

FRONT SIGHT



SCI
FIRST FOR HUNTERS

Mid-Michigan Chapter Safari Club International

April-June 2011, Issue 14



Picture by Dave Riffel, D.C.
Overlooking the Madison River
in Yellowstone National Park

Voted Best Overall Publication In Safari Club International



2010 MONTANA



JEFF CHADD

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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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SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Meeting Schedule

Date	Meeting Type	Time	Location
April 4, 2011	Board	4:30 p.m.	Doubletree Hotel
	Membership	6:30 p.m.	One Wenonah Park Place Bay City, MI 48708
May 2, 2011	Board	4:30 p.m.	Comfort Inn
	Membership	6:30 p.m.	
June 6, 2011	Board	4:30 p.m.	Comfort Inn
	Membership	6:30 p.m.	

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

Message from your President

We had one of our best fundraisers in February. More people attended Friday's auction than ever before. Saturday's dinner and auction was a sold out event with a great list of auction items. I want to thank all our sponsors and exhibitors who helped make this event so successful, a special thank you to all the women who made the baskets for the silent auction, and a big thank you to all the members who worked so hard before and during the auction. Finally, thank you to all the people who attended, for it is YOU who really makes this event successful.

This year we are hoping to see more members and friends attend our April, May, June, and September membership meetings. Our April 4th meeting is being held at the Bay City Doubletree Hotel in Bay City. One of our guest speakers is Ed Spinazzola of the Mid Michigan Branch of QDMA (Quality Deer Management Association). He has over 30 years experience developing food plots throughout Michigan. Brian Simpson from Alaska will also be speaking. He is an excellent outfitter and offers hunts for caribou, moose, grizzly bear, and muskox.



Everyone attending will receive a free ticket for the gun drawing that will be drawn at this event. One of our meeting attendees will walk away with a new gun. Let's all work hard this year! If we would all just sign up one new member we can double our membership.

Our election for Board Members is coming up very soon. If any of you have an interest, please leave me a message at 989-330-1065.

Hope to see you April 4th and bring a friend.

Hunt Often, Hunt Safe

Don Harter

Don Harter

Editor's Comments

From Botswana Bulls to U. P. Bobcats, we have had quite a year. To top it all off, our chapter was awarded "The Best Overall Publication" for this magazine and I accepted this international award while we were in Reno at the SCI Convention in January. What an honor to receive this award!

The week in Reno was topped off with a speech Saturday night by Sarah Palin. I went backstage to try and get a close-up picture but her bodyguards wouldn't let me near. After her speech, she came out of the curtains right to our table and we got a chance to hug her and

and she only visited us out of 3,000 people in attendance. How special!

Our fundraiser in February was a huge success thanks to all of you who attend. Thanks to the ladies that made baskets this year. It makes just one more interesting area to visit. Our fundraising event just keeps getting better and better.

Keep sending in your stories. If your hunt was enjoyable, let others know about it. We were sent a Front Sight issue about 20 years old and it was as enjoyable to read as a current issue. Our stories don't grow old - we do. Preserve these memories for others to enjoy and I will help you by publishing them.

Thanks so much,

Mary J. Harter

Mary Harter



MID - MICHIGAN CHAPTER SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL MIDMICHIGANSCI.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. ☐ _____

☐ HOME

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MEMBERSHIP DUES (PLEASE CIRCLE ONE)

18 +

1 Year

\$ 65 National Dues

\$ 20 Local Dues

= \$ 85

3 Years

\$ 150 National Dues

\$ 60 Local Dues

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\$200 Local Dues

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BOOK REVIEW

by Josh Christensen



Through discussions with friends and other people who read my book reviews I have come to the realization that I should be using some sort of a ranking system to evaluate the books I am reviewing. Therefore, I have come up with a way to let you know where I rank each book and give you an idea of whether or not you should invest your time in each book. Now remember these rankings are my opinion, and although I think I am always right, my wife likes to tell me otherwise from time to time. The ranking will be based out of ten "bullseyes", where ten is the best and one is the worst. Now that we have a ranking system established I feel I should go back and rank the three books that have already been reviewed.

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

Author: Daniel J. Donarski Jr.

Publisher: Stackpole Books

Copyright: 2008

List Price: \$29.95

This book gets 9 out of 10 bullseyes.



Title: A HUNTER'S JOURNEY

Author: Roger Card

Publisher: PGI Publishing

Copyright: 2009

List Price: \$20.00 with all proceeds going to the Card Wildlife Education Center

This book gets 9 out of 10 bullseyes.



Title: THE MAN-EATERS OF TSAVO

Author: Lt. Colonel James Henry Patterson, D.S.O.

Publisher: St. Martin's Press

(Peter Capstick, Series Editor)

Copyright: Originally published 1907, copyrighted 1986

List Price: \$23.95 (Hardcover)

This book gets 10 out of 10 bullseyes.



Title: Life In The Scope; The West

Author: Scott Haugen

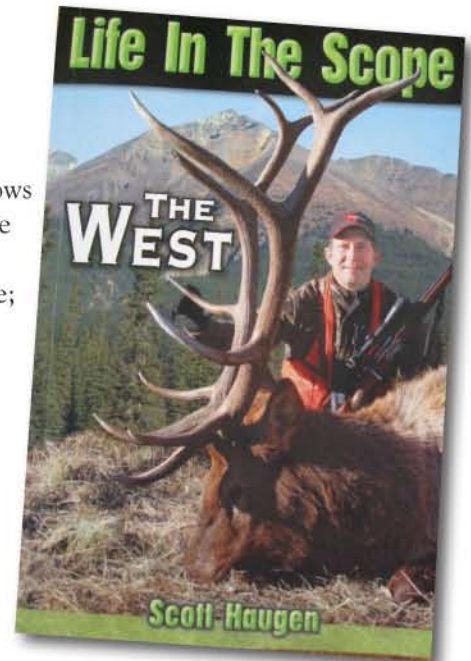
Publisher: Haugen Enterprises

Copyright: 2009

List Price: \$14.99

Most of us are familiar with Scott Haugen from the many television shows he appears on or the articles in the national SCI magazine; Safari. One of his articles in Safari prompted me to go out and purchase this book.

In Life In The Scope, Haugen has compiled stories from twenty-five hunts that he and his family have taken. As the title implies, these hunts are all from the western portion of North America. Scott takes us from coues and mule deer hunts in Mexico to black-tail hunting on Alaska's Kodiak Island, and everything in between.



Throughout the book, Haugen gives the reader a different perspective to hunting; from a television stand point explaining both the perks and the difficulties involved with the business. Scott also takes us along on two hunts with his children, ages four and six at the time, and gives some information on how he prepared his boys for the hunt.

The one thing I would have liked to see more of, compared to the others I have done book reviews on, was the amount of detail about each hunt. Don't get me wrong, it was a good read with a lot of information and a great addition to anyone's hunting library. For those of you interested in buying this book, the best and cheapest place to go pick it up is Haugen's website; www.scotthaugen.com.

This book gets 7 out of 10 bullseyes



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December 28, 2010



SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter
Sportsmen Against Hunger Program
Attn: Committee Leader
Mike Strobe
1100 S. Bollman Drive
Mt. Pleasant MI 48858

Dear Friends at SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter:

Thank you for your generous donation of 175 Lbs. of delicious and much needed venison to the Isabella Community Soup Kitchen. Congratulations on your successful hunt! It is heartwarming to know of your commitment to the needy; we are very grateful to you for choosing to assist those in need through the Isabella Community Soup Kitchen. Your donation is a reflection of the care and compassion you have for others.

The Soup Kitchen volunteers and staff are able to provide an average of 300 continental breakfasts and over 3,000 hot lunches monthly to its patrons seven days per week; all of this is possible thanks to the generosity of individuals, organizations, and businesses. Our patrons deeply appreciate our services.

It is a blessing to have your support, and it is greatly appreciated since it also helps provide a safe environment for many members of our community. The generous donations of individuals, organizations, and merchants, allow the Isabella Community Soup Kitchen to carry out its mission of compassion. We are a registered 501 C(3) non-profit organization. The full amount/value of your contribution to Isabella Community Soup Kitchen is tax deductible with no portion being payment for personal goods or services. Thank you for your continued support. May God bless all of our friends at SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Sportsmen Against Hunger Program.

Sincerely,

Genny Sobaski

Genny Sobaski, I.C.S.K. Director

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Big Buck Night



Cody Hunt with his parents, Nan Riley, and his 145 1/8 buck taken at Mury Grande



Larry Higgins measuring an elk



Jonathan Mead with the best in-state archery buck



Best Mule Deer - Walter Gamble



Jim Maciatek with the best buck taken out-of-state with a rifle



Gary Hoewe with the best in-state Muzzleloader buck



Dr. Terry Braden measuring a big whitetail



Tim Torpey won for best out-of-state Muzzleloader at 118 2/8



Bill Buckhorn won a 7 MM rifle



Keith Davis with the best Michigan Rifle winner



Leslie Holmes, our winning youth hunter

Other winners of the evening



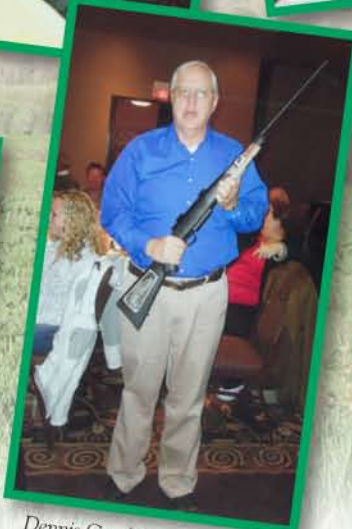
Smiling Scott Holmes won the 50/50 drawing



Emily and Alexis telling of their MUCC Camp for Kids experiences



Mary Harter with her best estate buck taken at Larry Higgins' Redpine Whitetails

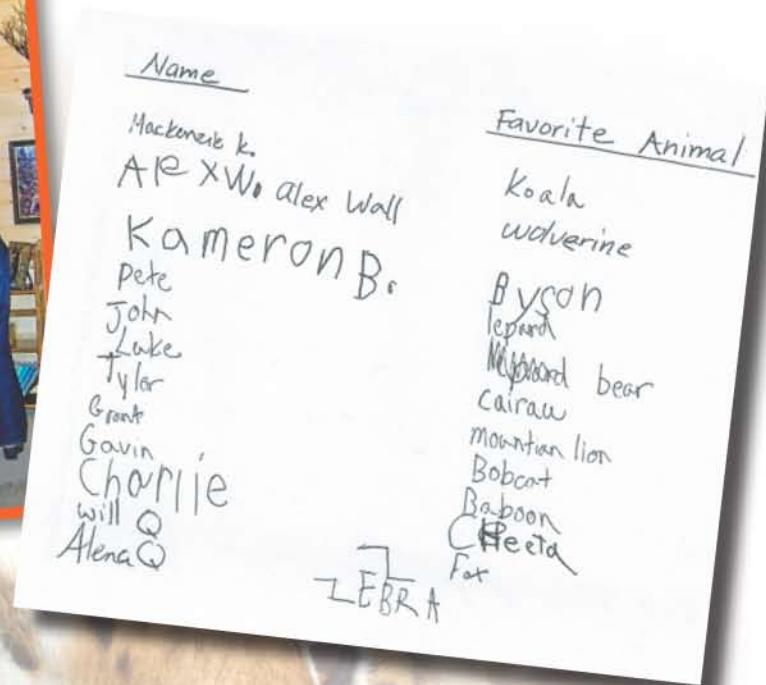


Dennis Goodenough won this Remington rifle



TIGER CLUB VISIT

By Joanne Witte



Larry and I had a delightful experience on Nov. 3, 2010 at 6:00PM. We had 12 Tiger Cub Scouts and their parents visit us to see our hunting trophies.

This all began when Larry and his podiatrist, Dr. Jeff Mossel in Big Rapids were discussing hunting. Jeff asked Larry if he could bring his son's Tiger Cub group to see our trophy room. Of course we said, "Yes"!

They arrived one by one on Nov. 3, rushed into the house to see what we had, and said "Wow" when they saw the animals. There were many adults too so I asked one mother how many adults assisted the leader of the group. She said there is at least one parent for every child and sometimes two. There were some big brothers and sisters too. We counted about 30 people.



The kids were pretty wild at first. Their leader said there were 20 six year olds in the group. We don't know how we would have handled 8 more six-year-olds along with 8 more parents. Next year when they became full cub scouts they would be split into 3 groups. I admired the leader very much.

After everyone arrived we went out to the trophy room which is an extension on our pole barn and is across the road from the house. The kids ran around in there for awhile. The leader said we might as well let them blow off some steam before he had them sit down. He really knew how to handle six-year-olds.

Very soon he raised two fingers in the air, the kids and parents followed suit, and everyone stopped talking and listened to him. He had the kids form a circle and asked us about some of our favorite hunts. Then he asked the boys if they had any questions. We got some really good questions from the six-year-olds. "What was your favorite hunt?" "How do you get the animals back home?" "Are they heavy?" "Do you eat all the animals?" How many guns do you have?" "How do you hang them up?" "Were you ever scared while hunting?" (To which we answered no-- somewhat to our surprise.)



At the end of the questions we asked how many of the boys wanted to hunt. They all enthusiastically raised their hands.

After all the questions were answered we came back to the house and had juice boxes and donuts. I asked the boys to write down their names and their favorite animal. Please see the attached list. (We don't have a koala, wolverine, or cheetah.) The kids and parents left about 7:15. This fulfils one of their badge requirements. According to their leader the 8 cubs that did not show up at our house can visit the Card Wildlife Museum to fulfil their requirement. Larry and I felt very honored to be mentioned in the same breath as the Card Museum.

We had great fun hosting the Tiger Cubs and we keep talking about it and laughing at some of the comments the kids made. They were all very polite and appreciative. It was a very rewarding experience for us.



Pictures taken at **SCI**

FIRST FOR HUNTERS

Reno Convention January 26th-29th 2011



Nancy and Pat Bollman at the Sanctuary booth



Larry and Cindy Higgins,
Roger and Margo Card



Don and Mary Harter with Larry Higgins



Don Harter being measured at the Heym booth



FIRST FOR HUNTERS

Reno Convention & Awards



Opening ceremonies for the Reno SCI Convention, January 26 - 29, 2011
SCI President Larry Rudolph is introducing Wayne LaPierre, far left, NRA Executive V.P., to cut the ribbon



Larry Higgins, Record Book Committee, Vice-Chair, and Asia Sub-Chair, receiving his International Hunter of the Year Award. Standing next to him is Dr. Terry Braden, North American Sub-Chair on the SCI Record Book Committee.



Sarah Palin speaking Saturday night.



Mary Harter and Cindy Higgins with Sarah Palin, the Saturday night speaker. Out of an audience of 3,000, only five got to meet and hug Sarah.

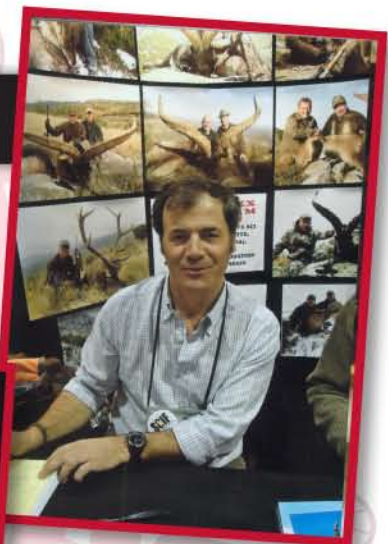


Dr. Terry Braden, Mary and Don Harter



Wednesday night at Chapter Night, Mary Harter was presented with the Best Overall Publication Award for the Mid-Michigan publication, *The Front Sight*

Some Outfitters at the SCI Convention



INTERNATIONAL Hunting Award

By Mary Harter



This year at the SCI Reno Convention, Larry Higgins received the International Hunting Award. This award was established to honor the great hunters of the world. Those hunters who have achieved excellence in the field, have hunted extensively and are actively hunting at the time of selection are possible candidates. Selection is based solely on specific and well defined hunting achievements, numbers and quality of trophies entered into the SCI Record Book, number of countries hunted, total number of hunts taken and levels of entries that qualify for World Hunting Awards. Candidates are an ethical hunter who demonstrated this with years of hunting experience throughout the world. All candidates must complete at the Diamond level the Mountain Game of the World, Trophy Animals of Africa, and Trophy Animals of North America. Only one person is chosen each year.

All of us who know Larry and have attended any of our local awards programs, know Larry has had many achievements over many years. His favorite animals are the mountain sheep and he has hunted far and wide for all of the species. Forever helping Larry to be in the right place at the right time and sometimes helping him get out of places, is his wonderful wife, Cindy. Larry and Cindy own Redpine Whitetails in the Vanderbilt area which has hills that Larry trains on for his many mountain hunts. It is a real treat to visit Larry's trophy room and see the many mounts.



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Kaden's U P Buck

At Big Buck Night in January, Quinn Keon spoke about his 12 year old son's buck and shared pictures of what they found. This was a very special three generation hunt to the Upper Peninsula, about an hour west of the bridge, where Quinn had been hunting since 1992 and this buck is the best that he had ever seen. It was a great experience as a dad to help his son with his first buck.

After Kaden shot the buck they had a poor blood trail and backed out to try again in the morning light. During the night the coyotes had a feast!! They used the crows and ravens to get into the area where the deer fell and then spread out and searched. The view of the buck from the rear is how Kaden found him pretty impressive and alarming.

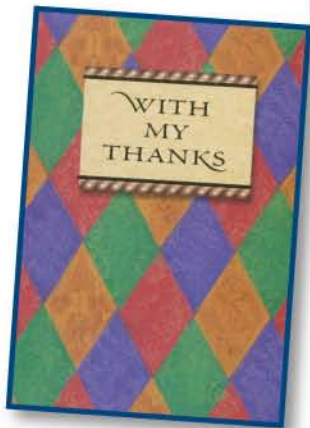


Caption: Kaden's U.P. buck as we found it. Poor blood trail and we backed out to try again in the morning light. The coyotes had a feast! We used the crows and ravens to get us into the area then spread out and searched. The view from the rear is how Kaden found him...pretty impressive...and alarming. The story is much longer and more emotional than that but the short version sums it up.



M.U.C.C. CAMP

Last summer in July we sent 27 students, 9 to 15 years old, to a week of M.U.C.C. Camp for Kids at the Howell Conference and Nature Center. While at the camp the students earned their Hunters' Safety Certificate which is required for them to purchase a hunting license. Here are some of the Thank Yous which we have received.



Hi Mr. Unger
This is Aristotle Faulkner I
am Michael Faulkner's nephew.
Thankyou and the S.C.I
for sponsoring me for such
a great week at M.U.C.C.
Camp. It was the best time
of my summer so far.
We did so many amazing
things and I met a bunch
of amazing people. You
helped me with a bunch
of opportunities. You got
me to shoot my first
real gun and got me
my Hunter's Safety
Certificate. Now I can
hunt with my Grandpa and

uncle Mike. Thank you. I'd
love to do it again.

I really am grateful
and hope that you know
How happy I am
to be telling you so!

Sincerely
-Aris
again
Thanks



Dear Safari club
Thank you for
paying for me
to go to camp.
My favorite
thing was shooting
the 22's.

From,

Ryan Orson

Ryan Orson



Mr. Unger and Safari club International,

I thank you for sending me to The Howell
Nature Center camp. I am so happy to have my hunters
safety. Now I can hunt with my dad and Grandpa
anytime I want. I thought being was best, I shot
a 22 - it was awesome.

Thanks again,
Joey Ervin



HUNTING TIPS

from Ivan Carter

As I looked through my last issue of the SCI 'safari' magazine, like most people I found myself looking at all the trophy photos and wondering what it took to take those trophies, the guys proudly standing with an elephant bull, its ivory elegantly silhouetted against a clear sky - sweat stains evident on the guy's hat - a sheep, the breathtaking scenery making the perfect backdrop - and what you soon realize as you start to think is that this is a culmination of many things -

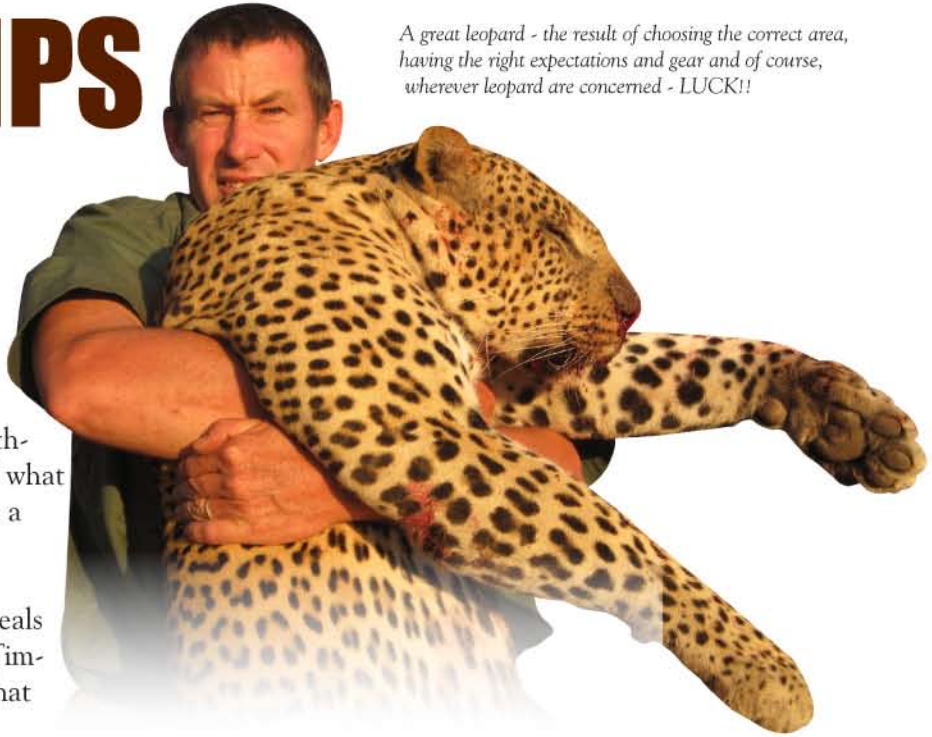
Perfect planning - selecting the hunt that appeals to both your instinct - (and your pocketbook!) - Timing - when can I go, what's the best season and what openings does my outfitter of choice offer - gear and equipment, visiting forums, reading books and sending lists of questions to outfitters and friends who have been before - all this is part of the fun and excitement of the planning stages of the adventure.

I have been a guide for almost two decades now, hunting big game in Africa. I would say I have seen it all but let's just say there is some stuff I wish I hadn't seen (smile). Overall I would say the average American hunter is better equipped than most. He is usually pretty knowledgeable about what he is hunting and what to expect. Prolific Internet availability and speed has assisted greatly in that regard. However, there is one area sorely lacking almost across the board - PRACTICE.

Most people arriving on safari have taken their heavy caliber rifle to the range two or three times, fired 6 to 8



At the SAAM Safari School getting some training on the nuances of a double gun. This and the practice at moving life size targets makes this a very valuable tool as you prepare for the real thing.



A great leopard - the result of choosing the correct area, having the right expectations and gear and of course, wherever leopard are concerned - LUCK!!

times on each visit and feel they are ready. Many have never fired a rifle off sticks and there are even those who have never fired that particular rifle. Often this is simply as a result of jam packed schedules, distant rifle ranges, and frankly lack of time.

Here are a few tips to getting the most out of your particular firearm.

Having chosen the caliber and bullet selection for your safari, get out your calendar and plan your visits to the range. If you are not used to a heavy caliber, get some downloaded ammo from a handloader and practice with those. Make sure that you choose a range that allows for shooting from a standing position.

Get yourself some shooting sticks. There are many out there on the market. Practice getting up onto the sticks and making the shot.

The most common thing I see is a failure to quickly reload and be ready to shoot again. Don't stand there and admire your shot. Get into the habit of immediately reloading and shooting again or at least acquiring a target. As your buffalo stumbles and gets ready to run away you can hit him again and that can be the difference between 100 yards and 10 miles of tracking!

If your new rifle happens to be a double, get yourself a two trigger shotgun in side by side configuration and do some clay shooting with that to get used to the idea of two triggers. Pulling the front trigger twice does not work, no



This buffalo made us walk over 15 miles. It was 100 degrees and very dry. Badly broken in shoes or inadequate water would have made this an impossible task. Add to that the fact that after all that walking it was a fast shot off sticks through thick brush. Graham Weiss is a serious hunter and had practiced and prepared rigorously and this is the result!

Physical fitness is another area that usually could use some work! If you are in great shape you will find that the whole experience is far more enjoyable. You find yourself walking through the African bush admiring it rather than wondering how much further. Screeds have been written on fitness so I won't go into great depth on that one save to say start early and spend the few weeks prior to your trip attaining a good level of physical fitness. It will pay huge dividends in the long run. You will be looking down your scope at your animal thinking about shot placement instead of exhausted and just wanting it to be over!

matter how hard you pull it!!! - and I see plenty of people trying!

If range time is sparse, then simply getting used to shouldering your rifle in your home is a good idea. Practice reloading the magazine and practice dry working the bolt and target acquisition so that the gun becomes a familiar and easy to use piece of equipment.

A great way to get yourself in tune is to attend a weekend of shooting school. You may be thinking shooting school? I know how to shoot. Trust me on this one. I attended a course with SAAM safari shooting school. The instructors, former navy seal snipers, taught me more in the first ten minutes than I ever could have imagined!!! Well worth the money and the techniques you will take home with you will ensure that you arrive very familiar with your gear and its applications. When your target animal is standing there you will be completely ready and prepared for the shot.

Basically what you want to achieve before your safari is complete familiarity with your rifle, to be able to quickly and smoothly reload, fill the magazine and shoot multiple times. That way you are getting ready for your next shot rather than fumbling for some more ammo.

Practice reloading from your belt. Place it where it will be, get used to reloading your magazine from your belt rather than a pocket, so it's a familiar thing you can do without having to look. That way you can keep your eye on the target. This is also an exercise that can be done at home without traveling all the way to a range.

In closing, one other piece of advice - consolidate your "must have" gear - that's the gear you cannot hunt without - into a manageable carrying device, be it a fanny pack, belt, or backpack. I personally have a belt that has ammo, a very small first aid kit, a box cutter with spare blades, and a digital camera. That with my binos, hat and rifle, and I am good to go. Additionally I have a backpack with a comprehensive first aid kit, rehydration salts, a satphone, and water. If my tracker has the backpack and I have my belt, gun, and hat, it's all I need. So if you consolidate all your gear into a small daypack that you can grab in a hurry and know all you need is in there you will be all set.

Good hunting, people, and remember it's all about the experience and not the inches!!



Exhausted at the end of a long day tracking as we await the trackers and vehicle. Note my water and first aid backpack. Won't leave without it! photo by Jofie Lamprecht

2010

WALRUS HUNT

by Roger Card

For most of my life the game animals of our continent have been listed as "The North American Twenty-nine." Through the years, Safari Club International has been forced to subtract species from this list as they were declared endangered by our Fish and Wildlife Department and became impossible to hunt. Usually, as names were dropped new ones were added, sometimes bringing the list up to a high of thirty-two or thirty-three animals. I totally understand the need for this process but for me the old, original list holds a special, unique place in hunting achievements.

As I successfully made these hunts and checked them off my "to do" list, each one seemed to become more and more of a challenge. Eventually I completed all but one of the animals, with the final two (polar bear and jaguar) being accomplished after they had been declared endangered by USF&W, yet were able to be legally hunted in their native lands. Both these were great hunts and the stories are in my book, "A Hunters Journey."

My twenty-ninth animal was the walrus and it was never available for hunting during the years I was trying to complete the quest. I am not sure when, but it was replaced on the "North American Twenty-nine" big game animals list a long time ago. This hunt started out, as have many of my other adventures, when I was aimlessly wandering around the booths at the Safari Club Convention in Reno, looking for something different and exciting. While glancing at the caribou brochures in Canada North Outfitter's booth I saw a small sign that read, "We Have a 2010 Walrus Hunt Available." After a very brief conversation with Jerome Knap, the outfitter, I called my old hunting buddy, Rod Merchant, and confirmed dates. I had dreamed of this adventure for twenty-five years and I didn't have to contemplate more than a few seconds to know it was exactly what I had hoped to find.

The Canadian Government has always issued a few permits for the native Eskimos to take walrus, passing the traditions of meat processing, skin tanning and numerous other skills having to do with this unusual animal from generation to generation. Somehow the rules have been changed so today the Eskimos are allowed to actually guide



Roger is the one on the left.

a non-native hunter and allow him to not only harvest the animal but participate in all the ceremonies and rituals. In fact, if you wish to do this you must sign a paper stating that you are not going as strictly a hunter but must be willing to assist when needed. A three thousand pound walrus requires everyone to pitch in when it is time to go to work. What the hunter brings is an additional source of revenue to the village and I believe everyone is a winner here.

As the hunting date grew closer, Rod and I went over and over the packing list. It would be one of those challenging trips where we not only would be dealing with extreme cold, there was a good chance we would be wet most of the time as well. Making things even more complicated was the fact Calm Air would impose severe weight restrictions on our luggage. Most airlines will fly additional gear for a price but on this flight we were instructed to prioritize each bag and they would be loaded by their number. After everyone's #1 bags were loaded, the #2 bags were added until the hold was full or the plane reached maximum weight. At any of the five stops as additional passengers boarded all new #1 bags would have priority over our #2 bags so we were warned if it became an issue our second bag would be held for the next flight with available space. According to our schedules this plane only made the circuit once a week so knowing what went in each bag was

crucial. There would be a monetary penalty for weight over fifty pounds but not having your gear arrive until after the hunt was not an acceptable option. The final kicker to our preparation was there would be no stores available — if we forgot something or it was offloaded at another stop it had better not be vital!!

August 15th finally arrived and we were off. The Delta flight to Winnipeg was smooth as silk and the Calm Air, multi-stop, Eskimo shuttle was basically uneventful. We crossed over the Arctic Circle at Repulse Bay, then continued on to Coral Harbor for our hunt. Whenever you fly a great distance to hunt with people you have never met there is always a little apprehension as you leave the plane, hoping that everything has been communicated properly. In this instance we were greeted by about a third of the two hundred and fifty residents of the village, with everyone in town knowing we were there to hunt a walrus.

We had used our #1 luggage tags for my rifle and a mutual bag of our most basic essentials, but man were we happy to see both our #2 duffles on the cart

Coral Harbor does not have a hotel but there is a building that acts as a sort of boarding house where, for \$550 dollars, you get a small bed and a shower. For an additional \$40 you can enjoy a family style dinner. At first we were extremely taken back by these high prices, but later we came to realize EVERYTHING at this remote location is on a price scale that makes New York look cheap.

Early the next morning, as soon as there was enough tide to raise our twenty-five foot boat off the harbor bottom, we departed on the long trip out into Hudson Bay, to locate a walrus. Rod and I were required to wear a government issue survival suit that apparently would float if we ended up in the water. We were very content taking their word for this and had no intention of finding out if they

really worked. I occasionally dropped my hand over the side to catch a little sea spray, as we all like to do, and even this small exposure was so cold it took your breath away. Fortunately the sun shone this day and the wind was tolerable, making the waves large and exhilarating but not too dangerous for our tiny boat. A

lot goes through your mind, hour after hour, as you motor along into the unknown. You dream about what it must have been like for Eskimos, hundreds of years in the past and also for the whalers and fishermen that sailed these waters more recently. Occasionally an otter, seal, or even a straggling walrus was pointed out but nothing that captivated much interest with our guides.

After what seemed an eternity, we encountered some small islands and our crew began to come to attention. The largest of the stone outcroppings was called Walrus Island and it certainly lived up to it's name. There must have been a thousand of the huge beasts all over the place, sunning themselves. We located a small inlet and landed on shore, to make a little tea and have a sandwich. Our meal was soon over and we were off to locate a big bull. Most of the males appeared to have about the same length of ivory and it never occurred to me that we could use any other criteria for the selection of which one to harvest. Eventually, we selected a bull with about 24 inches of ivory and the chase was on. Just prior to picking out the bull, I asked one of the guides which one of the animals he liked and he replied, "I like the little cows—they taste best!"

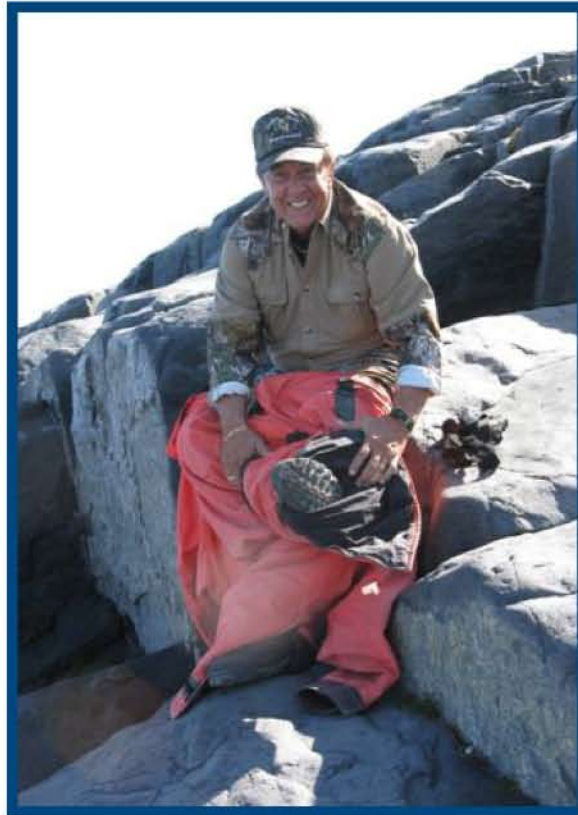
Before leaving home I took my 375 out and fired it a couple times, just to make sure all was well. What I should have done was have Rod row me out on my lake in a small fishing boat, then see if he could sink it from the bow as I was trying to shoot off the stern. In all my years of hunting, this was the first time I had tried to shoot an animal while bobbing up and down in a boat.

I really do not have any idea how big the waves were but trying to do a brain shot was nuts. It was all I could do to keep the walrus in the scope, let alone settle in and



Roger's harpoon man





squeeze the trigger. After what seemed like an embarrassingly long time, I pulled the trigger and watched as the giant beast flared up and dove in the water. Fortunately my crew was ready and the captain roared our boat right up to the wounded animal and one of the guides put a harpoon into him before he could escape. With the tracking float attached we were able to monitor the location of our walrus and I dispatched him when he came up for air. Oh Man!! That was when the work began. It took all of us to tow him up on the beach, then roll him over for pictures. After I had my "Kodak Moment", Rod and I watched, hour after hour, as the Eskimos butchered the walrus and prepared everything for the return journey.

We tent camped that night and the next morning they continued the butchering process. Eventually, everything was loaded and we began the long journey home. It was well after dark when we returned—exhausted!! I still cannot believe how much work it is to harvest a three thousand pound walrus.

We returned to the boarding house and had another "first", in my years of travel. The owner said all the rooms were full but a couple of them only had one occupant. He knocked on the door—opened it and announced, "No problem but you are going to have someone sleeping in the spare bed tonight!" And it was not a problem. When you are in the Arctic Circle, things are different. My new roommate sat up in bed, welcomed me, told me to make myself at home, then went back to sleep. Can you imagine the proprietor of a hotel here in the States just opening the door at 1:00 a.m. and announcing, "You have company tonight." Not!! Anyway, the accommodations worked out just fine.

The following day we were able to witness something special. Each year, during the few weeks of nice weather they call "summer", the village leaders choose a day having a good chance of being pleasant, with warm sunshine, and they simply shut the town down for fun and games. Our only day in Coral Harbor turned out to be the date they chose for the annual celebration. We were warned by a

government agent the festivities and games would seem simplistic and silly, however this was an important event for the residents. It was true - the games were very simple and we found it odd there seemed to be no reward for winning, but it did not diminish our enjoyment. One of the games consisted of picking up five stones and throwing them at a stick that had been set up fifty feet away. If you hit it, your companions cheered, then you needed to go set it up for the next group. If you missed, they still cheered. Bicycles were colorfully decorated, kites were flown, plus the fire truck was prominently displayed and blew it's horn often. With the weather reaching the balmy high 50's mostly the people just milled around a vacant lot next to the village and socialized.

Throughout the day we met most of Coral Harbor's residents and had a truly enjoyable time. I have mentioned before Rod always travels with his "Magic Box" and I would run out of adjectives before I could ever begin to describe the smiles of wonderment and amazement. Not many people can say they participated in the 2010 summer games of an Eskimo village located this far north of the Arctic Circle. You can trust me we left a lot of Eskimo's in total disbelief at what they saw that day

We knew from the start my Walrus trophy would not be returning with us as they are illegal to import. Later that afternoon we met with the government officials, filled out all the forms, took a few more pictures and carefully scored the tusks for the reproduction that will make its way to the Card Wildlife Educational Center.

The Eskimos were able to harvest and utilize the walrus for their time-honored traditions. My hunting fees stayed with the guides while the trophy fees were shared between the Canadian Government and the local village. The Card Wildlife Center gets a rare and unique exhibit while the actual tusks will be used for another of the Eskimos' truly amazing, artistic creations. Rod and I had a hunt that will provide us with stories, memories and friendships from a once in a lifetime experience. It just doesn't get any better than this!!

Dan Gettings Big Bucks

Dan Gettings is an experienced serious local Whitetail hunter from Stanwood Michigan who has taken many nice bucks. He was hunting October 30th, 2010 on a 200 acres private camp in Mecosta County he shares with 7 other hunters. About 8:15 am he was surprised by a shooter buck about 10 minutes behind where a doe had traveled at close range moving around to his left. He did not have time to stand just draw and shoot. He really noticed the Lumenock on the arrow sticking out of the deer as it run off. It slightly distracted him from watching the deer along its travel path. He waited 2 1/2 hours after the shot to follow up and found the heart shot deer about 75 yards from his tree stand. This nice 9 point buck green scores 142 5/8 SCI and is his best buck to date. He was shooting Hoyt Ultra at 75 pounds with 30 inch Carbon Express arrow and a 100 grain Thunderhead Broadhead. His son also shot two nice bucks this year, an 8 point and an 11 point. Dan feels the Buck to Doe Ratio is just about right around his property. His brother-in-law Mark Leasher helped with the recovery. (All pictures were taken during or after the recovery.)



Fishing Alaska

by Dr. Terry Braden

During the second week of August 2010, I and thirty-nine other people traveled to Yakutat, Alaska and had the fishing trip of a lifetime. In the Situk River we fished with our own equipment and in chest waders. From the time we arrived until the time we left a week later (no matter the time of day or the tide situation) the Pink salmon were running. You could not go 15 minutes without hooking up on one. Normally Pinks go 4 to 6 pounds but this year they were going 8 to 10 pounds and fight like a Silver salmon, in and out of the water, up and down the river. It would take 10 to 15 minutes to land one. With a limit of 10 per day, hours passed as minutes. On the ride from the river to the lodge, you just sat there in amazement on what you just experienced.

On Wednesday of that week the Silver salmon began to run. By Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, almost everyone was limiting out on Silvers and then practicing catch and release, if you could land more than 2 (the limit). These are the athletes of the river. For the first 3 to 5 minutes you are not in control. They are. They will head to the nearest log or down river back to the ocean. You just hang on and hope that your line or your rod or your reel does not break. About half the time you win; about half the time the Silver wins. It will take you 15 to 30 minutes to land one. This year the Silvers were weighing in at 10 to



Trica and the big Pink Salmon of the week - 10 #



Gary and his wallhanger Sockeye Salmon

14 pounds. These fish are within minutes to hours from the ocean so they are bright and clean and full of piss and vinegar.

The Sockeye salmon run was finishing up but the fly fishermen were catching some on the upper areas of the river we fish. The fact that the Sockeye only take flies, the fly fishermen have a distinct advantage with this species. With the Pink salmon, it does not matter, spin or fly fishing are equal. The spin fishermen have a distinct advantage with the Silver salmon. They like something big and fast and flashy, such as a Vibrex spinner or a Pixie spoon. The experienced fishermen were catching a limit of all three salmon daily.

Everyone brings a cooler or fish box of fresh self-caught salmon filets home. When they are cleaned within hours of being in the river, flash frozen, vacuumed packed in thick plastic, they are delicious for over a year from your home freezer.

If all we had was the Situk River to fish, it would have been a wonderful trip. However, the last two years of organizing this trip, I have added a Bay Boat adventure, also. The Silver salmon tend to school up in the bay off Yakutat for a week or two before they run up the Situk river. We rent 16 foot Lund boats



Where is Yakutat, Alaska?



Bud, Karen, Terry, Shannon, and Patrick with one day's Halibut catch.

with 40 hp motors and troll for them along the shore in Yakutat Bay. The year the Silvers were there and each boat of 3 fishermen were bringing in 8 to 15 Silvers. You are using your own equipment, so it will really be tested. Several rods and reels did not have to be shipped home. But what fun!

Add to all of the above, each person is scheduled for a ocean charter for Halibut. This year the Halibut were on the bite, also. Each boat of 5 or 6 fishermen were bringing in 8 to 12 Halibut. The limit is 2. The big Halibut for the week was 141 pounds.

This was the 17th year that I've organized this trip. As a Professor in Veterinary Medicine at Michigan State University, part of my job in Continuing Education. I first organized this course for Veterinarians only in 1992 as a Continuing Education Course. Very shortly I was asked to allow spouses, then children, then friends of Veterinarians to come along. At the present time this trip is open to Veterinarians, spouses, children and my friends in the Mid-Michigan and Lansing Chapters of SCI. As I write this I have 14 openings for 2011. Registration is \$2,200 and includes: 7 days and 6 nights lodging, 3 meals each day, transportation to and from the airport, transportation to and from the river for salmon fishing, one Ocean Charter for Halibut, and one Bay Boat trip for Silver salmon. If you are interested call Dr. Terry Braden (517-655-4157) or e-mail at Braden@cvm.msu.edu. Chapter members you may check with are: Peter Bucklin (517-485-6655), Gary and Dave Bradish (517-676-4965), Glenn and Maryanne Belyea (517-641-4224), Jon Bucklin (517-655-1598), Ray Nachreiner (517-351-3185), or Jim Dunigan (989-224-4298).



Shannon and the big Silver Salmon of the week - 14 # from the Situk River

Hunting Osceola Turkeys

By Joanne Witte

We came! We saw! We succeeded!



Joanne and Larry Witte with their turkeys

Larry and I hunted Osceola turkeys near St. Cloud Florida in March 2010. After we struck out last year in Florida a friend and chapter member, Glenn Belyea, told us about Canoe Creek Outfitters owned by John Partin located 10 miles south of St. Cloud. John is a beef cattle farmer who guides for Osceola turkeys and also hunts hogs with dogs. His extended family ranches in the area also and the Partins have been there for four generations.

We drove to Florida and back—5 days in the car—and hunted successfully one morning. John does not advertise and he has no website. He does have many hunters. Each hunter has his/her own guide who chooses the spot to hunt and does the calling. John can handle 4 hunters at a time.

John likes to meet the hunters at their motel in the afternoon before the morning hunt. He drives you to his camp and the next morning you are expected to get yourself there by 6:00 AM.

The camp was very rustic. There was a pump for cold water, propane for cooking, and no electricity. The guides stay at the camp but the hunters eat and sleep in town on their own.

The afternoon before the hunt we met our guides and several other successful hunters who were leaving. One hunter we had met in August 2009 at an SCI leadership training session in Tucson AZ. He said we looked very familiar to him and after finding out that we all belonged to SCI, we deduced Tucson was where we had met.

The following morning, March 23, we met our guides and the other hunters at 6:00 AM as expected, at John's camp. Larry's guide was Kerry and John was my guide. John and I bumped along in what was called a "swamp buggy" to a large field. We then moved quickly and quietly about 400 yards along a two track to a field with tall trees





Joanne in the swamp buggy

Then suddenly we spotted and heard an interested bird. He came toward us at a fast clip but another bird appeared from the opposite direction—also at a fast clip. I thought, “Oh no! I think he is going to take off after that bird instead of coming toward us”. That is exactly what he did. The first bird decided it was his duty to take care of the interloper and he quickly forgot about us and chased off his rival. They both disappeared into the tall grass. By now I was beginning to think we would never get a bird close enough to shoot.

John whispered that he wished we could move but he saw all the birds at the end of the field when he stood up and he was afraid they would spook

if we moved. We saw still another lone gobbler across the field but he wasn't interested in us either.

After about 30 minutes, John whispered to me that we were going to move but we would leave all our stuff, including the decoys, right there. He thought that maybe the birds didn't like the decoys. We sneaked down the edge of the field to the corner where the big trees were and sat down. We were much more exposed in this spot than



The guide's quarters

at the far end. Beside us was a swamp of palmettos. I thought about using a flashlight to see where I was going, but John didn't have a light so I decided that must be a “no-no”.

Eventually John tucked me down behind a palmetto and he chose a spot to the left of me behind some palmettos. He was completely covered in leafy camo. Only his eyes were showing. In front of him he placed a flat painted decoy of a gobbler displaying that was big enough to cover his hand movements when he used a call. He put out two hen decoys too. While walking in we heard turkeys gobbling all around us and they continued to gobble while we got set up. It was very exciting. They must have been roosting in the trees in front of us.

As it got light John made some soft tree calls. Very soon we saw a parade of hens in front of us with 4 big gobblers displaying behind them. Unfortunately they were at least 100 yards away and showed no interest in coming to the calls or the decoys. It was very frustrating! They proceeded the length of the field and disappeared into the tall grass. A few minutes later two more toms appeared—still over 100 yards away.



Close up of the turkeys

Larry had his bird shortly after 7:15AM. By 7:30 it was loaded in the truck and they were on their way back to camp. He said he didn't think he had been there 15 minutes before the bird came in. It was barely daylight.

He and Kerry sat beside the road we had driven in on. There was some tall brush in front of them. Kerry put out one decoy. The gobbler came running in to the call but when it saw the decoy it turned around and started to run back into the brush. Larry shot it as it was leaving. Larry saw a second tom behind his bird right after he shot it.

Because we needed to get home, we did not hunt hogs, but that would have been fun to do. If you want to get as Osceola turkey John Partin is the person to hunt with.

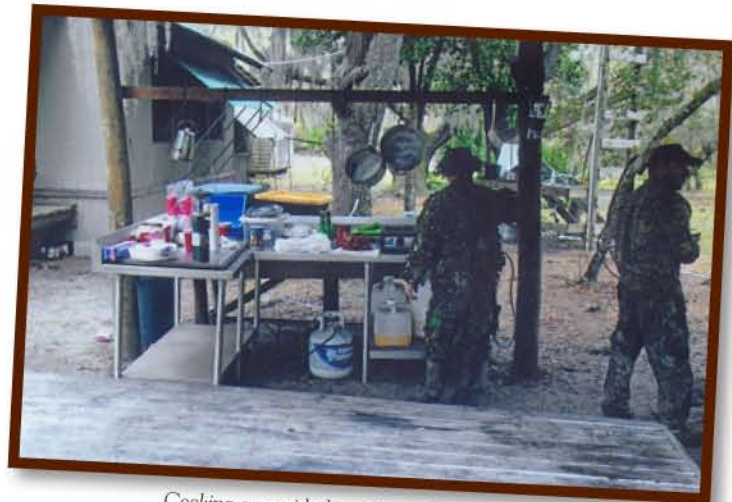
in the previous spot. John started calling again and soon we saw a head pop up out of the grass. It came closer and closer but it veered left to a spot behind some palmettos where I could not get a shot.

After about 15 minutes finally I saw the bird meandering along the edge of the field toward us. It was coming down the two track to the left of me where John was sitting. I got my shotgun up and waited hoping it would clear the palmettos. I knew I couldn't shoot through them so I was holding my breath that the bird would keep coming. It did. I shot it at 18 yards and it dropped. It had no idea we were there.

John jumped up and we congratulated each other. It was after 10:00AM by now. John said he was beginning to get worried; I'm glad I didn't know that at the time. He walked back to get the swamp buggy and came to pick me up. While I was waiting for him I found the wad from my shotgun beside the bird.

John told me he saw one of the big gobblers breed two of the hens when they first came parading down the field. No wonder they ignored our decoys and calls. From where I was sitting I couldn't see any of that. He said my bird stopped under the first tree where we sat and displayed for a long time before it came toward us.

Once back in camp we took pictures. I ate bacon and eggs fixed by one of the other guides. Everyone else had birds before 8:00AM and had eaten long ago. I was the last one in and they were all wondering what was going on. I asked John if everyone gets a bird the first morning and he said, "Well----yes."



Cooking area with the guides making breakfast



Larry and his guide cleaning his turkey

BRAZIL – 2010

By Roger Card and Rod Merchant

In 2007 at the Reno Safari Club Convention there was no doubt in my mind that the coolest presentation was by Amazon Tours, for peacock bass fishing in Brazil. With a couple of long distance phone calls I put together the trip of a lifetime for my brother, Jack, and friends, Rod Merchant and Doug Johnson. Unfortunately the adventure, planned for January 2008, was cancelled because of a political issue with TAM airlines. Rescheduled for 2009, it was eventually washed out once more by torrential rains and flooding throughout the Amazon.

In 2010 we again had all our tourist visas, malaria pills, various vaccinations, plane tickets and the sun was shining so we were off. We left Tri-City Airport, headed to Miami, then Miami to Manaus, and eventually Manaus to Barcelos. Then a two-hour, bone-jarring boat ride up the Amazon took us to the Rio Negro fishing lodge.

Let the fun begin! If anyone ever decides to do this adventure please pay attention to this advice. You will be fishing exactly under the line around the globe called the equator and the sun is extremely close and direct. It burns anything and everything you don't have covered. If you leave any portion of your Northern Michigan, January-white skin exposed it will blister within the hour.

The Rio Negro lodge consisted of ten four-man cabins and eventually they were all filled with fishermen from around the globe. It was truly amazing to see how far people traveled to this corner of the earth, just to fish for the peacock bass.

The following morning my team was in for a little shock, we were the only ones not dressed as if we were pre-

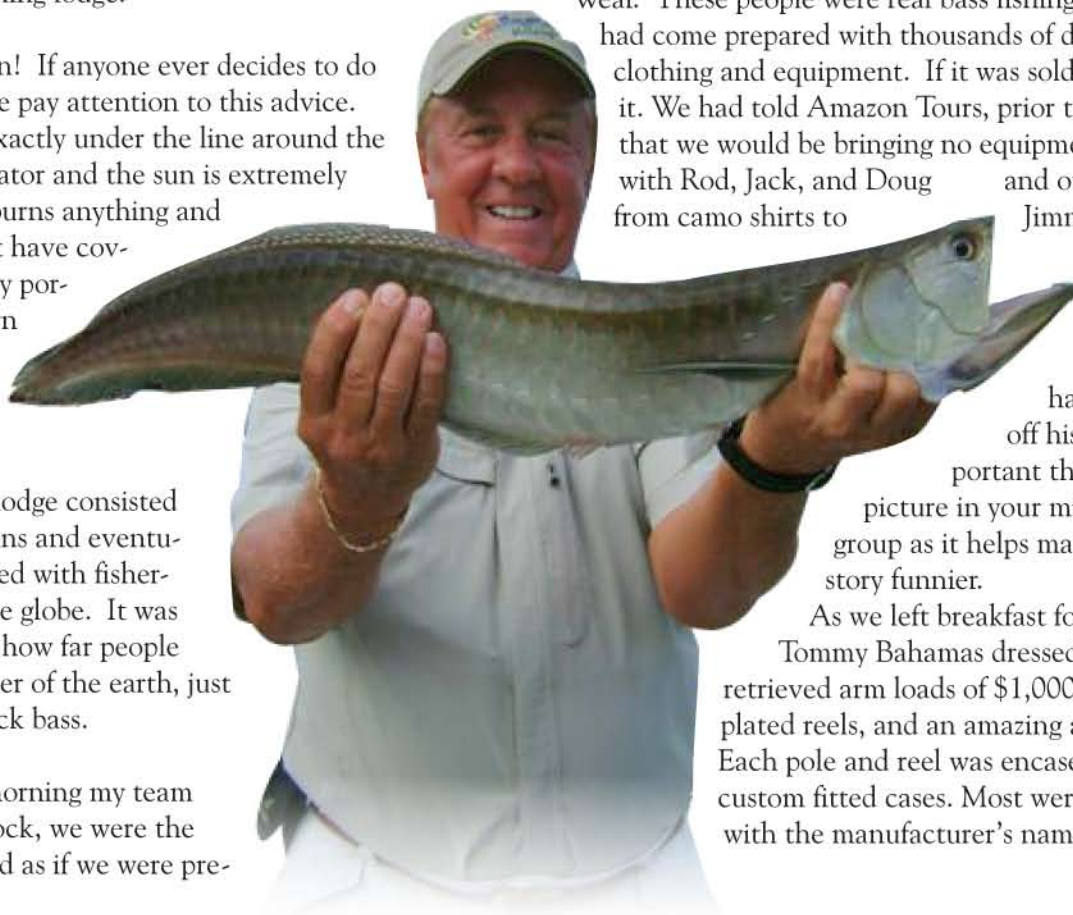


paring for a clothing fashion show from Patagonia Sports Wear. These people were real bass fishing enthusiasts and had come prepared with thousands of dollars worth of clothing and equipment. If it was sold they had bought it. We had told Amazon Tours, prior to our arrival, that we would be bringing no equipment. I showed up with Rod, Jack, and Doug and our clothes ranged from camo shirts to Jimmy Buffett shorts.

Rod spent the entire trip with a linen dinner napkin under his hat to keep the sun off his neck. It is im-

portant that you get a good picture in your mind of my rag-tag group as it helps make the rest of the story funnier.

As we left breakfast for the boats, our Tommy Bahamas dressed friends each retrieved arm loads of \$1,000 fly rods, gold plated reels, and an amazing array of tackle. Each pole and reel was encased in individual custom fitted cases. Most were embellished with the manufacturer's name and some were





carefully embossed with the owner's initials. The lightweight, waterproof tackle boxes were things of beauty as well. The entire, non-stop conversation during breakfast had been about which piece of equipment was the height of technology, for weight and strength. As if to add salt to the wound of embarrassment, our prearranged fishing gear lay in the sand down by the boats. The poles and reels were a miss-matched array of twenty year old, worn out crap and our lures were delivered in an old Tupperware container.

That very first morning, the second and third fish in our boat were a beautiful seventeen-pound peacock bass that I landed, followed up by a nineteen and a half pounder, by Rod. These were the biggest fish caught in the first three days of camp. When somebody did beat Rod's fish, Doug and Jack quickly added eighteen and nineteen pounders of their own.

The forty plus fishermen from around the world boated thousands of fish that week and the boys from Central Michigan put four in the top ten of them all. Some people might call it beginners luck, some might say, "Even the

blind squirrel finds an occasional acorn." We however, are calling it, "Absolutely one of the best fishing trips ever!" While the true-blue enthusiasts were out thrashing the water from dawn to dusk, we quit early, indulged in siestas, played euchre each day, and thoroughly enjoyed our vacation. It was perfect!

TOP TEN HIGHLIGHTS

10. Rod's magic shows for the native villages.
9. Jack and Doug hooking and landing nineteen and eighteen pound peacock bass simultaneously. What a picture!
8. Rod and Roger holding the camp record for three days on practically the first peacock bass they had ever hooked.
7. Long day trips, forty to fifty miles up the Amazon River.

6. Catching six different species of fish in one day.
5. Fishing directly under the equator, not necessarily a great memory, but our sunburns attest to the fact it was an important highlight.
4. Getting used to the Brazilian style of fishing called, "chopping wood."
3. Crocodile hunt—a special treat. Native guides took us out late at night and shined a spotlight on some pretty big crocs, just for fun. The piranhas were attracted to the light and continued jumping into the boat, it's a disconcerting situation when a piranha hits you in the dark, face first with its mouth wide open. Also, one croc escaped into our boat. It was pitch dark, with the exception of our guides spotting light, which would blind you when its beam hit you. Just picture six men and one croc, all running around in a seventeen-foot boat, in the middle of the Amazon River. The croc wanted nothing more than to end up in the water and our goal was the exact opposite. I have to say it was crazy for a few seconds.

2. Shore lunch. The guides prepared peacock bass and piranha to perfection over an open fire. The final consensus of our group was that we like the piranha the best.

And our number one highlight
of the 2010 Brazilian Peacock Bass Fishing Trip
****Drum Roll****

1. The best part of the trip was, after hundreds of hands of euchre, Rod and I won the "International" Euchre Tournament with Doug and Jack by one game. We are the new champions.

Wait, there is more!!

After continual harassment by the boys from Gaylord, Rod and I consented to one final Euchre challenge. They could tie the championship or finally put their tails between their legs and admit defeat. Rod and I kicked their hinnies one last time in the airport. Talk about a sweet ending to a perfect trip!!



BAD LUCK ON BLACK BEAR

By Ken Lehman

Following three successful years of white-tail deer hunting on my 40 acres by Beaverton, and having harvested one doe and two nearly looking bucks, the time had arrived to become a real big game hunter.

A few people from Saranac had cabins on a lake near Opher in the Dunns Valley of Ontario.

The story went that they were over run by black bear that were raiding their garbage cans at night during the summer.

The lot was cast. Early fall found Ray Cochran and myself headed to this remote spot in Canada for a sure deal on black bear.

The owner of a few old cabins on the lake would be my guide. I would hunt while Ray was going to do some lake trout fishing.

Early the first morning I was ferried across the lake and climbed a high hill to use a rotting barn roof for my blind that overlooked an old apple orchard. The trees had an abundance of apples with a lot of limbs broken from bear pursuing the fruit. The weather had turned cold and rainy. For three days I spent from daylight to dark waiting for a bear to appear. There were definitely bear coming there, but at night since I could observe new limbs broken off each day.

Roger and I were wet and cold when we arrived back at the cabin at the end of the first day. Ray sent me for firewood, which came from a wet pile of white pine roots. I loaded up the sheet metal stove, threw in a little kerosene and lit it up. Within moments the stove and chimney were red hot! We started throwing water on the stove to keep it from burning down!

On the evening of the last day my flashlight batteries were "shot". So my guide said, "Stay on the roof and we will come and get you with the lantern."

Ray was having the same luck as I. But on that last night he came with the guide to lead me back and reported that he had taken one really nice lake trout. When we arrived at the boat I was anxious to see his trophy and he was anxious to show me. As we climbed in the boat neither he nor his guide could believe their eyes. The nice fish was gone!

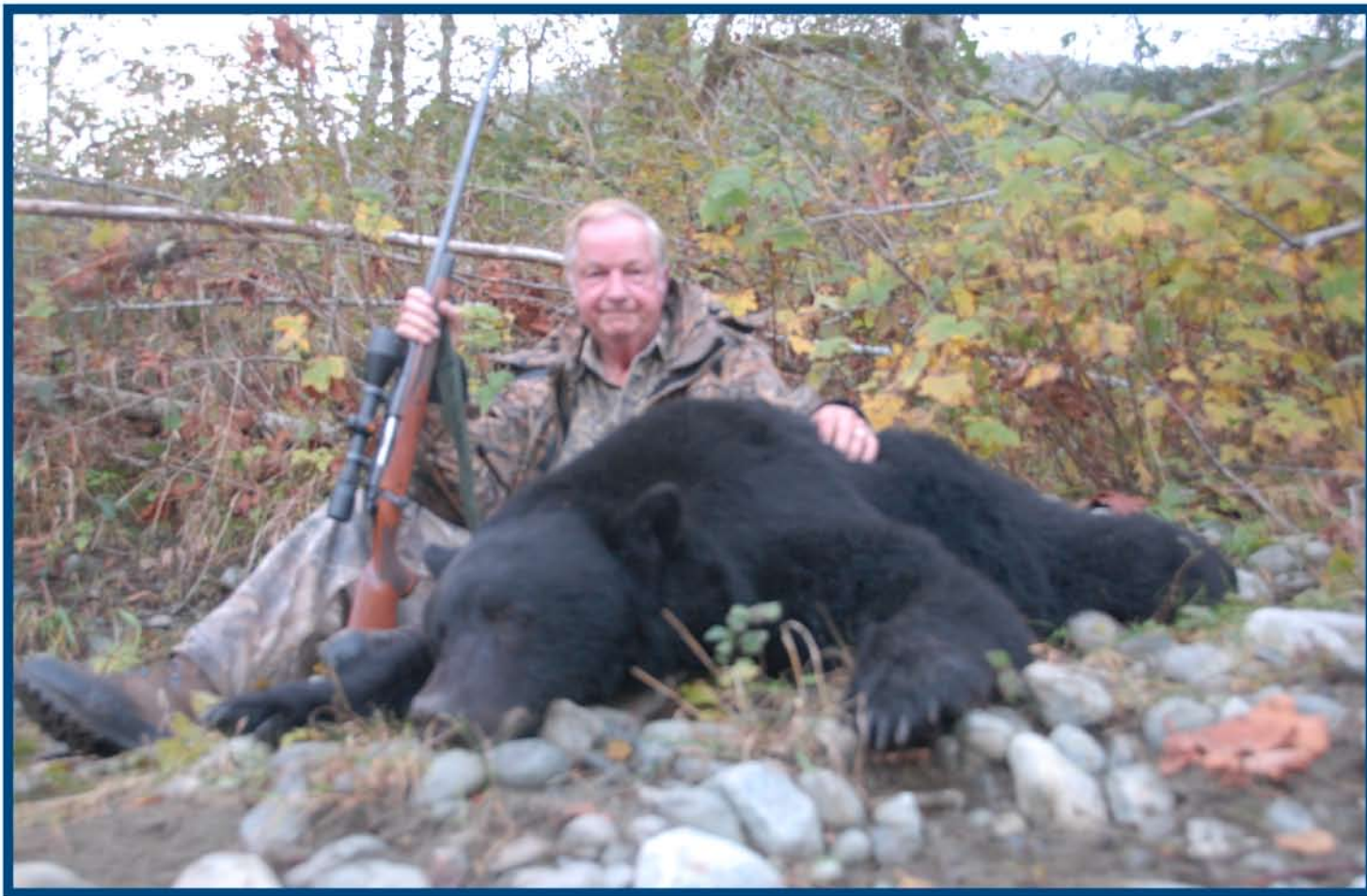


If a tree falls in the forest is the man still wrong?

Upon inspecting the sandy beach we found the tracks and trail of where a mink had dragged the fish into a big hole under a stump. So ended the first black bear hunt.

A few years passed and I tagged a few more nearly deer. Then I heard rumors of an abundance of black bear in the White River area of Ontario. I knew I might be more successful on a spring hunt, however, it was the busiest time at our lumber yard. So, I headed up in September. I spent some time in a sporting goods shop explaining to this Canadian—who had a funny dialect—that I was looking for a black bear guide. He said he would send the best guy in town; a guide I could afford to hire and he would come to the motel I was staying at that evening. It was quite late when he arrived, and I had a good idea where he'd been since he had the smell of a brewery about him when he entered. I had come to Canada with a small aluminum pram on my car top. We could use my boat to paddle up a small swampy creek that dumped into the White River at a bridge on the main highway. This stream wandered through several small swamps that were famous for blueberries and the abundance of black bears.

We started out at the crack of daylight. From time to time my guide would say, "Did you hear that?" I would say "Yes", and mention that a couple ducks had flown out. Obviously, my guide was having trouble seeing through the heavily blood-shot eye. In spite of trying to paddle



First Black Bear

the boat quietly, we would rub up against some alders or willows which I'm sure could be heard for a mile or more. Even though we went through some good looking country and were taking some different forks in the creek each day, when the time to go home had at long last come, my trusty old 32 Winchester Special with iron sights had not fired a shot!

I had not given up on black bear. I'd harvested a nice caribou in Quebec, and a nice caribou and moose in British Colombia when I'd read in one of the sporting magazines how good the black bear hunting was in Chapleau, Ontario, Canada. I believe it was October first when I packed up my hunting gear and headed up past Elliott Lake to Chapleau. The weather was cold and rainy. I shall never forget the street scene from this small town. Some places there was a sidewalk of boards and in some places there was a little cement poured. The street was fairly wide, but it was muddy and full of chuck holes. Every driver that passed seemed angry and was out to get you muddled!

I went in to a tavern to eat my evening meal when I learned I'd made a fatal mistake in my timing- moose season had opened. Everybody in the area that was even

slightly sober was either guiding or trying to get their own winter meat supply. I was always a good visitor, and as luck would have it, I ran into a fellow black bear hunter from Ohio. He had bought a dead horse bait, had watched it for a week, and he assured me the bears were just starting to come on it Thirty-five dollars got me a sure-fire spot to hunt! And he gave me several good tips on where I should locate for the best view for a successful harvest.

I spent the next five days downwind from the bait. The bears would come at night after dark and leave before light. Not a single one showed during daylight hours. The bar where I ate my dinner was always asking about my progress. The night before I returned to Michigan I sold the bait for twenty-five dollars to another hunter who was looking for a black bear.

More years passed. I got a nice nine-foot brown bear with Dave Vincent off the coast of Alaska. I harvested a beautiful Coastal brown bear with Jimmy Rosenbrook while hunting from his motor vessel. Caribou and moose, sheep and wolves were tagged and my 32 Winchester Special was now replaced by a custom 7mm magnum Dumulin made in Belgium. At an SCI Show I bought a black bear hunt from Dickson Outfitters, who are famous with their high success



on black bear. By now my business had grown, and when fall came for the hunt I had to decline on the trip. Maybe in the back of my mind I thought it would jinx my other big game hunting.

While hunting near Smithers, British Colombia, I took a very respectable grizzly. When we finally located the deceased animal I told Pat, my guide, I finally had my black bear! He assured me it was indeed a grizzly, but a very unusually dark one. Once the bear hide was dry it took on a beautiful dark brown cast.

At another auction in Mt. Pleasant at SCI I bought another "sure fire" black bear hunt. This time I booked from an outfitter in Oregon. He had several open dates. But once again because of obligations at the lumberyard and also being on a Board in Philadelphia I wasn't able to coordinate this hunt.


At the SCI Show in Reno, I visited the booth of the Alaskan Professional Hunters Association. I told them what great successes I had had in hunting sheep, moose, caribou, red deer and roe deer in Europe but no luck on a black bear. They gave me three recommendations. Then another hunter came up to the booth and was strongly recommending one of these three people. I should have been suspicious of an outfitter called Dilly. (smile) The deal was put together. We'd be hunting with my good friend, Woody Hole, and we would hunt black bear together with Joe in Alaska. Then I would go in on a moose hunt with an outfitter I'd used several times. The year before the fall we arrived Dilly had taken 18 black bear for 18 hunters. He had done a lot of pre-fall scouting and decided to move his camp to a new location, a spot where he had observed a large number of black bear. Woody and I flew in with the outfitter and guide and everything it takes to set up a bear hunting camp for the season. There was a fairly large point coming out into the lake and we landed at the base of a steep hill and started trucking a lot of gear, tents, food etc., up to a nice level spot, which obviously had been a hunting camp some years ago.

Woody left the first morning in the rubber zodiac to cross the lake and then harvest his bear by walking along the banks of a river which was loaded with spawning sockeye salmon.

I spent the first day doing up the dishes, tidying up the camp and then took a long walk back up the ridge

and followed a game trail which led along the mountain away from the lake. There were several spots along this trail where a big bear ripped the bark off a spruce tree to mark its territory. Long faces were on the returning sportsman that night. All the bear signs they saw were that of grizzly or brown bear, not black bear.

The week of hunting went by quickly. I caught a few fish, skipped a basket of stones along the lake, and swapped a lot of stories with the outfitter, guide and Woody. But I'd come all the way to Alaska only to head it out empty handed. I knew the outfitter was a great guide, but simply had not known the black bear would be pushed out of the area when the fish arrived and the grizzly and brown bear moved in the area.



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Looking Ahead -

In our next issue -

Alaska Brown Bear Hunt

By Joanne Witte

*Hunting Muskox and Caribou
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By Paul Conner

My Grizzly

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Botswana Bulls X2

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*And more articles, poems, recipes,
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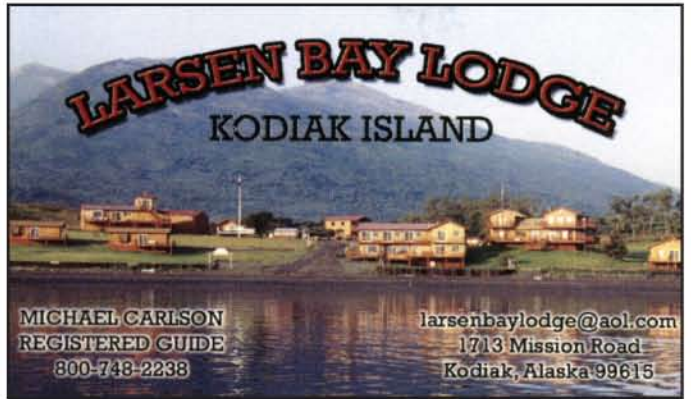


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