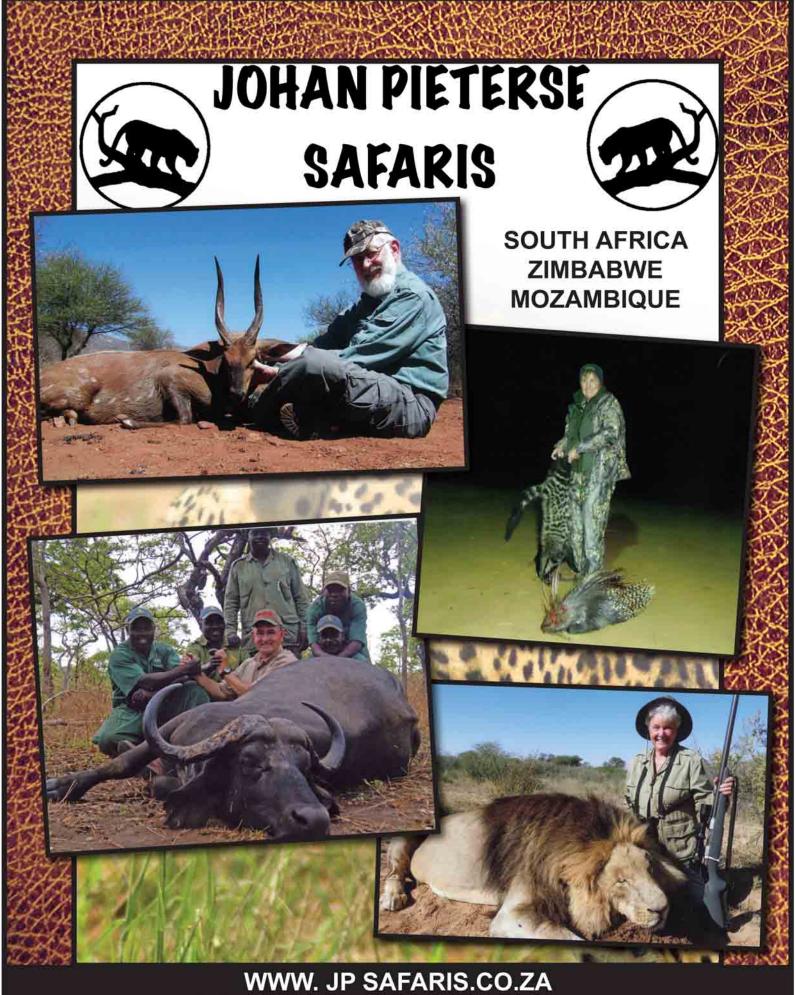


Mid-Michigan Chapter Safari Club International

January - March 2015, Issue 29



CHAPTER MAGAZINE AWARD - SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL FIFTH YEAR IN A ROW



WWW. JP SAFARIS.CO.ZA johanpietersesafaris@tiscali.co.za



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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 4440 and changes yearly
on February 15th. Please carry
membership identification on you
when you visit the range.



Standing Committees

Chairmen are listed first

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

Conservation/Govt. Affairs - Larry Witte, Jim Walker

Dispute Resolution - Kevin Unger, Joe Mulders, Jon Zieman

Matching Grants - Jon Zieman

Front Sight Publication - Mary Harter

Education - Chad Stearns

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Programs - Roger Froling

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Annual Awards Banquet/Fundraiser - Joe Mulders, Abby Mulders, Don Harter, Mary Harter, Tim Schafer, Mike Strope, Kevin Unger, Joanne Witte, Larry Witte

Outfitter Donations - Roger Froling, Kevin Unger

Shooting Sports - Tim Schafer

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Pathfinders - Randy Raymond Sportsmen Against Hunger - Mike Strope

Public Relations - Jim Walker

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

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

Please support our sponsors! Call or write them for catalogs and information on their products and services. Make sure you tell them you saw their information in **The Front Sight**.



VICE PRESIDENT

Ion J. Zieman 4410 N. Verity Road Sanford, MI 48657-9388 h 989 687-9712 w 989 636-6336 jjzieman@tds.net

TREASURER

Scott Holmes 3894 Hiawatha Meadows Drive Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858 h 989 772-6081, c 989 560-1949 scott@liskitchens.com

SECRETARY

Joanne Witte 11219 Birch Park Drive Stanwood, MI 49346-7564 h 231 796-4927, c 231 250-5528 witte1939@charter.net

EDITOR

Mary Harter 1375 N. Cedar Point Drive Weidman, MI 48893 h 989 644-2333, c 989 506-3577 harter65@gmail.com

DIRECTOR AT LARGE

Kevin Unger 2247 N. School Rd. Weidman, MI 48893 w 989 773-1711, c 989 560-7288 kevinunger1@frontier.com

SCI EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

Don Harter 1375 N. Cedar Point Drive Weidman, MI 48893 h - 989 644-2333, c - 989 330-1065 harter65@gmail.com

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Larry Higgins 1894 Kosiara Rd. Gaylord, MI 49735 h - 989 732-0728, c - 989 370-0645 lbhrpwt@gmail.com

REGION 19 REPRESENTATIVE

Stony Bing 4877 Brookstone Dr. NE Rockford, MI 49341 616 866-4374

DIRECTORS

Mike Strope Roger Froling 1000 Dildine 1100 Bollman Drive Ionia, MI 48846-9584 Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858 h 616 527-4622, c 616 291-0066 rfroling@chartermi.net

Larry Witte 11219 Birch Park Drive Stanwood, MI 49346-7564 h 231 796-4927 c 231 250-5538 witte1939@charter.net

Tim Schafer 1406 LaPearl Rd. Weidman, MI 48893 h 989 644-3291, c 989 506-3516 customhomesandwoodworking@gmail.com h 989 772-1863, c 989 506-1113 mstropecustombuilder@gmail.com

Randy Raymond 9459 Pere Marquette Clare, MI 48617-9112 h 989 465-1648 blackbear.randy@gmail.com

Jim Walker 1936 S. MacKenzie Lane Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858 stillwalks@yahoo.com c 989 205-6570

Chad M. Stearns 155 W. Love Road Stanford, MI 48657 w - 989 386-1523 c - 989 600-4077 cstearns@jayssportinggoods.com

Doug Chapin 5619 60th Avenue Remus, MI 49340-9720 231 349-4059 chapinfarm09@gmail.com

Kevin Chamberlain 3516 W. Pickard Road Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858 h - 989-773-0502

Bob Lackie 1425 S. Shepherd Road Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858 h - 989-772-3178 c - 989-289-6656



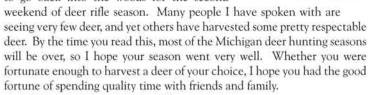
SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Meeting Schedule * SUBJECT TO CHANGE Meeting Type Date Time Location Jan. 10, 2015 3:30 p.m. Board Comfort Inn Jan. 10, 2015 Big Buck Night 5:00 p.m. Comfort Inn International Convention Feb. 4 - 7, 2015 Las Vegas Feb. 27 - 28, 2015 Chapter Convention Soaring Eagle Reservations required. Please call and leave a message at 989-560-7288



President's Message

It is currently the middle of deer rifle season as I write this letter; and my thoughts flirt back and forth

about getting ready to go back into the woods for the second



Upcoming events of your club:

1) Big Buck Night is Saturday January 10th at the Comfort Inn, 2424 S. Mission, Mt. Pleasant. You should have recently received an invitation. register and pass the invitation along to friends. Bring in any rack you shot during the 2014 whitetail and mule deer seasons and get it both scored and entered into a drawing for a gun at no cost to you. Additional special events at this evening are also planned.

2) International Convention February 4 – 7th, 2015 Las Vegas. Still time to register and participate in the largest hunting expo in the country.

3) Mid-MI SCI Chapter Fundraiser - Feb. 27th & 28th, 2015. Once again it will be held in the large Entertainment Hall at the Soaring Casino. Our goal is to continue adding non-hunt exhibitors to compliment the hunting exhibitors and appeal to a larger base of members and increase our fundraiser experience.

Sincerely, Ioe Mulders President, Mid-Michigan Chapter of SCI

DATE OF APPLICATION

Editor's Message

Another wonderful deer season Michigan has just finished. We have meat in the freezer and happy, successful hunters in the household. Three out of four of our grandchildren had shot bucks with me out of the same blind with the same rifle and this year the fourth grandchild was with me and shot a nice 8 point. How very special.



I received a call in late September to inform me that I had won the Diana Award which means I am the 2015 International Woman Hunter of the Year. I will receive a trophy on February 7 in Las Vegas at the International Convention. This special award winner is selected by the past Dianas and I feel very honored to be joining this sisterhood of hunters.

This Chapter publication, The Front Sight, also won the Chapter Magazine Award for the fifth year in a row and we will be receiving a trophy on February 4 at the International Convention.

On January 10th at 10:00 a.m. at Tim's Barbershop in Beal City, awards are being given for big bucks. Someone will be on hand to score them using the SCI method. Also be sure to join us for Big Buck Night on January 10th at the Comfort Inn beginning with registration at 5:00 p.m. The bucks will be scored and trophies awarded. Both of these events are open to the public.

Mt. Pleasant, MI 48804-0486

Keep Hunting, Keep Writing,

Mary J. Harter.

I hereby apply for membership	FIRS	T.	MIDI	DLE	LAST	
Fill out both mailing addresses :						correspondence.
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CITY					STATE	
TELEPHONE				TELEPHONE		
		MEMBERSHIP DUE	S (PLE	ASE CIRCLE ONE)		
18 +	1 Year	\$ 65 National Dues		S 20 Local Dues	= \$85	
	3 Years	\$ 150 National Dues		S 60 Local Dues	= S210	
	Life	\$1500 National Dues		\$300 Local Dues	= S 1,800	
	Over 60	S1250 National Dues		S200 Local Dues	= S 1,550	
Check/Cash attached \$						
Bill my credit card: VISA MAS	STERCARD DISCO	OVER (PLEASE CIRCLE	ONE)			
CREDIT CARD NUMBER	EXPIRATIO	EXPIRATION DATE		E ON THE CARD		
					FIRST FO	R HUNTER
APPLICANTS SIGNATUR	RE	SPONSORS NAME				Michigan SCI O. Box 486

SPONSORS ADDRESS



by Josh Christensen

Title: MY SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN Author: Jean Craighead George

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

Copyright: 1959 List Price: \$6.99

Often times while sitting in a tree during bow season my mind begins to wander. On one occasion, this bow season, I began to think about different aspects of my childhood that brought me to hunting. There was the obvious family connection, but for me there was also chapter books read to me as a child; one of which was My Side of the Mountain.

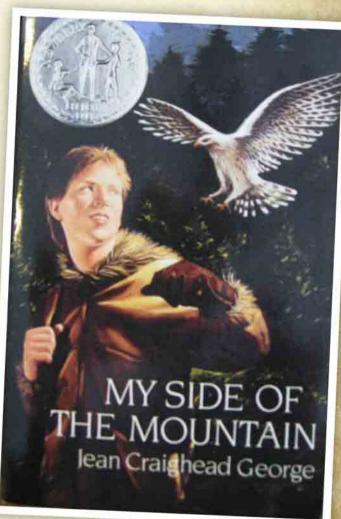
Many of us have dreamt of one day doing a hunting, camping or fishing trip where we live off the land, making our own shelter and foraging for our own food; just us and nature. This story is a story of that dream.

My Side of The Mountain is a tale of one boy's adventures as he leaves his families over crowded apartment in New York City and travels to the Catskills Mountains to live off the land that his grandfather once settled. Throughout this story we learn about different aspects of nature and how Sam is able to hunt, fish and gather his way through four seasons in the mountains.

This is a great book for young readers (and the whole family for that matter) who enjoy the outdoors. This fall, I read a chapter a night from this book to my eight year old and he absolutely loved it.

This book gets 9 out of 10 bullseyes





Mid Michigan Chapter of Safari Club International

Sign your kids up (9-15 years old) for **FREE Hunter's**

Safety Classes beginning June 1, 2015

RSVP by Dec. 30th Limited Seating

Call (989) 560-7288

For more information contact:

Kevin Unger

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

www.midmichigansci.org

Open to the Public

Saturday, January 10th at the Comfort Inn 2424 S. Mission • Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858

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

Call 989-772-2755 or 989-772-4000 for a reservation.

Bring your rack that you shot in 2014 and get it professionally scored plus get in the FREE gun drawing with your scored rack.

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.

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





FR®NT SIGHT

Don't Miss It!

36th Annual Awards & Hunter's Convention Our Biggest Ever!

Friday & Saturday, February 27 & 28, 2015

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



Friday, February 27, 2015

2:00 - 10:00 p.m. • \$5.00 Admission Outfitters, Exhibitors, Awards and Auction

Saturday, February 28, 2015

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 Fisk Howard City, MI Whitetail Deer Hunt
- Fish Hunt Charters David James Salmon Fishing on Lake Michigan for Four
- Low's Trophy Whitetails Whitetail Deer Hunt Falmouth, Michigan
- Hunt 180 Outdoors Matt Wonser Southeastern Kansas Five Day Whitetail Deer Hunt
- 14 KY Gold Sapphire (1.05 ctw) and Diamond (.12 ctw) earrings see picture
- Johan Pieterse Safaris South Africa, 10 day hunt Kudu, Blue Wildebeest, Impala, Warthog
- Northern Adventures Guide Service Two 1/2 day trips for Small Mouth Bass – Traverse City Area
- Wild Spirit Guide Service Dan Kirschner Bobcat, Bear, 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 "Griz" and Ginger Turner Wyoming Big Horn Basin, Mountain Lion Hunt
 Lost Creek Outfitters - Greg "Griz" and Ginger Turner - Wyoming
- Horseback Wilderness Fishing Trip for Two

 Hepburn Lake Lodges Arlee Thideman Black Bear in Saskatchewan
- Hepburn Lake Lodges Arlee Thideman Black Bear and Fishing in

 Scalarth Burns

 September 1 Black Bear and Fishing in

 September 2 Black Bear and Fis
- Cascade Fur Salon, Cascade, Michigan Fur Coat
- 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 South Saskatchewan Coyote Hunt for Two

- 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
- Whitrock Outfitters Alaska Brian Simpson Spring Grizzly or Brown Bear Hunt

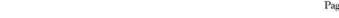
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 Timber Good Outfitters - Alaska - Brian Simpson

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- 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 Jamey O'Bannon Trophy Axis Deer Florida
- J & R Outfitters Jamey O'Bannon Asian or European Water Buffalo - 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 Hunt
- Majestic Mountain Outfitters Jeff Chadd Montana Antelope Hunt
- · Central Coastal Outfitters, Alfred Luis





Thirty-six years! Avhere Did it As? Merchant

ast year's 2014 Fundraiser/Awards Banquet was a spectacularly, successful event by all standards. With an attendance of 500+ and we raised over \$50,000 dollars to be used supporting the goals of members locally, internationally and, the ever important, politically. All those that worked hard on the event should be congratulated on a job well done.

One of the nice things about growing old is the ability to reflect and reminisce on how things were like, "back then." In the case of The Mid- Michigan Chapter I was recently in some "Do you remember?" conversations with two, instrumental founding fathers of our chapter and thought it would be fun to share a few of the early stories.

I first met Roger Card in the mid seventies and we formed a bond that has spanned four decades - doesn't seem possible! We worked out a Wyoming Mule Deer/Antelope trip and our love of hunting became the catalyst of our friendship, through the years. Sometime around 1978, Roger called and invited me to attend a meeting at the Jack Tar hotel in Lansing. He and his friend, Pat Bollman, were trying to organize twenty hunters that would ban together and form a Central Michigan Chapter of Safari Club International. There were already two chapters in Michigan, the first one was in Detroit and a second one had formed in Grand Rap-

ids. The goal was to build a third chapter north into the middle of the mitten. They only needed eighteen more hunters - how hard could that be? Turns out it was not that difficult and within the year our Mid- Michigan Chapter was formed, based out of Mt Pleasant. Finding the founding members was not that hard, but then the work really began.

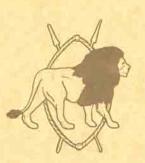
Roger Card and Pat Bollman

First Board: Pat Bollman was our first President and Tom Washington served as Secretary/Treasurer. The Directors were: Art Bator Sr., Roger Card, Gale Hixson, E.H. Kowalski, Ron Porter and Howard Wilton. This was an extremely visionary, talented, dedicated group of hard working volunteers, and todays successes are the fruits of the seeds these men planted.

Front Sight: Soon after the chapter was formed, Pat started organizing a news letter that eventually became the Front Sight. It was just a mimeographed sheet of paper, filled with hunting reports and a few hunting jokes, pirated from other sporting magazines. Printed on one of the old, crank-type machines, you'd set up the page and, as you spun the drum, it would roll though the ink and occasionally produce a readable letter. The ink was often darker on one end or the other and almost always smeared, but no one cared. These were REAL hunt-

Safari Club International

MID-MICHIGAN CHAPTER



First Annual Awards Presentation

May Fourth — Nineteen Hundred and Eighty The Embers, Mt. Pleasant

tances, and chapter members. The articles were rudimentary, by to-days standards, however they were looked forward to with great anticipation. Many members turned in the facts of a hunt, listing names, outfitters, locations and a small amount of pertinent information. It was up to the editor to flesh out a story, correct the spelling, add adjectives and transcribe from hastily done "hen scratching" with a pencil on anything available to write on,

ing stories by our friends, acquain-

during the trip home (one came in on an airplane barf bag!) Sometimes it would be accompanied by a photo or two.

Pat started the Front Sight, but during the second year it was turned over to Roger Card, where it remained for fifteen years. During Roger's tenure, the circulation grew with our membership. The technology changed and sponsors were added for additional revenue, however the money was simply added to the chapter general fund, like a donation. The budget for the Front Sight was zero dollars. In the beginning, Roger & Pat not only did all the work, they paid the bills from their own pockets. Today we look forward to each addition of the Front Sight. It is

a work of art and I am amazed, not only at how beautiful and professional it has become, but how far it has progressed from its inception. Mary Harter took over the Front Sight in 2008 and under her guidance each issue simply seems to be better than the previous. It would be true we are the beneficiary of some technology advancements, however, I personally believe a lot of the improvements are the result of Mary's hard work, talent and instincts for what the membership will enjoy. I am not the only one that has been impressed as the Safari Club International has awarded our Front Sight the "Best Chapter Publication" for our chapter size the last three years in a row and in 2010 we won the "Best Overall Publication Award". While compiling facts for this article I learned Mary will be the recipient of the Diana Award at the 2015 International Convention. That certainly puts her on a very short list of accomplished women hunters. As with all the other editors of the Front Sight I am sure Mary has a full life without the

DIRECTORS
ART BATOR, SR.
ROGER CARD
GALE HISSON
E. H. KOWALESKI

AGENDA

The Mid-Michigan Chapter Officers & Directors adially Extends their Welcon

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Beef Wellington
Tunce Baked Potato
Grown Beam in Musteroum Sac
Surprise Dess

* DOOR PRIZES

SHORT BREAK _ OPEN BAR

* RAFFLES

SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL
MID-MICHIGAN CHAPTER
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1980 AWARDS COMPETITION





headaches and problems of publishing a quarterly hunting magazine. Somehow these dedicated people not only find the time but they always seem have the drive and commitment to raise the bar just a little higher for the next editor. Mary is holding the bar pretty high right now -She will be a hard act to follow!

Spring Banquets:
The first banquet was held in 1980 on May 4th, at the Embers Restaurant. (Most of us can reminisce about the Tuma family and their wonderful Caesar salads, pecan rolls, peas and peanuts, followed by one-pound pork chops.) Our members had solicited five hunts that would be auctioned off that evening and it was to be a Gala Event. In what would become a

tradition, Pat showed up in a Tuxedo and was the MC the entire evening. After he had personally handed out each achievement award, we moved to the fun-filled auctions. Pat handled the auctions, not only as auctioneer but acting as our chapter's greatest advocate, conjuring, badgering, humiliating and heckling everyone to dig just a little deeper, for our chapter's finances. This was always done with so much humor and camaraderie that one felt special, simply to be in attendance. We remember Pat running around with a briefcase full of \$100 bills, asking everyone to "Give just a little more - just this final time!" Then a short time later, it had been sooooo successful that he would bow to popular demand and do it one more time. The fifty-fifty with a deck of cards proved to be such a hit that it has been a staple for thirty-six years. It was a great time! Although





Pat was center stage at the banquets in the early years, I am not inferring he did it alone. All members worked tirelessly in the producing those first extravaganzas. Everything was volunteer, so if you were a friend, relative or casual acquaintance of a board member, the chances were good that they asked you to help do something. Please note

that the printed program for our first banquet included our entire awards competition AND record book. Most important, it lists those dedicated men that started it all.

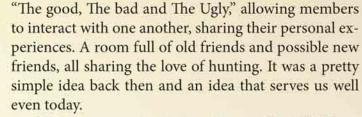
Christmas Parties: After the Spring Banquet became an anticipated, annual event, a Christmas Party was soon added to the calendar. Remember pinning one hundred names on the

wall in the Embers basement? How about the time we had a blow gun competition (one of the ideas not completely thought out!) Or Pat riding a bicycle around the tables - I think he was wearing a beaver hat! (he was younger then.) The Christmas parties were operated on a different format than the Spring Awards Banquets, but were certainly just as much fun. They were both about sharing a fun evening of entertainment with friends, family and fellow hunting enthusiasts.

I had an opportunity to sit with Pat and Roger before I wrote this article, picking their brains a little, not only about how the chapter was formed, but why. They both noted it was the right idea at the right time. SCI has done an outstanding job of staying on the forefront of the remarkable evolution of big game hunting. Most outfitters today could not exist without SCI support. It follows that our local chapter shares in the overwhelming success of the International Chapter.

Both Pat and Roger are proud to point out our fund raisers generate a lot of money annually and a good portion of it is spent right here in Mid-Michigan, on the ground, with local projects.

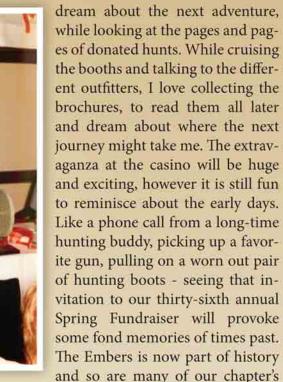
Apparently, the possible growth of the entire global hunting industry had very little to do with the inspiration our founding board members shared. In conversation, it appears the driving force behind the formation of our chapter was that a few people enjoyed getting together and sharing hunting stories, plus simply having fun enjoying the out of doors life style. They envisioned a networking forum of



It is my personal opinion that our Mid-Michigan Chapter would never have been started or survived, if it had not been for Pat and Roger. They signed up the original twenty members, created a very active board and probably most importantly, set up the criteria for an extremely successful succession of leadership. In thirty-five years there have been many hardworking, dedicated board members and volunteers that have given unselfishly of their time, talent and energy.

Neither Roger or Pat mentioned it, but I am aware that, in some of the early years, our chapter was seriously in the red. Not only was EVERYTHING done with volunteers back then, a few of the founding fathers wrote checks just to cover expenses. We were down the road several years before the corner was turned and there was money in the budget for projects beyond keeping the chapter open.

I look forward to our thirty-sixth Spring Banquet with excitement and anticipation. It is always fun to see old friends and, of course, to meet some new ones along the way. I will possibly share a story or two and





Chris and Gale Hixson

around, as are so many of those people that worked tirelessly creating what we all share today. Some of their names are Sid, Gale, Ron, Chris, Ken, Jim, Roger, Tim, JoAnn, Don, Kevin, Larry, Mary, Wally and on and on and on. When you see them at a chapter event, or any place else, please take time to give them a special hand shake and thank them for their inspiration and vision. All members of our chapter have a lot to thank them for.

Funny Story: While talking about the earliest years, Pat mentioned the idea of sharing information and awareness on hunts beyond Mecosta County. As a young man he enthusiastically searched for all information on outfitters, hunting areas, countries, available species etc. etc. He said, "We all have so much to learn." Now, we are talking about Pat Bollman here, a past president of SCI International and one of the most widely traveled, accomplished hunters in our chapter. Seems before there was a Safari Club, he had visited a meeting of the Explorer Club in Detroit. With a big smile he recalled some of the hunters talking of going to Africa and shooting one hundred pound elephants. "Wow!" he thought, "Why would they travel all the way to Africa to shoot a tiny elephant that only weighed one hundred pounds?" I think he figured it out. We All Have So Much To Learn!





TROPHY AWARDS PROGRAM

BY JOANNE WITTE, CHAIR

There have been some questions recently about how we decide on the awards for our Mid-Michigan SCI Chapter. Awards are decided as follows:

Score sheets are collected for a two year period. Before our Hunter's Convention in February, the sheets are categorized by country and species. The top entry for each species receives a gold award, the number two animal receives a silver award and number three animal receives a bronze award. Animals are also separated by method of take so there could be two gold awards in one category if one animal is taken by rifle and one by bow.

The continents of North America and Africa receive three awards; the other continents receive one award. The winners are decided by which animal scores closest, numerically, to the top in the International Record Book. Estate deer and turkeys are in categories of their own and are not eligible for the top awards in North America. Exceptional Estate animals and turkeys will receive their own awards.

The Major Awards are North America One, Two Three, Africa, One, Two, Three, Crossbow Hunter of the Year, Muzzleloader Hunter of the Year, Handgun Hunter of the Year, Bow Hunter of the Year, Men's Hunter of the Year, Women's Hunter of the Year. These awards are voted upon by the Awards committee. This decision is made on the basis of which hunter had the greatest accomplishments during the past two years. We do not consider more than the past two years of activity.

The Men's and Women's Hunter of the Year can only be won once in a lifetime. The enables more hunters to get a chance to win this award.

The period for score sheets this year is:

DECEMBER 1, 2012

TO

DECEMBER 1, 1014

Send your score sheets to me, Joanne Witte, 11219 Birch Park Drive, Stanwood, MI, 49346. You may contact me at 231-796-4927, or witte 1939@charter.net.

Please remember to send pictures and to notify me if some score sheets are youth entries. Children and grandchildren of members under age 17 are eligible for youth awards.

Remember, keep those score sheets coming.

Michigan Out of Doors Youth Camp - Summer 2014





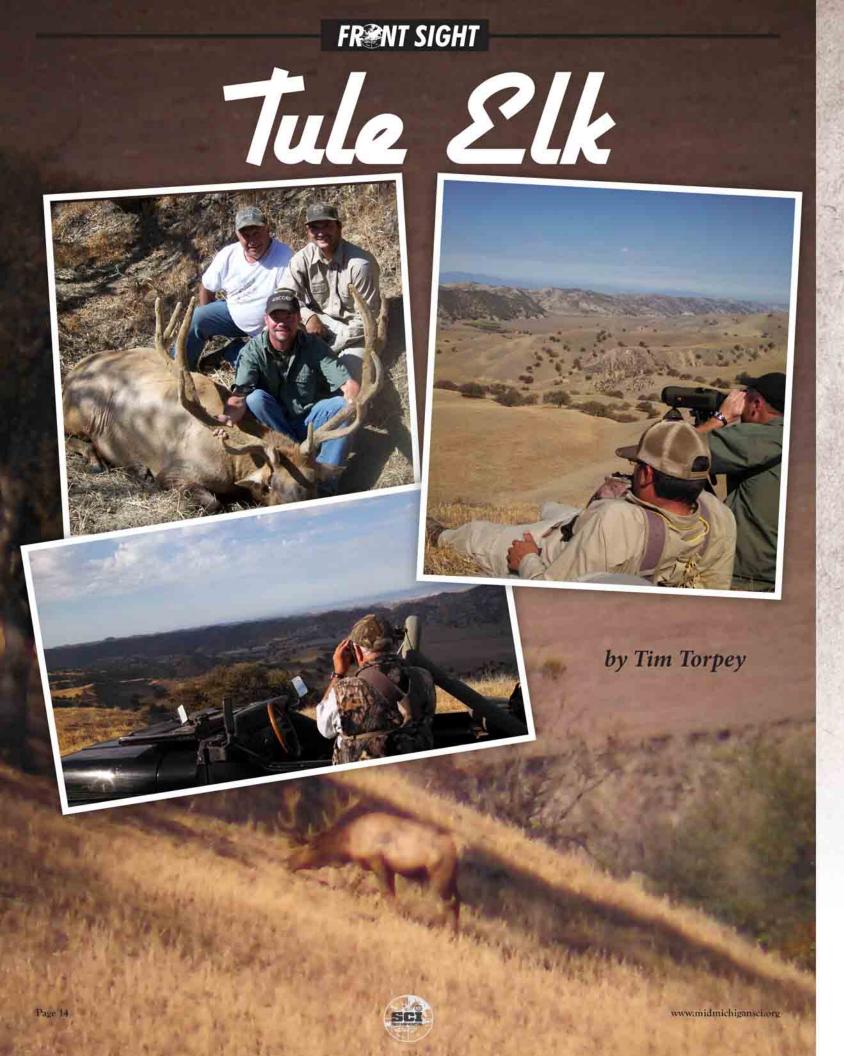
Dear Sarati club

Thank you for sending me to this camp I made so much new priends and had so much funder thing I carned hewter take a quick shower I had funderline in a tent for a might with my new friends. I also had funderline and soins to eddic kenter.

your Friend Amanda Brown







his past July I was in southern California, but I was not sightseeing. I was hunting tule elk. The tule elk is the smallest of the elk subspecies and is only located in California. It is estimated that prior to the 1849 gold rush there were over 300 thousand tule elk, but by the 1860's they were almost extinct. A few land owners provided the few remaining elk refuge and by the late 1940's their numbers were back to some limited hunting. Only a very few tule elk hunts take place each year and I felt very lucky to have a chance to hunt this special animal.

I was hunting with outfitter and friend Alfred Luis, owner of Central Coast Outfitters. In 2009 I hunted with Alfred in northern California where I harvested an incredible non-typical Columbian blacktail deer.

Frank Sunseri picked me up at the San Jose Airport. After stopping to pick up my hunting licenses it was off to the ranch. The drive took a couple of hours but the time flew by catching up with Frank. After checking the zero on my rifle we went out and looked at a few elk with high hopes for the next day.

The crew for this hunt was Alfred, his nephew Jeremy Unke and Frank. Zach Taber filmed the hunt. The first full day of hunting Frank went to a high spot to glass while the rest of us went to other places on the ranch to look for bulls. This ranch is not a high fence operation, but a working cattle ranch called the Peach Tree Ranch. It is over 40 thousand acres that consist of mountains, valleys, trees and open areas. Most of the elk live in an open area sparsely populated with trees.

Frank called about 8:30 to say he had located two big bulls that we should come take a look at. Our group had been seeing lots of bulls but we headed over to Frank to see what he had found. At first glance through the spotting scope I knew I was looking at the bull I wanted to take back to Michigan. We watched these bulls all day. Frank's position was about 1 mile from the bulls so we moved closer but could only get about 1000yds from them. There was no chance for a stalk with the wind direction and cows bedded below the two bulls. We were stuck watching through the spotting scope. One bull was a perfect 7x7; the other was an 8x9. The 8x9 was wide but short on the main beams and had shorter tines. Both bulls were in full velvet but would be shedding soon. You may think that it is too early to hunt elk in July while the bulls are still in velvet, but tule elk breed right after they shed and tend to break points and sometimes break their main beams right off. I was hoping to have the bulls in hard horn when I got there but only two of the over forty bulls seen were hard horned. The two bulls stayed bedded all day on the top of the mountain while all we could do was watch.

The next morning was very foggy but by about 7am it started to clear and we all went back to Frank's glassing spot. We could not find the bulls from the day before so Frank stayed to watch and the rest of us got in the jeep and went looking. It was a very slow morning with only a few cows spotted. About an hour after leaving Frank we came around a corner and there were the bulls! Alfred immediately stopped the jeep; both bulls were bedded looking right at us. They were 283yds away. These bulls were old and smart and had picked their bedding sites wisely. With one step forward or backward they would be out of sight. Zach was able to capture some great video while I got set up for the shot. We waited 28 minutes for the bulls to stand and when they did I wasted no time putting a 7mm bullet through the lungs on the big 7x7. After the shot the bull disappeared in the valley behind him. We ran to the edge of the valley where one more shot put the bull down for good.

After photos and butchering we packed the meat, cape and horns back to the truck and down to the cooler at camp. Alfred is well equipped to handle the meat and cape in the hot weather with a nice full sized cooler.

The velvet was very dry so after stripping if off the antlers we measured the rack at 307 3/8. Both times I have hunted with Central Coast Outfitters I have had a great time. They give 110 percent effort and have become close friends. If you want to try something a little different in California give Alfred a call. They hunt tule elk, blacktail deer, bobcat, hogs and birds.



Don Likes the New Lighted Nocks

by Mary Harter

Before archery season, we got up one morning to be greeted with a doe and her two fawns in our front yard. I hurried to our living room for a better view and soon they scattered towards the east as if they had been spooked. Then I saw a wonderful eight point buck coming out of the woods from the west showing interest in the doe. I called Don to see. The doe came back and the two checked each other out but the doe kept sidestepping the buck and they finally left.

The next week when leaving our driveway, I could see the buck and doe in the woods. I was glad they were living on our property and hoped they would stay.

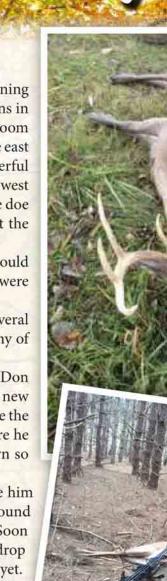
Don has hunted all over this fall but has tried several times for this buck we saw. It had never been on any of our trail cams but we hoped it was still in our area.

One morning I received a whispered call from Don saying he had just shot that buck. He had used the new lighted nocks he had purchased and said he could see the lighted nock go right in the deer. He was pretty sure he had a good shot. I had to get ready to go into town so said I would come out in 15 to 20 minutes.

When I got where Don was hunting I didn't see him right away. I walked to the edge of the woods and found a trail with a few fresh deer tracks and started in. Soon I found Don who had gone back to the pickup to drop off some of his gear but we didn't have a blood trail yet. A couple more steps and there was a blood trail. We followed for a short distance and as I was looking on the ground for more blood, Don looked up and saw his deer. The deer just hadn't started bleeding right away but when it did, it really bled good and died quickly.

We searched for his arrow while walking back and looked where the deer had been standing when he shot and beyond. Don thought we could find the arrow easily while the light was still on. We didn't find the arrow and I left for an appointment in town.

When I got back home, there was the deer heart in a bowl in the refrigerator with a broken off arrow in it. Don said the light was still on when he cleaned out the deer. No wonder we couldn't find it earlier.





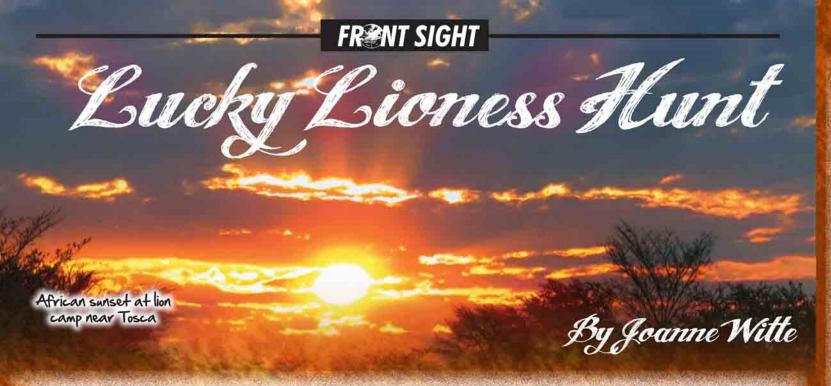


This fall Tim Schafer was bow hunting behind his home and saw a red fox out in the field in front of him. What a beautiful and rare sight to see a fox in the daytime and how special to enjoy seeing it while out hunting.

The next week, on Sunday, October 26, at 8:30 a.m. he saw it again. This time it came out of thorn apples near where he was hunting and was carrying his breakfast. The fox had gotten a black squirrel and stopped out about 30 yards from Tim's blind and ate on it for at least five minutes. Then the fox came closer and Tim shot it when it was out about 25 yards from him. It squealed when the arrow hit it and created a ruckus with the many squirrels in the woods. They chattered and chattered, probably glad for his demise.

Here are pictures of Tim with his prize and "Molly", his beagle.





B efore noon on Monday August 4, 2014, Larry and I both had our female lions. What a thrill!

We purchased the hunt in 2012 from Pieter Viviers of Marupa Safaris. Pieter has been a long time donor to the Michigan Chapter in Grand Rapids and a number of our friends have hunted with him. His farm is in the Limpopo province in South Africa not too far from Lepalale.

We began our quest on July 30, 2014, when we flew from Grand Rapids to Atlanta to Johannesburg. Unfortunately we did not have bulkhead seats so the 15 plus hours in the air from Atlanta to Joburg was tortuous at times. The human body is not made to sleep upright.

We were met at the airport by Moesh, Pieter's PH, and shepherded through customs and retrieval of our rifles. From there it was a three and one half hour trip to the camp. The camp was very nice. There were three separate buildings--two with 3 suites each for hunters and one for dining room and bar.

This was a relaxed trip for us. It was our 8th trip to Africa and we have shot almost all the animals we want so we were just looking for something bigger than what we have. We looked mostly for big Nyala and big Impala. We wanted to shoot bush pigs so we could mount one. We have two good ones but we got them on our first trip to Africa and we did not mount one. However that did not work out. They were baiting but the pigs seemed to be coming in early morning. Pieter

asked if we were game to take off in the middle of the night if a pig was spotted. We said, "No, we were not that eager to have one."

The farm where we hunted belongs to Pieter's father, Tersius, and his mother, Tilla. Pieter owns the business. Tersius said he stopped hunting when Pieter was 14. He is 28 now. Tersius said he raises the animals, feeds them, cares for them and he does not want to shoot them. He doesn't care if someone else shoots them but he does not want to. The rest of the family consists of Janine, Pieter's wife, Megan, his 5 month old daughter, and Mekayla, his almost 3 year old daughter. We had great fun with the extended family.

Each morning Felix, the Chef, came into the dining room and asked us what we wanted for breakfast. This was a new experience for us. We were used to having a continental breakfast in hunting camps with the Chef not appearing till lunch time. Felix fixed whatever we wanted--eggs, bacon, tomatoes, toast etc. Larry usually had cereal and toast but I had scrambled eggs.

For the first several days we went on game drives, looked for special animals, and enjoyed the vacation. While we were there a family from Minnesota arrived. It was the first trip to Africa for Dad, Mom, and 2 boys ages 13 and 15. They were all going to shoot animals and the father hoped to shoot something with a bow. After 5 days of hunting they were going on a tour of Kruger National Park with Moesh as their guide.

We had been waiting to hear that lion tracks had been seen at the lion camp. Finally they found some. We left for lion camp about 9:30 am Sunday morning with Tersius and Tilla while Pieter and Moesh guided the Minnesota family. It was a 12 hour drive to the lion camp. That was almost as bad as the flight to Africa except that we could get out and walk around occasionally. We stopped in Joburg at the airport to drop off the cousin and husband of our friend from the Grand Rapids

chapter, Larry Smith. They had been in Africa almost a month and hunted several places and did lots of sightseeing.

The lodge at the lion camp was luxurious--not something we are used to but we certainly enjoyed it. The yard was full of animals--eland, ostrich, all kinds of beautiful chickens. (The chickens were just for decoration we were told.) The camp was about 30 miles south of the Botswana border near a town called Tosca.

Our PH at that camp was named Pieter also. He had two trucks out looking for tracks that morning. They had seen tracks from 2 separate groups of lions; one with 2 large females and a young male and another with a larger male and 2 smaller females.

Larry and I and Tersius and Tilla were on one truck with Pieter driving looking for tracks and another truck was in a different area looking for tracks. The terrain was very flat and covered with red sand. There were no rocks anywhere. Very shortly, our truck whipped around and went in the opposite direction. I asked Tilla what was going on and she said the other truck had spotted the lions.

Needless to say I was very nervous; Larry was just fine. We had studied Kevin Robertson's book, The Perfect Shot, so we knew what we were supposed to do. But could we do it?

As we drove up to a big waterhole, we saw two huge female lions lying down back in the trees. When they





saw the truck they stood up and looked at us. One of the other guides had told us lions always look right at you and these two did. They were just beautiful. Larry was going to shoot first and he was told to shoot the one on the left so he did. It roared, jumped, fell down, but did not die. The other one had run off when the first one was shot but much

to everyone's surprise it came back and looked at its sidekick. So I shot. It roared, jumped, rolled over and dropped dead.

The guides told us later that the lions were hanging around the waterhole because they had killed a kudu and were feasting on it. They also said if Larry's lioness had dropped dead the other one probably would not have come back but since it did, I was very lucky. We had permission to shoot from the truck due to Larry's

handicap and our ages. At ages 73 and 75 we were the oldest lion hunters they ever had. What a distinction! It was also the only time two lionesses had been shot at once. The trackers patrolled with firearms while we took pictures because they had seen the male there shortly after we shot the females.

We used our Browning A-Bolt .300 WSM with 180 grain power point bullets. They worked like a charm.

We took pictures of my lion while Larry finished his off. It gave up the ghost very reluctantly. Then it was back to camp for a glass of wine, a beer, and lunch. That afternoon we went for a game drive. In the evening as we had drinks around the fire, we heard the male lion calling for his chums.

The next day it was back in the car for the 12 hour trip back to Marupa. We stopped in Joburg again at Tilla and Tersius' house. They have a large beautiful house and beside it is their trucking business and warehouse. Tilla spends almost all of her time at the farm while Tersius spends time in town with the business.





CONSERVATION AFFAIRS

Tilla feeds the breeder animals almost every day. They have some beautiful Sable and Cape Buffalo they are working with to get a large enough population to hunt. We often saw Tilla stride across the lawn intent on a mission. Right behind her came Mekayla with her little 3 year old legs windmilling like mad to keep up

with Grandma. Anytime anyone got in a truck Mekayla jumped in hoping to go somewhere. It is a great place to bring up a child.

I had seen a big Nyala and Pieter said he had one really big one I could shoot. We looked for it for several days but it eluded us. Then one morning Tilla radioed Pieter that she had seen it around the feeding station. Pieter said we should take a look at it. He said his mother's definition of big and his were not always the same.

We got out of the truck and walked behind the boma and spotted it. He said it was the one. Pieter set up the sticks but I could not get a shot through the brush. He said it would come out in a

clearing very shortly. It did and I dropped it. I had my big Nyala. (My first one.) Pieter radioed Tilla and she and Mekayla came up. I wanted a picture with both of them since they identified the Nyala for me.

Larry was looking for a big Impala that Pieter had seen but it kept hiding from us. The day after I shot my Nyala, as we drove down a trail, there stood another big Nyala in the road. Larry looked at it and said, "Maybe I should shoot that." Of course by the time he decided to shoot it slipped away. We drove around the block and it appeared in the bush beside the truck. Larry stood up and shot it offhand and dropped it. Now we will have a beautiful mount with both of them on one pedestal.

The next day was terribly cold and windy. We finally found some Impala but they would not leave the safety







If you will remember on our last

trip to Africa in 2011, I spent 4 days in the Hospital in South Africa. This time I was fine except for two minor incidents. I had asked Pieter in advance to have peanut butter and crackers in case I needed them. I ate lots of peanut butter and toast and also many bananas. Incidentally their bananas are much better than ours.

After the fun was over it was back on the plane for the grueling trip home. This time we did have bulkhead seats though.

It was a great trip and we would highly recommend Pieter Viviers for a hunt. He especially likes to have families come to hunt. After we left he was having group of five-four family members and a friend.

We never thought it would be possible for us to hunt lions so this was a dream come true.

of the thicket they were in even after Pieter got out on foot and tried to guide them toward the road.

After the wind died down we found a good one and he and I started tracking it. Inside the woods it crossed a trail and I was ready with my rifle on the sticks. As it crossed I shot and dropped it. The shot was in the neck. The

tracker, Jack, who was with us congratulated me and said he had never seen one shot in the neck before. I thought that would have been quite a feat if I had intended to shoot it in the neck.

Our last evening we sat beside the fire, had a drink, and relived our experiences. We were joined by the 3 Jack Russell terriers in camp and two dachshunds. The terriers like to sit inside the fire ring on cool nights. We were told to lock our door at night because the terriers had figured out how to open the sliding glass door to the room and we might find one in bed with

By Larry Witte

HUNTER SURVEYS

SCI-Michigan Involvement Committee (SCI-MIC) presented a Weatherby rifle and a Ten Point crossbow to two lucky Michigan hunters who were among the thousands who responded to DNR Wildlife Division surveys following the 2013-1014 hunting season. Hunter responses provide valuable information which helps DNR manage wildlife populations. SCI-MIC has provided firearms and bows to lucky hunter survey responders for more than a decade.

DNR & SCI-MIC SOUTHERN MICHIGAN BLACK **BEAR STUDY**

This study was initiated in March 2010 with black bear radio collared in dens in Oceana County. Additional bear were collared in 2011 through 2014. While bears were captured further south the study focused on Oceana and Newaygo

The purpose of the study was to determine if bear populations were being established south of traditional northern habitat. A few bear were found to travel a hundred miles or more from their den, but they mostly returned to their northern range.

Most of the bear traveling south are young males and females pushed out of their northern range. Females that had been bred denned for the winter and had their litters. Young males that denned headed north in the spring. To date the study has provided thousands of data points showing travel corridors and where they stopped and spent time.

While all the data is not in at this point, it appears that black bear are roaming and not establishing self-sustaining breeding populations in southern Michigan. Look for more information following the 2014-2015 winter conclusion of the study. Also see the October-December 2014Front Sight story titled Life-Bearly Interrupted by Jim Walker, page 7.

PLEASE BE CAREFUL OUT THERE!

While hunting continues to be the safest outdoor recreational activity in Michigan when we compare it to snowmobiling and boating, we must be continually vigilant. The 2013 hunting season was one of the safest seasons ever. DNR credited this to the volunteer hunter education program and the 2000 plus volunteers who donate their time to teach others about safe hunting practices.

Unfortunately, 2014 started off with several firearm incidents including the death of a young girl. Several hunters suffered wounds, some self-inflicted. Be safe this hunting season and take a youngster, if you can, to get their hunter safety certificate. I found that sitting through the program with my grandson was a great refresher.



NEW DNR OUTDOOR ADVENTURE CENTER

The Center is located in southeastern Michigan at the William G. Milliken State Park and Harbor in Detroit. Priority objectives for the Center include developing an appreciation for the states' natural resources and history and creating customers that use DNR resources.

The Center provides a gateway to connect city dwellers to outdoor experiences. Facilities include an archery range and an elevated hunting blind. Visitors can get inside a beaver lodge, a bear den, an eagles nest and a DNR airplane. Animal taxidermy, furs, skulls, and bones are on exhibit for educational purposes.

The Center provides hands-on experiences and simulators that transport visitors to real Michigan places to:

- Ride an ORV or Snowmobile
- Ride on a bike trail
- Paddle in a Kayak
- Reel in a fish
- Hunt wildlife using a firearm

The Center provides many other opportunities for students and teachers and downtown workers. This is an innovative effort to introduce urban populations to the states outdoor experiences.

DNR is seeking a partner relationship with SCI-MIC to promote conservation of wildlife resources and educate youth, sportsmen and the public. The December 2014 MIC meeting with DNR will be hosted by the Outdoor Adventure Center.

WORD TO THE WISE

"If you want to be successful it's just this simple. Know what you are doing. Love what you are doing. And believe in what you are doing." Will Rogers





Meterans Pheasant Hunt

by Randy Raymond

his hunt was located at Chuck Connell's Tails-a-Waggin' Acres hunting preserve, just west of Marion, off Highway 115 on 50th Avenue. The area has high grass fields with brush, water, thick woodlots, and open fields. Perfect pheasant habitat. Some of the hunters we

sponsored were Robert Armstead (Army), Doug Hout (USAR), Chris Woodward (USMC), Joe McLosky (Army), Tim Babcock (Army), Chad Harwood (Airforce), David Vondoloski (Army), Galen Turner (Army), Leonard Jenkins (Army), Loren Partlo (Army), Randy Saylor (Army), Teal Saylor (Army), and Drew Emerson (Army).

The morning began as a perfect one, no rain or high winds. You couldn't ask for any better. While waiting and preparing for the hunt to begin you could hear off in the distance pheasants crowing and cackling. Coffee and donuts waited inside for anyone looking for a last chance for breakfast.

Soon hunters began to arrive and dogs were let out of dog boxes. Introductions, handshakes, and a few hugs took place while waiting for guides to be assigned to hunters. All guides are volunteers, some of the best of the best. There were all different breeds of dogs - setters, Brits, English, labs, shorthairs, spaniels - all trained beyond training. Some of the guides and dogs were David Tenlen (Caz), Kim McVeigh (Merlin), Ray McVeigh (Lucy), Anders Garner (Kasi), Steve Rutner (Pride), Jim Gowell (Sky), Catherine Burch (ZZ Tops,



CPR Alice, Bodey), Bill

McGregor (Gauge), Don Mueller, Dennis Richardson (Bear), Dr. Tom Holbel (Breck), and Hugh and Michelle McMaster (Cruise, Rim, Blue, and Hawk). So much went into putting this hunt together.

There was transportation into the field for anyone in need - four-wheelers, side by sides, track operated chairs. This area has some very adverse terrain, tall grasses, wetlands, willows, rolling hills, woodlots, a creek, and a lake with heavy brush on its shoreline. One of the best preserves I've seen. The birds are flyers, not a walk up and boot a bird shoot.

Soon there were the sounds of bells and beepers coming from the dog's collars and dog whines of excitement and whistle blows from guides. Some guides have located on the dogs collar a device that makes a beeping sound and when the dog stops on point, this changes into a hawk screech making the birds hold longer without flushing on their own allowing the hunter to slowly walk up and flush the bird.

Off in the distance you could hear shots and laughter. The group I was walking with had two dogs standing on point. The hunter slowly made his way to where the bird

Dr. Ton Holbel with Breck and Michelle McMaster with Cruise was hiding. The bird flushed. A shot rang out. Down

Bowhunters Chapter

goes Tim Babcock's first bird of the day. Both dogs head for the retrieve. Time seemed to just pass quickly. More points, more shots, more retrieves. What an awesome sight. Soon a breeze started to pick up. This allows the dogs to locate the bird's scent from a further distance.

More bird points, flushes, shots, and joking from each other on misses or taking the bird a little too close and leaving a cloud of feathers across the sky. The time flies fast when everyone is having a great time.

We made our way back with lots of game pouches full of birds. Waiting for us was a well laid out lunch, burgers, chicken, brats, and side dishes. Lots of stories of what's the best branch of the service, nonstop teasing one another on misses, all in good fun.

Everyone helped in cleaning pheasants. Some didn't even want any help. More joking and laughter on how many times a bird was shot. "It's full of lead." They were all thanking each other and commenting on having a great time.

Thank You for Your Service to O

I've never seen such awesome dog work, not even at a field trial event. These men and women had the opportunity on this day to hunt behind some of the best guides and dogs on the planet. It was truly a privilege and a great honor to walk with these men and women on this day. They responded when asked and volunteered to serve our country, helping make this country, what some take for granted. May God bless us all.





New Zealand Adventure

by Dan Catlin

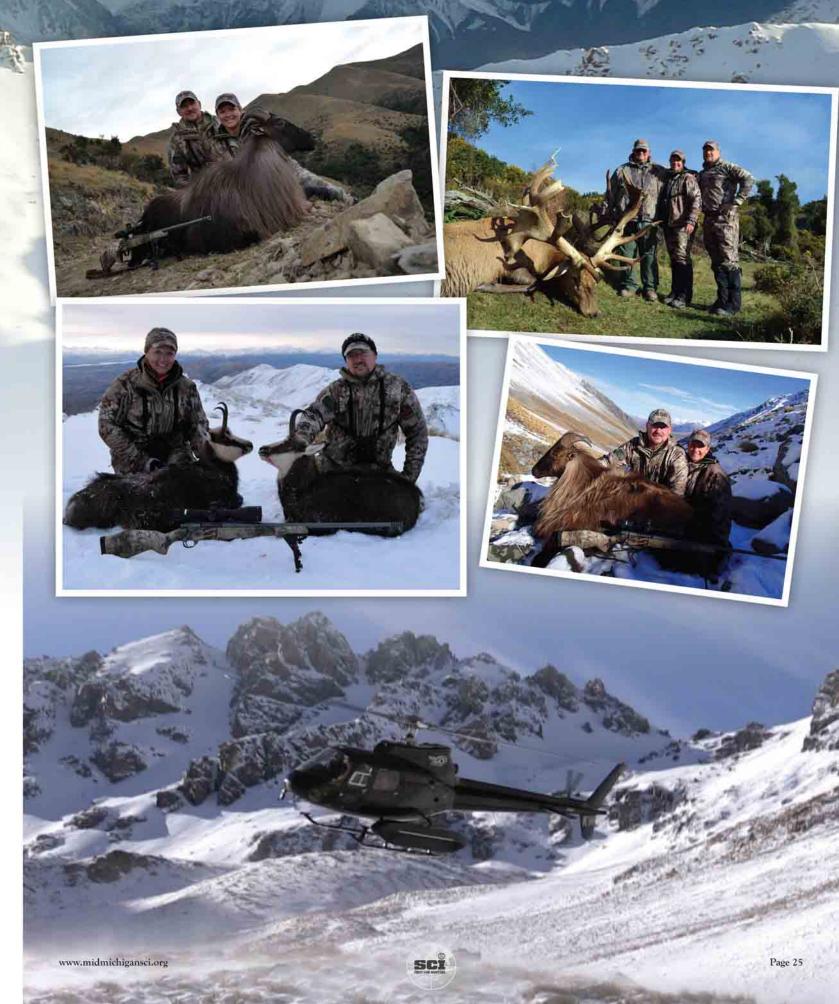
As we rode in the Toyota truck up the New Zealand South Island mountains, I was awe struck by the beauty of this great land! You see, in June of 2014 I spoke with Duncan Fraser, Owner/Operator of Cardrona Safaris, and he made me aware of a last minute opportunity to hunt their great Red Stag in July 2014. It's summer in the US this time of year, but winter in New Zealand. Therefore it's post rut for Stag and the very best opportunity to get Tahr and Chamois with full prime winter coats.

I immediately told Duncan I'd have to get back with him knowing the seven-day hunt would be during the July 4th holiday. I quickly called Charlotte and was greeted with an answer of "where do I sign up". Then I thought I'd invite our good friend Jim Hall along for the adventure. I was a little apprehensive knowing it was over a holiday week, but I made the call anyway. Jim's initial response was, "I'm retired and can do whatever I want". From there his wonderful wife Vivian (Ms. Vee), joined the party and we were booking tickets for our hunting adventure. To make the hunt even more special...Safari Classics, Producers of Tracks Across Africa and World of Sports Afield, sent a cameraman along to capture the hunt for future episodes on the Sportsman's Channel.

All the planning was complete and we made the long flights to New Zealand...ending with an amazing drive up the mountain to Mount Cecil Lodge, a log home nestled directly in the center of a mountain paradise. Anticipation was high and we were not disappointed. After an incredible dinner at the lodge and a good night's sleep, we woke on the first morning and started hunting immediately.

Charlotte and I were scheduled to fly into the high country on the very first day to chase the illusive Chamois. Jim headed out from the lodge in search of a giant Red Stag. As we ascended into the snow-peaked mountains, approximately a 20-minute flight to the west, we discovered why everyone wants to hunt New Zealand. The views were breath taking and worthy of the long arduous flight from the USA. After a quick refuel at the base of the mountains we started flying into the canyons and crevasses in search of Chamois.

Charlotte was up first. Once we finally found a group of Chamois to look at, the helicopter started darting and dashing in all directions. Well my tummy was flipping to say the least! If I was to enjoy the rest of our flight, I needed to be set down somewhere to regain my composure. Immediately we leveled off and I was flown to the river bottom so I could recoup from the aerobatics we just performed. From there the pilot lifted off with Charlotte and Johnny (our guide) to relocate the prize. Within an hour I was MUCH better and saw the helicopter flying back my way with a beautiful Chamois hanging from a rope attached to the belly of the chopper. After they landed, we celebrated and took off again in search of a Chamois for me...with the intention of not flying so crazy to keep me from getting sick. Obviously Charlotte is much tougher than I when it comes to motion sickness and she harassed me the remainder of our trip. She also warned me that the Chamois were very tough to get on once located. If you get them to pause for a second, you have to shoot because they won't stand still for long. Well I heeded her advice. After being dropped off in the middle of the canyon with my Chamois running from one side of the small valley to the other, I waited for the "pause". Once that happened I lined up the cross hairs and fired without hesitation! Down went my very first trophy in New Zealand and from there it was loading



and flying to the mountaintops for photographs of both Charlotte's and my trophy Chamois.

Our week of hunting only got better as we both hunted for Tahr in the mountains surrounding the Mt. Cecil Lodge. On one particular afternoon, we made an amazing stalk on a trophy Tahr that Charlotte sealed the deal on with a 250-yard shot across a canyon! What was most impressive here is that Duncan went for his helicopter to retrieve our trophy and lifted him from the mountainside. We literally stayed where Charlotte made the shot and waited for Duncan to fly the Tahr over to us. The hike to find our prize was tough, but the celebration was made even better by Duncan's ability to get him out of a tough spot with his helicopter. My Tahr hunt was another short helicopter ride into the snow-

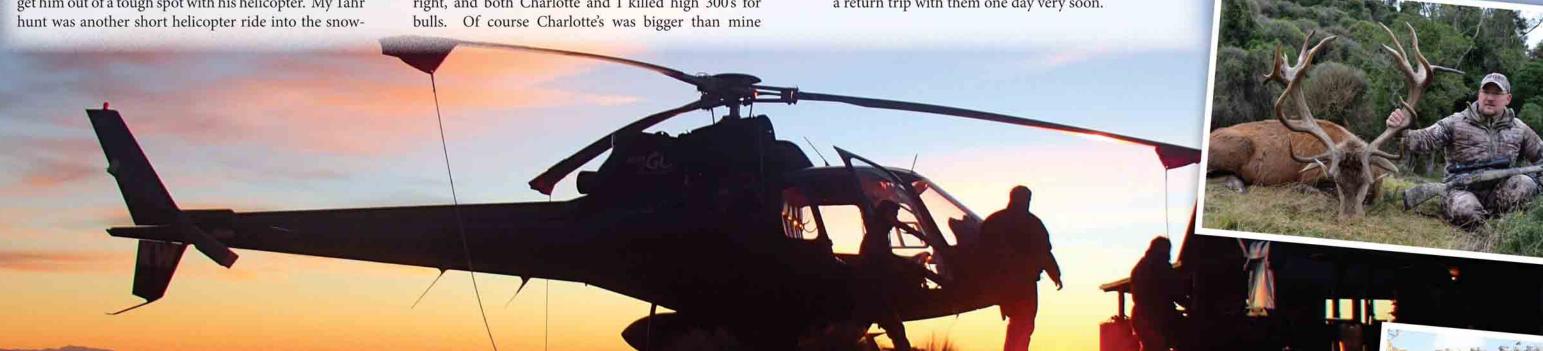
covered peaks. We were both able to get incredible trophies...in completely different mountain ranges. So very memorable are the flights and views from above this great land.

Our final trophy to pursue was the highly sought after Red Stag of New Zealand. Well Cardrona Safaris did not disappoint in any way, shape or form. The bulls were grouped in bachelor herds and had moved to lower elevations because it was post rut. The cows, calves and even many spike bulls remained high up in the mountains. It took several days of glassing the lower elevations in the early morning and late afternoon hours to locate trophy animals. We located them all right, and both Charlotte and I killed high 300's for bulls. Of course Charlotte's was bigger than mine

at 391" SCI and mine at 381" SCI. Jim on the other hand killed the #3 SCI bull stag at 679" typical; and also found a 609" SCI non-typical that he couldn't go home without. Additionally Jim collected the Tahr and Chamois by helicopter in the snow-covered mountains, and we all took home wallaby for good measure.

Our trip was a HUGE success...an incredible hunt with my wife Charlotte and great friends, Jim and Vivian Hall. The accommodations were wonderful; and Duncan's mother Wendy, also did some sight seeing and shopping with Ms. Vee. I would highly recommend Cardrona Safaris to anyone looking for a New Zealand hunting adventure. I will definitely make a return trip with them one day very soon.















Rocky Mountain Lion Hunt

By Mike "Mac" MacEachron

"Dave! Look at the size of that cat!" were the first words from my exhausted body to my guide as we gained ground on the bawling dogs beneath the giant spruce where the big cat had climbed to escape the howling hounds.

Three hours ago when Dave Moore had first found the lion's tracks crossing one of the many now familiar roads we had driven I had no idea just how tough climbing near vertical mountains could be.

But now we were less than seventy yards away and the sight of the great cat started my adrenaline pumping, pushing me onward, reviving the oxygen neglected muscles of this weary flatlander.

As we drew closer, the dogs grew more excited seeing us coming, and began barking quickly and rhythmically. I could see the great cat, now only twenty yards away, staring intently at the intruders below him. It made me pause seeing him there like that. This was his land, his country. He had the instincts to survive here.

Six days earlier Dave Moore from New West Outfitters picked me up at the airport in Helena, Montana. "Mike, you couldn't have come at a better time," he said grinning, "Conditions are ideal. We've had three days of fresh snow".

So after a good night's sleep, we awoke to another new layer of snow. We would be hunting in excellent conditions for finding a fresh set of tracks. The day would consist of driving through the drainages we planned to hunt until we cut a fresh lion track. With great anticipation we headed for the mountain range we would be hunting. On the way out one of Dave's friends and fellow lion enthusiast, Bob Scott, decided to join us. With Bob driving one truck and Dave and I in the other we would be able to cover more ground driving through the drainages. I could surely appreciate the beauty of the Rocky Mountains in the winter. I had the pleasure of seeing whitetail and mule deer, antelope, elk and bighorn sheep that had been driven down from the high country because of the deep snow.

Finding only small tracks the first day we remained optimistic. We checked several large deer yards, the mountain lion's main food source. From these yards we would keep a close eye in case a lion crossed a road looking for dinner.

The next day started much as the first. We drove looking for tracks until midday when Bob cam screaming up behind us, honking wildly, and then leading us off to a fresh track he had found an hour before.

The dogs grew excited when we reached the spot where Bob had found the track. They began fussing in their dog box. The smell of lion was in the air. In no time, the dogs were leashed and brought to the tracks where Bud, the big black and tan hound, let out a loud drawn out bawl, signaling the beginning of the hunt.

"They've caught the lion already", Dave yelled out. We grabbed our gear and headed into the side canyon. Approaching the tree we cut a second track smaller than the first and realized that we probably were following a mother and her two-year-old kitten, explaining why the cat would readily tree without much chase.

Nearing the tree we found we were right. Bud had treed the female hallway up one spruce and Joe, the blue tick hound, had treed the second lion halfway up another. After we had taken some pictures and given the dogs a few friendly pats we left, leaving the cats to roam their country without further harassment.

The next day we resumed our routine of driving roads and snowmobiling old logging roads looking for fresh tracks. Without fresh snow the tracks were becoming difficult to distinguish, but rather than start the dogs on old tracks or small tracks, we kept looking for the fresh tracks of a big Tom.

On the fourth day while snowmobiling an old trail, Dave spotted a decent size lion as the lion crossed in front of him. Buzzing back to the truck, Dave told us to follow with the dogs.

We weren't even to the truck when the dogs, catching scent of the lion, began bawling and tugging

at their leashes. Letting them go they soon ran out of earshot and we started walking up the mountain after them.

From the ridge we could hear old Joe and Bud in the canyon barking hysterically. When we got to the tree two hours later, we saw that it was another small Tom. Dave said we could do better. I was left to choose between harvesting this animal or continuing on for a bigger cat. I decided on the latter.

Bob left that night to go back to work so the next day Dave and I hunted on our own. We searched the drainages finding more tracks but small ones and decided to search here only one more day before trying another location.

"Today's the day", said Dave on the sixth day, waking up to another fresh snowfall. That morning while we were driving I asked Dave about the Mountain Lion. He told me how they were solitary animals preferring large remote areas in North America and Mexico. The main staple of their diet is deer, he said, but they will kill an elk or small game when need be. The male can weigh as much as two hundred pounds and the female as much as one hundred and fifty pounds. The female can bear up to one or two kittens and will care for them for two years before chasing them off. Then she seeks a new mate and begins the process again.

We were still talking when Dave slammed on the brakes and said, "Mike, we've found your lion". Inspecting the tracks we figured we had found a big tom, a male lion, this time. Out came the dogs. They wasted no time following the large fresh tracks. It was a chase through the steepest and most rugged terrain in all of Montana.

Listening to the dogs unravel the scent of an animal who had passed hours before but lingered on the nearby mountainside, has to be one of nature's most intriguing spectacles. We eventually heard the rapid cutting bawls from the dogs that meant only one thing. TREED!

"Let's go get your lion", yelled Dave. I was already climbing!



By the time we reached the spot and had taken pictures, the lion, which we thought might be record size, had been in the tree for three hours, so there didn't seem to be any hurry.

As I drew my bow the cat jumped. My heart stopped as I watched my lion heading for parts unknown. Quickly we unleashed the dogs and the race was on again. Seeing that the cat was at least heading down hill and in somewhat the same direction of the way we had come up was of some satisfaction.

The chase ended about halfway down the slope when the dogs caught the cat and treed him again. Lions are built for short runs, not long runs like bears.

The shot was anti-climactic. The hunt had lasted six days. We treed four lions, had seen some beautiful country as well as many species of wildlife. My lion weighed over one hundred and seventy pounds and measured over 8 ½ feet in length.

Sixty days later I had my trophy measured and qualified for the prestigious Pope and Young Club and SCI record books.

Visit to the

Galapages Islands

by Mary Harter



t 6 a.m. the day after New Year's 2014 we flew out of Detroit to Miami where we met up with our friends, Gayle and Duane Clover. The Clovers winter in Bonita Springs but are from Michigan. Gayle and I have been lifelong friends and our families have vacationed together many times. This trip had been on our bucket list for several years and when we found out it was also on their list, we made plans to travel together. We flew from Miami to Guayaquil, Ecuador arriving at 8:15 p.m.

We spent a couple of days touring the city of Guayaquil, enjoyed the river walk, climbed the 444 steps to the lighthouse, shopped in the stores and little markets, ate the local food, watched the men fishing and cleaning fish for sale, visited a church, etc.

We flew in a small plane to San Cristobel, the island with the most fresh water in the Galapagos chain, and boarded the "Evolution", a 192 foot long, 32 passenger ship with a crew of 18. This ship is a mid-sized yacht that looks like it is from the 1920s with its Victorian elegance. Our guide was Alex Cox who had guided for 24 years and his assistant was Diego Paredes.

The Galapagos Islands are 600 miles off the coast of Ecuador, right on the equator, with six active volcanoes. The Galapagos consists of many islands from 4 1/2 years old to 5 million. The islands are expected

to continue forming for another 90 million years. The island chain moves 7 to 10 centimeters South East per year. This area is a geological hot spot on the Nazca Plate which has moved 72" closer to South America in the last 24 years.

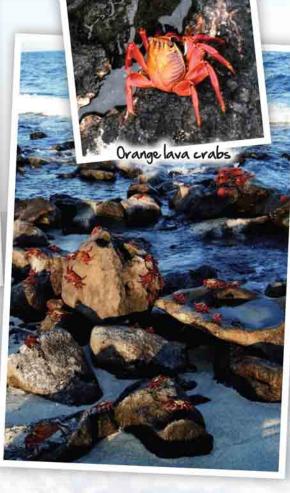
These islands were first visited by the Incas. They used huge balsa rafts for travel and were traders. Pieces of their pottery have been found here.

On March 10, 1535, these islands were officially discovered by Pizarro who sailed from Panama. On February 12, 1832, the islands were claimed by Ecuador as they remain today. 28,000 people live on the islands. In 1959, the Galapagos Islands became a National Park. The Darwin Research Station was established in 1964 in Puerto Ayora where 97% of the population live. In 1969, tourism began. 300 Park Rangers are paid with the \$100 entrance fees collected from 180,000 visitors per year. There are 72 landing sights and only 86 boats are allowed to bring in tourists.

These islands first gained recognition because they were visited by Charles Darwin in 1835. Darwin, a 22 year old Cambridge graduate, was invited to the voyage of the "Beagle" as a dining companion for the captain, Robert Fitzroy, who was mapping the harbors and coastlines of South America. Charles Darwin studied to be a clergyman but after his discoveries in the Gala-







pagos, became a naturalist. From his extensive studies he published "The Origin of Species" in 1859, a 490 page book, the most significant single scientific book ever published according to an article, February 2009, in The National Geographic.

Charles Darwin specifically studied the finch population on the various islands finding that on remote islands, isolation plus time plus adaptation to local conditions leads to origin of species. This is the theory of evolution, descent with modification by natural

selection. Darwin called it sexual selection where the best males pass on the best genes.

Almost every day we had a wake up at 7 a.m. followed by a 7:15 breakfast. At about 8 a.m. we usually took a panga ride from our boat to an island. We had two pangas which are inflatable boats with 40 hp motors that could be beached on shore.

Most landings were wet ones where you stepped out into the water but a few were dry where we landed at a rock. Snorkeling usually followed with lunch back on the boat at noon. Another panga ride and snorkeling took place in the afternoon with a briefing for the next day at 7 p.m. followed by dinner.

On the first day we took the panga to the beach on San Cristobel and saw turtles in the water, sea lions, land iguanas, yellow warblers, pelicans, frigates and their fuzzy babies in nests, blue footed boobies, and

many others.

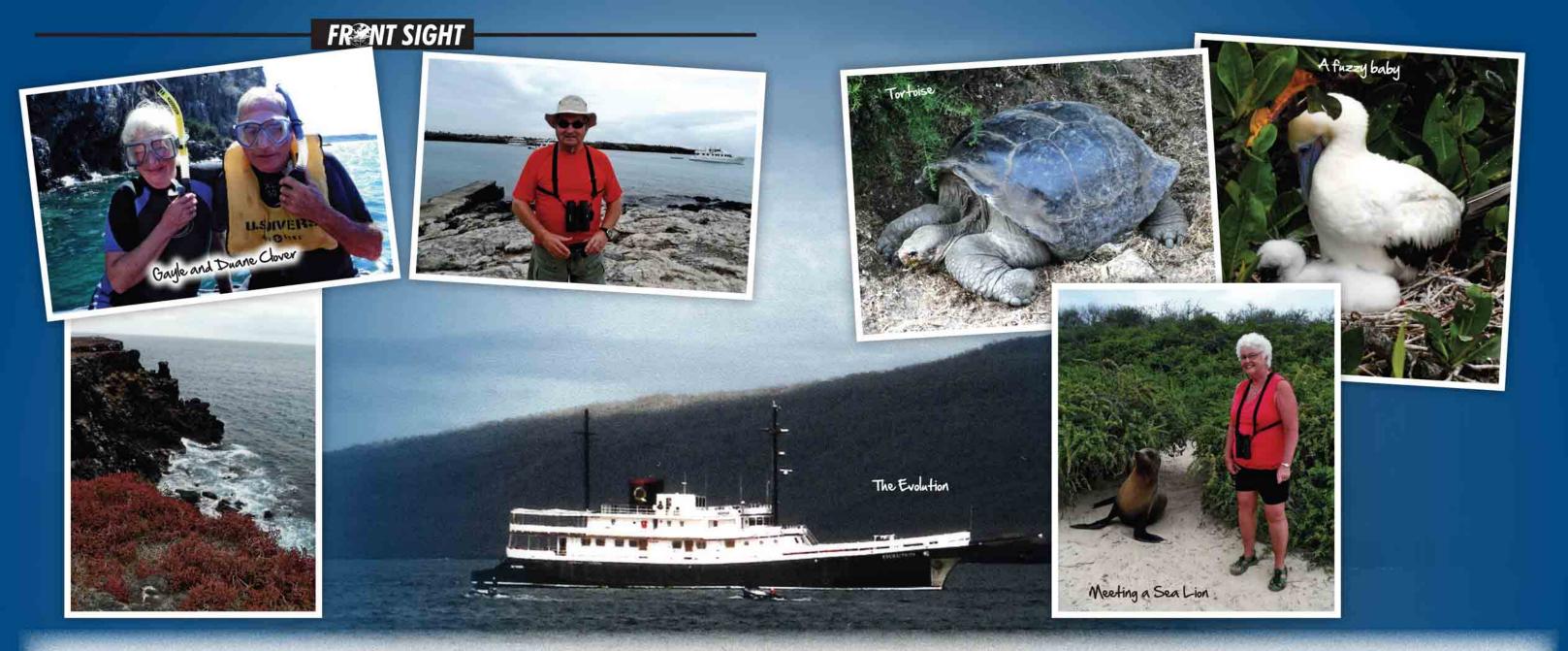
Snorkelers were divided into a Mickey Mouse group and a Rambo group with the Rambo group being the most advanced. There were many colorful fish to see as well as hammerhead sharks, sting rays, dolphins, whales, and penguins.

That evening, while sitting on the back deck we saw a Galapagos petrel flying









which is very rare. We always enjoyed sitting on the back deck with Gayle and Duane and meeting the rest of the passengers and some of the crew. Passengers were from all over the world. There was a couple from Ireland, Chile, Brazil, Mexico City, Toronto, San Diego, Manhattan, newlyweds from Boston, a couple from Switzerland with their small son, a mother and adult son from Minnesota, and a father and two sons from Anchorage, Alaska. Most spoke English but the accents were many and special to hear.

The next day we visited Santa Cruz Island where we were told over 2,500 land iguanas lived. We saw the swallow-tailed gulls which have a red ring around their eyes, red billed tropicbirds plus many others. Snorkeling was around Korean Point. Then we were on to Mosquera Island where in addition to most everything else, we saw beautiful orange lava crabs.

Next was South Plaza Island with it's prickly pear cactus, portulaca, and lichens on the rocks which we were told meant it was a clean environment. Most of the islands seemed very dry as the rainy season wouldn't begin until the third week in January. Everywhere we saw sea lions with their babies. We could walk up to within a couple of feet of them as they know they are protected and have no fear of humans. You could hear the babies suckling.

The iguanas sleep in holes they make and usually two or three sleep together for warmth. They can live for up to 80 years.

We saw shearwater birds, swallow-tailed gulls, and lava lizards, plus many others.

The next day we visited Chinese Hat and then were on to the black sands of James Bay on Santiago Island. This island is only 120 years old. We saw the Galapagos penguins, the second smallest of the species. We visited the lava tubes. It was mating season for the iguanas so the males were showing off. We also saw ruddy turnstones that turn over rocks looking for food.

The next day we crossed the equator and visited Genovesa Island and Darwin Bay which is one mile in diameter. We saw yellow crowned herons, yellow warblers, swallow-tailed gulls, red footed boobies, and frigate birds. There were magnificent frigate birds and great frigate birds, the difference mainly in the color of the heads of their babies. The magnificents have a white head and the greats have a golden head. Both adult males have a bright red balloon like pouch in their neck which they inflate when mating to attract the females.

Studies were done with the blue footed and red footed boobies. They painted their feet black and the red

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footed would still mate but the blue footed wouldn't. We saw the blue footed boobies doing their mating dance and they pick up their feet and flap their wings. Booby in Spanish means clown and that is what the act like. They also have Nazca boobies.

We visited Prince Phillips Steps and searched hard for short-eared owls out near the shoreline and found two. Birds were nesting everywhere and sea lions lined the beaches. What a haven for wildlife!

The next day we stopped at Baltra Island to refuel. They also have an airport and one couple flew home. On to North Seymour Island and marine iguanas which can swim quite some distances. We also saw many golden rays which looked like huge leaves floating in the water.

On to Santa Fe Island and Santa Fe land iguanas which were a different species plus prickly pear





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cactus. Many in our group did some kayaking.

We stopped on Floreana where in 1792 a mail box was set up to help get mail out. Anyone stopping by is to take out any mail for near their home and deliver it, which we did, and also left mail of our own. It didn't take long to receive our mail we left after we got home. Some people explored the lava tunnels with flashlights. They were 150 meters long. We went to Champion Rock for snorkeling and where sea turtles nest. Then out to Cormorant Point where we saw flamingos and pintail ducks. While we were on shore we were not to wear yellow or red as those colors attract paper wasps.

The next day we went to Puerto Ayora on Santa

Cruz and the Darwin Research Station. First we went to see the giant tortoises, some of which weighed over 500 pounds and were over 200 years old. Tortoises from different islands had different shapes as they adapted to different terrain. Pirates used to come to the Galapagos to hide, repair, and refit their ships after skirmishes and would take many of the land tortoises for food. They could live up to a year in the hold of a ship. There were very few tortoises left on the islands but at the Research Station they were raising them to use to repopulate the islands.

One tortoise had been found on Pinta Island thought to not have any left as feral goats had devastat-







ed that island. The tortoise had lived alone for many years before being found in 1971. He was named Lonesome George after George Gobel and was pampered in hopes of him breeding with several females in his cage. Many times the females laid eggs but none of the eggs hatched. In 2012, he was found dead by his caretaker of over 40 years. He was the last of his subspecies.

On our last day we were out in the pangas on Black Turtle Cove before breakfast where we saw many sea turtles and numerous fish in the mangroves. What a beautiful spot!

On the way back into town we passed a gas station where gasoline was \$1.48 per gallon and diesel was \$1.00 per gallon. These were U.S. gallons. In Ecuador they use U.S. dollars as well as our coins. They had a few Ecuador coins still mixed in

change but they have converted almost 100% to our money. They really like our dollar coin which isn't very popular here. We found the people courteous and friendly, the streets reasonably clean, and the waterfront very nice to visit and beautifully landscaped.

This tour was through Journeys International in Ann Arbor and, of course, not a hunting trip but a trip anyone who enjoys the out of doors would really like. Before the trip they told us how to prepare and what to bring. They took great care in picking us up at the



airport, taking us to our hotel rooms, and telling us what to do and where to eat. On the boat the accommodations were excellent, food delicious, and the guides very knowledgeable. We would certainly recommend this trip to others. Visit to the Galapagos Islands.

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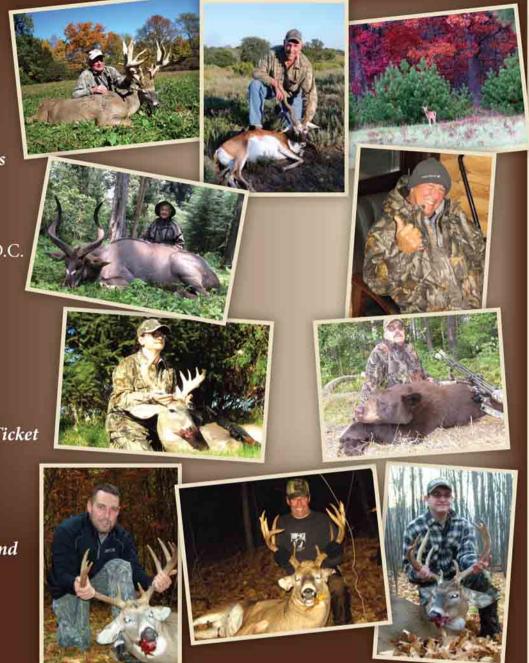
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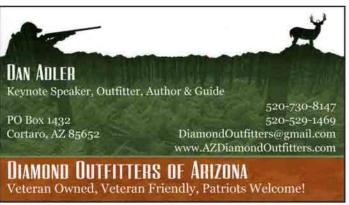
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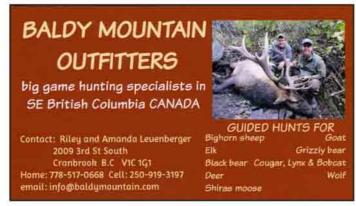


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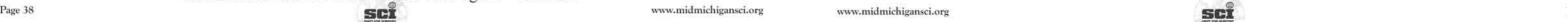






I have sometimes been wildly, despairingly, acutely miserable. . . but through it all I still know. . . to be alive is a grand thing. - Agatha Christie

Perhaps our eyes need to be washed by our tears once in a while, so that we can see life with a clearer view again. - Alex Tan



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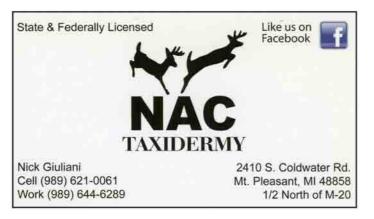










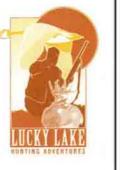






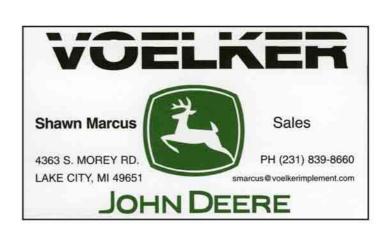






















In three words I can sum up everything I've learned about life: it goes on. - Robert Frost

Do what you can, with what you have, where you are. - Theodore Roosevelt

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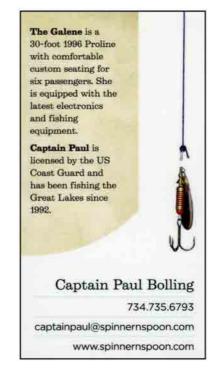


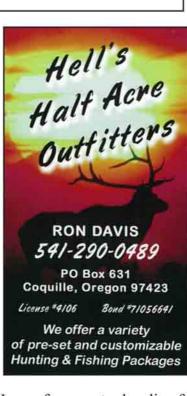
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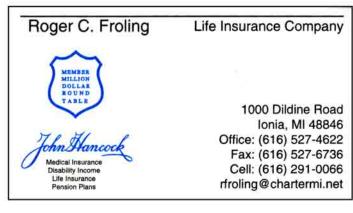
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What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult for each other? - George Eliot

Learn from yesterday, live for today, hope for tomorrow. The important thing is not to stop questioning. - Albert Einstein







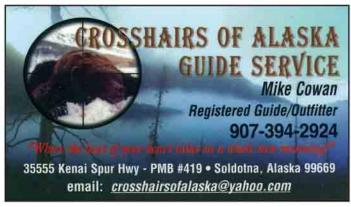












Life isn't about finding yourself.

Life is about creating yourself. - George Bernard Shaw



