

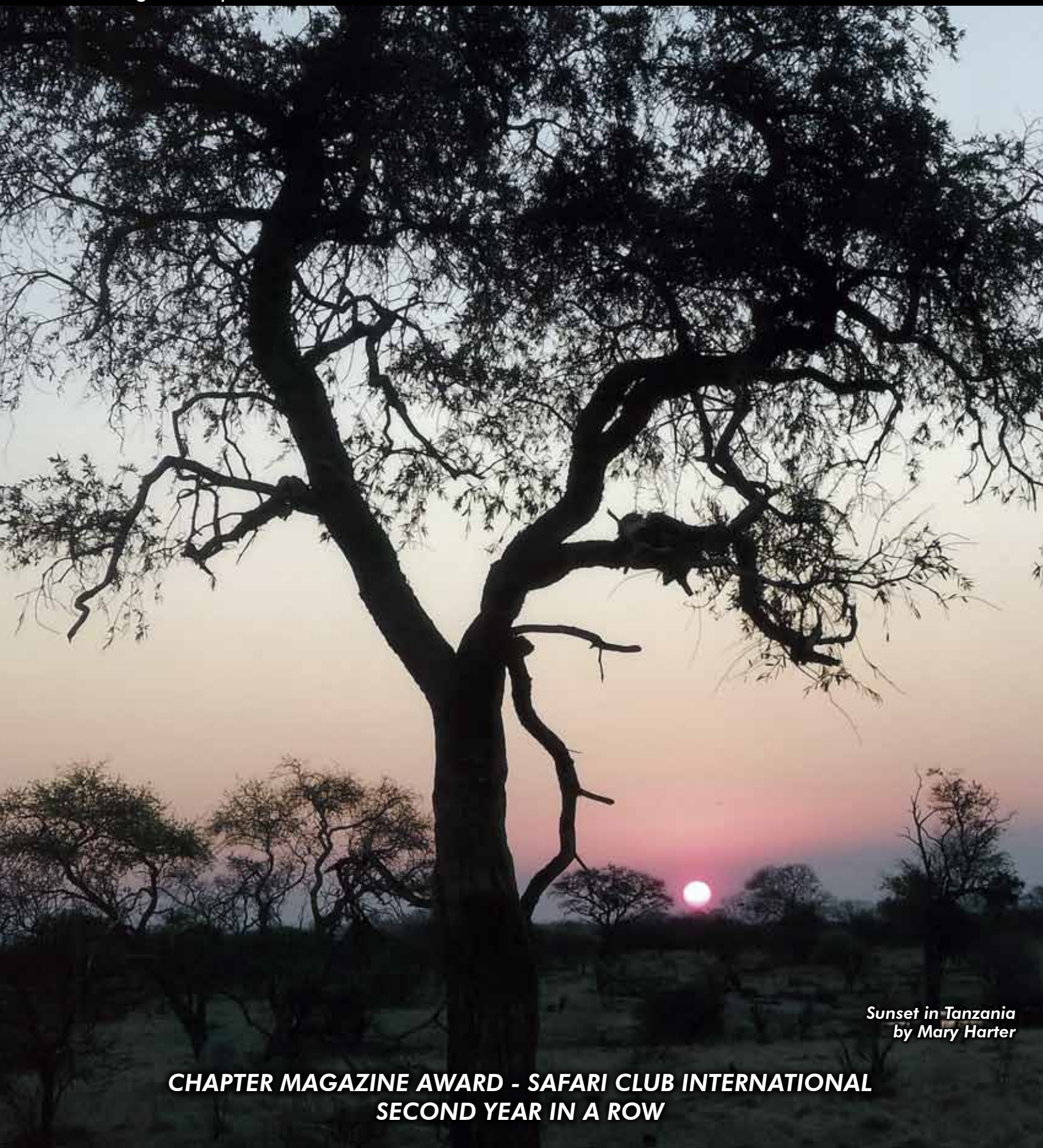
FRONT SIGHT



SCI
FIRST FOR HUNTERS

Mid-Michigan Chapter Safari Club International

Oct.-Dec. 2012, Issue 20



*Sunset in Tanzania
by Mary Harter*

**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.



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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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Mary Harter, Joe Mulders, Tim Schafer, Kevin Unger, Joanne and Larry Witte, and Randy Raymond at a recent Fundraiser Committee Meeting

SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Meeting Schedule

* SUBJECT TO CHANGE

<u>Date</u>	<u>Meeting Type</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Location</u>
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



It is that time of year again when our hunting seasons begin. The nights are getting longer, the air is turning cooler, and soon the leaves will start to turn colors. September 15 is the opening day of squirrel, rabbit, and ruffed grouse in Zones 1, 2, and 3. The Youth Hunt is

September 22 and 23. This is a great time of the year to take a new hunter in the woods. Squirrel hunting is a lot of fun and very exciting for everyone. Lots of action. October 1 is the opening day of bow season. This is a big day for bow hunters who have been waiting since last year to get back in the woods.

Our Hunter Safety Camp went well. We sent a total of nine kids to this MUCC Camp and they all received their hunter's safety certificate. Anybody interested in sending a Kid to Camp next year, give me a call and I will try my best to get them in.

Remember the most important thing when you are out hunting this fall is SAFETY. Make sure if you bow hunt out of a tree that you use a safety harness. This could save your life.

Editor's Message

Hunting season is almost here and we have grandchildren interested in hunting this year. The Youth Hunt is September 22 and 23. We have been out scouting in several of our deer blinds trying to see what deer are in the area and have not been disappointed. It is very exciting just setting out in the wildlife neighborhood watching what goes on. From one blind we see a group of twelve turkeys come across a field to go to their roosting trees almost every night. Does with their fawn come out to feed and the fawns kick up their heels in the freedom from the woods. Bucks usually come out a little later and are in their bachelor groups but mix with the does and fawns as they feed. You can tell from the actions of the deer when and where more will come from as they look and turn their ears in that direction. As the sun sets, shadows play tricks with your eyesight and milkweeds turn into possible coyotes, clumps of dirt become more possibilities. Preparation is almost as much fun as the real thing. I hope you have good luck hunting and can bring in a huge rack for Big Buck Night which will be held on January 5.

If any of you need hunter's safety, go on line to www.huntercourse.com for directions.

Don't forget to vote on November 6. This election is very important for many reasons but we all need to think



about politicians who share our same beliefs with regards to gun ownership and hunting rights. Voting is the best way to protect our beliefs.

We have a great board of directors anxious to help with our Hunter's Convention which will be held on February 22 and 23. Please mark this on your calendar and plan to join us. The proceeds from this event pay for our yearly activities so we need your help and we have great hunts being donated so think you will be pleased.

Thanks,

Mid - Michigan Chapter Safari Club International • www.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. ☐

EMAIL ADDRESS _____

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STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE _____

☐ BUSINESS

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE _____

MEMBERSHIP DUES (PLEASE CIRCLE ONE)

18 +	1 Year	\$ 65 National Dues	\$ 20 Local Dues	= \$ 85
	3 Years	\$ 150 National Dues	\$ 60 Local Dues	= \$ 210
	Life	\$1500 National Dues	\$300 Local Dues	= \$ 1,800
	Over 60	\$1250 National Dues	\$300 Local Dues	= \$ 1,550

Check/Cash attached \$ _____

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

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Book Review

by Josh Christensen

Title: BRIAN'S WINTER

Copyright: 1996

Author: Gary Paulsen

List Price: \$6.99

Publisher: This book has been published by several different publishers.

I'm going to predicate this book review by saying if you haven't read Hatchet but plan to you shouldn't read any further, because there will be information about how Hatchet ends within the following paragraphs.

Brian's Winter is one of the many books Paulsen has written that follows up the story of Hatchet. This book assumes that Brian doesn't get rescued after retrieving the emergency pack from his half submerged plane, and picks up from there. It takes us through the end of summer, into fall and beyond.

This story lets us see how life would have been for Brian as he tries to prepare and survive a northern Canadian winter on his own. He has to learn to make clothing from the animals he hunts as well as find enough food and fire wood to last him the winter.

Paulsen also tries to keep Brian, and the reader, on their toes through encounters with various animals, including a hungry bear, neighboring wolves, an angry moose (quite possibly the same moose that almost ended Brian in Hatchet) and a helpful skunk.

This story, by Gary Paulsen, is another great tale of human ingenuity and the will to survive. If you enjoyed Hatchet, then this is a must read for you because it continues the awesome adventure of man and nature.



This book gets 8 out of 10 bullseyes



My First Buck

by Tyrel Hoover



10 point taken on Sept. 25, 2011 during Youth Hunt with a .270 rifle

This hunt started in July. My dad and I went scouting in a wheat field. We saw a big six point, a four point, and two does. We were watching them when a group of eight bucks came into the field. There was a nice eight point and a tall ten point. We had to be very quiet so we wouldn't spook them. My dad and I set up cameras and sure enough, we got good pictures of the two nice bucks. Both bucks had small cheater points.

The youth hunt began on September 24, 2011. In the morning we were walking to our stand and we heard a deer snort and run away. We did not see any deer that morning. We did not go hunting that evening because I had a football game.

The next morning my dad and I decided not to hunt that spot because we did not want to scare them again. We hunted at a different stand but we did not see anything I wanted to shoot.

That afternoon we went back to the first stand. We got there at 3:00 p.m. We saw a four point at about 4:30 p.m. He stayed in the field for a long time before more deer came in.

There were four small bucks and nine does in the field when my dad said, "There he is". He told me to slowly get my gun and get ready to shoot. I got my gun up and I looked through the scope and saw his rack. I got really excited and my dad told me to calm down. After I calmed down a little



Trail Cam Pictures, Mid July 2011

he asked me if I was comfortable and I said, "Yes". Then he asked, "Are you on him?" I said yes again. He told me to shoot if I was ready. When I shot, the deer jumped in the air and ran. My dad said to shoot him again. I shot again and we heard the bullet hit him but he kept running into the woods.

When we went out to find blood, we found some but my dad thought it might be a gut shot. We waited until morning to find him. He ran in the woods 50 yards. The shot was a good double lung shot that exited behind the ribs.

We was not very wide but he was tall and heavy. We had our friend, Tim Torpey, score the buck. I am 12 years old and my first buck scored 119 2/8 SCI.



Trail Cam Pictures, August 2011

6 point taken on October 29, 2011 during archery season



Red Stag Hunting in New Zealand

By Joanne Witte

For the past seven or eight years my husband Larry and I have been talking about hunting Red Stag in New Zealand. Somehow the time was just never right. Finally about a year ago we made the decision to actually make the trip. In April 2012 we hunted with Shane Quinn of Alpine Hunting and had a wonderful time.

Our trip began with a flight from Grand Rapids to Chicago and from there to Los Angeles, Auckland and finally Palmerston North on the North Island about 2 ½ hours from Shane's lodge. We arrived in Palmerston North about noon on April 13 after having left Grand Rapids on April 11. Due to crossing the International Dateline we lost April 12. Because we are no longer young and full of energy we decided to stay overnight in Palmerston North and leave for the hunting camp the next day. This was a good decision! We stayed at a very nice hotel where we had an excellent dinner and a good night's sleep. The next day we were raring to go. We were picked up that morning and arrived in camp for lunch.

Our travel arrangements were made by Esplanade Travel and everything worked out beautifully. We had vouchers for transportation between airports and hotels and vouchers for hotels and sightseeing trips.

There were five couples at the Lodge. Two of the other couples were from Michigan. One of those, Don and Virginia Inman, has been good friends of ours for a long time. The other two couples came from New York and Wisconsin. Of the 10 guests, 7 hunted; three wives did not hunt.

The first afternoon we tried out our guides rifles and took a tour around the property. We each had our own guide and



Larry Witte's stag

a Polaris ranger. My guide was a young man named Scotty and Larry's guide was Colin, the oldest guide in camp. We decided to travel in tandem so we could watch each other shoot. Our guides worked very well together and compared notes on prospective animals as they studied them through spotting scopes. We saw dozens of animals but wanted to hold off on shooting until we were sure of the animals we wanted. New Zealand is a truly beautiful country—especially the mountainous area where we hunted.

We hunted during the tail end of the roar so we did not hear many Red Stag, but we did hear Sika deer vocalizing all the time. I kept spotting one kind of deer and asking Scotty what they were. He said they were Sambar and you could tell them by their "Mickey Mouse" ears. They are round at the top instead of being pointed like most deer. After that I could spot them quite easily.

The next morning we left early amidst dense fog. Once we drove above the fog the scenery was spectacular. The fog looked like a huge lake below us. Our normal routine was to hunt in the morning, return to the lodge for a delicious lunch, rest, and go out again mid-afternoon until dark after which we had appetizers, drinks, and another delicious meal. Because this was their fall, it was quite cold in the morning but warmed up in the afternoon. I shot my stag that afternoon. Scotty and Colin had picked it out beforehand but it was in a group that was a long ways off when we first spotted it. After a short drive Scotty and I took off on foot. The stalk lasted about 1 ½ hours and was difficult. We first encountered a group of rams and had to wait about 20 minutes for them to leave without spooking the stags. Finally we crawled up to an opening in the shrubs; I sat



Joanne Witte's stag



down with the shooting sticks and pulled the trigger. The stag was about 150 yards away. He ran a short distance and fell over. Success!

I was using Scotty's rifle which was a custom made .280 with a Remington Model 700 action, a True Flight barrel and a huge suppressor. The scope was a Night Force 5.5X22X56 millimeter. Once Scotty knew the distance he could dial in the scope. The bullets were hand loaded Hornady 162 grain A-Max. The rifle didn't kick at all and made hardly any noise. It was great. Colin and Scotty loaded the stag on a trailer and took it back to camp.

Our Michigan friends started to watch our stalk from high on the mountain. In fact Scotty communicated with their guide by radio to keep tabs on the animal when we could not see it. They watched for about 45 minutes, and then decided I wasn't going to be successful so they left. Larry and Colin had started to follow me on foot but returned to their vehicle once they saw how rough the terrain was.

The next morning we set out for Larry's stag. He wanted to shoot a high gold. We found the one Colin had picked out in short order, Larry stepped out of the Polaris, used Scotty's rifle and dropped it. After that we had the excitement of watching Shane pick up the stag with the helicopter to return it to camp. (Shane was not there when I shot my stag so it was retrieved by trailer.)

During the trip we saw dozens of stags but most of them were too big for us to shoot. In one field we counted 21 stags.

That afternoon I shot an Arapawa ram. Larry had decided before we went on the trip that he was only going to shoot one animal—a really good Red Stag. I shot the ram off one hill while he was on another hillside. By the time we got there to

pick him up he was gone; he had rolled all the way down the hill and into a drainage ditch. We had to get a very long rope, tie it onto the ram, have Scotty guide it up, and pull it up the hill with the Polaris.

That night we went possum hunting north of the little town of Taihape. We had to eat dinner on the way. Scotty told me our choices were McDonald's, KFC, or Burger King. I said I'd like to eat at a sit down restaurant and he said, "Oh, we can sit down at McDonald's" so that's what we did.

The only similarity between the New Zealand possums and ours is that they are both marsupials. The New Zealand possums are fur covered and

have small flat faces with pink noses. They are a huge pest in New Zealand because they carry TB and could infect the cattle. They also eat fruit and damage trees. They come in many colors—red, black, grey, brown. We thought the dark brown or black were the prettiest.

Our guide was Steve. He traps or shoots about 5000 possums a year. He sells the fur and has developed a machine to "pluck" them. The best ones he skins and sells the hides. A pillow made out of two skins costs about \$180.00. Possum fur and merino wool together make beautiful garments.

Hunting the possums was great fun. We used a spotlight and often shot the shotgun from the Polaris. However, when it was my turn Steve saw three possums in one tree. Scotty, Steve, and I had to climb up a hill, cross a barbed wire fence, and hike a short distance to get to the tree. I shot all three. Altogether we shot about 13 possums. We are bringing the five best back home.

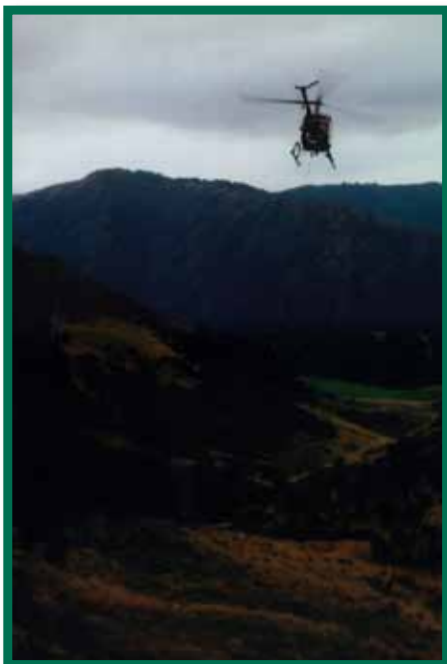
I had wanted to shoot a feral goat but the guides talked me out of it. They hate to skin them because they smell so bad. Scotty said sometimes the finished mount still smells on a muggy day. I decided to shoot a management Sika deer instead.

We were on a huge mountain and Colin and Scott were using the spotting scopes. They picked out a Sika, Scotty positioned the rifle and had me prone on the ground. I was apprehensive about that. I had only shot one other animal while prone during my whole hunting career. The shot was 250 yards. I dropped it. Since I was on the edge of a steep ledge Scotty helped me get up. He said he could replace his rifle if it dropped but not me.

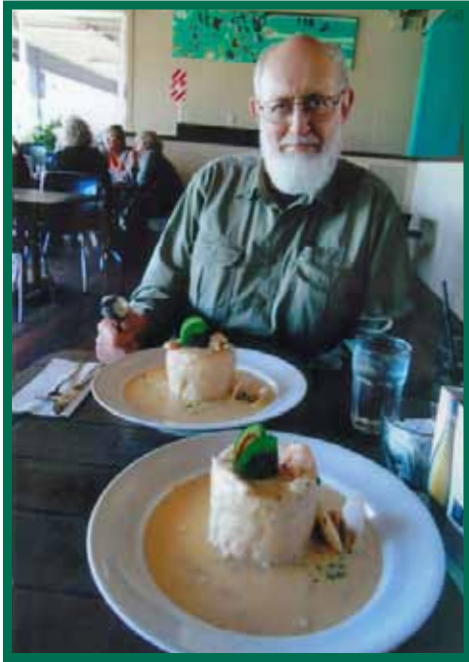
We were back in camp by 9:30AM and I decided to go shopping with the three non-hunters and Niki—Shane's wife.



Joanne's Arapawa ram



Helicopter with Larry's Stag



Our seafood chowder

Larry was relieved. He said it cost less to have me go shopping than it does to have me continue hunting. We went to the wool shop where I bought beautiful merino wool and possum sweaters for Larry and me. Then we had a lovely lunch and stopped at every store in Taihape. I was so tired.

That night two of the men were on the South Island hunting Tahr, the other two

Michigan men were hunting possums, so Larry and we girls had scrumptious appetizers, drinks, and dinner. Shane measured our stags. Larry's scored 398 5/8 and mine scored 378 7/8.

The next day we went to Auckland for 2 nights to do some sightseeing. We took a tour of the city. Our guide was very knowledgeable. The average income in New Zealand is about \$55,000 a year but the average home costs about \$340,000. He said he and his wife have been trying to find a house for 12 years and even though they both have good jobs they can't find anything they can afford. The population of Auckland is about 1.2 million and that exceeds the entire population of the South Island. There are a great many Orientals in the city—many of them attending universities.

That afternoon we spent at the Auckland Museum and War Memorial where we particularly enjoyed the Maori show. The Maori, the original inhabitants of New Zealand, were a very warlike people. Most of the museum displays consisted



The fog

of the weapons they used to dispatch their foes. There were other displays of the cages they used to trap and keep birds so they could eat them. There are no native mammals on the islands so birds were very important to them for food.

The following day we had a great lunch of fish chowder at the harbor and took a tour on a sailboat before catching our plane to San Francisco. We left Auckland about 7:00PM on April 20 and arrived in San Francisco about noon on April 20. We got to San Francisco before we left Auckland due to crossing the International Dateline. Once again we stayed overnight before heading back to Michigan. Another good decision!

It was great trip!



Joanne's sika deer
The hill or rock at the top of the picture is where she shot it from



Larry and Joanne Witte with possums

Press Release

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
Aug. 1, 2012

Contact: Katie Keen, 231-775-9727 or Ed Golder, 517-335-3014

Hunters: Pure Michigan Hunt winner's story could be yours in 2013

The Department of Natural Resources reminds hunters that there is still plenty of time to apply for the 2013 Pure Michigan Hunt, which will give three lucky winners the opportunity to participate in every limited-license hunt in Michigan. The winners receive elk, bear, antlerless deer, and spring and fall turkey hunting licenses, as well as first choice in the daily drawings at one of the DNR's managed waterfowl areas.

Previous winners' stories offer vivid examples of this "hunt of a lifetime" experience.

One of the 2012 Pure Michigan Hunt winners, 38-year-old wholesale bait dealer Dan Beaudoin, went on his very first spring turkey hunt this season. After three hot days of looking and waiting for the perfect turkey near Davisburg, he took a 27-pound tom with a 6-inch beard. Beaudoin said he saw many males coming out in full strut, some in an area with hens, but he waited.

"I was choosy, I had plenty of time," said Beaudoin, and the wait was well worth it. He then sent his harvest to the taxidermist, who said it was the largest one he had seen yet this season.

Beaudoin said he is most excited for his elk hunt, having never hunted elk in Michigan. He did take a 4-by-4 bull in Colorado once, but he's hoping for something a bit larger this year. The Pure Michigan Hunt gives him ample opportunity, as winners can hunt in any and all open hunting areas during all hunt periods until they are successful.

Also an avid duck hunter, Beaudoin is very excited about the opportunity to hunt on the opening day of waterfowl season at one of the best places to hunt ducks in Michigan – Harsen's Island Managed Waterfowl Area in St. Clair County.

"It's been a couple of years since I've hunted ducks and I'd love to go again this year," he said.

To enter the 2013 Pure Michigan Hunt drawing, hunters can purchase unlimited \$4 applications until Dec. 31 anywhere licenses are sold or on the DNR's [E-license website](http://www.michigan.gov/puremichiganhunt). The application fee goes straight to managing and protecting Michigan's wildlife habitat. Winners will be announced in January 2013.

In addition to every limited hunting license the state of Michigan has to offer, each winner will receive the ultimate prize package from Michigan companies and organizations:

- 2012 Terminator crossbow packages from Darton Archery
- 30.06 rifles from Michigan Gun Owners
- 12-gauge Remington 870 shotguns from Lake Effect Chapter of MI Duck Hunters Association
- Camouflage ground blinds from Ameristep
- Two-day, two-night guided spring turkey hunt from East Lake Outfitters
- Sitka camouflage custom hunting clothing from Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation
- Custom turkey calls and camouflage vests from the Michigan Chapter of the National Wild Turkey Federation
- Rapid River Knives, custom DU decoy and memberships from the Michigan Chapter of Ducks Unlimited
- QDM herd monitoring kits from the Michigan Chapter of the Quality Deer Management Association
- Local and national memberships from the Mid-Michigan Chapter of the Safari Club International

Other prizes will be added to the package; for the up-to-date prize list visit www.michigan.gov/puremichiganhunt.



Daylight Leopard

by Mary Harter

On this 21 day hunt to Tanzania, Don's major animal was a leopard and mine was a lion. We were hunting with Ivan Carter with Raoul Ramoni's "Tanzania Big Game Safaris". We flew in to Kilimanjaro, stayed overnight, drove to Arusha and took a small plane another 2 1/4 hours to near camp and drove another 3/4 hour in to our Msimba Camp on the Msimba River. We were the second and last hunt from this camp for the year. Our area to hunt was 1 1/2 million acres. Doug, the hunter in camp before us had several leopards coming in to bait and had been successful in harvesting one so Don's hopes were high.

Don had just received his IMC2 Heym double a couple of weeks before we left home and he had not had much time to practice with it so the first action was to go to the target range to sight it in. PH Ivan Carter was just as excited as Don because IMC stands for Ivan Murray Carter and was made from Ivan's specifications for the perfect double to bring on an African safari. One set of barrels is a 450 Nitro Express, one a 300 Win mag, and one



Don Harter with his leopard and PHs Ivan Carter and John Greef

The first day we went out to shoot several animals for bait and check the existing baits. I first shot a Lichtenstein hartebeest. He was in a herd of ten and Ivan Said, "There's a good bull!" Off we went, he set the sticks, and down went the hartebeest, a DRT (dead right there).

Next we spotted a group of three sable and as we were glassing them, one turned sideways showing his horns and Don and Ivan were off. The beautiful animal became not only the first animal of Don's on this safari but the first animal ever shot with an IMC Heym. He used the 300 Win mag barrels. Well, now we have two animals to use for bait and they also are great trophies.

The next day we were out early to check and refresh baits. The first cat tracks we saw were lion. The tsetse flies were bad and attacked every time we stopped. The first bait was built for lion but with a branch appropriate for leopard. A blind isn't built until a cat has hit the bait but a spot is always chosen and sometimes brush is cut down in anticipation so a blind can be built quickly.

The second bait was placed in a valley so the meat smell could fill between the hills. Again it was built for



Building the leopard blind





both lion and leopard. Eight workers were with us. This bait will have a tree blind if it is hit. The baits were covered with branches to keep the vultures away and the meat shaded so it will last longer. Temperatures were in the 90s everyday so baits don't last too long.

We were running about 100 miles of baits up and down these two track trails and hired another driver and truck to help check and rebait. Most of these 100 miles were driven in second gear.

On the third day, a leopard bait had been hit! We tore down an old blind in a different location and rebuilt it 74 yards from the hit bait. The blind was long grasses lashed with binder twine to small tree limbs making about 8' by 8' panels which were quickly set up to poles set in the ground like fence posts. The holes in the ground were made with a metal spud. four leather camp chairs were placed inside and appropriate windows were cut out. Don had limbs placed to solidly support his elbow for shooting up at the leopard in the tree or down if he were on the ground. Limbs with leaves for camo were placed around the front.

The next morning Don got up at 3:30 a.m. to get ready for his date with a leopard. Ivan said a big leopard had been sighted previously and he was a morning feeder. I stayed in camp because there would be four in the blind with Don, PH Ivan, PH John, and cameraman Andy. After three sixteen hour days, I didn't mind sleeping in but still got up quite early to check out the camp and take pictures.

The leopard showed up but left before it was light enough to shoot. He was a huge leopard and they planned to try again that night.

After a late breakfast we were off to check baits and see what the bush would present. After checking the first bait, Ivan spotted a huge warthog and he and Don, John, and a tracker were off. After a two mile trek through some unbelievable vegetation catching sight of him only a couple of times but never long enough for a shot, they gave up.

We spotted some guinea fowl and Don quickly changed barrels on his Heym and had his first harvest with his 20

gauge shotgun. Now to use that 450 Nitro Express on a cape buffalo.

Don, Ivan, John, and Andy sat again in the leopard blind for the evening. Nothing showed up and again Ivan mentioned that he thought the leopard was a morning feeder.

Don had been up for 21 hours when he finally got to bed. What we don't do to have fun.

The next morning it was raining so they didn't go out. We slept in, had a late breakfast, and went out to put a tarp over the leopard blind. It rained all day but we still went out to try and shoot some more bait. We even stopped to eat lunch which we had been too busy for on the last couple of days.

We saw some cape buffalo including a huge bull but we couldn't catch up to them. They never stopped to rest. Liam, the camp manager, took me back to camp and Don and the gang sat out for leopard. the leopard had come in since we tarped the blind but didn't come back.

On the sixth day of our hunt, Don and the gang went out at 5:30 a.m. to hunt the leopard. Hyenas came in before daylight under the bait tree to eat bones and meat that had dropped down from the feeding leopard. They could hear the bones crunching as they fed. At about daylight the hyenas whooped and left. The leopard had been waiting up in the back of the tree and after the hyenas were gone, came down to the meat hanging in the tree. He stood broadside on the limb. Don put the pin on his shoulder and squeezed the Heym's trigger. The leopard was obviously hit as he fell out of the tree and ran. He ran a short distance in the dry riverbed to the right of the bait. Don was calm up to this point but was almost shaking as Ivan, John, and the tracker with machetes approached the leopard. Slowly they tracked until they could see the dead leopard and yelled telling Don he had been successful. All of the hard work and bush buck bait had paid off.

After the recovery, they decorated Don and the truck for the "Kabubi, Kabubi" back to camp. I was in the lodge just finishing breakfast and knew from the approaching sounds





The Kabubi-Kabubi Celebration for Don's leopard success

that Don had been successful. Everyone in camp greeted him singing and dancing with homemade instruments and head pieces. They carried Don around in a camp chair as they celebrated.

What a gorgeous old leopard. He had one tooth partially broken off. Don had a beautiful trophy!

Hunting this leopard was also a great accomplishment for John Greef who had been badly mauled by a gut shot leopard about a year earlier. He had seventeen surgeries since the attack and was now back guiding. Ivan had grown up with John in Zimbabwe and they were lifelong friends. Joanne and Larry Witte had hunted with John in Zimbabwe several years prior. John had several surgeries to go and had to learn to shoot using his left eye as his dominate right eye had been badly damaged.

On the last evening of our hunt, John described his ordeal in detail. His son had even been shot in the foot during the siege and lost a toe. John had tried to kill the leopard which was on top of his son with only the son's gun between them and learned that his double was empty as he shoved it at the attacking cat to fire. During his first shot taken earlier, both barrels had fired and now his gun was empty. John was airlifted out the next day and we are so glad he has recovered enough to be able to guide again.

On the Outdoor or Sportsman's Channel, on Hornady's Africa with Ivan Carter, Don's leopard hunt is on "Hunting the Land of Legend".



CONSERVATION AFFAIRS

By Larry Witte

The SCI-Michigan Involvement Committee (SCI-MIC) welcomes the addition of the Kensington Valley Chapter as the 12th Michigan SCI chapter. Pledges from Michigan SCI chapters together with matching grants from SCI Foundation provide the basis for our support of DNR research and wildlife activities.

CONTINUING DNR-SCI WILDLIFE PROJECTS

Predator-Prey Project

The Predator-Prey Project continues into the mid snowfall zone in the UP north and west of Crystal Falls where there is a good population of wolves. To date 14 black bear and 3 wolves from 2 packs have been trapped and collared. Trapping continues and will include coyotes and bobcat.

OTHER CONSERVATION ISSUES

New DNR Director

Governor Rick Snyder has appointed Keith Creagh Director of the Michigan Department of Natural Resources. He replaces Rod Stokes, a veteran DNR employee, also appointed by Snyder. Creagh served as Director of the Department of Agriculture and Rural Development under the Snyder administration for about a year and a half. Keith is known to many of the DNR folks past and present for his 30 years of experience in the Department of Agriculture. He has a degree in Forestry from Michigan Tech.

Chronic Wasting Disease (CWD)

The Wildlife Division of DNR is working on a modified CWD management plan. If future baiting bans are required the ban could be done on a regionalized basis such as a county or group of adjacent counties rather than a whole peninsula as it was previously. To date over 34,000 deer, about 1600 elk and 70 moose have been tested for CWD. There have been no positives found for CWD.

Testing Continues for TB

Of 6000 deer tested, 17 were positive for TB. Fourteen of the TB positive deer came from Area 452 in the NE Lower Peninsula and 3 from Presque Isle County. DNR reports that there have been only small fluctuations in the numbers found over last 10 years.

Antlerless Licenses

The Natural Resources Commission has changed the number of private land antlerless deer licenses available for individual hunters from 5 per day, as it was last year, to 10 for the entire 2012 deer season.

Wolves

Michigan Wildlife managers are watching and hoping to learn from Minnesota and Wisconsin's experience in developing and managing the first wolf hunts in the Great Lakes region since wolves have been removed from the endangered list.

Minnesota will offer 6000 licenses for sale with a harvest quota of 400 spread over 3 seasons. Non-resident hunting



*Larry Witte with his Michigan turkey
10" beard and 1 1/2" spurs*

licenses will be capped at 5% (300 licenses). Licenses will be selected by lottery.

Wisconsin's 2012 preliminary harvest quota for public feedback is 143-233 wolves. The license application fee is \$10.00 with selection based on random drawing and preference points. The license fee for residents is \$100.00 and for non-residents it is \$500.00.

Monitoring the other two states experience with their 2012 hunts could help Michigan do it right when, and if, there is an opportunity for a hunt.

Proposed Legislation

A bill has been introduced in the Michigan House of Representatives to create lifetime hunting and fishing licenses. When lifetime licenses were available in 1989 more than 3000 were sold. There is some concern that sale of lifetime licenses could complicate federal matching funds for DNR with increased funding early on and reduced funding as interest in lifetime licenses declines.

A bill has been introduced in the Michigan Senate to indemnify owners for losses of livestock and pets from predation by wolves, coyotes, and mountain lions. Senate Bill 996 is patterned after Wisconsin legislation which is believed to cost the state about \$400,000.00 per year.

Fall Hunting

Remember to buy your small game license. Hunting for ruffed grouse, squirrel, cottontails and snowshoe hare starts September 15. Consider taking a youngster along.

GOOD HUNTING

Hunting Arctic Grizzly in Northern Alaska

by Paul Conner

As we drive to the airport in the pre-dawn hours of what is beginning to be another comfortable Indiana Spring day, we were hoping we'd both remembered everything we were supposed to bring and very little extra. Our luggage space was at a premium and besides that, we were getting too old to carry much more than we absolutely positively needed. We had even decided to take just one 2-gun rifle case and risk losing both rifles at once to keep the number of pieces of luggage down to a minimum. Once again Jack Feightner is along as my hunting partner replacing my old friend, Jim Stender, who's Cardiologist forbid his going on this hunting trip to the Arctic with me. As usual, or so it seems, there's construction around the airport vicinity and even at this early hour traffic is slow and confused. Finally at the airport and through the ever increasing security we're boarding our flight to Anchorage where we'll overnight at the Millennium Inn. The two great bears standing in the hotel lobby tell us we're in the right place, in Alaska. Later that afternoon, we head down to the hotel restaurant that overlooks a small frozen lake and enjoy a favorite local dinner, fresh Halibut.

In the morning we board the flight to Nome, situated much further north in Alaska. We usually stay at the Aurora Inn on Front Street when in Nome but to our surprise it was completely booked. I then called the Nugget Inn and got their last room with two beds. Wow! Nome must be having another gold rush or the 'Birders' are having a convention there. during the flight the passenger sitting beside me asks what we're doing in Nome, and as I cautiously avoid mentioning hunting to a complete stranger, the conversation switched to the problem of getting a hotel room. He then apologized and



Our hunting area

confessed that it was he that had rented all the hotel rooms in town for his construction crew. He had been tasked to build a new 3-story hospital in Nome. After my amused chuckle and slight smile at this incredible story, I was thinking he was the new stand-up comic at the bar in the Nugget Inn. He said . . . no, really, a big new 3=story hospital - in Nome, Alaska! It'll be finished later this year. After we landed and collected our luggage he kindly gave us a ride to our hotel. He actually turned out to be a hunter and a really good guy as well as the head of a major construction company. Once there, we found out they had also closed forever that unique old wild west bar in the Nugget Inn. Nome was changing again. Early the next morning we wandered down to Nome's newest restaurant, the "Bering Sea", to have breakfast. The food and service was great. We had a window seat with a terrific view of the still frozen Bering Sea out to perhaps a half mile or so from shore. It was now colder outside with piles of snow scattered about everywhere we looked. After we checked out of the still full Nugget Inn, a quick taxi ride to the airport was next and once there we were met by my great and most knowledgeable friend in Nome . . . "Tok" . Surprisingly, Brian Simpson's assistant guide, Justin, was also returning to Shishmaref on our flight. We carried all our luggage up to the desk, our flight was confirmed and everything weighed and tagged. Now, all we had to do was wait the 30 minutes to our flight time and catch up on what everyone has been doing since our last meeting in Nome. As our flight time neared, the attendant said our flight was going to be delayed for 30 minutes due to the weather up north at Shishmaref, our final



Shish Terminal





Shish folks help unload plane

destination. Twenty minutes later the flight was cancelled and we were told the next scheduled flight was at 4:00 p.m. Tok warmly volunteered the use of his home for our comfort and relaxation during the coming hours and his truck in case we wanted to do some sightseeing around Nome. He had to return to work for awhile. Quietly stunned by the unexpected change in our hunting trip schedule, we wondered if our outfitter and guides would be aware of the change. Justin assured us that Brian, our Outfitter, knew of the flight change before we did as he was in "Shish", as Shishmaref is known locally, where the weather problem originated.

After a couple more hours of rest and a tour of Nome we returned to the airport for the 4:00 p.m. flight. The plane had not yet contacted the airport but everyone thought it was airborne somewhere. Minutes later the radio confirmed it was 20 minutes out and approaching Nome. All of us six passengers silently cheered. Now aloft at twenty thousand feet we can clearly see the mountains approaching as well as bright white snow everywhere we look. For another 75 minutes we watched as the plane neared the Arctic and then Shishmaref

appeared below off the port side. It seemed that almost all the village people turned out to greet the plane and then helped unload the contents including us. Brian stepped up and greeted us with a big welcoming smile and soon we were loaded onto snowmobiles heading towards Jimbo's house. Jimbo was one of our guides and we changed clothes for the short trip to the Arctic hunting camp, our home-away-from-home for possibly two weeks. It was nearing zero degrees here and our street clothes no longer kept us quite warm enough. Jack and I were the only hunters this week so additional provisions and gas filled the sleds extra space. After dressing in our Arctic hunting attire we stashed our gun case and street clothes in the spare room and went out to the now loaded sleds. The "short" trip to camp took two full hours and included a stop to check the recently made tracks of a passing caribou herd and then afterwards, tracks of a wolf pack following that herd of caribou. Next came a whiteout for a mile or so just before we arrived at camp. The purple cabin

had up to six feet of snow still surrounding it and was a welcome sight. Our guides, Cliff and his grandson, Tyler, were waiting patiently for us, the hunters, and the extra provisions. It was a long day which this far north was in daylight for about 18 1/2 hours.

Now inside, with the small stove warming the cabin, we quickly shed our Arctic clothing and tried to get comfortable with a cup of freshly made hot coffee. Cliff's lady friend, Florence, had heard of my constant need for coffee and was always there waiting in the background with a refill. She's a mighty fine lady and good cook. Brian then gathered us around the table and we signed almost every possible piece of paper needed for hunting in Alaska . . . except one. Jack had accidentally left his bear permit in his street clothes back at Shishmaref at Jim's house . . . two hours away! This was bad. We had just gone through a whiteout. It was snowing again and getting colder as evening approached. Tomorrow was our first day of hunting . . . in the opposite direction. Now standing tall with a big happy smile on his face, Tyler said he would gladly return



Cliff's place - Arctic Hunting Camp



Clifford Weyjonaanna



"Eagle-Eye" Tyler, Cliff's grandson

to Shish to get Jack's permit. His girlfriend lives nearby too, but that probably never crossed his teenage mind. Then, as he quickly disappeared into the falling snow at about a hundred miles an hour we all remembered those very same days of our youth.

While dinner was being prepared we talked about our hunt tomorrow and our incredible luck with the weather warming up for the bears to come out of hibernation. Brian mentioned twice that we couldn't have planned it any better. Our hopes of seeing several big bears was improving by the minute. Jack is also hunting for a big Grizzly because his favorite dog had recently chewed up his only Grizzly bear rug. A nice Dog rug wouldn't be large enough to replace the lost Grizzly rug so he decided to try for a suitable replacement. After more hunting talk, there was old friends and new friends talk . . . then dinner was announced to be hot and ready. A great first meal in this Arctic camp ended and everyone was tired, wanting a nap immediately afterward. Jack and I had managed a very long day and sleep sounded even better than a nap. About

an hour later, Tyler showed up, still smiling, and had Jack's bear permit safely in his pocket. He was now starved as well. A hot meal and a nice monetary reward made his day. After a sound sleep of about seven or eight hours, we arose to the clatter of breakfast being made. Cliff's infamous sourdough pancakes were getting piled higher and higher. Once eaten, never forgotten! They are that good!

Cliff and Brian suggested we take our time and let as many bears as possible crawl out of their dens. We had an extra cup of coffee or two and watched the sleds and snowmobiles getting prepped for a long day of hunting before dressing in our heavy Arctic clothing. It was getting exciting so we suited up and went outside to take pictures and watch the expert crew at work. Having been on several hunts previously, we recognize talented people when we see them at their best. Brian's guys don't even have to speak while they work as they all know what's needed to be done and do it. Cliff was working on a special sled project for me. I had torn a shoulder muscle on another hunt a few months earlier and it wasn't healed yet. In fact, I had several months of physical therapy to go so I couldn't take a chance on driving my own snowmobile. Hence the new "Clifford designed" soft and well padded hunting sled in which I would ride. Jack, on the other hand, was driving his very first snowmobile at the age of 85. He's just a kid at heart. After checking everything twice we were soon traveling into the all white environment of the land above the Arctic Circle. We are now on the hunt and all was going better than expected. As we head into the mountains the guides point out tracks of many different local animals, some hunting, some escaping. A couple of hours later we're stopping at the base of a large mountain in our path. The plan is for us to separate into two groups of hunters and guides. My group (Cliff, Tyler, and Justin) goes left and Jack's group (Brian and Jimbo) heads to the right and we'll all meet back at the cabin much later tonight. It's beautiful here in the mountains and everyone is still anxious to see a real live bear. All wave good-bye and we quickly lose sight of each other's group as the all white Arctic just



Arctic Camp and facility



Prepping for the first day of hunting



Into the all white Arctic we go



Visibility is decreasing

swallows up every detail very quickly. Now we travel upward higher into the mountains and across frozen pastures looking for the big bear that has just left a winter's den. We see a good size Alaska moose trying to hide near a patch of willows, then a pair of caribou, but no bears. The hours and the miles pass quickly and it's always exciting. Justin checks on me often to make sure I'm warm enough and to see if I need a break. There's no hurry, it is the first day out hunting in the Arctic and it is as incredible as it was the first time. Words don't do it justice. It's about 3:00 p.m. and we're crossing a long snowy ridgeline with a high cliff face standing several hundred yards to our right side and a deeply angled drop-off to our left with a drainage about 1,00 yard or so below. the snowmobiles are running about 10 mph as everyone is looking and glassing the whole scene and then, all of a sudden, come to a dead stop!

Minutes later Clifford walks over to me and says that Tyler has spotted a bear slowly walking in the drainage down below but he thinks it's just an average bear, not the trophy size we're here for. He then sends Tyler down to get a better look and we all try to find the bear in our binoculars. Tyler saw this bear while riding ahead on his snow machine, with his naked eyes through ski goggles. Finally, Justin and I see Tyler approaching within several hundred yards on the other side of the

drainage and we see the little brown speck at long distance moving away from him. Five minutes later he pulls up in front of our sled and tells his Grandpa it's not an average size bear, , , it's a really big one!!! Now they formulate a plan to get the bear to move a few hundred yards in the same direction but higher up into the deeper snow where Justin and I will meet him up close and personal. Tyler is told to drive down this side of the mountain and cross over to the opposite uphill side and get only close enough to the bear that he'll barely hear the motor and not panic. As a safety precaution his grandpa handed him his loaded bear rifle, a Remington 22-250. It takes him about 6 to 7 minutes to get within noise range of the bear, "my" bear. The bear is now moving slowly in the right direction but still safely within the drainage. Cliff quickly steps over to me and says to make sure my rifle is fully loaded and once I shoot

. . . keep shooting until it's empty, then reload quickly. As Justin now starts to move forward to a particular point, perhaps a quarter mile further ahead, where we'll start our downhill decent. Within a few hundred yards we'll eventually cross paths with the bear. The bear is now at a slow trot keeping his eye on Tyler in the distance, not overly concerned as he heads slightly upward towards the much deeper snow that lies ahead. Justin now briefly stops



Finally . . . no visibility





From the left side of my sled



From the right side of my sled



A foot print!

the sled so we can get a good look at the bear. The bear hasn't spotted us yet. He looks huge in our binoculars and our hearts go into race mode. (Just retelling this event in print makes my heart beat faster. It was truly exciting, an adventure to never be forgotten.) The bear is now heading uphill at a steeper angle and is being slowed by the deeper crusted snow as he frequently checks on the noise being made by Tyler's snow machine in the far distance behind and to his left side. Justin has now slowed a little to keep the noise down as we approach the point where we'll meet the bear. We are now under a hundred yards and still closing. The bear looks even larger as Justin turns the sled directly towards the bear and then angles sharply away as we get really close. the bear looks back left at Tyler in the distance and then immediately looks back to his right rear directly as us. He now knows something is wrong. I now have my .375 Ruger up and carefully aimed, and as I flipped the safety off . . . the bear made his decision on who's the greatest threat as he starts to turn towards us. Tyler later told me he was watching through the binoculars as we closed

in on the bear and didn't hear the shot but saw the bear just instantly knocked down. He did hear the second shot though. The Ruger .375 Alaskan is just the right stuff and a bit more. After a suitable amount of time had passes we all cautiously walked up to the bear and after a quiet unmoving moment everyone breathed a silent breath of relief. After many pictures and hearty congratulations the remainder of the work was handed over to the guides. My incredible Arctic Grizzly is a measured 9 feet 5 inch trophy with long light brown fur and dark stockings. It will be a beautiful full mount before Christmas. Cliff took me aside to show me the pads on my bear's feet and this harsh and unforgiving environment with a unique native understanding of the animals explained that their complete and even moss green coverage, without any wear, indicated that he'd just left the winter den prior to our arrival. Eskimos survive This harsh and unforgiving environment with a unique native understanding of the animals and their surroundings that was passed on to them by their parents. That same knowledge and more is then passed on to their children. We hunters sometimes come back with a little of this unwritten know-how that's been shared between



The owner of the foot print



Paul and Paw



Paul and Bear



Justin, Tyler and Cliff with Paul's bear

friends and it makes us feel a closer bond with them. Soon we start the long ride back to the cabin. We're about 40 miles out and the excitement is a bit less now on this very long first day of our hunt. Much later, as we stop outside the purple cabin and try to get our muscles working long enough to get off the snowmobiles and out of the sled, we hope Florence has the coffee on.

We all reunite inside the cabin after the guys get the gear properly and efficiently taken care of and the bear hide is put safely out of harm's way for awhile. As we enjoy a snack of warm sweets and hot coffee, we all wonder if Jack's day is going as well as ours did. Brian's knowledgeable words about picking the best possible time to hunt ring true in my thoughts. It's now about 9:00 p.m. and still afternoon bright outside as we hear snowmobile noises approaching. Soon, in walks a tired, cold and smiling Jack Feightner who also has a trophy Grizzly Bear. It's unbelievable! Two bears on the first day! His is a rare Blonde bear measuring a solid eight feet with dark stockings and perfect fur. He couldn't be any happier. As everyone eventually gathers around the table all the stories are told in great detail with lots of terrific bear pictures for all to see. We'd all been wound up a bit at the end of this day but now our hunt is over and the long, cold, tiring day has caught up with us. It's now below zero outside and finally getting dark at this late midnight hour. We both were more than just successful on our very first day, expecting up to two full weeks of Arctic hunting. We're now certain the Hunting Gods had truly smiled upon us. Tyler, a fine young man, now known as "Eagle-Eye" by me, will someday be one outstanding Alaska guide thanks to Cliff's teaching, understanding, and patience. Brian's track record is also unblemished. Everyone that hunts with him is successful sooner or later and he's a great supporter of our SCI chapter with many repeat customers including us. A couple days later we're back in the Nome airport waiting for our plane to arrive for the long flight back home. The end of another great adventure has arrived, all too soon!



Brian congratulates his oldest hunter, Jack



Jack and blonde grizzly

Hippo Heaven in Tanzania

by Mary Harter

The last time we were in Tanzania with Johan Pieterse, I harvested a huge hippo and here we were again hunting cats and needing hippos for bait. This time we were hunting out of Arusha on 1 1/2 million acres with Tanzania Big Game Safaris with Ivan Carter and John Greef, our professional hunters (PHs). It was October of 2011.

On the very first day of our hunt which was primarily for a leopard for Don and a lion for me, we set out to harvest some animals for bait. After the luck of a hartebeest and sable we proceeded to the Koga River for a hippo.

We stopped to talk to some fishermen to see what activity was in the area and they had spotted three hippos down by a bend in the river. We were off and found them, watched them for awhile, and found they were a couple of females with a young one.

We continued up the river and found a pod of about 50. Ivan and John selected a spot where only a few were located on



Don with his hippo

the side and we all crawled over the sand to watch them. the sand was hot to touch and I was glad I had on long pants as we scooted and crawled towards the water. Don, Ivan, John, and Andy (the cameraman) set up under a tree on the high bank of the river and watched the hippos for quite awhile before selecting one. Don had to shoot him near his eye socket for the proper shot placement for the angle of the hippo which he did with my .375. The hippo floated for several minutes and then sank. Now the wait for him to bloat enough to float back up.

We ate lunch and the trackers and game scout asked some nearby fishermen for help with the hippo after he surfaced. By the time he surfaced, nine local people had come to help. Their boat was a dug out palm tree and two people went out in it to tie a rope on the hippo and use it to haul him to shore. They hauled him a ways with the boat and then got the rope to all of the other people out in the water who hauled him near shore where the truck hauled him up the rest of the way and up on the beach where he was cut up. What a trophy he was! He was huge with very large teeth. His body was covered with scars from years of fighting. Now the next big bull would take over his place.

The nine locals helped cut him up and maneuver him when necessary. Some of the meat was



A pod of hippos





Mary with her hippo

shared with them and they carried numerous pieces to tree boughs they placed on the beach. When finished they cut up the pieces to share equally. They even took the lungs.

Fifteen marabou storks came and stood and watched waiting for a handout while we worked. They were about four feet tall when standing and looked like tax collectors in pin striped suit coats with their hands clasp behind their backs. The storks have gray heads with warts, a light pink waddle below their bills, white chest (two were tan) and a bright red protrusion behind their heads between their wings. The black feathers on their wings were edged with white, hence the pin striped look. Their legs, so we were told, were really black but they poop on them to keep them white and cool. What a look!

Yellow billed kites also came to join in the hippo harvest. Andy, our cameraman, threw pieces of hippo meat in the air and these beautiful birds would fly by

and catch the meat in the air. Several vultures also circled overhead but all that is left after our kills is usually a little blood on the ground. The native people utilize everything.

The locals took all of the boxes and empty water bottles we had and were grateful for the meat offered. They worked hard for several hours.

We loaded all we could in the truck and dragged the rest several miles until we were off the main dirt road and could tie the two hind quarters in a tree. I have no idea how much weight we had in the truck with a hartebeest, a sable, parts of a hippo, and all of the workers. We had to drive in second gear until we off loaded the two hippo hinds. We got back to camp after 10:30 p.m., ate quickly, showered, and crashed in bed.

We also saw a civet and genet on the way home in the dark plus Reedbuck, topi, and hartebeest. We saw a pennant wing night jar that is a bird with white on the edge of their wings and only fly at night. Andy was thrilled to be able to see one.

We were out at 6:00 a.m. the next morning to hang the many baits. We hung seven baits in all. Good natured bantering went on all day.

During lunch, Ivan related a story of when he was in the Zambezi Valley in Zimbabwe and wanted some close up pictures of crocodiles and hippopotamus. He had a remote controlled boat in which he placed a waterproof movie camera. He sent the boat out with the camera running to the hippos and got some great, close-up footage. He sent the boat out near some crocs. One croc was very interested in the boat and swam after it making waves as he went. Ivan pointed the boat right at the croc hoping for great footage but the croc opened his mouth and devoured both the boat and camera. If anyone shoots a large croc in that area that just happens to have a boat and camera inside, please contact Ivan.



Tying off to the floating hippo





Pulling the hippo to shore with lots of help from the Natives

A palm tree dugout canoe with fisherman



We got back to camp after 10:00 p.m., ate sable steaks with sweet potatoes, broccoli, zucchini soup, and crème brule for dessert.

On the seventh day of our safari, we needed more bait so down to the river we went for another hippo and it was my turn. We went to the same area where Don had shot his and many were out in the water. We set up to shoot on the high bank near where Don had shot his.

First Ivan and John tried to sort out the largest male. The hippos would surface for a few seconds to breathe and then go back under water for a few minutes. Just as they would site

a good male he would be gone. Ivan had made me a set of shorter shooting sticks and I sat down with my left leg through the sticks and my elbow resting on my raised right knee. I had to shift every few minutes to stay comfortable. Ivan would have me focus on a certain area in hopes that a male hippo would surface near there because I would have only seconds to shoot after a determination was made. We would focus on areas with a baby hippo, the back of a certain hippo, one with a bird on its back, one that just yawned, etc.

After over an hour, I almost gave up. I rested my eyes a little and when I closed them I could still see my cross hairs. Again, we started searching and found a big male that appeared to be sleeping with just one eye out of the water.

I focused on him and kept on him while others nearby yawned, pooped, rolled, had birds light on them, etc. Ivan said he would have to breathe eventually. Finally he was almost head on to us and had his eyes and snout out of the water. He was out about 150 yards and Ivan said to shoot him right under his right eye. I squeezed the trigger so slowly that it surprised me when the gun went off. Don, sitting behind me, could see part of the top of his head turn white as bone was exposed as the bullet exited. The hippo turned on his side and was dead instantly of a brain shot. He floated on his side for a few minutes and then sank.

White waiting the two hours it usually takes for a hippo to float, we ate lunch and then drove to find more bait. Soon a hartebeest was sighted and Don was off after him with his double. In a few



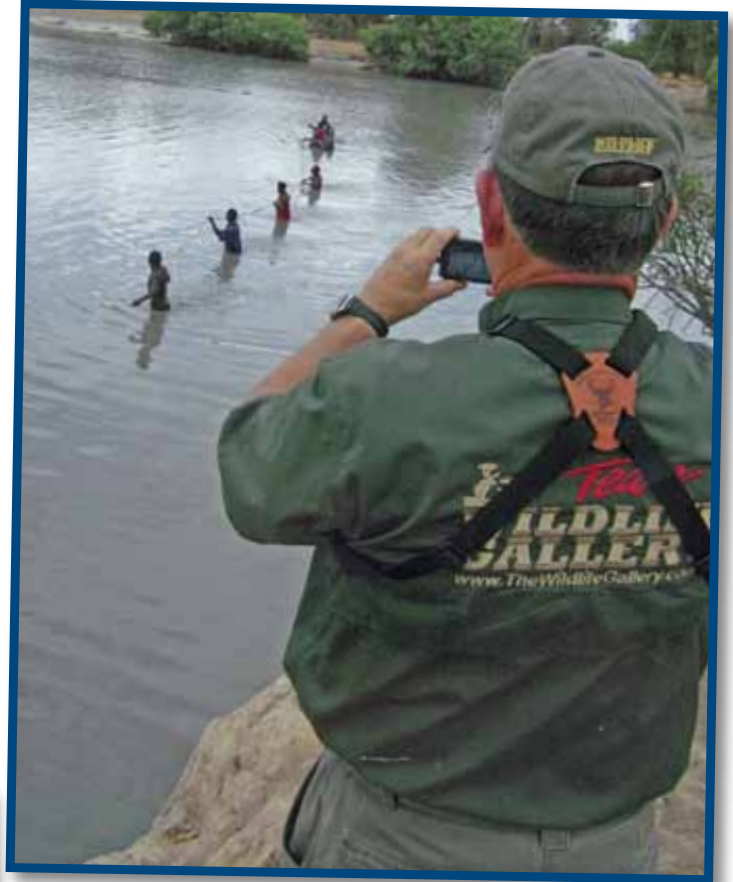
minutes we heard a shot and then Ivan called for the truck. Another DRT bait.

We went back for the hippo and the trackers with the help of two fishermen and their boats had hauled the hippo on shore and were washing it off and ready for us. After congratulations and pictures they cut up the hippo and gave a lot of the meat to the fishermen. Another man had joined them and they all were very happy to help.

Alex, the game scout, gave them written permission to be in possession of the hippo meat as he had done with the meat given away from Don's. The current game fee for a hippo is \$2,500 and the government wants to make sure they receive their money. As Ivan said, "If it pays, it stays", meaning if the animal is worth something to the government, they will protect it. Without the fees, no one would protect these animals and they would be poached until they were extinct.

As we also did after finishing Don's hippo, Ivan and I took the flat hippo tail and threw it back in the water near where he died with a little ceremony which is a Zimbabwe tradition to appease the Nyami, Nyami River God.

We refreshed baits on the way back to camp arriving back after 9:00 p.m.



Maribou Storks which Ivan thought looked like tax collectors in pin striped suits

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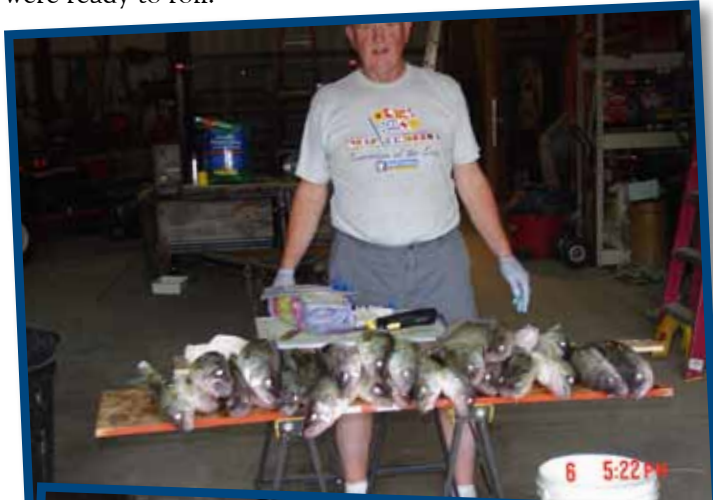
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Safari Club fishing Auction Item

Lake Erie with Jerry Schave

By Roger Froling and Bill Tingley

It was one of those hot summer days and it was better to sit on a boat and fish then spend time at the office. I bought this trip at the SCI fund raiser with Jerry Schave and his crew of 2 guys George Bohart and Dan Conquest, for myself and my wife Sherri. Sherri had a bone spur and a collapsed disc so she could not go. I invited Bill Tingley to take her spot. Our port of call was Stony Point near Monroe Michigan. They said it would be a hot day so we were to start fishing first thing in the morning. Instead of driving in the morning at 4:00 AM we went the night before. We went to the Comfort Inn but they were booked. They called the Bay Mount Inn and had one room left. They reserved it for us. We checked in a 10:00 PM. Had a good night sleep and a breakfast at the motel and went to meet Jerry and his crew. We arrived at the dock which was a short distance away and the boys were ready to roll.



Jerry had checked with a friend of his, a charter Captain and found where the Walleyes were. We headed to the spot with the GPS coordinates and Jerry and Dan set up the lines and George took the helm. With direction from Jerry, George tried to keep us on line. Before all the lines were out, a cry of "FISH ON" was heard across the waters of Lake Erie. That began the fishing escapade of one after another. No sooner a walleye was put in the box and "FISH ON" was heard again. Bill and I kept Jerry and Dan setting up the lines as we took off walleye after walleye. Oh! There were a white bass or two and few Lake Perch but those were released and only kept the walleyes that were 5 pounds or more. As we were catching fish there were a lot of boats surrounding us trying to see how we were catching these fish!

Jerry has a secret lure to catch these walleye on and would not let any of us know. It was a great hot day of fishing with George at the helm keeping us with the fish and Jerry and Dan keeping the lines in the water and tangle free. We were back in the dock at 12:30 pm with a legal catch of thirty fish. When we were ready to leave they handed Bill and me the fish and said have fun cleaning. Bill and I headed to Ionia in our Air Condition Truck because it was 106° outside. We cleaned all the fish and put them back on ice. The walleye is really delicious on a grill or pan frying. We would recommend you all take a trip with Jerry and his crew for a wonderful fishing trip.



Bow Hunting Scimitar Oryx

By Josh Christensen

I can still recall the first time I ever saw a scimitar oryx. I was on a hunt at DeVuyst game ranch in Lometa, Texas. Although my target for that hunt was a black buck, the oryx definitely caught my eye. I inquired about the oryx, but found that I would not be able to obtain the species on this hunt. That hunt was a success and I collected a fine blackbuck that I have displayed at my house. But the vision of the white and brown curved horned oryx was planted in my head and I knew that one day I would try to hunt this majestic animal.

That hunt was in 2004, and although I continued to hunt at home and abroad I just couldn't fit the oryx hunt into my nonstop schedule; that is until 2011. In March of 2011 my cousins (Jeff and Jeremy) and I booked a hunt with a little known bow hunt only ranch in north central Texas. The Diamond C ranch has many exotic species including axis, aoudad, blackbuck, and oryx. Our hunt was booked for the beginning of April the next year (2012) and our deposits were sent in. The list of animals I hoped to get the opportunity for were axis, pig, and scimitar-horned oryx. Jeff would try his luck at an aoudad and a pig, and Jeremy was going after pigs.

Over the course of the next year we often discussed our upcoming hunt, Jeremy and Jeff's first hunt outside of our home state of Michigan. In about December I got the news that the federal government was planning to put the scimitar oryx, and two other species, on the "no hunt" list. I quickly called down to Texas to discuss this with the outfitter. I found that the rumors were true and that people were beginning to come out of the wood work to hunt the oryx before the April 4th deadline. I was also told that although the Diamond C would try to have a good representative of the oryx family for me, they couldn't guarantee it, because we were coming to hunt so close to the deadline.

About a month prior to our hunt we began to really pay attention to the weather in Caddo, Texas (the town closest to the Diamond C). We noticed that the area was getting much more rain than their average, which was a good thing for the animals but not such a good thing for hunters. The vast majority of hunting set ups at the ranch are set up around



Josh Christensen with Oryx

feeders and with so much rain the grass and vegetation grew unbelievably well. Thus the animals, at least the smart ones/big ones, didn't have to come into the feeders to find food. This definitely put the odds in the animals favor.

The day finally arrived for us to leave for our hunt, so we loaded up my truck with our gear and many coolers in hopes of filling them with meat. After the long drive down to the ranch we got settled in to our room. The Diamond C had just constructed a new lodge shortly before we arrived and it had a very nice set up, with two different bathrooms, four bedrooms and a very large sitting room with a full kitchen.

That afternoon Skylar, the co-owner and manager of the ranch, took us out on a tour of the property. As we drove around we saw kudu, sheep, mouflon and oryx, including one oryx that was very big. There were only about eight oryx left on the ranch and they were extremely skittish do to how hard they had been hunted over the past few months. After our drive threw we went back to the ranch and made lunch, at this ranch every hunter is responsible for bring and making their own food. Once lunch was finished we prepared to go out hunting that evening.

Skylar took us to our hunting locations, most of which were very well hidden ground blinds with small shooting windows. My first set up worked very well and I was able to see many animals, including elk, kudu, a few pigs, a huge Texas dall and three very nice mouflons. The Texas dall and

mouflon came to within 15 yards of me and never knew I was there. Looking back at it now I should have taken one of the mouflon, but it was the first night of my hunt and I wanted the three animals I mentioned before so I let them walk. Two days later another hunter at the ranch shot one of the mouflon and it turned out to be a monster.

The next morning Skylar drove us out to the hunting area and set us up in blinds. My blind for this morning was another very concealed ground blind. I didn't see much this morning until around ten when a herd of rams came in. They were all decent size, but none were as big as the ones from the night before and they weren't what I came for, so once again I let them walk.

Around lunch time we were all sitting around the porch of the lodge discussing what we had been seeing and other hunts we have been on when Skylar came in from doing work out in the hunting area. He told us the oryx were acting funny and pacing back and forth in the same area over and over again. I told him I could be ready in five minutes. He said "okay", so I jumped up and got my gear around in no time.

When we made it to the hunting area, and the last spot Skylar had observed the animals, they were no where to be seen. Skylar set up a quick area for me in some very thick cover, facing the direction the oryx were pacing. There was a ground blind about 40 yards behind me, but using that would have made for a 60 plus yard shot and I don't feel comfortable making that kind of shot on an animal with a bow. After setting me up in the brush Skylar drove away and I began my sit.

I waited for about an hour and didn't see a thing. The temperatures were rising up into the 80's and most animals were in thick brush trying to stay cool in the afternoon heat.

Then from behind me I heard a deep sound that was something between a growl and a moo. It startled me and I slowly turned to see what had made the sound I had never heard before. As I turned I observed four oryx behind me! They were about 60 yards away. My mind was racing a mile a minute to try to figure out how I could get a shot. Even if the animals walked right up to me I wouldn't have a shot because of the thick cover that was concealing me at the moment.

So I planned to make a stalk on them, since three of the four were beginning to walk away while feeding of the grass. The only one still remaining was the big male that I had seen on our drive threw the day before. He was eating corn that was spread out in front of the blind behind me. During the course of the hour the wind had shifted and was now blowing from the animals to me. The breeze would pick up from time to time and blow hard enough to keep the leaves on the trees moving which covered up some of the sound. So if I planned it correctly I could move without the animals hearing me.

By the time I inched my way out of the brush I had closed the distance to under 50 yards, still a bit too far for my comfort. Lucky for me I had a large bush between me and the oryx. I slowly made my way around the bush and maneuvered to the front of it to try to break up my silhouette. I would only move when the animal was eating or facing away from me. While eating he was also a bit preoccupied by the ground blind in front of him. He would do what whitetail do by faking to eat from the corn then quickly picking his head up to see if he could catch movement in the blind.

As soon as I got to the other side of the bush I took a bad step when the wind died down and crunched a dry leaf. The oryx quickly looked up in my direction. I froze, hoping my silhouette was broken up by my camo and the bush behind me, and began to internally cuss myself out for making this mistake that could cost me an opportunity at a shot. Still alert the oryx looked to his left to see if the cows were on alert. They were still feeding on the grass about 60 yards from him, so he relaxed and went back to eating his corn.

I ended up sneaking to within about 30 yards from him so I was easily within range, the only problem was he was quartering toward me and I didn't want to risk a bad shot. I have heard plenty of stories about how tough it is to kill an African animal. So I waited as he fed. He turned broadside and I thought I had my opportunity, but it was only for a split second. So once again I waited. I stood frozen with my bow up, hoping he would turn and offer me a standing broadside shot so I could draw and place an arrow in his



Shooting Window





Jeremy with pig

vital organs. I stood there for what seemed like an hour, but was probably more like ten minutes.

As I was waiting the other oryx continued to feed away from us around a big grove of bushes that concealed them from me as well as me from them. Unbeknownst to me the oryx were feeding around the clump of bushes and shortly would be in a location where they would be able to see my silhouette without the background of the bush to protect me. When they begin to clear the bushes to my right the biggest cow looked in my direction from about 50 yards away. At this instant I began to wonder what kind of mess I got myself into. I have heard and read many horror stories of how a scimitar oryx can shishcabob a lion, or a person, with their long sleek horns. I honestly looked to find the closest tree in case the hunter became the hunted.

She continued to look at me trying to figure out what I was. I'm not sure she figured it out, but I am sure she knew I wasn't a part of the landscape so she turned and trotted away taking the other two cows with her.

As she made her escape I knew it was only a matter of time before the bull would follow suit and run off also. I got myself ready for a shot, both mentally and physically, by reminding myself that the animal was 30 yards away and getting my bow ready to draw. After about 30 seconds the bull looked up to see where the cows were and noticed they were gone or at least trotting away and he realized it was time to vacate the premises.

He turned and started heading to his left, my right. He wasn't running, but he was trotting. I drew my bow back, placed my 30 yard pin on him and tried to make him stop by

making a whitetail buck grunt sound. This did nothing. The oryx didn't stop nor did he speed up, he just kept his trot going. My window of opportunity was closing quickly, so I made the split second decision to take the shot.

I saw my arrow enter the large animal a bit high and a bit back. As soon as the arrow hit I could see blood spilling out and at first I thought I hit an artery, but the shot didn't look high enough for that. Lucky for me the lungs of an oryx start at the shoulder, like many other animals, but continue up high and then back a good ways on the body.

After thanking God for the opportunity, I called Skylar and informed him that I shot an oryx. Within fifteen minutes he and Jeff made their way to my location. I explained what

had transpired and took them to where the oryx stood. We quickly found blood, and lots of it, and started tracking. Skylar's tracking dog was off and running, so we followed behind in search of my trophy. We went about 70 yards when Skylar froze and motioned for us to do the same. We had kicked the oryx back up. He was still bleeding pretty badly so we waited and watched him move into some very thick brush.

After about ten minutes, we skirted around the thick stuff to see if the animal came out the other side. We weren't able to see any blood so we worked our way back in the bush looking for him. We found the oryx lying under a bush. We could see him bleeding and hear that the arrow found a lung. Although he would have died we wanted to end his pain so I went in to finish the job. This is when Skylar stopped me and told me "When he stands up, put a shot through his heart." Then Skylar walked slowly up to the other side of the bush where the oryx was laying down and kicked the bush. As he kicked the bush I drew my bow back and I couldn't believe how quickly the oryx stood up and turned on Skylar with its head down and horns pointing up in his direction. I let my arrow fly catching the magnificent animal in the heart.

Handshakes and high fives were exchanged and we set up the oryx for some spectacular photos. As soon as we got back to the skinning garage Skylar went straight for a tape measure because he was curious how long the oryx's horns were. He found that the longest one was just under 40 inches and the shorter one was just over 37 inches. As we were hanging the oryx someone made the comment that this could quite possibly be the last scimitar-horned oryx shot with a bow, ever; seeing as it was April second and the last day to hunt them



Jeff with pig

turned out to be a good one for Jeremy though. He sat at a feeder in hopes that pigs would come in. And come in they did, he was able to shoot one shortly after he got into his stand. Then about 45 minutes later another group of pigs came in and he shot another one. Unfortunately we were only able to recover one of the two pigs.

Overall the hunting was tough due to how green everything was, but that's how hunting goes sometimes. It didn't stop us from having a great time and the last day of our hunt Jeff and I saw all kinds of animals, but none were close enough to shoot. We saw large

was April fourth. Those words made me stop for a minute and reflect on how lucky I was to get this opportunity.

That night I was still riding high on my mid day hunt, but only saw two pigs for a brief moment as they ran past. Jeff, however, was able to connect on a nice pig. When we pulled up to get him from his blind he was smiling and excited about his shot on the pig. He explained how the pig was very skittish and when it finally stopped standing broadside he let his arrow fly. In his excitement he told us he hit the pig right above the shoulder. Skylar looked at me with an expression of that's not good. But based on Jeff's upbeat nature I knew it must have been a good hit and after talking with him for a moment I was able to reassure Skylar that it was a good hit.

It was already dark when Jeff, one of the ranch hands and I began to track the pig while Skylar went back to get his tracking dog. The blood was good and since I had the best flashlight I took the lead. We track the pig for about 150 yards when I caught the scent of the animal before we could find it in some thick brush. After recovering the swine we found that Jeff made an awesome double lung shot.

The next day a tornado touched down in Dallas, and the winds were quite bad at the ranch. That evening

herds of axis, blackbuck, and aoudad. Even though Jeff's heart was set on an aoudad he settled on a ram the last day. We all agreed that we would have to try our luck at the Diamond C Ranch again sometime soon.

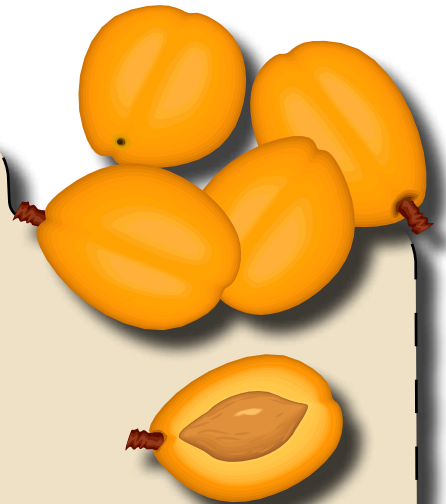
Apricot Salad

from Janet Raymond

- 1 large package (6 oz.) apricot jello
- 1 large can (1# 4 oz.) crushed pineapple
- 1 large whipped topping
- 8 oz. cream cheese
- 1 jr. size jar apricot baby food
- 1 # walnuts or almonds

- 1) Mix apricot jello and crushed pineapple in sauce pan and boil 5 min. over low heat stirring continuously. Let cool.
- 2) Beat whipped topping, cream cheese, and baby food.
- 3) Mix all and add nuts (save some for the top) and refrigerate.

(This was served at our annual budget meeting in August and the recipe was requested by everyone there.)



Looking Ahead - to our Next Issues -

Walleye Warriors

by Bill Shelt

My Hunting Story

by Savana Kirschner

A Turkey with Grandpa

by Dylan Harter

Hunting Australia

by Cindy Cotter

A Victim of My Environment

by Dr. Peter Bucklin

Down Under Dugga Boys

by Mike "Mac" MacEachron

Tanzanian Cape Buffalo

by Mary Harter

Red Stags of the North Isle

by Mike "Mac" MacEachron

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



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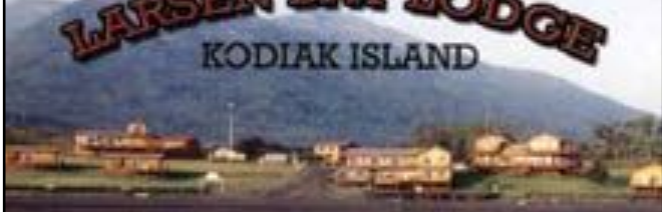
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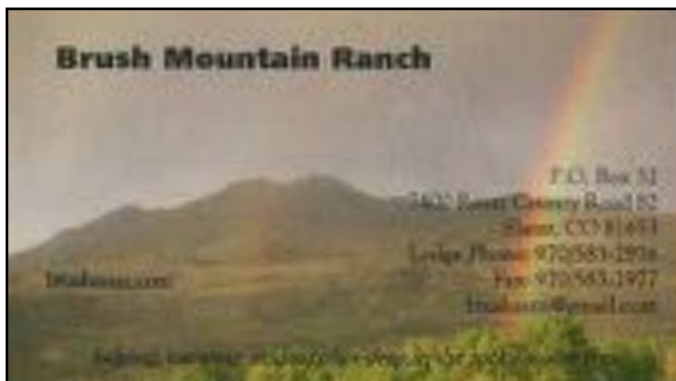


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