

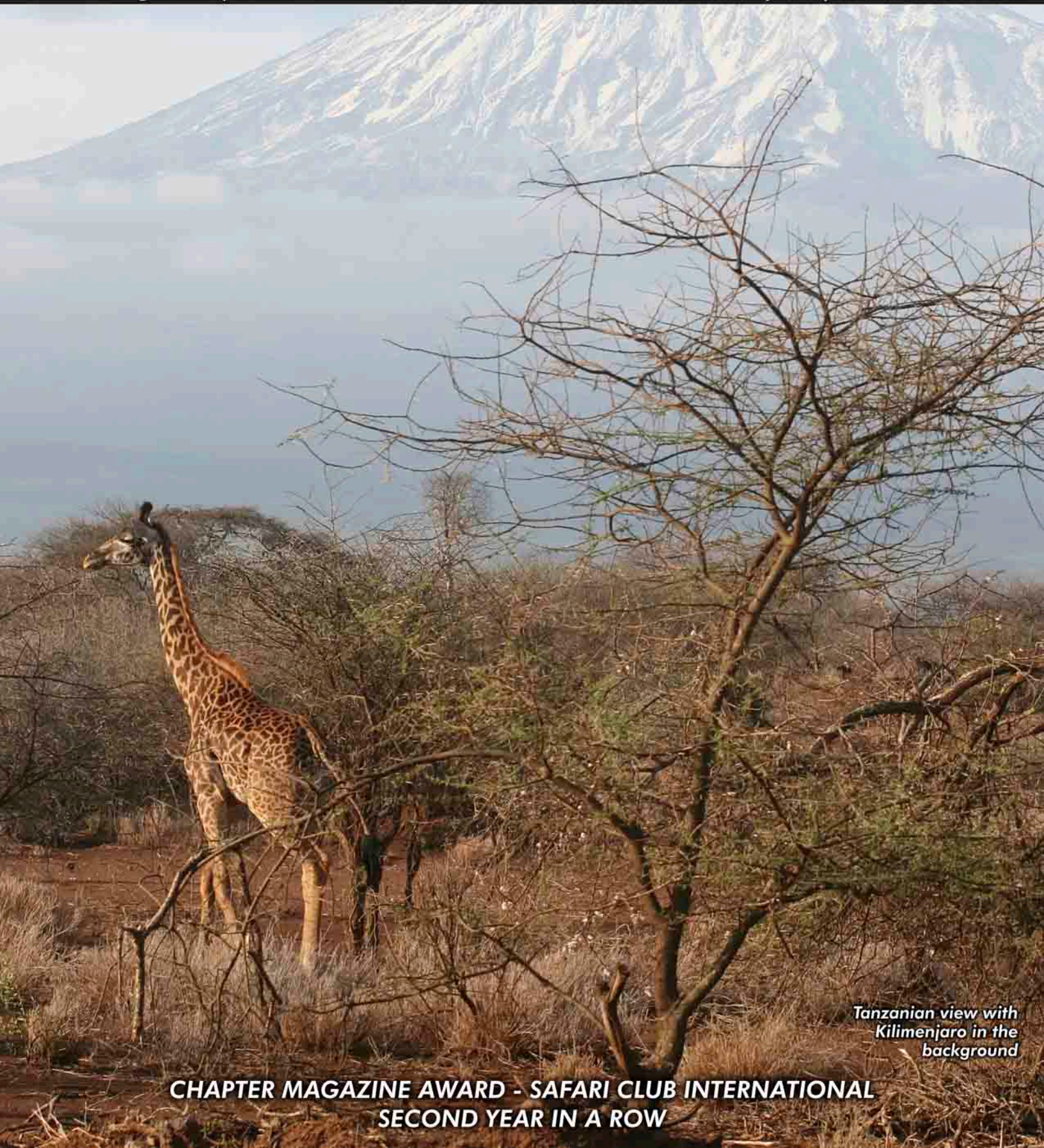
FRONT SIGHT



SCI
FIRST FOR HUNTERS

Mid-Michigan Chapter Safari Club International

July - Sept. 2012, Issue 19



*Tanzanian view with
Kilimanjaro in the
background*

**CHAPTER MAGAZINE AWARD - SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL
SECOND YEAR IN A ROW**



JOHAN PIETERSE SAFARIS



SOUTH AFRICA
ZIMBABWE
MOZAMBIQUE



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Members of Mid-Michigan SCI or Isabella County Sportsman's Club may use the shooting range located at 2872 W. Millbrook Road just east of Winn Road. The lock combination is 2520 and changes yearly on February 15th. Please carry membership identification on you when you visit the range.



Standing Committees

Chairmen are listed first

Chapter Trophy Awards - Joanne Witte, Larry Witte, Tim Becker, Roger Card, Brad Eldred, Roger Froling, Don Harter, Larry Higgins, Scott Holmes, Mark Marlette, Joe Mulders, Bill Shelt, Art Street

Conservation/Govt. Affairs - Larry Witte, Joe Mulders, Tim Schafer

Dispute Resolution - Don Harter, Tim Hauck, Kevin Unger

Matching Grants - Kevin Unger, Scott Holmes

Front Sight Publication - Mary Harter

Education - Mike Strobe, Scott Holmes

Membership - Bill Shelt, Joe Mulders

Nominating - Don Harter, Kevin Unger, Joe Mulders

Programs - Roger Froling

Special Events - Kevin Unger, Tim Schafer, Scott Holmes, Jim Walker, Randy Raymond.

Annual Awards Banquet/Fundraiser - Tim Hauck, Don Harter, Mary Harter, Joe Mulders, Bill Shelt, Tim Schafer, Mike Strobe, Kevin Unger, Joanne Witte, Larry Witte

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Sportsmen Against Hunger - Mike Strobe

Veteran's Hunt - Kevin Unger, Bill Shelt

Safari Wish - Safari Care - Scott Holmes

Public Relations - Jim Walker

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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May Membership Meeting with Celtic Field Sports from Ireland. Kevin Unger, Mr. and Mrs. David Moore, Pat Brennan, and Keith Davis

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SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Meeting Schedule

* SUBJECT TO CHANGE

Date	Meeting Type	Time	Location
Aug. 6, 2012	Board - Budget	4:30 p.m.	Harter's
Sept. 1, 2012	Membership		
	Trap Shoot	1:00 p.m.	Camp Misery
Oct. 8, 2012	Board	4:30 p.m.	Comfort Inn
Nov. 5, 2012	Board	4:30 p.m.	Comfort Inn
Dec. 3, 2012	Board	4:30 p.m.	Comfort Inn
Jan. 5, 2013	Board	3:30 p.m.	Comfort Inn
	Big Buck Night	5:00 p.m.	Comfort Inn
Feb. 22, 2013	Fundraiser	2:00 - 10:00 p.m.	Soaring Eagle
Feb. 23, 2013	Fundraiser/Dinner	10:00 a.m. - close	Soaring Eagle

Reservations required. Please call and leave a message at 989-560-7288

Your President - Kevin Unger



Just got back from Washington DC where we went for the May Board Meeting. This was my first national meeting and we went to Capitol Hill and met with Representative Dave Camp, Senator Debbie Stabenow, and a staff member from Senator Carl Levin's staff.

This board meeting was for the election of new board members, new vice presidents, a new president elect, and several other positions that were up for our vote. We went to a lot of meetings and met a lot of real nice people and a lot of other chapter presidents that were fed up with some of the leadership of the SCI International Board. This is why the meeting was so important to SCI membership at large and the board of directors which consists of all the chapter presidents. They spoke loud and clear. Keep in mind there are 12 chapters in Michigan alone. Our state represents 28% of the

30% that is donated to National yearly. The entire Midwest has a strong showing of support. This vote of board positions could not have turned out any better if we would have hand picked them. This goes to show the frustration of the board of directors. There has been a lot of strong arm and bullylike tactics going on for the last couple of years and that had to come to a stop. Thanks to the Board of Directors, they sent a message that this will no longer be tolerated. As your president of the Mid-Michigan Chapter I give you my word that I will attend every board meeting and voice my opinion that will always be in the best interest of our club. I saw this work first hand at this May Board Meeting. When all the presidents worked together they sent a big message that was heard.

I met with chapter presidents from Alaska, Wisconsin, Idaho, Texas, Michigan, Minnesota, and many more. One of the things I talked about with each and every one was their chapter fundraisers, what they do and how they do it. I got some real good ideas from a lot of the chapters. This is one of the things we are going to try to make our fundraiser a lot more fun for everyone and a lot more money by just changing a few things.

Kevin Unger

Editor's Message:

I also attended the May Board Meeting in Washington D.C. where Don became the Region 19 Representative. Michigan has 12 chapters and two regions, 19 and 20. The Region Rep for Region 20 is Jim Leonard from Lansing. This was a great board meeting because our new leadership seems to have the best interest of Safari Club International in mind in their decisions and are much more positive with their methods of management. I think we are on the right track to be working for the group as a whole instead of all of the politicking that has gone on in the past where different factions formed a TEAM which was against all of the others. The TEAM lost most of the positions for which they had candidates running. Most of the Michigan group left with smiles on their faces looking forward to our future and meeting everyone again. We even spent a little time talking about hunting. Our president, Kevin, would have made you proud with his questions and comments and the many contacts he made.



This issue takes us to the time we need to be registered to vote so if you are not now a registered voter, please take the time to become one, and most importantly, please VOTE!!!

I hope you enjoy my article about "My Father and His Dogs" which I wrote after reminiscing about his long life which we will help him celebrate on August 29 when he will turn 100.

As you can see I was a successful turkey hunter this spring bagging a bird with a 10 1/2 inch beard!

Thanks,

Mary J. Harter



Safari Club International representatives at Dave Camp's office in the Capitol in Washington D.C. on May 10, 2012. Kevin Unger, Larry Higgins, and Don Harter with two staff aides.



Safari Club International representatives at Debbie Stabenow's office in Washington D.C. on May 10, 2012. Left to right are Jim Hammill, Ron Lanford, staff aide, Don and Mary Harter, Debbie Stabenow, Kevin Unger, Jim Leonard, Larry Higgins, and Rich Delisle

Book Review

by Josh Christensen

Title: HUNTING NEW HORIZONS

Author: J. Alain Smith

Publisher: Blue Ribbon Publishers

Copyright: 2008

List Price: \$27.95



From hunting with royalty to having a pregnant sheep guide, J. Alain Smith has done it again. He has written another book that is not only entertaining, but also informative. Similarly to his other book I reviewed, "Close Calls and Hunting Adventures", Smith takes his readers to far off places to hunt many different animals.

Throughout this book Alain writes about more than the hunt, he discusses the other half of the hunting adventure that we can all relate to and that's getting to and from the places in the world where he hunts. In this book he also introduces his friend and hunting buddy Mack, who travels with him on many of his hunts.

Many of the hunts take place in Africa, including a scary encounter with a mama black rhino, and a vividly detailed story of a bug infested and hot equatorial hunt for bongo. As well as a lord derby eland hunt in Central African Republic where Smith comes down with an illness early in his adventure that doesn't allow him to keep anything down. On top of this, he has to deal with daily encounters with killer bees and when he finally connects on his eland the bees decide to take up residence in the newly deceased body.

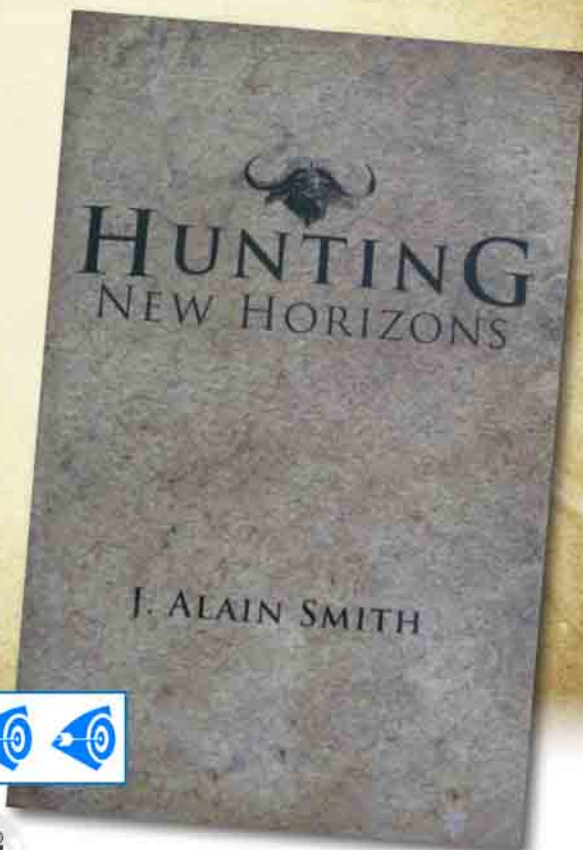
Some of the many other places Alain hunts are Pakistan where he hunts with a prince for Blanford urial sheep where many of the locals carry AK-47's. He also travels to New Zealand where he takes his daughter on a hunt and he connects on the new number one fallow. And British Columbia, Canada for a long and tedious mountain goat hunt, which

This book gets 9 out of 10 bullseyes

leads Smith to believe that they are one of the most underrated animals in all of North America.

In Hunting New Horizons, J. Alain Smith uses a good sense of humor, which makes for an enjoyable read. If anyone out there is contemplating taking a hunting trip to a far off land, but unsure where you'd like to go, I'd recommend reading this book, Smith's previous book "Close Calls and Hunting Adventures", or Roger Card's "A Hunters Journey."

If you are interested in purchasing this book the best place to find it is on Mr. Smith's website, www.jalainsmith.com, where the \$27.95 includes shipment to your door.



Let's get those animals measured

By Joanne Witte
Chair, Awards Committee

I encourage all of our members to get your animals scored and submit score sheets to me so we can have really great competition at our Hunter's Convention. We have about 300 members in our chapter but only about 30 people submit score sheets regularly. Remember, any member can submit score sheets for children, grandchildren, nieces and nephews (under age 18) without the youngster having to be a member of the chapter.

Our deadline for next year's competition is DECEMBER 1, 2012. The period covered is December 1, 2010 to December 1, 2012. You must be a member when you shot the animal to be entered in our competition but once you are a chapter member you can submit any animal to be included in the Chapter Cumulative Record Book.

Send score sheets to:

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

The following is a list of chapter members who are Official and Master Measurers for SCI.

Tim Becker	Official	231-796-8691
Pat Bollman	Official	231-972-8901
Terry Braden	Master	517-655-4157
Roger Card	Official	231-972-2413
Josh Christensen	Official	989-426-6509
Dave Connors	Official	989-621-9742
Owen Eldred	Official	989-561-5369
Don Harter	Official	989-644-2333
Larry Higgins	Master	989-732-0728
Ken Johnston	Master	517-349-2976
R.J. Meyers	Official	989-433-0184
Ed Perdue	Official	989-629-1457
Paul Spencer	Official	517-628-3630
Tim Torpey	Master	989-560-1969
Arnie Weigel	Official	231-366-6297
Joanne Witte	Official	231-796-4927

If none of these members are close to you, you can also go to the SCI website—www.SafariClub.org—and find a measurer by following the directions given. Click on Record Book at the top of the site; then click on "Search for a Measurer" on the right hand side of the screen (in red). The screen will ask for your zip code. A list of measurers comes up that has name, e-mail, address, and phone number.

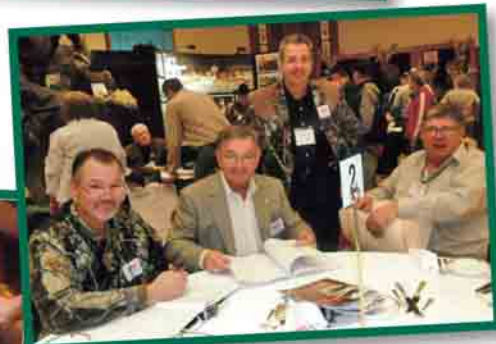
**Congratulations to Tim Torpey for recently
becoming a Master measurer**

I will be looking forward to receiving your score sheets!

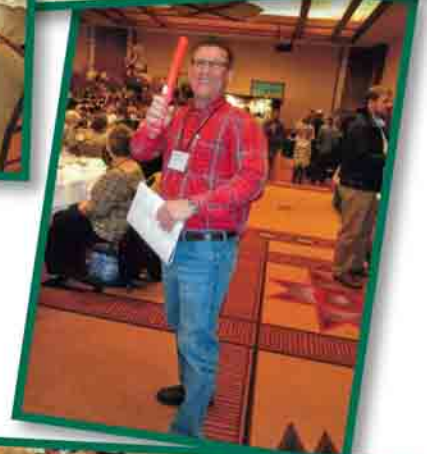
Mid-Michigan Safari Club International Hunter's Convention
February 24, 2012
Awards Night Winners



Some of the Convention Activities



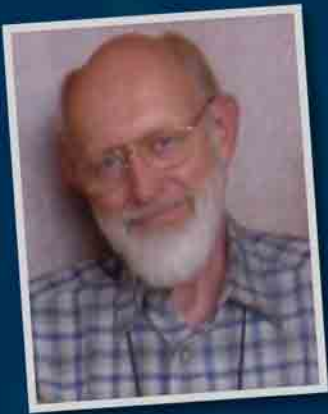
More Convention Activities



CONSERVATION AFFAIRS

By Larry Witte

CONTINUING DNR-SCI WILDLIFE PROJECTS



PREDATOR-PREY PROJECT

This cooperative project with the Michigan Department of Natural Resources Wildlife Division has attracted more public interest than any other wildlife project in DNR history. Phase 2 of the project, assessing the role of predation on White tailed deer fawns, will be conducted in 2013 through 2015 in the medium snow depth area of the Upper Peninsula.

GRAY WOLF POPULATION STUDY

Wolves were taken off the federal endangered species list in the Great Lakes states in January 2012. Since then Wisconsin and Minnesota have been working to develop a hunting program. The Michigan Department of Natural Resources is managing wolf populations under a pre-existing plan that allows wolves to be killed that are a threat to humans, livestock or pets. DNR can issue permits to farmers to kill problem wolves on their property. It is now legal for a person to kill a wolf attacking livestock or pets. Since wolves have returned to Michigan's UP in large numbers (currently estimated at a population of about 700) sixty-nine have been killed by the state or federal agencies. Fifty of those killed were preying on livestock and 19 were a threat to human safety.

This spring 8 wolves, which were deemed to be a threat to public safety, were killed by a federal agency on behalf of DNR, in the city limits of Ironwood. Wolves apparently followed deer they were preying on into the city where the deer were feeding on home owner's shrubs and at bird feeders.

OTHER CONSERVATION ISSUES

WILD BOARS

Enforcement of DNR's invasive species order that designated wild boars as an invasive species, began on April 1. At last count six lawsuits have been filed. Five involve landowners in Baraga, Gogebic, Marquette, and Missaukee Counties and the Michigan

Animal Farmers Association suing DNR. In the sixth suit DNR is suing a Cheboygan County landowner to compel the removal of invasive hogs on his property and allow access for inspection.

BEAR HUNTING LICENSES

In April the Natural Resources Commission voted to drastically reduce the number of bear licenses to be issued in both the Upper and Lower Peninsulas. This action was in response to hunter concerns about seeing fewer bear over the last 5 years and the results of a recent population study. Bear hunting licenses in the UP will be reduced from 10,357 last year to 6976. In the Lower Peninsula licenses will be reduced from 1385 to 1015. Recent surveys estimate bear populations at 8,000 to 10,000 statewide. Bear license applications are on sale from May 1 to June 1 each year. Bear hunting season begins September 10.

ELK HUNTING LICENSES

In April the Natural Resources Commission authorized the issuance of 200 licenses for 2012 hunting season. This, an increase of 45 over the last year, is needed to maintain a population goal of 800 to 900 elk. One hundred licenses will be assigned to the fall season (Aug-Sept) and one hundred to the December season. Elk license applications are on sale between May 1 and June 1 each year.

Don't forget to apply for your fall wild turkey hunting license between July 1 and August 1 and your antlerless deer hunting licenses between July 15 and August 15.

Good Luck and Good Hunting!

Thanks to our many contributors

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Donating Outfitters in attendance



More Donating Outfitters in attendance



AWARDS INFORMATION

MID-MICHIGAN CHAPTER SCI

By Joanne Witte Awards Chairperson

I thought you might be curious about who our all-time leaders are for each species recorded in our Record Book. Each year after the Hunter's Convention I list the all-time leaders. In some cases the hunter changes and in some cases the hunter remains the same for many years. It is interesting to note that for some more common animals the all-time leader was taken many years ago. My theory is that the country is no longer producing huge animals in some categories.

AFRICA

CATEGORY	DATE TAKEN	HUNTER	SCORE	CATEGORY	DATE TAKEN	HUNTER	SCORE
Abyssinian Bushbuck	2008	Larry Higgins	35 12/16	Forest Sitatunga	1997	David Petrella	62 4/8
African Cheetah	2001	Tim Torpey	13 10/16	Fringe-Eared Oryx	1997	Ken Keeley	74 6/8
African Civit	2011	Larry Higgins	9 10/16	Guenther Dik-dik	1989	Roger Card	9 2/16
African Elephant	2004	Jeffrey Chaulk	144 1/2	Harnessed Bushbuck	2011	Larry Higgins	33 5/8
African Leopard	1993	David Petrella	17 12/16	Harvey Red Duiker	2000	Roger Card	13 12/16
African Lion	2005	Michael Moir	27	Hippopotamus	2008	Mary Harter	71 2/16
African Lion				Hyena (Spotted)	1996	David Petrella	18 5/16
(South Africa and Namibia)	1982	Roger Card	27 13/16	Kafue Flats Lechwe	2008	Larry Higgins	86 2/8
African Wildcat	2008	Larry Higgins	7 5/16	Kalahari Gemsbok	2005	Jeffrey Chaulk	97 2/8
Bates Pygmy Antelope	2007	Larry Higgins	4 12/16	Kalahari Gemsbok (RSA)	2001	David Rusch	94 6/8
Bay Duiker	2007	Larry Higgins	11 10/16	Kalahari Springbok	2004	Maryanne Belyea	46 5/8
Beisa Oryx	1989	Roger Card	86 5/8	Kirk Dik-Dik	2005	Jeff Chaulk	10 8/16
Black Faced Impala	2005	Jeffrey Chaulk	59 2/8	Klipspringer	1992	Terry Braden	15 2/16
Black Lechwe	2008	Larry Higgins	60 5/8	Lelwel Hartebeest	2001	David Petrella	66 7/8
Black Springbok	2003	Larry Higgins	41 4/8	Lesser Kudu	1993	Pat Bollman	68
Black Wildebeest	2004	Maryanne Belyea	94 7/8	Lichtenstein Hartebeest	1997	David Petrella	63 1/8
Blesbok	1983	Sid Smith	48 7/8	Limpopo Bushbuck	2002	Brad Eldred	46 7/8
Blesbok	2004	Tim Bentley	48 7/8	Livingstone Eland	2003	Larry Higgins	107 5/8
Blue Duiker	2003	Larry Higgins	7 6/16	Livingstone Suni	2005	Jason Parrott	11 8/16
Blue Wildebeest	2000	Gerald Schave	85 4/8	Meneliks Bushbuck	1991	Roger Card	35
Bontebok	2008	Terry Braden	43 5/8	Mountain Nyala	2008	Larry Higgins	97 5/8
Brown Hyena	2009	Joanne Witte	16 6/16	Natal Red Duiker	2001	Phil Seybert	12 1/8
Bushpig	2000	Roger Card	17 12/16	Neumann Hartebeest	1989	Pat Bollman	55 6/8
Cape Buffalo	2007	Terry Braden	121 2/8	Nigerian Bohor Reedbuck	2009	Larry Higgins	16 6/8
Cape Bushbuck	1998	Tim Torpey	42 7/8	Nile Buffalo	2009	Larry Higgins	93 3/8
Cape Eland	2008	Terry Braden	107 3/8	Nile Bushbuck	2009	Larry Higgins	41
Cape Grysbok	2003	Larry Higgins	11 10/16	Nile Crocodile	2002	Jeffrey Chaulk	14' 10 1/2"
Cape Hartebeest	2001	Pat Brennan	72 5/8	Northern Gerenuk	1991	Roger Card	36 7/8
Caracal	2003	Larry Higgins	9 3/16	Northern Grant Gazelle	1989	Roger Card	63 4/8
Central African Giant Eland	2004	Roger Card	126 7/8	Nyasa Wildebeest	1995	Jan Keeley	88 4/8
Central African Kob	2011	Roger Card	46 4/16	Oribi	2004	Larry Higgins	16 4/16
Chanler Mountain Reedbuck	2008	Larry Higgins	11 4/8	Peters Duiker	2009	Larry Higgins	14 12/16
Chobe Bushbuck	2004	Douglas Chapin	49	Puku	2004	Larry Higgins	50 7/8
Coke Hartebeest	1995	Ken Keeley	61 3/8	Red-flanked Duiker	2011	Roger Card	13 2/16
Common Nyala	1999	Tim Hauck	77 4/8	Red Lechwe	2001	Jeffrey Chaulk	70 7/8
Common Reedbuck	2004	Owen Eldred	28 4/8	Red River Hog	2001	David Petrella	11 8/16
Common Sable Antelope	1981	Pat Bollman	104 4/8	Roberts Gazelle	2008	Larry Higgins	56 4/8
Common Waterbuck	2007	Mary Harter	87 1/8	Roosevelt Sable Antelope	1996	David Petrella	136 6/8
Copper Springbok	2008	Larry Higgins	35 2/8	Salt Dik-Dik	2008	Larry Higgins	8 10/16
Cookson Wildebeest	1997	Roger Card	82 5/8	Serval	2011	Larry Witte	8 9/16
Cordeaux Dik-dik	1991	Pat Bollman	9	Sharpe Grysbok	1988	David Petrella	7 12/16
Cordeaux Dik-dik	1991	Roger Card	9	Sing-Sing Waterbuck	2011	Larry Higgins	75 1/8
Crawshay Defassa Waterbuck	2008	Larry Higgins	69	Soemmerring Gazelle	1991	Roger Card	45 3/8
Damara Dik-Dik	2008	Larry Higgins	9 11/16	South African Springbok	1981	Roger Card	43 4/8
Damara Dik-Dik	2005	Tim Torpey	9 11/16	Southern Bush Duiker	2004	Owen Eldred	16 4/16
Dwarf Forest Buffalo	2001	David Petrella	49 2/8	Southern Gerenuk	2004	Larry Higgins	42 2/8
East African Bushbuck	2008	Larry Higgins	46 2/8	Southern Grant Gazelle	2004	Larry Higgins	67
East African Bush Duiker	2004	Larry Higgins	15 5/16	Southern Greater Kudu	2009	Scott Holmes	140 6/8
East African Defassa				Southern Impala	2008	Larry Smith	62 3/8
Waterbuck	2004	Larry Higgins	77 5/8	Southern Mountain Reedbuck	2003	Roger Brown	15 7/8
East African Eland	1996	David Petrella	104 5/8	Southern Mountain Reedbuck	2007	Jim Maciatek	15 7/8
East African Greater Kudu	2004	Larry Higgins	124	Southern Roan Antelope	2008	Joanne Witte	73
East African Impala	2008	Larry Higgins	66 1/8	Southern White Rhinoceros	2009	Joe Janicke	102 5/8
East African Roan Antelope	2002	Jeffrey Chaulk	78	Steenbok	2007	Tim Becker	15 9/16
East African Sitatunga	2000	Roger Card	60 5/8	Thompson Gazelle	2004	Larry Higgins	37 4/8
East African Suni	2008	Larry Higgins	8 14/16	Tiang	1989	Pat Bollman	57 2/8
Eastern Bohor Reedbuck	2004	Larry Higgins	20	Topi	2002	Jeffrey Chaulk	53 6/8
Eastern Cape Great Kudu	1998	Tim Torpey	128	Tsessebe	2003	Larry Higgins	48 2/8
European Fallow Deer	2009	Joanne Witte	174 7/8	Ugandan Kob	2009	Larry Higgins	58 5/16

CATEGORY	DATE TAKEN	HUNTER	SCORE
Vaal Rhebok	1998	Tim Torpey	20 2/8
Warthog	2008	Gail Dawson	39
West African Savanna Buffalo	2001	David Petrella	71 5/8
Western Bongo	1997	David Petrella	84 3/8
Western Bush Duiker	2009	Larry Higgins	12 8/16
Western Hartebeest	1998	David Petrella	69 7/8
Western Kob	1998	David Petrella	56 4/8
Western Mountain Reedbuck	1998	David Petrella	13 10/16
Western Roan Antelope	2001	David Petrella	82 2/8
White Bearded Wildebeest	2004	Larry Higgins	85 7/8
White Blesbok	2007	Bill Shelt	48 5/8
White Springbok	2005	Jason Parrott	37 1/8
Zambezi Sitatunga	2008	Larry Higgins	62 6/8

ASIA

CATEGORY	DATE TAKEN	HUNTER	SCORE
Afghan Urial	2003	Larry Higgins	119 4/8
Altai Argali	2004	David Petrella	235 5/8
Anatolian Chamois	2008	Roger Card	27
Bezoar Ibex	2006	Larry Higgins	107 3/8
Blanford Urial	2004	Larry Higgins	117 2/8
Caucasian Chamois	2007	David Petrella	24 7/8
Chinese Blue Sheep	2002	Larry Higgins	119 2/8
Dwarf Blue Sheep	2006	Larry Higgins	73 4/8
East Caucasian Tur	2005	Larry Higgins	150 6/8
Eurasian Wild Boar	2005	David Petrella	21 11/16
Feral Yak	2005	Roger Card	78 3/8
Gobi Argali	2001	Larry Higgins	201 6/8
Gobi Ibex	2002	David Petrella	96 5/8
Gray Wolf	2002	David Petrella	13 8/16
Hangai Argali	2004	David Petrella	225 5/8
Helan Mt. Blue Sheep	2006	Larry Higgins	114 7/8
Hillier Goitered Gazelle	2005	Roger Card	31 6/8
Himalayan Blue Sheep	2006	Larry Higgins	117 6/8
Himalayan Ibex	2004	Larry Higgins	86 4/8
Kamchatka Brown Bear	2002	Larry Higgins	26 6/16
Kamchatka Snow Sheep	2002	Larry Higgins	174
Kolyma Snow Sheep	2007	David Petrella	147 7/8
Konya Mouflon	2006	Larry Higgins	125 5/8
Koryak Snow Sheep	2007	Larry Higgins	140 6/8
Maral Stag	2008	Roger Card	223 3/8
Marco Polo Argali	2007	Roger Card	201 6/8
Mid-Asian Ibex	2004	David Petrella	109 1/8
Mid-Caucasian Tur	2007	Larry Higgins	141 2/8
Mongolian Gazelle	2002	David Petrella	34 6/8
Nemrut Ibex	2006	Larry Higgins	94 1/8
Okhotsk Snow Sheep	2005	Larry Higgins	140
Persian Goitered Gazelle	1998	Larry Higgins	36 6/8
Philippine Warty Pig	2009	Roger Card	7 2/16
Punjab Urial	2005	Larry Higgins	130 2/8
Servetsov Argali	2005	Larry Higgins	143 3/8
Siberian Ibex	2002	David Petrella	111 2/8
Sindh Ibex	2004	Larry Higgins	92 7/8
Tibetan Gazelle	2001	David Petrella	33 5/8
Trans-Caspian Urial Sheep	1998	Larry Higgins	146 4/8
Water Buffalo	2009	Roger Card	103 6/8
West Caucasian Tur	2007	David Petrella	144 7/8
Yakutia Snow Sheep	2009	Larry Higgins	146

EUROPE

CATEGORY	DATE TAKEN	HUNTER	SCORE
Alpine Chamois	2008	Roger Card	24 5/8
Alpine Ibex	2005	David Petrella	101 2/8
Balkan Chamois	2005	David Petrella	24 6/8
Balerean Goat	2006	Roger Card	59 4/8
Barbary Sheep	2008	Roger Card	121 1/8
Beceite Ibex	2002	David Petrella	84 4/8
Cantabrian Chamois	2008	Roger Card	20 2/8
Carpathian Chamois	2005	David Petrella	28
Eurasian Brown Bear	1998	Tim Hauck	22 2/16
Eurasian Feral Boar	2006	Roger Card	14 6/8
European Fallow Deer	2007	Larry Higgins	234
European Mouflon	2007	Mary Harter	118 4/8

CATEGORY	DATE TAKEN	HUNTER	SCORE
European Red Deer	1993	Roger Card	299
European Roe Deer	1994	Ken Lehman, Sr.	55 1/8
Feral Goat	2009	Larry Higgins	73 6/8
Gredos Ibex	2002	David Petrella	78 6/8
Hog Deer	2009	Larry Higgins	98 7/8
Japanese Sika Deer	2008	Roger Card	128 7/8
Manchurian Sika Deer	2008	Roger Card	176 7/8
Pere David Deer	1993	Roger Card	228 7/8
Pyrenean Chamois	2005	Larry Higgins	25 1/8
Reeves Muntjac	1993	Roger Card	18 3/16
Ronda Ibex	2006	Roger Card	67 5/8
Scottish Red Deer	1985	Ken Lehman, Sr.	262 3/8
S.E. Spanish Ibex	2005	Larry Higgins	79 5/8
Spanish Red Deer	2007	Larry Higgins	276 5/8
Water Deer	1994	Bob Bohn	9
Wild Boar	1998	Doug Heeter	23 15/16

NORTH AMERICA INTRODUCED

CATEGORY	DATE TAKEN	HUNTER	SCORE
Addax	1999	Brad Eldred	83 1/8
Aoudad (Barbary Sheep)	2004	Paul Spencer	146 3/8
Armenian Mouflon Sheep	2008	Roger Card	116 4/8
Axis Deer (Non-typical)	2006	Brad Eldred	157 5/8
Axis Deer (Typical) Estate	2008	Larry Witte	152 3/8
Axis Deer (Typical) Free Range	2009	Joanne Witte	143 3/8
Barasingha	2000	Larry Higgins	186 6/8
Barbarosa (Marino Ram)	1997	Sylvia Becker	154 6/8
Bezoar Ibex	1997	Larry Higgins	91 4/8
Blackbuck	2005	Lawrence Witte	70 3/8
Black Sheep (Hawaiian)	2000	Tim Torpey	126 5/8
Corsican Sheep	2005	Tim Becker	144 4/8
Dama Gazelle	2003	Tim Becker	36 3/8
Eland	2002	Brad Eldred	84 4/8
European Fallow Deer	2000	Jeff Sackett	254 1/8
European Mouflon Sheep	1996	Tim Becker	134 3/8
Feral Boar	2007	Randy Raymond	22 8/16
Feral Goat (Catalina)	1996	Tim Becker	94
Gemsbok	2004	Tim Becker	90 1/8
Hog Deer	1997	Larry Higgins	63
Hybrid Ibex	1999	Larry Higgins	98 1/8
Markhor	2001	Larry Higgins	90 5/8
Multi-Horned Sheep	2004	Tim Becker	116 3/8
Nilgai	1999	Tim Becker	33 4/8
Nubian Ibex	1998	Larry Higgins	98 1/8
Pere David Deer	1999	Larry Higgins	271 1/8
Red Deer	2003	Tim Becker	286 1/8
Red Sheep Iranian	1996	Larry Higgins	133 5/8
Reeves Muntjac	1997	Larry Higgins	10 7/16
Reindeer	1998	Roger Froling	420
Roosevelt Elk	2006	Craig Chapman	169 6/8
Scimitar-Horned			
Oryx Free Range	2009	Jeff Sackett	94 2/8
Scimitar-horned Oryx	2008	Bill Shelt	95
Sika Deer (Non-Typical)	2005	Tim Becker	109 7/8
Sika Deer (Typical)	2006	Brad Eldred	144 1/8
Sitatunga	2004	Tim Becker	61
Texas Dall	2003	David Gloss	147 2/8
Waterbuck	2002	Tim Becker	47 2/8
Water Buffalo	2006	Larry Higgins	104 6/8
Watusi	2005	Roger Card	115 1/8
Yak	1999	Doug Heeter	79 3/8

NORTH AMERICA

CATEGORY	DATE TAKEN	HUNTER	SCORE
Alaska Brown Bear	2007	Jeff Chaulk	29 7/16
Alaska Yukon Barren			
Ground Caribou	Jun-05	Pat Bollman	476 7/8
Alaska Yukon Moose	1999	Debra Card	731 1/8
American Alligator	2002	Edward Peters	11' 10"
American Bison	2003	Glenn Belyea	75 1/8
American Mountain Goat	2002	Jeffrey Sackett	33

CATEGORY	DATE TAKEN	HUNTER	SCORE
Arctic Islands Caribou	1993	Larry Higgins	345 6/8
Atlantic Walrus	2010	Roger Card	99 6/8
Barren Ground Muskox	1997	David Petrella	87
Bobcat	2010	Joanne Witte	9 10/16
California Bighorn Sheep	2004	Larry Higgins	165 1/8
Canada Lynx	1994	David Petrella	9 8/16
Central American Whitetail Deer	2000	Larry Higgins	75 1/8
Central Canada Barren Ground Caribou	1998	Seth Hootman	462 4/8
Coastal (Island) Black Bear	2002	Jeffrey Chaulk	21 1/16
Collard Peccary	1992	Harvey Pfeiffer	15
Columbia Blacktail Deer	1994	David Petrella	140 1/8
Columbia Blacktail Deer (Non-Typical)	2009	Tim Torpey	149 7/8
Columbia Whitetail Deer (Typical)	2007	Owen Eldred	103 1/8
Columbia Whitetail Deer (Non-Typ)	2007	Corey Hyde	133
Common Grizzly Bear	2004	David Rusch	26 2/16
Continental (Inland) Black Bear	2007	Randy Raymond	21 6/16
Coues Whitetail Deer	2008	Glenn Belyea	100 5/8
Cougar	1998	Terry Braden	15
Cougar	1985	Bob Doerr	15
Cougar	2000	Patrick Brennan	15
Dall Sheep	1980	M. Wernette	168 6/8
Desert Bighorn Sheep	1985	Pat Bollman	181 1/8
Desert Mule Deer Non Typical	1993	Debra Card	145 5/8
Desert Mule Deer Typical	1997	Larry Higgins	199 4/8
Eastern Canada Moose	1969	Roger Card	443
Eastern Turkey Multiple Beards	2008	Marty Sheridan	67 12/16
Eastern Turkey	2008	Anthony Utt	59
Gould's Turkey	2007	Roger Card	33
Gray Wolf	1988	Roger Card	17 5/16
Greenland Muskox	1995	David Petrella	79 5/8
Jaguar	1986	Roger Card	16
Merriam's Turkey	2004	Maryanne Belyea	28 4/16
Mexican Whitetail Deer Typical	1996	Debra Card	114 6/8
Mid-Western Whitetail Deer (Non-Typical)	2007	Dana Hodges	207 3/8
Mid-Western Whitetail Deer (Typical)	2008	Tim Torpey	168 5/8
Mountain Caribou	1980	Gale Hixson	420 3/8
Northeastern Whitetail Deer NonTyp,FR	2005	Randy Raymond	270 1/8
Northeastern Whitetail Deer Typ FR	2010	Keith Davis	170 3/8
Northeastern Whitetail Deer NonTyp, Est	2007	Tim Becker	313 2/8
Northeastern Whitetail Deer Typ, Est	1985	Pat Bollman	181 7/8
Northwestern Whitetail Deer Typical	2003	Robert Davis	169 4/8
Ocellated Turkey	2011	Joanne Witte	36 14/16
Osceola Turkey	2009	Glenn Belyea	62 8/16
Polar Bear	2006	Jeff Chaulk	26 14/16
Pronghorn	1993	Ron Mohnke	84 7/8
Quebec-Labrador Caribou	2001	Mark Pellerito	439 1/8
Red Brocket Deer	2001	Larry Higgins	11 4/16
Rio Grande Turkey	2009	Joanne Witte	46 8/16
Rocky Mountain Bighorn Sheep	2007	Larry Higgins	181 1/4
Rocky Mountain Elk Non-Typical	1986	Gale Hixson	453
Rocky Mountain Elk Typical Free Range	2005	Jeff Chaulk	382 7/8
Rocky Mountain Elk Typical Estate	2001	Brad Eldred	424 1/8
Rocky Mountain Mule Deer Non-Typical	2005	Jeffrey Chaulk	215 4/8
Rocky Mountain Mule Deer Typical	2007	Marilyn Parr	204 6/8
Roosevelt Elk	1996	Larry Higgins	297 6/8

CATEGORY	DATE TAKEN	HUNTER	SCORE
Roosevelt Elk Santa Rosa Island	1999	Terry Braden	350
Shiras Moose	2008	Steven Bair	250 6/8
Sitka Blacktail Deer	2001	Brad Eldred	114
Southeastern Whitetail Deer Typ FR	2005	Roger Card	130 2/8
Southeastern Whitetail Deer Typ Est	1999	Larry Higgins	121 1/8
Stone Sheep	2004	Jeffrey Chaulk	176 1/8
Texas Whitetail Deer Typical Free Range	1999*	Larry Higgins	151 5/8
Texas Whitetail Deer Non-Typ Estate	2006	Tim Becker	159
Texas Whitetail Deer Typical Estate	2001	Tim Becker	154 1/8
Tule Elk	2006	Roger Card	283 3/8
Western Canada Moose	2004	Keith Davis	553 4/8
White Lipped Peccary	2002	Larry Higgins	15 13/16
Wolverine	1992	David Petrella	10 8/16
Woodland Bison Free Range	2006	David Petrella	66 4/8
Woodland Caribou	2003	Tim Torpey	326 6/8
Yucatan Gray-Brown Brocket Deer	2005	Larry Higgins	16 9/16

SOUTH AMERICA

CATEGORY	DATE TAKEN	HUNTER	SCORE
Axis Deer	2002	Steve Diekema	138
Axis Deer Non-Typical	2007	Roger Card	152 3/8
Blackbuck	2002	Steve Diekema	73 2/8
Brown Brocket Deer	2007	Larry Higgins	14
Capybara	2007	Roger Card	16 1/16
Collared Peccary	2007	Larry Higgins	14 8/16
European Fallow Deer	2007	Larry Higgins	241 6/8
European Mouflon Sheep	1998	Roger Card	95 3/8
Feral Boar	2009	Terry Braden	26 15/16
Feral Goat	1998	Roger Card	68 5/8
Gray-Brown Brocket Deer	2011	Terry Braden	15 10/16
Hybrid Sheep	2007	Larry Higgins	160 1/8
Multi-Horned Sheep	2007	Larry Higgins	98 5/8
Puma	2007	Larry Higgins	13 12/16
Red Brocket Deer	2007	Larry Higgins	14 13/16
Red Deer	2007	Larry Higgins	328 4/8
Water Buffalo	2002	Steve Diekema	95 7/8
White-Lipped Peccary	2011	Terry Braden	17 6/16

SOUTH PACIFIC

CATEGORY	DATE TAKEN	HUNTER	SCORE
Arapawa Ram	2011	Bill Shelt	121 6/8
Axis Deer	2008	Larry Higgins	121
Banteng	1988	Roger Card	71 6/8
Blackbuck	2003	Nan Riley	69 3/8
Chamois	2007	Brad Eldred	27 3/8
European Fallow Deer	2007	Mary Harter	233 6/8
Feral Boar	1995	Roger Card	28 2/16
Feral Bull	2011	Keith Davis	70 6/16
Feral Goat	2011	Keith Davis	80 2/8
Feral Sheep	2003	Joe Janicki Jr.	126
Himalayan Tahr	1995	Roger Card	44 4/8
Himalayan Tahr	2006	Larry Higgins	44 4/8
Hog Deer	1996	Roger Card	71 3/8
Mulocccan Rusa Deer	2006	Larry Higgins	133 4/8
Red Deer	2007	Mary Harter	400 1/8
Rusa Deer Javan Non Typ	2006	Tim Becker	162 5/8
Rusa Deer Javan Typ	2006	Larry Higgins	153 5/8
Sambar	2009	Mary Harter	140 2/8
Scrub Bull	2006	Larry Higgins	61
Sika Deer	2009	Mary Harter	161 5/8
South Pacific Turkey	2011	Josh Christensen	41 5/8
Wapati	2011	Keith Davis	419
Water Buffalo	2006	Larry Higgins	101 4/8
Whitetail Deer	1996	Roger Card	75 3/8

Houghton Lake Sportsmen's Club

These are pictures of some of the archery students sent to us from Fred and Kay Kleinert from Houghton Lake. The kids in the green shirts took second and third place in the Gaylord National Archery in the Schools Tournament on Saturday, March 24th. They are brothers, Ben and Andrew Cochran. There were over 120 shooters taking part. The defending state champion was there as well as the three time defending state team which was also 6th in the nation. The H. L. S. C. was definitely up to the challenge.



Youth Archery Elementary
Winners Ben and Andrew Cochran



Top Shooter, Jeremiah Bragg



Archery Tourney All Winners

Voting is Important

by Mary Harter

"One of the penalties of not participating in politics is that you will be governed by your inferiors." - Plato

Many people don't vote because they don't think they can make a difference. Voting is the only way to make a difference. If we are complacent and don't vote, others make decisions for us.

I encourage you to vote. As hunters, we can make a difference by voting for people who will vote favorably for our hunting rights and right to bear arms. Don't wait until something we don't like happens and then ban together to try to fix it. We need to ban together NOW to make sure that decisions that will affect us don't take place. It is easier to prevent something from happening than try to change it once it happens. Prevention is the best cure!

Check out the beliefs, voting records, and experience of those running for office. Register to vote now if you are not already registered. Call your township clerk if you have any questions. Their names and numbers are all listed in the county pages of the telephone book. You must register 30 days before an election to be able to vote. The Michigan Primary is August 7 and the Presidential Election is November 6.

Safari Club International has an office in Washington D.C. from which we lobby for hunter's rights. They keep track of bills presented in our legislature and help draft bills to be presented by working closely with our elected officials. They are our eyes and ears in Washington paid for with your dues and SCI purchases. They keep us informed of what is going on but we must also do our part by being aware of current activities. Morgan Freeman's "In The Crosshairs" can be e-mailed to you and helps keep us up-to-date. Please request it and read it.

Remember what happened with the Dove Initiative. By a vote of the people of Michigan, we Michiganders, from a hunting state, cannot hunt a migratory game bird, the dove, which is hunted in 40 of our 50 states because it was voted down. If given the opportunity, let's not let anything like this happen again.

Join me, vote and make a difference!!!!

Joanne Witte's Spaghetti Lover's soup



1 pound ground wild meat (any kind)
 1/2 cup chopped onion
 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
 1/2 cup chopped celery
 1/2 cup chopped carrot
 1 clove garlic, minced
 2 1/2 cups water
 2 (14 oz) cans diced tomatoes undrained or 1 quart home canned tomatoes
 1 (13 or 14 oz) can spaghetti sauce (I used Prego)
 1 tablespoon sugar
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/2 teaspoon dried Italian seasoning
 1/4 teaspoon pepper
 Dash of crushed red pepper if desired
 3-4 oz. dried spaghetti broken into 2 inch pieces.

In a large saucepan or Dutch oven, cook meat, onion, sweet pepper, celery, carrot and garlic over medium heat until meat is done and vegetables are tender, stirring to break up meat as it cooks.

Add the water, undrained tomatoes, spaghetti sauce, sugar, salt, Italian seasonings, black pepper, and crushed red pepper (if used) to meat mixture.

Bring to boiling, cover and simmer for 15 minutes.

Uncover and add spaghetti and cook uncovered for another 12 to 15 minutes.

Makes six servings.



Hunting Newfoundland

by Paul Conner

Reading a magazine article pertaining to the recent decline of the Woodland Caribou on the Atlantic island of Newfoundland prompted me to call my hunting partner, Jim Stender, to revisit our goal of finishing the SCI Caribou Grand Slam now that his health has greatly improved after a heart attack. Our next Caribou needs to be the Woodland Specie and the sooner the better while there's still Woodland Caribou available to hunt as we learn of a Newfoundland government plan to save the Woodland Caribou by stopping all hunting for five years. At our age we didn't want to wait five years to go hunting. Jim agreed and we immediately contacted a well known outfitter on the island to book the hunt. The hunt takes place in September after the hurricane season but before the truly cold Newfoundland winter weather arrives which would prohibit Jim from going due to his doctors advice of no really cold weather hunts and absolutely never again going to the Arctic. His doctor wouldn't allow Jim to go with me recently to Victoria Island, far above the Arctic Circle, to hunt Arctic Island Caribou and Greenland Muskox so, in reality, he will never be able to complete his Grand Slam. This is a great disappointment.

During the almost year long wait before the hunt we also decided that after our hunt, a side trip to Quebec City, Quebec for a few days of rest and relaxation would be in order. It would also be a great



place to buy the wives a unique little gift that will help pave the way for future hunts.

Now months later the time is near to go hunting. Jim has driven to my house so we can fly out together to Newfoundland without any worries of missed flights or bad connections. It's also a good chance to double check all the hunt paper-

work, our personal gear list and review the progress on (this) our hunting book. The current and expected Newfoundland weather check completes our "To Do" list.

The next morning we make an easy drive to the Indianapolis airport, get our firearms inspected and checked in, then pass through the ever increasing security without any problems or delays. Hours later we arrived in Deer Lake, Newfoundland to pleasantly cool weather and

light rain. A taxi ride to our hotel, the Driftwood Inn, ended our day's travel and soon we were in the hotel's restaurant,





about our host, the guides, the hunting area, and Newfoundland in general. It was a great drive.

After getting settled in our room, a bit of exploring was in order. We met the only other hunter in camp, Gary, from New York, quietly reading in the great room of the lodge with a crackling fire in the wood stove. The river view through a generous expanse of glass was picture perfect. Outside it was cool, overcast, and windy due to the offshore weather being remnants of a tropical storm blowing itself out. We continued our walk around the lodge to get a few more pictures before dinner. Inside we met Reg's wife, Natalie, Allan and Helen, Shirley and Ralph, Don and Terry, all members of the outfitting team that makes things happen in an orderly fashion. A great

Jungle Jim's, for a well deserved dinner and a sample of Newfoundland's home brewed ale, which is excellent.

We had flown in a couple days early to avoid luggage and weather problems which gave us a little time to explore Deer Lake. First stop was a fire rescue station, which thrilled Jim being a volunteer fireman himself, where we were given a tour by Deputy Chief Earl Tansley and a bit of local history. Earl proudly told us of their recently held September 11th memorial gathering in Newfoundland to remember all their lost American friends. We knew there and then we were in a mighty fine place. The Vikings landing about 30 miles north of here 500 years before Chris discovered America being yet another interesting fact. If time permitted we would have visited the historical Norse site. Lots of history here in Newfoundland with many connections to the USA.

This community is small, clean, and friendly as we slowly make our way around town to take in the local sights and sounds. After finally locating some postcards and buying Canadian postage stamps we returned to the hotel to write home, take notes, and have lunch. Tomorrow is our pick-up day and we're ready to go hunting.

Our Outfitter Reg, arrived as promised and soon we were on our way to Windsor and his truly scenic lodge beside a river. It's also a 2 1/2 hour drive through great countryside seeing many various game animals along the way, beside the road and on the road. The long drive gave us plenty of time to learn

team that believes every good hunt deserves a good party afterwards. Newfies are fun folks and excellent hunters. As it was every night, dinner was all you wanted and more. Dinner fare throughout the week consisted of moose, caribou, and fish expertly prepared including tempting desserts of all shapes and sizes. A little late night conversation and then it is time to hit the rack. Tomorrow is our first day of hunting.

Bright and early we wake up to a knock on our door, breakfast is ready. Soon the three of us are being briefed on the morning's activities that start as soon as we finish eating. Don and Terry, better known as "Fish", are loading the 4-wheelers onto pickup trucks and gathering everything for the day away hunting. Jim is with Terry and I'm partnered with Don, two





wild and crazy guys for sure as we find out later!

After about 30 minutes of driving we pull into a deserted location that provides off-loading of the 4-wheelers and a place to leave the trucks. Earlier this morning we heard about a recent search and rescue operation for a hunter lost in the "outback" of Newfoundland, which is our current destination. Riding on the back of the 4-wheelers is hanging on for dear life and watching out constantly for low hanging branches.

Suddenly we leave the tree lined path and before us is a large condemned bridge. From on the bridge there is an incredible view of a boulder strewn river with rapids on both sides as we slowly crossed over. Safely on the other side of the river and now on shore, we start traveling on a narrow, muddy, two-track path, where we were constantly in motion up, down, and sideways with many memorable bumps and grinds for the next couple miles which in itself was tiring just trying to hang on while at the same time, tightly grasping our rifles. The muddy lane was now replaced by a spongy, soft, watery bog and then, finally, we get out of the bog climbing higher

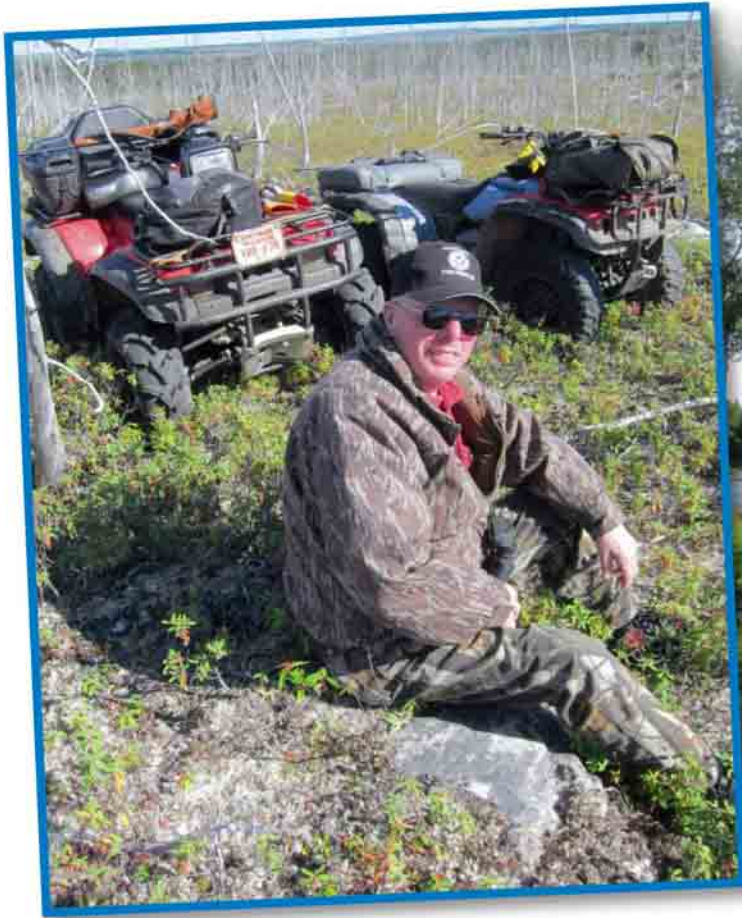
and higher to a rocky lookout with a scenic view of the surrounding landscape.

Naturally, it starts to rain. It is a couple degrees above freezing and we're getting damp and cold quickly. Fish ask Jim if he was cold and he said, "Yes". He pulled out his ever present Gerber folding saw and promptly cut down many small trees to form a wind block and undercut a few other trees to provide some cover to get under while Don started one hellava fire to warm us. Soon all of us were warm and drying off. It was time for a cup of tea. Jim had gotten comfortable under a pine tree close to the fire and fell asleep. A few minutes later Don pointed to Jim's now smoking pants and ask if we should wake him. The moisture was just being baked out of them so I said, "No, let's just wait for a little while longer before we wake him." He was obviously tired and needed the nap. The little short nap not only dried his clothes but also charged his batteries. He was now ready to find his caribou.

This particular overlook let us glass about 270 degrees out to several hundred yards. A nice scenic spot beside a lake that was obviously a favorite location. Fish cut away the tops of a few shorter trees which improved the ease of glassing, then gathered some more wood for the toasty campfire. We had more light showers and saw no caribou. Lunch time came and went as did several afternoon hours and finally everyone decided tomorrow would be a better day as we packed up and headed back to the lodge. A hot shower and moose stew for dinner was just what everyone needed.

The next morning was a much nicer day and our two Newfie guides assured us the caribou would be out waiting for us. Later in the morning, at the same location as the day before, while we were glassing the countryside inch by inch, Don and Fish were out scouting a couple of the surrounding out of sight pastures from the seclusion of the forest rim. As we watched them returning to our observation hill we noticed they were kind of in a rush. Excitedly they said to grab our rifles and follow them closely and quietly. They said that two trophy bull caribou were having a serious battle and would be totally unaware of us. We boarded the 4-wheelers and rode about 300 yards then walked another 100 yards to the very edge of the tree line. We could hear the clash of antlers and see their breath jetting out of flared nostrils. We peered out to view the battle scene raging right in front of us. Both bulls were completely consumed in their lust for glory. The winner gets a harem of females to breed with, certainly a worthwhile goal. We were all so intent in watching





this very physical heated battle taking place about 80 or 90 yards in front of us that none of us thought to take a single picture.

Finally, Don decided that we should take a chance and quietly sneak out of the trees into the pasture for a clear shot before they noticed us. Jim and I each chambered a round and put on the safety. Don and Fish very slowly pushed back the pine branches with their bodies allowing us to exit quietly. They followed and stood very still beside us. The bulls were crashing headlong into each other, locking antlers, then shoving each other back and forth trying to desperately show dominance but being unsuccessful. Both were now breathing heavily and were physically exhausted from the unending combat. At that point Fish said, "Paul, shoot the one of the left, Jim, shoot the one on the right", as he put his fingers into his ears. It sounded like a single gunshot and both caribou instantly fell where they stood. What a never to forget scene! Both guides later said they never heard of this happening before, two hunting partners scoring at the same time in the same place.

It was about then that we all started breathing again having been caught up in the excitement of the moment.

After the picture taking ended, the work began. Don and Fish expertly field dressed the two trophies and loaded them on the 4-wheelers. After hot tea and sandwiches, we returned to camp, our hunt now over.

Later in the evening after another hearty Newfoundland dinner, we three hunters were unexpectedly and ceremoniously inducted into the "Royal Order of Screechers" becoming honorary Newfies. "Screech" is a special rum made expressly for Newfoundlanders and used for this secret, honor bound ceremony, which shall remain . . . secret. At this point the den of the hunt party began with Don and Fish loudly singing bawdy waterfront songs. Before the evening ended we all gathered for one last group picture and soon it was time to head home once again. Newfoundland is one great place!



Tanzania

by Dr. Terry Braden

Yes! There is one affordable hunt in Tanzania. It is a two on one hunt for Cape Buffalo with a few plains game animals allowed on the license. Peter Bucklin, my good hunting partner and I had been researching for a reasonable buffalo hunt for a couple of years and found an ad in the Safari Times by Jim McCarthy Adventures (booking agent) for Dingwall Safaris which was a seven day (2 on 1) Cape Buffalo hunt including the trophy fee for buffalo, all Government fees, gun permit for one gun each, air charter, dip and pack, professional hunter and all camp amenities for \$5,875 each. Peter and I booked it and my brother, Brian, signed up as a non-hunter. When two friends of mine found out about this deal, they wanted in also. Therefore, Ron Lanford and Jerry Schreve signed up. We had another friend that signed up as a non-hunter, Gary Hansen. Now this was several years back, but a good hunt story is forever.

Peter and Gary arrived at my house about noon on one July day in 2001 and we drove to the Detroit airport, picking up Jerry on the way. We met Brian and Ron at the gate and took off for Amsterdam, changed planes after a short layover and were off to Dar Es Salaam. Licky Muldallah met us at the airport and helped us clear customs with our guns. We stayed that night at the Royal Palm Hotel.

The next day we had breakfast with Don Bower, outfitter and owner of Dingwall Safaris. He told us that we could not fly into camp on that day because the other hunt party was not out. We would fly in the next day. He did order us a van and driver and we spent the day on a tour of Bagamoylo, north about one or two hours from Dar Es Salaam. Bagamoylo was the slave trade capital of east Africa. The trade was to the east with the Arabs. They have a very educational museum and memorial set up there. The long slave routes across Africa are amazing.



Terry Braden and Pete Bartosz (right)
with Terry's Nyasa Wildebeest



Peter Bucklin and Pete Bartosz (left) with
Peter's Cape Buffalo

The next morning we had breakfast with Don again. He said we would leave at 11:00 a.m. but we left at 1:00 p.m. It was a one hour flight to camp into the Selous of Tanzania. From the airstrip it was a one hour and 45 minute drive through a tsetse fly infested forest. Thank heavens for my brother; they loved him. Those S.O.B.s would bite right through blue jeans. At camp we were assigned our tents. They all had a flush toilet, wash basin, and shower. I shared my tent with Brian. I sighted in my 7mm Mag and Peter's .458. The camp was right on the river, a beautiful spot with many crocodiles each night.

The next morning we were up at 4:00 a.m. and off by 5:00 a.m. Peter, Brian, and I were in one vehicle and had Pete Bartosz for our PH. Ron, Jerry, and Gary were in the other vehicle and had Don as their PH. Peter and I flipped a coin as to who had the .458 and was buffalo hunting for the day and who had the 7 mm and was plains game hunting. Peter won.

We hunted all morning and saw nothing shootable, then had lunch next to a river. Shortly after lunch and a rest we came upon a real nice Nyasa Wildebeest. I got on it real quick and it was down on the first shot. After pictures the trackers chopped the animal in half at the level of the diaphragm, gutted it from that opening and then loaded it into the land cruiser in two halves. That day we saw impala, warthog, wildebeest, waterbuck, hartebeest, and baboon. They were either smaller than ones Peter and I had or not on our license. The other group did not take anything that day.

The next day was my day for buffalo. We found tracks shortly after leaving camp and followed them on foot until



Six happy travelers. From left - Jerry Schave, Terry Braden, Peter Bucklin, Gary Hansen, Brian Braden, and Ron Landford.

11:00 a.m. Then the government scout that was with us (Tanzania requires one for each hunting party) said we were at the edge of our block and could go no further. That was a kick in the ass because we were getting close. The feces were steaming. We went back to the truck, had lunch and hunted the afternoon. We got stuck crossing a Karunga (creek). It was still the wet season. Never go in July. We averaged two or three of these per day. Fortunately we had an electric winch and only would lose 30 to 60 minutes of hunting at a time. I felt sorry for our other group. They got stuck four or five times daily and only had a manual winch. But they were younger and stronger.

Next day, same routine. We saw bush pigs, large and rare in this area but not on license. Also we saw a nice warthog that Peter wanted but it got into the bush before we could change guns. We tracked buffalo on foot. We could smell them but never see them. The grass was six feet high (too early in the season), but it was exiting tracking those big animals in that tall grass. You could hear the rumblings in there. Our head tracker was Cedric and he was good. The buffalo smelled us also (Peter used perfumed soap and Ol de cologne) and were off. We went back to the truck and had lunch and a rest and then took off for that same bunch of buffalo but from a different direction. Pete thought there were three in that group. We were getting close again and he took my 7 mm Mag and gave me his .458 Lott with instructions that after Peter shot his buffalo, if I had a shot at a second one I was to take it. Suddenly Pete saw the three fellas laying under a tree about 50 yards away. He motioned us down and we crawled the next 30 yards. As instructed Peter stood and shot his buffalo. I waited until he shot then I stood. They were all running. I did shoot but I think it was into the back buffalo which was Peter's wounded buffalo. Pete shot also and then Peter followed up with a second round and the big guy went down. Peter put him out with a final shot. Pete and I and

Cedric followed the other two for several hundred yards but found no buffalo or blood. Back at Peter's buffalo we all rejoiced and took pictures. The assistant PH (Dillon) and Lukasa, another tracker, went for the truck. It took them four hours to cut an opening to where we were. Peter's buffalo would have been a 40 incher, a real brute. It had a huge left horn but the right horn was broken off half way. It did not matter to any of us. We had one in the salt. On the way back to camp we had six lions walking along side and following our cruiser. Pete loaded his chamber as did Peter and I. The lion's wisdom was greater than their hunger. It was a good time in camp that night celebrating Peter's buffalo. The other group broke down and did not return to camp until midnight. It seems they hit a large rock in the trail that threw the battery out onto the ground and it broke.

The next morning came early for Ron and Jerry. I was on buffalo for the rest of the hunt and Peter was on plains game. We ran into a Game Warden that was alone and stuck in one of those famous Karungas. We pulled him out and picked his brain as to where the buffalo were. After a short visit we were off. After lunch, we turned back and hunted towards camp. Just off the road was a large Lichtenstein Hartebeest. Our double license had one of those and it was Peter's plains game day. He up and shot. It went 100 yards and stopped to receive another 7mm from Peter. In the salt. The animal was so ugly it was beautiful. Another great day.

We got back to camp and found out Jerry had shot a buffalo. It was a joyous camp that night. The next night, during our sundowner session, Ron let it out that Jerry's buffalo was only three legged. Of course we all told Jerry that none of us would shoot a three legged buffalo. The next night at the sundowner, Ron let it out that Jerry's buffalo was blind in one eye. You can imagine how the pimping escalated. Before the trip was over, Ron told us the buffalo had a large festering wound. We were unmerciful to Jerry about his three legged, one eyed, sick buffalo?

You can just imagine how five guys were in that hunting camp. To be honest, Ron and I were jealous. We never did get a buffalo on that trip.

The next three days were very similar to the previous four. The number of animals taken were low, i.e., two buffalo, three Nyasa wildebeest, one Lichtenstein hartebeest, and one impala, but we had an absolutely great time together. I for one would do it again knowing that four hunters would only harvest seven animals in seven days. We did spend most of the time hunting buffalo and the grass was too green to burn and too tall to hunt in. One of the good things of belonging to a SCI Chapter is that we can easily share good and bad adventures among the membership. I would suggest, do not hunt Tanzania in July because the grass is still to high.

Lion Hunting in Tanzania

by Mary Harter

After a very successful hunt in Botswana in 2010 we booked a hunt at the SCI Convention in Reno with Raoul Ramoni, "Tanzania Big Game Safaris" with Ivan Carter as our PH. I wanted a lion and Ivan had a couple of outfitters in mind for us to book with but chose Raoul because he usually harvested only about 60% of the lions he had on quota even though he had to pay the government fees on all of them. This gave the lions the opportunity to age a little more. Botswana is also known for larger, free ranging, lions because they must be at least six to be harvested. The government requires a tooth be removed and sent in for aging to prove the lion is at least six years or more of age. The outfitters are fined for harvesting lions too young and sometimes their quotas are cut. Too many fines and they are out of business.

We arrived in Tanzania with a lion on our minds. Ivan's previous client had not gotten a lion but they had several baits out and many lions were coming in. We were very hopeful.

We started hanging new baits and refreshing the old ones that had been hit hoping for an old, hungry, male with a huge mane to come by.

We eventually had one hundred miles of baits which took two vehicles to check each day. We hired another truck to help us.

With the previous client, Ivan had found two natural kills of cape buffalo so we knew what meat the lions preferred. We shot and used for bait hartebeest, sable, hippo, bushpig, bushbuck and finally on the third day of our 21 day safari I shot a cape buffalo which we quickly hung for bait.

The local people here speak Swahili and our government game scout, Alex, speaks fluent English. Ivan speaks Swahili quite well but kept asking Alex if he was correct as the tenses are quite different. Ivan speaks many languages.

On the fourth day, a hippo bait had been hit by a lioness and about a four year old male. The lioness walked off as we approached but the young male just laid under a tree and



Sitting in the blind

watched us. Eventually he got up and followed the lioness but then we could see his features and how sparse the mane was on a young male. It doesn't grow in behind their ears for a few years. They kind of have a Mohawk.

On the way to the next bait we sighted about five bush pigs. We stopped and hurriedly got down. Ivan set me up to shoot and down went a bush pig practically before I knew what was happening. Sometimes you have to take an opportunity when the bush presents it. Bush pigs are quite nocturnal and hard to find. Ivan joked that a couple more pigs and I would have a "Ham Slam".

We refreshed another bait and then drove down the "German Road", a straight road built by the Germans during World War I. During this war, a German sniper shot and killed Frederick Courtney Selous, a famous hunter for which the largest wildlife refuge in the world is named, the Selous Game Reserve in Tanzania. Selous was also the inspiration for the fictional Alan Quatermain character in the Indiana Jones movies and a good friend of Theodore Roosevelt.

We went back to camp for lunch and arrived just before the rain. The lily pad flowers close up during the rain to conserve their pollen which would wash away. By the time lunch was over the lily pad flowers had opened back up.

This afternoon a bushbuck crossed



A hit bait



Baiting for lion

the road in front of us and Ivan and I were off again. I followed Ivan into the bush rapidly racking a shell in my rifle. Ivan set up the sticks. I placed by gun and within minutes I had a beautiful bushbuck. Don said he could still see me but not the bushbuck from the truck. He saw me stop, place my finger on the trigger and knew I had him in my sights. The brush was thick but as long as I can tell which way an animal is headed and see parts of him enough to find the kill zone, I can comfortably take the shot, even through brush, which is what I did. We had him skinned for a full mount.

Two nights later we had delicious bushbuck for dinner with orange cake. What wonderful meals we had in camp. We had oxtail soup and stew made from many of the animals we took, sable lasagna, hartebeest and sitatunga shishkabobs, steaks from almost everything we harvested, hartebeest scotched eggs, meat loaf made from many animals, reed buck spaghetti, and local fish and honey. We always had homemade bread and dessert.

On about the sixth day after harvesting more animals including a beautiful leopard for Don, a lion bait had been hit again and they decided to tear down an old blind and rebuild it near the hit bait. A lion will usually stay near a food source eating on it when they are hungry until it is gone. Lion families live in prides but many males live in groups of up to eight called a coalition. Sometimes they hunt as a pack. We wouldn't go after a pride lion but certainly would look over a coalition.

After rebuilding the blind for lion and practicing how to sit, shoot, etc., we drove around some more and spotted a great sable. Actually two sable were running parallel to the truck. We stopped and Ivan and I went after them.

We had just been talking about the Texas heart shot Don had successfully taken on a kudu in Namibia several years earlier. Sometimes before a kudu runs away, they look back over their shoulder and that is the last shot you have. Well, the sable turned and looked back giving me that shot. I was confident because we had just been discussing it. I aimed just to the right of his anus and down he went. The bullet entered his lungs and didn't even disturb the tenderloins. Great eating, great trophy, and great bait.

Finally time to sit in the lion blind. Ivan, John, Don and I sat for the evening but we were stood up. When we first arrived a leopard snuck off the bait. We expected him to return in about 20 minutes after things settled back down and everything got quiet but he didn't. We had expected the lion to come to protect his easy meal but that didn't happen either. After dusk we left hoping for another chance soon.

The next morning we returned bright and early to the hit bait and walked in from the road with the tracker. We walked single file so as not to be too noticeable. We spotted two lions to the right of the bait. We sat in the blind for awhile but those were the only lions we could see. Both were males and one was quite young and straggly. The other had a nice mane but they estimated him to be only about five years old. We called for the truck, got in, and drove closer to check them



Lion prints



out. They just laid in the grass protecting their next meal. They had probably fed most of the night. Now we needed to keep this place baited to keep the lions coming in. If they would only roar and invite their relatives to dinner!! They certainly are "The King of the Jungle".

The next animal taken was a Reedbuck by Don. Don shot him right through the lungs and he still ran a couple of hundred yards. How can they do that?

We went to the river for a hippo which I shot and will tell about in another story. While waiting for the hippo to float, we drove out and Don shot a hartebeest, a DRT from the front.

On the way back to camp that evening, we stopped to refresh the lion bait called Jasmine, so named after a lioness that visited this bait for ten days in a row and would lay about fifteen yards away while the bait would be refreshed. They kept hoping a nice boyfriend would join her.

Out we went early the next morning to check baits. We usually hunt about 14 to 16 hours per day, coming back to camp to eat and sleep, and change our clothes, unless it rains hard and we are close to camp. We drove about 100 miles per day mostly in second gear on bumpy two tracks which wind through the bush sometimes between some very close trees. Ivan and John trade off driving but that alone is a difficult job. Every day was exciting because you never knew what you would see. We never tired of it.

Of the first three baits we checked, one had been hit by a lioness. Now if she would only invite an old boyfriend to eat. We called the other truck, the "Lion Chuck Wagon".

Off shooting more bait the rest of the day. Baits don't last long in this 90 degree heat.

Out the next morning and the bait had been hit again but

needed refreshing. We wanted a topi or eland but the first animal we saw was an oribi. They are small like a steenbok but with a long neck and I didn't have one so off we went. The male was with a female and younger one laying in the grass. The male stood partly hidden behind a tree. A properly placed shot put him down. We knew he was hit because the female, now on her feet, stayed right there as we approached. Finally she ran, we found the male, a trophy, and some wonderful camp meat.

Further on I stalked some topi going quite a ways from termite mound to termite mound following directly behind Ivan. The group kept mingling with the males chasing the females around. They would scatter and we would move closer. Ivan sorted out a big male, got me on the sticks, made sure I was still on the largest male, and I shot. He was out about 200 yards so I held a little high. I shot him facing me and the bullet lodged just under the skin in front of his right hip. He ran a short distance but was dead on his feet. He was the largest taken in this area in a long time. We used him to refresh some baits checking six before arriving back at camp.

There were three fishing villages in this area so before we saw a village we would smell the wood fires smoking fish. These villagers are Rwanda refugees and sell their fish in nearby towns. They grow vegetables which they eat in addition to the fish. They walk or ride bicycles from camp to camp and carry their items in long baskets set crosswise on the back of the bikes. Many walk in colorful clothing and wave as we pass. Their boats were dugout palm trees but one camp had a larger wooden boat.

The buffalo had moved from near the Msimba Camp and river to the Koga River area about 3 1/2 hours away so we moved our camp to an old camp site in that area. It was unbelievable how in one day the staff set up another tent for us, refreshed the grass walls of the bathroom area, and completely set up kitchen, laundry, and skinning areas. They also raked the whole area.

The first night in our new camp it rained and we had Ivan sleep in our tent but John Greef, our additional PH from Zimbabwe insisted he sleep outside under the fly of our tent. I'm quite sure the rest of the staff

wasn't quite so dry as bedding was hanging out all over the next day.

In the rain we saw beautiful rainbows. The stars were more numerous here than at home. Venus was bright and even reflected in the river like the moon.

We set up more baits in this area and had Liam, the camp manager, check the old hippo baits and bring them to this area





Lions coming in to the bait. You can see the bald patches behind the lion's ears denoting he is too young to harvest.



if they were still fresh enough. On the way back, they checked baits and the last one was being guarded by a male lion. He wouldn't let them close. He even charged the truck when it got close. We planned an early morning to check him out.

This early morning check was on the 12th day of our hunt and I was excited. I had my gun out as we did the final approach to the hit bait which was about one hour from camp. There was the lion. He had a dark mane and was laying a few yards to the right of the bait in the high grasses between some palm trees. He just laid there watching us with those beautiful yellow eyes as we stopped to glass him. John and Ivan kept assessing and assessing him to determine his age. At one time they were about 85% sure he was old enough. He had his haunches up around his head as he sat so his head and mane looked huge. We drove around a termite mound to get a better look and while we were out of sight, he moved. We decided to go get some fresh bait and not disturb him too much.

We tried to shoot an old dugga boy (cape buffalo) that the villagers said lived down by the river but even after Ivan walked through a reeded area near the river, we couldn't spot him. We looked for some of the numerous waterbucks we had been seeing but none were found.

After lunch we checked the hit bait again. The lion was still there but this time he stood and walked a little ways and laid back down again giving us a good look at him. Earlier with his shoulders up nearer his head his mane had looked full. Now we all could see space behind his ears where the hair had not filled in. He was not old enough by all judging standards we had learned. What he had was beautiful and black - just what I had wanted. We rebaited the tree and found deep claw marks and a lot of hair up the tree. He just laid watching us the whole time and he even yawned. Maybe he will howl tonight and call in more lions.

The next day we were after cape buffalo but finally got a duiker that made the mistake of stopping behind a tree think-

ing he was hidden. Usually they are only a blur but this one was ours.

We checked the hit lion bait again and there he was, our King of the Jungle, a real, wild lion. Not much of the bait had been eaten and even though we joked that he was a day older, he just wasn't old enough. At 25 yards from him, we could see him quite well as he yawned again and blinked those beautiful yellow eyes. We checked nine baits but none were hit, many down kurongos or valleys where we hoped a lion might travel back and forth to water.

A couple of more days and no baits were hit. One day we were sidetracked by a sitatunga and sent Liam to check and refresh the rest of the baits.

Still checking lion baits but to no avail we checked with the villagers to ask what they had been hearing. They told us of problems the fishermen had with crocodiles and set up twice to try and get one.

While setting up for crocs, Ivan instructed me in shooting from a prone position. I have never been confident shooting in this position but after several attempts became more secure. Ivan had instructed snipers in Iraq and said it was the most steady position. He showed me how to change the elevations with my left fist under the butt of the gun. I was ready.

Now we were running out of time. The villagers had lost three men in the last couple of years to crocs so it would have been nice to rid the area of one. A small one came in to one bait and a monitor lizard ate on another bait.

We set up a screen from which to try to get a brown spotted hyena that had been eating on a lion bait. Again the bait had been hit but we were stood up.

On the last day after the baiting truck had checked most of the baits and none had been hit, we packed up and headed back to the first camp checking baits along the way. Nothing had been hit but what a hunt we had had!

In 21 days we had harvested 31 animals and I had ten different species to add to my African list. Even though I had my heart set on a lion that would have completed my "Big Five", we had a wonderful safari. We will just have to go back again.

My Father and His Dogs

by Mary Harter

When I was born, my father, Carl Todd of Carson City, owned Speck, an English Setter, that had been their baby until I came into the world. I don't know how old he was but my parents had been married eight years before I arrived so I'm sure he was an older dog. As I grew and crawled, so I was told, he would tolerate me as long as possible and then beg to go outside to get away from me.

When I was two, my parents bought a farm just outside of Carson City and my father had more room for dogs and fields to hunt. The next dog I remember except for many hounds was another English Setter named Kit. Her papers listed her as Kit Carson and she had numerous litters which my father trained and sold. We had fun coming up with names for the dogs to go on their AKC papers. All of his setters and pointers were AKC registered. My father was careful to use names that would sound good when called in the field. You even had to draw out their markings on the paperwork. Setter and short-hair pups have the large spots on them when they are born but freckle later.

Kit would be in the house on occasion and I would dress her up in clothes and play house with her. She would let me do anything with her. I was little but remember her well. One day my mother couldn't find me. I was always outside playing and she would just check on me once in awhile. This day she got quite frantic until she found me. I had crawled in Kit's

doghouse and gone to sleep.

Five days after Kit's last litter was born, she was killed by a car in front of our house. My father picked the three pups with the best markings and we kept those and bottle fed them numerous times a day. These pups were dependent on us and my father's favorite, Spike, was completely broke at five months. I can remember him telling people about Spike and know he was young because once when my father brought home a pheasant he had shot, a dog baby tooth fell out of it. My father taught me to clean his wild game which I did on newspapers in the back room.

Two of these well trained dogs soon found new homes but my father kept Spike for himself and to this day says he was his favorite. My father always said a man has one good dog in a lifetime and Spike was his. As other hunters learned about this dog, many tried to buy him. One man approached him many times and said to just set a price. My father finally did, not expecting him to come up with that much money but the man's father was a doctor and in a few months came to my father with the money. My mother didn't want my father to sell Spike but my father said he couldn't afford to keep a dog worth that much and sold the dog. My father was used to training and selling dogs or trading them for others in the case of hounds and you never got so attached to a dog like people do today. I'm sure my father wished he had not put a price on Spike but he was always a man of his word.

I remember many hounds of different breeds living in old whiskey barrels set just far enough apart so they didn't get their chains tangled. Sometimes in the winter we would have



*Carl Todd with his ducks
sometime in the 1930's*



*Carl Todd with
Pheasants taken
with his Parker
double in the 1930's*



Mary (Todd) Harter at 8 months with Speck

just for rabbits. My father wouldn't keep a dog too long that wouldn't hunt. He said it cost the same to feed a good dog as a bad one and a bad one in his eyes was one that wouldn't hunt.

I remember Abe, a large black and tan mix, Zeke, a blue tick and beagle mix, Ike, a male beagle that he bought off a truck that came from Kentucky, Ruby, a foxhound, a basset

to go out and shovel out a hole in the snow so the dogs had room to get in and out of their houses. My father traded dogs back and forth with a neighbor, Ken Patton, who owned the slaughter house in town. He had a lot of dogs because he could feed them meat scraps. Ken and my father would also hunt fox and racoons. Ken had special dogs for special hunting. Ken even trained dogs to hunt bear. My father's hounds usually were

that wouldn't hunt but had a long pedigree which my father said proved it didn't matter with hounds, and last but not least was Skippy. Skippy was a typical beagle with white feet, collar, and tail tip. He had been hit by a car and favored one hip and skipped as he ran, hence the name Skippy. My father let him run loose thinking he was not too valuable. The neighbors called him "Todd" which was our last name. My father said he hunted backwards and would track a rabbit back to where he was born. After running for a few months on the farm, Skippy learned to hunt properly and my father spent quite a few hours hunting with him.

Since Skippy was loose, I often played with him. I would paint his toenails bright red and everyone knew which beagle belonged to my father when he would go out hunting with others. Skippy was a good dog and followed me around the farm. It was my job during the summer months when the sheep were on pasture to go out every morning to make sure none had rolled over too far and were caught on their backs. My father raised purebred Hampshires and besides selling their wool, sold the lambs at about 100 pounds to eat. They were broad across their backsides, where the lamb chops are, and would lay down and often not be able to get up. I would just give them a boot and over they would roll and run back to the barn. Skippy would accompany me.

Don's Uncle Clarence and Aunt Myrtle lived next door to my parents and also farmed. They had a dog that had been hit by a car and had a bad back leg. They also had seven children and the dog, remembering how he was injured, would nip at a child's heels if they were in the way of any cars or farm machinery which probably saved their lives several times. Once my father was over helping Clarence with some machinery and the dog nipped at my father's heels. He almost turned to chastise the dog but realized why the dog was doing it.



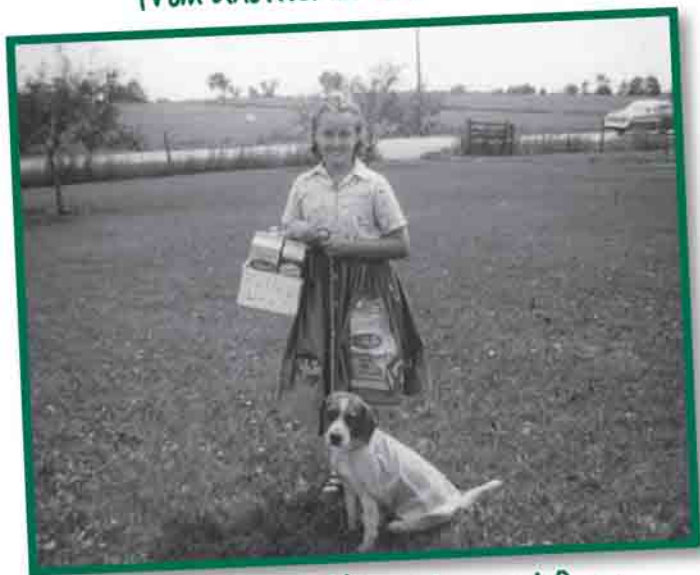
At age 3 with Kit and her puppies.

My father had a dog when he was growing up and he owned half and his father owned half. One night my father was out sleeping in a tent with the dog and his father came and scratched on the tent to scare him. The dog ran out and bit my grandfather. He said he was going to shoot the dog. My father said he owned half of him. My grandfather said he would only shoot his half. Of course the dog lived and my grandfather never tried to scare them in a tent again.

I usually fed the hounds and they ate leftovers from my father's bakery like donuts or rolls mixed with dry dog food. They were watered in old angel food cake pans which are round with a hole in the middle through which my father staked them to the ground so they wouldn't spill. I carried a lot of water through the years to these dogs. I always made



At age 5 with Kit and a puppy from another litter.



At age 9 with Skippy dressed for a pet parade



English Setter Spike

them sit and stay until I placed their food dish and stepped back and said they could eat. My father was always their boss but I liked to think that I helped a little with their training.

Eventually my father bought a German shorthair named Sookie, who was pregnant with pups. She was a great dog but only had the one litter. My father trained these pups and sold them. Sookie would announce whenever someone would drive into our driveway. As she got older, it would take her longer to get out of her doghouse and my father joked that she wouldn't bark until our company would be in the house. Once my father gave Sookie part of a deer rib cage to eat and she managed to get the whole thing in her doghouse. She got trapped and couldn't get back out. My father said she looked like she was in jail with bars of ribs over her door.

My father bought another German shorthair named Mr. Lincoln and he was a good looking dog but needed a lot of training. One day when my father was training him to heel, my father thought it was going to be either the dog or him. Mr. Lincoln was headstrong and as my father reinforced what he wanted, Mr. Lincoln bared his teeth. My father struck him over his backside with a chain and as the dog decided whether to obey or bite, my father was questioning just what he should do. The dog was large and strong but decided my father was boss and never questioned him again. My father enjoyed this dog and hunted a lot of ducks with him down on Fish Creek. Others would be there hunting and Mr. Lincoln would retrieve all of the ducks to my father and the other hunters would have to come to him to get their ducks.

I enjoyed Mr. Lincoln because with his short hair, I didn't have to comb out the many burrs like the setters got. He was a good dog and minded me. I liked his name because my maiden name was Mary Todd.

My father had another shorthair which lived under an old apple tree just west of our house. That dog would bark and bark much to the disgust of my mother so my father tried to break him of it. Numerous times he would yell at him to, "Shut up", but he wouldn't. Finally my father took an old telephone, the wooden kind that you would ring with a crank to get ahold of the operator, and hooked up to the magneto with a line up in the apple tree and down to the chain that was connected to the dog. If the dog barked you would just turn the crank and the dog would get a shock and shut up. He would bark occasionally as he forgot about the results. Once he was barking and it was raining outside. My father gave him a little jolt and the dog fell down and didn't get up for a few minutes. The wet ground had made the shock stronger. The dog lived and didn't bark much after that. I can remember my father sitting out on that doghouse talking to the dog, peeling an apple with his jackknife which he always carried, and sharing apple slices with the dog.



Ike outside his barrel in a snow drift



Sarah with Ike



Mary and sister Sarah with Sookie and puppies



Josephine in 1990

My mother never liked dogs barking. She was a light sleeper and even would get up to kill a cricket that might sing outside their bedroom window. We teased that she could kill a cricket at 10 paces with a can of Raid. Once my father got a new beagle puppy that barked at night and my mother was going to move in with us until the puppy got used to his new home. Don teased that we would rather take the puppy.

My father's last dog was a female beagle named Josephine, Joe for short. She lived in a whiskey barrel in the circle driveway where my father had planted a lot of apple trees. She lived under one that had several kinds of apples which my father had grafted. She even ate some of the apples. She was a light colored beagle and lived for a long time. My father said she was always there to greet him when he came home and he

really liked that. When she died my father said she was his last dog. My father was over 90 at that time.



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Looking Ahead - In our next issue -

Shishmaref Grizzly
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Daylight Leopard
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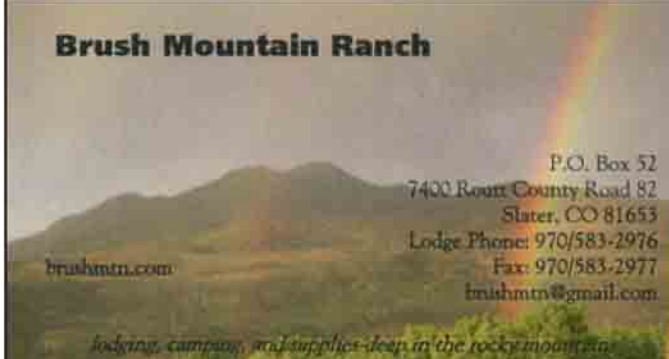


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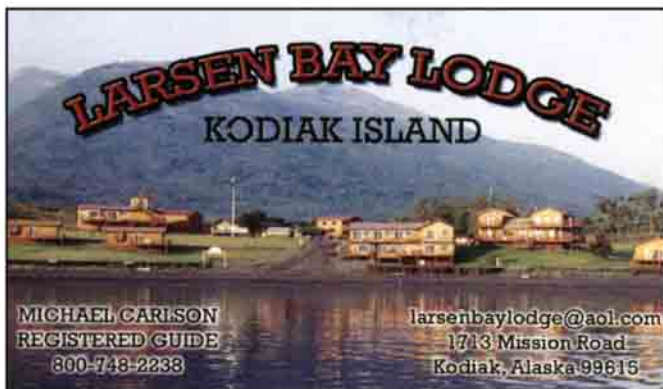


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