. He sat in Blind #1 from Saturday to Tuesday. All he saw was two little bear cubs every night playing and having a good time. After Tuesday he said he was done babysitting so Wednesday he moved to Blind #3. That was a good move. He was sitting up in his blind and a nice bear came in and he was able to get a good shot at him. While he was waiting for us to come help, he was talking to some blueberry pickers. At first he thought they might give him a hard time for shooting his bear but they were pretty cool to him and wanted to take his picture and all. This was very good as it could have turned the other way and he was by himself out in the middle of the woods. The people could have been anti-hunters and given him a hard time.

Nobody else has seen any bears yet. Ed talked to the owners of the Northern Lights Motel and Rick about us staying one more night to see if we could get another bear or two. They were very nice and said no problem. Mo and John and Rick are great people, real easy to talk with, and very friendly.

Saturday afternoon Ed and Scott headed out for the blind and just before dark a huge bear came in to Ed's stand, stood broad side to him, and he had a perfect shot. He took his shot and the bear dropped right there. The bear started to get up and Ed didn't want a repeat of what happened to my bear so he put another shot in him and he was done. Scott came and got us to help load the huge bear up on the wheeler. Ed (John Wayne of Mt. Pleasant) stood guard over his bear so no other bear or wolves got it. When we all got back to Ed we could hardly believe how big he was. We had to use good old arm strength to load him but it was a challenge. They figure he weighed close to 500 lbs. He was a real nice bear. The next morning we went and got our pictures taken with Ed's bear. While we were getting our picture taken, I saw how big Ed was smiling and how great it was to be part of this hunt. It will

be something I will never forget. I mean to hear about a hunt and being a part of a hunt is totally different.

Scott and Brian didn't get a bear this time but there will always be a next time. Everyone had a great time. It was really nice to have a bunch of guys that worked and played together so well. Sometimes you have a guy that doesn't want to put in his share but that wasn't the case here. Everyone pitched in which made the trip very enjoyable.

After we got Ed's bear skinned, we loaded up and headed for home. We kind of worried about being stopped at the border. With five guys in a truck you have a lot of gear and you don't want to have to unload it all. We had a good crossing and just had to fill out some paper work and we were on the way home. We had to stop at Big C for lunch. They have the greatest burgers there. You better be hungry. They are a normal size burger for me but for the normal eater, they are kinda big.

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Rhino, Up Close and Personal,

plus Cats, Sables, and Nyalas

by Mary Harter

Last August we went to Thambazimbi in the Limpopo Province of South Africa for a two week hunt with Johan Pieterse for Don to hunt the five small cats and for me to dart a rhino and hunt a sable. We had previously spent over three weeks hunting with Johan and his son, Human, in Tanzania and had a great time.

We flew from Grand Rapids to Atlanta and then it was just over 15 hours to Johannesburg, South Africa, where we were met by Johan who helped us check our guns through security.

Johan's ranch consisted of 5,000 acres fenced with his home and buildings, a lodge with a trophy room, dining room combo where we ate our meals, four separate bungalows for guests, a kitchen and cook's quarters, and a separate building for his guides and skimmers.

For dinner, Francisco, our chef, prepared a delicious meal of tsessebe with potatoes, spinach, carrots, cabbage rolls, and a cake with fruit for dessert. We had asked to eat harvested wild animals and during our stay were served hartebeest, sable, gemsbok, duiker, bush pig, and others.



Mary with her blue wildebeest

We enjoyed a campfire every night and cocktails in zebra covered chairs watching animals come to the watering hole and feeding the bush babies caramel right from our finger tips. The bush babies are little monkeys and have amazing eyesight. Their eyes glow in the dark. Francisco served our cocktails and snacks of which my favorites were biltong - strips of sun dried meat, dried without cooking - and Francisco's fried peanuts.

On our first day we awoke to see some of the rhinos drinking on the far side of the watering hole right in front of our bungalow. This sight was repeated almost daily. Johan had eight rhinos in all, 2 females each with young, 2 young males, and 2 older males, Nick and Ten Rand. Ten Rand was so named because in South Africa a rhino is pictured on the Ten Rand bill. A white rhinoceros is huge with an elongated head and two horns on the snout. The mouth is square and wide. They have poor eyesight and the babies walk in front of their mothers. The "territorial or dominate" bull urinates by spraying through its hind legs. The other males urinate normally.

Sometimes we awoke to Billie (a Holstein) and her calf scratching her back on the brick walls of our bungalow.



Don with his Nyalal

This was a little startling until you figured out just what was going on. Nyala, impala, and kudu also wandered through our area and wart hogs rutted near where we were staying. The immediate area around camp was a no hunting area and the animals seemed to know it.

We went out to check a few baits to see if they had been hit by any cats and on the way saw several nice blue wildebeest, also called a brindled gnu. The wind was in our favor so we snuck up on them to about 40 yards. They were feeding and when one lifted his head, JP said, "Take him!" He was a nice male over 7 years old and he ran about 150 yards before he went down. This was a little unusual for me. I had double lunged him with a 300 WSM using a 180 grain Nozzler partition but I shot just behind the shoulder like we try to shoot deer in Michigan. Oops -- gotta remember the shoulder shot and put them down right on the spot, - DRT.

We went to a huge, natural water hole and Don shot an impala to use for bait. We checked the rest of the baits and set out a couple of new ones.

After dinner we went out for cats and at about 7 p.m. Don shot a caracal. They are brick colored and have pointed ears with black tassels at the tips. This was my favorite of the small cats and JP said it was usually the second hardest to get. The five small cats in order of difficulty to get are: Genet - small with black spots, Caracal, African Wild Cat - tawny and gray with dark stripes and rings on its legs and tail, reddish behind their ears, African Civet - black and white stripes and blotches with a black band across its eyes like a raccoon, and the Serval - black stripes on the neck that change into spots stretching in a line from the front to the back and are just beautiful.

On the second day we checked the baits and pictures on the camera chips. Hyenas had hit the older baits but nothing had hit the newer ones yet. Don and JP stalked a couple of steenboks that had crossed the road in front of us but couldn't spot them again.

After lunch, JP called a neighbor who had a ranch much like his but had Southern sables instead of rhinos. I wanted a sable as I had not gotten one in Tanzania and it was still on my list. He had three spotted and after we arrived were able to get a look at all three. Sables are dark brown to black with white bellies. Their face is white with dark stripes and they have scimitar-



PH J.P. Pieterse and Mary with her sable

like horns. One was darker which meant he was older but one of the lighter ones had longer horns. I set up to shoot several times as they kept moving around. Finally I got a shot and down he went - a DRT!! His horns each measured 39 7/8" and he was 7 or 8 years old. What a trophy!! The South African sables are larger than those from Tanzania. We had seen many sables in Tanzania and set up many times to get a shot only to be disappointed. Sometimes things are just meant to be.

We hunted all afternoon and evening, hunting three hours with the spotlight until midnight. Don shot a beautiful common duiker with horns over 5 inches. We also spotted six genet but they were all too quick.



Don with his caracal from the Limpopo Provinces, South Africa





Don with his Serval, Free States, South Africa

Shorty skinned the Nyala using their skinning hoist and we watched as he carefully worked. Then it was salted and rolled to come back to JP's skinning area. Nyala are very susceptible to hair loss and great care must be taken with these beautiful hides.

We went back for a late dinner and as usual Marta, our maid, greeted us with hot, scented washcloths to use to clean up and also warm up. Don went back out with JP spotlighting and saw an anteater or armadillo which are very rare, a jackal, and more genets but didn't get any.

On the fourth day we checked baits which were hit by hyenas and warthogs but no cats. The impala bait still was not hit. We searched for cats and a steenbok. We sat at a waterhole for warthogs and anything else that might come in. We saw 12 warthogs at one time but none were large. We sat at a second waterhole and saw kudu, more warthogs, impala, Franklin, and eland. Franklin are game birds similar to our partridge. There are three kinds: Crested which is the most common, Swainson's which is the largest and brown with a red face, and Natal which has a orange beak and legs, and a speckled chest.

We set up near dark with the predator call to try to call in a cat but no luck. We drove around after dark with the spotlights and saw a few genet but either they ran or Don didn't connect. He was using a single shot 12 gauge shotgun for the genets. We saw a male armadillo and Johan told us they have a tongue a meter long. The females have white tails so the babies can see it and follow their mother at night. For dinner we had appetizers of sable shishkabobs followed by sliced duiker, potatoes, squash with creamed corn, and cabbage.

On the fifth day we awoke to see a beautiful Nyala and three rhinos feeding at the water hole. Shorty, our tracker

On day three we drove around and saw impala, kudu, eland, mountain reed buck, warthog, steenbok, blue wildebeest, zebra, and caracal. We saw a huge warthog and drove around to the opposite side of the waterhole he was headed to so the wind would be in our favor. We didn't see him but 10 others came in to drink plus 3 kudu. How fun to see them all drink and the warthogs eat grass down on their knees and scratch themselves on the cement sides of the cistern holding the water.

After lunch we drove to another area after Nyala. Nyala are elegant, slender antelope. The male has a white chevron mark between the eyes, a white-tipped mane and yellow "socks". The females are much smaller and do not have the white markings or socks. JP's Nyala weren't quite old enough to harvest so we visited a friend's property and Don shot a Nyala about 9 years old, with 28" horns. This was a breeding area and we saw many does and young of Nyala, sable, and cape buffalo, plus an assortment of impala, springbok, water buck, ostrich, and rhino.

The owner had a unique system to spray the animals for ticks during that season. To get water, the animals had to go through a special gate that sprayed an insecticide on them when the gate opened. Young springbok will often die from the tick bites.



Don with his mountain reed buck

went out to keep an eye on Nick, the largest rhino as today is the day scheduled to dart him. The vet and helicopter are coming at 11 a.m. I get to practice with the dart gun and instruction from Dr. Schack Wilhelm before the hunt. I must get close to the rhino, hopefully within 15 yards. Dr. Wilhelm will set the CO2 cartridge for me according to the distance. I practiced shooting with an empty dart several times into a bag of straw. The dart must enter a muscle area on either the neck or rear and not into a fold of skin. It must go straight in and not at an angle. If I miss or it glances off him then he must be darted from the air and it doesn't count as an SCI trophy. So in other words, I GET ONE SHOT!! Also, the serum in the loaded dart would kill a human. We must find the rhino soon after he is hit, take pictures, do the work on him, and administer the antidote. The shot makes his muscles unable to move so his breathing must be monitored. We had to buy insurance on Nick to cover his costs in case anything happened to him.

When we got out to Shorty and he pointed out Nick, Nick started to run and ran away from the wind and we couldn't get to him. We went back to the truck out of breath and disappointed. The vet, official measurer, helicopter pilot, and seven students that came with the vet were all disappointed as well and we decided to try again on Saturday.

We checked baits, and hunted all over for Nick just to see where he was and never saw him. That evening we went to some irrigated wheat fields and Don shot an African wild cat, a steenbok, and a porcupine.

Dinner was duiker, carrots, brussel sprouts, potatoes, and salad.

On the sixth day we awoke to no rhinos at the water hole at the lodge. We checked baits and the impala still wasn't hit but the old bait had a civet on camera. We sat on a waterhole and then walked to the next and saw red hartebeest, kudu, impala, warthogs, wildebeest, guinea fowl, Franklin, and many, many other birds. A group of bush pigs with a mama and three babies came in. A few minutes later more came in for a total of 12. One was a good old male and Don stood up very slowly and shot him. JP was elated as these are usually very nocturnal and he had never seen so many before during the day. They are brownish gray with longer, coarse, silver hair on their back.

After dark we drove around and Don shot another caracal. We went to the wheat fields but didn't spot anything. When we got back, Nick was on the alfalfa hay placed on the far side of the water hole.

On Saturday, the seventh day, Nick had left but all the rest of the rhinos were still at the water hole. Shorty went out to look for Nick. We checked baits and the impala bait had finally been hit. The boys will set up a blind and we plan to hunt in it tonight. A civet is on camera. The second bait was hit by honey badgers, three at a time feeding. There are a lot of honey badgers.

JP called the vet to have him come around 4:30 just in case Nick was here. He wasn't but Ten Rand, the second largest rhino, had come in with China and JP1, her baby, and the two other young females, and I decided to dart him. As the vet was setting up the dart, in comes Nick with the other female and calf. What luck!! JP and I gave a huge sigh of relief.

The vet, JP, and I rode the truck to near the tractor and hay wagon and we got out on the far side. The truck left and we walked around to the other side and as we approached Nick, the vet adjusted the CO2 pressure for the distance which was about 15 yards. If anything went wrong, like if Nick were to charge us, I was to follow the vet and JP would handle the situation. He had a rifle and would shoot Nick if necessary.

I darted Nick in the muscles of his right rear. It was either there or in the neck muscles. The dart had a pink pompon on the end of it and we could easily see where I had hit. He ran about 50 yards and stood and looked at us but then ran into the brush. Shorty and Bushman and the vet were off following him. He had about six minutes before he would be safely down and we had to know where. The truck picked us up and Don and I and the vet's brother drove around to where JP thought he would go and Don and I spotted him as he crossed a trail. We could hear him crashing in the thick brush. He went down in an opening in the brush with a front leg in a wart hog hole so he stayed with his body up in a good position for pictures and not down on his side. As soon as it was safe we took



Getting ready to shoot a mountain reed buck in the Free States



Learning to shoot the dart gun from Dr. Wilhelm



Practicing with the dart gun with encouragement from JP

pictures and then the vet and his crew of seven students from all over the world, started monitoring and working on him, taking blood samples and implanting a microchip in each horn. He was also measured for me and came out larger than JP had thought. The horn is made of hair and Nick had lost about 6" of it before JP bought him 5 or 6 years ago, hence the name "Nick". He had sharpened his horn to a point again. He was between 13 and 16 years old.

The seven students were from Newfoundland, three from Ontario, London, England, Belgium, and South Africa and all were in their last year of vet school.

What a hunt! Everyone was so excited and we talked with the students, vet and his brother around a campfire back at the lodge. The bush babies came out and some of the students enjoyed feeding them. While we were still talking, Nick came back to the water hole in front of us to feed. He had a white bandaid around his largest horn to hold in the microchip until the glue hardened and was himself again and didn't seem to be upset from his ordeal. I kidded the vet that he had been more injured than the rhino. Dr. Wilhelm had been scraped by some brush as he went after the rhino and had blood running down the side of his leg.



Bush babies eating caramel

Mary with her darted rhino. Front leg is in a warthog hole so the rhino stopped in a great position for picture taking.



Dr. Wilhelm and Mary Harter with the used dart with a bent needle after the successful hunt

This was an exciting hunt especially to have only one shot and then to be touching a live 4,000 pound, wild, trembling animal. While he couldn't move, he still could hear and see what was going on. They did cover his eyes while they worked on him. It had become necessary to microchip him as many rhinos were poached and even homes and museums were broken into to steal rhino horns which were extremely valuable in the Asian market. Ten Rand still needs a chip but most of the others had already had theirs implanted.

On the next day we slept in and then went to check the baits and saw the blind that Shorty and Bushman had made. Plans were made to come back and sit in it after 5:00 p.m. that night. We went to the skinning shed to measure our trophies. Lunch was a bacon and vegetable quiche.

We were out in the blind around 5:30 but the wind was not in our favor and no cats came in. We drove around looking for genet but saw a couple for only a second. For dinner we were served lamb, potatoes, squash, cauliflower, and banana pancake around a banana and marula sauce for dessert.

On day nine we were packed and ready to leave for the Free State to hunt more cats, mountain reed buck, and another porcupine. It took over 6 hours of driving time to arrive at Langberg where Rianna and Wessel live in a very old family home they had restored. They had many antiques and old family photos. We slept in a guest house also used in warm weather by hikers. Johan brought electric bed pads to use to keep us warm in the cold, stone building. We ate lamb stew and then went up the mountain to hunt for Serval. Wessel raises cattle on his land so we passed through many fences. The terrain and vegetation was very different from the Limpopo Province. We hunted about three hours seeing ducks, duikers, and



Some of the Veterinarian students


steenbok before we found a Serval which we were very fortunate to find on the first night of hunting. It was cold and windy and the cat was on a protected side of some grasses and one shot from Don's 223 Blazer with a 40 grain V-max bullet and he was down. Back to the house to celebrate and then a good night's sleep.

Up in the morning of day ten and out for mountain reed buck which were quite plentiful. They found a group of eight with a nice buck and JP, Shorty, and Don went off after them and soon had their trophy. We went back for brunch and then drove the 6 plus hours back to Johan's. Shorty skinned and salted the cat the evening before and did the mountain Reedbuck while we were eating brunch. Back at camp several hours later we settled in again and then were off for genet. We drove around for at least 1 1/2 hours and finally found one which climbed a tree so Don went and shot him. He was a beautiful, huge male. We went back for a pork chop dinner and out to the fields for civet. We searched and searched especially where the farmer had seen one the previous night but never saw one. We saw duiker, steenbok and eight African wild cats. JP set up the predator call and called three different times and the African wild cats came in but no civet. To have harvested all five small cats on one hunt would have been a great accomplishment but now we just have to go back for one more. We went to bed just before 2 a.m.

The next day, day 11, we were up and packed, and ready to settle up with JP. Shorty presented us with walking sticks he had made out of raisin bush wood. We did a little shopping before going to the airport to depart this evening. JP took us to an indoor shopping area with items for sale like most places but clean and no one to hassle you to buy. What a pleasant experience. We ate a leisurely lunch there and were off to the airport where JP stayed with us until we had to go through gates where he couldn't go. What a great experience we had!




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Looking Ahead -

In our next issue -

The Island of Luzon in the Philippines
by Roger Card

Bobcat Double
by Joanne Witte

Turkey Hunting with my Dad
by Lexi Strobe

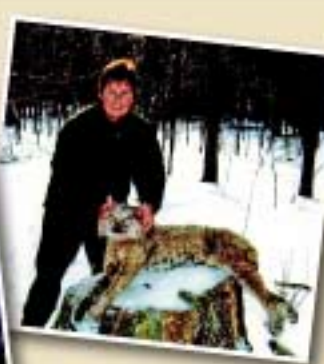
Dushanbe, Tajikistan (And then the wheels came off)
by Roger Card

Unbelievable Turkey Hunt
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Back to New Zealand
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A great Adventure Turkey Hunting
by Art Gonzalez

*And more articles, poems, recipes,
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