

FRONT SIGHT



SCI
FIRST FOR HUNTERS

Mid-Michigan Chapter Safari Club International

January - March 2014, Issue 25



Cover Photo taken by Ivan Carter
Lion in the Ngorongoro Crater in Tanzania
November 2013

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



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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 4560 and changes yearly on February 15th. Please carry membership identification on you when you visit the range.



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Chairmen are listed first

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The Front Sight is the official publication of the Mid-Michigan Chapter of Safari Club International, keeping club members informed about local club activities, and encouraging and defining good sportsmanship. The Front Sight Magazine is published quarterly: January, April, July and October. Distribution 400+.

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

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Jim Walker, Jon Zieman, Kevin Unger, Don Harter, and Larry Higgins at the August Board Meeting and Training Seminars

SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Meeting Schedule

* SUBJECT TO CHANGE

<u>Date</u>	<u>Meeting Type</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Location</u>
January 11, 2014	Board	3:30 p.m.	Comfort Inn
January 11, 2014	Big Buck Night	5:00 p.m.	Comfort Inn
February 5-8, 2014	International Convention		Las Vegas
February 21-22, 2014	Chapter Convention		Soaring Eagle
April 7, 2014	Board Meeting	4:30 p.m.	Comfort Inn
April 7, 2014	Membership Meeting	6:00 p.m.	Comfort Inn
May 5, 2014	Board Meeting	4:30 p.m.	Comfort Inn
May 5, 2014	Membership Meeting	6:00 p.m.	Comfort Inn

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

Your President - Kevin Unger

I hope everyone is having a good hunting season. Most people I have talked to have said things have been slow so far. Congrats to all of you who have been successful in the 2013 deer season. After hunting morning and night for about 2 weeks, I was fortunate enough to shoot a nice 8 point on November 13th with my bow.



Kevin Unger with his Irish red stag

Big Buck Night is Saturday, January 11th at the Comfort Inn, 2424 S. Mission, Mt. Pleasant, MI. 48858. Bring in any rack you shot in the 2013 Whitetail or Mule Deer season and get it professionally scored and entered into a drawing for a FREE gun. Don't be shy, any rack from 2013 will be entered into this drawing. Even spikes count, as long as they are 3 inches or better. Other special events are planned. Get your reservations early. Invitations will be sent out soon, so keep an eye out for them.

We are pleased to announce that our upcoming fundraiser will be moving to the Entertainment Hall at the Soaring Eagle Casino & Hotel. Our previous location offered 14,000 sq. feet. The Entertainment Hall offers 42,000 sq. feet. This will allow us to have many more hunting and non-hunt exhibits such as deer blinds, RVs and archery equipment. The board of directors has been working very hard

to ensure that this is the biggest and best fundraiser to date. I would personally like to thank this group of individuals for their continued hard work, without them, this would not be possible.

The SCI International National Fundraiser is in Las Vegas, Nevada February 6th through the 8th. This is the biggest hunting expo in the world. If you have never been there, this is a sight to see.

If you have any questions with any dates, please feel free to give me a call and I will answer any questions you may have. I look forward to seeing everyone at Big Buck Night.

Sincerely,

Editor's Message

Another busy deer hunting season with 16 people here on the 15th and many out hunting. I was not hunting for myself until our 10 year old grandson, Kyler, had shot a buck. He was sitting with me in a blind overlooking "the hilly field" which Don had planted to purple top turnips. During the youth season, Jenna and Cole, both 12, had sat with me in this blind and Jenna shot a ten point in the morning and Cole shot a six point in the afternoon. Cole's brother, Dylan (14), shot an eight point in the evening while sitting with his father. Now it was Kyler's turn. We only saw a few does and fawns the first day and the second day started the same. Mid-morning we saw a very nice Tom turkey. Then, entering the field from the west was a buck. He came out at the edge of the field and all I saw was four points on one side and knew we were going to take him. Kyler got comfortable on the rifle, waited for the buck to turn broadside, I took off the safety and said to shoot when he was ready. He shot, the buck ran into some red pines, we waited a few minutes while texting his Dad saying it was us who shot, and then we followed his blood trail a short distance under the pines. We had a very happy hunter with a seven point buck. His sister had shot a seven pointer the morning before sitting with her father. What a thrill! If you have an opportunity, take a kid out hunting.

An email I received from Senator Judy Emmons has the good advice to check www.michigan.gov/roadconditions or call 1-800-381-8477 if you have concerns about traveling. This service provides road conditions for the state's freeways and trunk lines which are the first to be cleared during winter weather and is updated twice a day or as information concerning travel conditions is received. Emmons also tells that Michigan is the perfect place to enjoy the Great Outdoors all four seasons! The Pure Michigan Official Winter Travel Guide highlights some great winter activities and includes a guide to state parks and trails and a winter events calendar. To access the travel guide online, visit www.michigan.org or call her office toll free at 1-866-305-2133 or email a request to senjemmons@senate.michigan.gov.

This chapter magazine and our website won best in the International SCI Competition. We will be receiving both awards at the International Convention in Las Vegas in February. This award belongs to all of our contributors who give me such interesting articles to work with.

Thank You and Keep Writing,



Mary Harter with her lion

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. ☐

☐ HOME

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE _____

☐ BUSINESS

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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EMAIL ADDRESS _____

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	\$200 Local Dues	= \$ 1,550

Check/Cash attached \$ _____

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

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SCI
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Mid-Michigan SCI
P.O. Box 486
Mt. Pleasant, MI 48804-0486

Book Review

by Josh Christensen

Title: ADVENTURES IN THE
WILD PLACES

Author: J. Alain Smith

Copyright: 2011

List Price: \$27.95



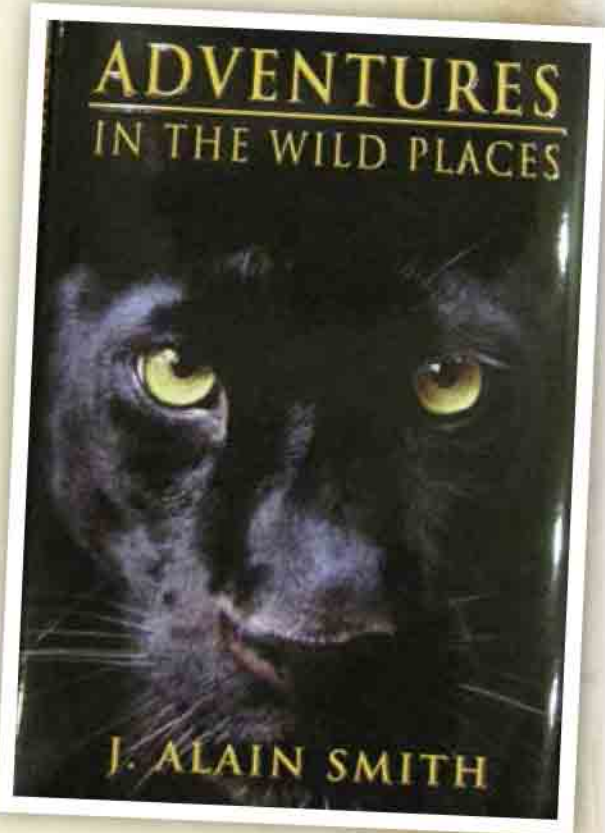
Adventures in the Wild Places is the third book in a series of non-fiction stories J. Alain Smith has compiled on his world hunting travels. This book, like his other two, takes the reader along to experience not only the hunt but the culture and traveling experiences that go along with hunting abroad.

Through his vivid details and excellent photos, Smith brings us along on some interesting adventures; such as his hunt for royal antelope in Ghana, the many different horseback/pack horse experiences he's had throughout the world, a death defying trip where he was almost trampled by cape buffalo and the time he and his guide almost became casualties of an angry charging costal brown bear.

Within many of the chapters, J. Alain Smith, includes his thoughts and gives advice, as he did in a chapter on a sitatunga hunt where things weren't going his way. In the final two chapters the reader is given advice on other aspects of the hunt such as picture and video taking as well as what one should pack for these types of adventures.

No matter what the species of animal Smith is hunting or where he is in the world you will be drawn into each of his adventures.

If you are interested in purchasing this book, or any other from J. Alain Smith, the best place to find them is on his website, www.jalainsmith.com, where the \$27.95 (for this book) includes shipment to your door.



This book gets 9 out of 10 bullseyes



Editor's Note: J. Alain Smith received the International Hunting Award at the 2013 SCI Convention in Reno and is the Weatherby Award Winner for 2014. He has collected over 315 different species from around the world. He believes that we as hunters all need to give something back to our sport, through volunteering our time, investing our money, and being proactive in making sure our rights as hunters are protected. He donates 100% of the sale price from his books to conservation projects such as SCI, SCIF, and OVIS/GSC with over \$75,000 raised, so far.

**Mid Michigan Chapter of
Safari Club International**
presents

Big Buck Night

Open to the Public

Saturday, January 11th at the Comfort Inn
2424 S. Mission • Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858

Adults \$25 • Kids 12 and under \$20 • Under 5 yrs. FREE

The Comfort Inn has discounted their nightly rate to
\$99 for us for this night. Call 989-772-2755 or
989-772-4000 for a reservation.

Bring your rack that you shot in 2013 and get it
professionally scored plus get in the FREE gun drawing
with your scored rack, a Weatherby 270

Whitetail and Mule deer

Trophies for Non-Members • Prize Gun Raffle
Youth Hunters Awards • Awards for Members &
Non-Members • Special Guest Speakers •
Reduced Rate on Rooms • Free Membership

All tickets are pre-sold. Must have ticket prior to event.

**Sign your
kids up**
(9-15 years old) for
**FREE Hunter's
Safety Classes**
beginning
June 1, 2014

**RSVP by
Dec. 30th**
Limited Seating
Call (989) 560-7288

Students looking at the
Chippewa River

For more information
contact:

Kevin Unger
wk (989) 773-1711
cell (989) 560-7288
kevinunger1@frontier.com

REGISTRATION STARTS AT 5 PM DINNER AT 7 PM

Dinner includes two entree buffet, salad bar and dessert table

Cash Bar • Free soda for the kids

Don't Miss It!

35th Annual Awards & Hunter's Convention Our Biggest Ever!

Friday & Saturday, February 21 & 22, 2014

**Soaring Eagle Casino • 6800 Soaring Eagle Blvd.
Mt. Pleasant, Michigan**

Now with more room in the Entertainment Hall!

***Outfitters from North and South America, Africa, Europe, Asia,
New Zealand and Australia***

***Trophy Animal Displays • Carvings • Artwork • Paintings
Big Game Hunts • Fishing Trips • Guns • Auctions
Games • Exhibitors***



**Sponsored by:
Safari Club International
Mid-Michigan Chapter**

Friday, February 21, 2014

2:00 - 10:00 p.m. • \$5.00 Admission

Outfitters, Exhibitors, Awards and Auction

Saturday, February 22, 2014

Outfitters, Exhibitors, Banquet and Auction

10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Registration

5:00 - 6:00 p.m.

Dinner (reservations required)

6:00 - Close

Live Auction

For more information, contact Joe Mulders: (989) 450-8727

Partial list of live auction items:

Check our award winning website at: www.midmichigansci.org

- Wycon Safaris - Wynn Condict - Antelope Hunt in Wyoming
- Wycon Safaris - Wynn Condict - Archery Elk Hunt in Colorado (2)
- Hidden Horns Game Ranch - Brent Fish - Howard City, MI - Whitetail Deer Hunt
- Fish Hunt Charters - David James - Salmon Fishing on Lake Michigan for Four
- Johan Pieterse Safaris - South Africa, 10 day hunt - Kudu, Blue Wildebeest, Impala, Warthog
- Johan Pieterse Safaris - South Africa, 7 day hunt for 2 hunters including Blue Wildebeest, Burchell Zebra, Kudu
- 14 KY Gold Sapphire and Eight Diamond Slide with a Gold Popcorn Chain Necklace (\$1,700 value)
- Hunt 180 Outdoors - Whitetail Deer hunt in Cherryvale area of Kansas
- Northern Adventure Guide Service - Two 1/2 day trips for Small Mouth Bass - Traverse City area
- Stalker Group Ltd. - 14 day Brown Bear Hunt in Kamchatka, Russia
- Wild Spirit Guide Service - Dan Kirschner - Bear, Bobcat, and Wolf Hunts in Michigan's UP
- Hickory Creek Outfitters - Jeff Brondige - Whitetail Deer Hunt in Kansas
- Hickory Creek Outfitters - Jeff Brondige - Coyotes/Bobcat Predator Hunt in Kansas
- Jim Walker, Two 1/2 Day Fishing Trips for Small Mouth Bass on the Tittabawassee River
- Lost Creek Outfitters - Greg and Karla Turner - Wyoming Horseback Wilderness Fishing Trip for Two
- Lost Creek Outfitters - Greg and Karla Turner - Wyoming Big Horn Basin, Mountain Lion Hunt
- Hepburn Lake Lodges - Arlee Thideman - Black Bear in Saskatchewan
- Hepburn Lake Lodges - Arlee Thideman - Black Bear and Fishing in Saskatchewan
- Hell's Half Acre Outfitters - Ronnie Davis - Southern Oregon Coast Roosevelt Elk Archery Hunt
- Hell's Half Acre Outfitters - Ronnie Davis - Southern Oregon Coast Rifle Columbia Blacktail Deer and Bear Hunt
- Hell's Half Acre Outfitters - Ronnie Davis - Southern Oregon Coast Black Bear Hunt
- Campeau Guiding - Alvin Campeau - Reservation, South Saskatchewan, Trophy Whitetail Deer
- Campeau Guiding - Alvin Campeau - Carragana, Saskatchewan, Trophy Whitetail Deer
- Lucky Lake Hunting Adventure - Garrett Tully - Saskatchewan, Waterfowl and Upland Birds for Four Hunters
- Bell Wildlife Specialties - Daniel Bell - Harveyville, Kansas Eastern Wild Turkey Hunt for Four Hunters
- Bell Wildlife Specialties - Daniel Bell - Harveyville, Kansas Trophy Whitetail Deer Hunt
- Whittrock Outfitters in Alaska - Brian Simpson - Spring Grizzly or Brown Bear Hunt
- Timber Creek Outfitters - Tim Hockhalter - Archery Elk in Wyoming
- Roger and Sherri Froling - Early Season Youth Deer Hunt - Ionia, Michigan
- Roger and Sherri Froling - Buffalo Hunt - Ionia, Michigan
- Roger and Sherri Froling - Spring Turkey Hunt - Ionia, Michigan
- Ken Harrison of Burch Tank - Sailing Trip to Michigan's Manitou Island
- Ken Harrison of Burch Tank - 1/2 Day Lake Michigan Fishing Trip for up to 4
- J & R Outfitters - Joe O'Bannon - Asian or European Water Buffalo - Florida
- J & R Outfitters - Joe O'Bannon - Trophy Axis Deer - Florida
- Windy Ridge Outfitters - Nick Boley - Whitetail Deer Hunt in Iowa
- Windy Ridge Outfitters - Nick Boley - Eastern Turkey Hunt in Iowa
- Double D Outfitters - Craig Schell - Mule Deer Hunt in Montana
- Crosshairs Outfitters of Missouri - Mike Cowan - Whitetail Deer Hunt
- Crosshairs Outfitters of Alaska - Mike Cowan - Dall Sheep





Deer Camp....No Boys Allowed!

by Craig Chapman

Youth hunt 2013 has come and gone in the State of Michigan. This hunt makes for some fun banter with hunters. Some old hunters really hate this premise of allowing children to go off and hunt in advance of the normal date. The main point made by these old timers is the big deer get taken before they have their chance. I on the other side of the argument have to side and thank the DNR. Thank you DNR for allowing my family to have an excuse for opening up camp early, enjoy the magic of opening day twice in one year for deer, and making memories that a camp provides. After all, to own a deer camp is not a cheap habit; it is nice when the property allows reasons for additional use.

I love having the ingredients to make super charged memories with my children and their friends. Sidebar here: My little ones have done disney (small 'd' on purpose) and other amusement parks and they have attested that having Mother Nature (large 'M' on purpose) provide a big fish or bagging an animal using their own skills; is more memorable than their high score on a video game or paying someone to entertain them at a man-made park. And the heckler yells; "Hey Chappy, get off your soap box!" Ok-ok back to the story.

We have generations of Michigan hunters in our camp going back to the 1930s. Youth hunt 2013 will go down in the Camp Achieves as a year to remember. For the first time ever; we did not have one male hunter. It was girls only, NO BOYS ALLOWED! You heard right; Girl Power! Girls Rule! Boys Drool! That was the chant repeated more than once over the week-

end. Requirements were tough for non-girl visitors: You had to be a dad, know how to cook, do dishes, be able to laugh at all the girl's jokes (even if you did not understand it), and be nice to everyone at all times. No grumps allowed.

Camp Swampy in Rodney, Michigan had three Princesses representing three different school districts: Penny Rose Sapp (15) Lakeview Wildcat, Callie Danielle Kelly (12) Morley- Stanwood Mohawk, and Natalie Rose Chapman (9) Crossroads Charter Cougar.

Opening night started like all opening nights do, preparing your gun, counting ammunition, getting your clothes laid out, and the excited buzz with pre-game jitters. There was a big difference, in the past; boys would fight over who gets what they consider to be the prime hunting spots. The girls were much more civil about it. They put on camp music to start off the evening with Johnny Cash. Surprise over took us three dads and Jeff Sapp asked why Johnny Cash? The answer, "Cause we like Johnny Cash and so does Pappy Chappy"; as they pointed at the two track leading to camp. Grandpa Gary Chapman was hitting the whoopee doos on the trail, headlights flying high at the tree tops, in third gear; late for the camp meeting. Pappy Chappy does not like to be late for opening day and yet another reason they call him the 'Legend', but that is for next issue's story about salmon fishing in Michigan.

So there we are, Johnny Cash playing, gas lights lit in the lodge, girls circled around the meeting table and with some simple communication everyone had their hunting spots chosen for the morning hunt. They



even put in a request for Uncle Jeff to make his famous homemade corned beef hash for breakfast; a camp favorite.

That night the girls had a sauna, cleaning off their human smell and got their predator on. It was tough for all to get to sleep and 'daylight in the swamp' was the call at 5:35 am. The usual morning chaos was taken in stride and all were off to the hunting grounds before sun up. I have been a guide for boys and adults for years and all of us dads agreed that having your daughter in the stand with you is truly a fun experience. They sit still, talk in whispers, talk about any and everything. It is never a boring conversation and when they get cold they like to cuddle up next to dad. That warms the body and the heart. Oh I might add they smell cleaner than boys and most old time hunters.

The first to see a deer was Penny and dad with does right below their tree stand. I mean drop an acorn on their head close. Penny is determined that her first deer will be a buck and since these animals below her were from the sisterhood, Penny gave them a pass. No buck this weekend for Penny; but she knows her day will come and she is determine to put the time in.

Callie had a coyote come through her territory first, big fluffy tail and many other animals over the next few hunts. Four different herds came by during this time and she was able to throw lead at two of them. Deer fever took over resulting in two misses. Many of us know how that deer fever can bite you and her adrenaline level hit a new high mark. Callie is a bona fide deer hunting junkie! Animated and pumped up she was all weekend. The second morning at Camp Swampy, she was the first awake, kicking the foot of my bed shouting; "Come on Chappy, take me deer hunting"! Don't

worry Miss Kelly, with some target practice, another season around the corner, you will be able to proudly take your first deer into Kelly's Deer Processing and ask for the family discount.

Our last hunter is the 'Rose of Rodney', a handle christened to Natalie a few years back, by Carly Schuberger, while collecting maple sap at Ole's Place. Being the proud father that I am, here is where I interject; this is not Natalie's first hunt. She has been sitting in stands with dad since she could walk. Bagged her first deer last year; in the mentor hunt, at age 8. 120 yard neck shot with a .243 rifle. We in camp cannot say enough about this caliber: it is kid friendly, little to no kick, makes a big hole, scoped, and much safer than a lever action. Natalie loves everything about deer: how pretty they are, big eyes, soft to the touch, move gracefully, and taste great. In comes the herd and the big doe was hers. True to form, one shot Charlie strikes again, taking out lungs and heart. She looks at me and squeals, "Dad, I got it, didn't I"? "Holy Cow dad, look at me, I am shaking like crazy!"

To you old hunters who still believe that your big rack deer will be shot off by a youngster, I have one retort. If you have been hunting for 30 plus years and still have not gotten your bragging deer what makes you think at your age you are stealthy enough to pull it off now. Go make a memory with a kid.



CONSERVATION AFFAIRS

By Larry Witte

NEW HUNTING LICENSE FEES

Starting March 1, 2014, hunting licenses will change. With the exception of the 7-day non-resident small game license a base license will be required for every resident or non-resident who hunts in Michigan. The base license will allow hunters to hunt small game and also purchase additional hunting licenses.

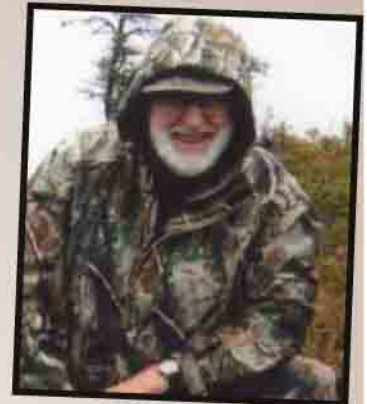
You will not need a base license to purchase an application for a bear, elk, turkey, or antlerless license.

There will not be a combination deer license. Each individual can now buy two separate deer licenses and they can be used in all deer seasons. Antler point restrictions apply for the area that is being hunted. The junior base license and the junior antlerless license are the only junior licenses available. Youth over age 10 and under age 17 must purchase a junior base license to hunt in Michigan.

The 60% senior discount is available for base, deer, fur harvester, fall turkey and spring turkey licenses.

For youth under age 10 a mentored youth license will still be available for \$7.50. The license will include a base license, a deer license, an all-species fishing license, a spring turkey license, a fall turkey license and a fur harvester's license.

Michigan residents who are active duty military or 100% disabled veterans will still get free licenses. Active duty U. S. military members who enlisted as Michigan residents and have maintained resident status for the purposes of obtaining a driver's license or voting may obtain fishing and hunting licenses (for which a lottery is not required) at no cost. Veterans who are 100% disabled are required to provide proof of eligibility at the time of purchase.



FEES BY LICENSE TYPE	CURRENT PRICE	NEW PRICE	FEES BY LICENSE TYPE	CURRENT PRICE	NEW PRICE
Base Junior		\$6.00	Mentored Youth	\$7.50	\$7.50
Base Resident		\$11.00	Military Active Duty and Disabled		0
Base Senior		\$5.00	Sportcard	\$1.00	\$1.00
Antlerless Deer	\$15.00	\$20.00	Turkey Fall	\$15.00	\$15.00
Antlerless Deer Junior	\$15.00	\$20.00	Turkey Fall Senior	\$6.00	\$6.00
Antlerless Deer Managed			Turkey Spring	\$15.00	\$15.00
Area Hunt	\$15.00	\$20.00	Turkey Spring Senior	\$6.00	\$6.00
Applications	\$4.00	\$5.00	Turkey Spring Hunt 234	\$15.00	\$15.00
Bear	\$15.00	\$25.00	Turkey Spring Hunt 234 Senior	\$6.00	\$6.00
Bear Participation	\$15.00	\$15.00	Waterfowl Hunting	\$5.00	\$12.00
Combination Hunt and			Wolf Resident	\$100.00	\$100.00
Fish Resident		\$76.00			
Deer	\$15.00	\$20.00			
Deer 1st Senior	\$6.00	\$8.00			
Deer 2nd Senior	\$15.00	\$20.00			
Deer Management					
Assistance Permits	\$15.00	\$10.00			
Elk	\$100.00	\$100.00			
Fur Harvester	\$15.00	\$15.00			
Fur Harvester Senior	\$6.00	\$6.00			

This is the first license fee increase in Michigan in 17 years. The fee increase supports science based wildlife management. Hunting in Michigan is still a bargain!

Membership Trap Shoot

Sunday, September 8 at Camp Misery

by Jon Zieman

Safari Club International has an ongoing relationship with the Boy Scouts of America. Working with Scouting is a great way to get out the SCI message of conservation and hunting. The MidMichigan Chapter invited the Boy Scouts from Troop 776 to attend the annual skeet shoot in September of 2013. Three activities were planned, conservation education, skeet shooting and hot dog eating. Thanks to Camp Misery for hosting the event. Camp Misery is located near beautiful Barryton MI and has hosted the chapter skeet shoot for many years.

Scout Master Lynn Kennard led a group of eleven boys to Camp Misery for the event. One scout was prepared ahead of the event and led the troop in training on the North America Wildlife Conservation Model. The seven points are shown below. These points are well known within Safari Club International. It is important to share them with other groups to increase the public's understanding of the importance of hunting and conservation. SCIF will provide chapters with some very nice posters that cover this material. This really enables getting the conservation message out.

1. Wildlife is Held in the Public Trust
2. Regulated Commerce in Wildlife
3. Hunting and Angling Laws are Created Through Public Process
4. Hunting and Angling Opportunity for All
5. Hunters and Anglers Fund Conservation
6. Wildlife is an International Resource
7. Science is the Basis for Wildlife Policy

Chapter Members Scott Holmes, Jim Walker, Mike Strobe and Jon Zieman covered safety and then the shooting procedure. A scout who had completed the shotgun merit badge helped prepare the troop for the shooting in the pictures shown below. Then the fun began. Two scouts at time would shoot the Annie Oakley game. There was some pretty good shooting from some of the scouts. Many rotations of shooters and a case of shells later it was time for hot dogs!

The scouts ate heartily and happily after the fun. This also provided another opportunity for the chapter members to discuss hunting and conservation with the boys. There were plenty of hunting questions from the scouts and numerous stories and answers from the chapter members.

Boy Scout Troop doing their paperwork for a badge



Dall Sheep Hunt

with Majestic Mountain Outfitters

by Dan Catlin



As I lay in the prone position looking through my scope at the most beautiful game animal I have ever pursued, the minutes seemed like hours and the emotions flowed through my body like a river. This moment in time was the culmination of over 71 miles of hiking in eight days, which brought me to where I lay waiting for my shot.

In February 2013 at the Mid-Michigan SCI convention, I was able to book a Dall sheep hunt with Majestic Mountain Outfitters - Jeff, Cindy, Josh and Caleb Chadd. This was certainly a chance of a lifetime for me and was made possible only because The Wildlife Gallery sponsored the hunt to be filmed for the Trijicon's World of Sports Afield TV show. Our company, The Wildlife Gallery, is a sponsor of both Trijicon's World of Sports Afield and Tracks Across Africa with Ivan Carter.

After making the booking and knowing it was a "back pack" hunt, I began to train my body for such a grueling test. Being a flat lander from Michigan and not having mountains to train in, I had to improvise

with a heavy pack (up to 80lbs) and climb bleachers at local football stadiums. Both Alma College and Central Michigan University football programs assisted me in my physical fitness. I would bet there are still players from both football programs that wonder what that weird guy with the huge pack was doing walking up and down the stadium stairs.

On August 17 my adventure started; and to keep it short and sweet, I didn't know that the adventure would really begin by the airlines losing my pack (which contained all my hunting gear) and that a shopping spree at Sportsman's Warehouse in Fairbanks Alaska would be necessary to salvage my hunt. \$2500.00 worth of gear later, and a visit with Kryptek President Butch Whiting to hook me up with three Kryptek pro-staffers for the rest of my critical clothing and gear, I was off to Tok to be flown into the wilderness.

Once I landed on a gravel bar at the head of Sheep Creek, I was greeted by Jeff and Josh Chadd. After Jeff completed my paperwork for licenses, my cameraman Nate Fahndrich and I were ready to begin this adven-



ture with guide Josh Chadd. The hiking started immediately after being dropped in, with a short one-mile trek to base camp which involved two river crossings.

We settled into a comfortable frame tent at the head of Sheep Creek with all the amenities of a base camp...outhouse, cots to sleep on, cook stove with normal food to cook, and a clothesline to dry wet cloths when needed. That was the good news. The bad news was that we would hike 15.5 miles on day one; carrying our spike camps on our backs up the canyon to our new home for the next several days. This camp only had pup tents and dehydrated food to survive. This is something I was aware of going in and very excited for. Not only for the challenge of finding a Dall ram to harvest, but the survival aspect of being so far removed from civilization.

On day two, we hiked into a canyon called "Two by Four", named for it's two drainages going one direction and four drainages going the other direction. This particular canyon had several cliffed-out areas that required us to cross the river on multiple occasions. At

this point I realized, in all my gear that was lost I did not replace the waders I had packed. It was one item that I overlooked during my shopping spree in Fairbanks. It was getting very difficult to keep my feet dry with just quality boots and gators. After a couple miles of hiking, because Josh knew we had several more river crossings that became deeper as we traveled up the canyon, we had to turn back. It ended up being a lost day as the high water also pushed us out of Two by Four back into Sheep Creek. After a total of 8.5 miles by noon, we were settling into our camp near the head of Sheep Creek. At this point, I felt nauseated and began to realize that I was dehydrated. I tried to drink as much water as possible to fend it off, but to no avail. I began a 12-18 hour battle with flu like symptoms - vomiting, muscle cramps and severe body aches. All the while I laid in my pup tent, Josh and cameraman Nate worried about my health and ability to keep going.

As I laid in my tent feeling deathly ill, so many thoughts crossed my mind; including how the heck will Josh and Nate get my 230lbs of sickly body out



of this canyon...not to mention my 70lb pack. Well thankfully, it didn't come to that and as I began to hold down fluids and some hot apple cider that Ms. Cindy at base camp recommended, my body was rebounding. I learned that Josh called Jeff and Cindy on his SAT phone to make them aware of my condition and Josh was given the right recommendations to get me back "in the game".

By noon on day three, I was feeling 90% and the sun was shining on the canyon where we camped. Josh suggested we make a small climb of about a mile to a lookout that would allow us to see some sheep country and eat our lunch. Once we made it to our picnic spot and I was able to keep Nate and Josh away from eating the wild blueberry's that were growing everywhere, we began to glass the incredible peaks and valleys all around. Within ten minutes, Josh spotted three rams over three miles away. He set up his spotting scope and

could tell they were mature; but with the heat waves in the scope, at such a long distance it was impossible to tell if any were full-curl legal rams. The first sighting of sheep made an immediate impact to our spirits and we decided it was time to eat lunch and make plans for a climb the next morning. Josh asked if I was up to hiking back down to break camp and move up the canyon three miles to a spot he call's "Josh's Camp", which was right below the three rams we were looking at. Of course I said yes; and after finishing lunch, the plan was put in place.

On day four we woke up at 4:30am. Like every other morning, we had a quick bite to eat and started our climb straight up the mountain. This was a special day for numerous reasons. Most of all it was my 43rd birthday (August 23rd) and we were making our first climb for what we were hoping was a legal ram in the group of three we spotted on the previous day. Like all



hunting trips, so much is dependant on the weather; and as we started our climb, about 3/4 of the way up, fog and clouds started to roll in and made it impossible to see more than 50 to 100 yards. So at that point we had to stop our ascent, layer up with warm dry clothes, and see if the fog would break long enough for us to finish the climb to locate the sheep and evaluate their size. It all sounds so simple; but the wind is such a factor in that it blows down the canyons in the morning until 9:30 to 10:30, and as the warmth of the daylight builds, the wind begins to blow up the canyons. We had to ensure that once the fog lifted, we could finish the climb, locate the rams, and move in for a shot or back out before the wind switched. If the wind switches and blows our scent right at the sheep, it would definitely cause them to take off out of there to unknown territories. As luck would have it the fog lifted. We continued our climb with the excitement that we would find what we were looking for in this high mountain bowl. As we pushed forward intently looking for any glimpse of a white sheep, Josh spotted them above us at about 800 yards. We began the process of using the spotting scope to evaluate their size. After about a half hour Josh determined they were mature rams but only fractions of an inch from being full curls that would make them shooters. It was a little discouraging at the time, but at least we were in sheep country and seeing



sheep. We backed out to set up on a look out and glass other canyons in hopes of locating sheep; but the fog rolled back in and the rains came down in buckets.

We decided rather than lay out on the fog-covered mountain in the rain we would hike back down to the cover of our tents. Once we arrived back to spike camp, we started an 18-hour stint in our own individual tents listening to the raindrops pound against the tent tops. Only the occasional conversation between Nate, Josh and I through the walls of our tents, and Josh heating water to put in our dehydrated food for dinner, broke up the monotony of this mentally taxing wait for the weather to break. It was then that we all began to worry about the water level of the river and our ability to get out of this canyon without having to swim out. As Josh always did, he put our personal safety before our goals of scoring on a Dall sheep. Josh fired up the SAT phone and called base camp to talk with his Dad, Jeff



2:00pm and the wind was blowing up the canyon, along with us not being able to hunt the same day we flew, we made our way up to where we would camp for the night at the base of Quitters Bowl.

At this time, I never gave it a second thought that I would actually quit on a hike up into a sheep bowl, especially knowing there were so many sheep

and likely a legal ram awaiting us. On day seven the three of us started hiking like every other day but it was very business like. I believe Josh was probably thinking about his game plan of how we would get within range of a sheep and Nate and I were thinking, God I hope we don't have to rename this bowl "Quitters X2", or even worse, "Deadly Drop Bowl". As we approached the cliffed-out river and it was apparent we could go no further, Josh planned the right place to go straight up the side hill. And so it began, climbing with hands and feet for nearly a mile straight up. Then even worse... walking around that steep side hill for nearly a mile before we could get back into the rocky wash located high up in the bottom of the bowl that would take us to the sheep. During this trek, I had multiple second thoughts about what I was getting myself into but kept pushing forward. We didn't make it very far in and sheep were spotted right above us, which held us up from proceeding any further. The worst part was, both rams that were holding us up were legal rams - 600 yards away but no way to even get to them. The terrain they were in was so steep and so high above us, if we made the shot at 600 yards there would be no guarantee to even recover the sheep. None of us wanted this, so we just watched. We also had another legal ram deeper in the bowl but we couldn't get to him without spooking out these two giant rams straight above us. At about 9:00am we made the decision to push on and spook the rams that were out of reach above us. After doing this, the wind began to change, and we lost sight of the sheep we were pursuing. Josh made the very tough decision to back out so we would not spook any more sheep in our attempt to find "the one" we were looking

Chadd, for a weather and river report. It was determined after this phone call, that at daybreak of day five, we needed to hike out of Sheep Creek rather than hike up to hunt. It was too risky to stay. The hunt turned from trying to locate a trophy ram to surviving the elements and hike out of this canyon.

Day five saw us tear down our tents as it continued to rain. All of us were wet but intent on making the 15-mile hike back to base camp at the head of Sheep Creek. After a little over 6 1/2 hours of hiking with 70 plus pound packs on our backs, we could see the frame tent up ahead at the head of the canyon. It looked so close but still nearly a mile away. As the rain continued to drip off the brim of my raincoat hood, I pushed through the pain in my legs and back. I was elated to finally enter the dry environment of the base-camp frame tent.

The sixth day of our journey began with Josh calling for a bush plane to get us on the gravel bar, located about a mile from base camp, and fly us approximately ten miles up the Chisana river to a canyon they call "Quitters Bowl". This canyon was named about five years ago when a client and packer quit on the ascent into the bowl looking for a sheep. Apparently, it is a VERY steep climb and a long shale-rock, side hill walk to get in to the sheep country. The only reason for our attempt at this spot was our limited time left to hunt - two days - and Caleb Chadd seeing what he believed to be a legal ram in this bowl while hunting across the Chisana river a few days earlier when his hunter scored on a great ram. Caleb was glassing sheep in Quitters Bowl from about three miles away.

Because of our individual body weight and personal gear, we had to be flown in one at a time. Josh was the first to go, then Nate (my cameraman) and finally me. When I touched down, I could see the excitement in Josh's face and pep in his step. Josh had the spotting scope set up on the landing strip looking at sheep in the canyon about two miles away and he was sure at least one of the rams was full curl. Now that it was about

for. Our problems quickly shifted from not being able to find a legal ram to finding too many with too many sets of eyes. And if we thought going up Quitters Bowl was tough, coming down was even tougher. To make matters worse we would have to do it all again the next day.

Day eight would be the day dreams turn in to reality, hard work would turn into fruits of our labor, and friends would become sheep hunting brothers. By 6:30am as the sun was rising on the mountain we had already made the climb into Quitters Bowl. My excitement was overflowing but soon devastated by our spotting of six immature rams right above us, within 600 yards, and the big legal ram 1000 yards deeper in. We were again in a decision making mode of do we push past the smaller rams and take a chance they will spook out in the direction of the legal ram and take him with them. Knowing we only had this day, and a half day to hunt on day nine, before the plane was to pick us up we decided to "go for broke". Well, kind of...

We camped out right where we were, below the smaller rams hoping they would feed away before we started our push past them. One hour turned to two and so on until nine plus hours passed. We had about four hours of light left and here goes nothing. Within about 300 yards of us walking up the bottom of the bowl, the rams spotted us with their keen eyes. After staring for a while they started up and towards the rim where we last saw the big ram we were after. At this very moment, I believe God looked down upon us and rewarded us for all we had been through, our positive attitudes and persistence through it all. The group of rams turned back the opposite direction of the rim where our big sheep was last spotted, climbed a bit higher, and just started feeding again. The wind for some crazy reason was blowing in our favor at 5:00pm and they didn't blow out! We continued up the bottom and Josh spotted our sheep at 600 yards moving even lower in the bowl to a position where we could make a move on him. After a few more looks with the spotting scope, the sheep made a b-line for the bottom of the bowl. Josh turned with excitement and very specific directions – drop your packs and stay right with me!

Josh took off across an open area like his pants were on fire and his rear-end was catching. I followed at a pace I was sure would run me out of gas long before Josh. We climbed over 1000 yards and 500 feet of el-

evation in ten minutes. My biggest concern now was topping this hill and not being able to steady myself for a shot at a sheep that is running out the other side. My fears were soon put to rest as we crested the hill and Josh immediately located the sheep directly below us at 147 yards. We quickly took a prone position and watched the top of his back and horns as he fed on a green patch below us. It seemed like an hour of watching portions of my sheep's back as he was feeding, but it was more like 15 minutes. My muscles were cramping from the exertion of our quick climb, and I just kept telling myself to stay calm and wait for Josh to give me the "green light" to shoot. All at once, the whole sheep appeared in the most majestic manner I have ever seen. He turned and walked straight toward us and exposed his entire body as he certainly could see us above him now looking straight down at him. As he stopped to stare, Josh said, "he's legal – take him"! I carefully turned off my safety and instinctively centered my crosshairs on his chest. Muscle memory took over as I squeezed the trigger ever so gently and the shot rang out through the evening air in the canyon. My sheep fell in his tracks and was forever mine without even a second twitch of his body. A completely clean and humane kill for such an epic mountain warrior of a sheep! I rolled to my back in celebration with my fists raised to the sky. All of my emotions turned to uncontrollable tears of joy and accomplishment. Majestic Mountain Outfitters provided the playing field for me to achieve a life long dream of hunting and collecting an Alaskan Dall sheep.



Hunting Spain

by Lynn Holmes



Sierra Nevada Mountains where we hunted

The day before the fundraiser I asked my wife if she would like to go to Spain on a vacation and her answer was yes, which was all I needed to know. We decided that if I bought a hunt in Spain, we would make it both a vacation and a hunting trip. The auction had started and the bid was up for the Spain hunt for an Ibex. I bid on it and was awarded the bid. A few days later, I called Juan Toquero of Toquero Hunting Services to make our plans. When talking to him, he said he was booked up for the year, but to make sure our passports were in order because if he got an opening or someone cancelled, he would call. A few days later he called with good news. He had an opening for the 23rd of April. He told me that it normally takes about three days for each animal you are hunting and if we also wanted a few days on our own we should plan our time accordingly. We called and booked our flight directly from Detroit to Madrid, arriving on Sunday, April 22nd. Juan met us at the airport and had already set up a hotel reservation for that night.



The King's Castle

Day One: Juan picked us up for the six hour drive to Grenada. On the way we saw hundreds of olive fields. Spain supplies 80% of the world's olive oil. About half-way to Grenada we stopped in a small town and had a traditional Spanish lunch in a cantina. The food was excellent, and after lunch we were back on the road again. The next stop we made was for a rest and to

visit Spain's version of a Cabela's store. the time went by quickly and soon we were taking the bypass around Grenada, arriving at our hotel at the base of the Sierra Nevada mountains. We got to our room and unpacked and Juan said that we were going hunting and to change clothes. We hunted from 6 p.m. until 9 p.m., seeing several Ibex but Juan said that they were all too small for the first day. The hotel cook stayed until we got back so we ate supper and had a few drinks before going to bed.

Day Two: Juan wanted to be hunting before daybreak so we were up early and ate a quick breakfast. My wife wasn't ready when it was time to leave so Juan told her we would be back about 11:30 a.m. and that she could go with us in the afternoon. Juan and I left, heading up the mountain and arriving at the location he thought we should start hunting at. It was just breaking daylight when we arrived at the location so we started walking to different locations checking some valleys as well as the mountains. We soon spotted some Ibex feeding on a small patch of grass so we got set up. About the time I was ready to shoot, the Ibex detected us and took off running before I could get a shot off. Now we needed to start looking for another location that might have some animals. It wasn't long before we found another group of four females and two males. When Juan put his pack on the ground, the Ibex took off running uphill so I dropped to the ground and

rested my gun on the pack. Juan told me to shoot the second one as he was the largest. I never shoot at a running animal, except this time. I shot and broke his back and down he rolled. Juan asked me if he could run up there and finish him off with his pistol, so I agreed. It was now 9:30 a.m. on the second day of my hunt and it was over. We took a few pictures, caped the Ibex, and headed back to the hotel. Well, we made it back by 11:30 a.m., but guess what? My wife didn't get to go on any part of the hunt.

Day Three: Juan took us to a hotel in Grenada for two days because he needed to meet with another outfitter and clients. The first day we went to see the Flamenco dancer and the second we spent at the Alhambra.

Day Four: Today we started back to Madrid. About half-way back we stopped in a town called Toledo where they have been well-known for making knives and swords since the Civil War. Once back in Madrid, my wife and I were on our own.

Day Five: We took a bus tour around Madrid, seeing all the sights we wanted, and buying our souvenirs.

Day Six: We spent the day on a bus trip to Avia and Segovia. Avia is a town with a brick wall all around it and Segovia is where the aqueduct that brings water from the mountains to the city is located. We also saw the castle where King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella lived.

Day Seven: We flew home.

Spain is a wonderful country in which to vacation. It is a proud country with its culture, history, and the charm of its people. It is also a great place to hunt for Ibex, Red Deer, Fallow Deer, Mouflon Sheep, Chamois, Roe Deer, Barbary Sheep, and Wild Boar. If you would like to see a bull fight, that is available as well.

I would recommend this hunt or vacation to anyone thinking about it. Juan Toquero will take care of all of the details and knows how to find the animals and how to get them.



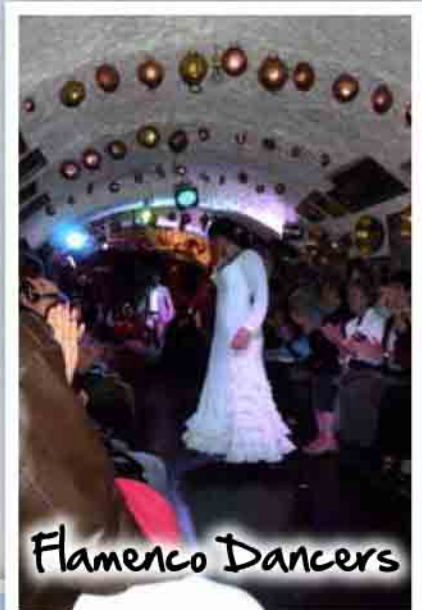
Spain's version of Cabelas



The Aqueduct in Sagovia



The Cantina where we had our lunch



Flamenco Dancers



Avia with the brick wall around it



Olive Fields



OSCEOLA TURKEY HUNT

MIKE "MAC" MACEACHRON

After a successful alligator hunt with Grayson Padrick of Central Florida Trophy Hunts (Front Sights July – September 2013) Ken, Michael and I were sitting around at Grayson's home sipping on a couple of cold beverages and reminiscing about the last couple of nights gator hunting and how much fun we had.

Grayson mentioned he also offers hog hunts and Osceola turkey hunts. He said he leases thousands of acres of prime central Florida property and normally runs near 100% on these hunts. He set the hook by mentioning turkey hunts.

Osceolas are found only in Florida and are 1 of 4 subspecies of turkeys that make up the Grand Slam of North America turkey hunting. They include the Osceola, Eastern, Mirriam and Rio. There are two other species of turkeys which are the Oscellated and the Goulds of South America and Mexico. All six and

you have the World Slam.

Grayson said the hunts are self-guided unless a guide is requested (for an additional fee). He went on to say he would show you the property, the areas where he has seen turkey activity, and the roosting areas. The rest is up to you.

Perfect!! I've guided turkey hunts for over 30 years in Michigan and would prefer to call my own toms. He did mention that Osceolas are skittish and don't gobble much.

With that being said Ken and I booked the first week of the 2010 turkey season with Grayson and as an added bonus we combined the hunt with a fishing trip near Fort Lauderdale with Captain Gavett Tuttle from Back for More Charters for tarpon.

March arrives and Ken and I leave the cold and snow of Michigan for warm and sunny Florida. We met up with Grayson at the gate of the property we

would be hunting a couple days early to scout a bit before opening day and to acclimate ourselves to the area.

Grayson gave us an aerial map of the property and took us on a quick tour showing us the boundaries and where he had seen recent turkey activity. So after giving us the combination to the locks to the gate Grayson was off saying "good luck" and that he would be in the general area if we had questions or needed help. "Oh, and by the way, there are gators in the waterways" he warned before he left. Thanks for the heads up!

Well, it's now leather to the ground. The map has marks for sightings, food plots, and roosting areas. Ken heads out to look at the food plots and I go to the roosting areas. I'm looking for travel routes, boundaries or obstacles that may affect a turkey coming to calls. Ken is looking for tracks, dust bowls, drags and/or feathers where the turkeys are coming into the food plots. Ken doesn't call. If he did he would scare any turkey in the area to the next county! So he sets up a blind between the roosting areas and the food source.

That evening we split up to listen for birds going to roost. Sure enough just around sunset we hear toms gobbling at the heads (Florida talk for woodlots). We will repeat the process in the morning checking other areas according to Grayson's maps. No problem. Just before sunrise the toms start gobbling.

Throughout the day we see toms following hens on various parts of the property including some real long beards. Oh yea and hogs.

The evening before the hunt, in my opinion, can be the most important aspect of the hunt. I want to make sure there are toms in the area I plan to hunt in the morning. So we set up on a couple heads and wait to hear the sounds of wing beats and gobbles going to roost.

As darkness approaches, sure enough, I hear the fly ups of numerous birds but no gobbles. Hmmm... So I give a couple of owl calls and my mind is put at ease as multiple gobbles come from the head. Ken is excited as well. He had seen a couple of nice toms and heard the toms gobble on roost.

Opening day!! Who sleeps the night before any opening day? Not me! Heck, who needs an alarm clock? I am ready to roll at 4:30 am. Rather than a breakfast we grab a couple snacks and beverages at an all-night convenience store and hit the woods.

Ken heads to his blind situated between the roosting area and food plot where he had seen two toms strutting the day before.

I decide to go to the area I roosted multiple toms the night before. As daylight begins its approach, the toms start gobbling announcing their whereabouts to the hens. I can't think of a cooler sounder in the wild. So I give a couple of soft tree calls. Immediately some hens respond back. So I call again. The hens respond again and this time the toms gobble and double gobble.

I thought to myself that this is gonna be good. I heard the toms fly down so I gave out a loud and aggressive series of cuts. The hens didn't like that so down they came. They started cackling at me to voice their displeasure at the new female intruder. So again I let out a series of cuts.

Within minutes I had 5 hens and 3 Jakes (not toms) coming through the Palmettos. Not what I was hoping for. Then a couple of thunderous gobbles further back reassured me.

As the hens and Jakes entered the opening I was hunting I stopped calling and let the hens call instead. Suddenly 3 big toms strutting their stuff stepped out. I gave a couple of soft yelps. The hens came unglued and came running my way pulling the toms with them.

50, 40, 30 yards...at 20 yards the 12 gauge barks and I have my first Osceola tom. I have two tags but decide to just enjoy the show. Eventually the group faded back into the Palmetto thicket.

The big tom sported an 11 inch beard, had 1 ¼ inch spurs and weighed 19.5 pounds.

Walking back to the truck I hear two shots from Ken's direction. Twenty minutes later big Ken strolls in with a big tom with a 10 inch beard, 1 ¼ inch spurs and weighing 21 pounds. He said he heard the toms gobble on roost then nothing. Eventually one by one 11 birds paraded by his blind including 4 big toms and he shot the largest one.

We had a great hunt with Grayson. Short but productive. Seen lots of turkeys and a lot of hogs. I would definitely recommend Central Florida Trophy hunts.

Oh yeah...the fishing with Gavett was spectacular! We caught tarpon, dolphin, red snapper, snook and sea trout.

So for a spring time adventure try a combination trip to Florida. Don't forget your sunglasses!

Hunting in Turkey

by Mary Harter



View of the Mediterranean Sea from our hotel balcony

After a wonderful hunt in Tajikistan, we traveled with Kaan Karakaya from Shikar Safaris from Istanbul to Antalya which is on the Mediterranean Sea. During all of this flight we were never higher than we were hunting while in the Pamir Mountains. No wonder they are called “The Roof of the World”. We actually got on an earlier flight than the one we were booked for with Kaan’s fabulous connections. We skipped the long lines with a VIP pass and were expedited through the security and police checking our guns. We flew first class to Antalya and then were treated to a wonderful lunch at Kaan’s favorite restaurant right on the sea. Kaan carried in the backstraps from his Marco Polo which were frozen to put in their freezer to cook for him in the future. Can you imagine doing something like that in the U.S.?

After lunch we were met by Kaan’s drivers, Dugan and Isa, who took us to our hunting location three hours away near the town of Aref. After a quick check

in for our room we went to sight in our rifles. Mine was off and it got too dark to finish so we had to do it the next morning. Somehow my turret had been turned completely around on the sight and thank goodness Don realized what had happened and took care of it quickly.

My guide was Yunus and Don’s was Isa. Dugan stayed with me as my interpreter. Dugan was 30 years old, had worked on a cruise ship out of California for two years, and was great at conversation. Isa also was great at speaking English. I was going to hunt near where we were staying and Don was going an hour and a half further away.

This area is so mountainous you just can’t describe it. They have hot houses all over in which they grow many vegetables and right now lettuce is in season. This area gets a lot of rain and sunshine and is quite temperate. Occasionally they get snow but not every year.

Turkey ranks seventh in the world for agriculture

The Hagia Sophia Museum in Istanbul, Turkey



Markets in Istanbul

and is first in hazelnut production and growing pomegranates. They rank high with cherries, grapes, and olives. Everywhere there is room to plant something, something is growing. Up and down the mountains are fruit and nut trees and grape vines and there are so many hot houses on the flat lands that they look like waves on water.

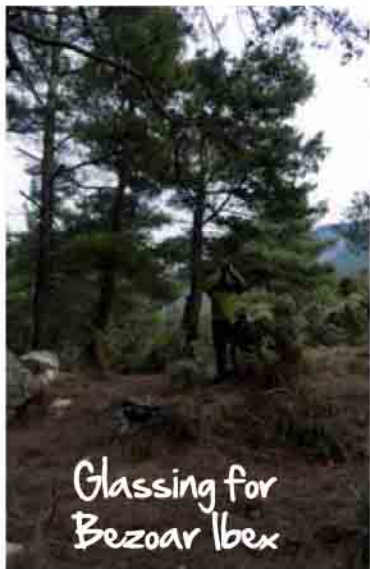
We are staying at Arykanda which is a restaurant and hotel near a highway. Our guides and drivers are staying here, also. Our room is up a couple flights of stairs, through the restaurant and out back and up a couple more flights to a very comfortable room. This place is run by a couple and they have a cook and waiter. We really never order food off a menu, just tell our interpreter what we want. I usually asked what was available and they served many things family style. We always had honey and olives and many loaves of bread, torn, never sliced. Bread was used to eat every liquid from every dish. Even all of the salad dressings were cleaned up and eaten with bread. Food was very good but, of course, no pork was served because they are almost all Muslim. We always drank Turkish tea

for breakfast because their coffee was very strong. No wonder they use so much cream and sugar in it.

The first day we hunted until noon glassing the mountain sides but only saw females. We were hunting the Bezoars ibex. We went back to the restaurant for lunch. Dugan picked me a pomegranate and Hubscher picked me some grapes that were warm from the sun that we ate while lunch was being prepared. We heard the call to prayer which is called five times a day. It echoes through the mountains from one area to another. It is a type of chant from a high tower. Today there is an additional one for someone who died. They go to worship in mosques on Fridays at noon.

After lunch we went back out hunting until dark which was about 5:30 p.m. We saw at least 50 female bezoars ibex and a couple of males. The last one looked good so tomorrow we will start by looking for him.

Early morning or just before dark are the best times to see ibex because they move more. In the middle of the day they usually lay down similar to the habits of our whitetail deer. We stopped at good areas and glassed and glassed. One of my favorite areas was very



Arykanda, Ancient City before 6 AD



near where we stayed, just up the hill beyond the hotel, and was the ancient ruins of the city of Arykanda (for which the place where we are staying is named) which was inhabited prior to 6 A.D. Much excavation had been done beginning in 1971 according to signs placed around explaining parts of the city. The city had a water and septic system, bath houses, an arena and many arches and columns that the ibex would travel through. We sat up on some of the old ruins and glassed at the mountains beyond. Some young ibex and their mothers would run and play through the ruins and sometimes I would almost forget we were hunting, thinking of the ancient civilization.

Sometimes we drove to another mountain, hiding behind huge boulders glassing for ibex. One day a shepherd came by with his goats and many were wearing bells. He had a sack over his shoulder and gave me a pomegranate from it. I shook his hand and Dugan translated that he said, "I am a good neighbor".

Once during lunch at the restaurant, an elderly lady who had been picking olives walked by and stopped to see me. She rubbed her index fingers together and the interpreter said she was saying we were friends and we shook hands. Everyone is very fit in this country from all the walking they do up and down hill.

Outside the restaurant for customers to use are

toilets in buildings. They are the stand up, pit style toilet. We have a regular toilet in our room, thank goodness. Gas stations also have the pit type toilets. Kaan said he once shipped our style toilets to Pakistan to modernize his camp and when he arrived to see them found they had installed them but level with the ground.

We sat many mornings and evenings on a mountain side just off the highway under some kind of pine trees in the soft needles that smelled like our pines. We glassed and glassed, set up spotting scopes, and ranged the distances to the mountain across the

valley in front of us.

On about the third day, Don missed a nice ibex in the morning but climbed all day and got another shot (400 yards) at the same ibex later in the day and was successful. The next day, he came hunting with me.

Once we drove to the top of a mountain, through winding paths until we came to a fire station at the top. Someone had lived there and we ate lunch on an outside table. You could walk to the edge and look straight down. Fog rolled in in thick sheets and we left before dark.

On the fifth day after coming back from several hours of glassing on roads up the mountain beyond where we were staying, Galip, my assistant guide, spotted a male ibex. It was near the villagers flowing

well that comes out of the mountain and waters much of the countryside through irrigation pipes. We set up to shoot leaning on a huge boulder but it was uncomfortable so Don moved me to a better rock. Immediately when I look through my scope, I am on him. Must be meant to be!! It takes Don a little while to find him but I don't have a shot as three females are in front of him and he is partially behind a boulder. He is 380 yards away and up the mountain, so higher than we are. Finally he moves out a little from behind the boulder and stands facing us but his back end is down around behind the boulder. He turns slightly and I take the shot. I have not taken my eyes off him since I first saw him. He is dead in his tracks but falls down hill.

Don and Galip go to get him and Dugan drives the truck to get Hubscher, the villager. Don and Galip are part way back with him when Dugan gets back and Hubscher goes to help. Another truck full of hunters stops to see what is going on and very excitedly I tell them of my success. After many pictures we head back to where we are staying. It is dark.

The next day after more pictures and Galip and Yunus skin out my ibex, we drive to a wooded area for a boar. As we turn into the wooded area we see several boars running through the trees on the other side of a wet area. We must be in the right place!

We walk slowly into several heavily rutted areas seeing many wild boars but none Galip wants me to shoot. Finally we spot several boars downhill from us and slowly stalk towards them. We walk faster when we are out of their sight behind trees or rocks but very slowly and quietly when out in the open. Several times Galip sets up the sticks but decides to go closer.



Finally Galip lets me shoot. There is a huge boar just beyond a boulder in a rutted area, that has been lunging at other boars coming into his area. He sure in dominate and the one I am to shoot. I pull the trigger and finally a DRT (dead right there). He kicks his feet but it is only a reaction. He is dead.

My guide runs to him and Don and I follow. Galip is very excited and says he is huge. He calls Kaan who is in the area and soon we see headlights coming in our direction. It has gotten dusk while we admired my boar and took pictures. Kaan has a couple of people from the NRA with him. One is Mike Ives, the Corporate Director of Photography

and the other is Nader Tavangar, Management Director for the Mercury Group. More pictures are taken with professional cameras as Kaan says I do not realize how huge my boar is. They are sure he will score in the top ten of SCI.

Now we have completed the hunt and fly back to Istanbul and home. We are driven to the airport by Erakn, who had broken a leg when

landing after a parachute jump and was dismissed from the military. He spoke excellent English and was very helpful getting us to our hotel and then on to the airport the next morning. We slept in a hotel right on the Mediterranean Sea and could see because they had many street lights and hear the waves crashing on the seawall right below our room. We were way up in the hotel and left our patio door open all night to enjoy the sound of the waves.

What great times we had in two completely different hunts and situations. We have formed a very positive attitude about both Turkey and Tajikistan and their people. We would recommend going on a hunt with Shikar Safaris.



THE PERFECT REST

BY MIKE RITCHIE

Mike Ritchie with his 275# bear,
picture taken by Dr. David Riffel of Romeo, MI

The young bear came into the baitsite well before dark and was oblivious to the hunter in the ladder stand a mere 15 yards away. As he grabbed a morsel of food, he stood with his back to me and his mickey mouse ears were like radar scanning for any noise that would indicate something approaching from the dense overgrown clear cut. The tension was evident as he strained to hear the foot steps of the owner of the baitsite.

This was my first guided bear hunt over bait and I was using archery gear. I traveled to Ontario with a longtime friend and fellow Chiropractor, Dr. David Riffel. David was my mentor in the field of Chiropractic and I was his bowhunting mentor. We would be joined by two seasoned bear hunters. The two were brothers--Dave Porter who lived near me in Roscommon, Michigan

and his brother Rob from South Dakota . During the long 15 hour drive, I was asking the experienced bear hunter about how to judge if a bear was a shooter. We also discussed the type of equipment each would be using and it sounded like it would be the Hoyt shooters verses me, the lone Matthews shooter. No hunting method has more gadgets than modern bowhunting. It seems that there is always a new stablizer, sight, arrow, sound dampner, release aid that is going to make us a more successful hunter. I was recently in the market for accessories for my new Matthews Z-9 and was at my favorite sporting goods store, Jay's of Gaylord, MI. The store only employs people who are outdoors folks themselves. The combined hunting experience of their archery department alone would be in the 100's of years . The funny thing was that when I asked a few of the bow experts what type of arrow rest was better than all others, they couldn't agree. It seems there is just no

single "perfect arrow rest." We could have hunted with a rifle, but we chose to bow hunt.

WHY DO WE BOW HUNT?

Bowhunting is a method of taking an animal for the table but in some ways it puts the hunter at a disadvantage compared to rifle or shotgun hunting. Bowhunters trade the high success rate of a firearm for the thrill of close encounters while waiting for that perfect archery shot. For those of us who archery hunt, the trade is well worth it. To be a consistently successful bowhunter, a lot of extra work and practice are necessary to get archery close. When I first started archery hunting there weren't many archers around and none of my family archery hunted. My first few years, I made many blunders and I was so frustrated that I almost gave up on the sport. A friend gave me a bowhunter magazine and I began to learn that if I was going to enjoy the art of bowhunting, I had a lot to learn.

CONSULTING THE EXPERTS.

The writers in that magazine were all successful at living the archery lifestyle and were happy to share their experiences so I didn't have to make the same mistakes that they did when they first began archery hunting. Hunting with a stick and string is a lot more enjoyable when we do it right. Mentors are essential to be successful. My mentors in those days were old Larry D. Jones, Dwight Schuh and many others through the pages of the magazines. Dave Porter's advice boiled down to three items: 1) Make sure you shoot a male, as a female with cubs is illegal. 2) Make sure the bear's back is 3 foot tall. 3) Look to see if there is a furrow in the bear's forehead. A mature boar will qualify in all three areas.



David Porter with his 340# bear

PRACTICE IS MANDATORY AND FUN.

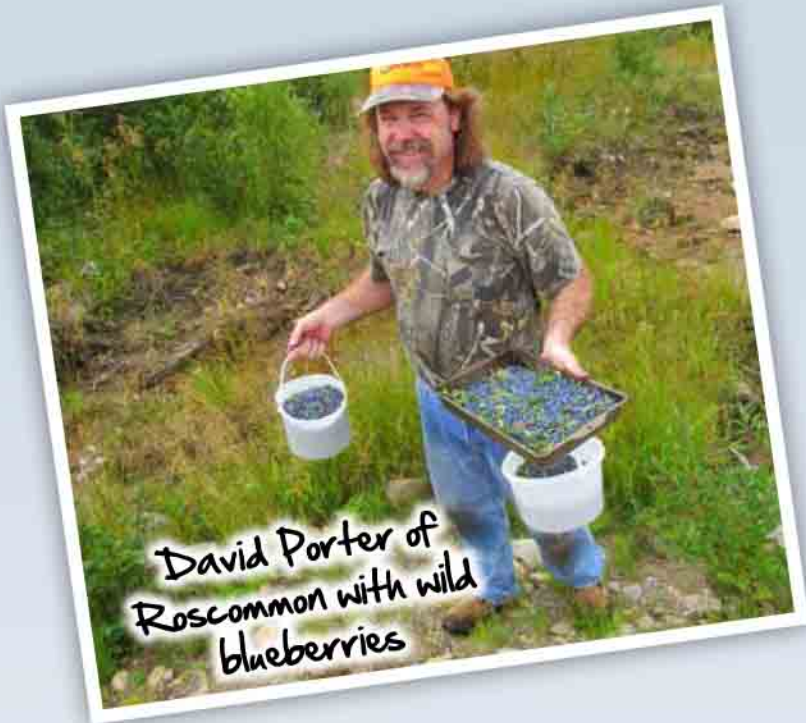
If you don't have the time to practice--don't archery hunt! Although it is important to know your firearm and sight it in, it is not as difficult to master accurate shooting as it with a bow. I didn't understand that I needed to spend a lot more time practicing than just sighting in my bow. To be an ethical archery hunter, we have to practice with the clothes we intend to hunt with, from the position we intend to shoot from, be sure of our shot selection, know and maintain our equipment. If we don't enjoy these things maybe we shouldn't bowhunt!

BOWHUNTING IS ABOUT PASSING IT ON.

Across the country bowhunters share more than just a method of killing a game animal. There are rendezvous, competitions, clubs and dinners celebrating the community of people who enjoy the sport of



Mike Ritchie with his Walleye



David Porter of Roscommon with wild blueberries



Rob Porter of Roscommon with a Yeti cooler full of wild blueberries

bowhunting. My friend, David Riffel and his son Craig, put on an archery day at their home which includes practice, competitions, prizes and a pot luck game feed. Every age group is included and the equipment people use is not so important as the fellowship. We have a common passion and it involves hunting game with bow and arrow. Stories of last years hunts are shared, including the successes and the unsuccessful ones. Our enjoyment is always increased when we bring new people into our sport--especially our children and grandchildren. They are the future of our sport and if we don't get them involved, our sport will die.

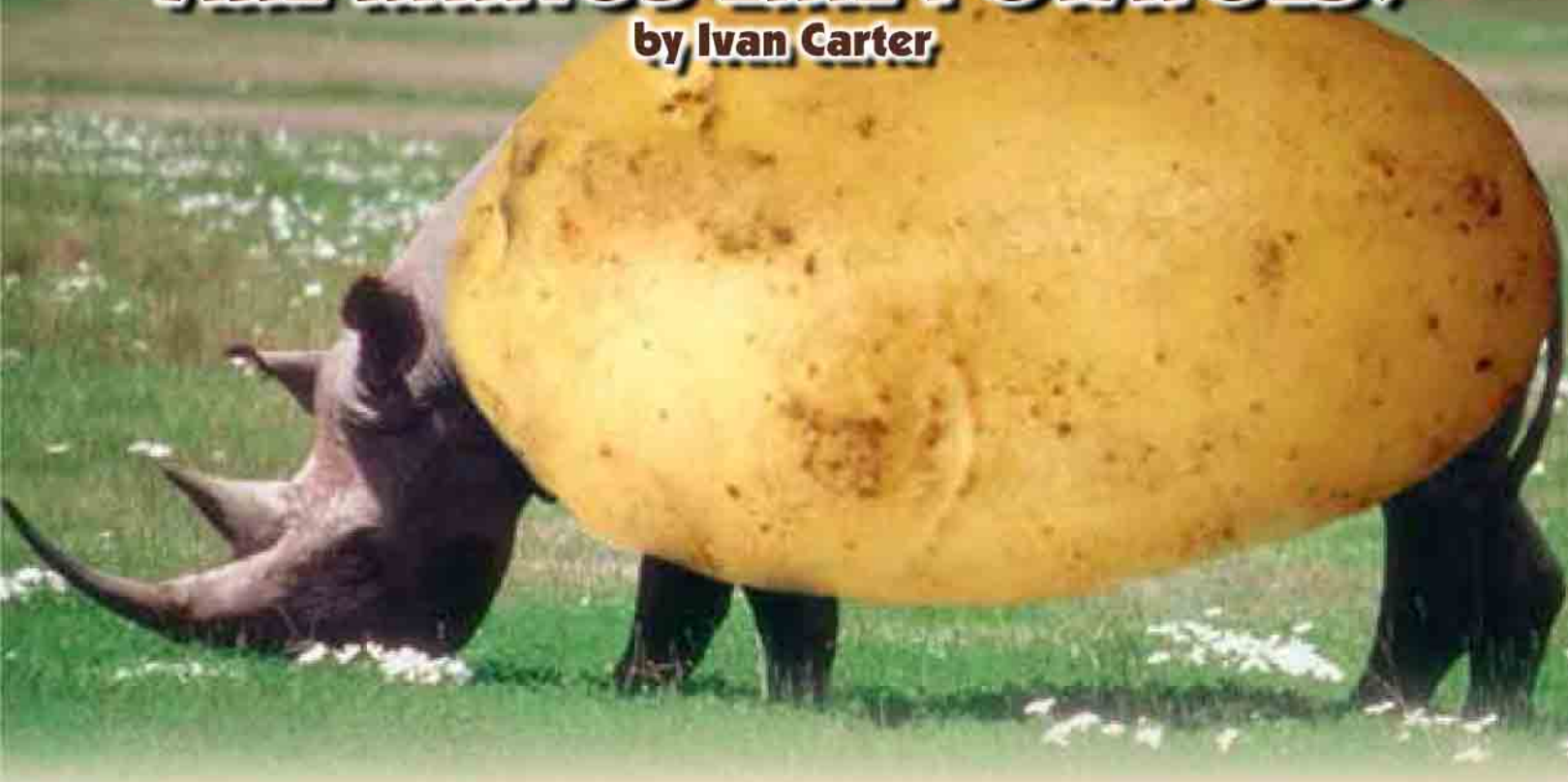
The young bear was in front of me for 20 minutes then all of a sudden he took off like an ebony lightning bolt and climbed to the top of a nearby tree. The reason for his exit became evident when the boss bear showed up to "his" grocery store. The muscular 275 pound bruin looked up at the adolescent bear and quickly headed over to his barrel of goodies. Taking a few bites, he then walked around the barrel and looked up at me. I then noticed the nice crease in his forehead and relatively small ears. He then proceeded to walk past the 36 inch post we set into the ground to judge if a bear was tall enough; and yes, he qualified as a shooter. Noticing the tuft of hair on his underbelly indicating he was a male, I waited for him to step forward with his

left front leg to expose his vitals. There is nothing like bowhunting for the adrenaline rush! When he finally stepped forward I was already back to my anchor point. Picking a spot right behind his shoulder and squeezing my back muscles, the release surprised me and the arrow was gone. The nocturnal light nock traced the path of the Carbon Express "Red" arrow over the QAD drop away rest out my Z-9 at 282 feet per second delivering my Goldtip Gladiator broadhead through the bears boiler room. Twenty short yards later my first bow killed bear was on the ground without suffering in a matter of 5 seconds. It had all come together. I learned from the experts, practiced my hunting and shooting skills and made a perfect kill shot.

Two days later Dave Porter shot a 340 lb. boar with his Hoyt bow, so if you go by weight the Hoyt shooters win. The other two hunters had opportunities, but chose to pass on smaller bears. As a double bonus to our hunt, our group picked over 20 gallons of blueberries and I fished and caught over 100 walleyes. After the hunt and all the driving, I was glad to be back in Roscommon County. Sleeping in my own bed and dreaming of the trip, I guess you could say I found the "perfect rest!" Enjoy your bowhunts this fall and remember to pass it on.

ARE RHINOS LIKE POTATOES?

by Ivan Carter



What an absurd question you may ask...
of course not ... read on ...

Let's consider for a moment the lowly potato, possibly one of the most common and widespread vegetables on our planet ...grown in many many different countries and climates by farmers who grow them to earn a living ...these lowly potatoes have been carefully reproduced, many, many different varieties have been developed and they are marketed, sold and bought as a part of every day groceries ... they are made valuable by the open and free market in which they are traded. Indeed a very easy commodity on which to base a business plan.

Now hypothetically what would happen if it suddenly became illegal to trade in potatoes, to grow potatoes to sell or indeed purchase a potato became an offense ...how long would it be until you could hardly find a farmer who had any potatoes at all? Indeed in a short space of time by taking away all and every commercial value that the potato has it would become a very rare vegetable indeed. How long until the potato, grown today in thousands of tons actually becomes extinct?

Is our wildlife really any different? Animals that are allowed to be traded, bought, sold, hunted and bred have enormous value to game ranchers – indeed a breeding pair of rhinos sell for large amounts of money being that they are the cornerstone of a lucrative trophy hunting trade ... investors look forward to the day that their offspring will be sold and the old animals beyond breeding being harvested by hunters for a worthy financial return.

Scimitar horned Oryx enjoyed the status of being a “common introduced species” in Texas until recent laws put in place in the last few years forbade the open trade of the animals at which point an alarming percentage of the “ranch owned” population was simply culled for the butchery rather than deal with the additional paperwork and restrictions ...today a fraction of the population remains, ...truly a real shame as they border extinction in the wild.

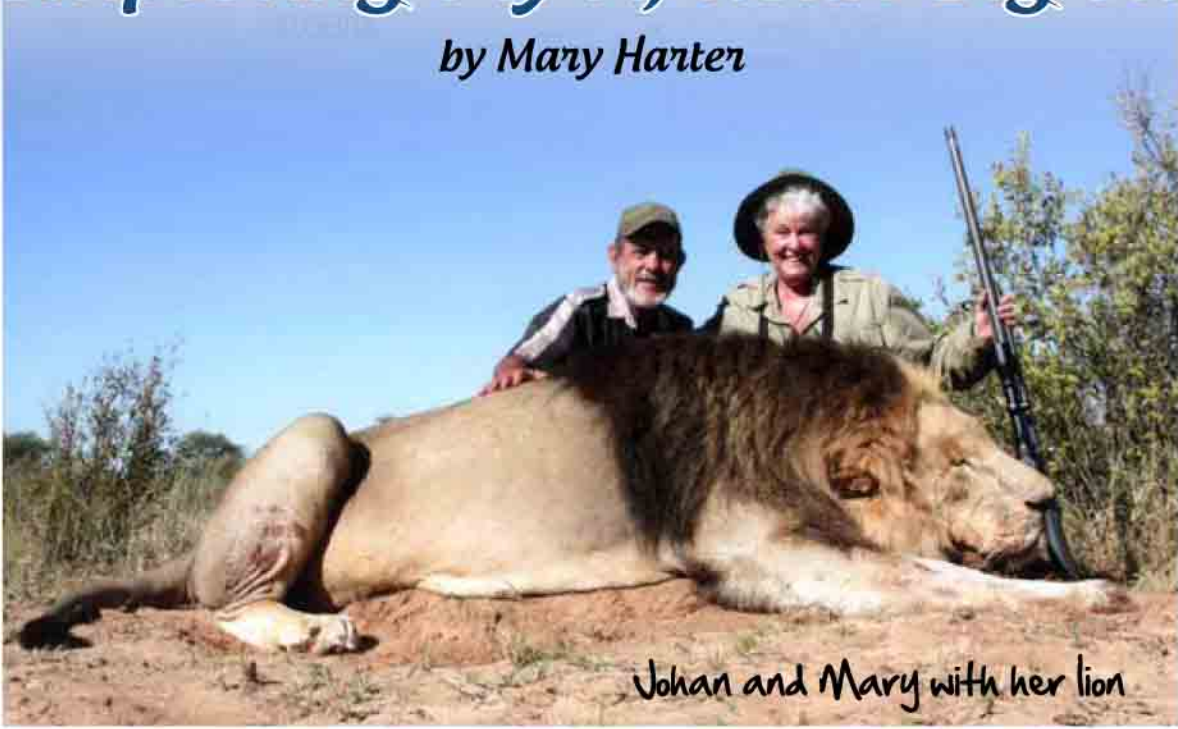
The bottom line is indeed if free trade is allowed within a species and if that species is given commercial value it will thrive --- be it a lowly potato or a rhino.

So yes, indeed, perhaps potatoes are not really so different from rhinos !

Lion

Completing My African Big Five

by Mary Harter



Johan and Mary with her lion

On April 18, 2013 we left Grand Rapids, Michigan and arrived in Johannesburg, South Africa fifteen hours and 20 minutes later. Johan Pieterse greeted us and another three hours to our camp in the Limpopo Province and we had arrived. It was evening and we were greeted with a bonfire, drinks and snacks and a delicious dinner of bush buck over rice.

The next couple of days were spent hunting for some small species we wanted and I shot a large spotted genet, a klipspringer, a mountain reedbuck, and a jackal. We were also looking for a nyala.

Johan wears Tarzan brand Kudu boots as do all of his trackers so they all have the same footprints. That way he can tell by the tracks if he has a poacher on his property.

On Monday we left for Thandeka in the Northwest Province which is in the Kalahari Desert to hunt for my lion. The trip was an eight hour drive north almost to the Botswana border. Boseman, Johan's tracker, came with

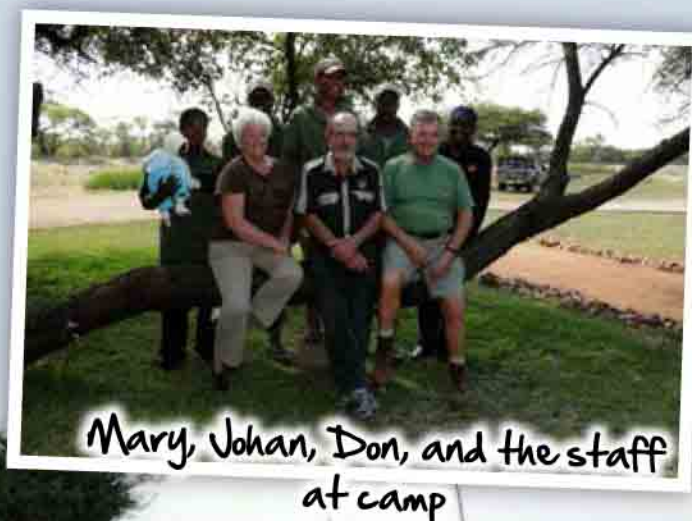
us. We counted donkeys on our way and joked about the Kalahari Ferrari, which was three donkeys hauling a cart. We also passed a cart with a donkey trailing beside the team, probably in training but looking like a spare. We were meeting Tommy VanVuuren and his son, John, who were going to guide us.

We arrived at Thandeka which is a 10,000 acre property and immediately could hear lions roaring. They have a 400 year old camel thorn tree in the yard at this camp. Many are dying in the Kalahari from elephants overeating them. The weaver bird likes these trees to nest in. They make a hanging nest with an opening at the bottom so snakes cannot enter them. The male birds build the nests. Snakes can climb the trees and go out on the limbs to eat eggs out of birds nests but cannot enter one made by the weaver bird. After settling in to our cottage, we went out searching for small cats and jackal. Joseph, joined us as an extra tracker.

Out the next morning in search of a lion. We rode



The Kalahari Ferrari



Mary, Johan, Don, and the staff
at camp



Thandeka with a camel thorn tree

looking for tracks. When you find tracks and think it might be the lion you are looking for, you drive around the section (of varied sizes) to see if he is still in there. If there are tracks leaving then you go around that section to see if he is still there. When you find a section that the lion has not left, then you follow the tracks. We followed one for a couple of hours but when we saw him, he was not the old 10 year old male we were looking for. We backed off and went to look for another. This was only the first morning.

We went back to the lodge for lunch and watched kudu and nyala come to drink water while we ate.

After lunch we cut more lion tracks but he kept circling around. There were so many we couldn't sort out where he went. We followed tracks twice but would come back to the road. We found where he had laid down. He eventually backtracked on his own tracks and even crossed the trail we drove in on, stepping on our tire tracks.

Lions may eat only every 12 to 15 days if they aren't able to make a kill. They drink daily unless they have made a fresh kill. They hunt about two hours at night and sleep the rest of the time. They usually live in a small area but hunt a wider area.



Mary's klipspringer - top left,
nyala - bottom left, and
African wild cat - right

Tommy told us a story about when he had stopped at a water hole with his wife, Karin, and she saw a lion sitting right in the hide they place for hunters to sit in. What a shock to have a lion hiding right where a hunter hides.

We went out that night and I shot a spring hare. Johan told us that they really aren't a hare but a type of rodent. They have large back legs and toes, and very small front feet.

Out the next day for lion. We are still looking for a 10 year old male that has been hunted twice before. He is smart. We kept checking out the watering hole he frequents. We saw jackal, warthogs, red hartebeest, gemsbok, giraffe, kudu, bat eared fox, nyala, black

wildebeest, springbok, eland, ostrich, emu, impala, duiker, steenbok, and mountain zebra. They also have beef cattle in a fenced off field.

There is another couple in camp from Slovenia, part of old Yugoslavia. Ivan is 72 and doesn't speak any English but his wife speaks some. He shot a cape buffalo that they had been following for six days but the buffalo was just wounded. We heard the shot and heard on the radio that he was wounded and they were tracking him. We crossed his blood trail and called them. Our tracker thought he heard the shot strike the middle instead of the shoulder. Now we have a wounded buffalo in the block where we think our lion is.

We met up with the buffalo hunter and crew on the side of the road and stopped to talk. They had taken another shot at the buffalo but not connected. Later after we drove around looking for lion tracks we got a call that the injured buffalo had run over the PH and



Don's honey badger
Mary's reedbuck at left and
duiker on right



two cameramen and needed help so we hung on and away we went.

When we arrived, the PH Tommy was limping out to us with the help of some of his workers. He had a badly sprained ankle and a broken stock on his rifle. The buffalo had charged and he shot and then dove between the front legs of the buffalo to avoid the horns. The buffalo had stepped on his gun. One camera man had been hit by the buffalo in the thigh by his boss and was limping and another had been knocked down. We loaded everyone in and on our truck and took them back to their truck.

Later on we got a call to come help them again. the buffalo was in the bush and four guides/PHs lined up to shoot him. They shot and away he ran again. They called for the Unimog which is a vehicle that goes through the bush like a tank driving over everything in its path. Don got up on top by Ivan and I got on the back with the hunter's wife and several others and away we went after this injured buffalo. The wife didn't want Don to shoot so Don handed his Heym 450 to Johan and after Ivan shot, Johan fired both barrels plus several others shot and finally we had a dead buffalo. Seventeen shots had been fired and at least fourteen had hit him.

Then we were off again looking for lion. Towards evening we dragged brush behind us to leave a clear road behind us where we could tell if a lion had crossed during the night.

The next morning, out for lion. We cut some tracks and after driving around several blocks we finally cleared the block and started tracking the lion on foot. Daniel, another tracker, and Boesman were in front followed by Johan and myself followed by Don and Jose, our photographer. The area was quite open with grasses and I kept checking for snakes, holes, briars, and the bush on all sides of us. Eventually I spotted a lion out about 75 yards. He was walking but sat facing us when he knew we were watching him. He put his ears right down close to his head so we couldn't see him as well. Johan said he was not our lion but he was mature with a nice mane but not black - all before 9:00 a.m.

We kept driving around blocks looking for tracks but couldn't isolate a cat in a section using fresh tracks. Back to the lodge for lunch and Tommy said to try in a different area as maybe the cat we were supposed to shoot might have paired up with another and that could be why the tracks were so hard to sort out.

Out checking for tracks and we finally found fresh tracks. We drove around the first block and were almost all around when we found where he had left it. We drove the second block and when about half around, found where he had left it. Same with the third block. These blocks all vary greatly in size. We drove all the way around the fourth block and came back to where the cat went in. He should be in this block!

Everyone got out of or off the truck, guns were

loaded, and we were ready. We followed his tracks around bushes, trees, and underbrush. Daniel had binoculars and would glass from under the brush checking all shady areas. Finally under a tree shaded by brush they could see the lion. The trackers set the sticks and got behind us. I couldn't see the lion. Johan walked around to a better spot and I could see the dark spot that was the lion. Johan again picked up the sticks and set them in a better spot and again reset them. I asked if this was a cat we wanted and he assured me it was. I could see a dark mane surrounding his head. I thought he was laying with his body to the right and Joan assured me it was but from my point of view it was behind brush. The cat had turned his head and followed us every time we moved. I knew I needed to shoot soon before he charged us. These cats have no fear of man (or woman).

We had studied the "Perfect Shot" book, Johan had discussed at length about the mane and how deceiving the body placement can be, and we had used a laser light to practice shot placement on two lion mounts in the lodge. Now I was to place a shot in a lion laying, facing us, in the shadows, with brush in front of his body, and be ready in case he charged.

At about 20 yards Johan was beside me with the sticks, Daniel and Boesman were slightly behind me on my right, and Jose was right behind Johan and me taking pictures, and Don was on my left with his 450 nitro express Heym. I had my favorite .375 H & H Christensen Arms. I aimed for the center up and down on the body and shot just to the right of the head hoping to take out the shoulders and greatly damage the lungs, and I did!

As soon as I shot, the lion sprang up in the air and turned. Johan had me shoot again. Johan didn't even lift his gun. He was sure the cat was secure but insurance shots are very important on any dangerous game and helps eliminate tracking which we certainly didn't want to do with a lion. Well, he was a DRT, dead right there. Wow! What an experience! Now I have the African Big Five! I had tears in my eyes. Johan was also very proud as four of the big five I shot with him. I shot my leopard and first cape buffalo with Johan in Tanzania and then darted a rhino with Johan at his place in South Africa. My elephant was with Ivan Carter in Botswana.

The next day we drove back to Johan's. Out hunting



Mary's jackal (top), and large spotted genet (bottom)

in the evening and Don shot a female impala for bait for a honey badger. We drove some fields and I shot a civet on the first field. What a beautiful animal they are.

The next day I shot a blue wildebeest for bait. We kept looking for a huge nyala and finally found one near the worker's quarters but the sun was just going down and I couldn't get it in my sights in time. We drove three fields at night. One farm of 1,700 acres of sunflowers, with some harvested and some not but not a good crop because of lack of rain. They also grew coriander. Saw many steenbok, duiker, reed buck, jackal. We saw a huge honey badger and Don shot him. What an old guy he was with missing teeth. We stalked a bushbuck but it disappeared quickly. Back to camp just before midnight and ate dinner. We're getting in lots of hunting but not much sleep.

The next day was Sunday and we were out with nyala on our mind. We walked several thick areas and down on a riverbed. We saw some females near a watering hold and checked the impala and wildebeest baits and the impala had been hit by honey badgers and hyenas.

We saw two impala rams fighting. When we would turn off the truck they would stop and look at us but while the truck was running they fought. We walked and drove all afternoon sighting several groups of nyala females and their young.

Just before dark we saw a nice nyala ram. Johan and I did a short stalk but he ran before I could get



Boesman building a fire



Innocence, our chef

off a shot. We drove off thinking our hopes of a nyala were over for the day when suddenly Don sighted him. Off I got and set up but I couldn't get a clear shot. Down with the sticks and we were off to set up again. Finally he stopped broadside and I shot. Down he went. Dead on the spot. This was a beautiful nyala, possibly one of the young males we had seen on our previous trip here a few years ago.

Off to hunt cats but they weren't cooperating. We saw lots of steenbok and a few duikers but no cats. Still a full moon.

Out for an impala for Don and a bushbuck for me. We walked several areas and a riverbed. We sighted the huge bushbuck but he saw us before we could get a shot off. We sat at a waterhole hoping the bushbuck would come in to drink but he didn't. On the

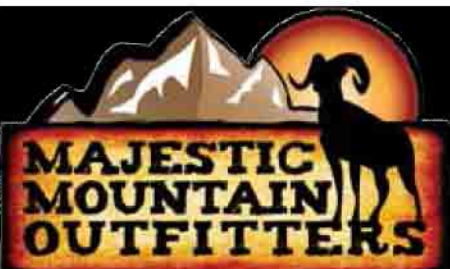
way back for lunch we passed some nice impala so Don and Johan walked back to check them out. The wind changed and away they went.

We went out to hunt the fields and I shot a duiker on one field and a huge wild cat on another. We saw a small wildcat when we entered the field but passed him and were glad as we saw the huge one later.

Slept in the next day and packed to leave. Measured our twelve animals. Johan's son, Human, came to see us with his two year old daughter. Johan drove us to Johannesburg and we stopped at the taxidermist/shipper on the way. Johan took us to the African Sky Guest House and stayed for a glass of wine. We were on our way to Botswana the next day and Don's hunt for elephant which is another story.

Many Thanks to the SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter members and friends for contributing to another successful MMO season in 2013.

Jeff, Cyndi, Josh and Caleb



Jeff Chadd

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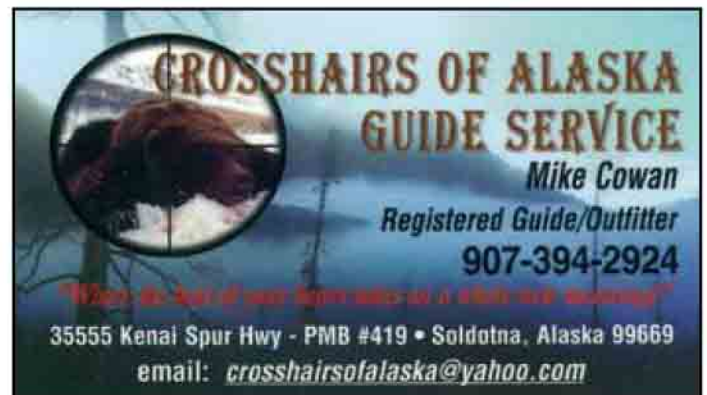
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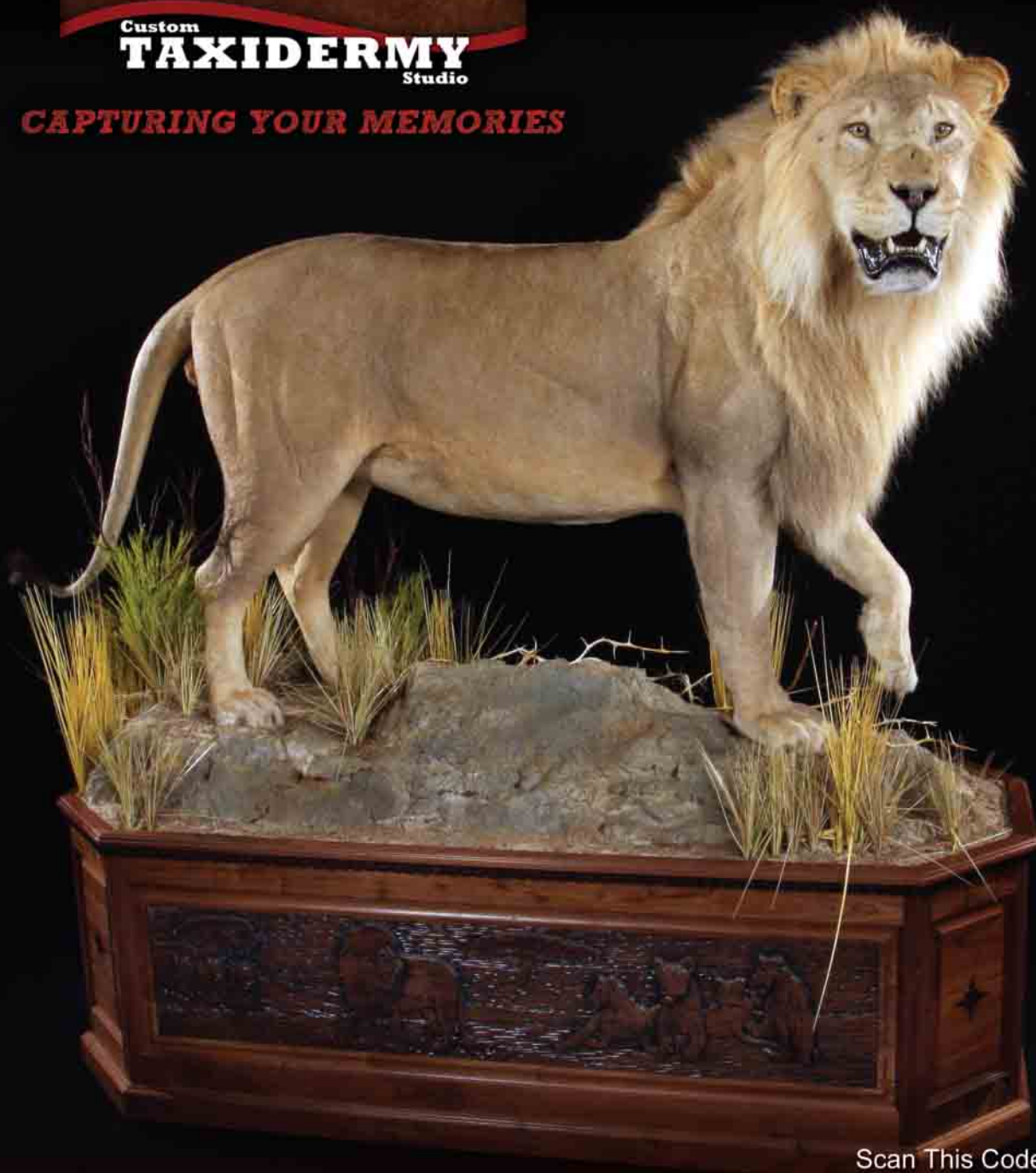
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