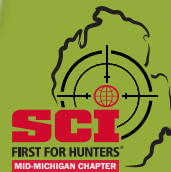


FRONT SIGHT



Mid-Michigan Chapter Safari Club International

July - September 2017, Issue 39



Red Stag ~ Southern Sweden
Photo by Mary Harter



JOHAN PIETERSE SAFARIS



**SOUTH AFRICA
ZIMBABWE
MOZAMBIQUE**



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Members of Mid-Michigan SCI or Isabella County Sportsman's Club may use the shooting range located at 2872 W. Millbrook Road just east of Winn Road. The lock combination is 3040 and changes yearly on February 15th. Please carry membership identification on you when you visit the range.



Standing Committees

Chairmen are listed first

- Chapter Record Book - Mary Browning
- Conservation/Govt. Affairs -
- Dispute Resolution - Kevin Unger, Joe Mulders, Jon Zieman
- Matching Grants - Jon Zieman
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- Education - Doug Chapin
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- Nominating - Kevin Unger, Joe Mulders, Jon Zieman
- Programs for Membership Meetings - Roger Froling, Doug Chapin
- Big Buck Night - Mike Strobe, Kevin Unger, Scott Holmes, Randy Raymond
- Annual Awards Banquet/Fundraiser - Kevin Unger, Joe and Abbe Mulders, Don and Mary Harter, and all board members
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- Sportsman Against Hunger - Mike Strobe
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- Veterans - Randy Raymond
- Blue Bags, etc. - Doug Chapin

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**.

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DIRECTORS

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 _____

TELEPHONE _____

EMAIL ADDRESS _____

MEMBERSHIP DUES (PLEASE CIRCLE ONE)

18 +	1 Year	\$ 35 National Dues	\$ 25 Local Dues	= \$ 60
	3 Years	\$ 150 National Dues	\$ 75 Local Dues	= \$ 225
	Life	\$1500 National Dues	\$300 Local Dues	= \$ 1,800
	Over 60	\$1250 National Dues	\$200 Local Dues	= \$ 1,450

Check/Cash attached \$ _____

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

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



President's Message

Hello Fellow Hunters,

We now have all of our financials tabulated for the 2017 Mid-Michigan SCI Fundraiser and I would like to report that this year's event is one of our top three highest totals for the

history of the club. I'd like to thank everyone who attended this year's event, because together with the amazing Mid-Michigan Board of Directors, we made the show "Rock".

Our Chapter will be sponsoring up to twenty (20) kids to go to one of the MUCC Camps this summer. We are very interested in getting as many kids as possible to sign up on the MUCC website. It is our privilege to bring the camp opportunity to the area's kids. The board's goal is to make this sponsorship for kids to attend summer camp an annual happening, so if it doesn't work out for your child this year – please look for more information in 2018.

I had the opportunity to go on a hunting trip to Mexico in early April for Oscillated Turkey and other native Mexican jungle birds. The trip was a great opportunity to go with a couple of fellow board members, and we had a fantastic time. The Outfitter that we went with was Balam Hunting Expeditions South Mexico, and Alfredo Lamadrid was a great host and his team did a terrific job leading us to some great birds that we were successful in shooting.

This is my last President's message – it is hard to believe that three years has gone by so quickly. I am very fortunate to have had the opportunity to represent this Mid-Michigan SCI Chapter, as it has a great reputation as a top notch organization throughout the National Safari International Board and organization.

Here's to the Future of Hunting!

Joseph Mulders

Editor's Message

Thanks to many of you who voted, Melanie Pepper, one of my Diana sisters, is now on the Board of Directors for the NRA. Such a great accomplishment for her and I am so proud. Both President Trump and Kelly Anne Conway were speakers at the last NRA Convention held in Atlanta, Georgia. Wish we had gone.



Don and I are going to Washington D.C. for the Safari Club International board meeting where we spend time on the Hill talking to our Representatives and Senators. I'm sure we will have a great time.

Don't forget to write down your hunting stories and send them to me. If you had a good time on a hunt, please share your story so others can be encouraged to go. Your stories do make a difference.

I recently talked to a non-hunter who read my book, "Camouflage and Lace", and was amazed at the difficulty of some of our hunts. She was really interested in what I had done and said she learned a lot about what hunters encounter. She thought we just went out and sat in blinds and shot whatever came by. If we can just get our stories out there, more people will understand what we do.

Talking about blinds, I am thinking about doing a story about hunting blinds, shacks, stumps, or whatever you might like to use when deer hunting in Michigan. Please send me pictures of your favorites and a little about them so I can compile a story. Please try to send them to me by August 1. You can send me an email with pictures attached or write me a note and send me photos. Some are very simple and some are very elaborate. I saw one with a TV antenna recently. I'm sure your contributions will make for interesting reading.

We have a new chapter logo. Check it out on the cover and on the membership application on your left hand page. Look for some chapter merchandise that will be available shortly. Friend us on facebook, if you haven't already.

Also, a very special "Thank You" to Daniel Reinke for taking all the pictures at Big Buck Night and our Mid-Michigan Convention.

Keep hunting, Keep writing,

Mary Harter

SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Meeting Schedule

* SUBJECT TO CHANGE

<u>Date</u>	<u>Meeting Type</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Location</u>
Aug. 7	Board Meeting	5:00 p.m.	Harters
Sept. 9	Membership	3:00 p.m.	Isabella County Sportsman's Club
Oct. 9	Board Meeting	5:00 p.m.	Harters
Dec. 4	Board Meeting	5:00 p.m.	Harters
Jan. 31 & Feb. 3, 2018	International Convention		Las Vegas Convention Center
Feb. 23 & 24, 2018	Mid-Michigan Convention		Soaring Eagle

All board meetings are open to our membership.
Reservations required. Please call and leave a message at 989-330-4463
or email Maxine Warner at maxiwar27@gmail.com



Book Review

by Josh Christensen

Title: A HEART FOR ADVENTURE; LIVING A LIFE ON TARGET

Author: Bob Reccord and Jimmy Sites

Publisher: Golden Caribou

Copyright: 2014

List Price: \$15.00

A Heart for Adventure is a book of hunting with a bit of a twist. The authors, Bob Reccord and Jimmy Sites not only want to entertain the reader with their personal tales of being in the outdoors, but they also want the reader to reflect on his or her own life.

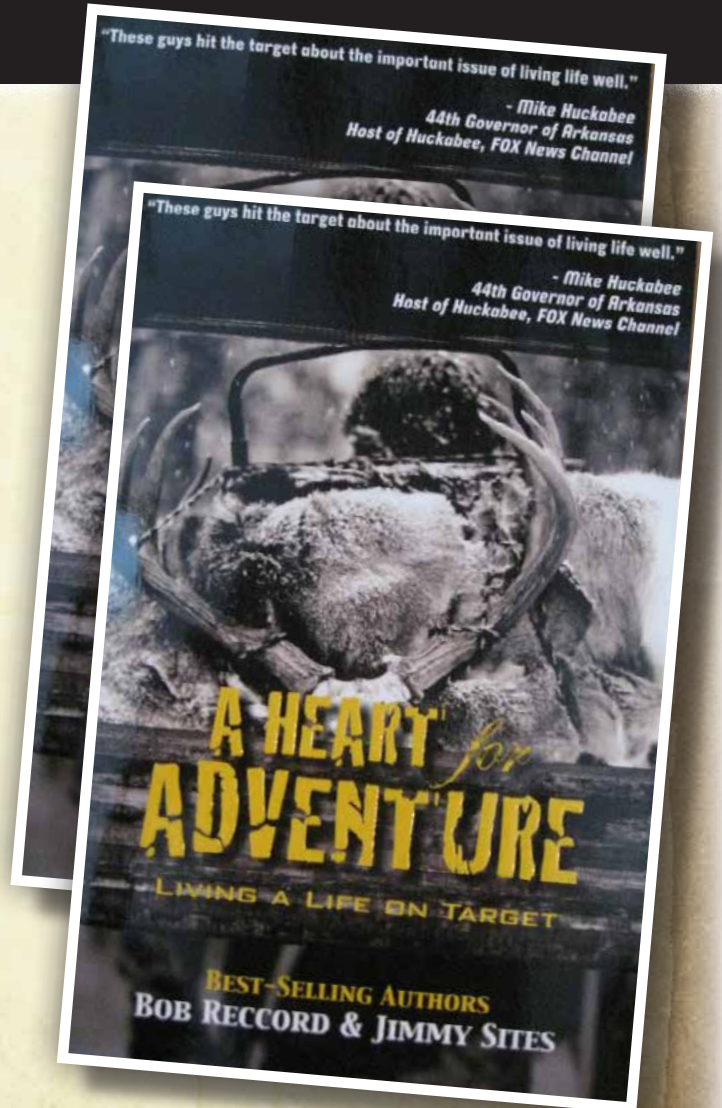
These two men have both been pastors/ministers and are very open about sharing their faith. Throughout the book they address challenges they faced in the field and in life, and in turn ask the reader to do the same. This book is unique in that it is interactive, at times asking the reader to open up their Bible and look up a verse or two, which makes the reader stop and truly think about different aspects of life.

Many of you might be familiar with the name Jimmy Sites and may not know why. Well, not only is he an author but he also is the host of a hunting show on the outdoor channel called Spiritual Outdoor Adventures.

This book is a good read and one that helps us do a self-reflection on life. It is set up into 50 small chapters I believe are meant to be read over the course of 50 days.



This book gets 8 out of 10 bullseyes



Always Excited for Turkeys

by Mary Harter

Opening season this year was no different than the many others we have enjoyed but we had been to a seminar held by our Mid-Michigan Chapter of SCI given by Greg Abbas, six time Michigan state turkey calling champion. He has been a professional turkey hunting guide for 25 years with over a 95% success rate. Greg ranks #1 all time in the State of Michigan for Wild Turkey entries (most taken with a bow). He currently holds the Michigan state record and the #2 typical turkey taken with a bow.

Well, with all the turkey talk, we were very excited to be once again, hunting turkeys. Even though we have hunted extensively, we still enjoy hunting Michigan turkeys. I think the excitement of calling in a bird, sitting in his environment, and actually encouraging him to walk in front of us, is a challenge. Now with even more information than ever, we were anxious to hunt.

We were up early on opening morning, ready to go. I sat in a pop-up blind, where I had sat opening morning last year and was successful, which is right on the edge of a stand of red pines looking east across a rye field. Don was sitting north of me in a blind overlooking the same field. It was a cool morning but we were dressed for the weather and anxiously waited for daylight and turkeys. I had two hen decoys out about 20 yards in front of me and facing north as we were expecting the Toms to come out from the southwest. I was using a 12 gauge Beretta over and under with 2 3/4 heavy shot #6s.

Right at daylight I could see a dark animal walking down the trail in front of me. As it came closer I could see it clearer in my binoculars and it was a bob cat. I had seen one in the same place last year when I hunted here. How exciting! At 15 to 20 yards from me he veered away and walked south across a field into some trees. He looked the size and color of the one I saw last year so he must live in the area.



*Mary Harter
with her Tom that had a 13 1/2"
beard and weighed 25 lbs.*

Eventually I could hear turkeys gobbling behind me and south and more across the road to the east. I could also hear someone clucking on the property right behind me. I could tell that it was a person because they were talking too often and too loudly. The turkeys in that direction shut up and I was worried that they might go off in a different direction. No Tom wants to approach a mouthy hen!

I clucked a few times but very softly. I used the slate that I had always used but alternated with a new box call that we had purchased from Greg Abbas. Don also had a new call and several of

his other favorites. We texted back and forth. What did we ever do before all of our electronics. Once a hen came by and Don saw her before I did so he texted me and I sat very still so she wasn't frightened.



Greg Abbas

Soon the sun came up and I was sitting in the sun. I had on full camo with a facemask and hat but I took off my glasses, my ring from my right ungloved hand, and made sure my phone was out of the sun. I didn't want anything to glare or sparkle and scare a big Tom.

Eventually the noisy hunter must have left as I couldn't hear him anymore. Thank goodness. Soon I could hear a gobble. I kept clucking very softly and only about every 15 minutes. The gobble came closer and was coming from south and behind me, just where he should be. He must have just held up and waited until the noisy hunter left. He kept coming closer and closer but I couldn't see him.

Don texted that two hens were on my right but out of my sight. One came over and checked out my hen decoys but walked across the rye field and into tall grasses beyond. Then out came the Tom! He was huge and his beard dragged the ground. I knew he was a shooter. He fanned out and put down his wings and turned his back to me. Off came the safety and I put my left hand on the forearm. I was ready. I usually like to enjoy them a little and let them dance around but this Tom was huge and I didn't want to mess up anything. They don't grow old by being foolish and I thought maybe he would realize the hens weren't real and would run off. As soon as he turned and I could properly aim at his head, I pulled the trigger. I knew I had a good hit as he flopped and flopped and finally laid dead.

The hen came back out to see what was going on but didn't run away. She just walked the edge of the grasses back my way. Don texted, "Good job!" to me and to stay put for a while to see if anything else might come out. The hen wasn't alarmed. Last year I shot first and Don came right over to see my Tom. As we were taking pictures, Toms passed by where Don had been sitting. Well, that didn't happen this year so eventually Don came over to see my Tom and take pictures. The Tom had a 13 1/2" beard and weighed 25 #, the largest we had ever taken.

The next day on another piece of property, Don shot a very nice Tom with a 9 1/2" beard, very typical. What a great hunt we had and now great eating!



*Lexi Strobe with her opening
morning turkey weighing
in at 26 lbs.,
a 11" beard, and 1.25 spurs.*

Weatherby Host, Author J. Alain Smith



Weatherby Dinner



Auctioned were two Weatherby DT II Shotguns and shooting lessons with Olympic Shooter Kim Rhode



Olympic Shooter, Kim Rhode and Mary Harter



Opening Ceremonies ~ Feb. 1, 2017

SCI Convention

in Las Vegas ~ February 1-4, 2017



SCI President Larry Higgins on stage with Vice President Veronica Kosich



Don and Mary Harter with Ivan Carter





*Saturday Night Entertainment
Hank Williams, Jr. ~ Sponsored by
Midway USA*



Roger and Sheri Froling with Don Harter



*Our current Chapter President,
Joe Mulders and Abbe*

Evening

Entertainment



*Our first President,
Pat Bollman and Nancy*



*Wednesday Night Entertainment
Alabama ~ Sponsored by Cabelas*



*SCI Treasurer, John McLaurin with
Finance Chairman, Don Harter*

Thank You

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Thank You

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Keith and Julie Davis

Pat's Auto

Many thanks to the members/businesses who donated funds that went directly to help defray the costs of this event.

Awards Night

February 24, 2017



Don and Mary Harter



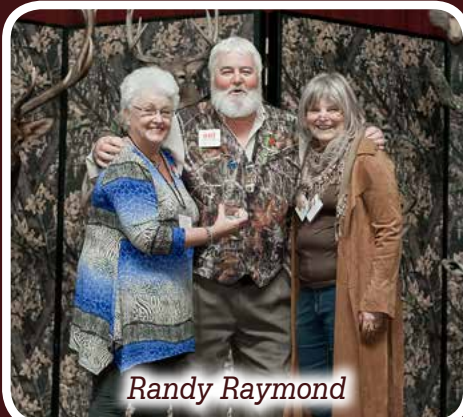
Jeff Harrison
TOP HUNTER OF THE YEAR



Mike Strobe



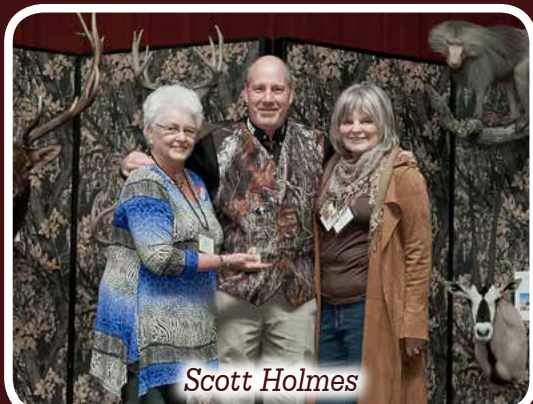
Jeff Harrison



Randy Raymond



Youth Hunters:
Cal Stearns and Konnor Wilson



Scott Holmes

2017 Major Award Winners Mid-Michigan Chapter SCI

AFRICA	ANIMAL 1. Mountain Nyala 2. Guenther Dik-Dik 3. Salt Dik-Dik	HUNTER Don Harter Mary Harter Don Harter
NORTH AMERICA	1. Continental Black Bear 2. Bob Cat 3. Common Grizzly Bear	Jeff Harrison Mike Strobe Jeff Harrison
NORTH AMERICA INTRODUCED	Feral Hog	Jeff Harrison
SOUTH AMERICA	European Fallow Deer	Don Harter

Bow Hunter of the Year - Randy Raymond
Muzzleloader Hunter of the Year - Scott Holmes
Men's Top Hunter of the Year - Jeff Harrison

Youth Hunters of the Year
Cal Stearns ~ Black Bear, Deer with rifle
Konnor Wilson ~ Eastern Turkey with crossbow

SCI Mid-Michigan Past Major Award Winners

	Bow Hunter	Handgun Hunter	Muzzleloader	Crossbow	Men's Top	Women's Top
2009	Randy Raymond	Tim Becker	Keith Davis		Larry Higgins	Joanne Witte
2010	Joe Janicke	Roger Froling	Jerry Schave		Don Harter	Mary Harter
2011	Scott Holmes	Larry Witte	Nick Johnston		Larry Witte	Maryanne Be-lyea
2012	Keith Davis		Keith Davis	Josh Christensen	Tim Torpey	
2013	Jim Maciatek		Steve Galgoczi	Scott Holmes	Larry Smith	
2014	Mike Strobe			Scott Holmes	Martin Draznin	Mary Browning
2015	Josh Christensen		Chris Manthei	Paul Spencer	Glenn Belyea	Dawn Manthei
2016	Don Harter		Tim Torpey	John Jefts	Matt Esch	Sara Chris-

FEBRUARY 2017 SCI MID-MICHIGAN CHAPTER AWARDS

Hunter's Name	Gold	Silver	Bronze	Bow	CB	Mloader	Shotgun
John Baker	1						
Thom Bott		1		1			
Jeff Harrison	4						
Don Harter	15	3					
Mary Harter	8	10					1
Scott Holmes		1				1	
Corey Hyde	2			1			
Randy Raymond	3			2			
Jeffrey Sackett	2						
Larry Smith	6	1					
Chad Stearns	2						
Rachel Stickler	2			1			
Dick Stockmar	1						
Mike Strobe	1						1
Tim Torpey			1	1			
Dave Weisenburger	3						
Kevin Wilson		1					1

YOUTH							
Hunter's Name	Gold	Silver	Bronze	Bow	CB	Mloader	Shotgun
Cal Stearns	2						
Konnor Wilson	1				1		

FEBRUARY 24 & 25, 2017 2017 MID-MICHIGAN CONVENTION

SOME OF OUR MANY



OUTFITTERS AND DONORS



*All photos courtesy of Reinke Photography
Daniel Reinke*

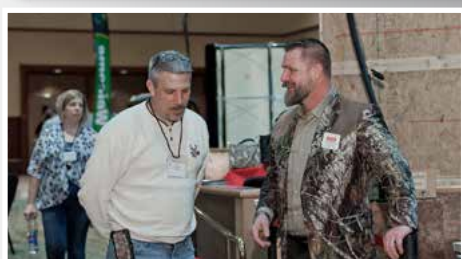
FEBRUARY 24 & 25, 2017

2017 MID-MICHIGAN CONVENTION

BOARD MEMBERS, WORKERS,



AND ATTENDEES



*All photos courtesy of Reinke Photography
Daniel Reinke*

Lessons in Survival

by Joshua Chadd

"Then, your momentum caused you to roll face down into the creek we were trying to avoid, with your pack pinning you down under the water. Luckily by the time I got down from the rock you had miraculously propelled yourself out of the creek while gasping for air."

-The words of Ryan, my client.

Dall sheep hunting in Alaska is, in my opinion, one of the hardest North American hunts there is. Sure everyone's experience is different and I have had a few "easy" hunts before, but the more people I talk to and the more stories I hear, the more I believe it to be true. Even the hunting legend, Jack O'Connor, agreed:

"A sportsman may have hunted deer, turkey, elk, and bear for years with greatest success; but until he has taken his sheep, until he has matched his brains, his endurance, and his skill with those inhabitants of the rocky peaks, he is still but a sophomore. A big ram on the wall of his den is the diploma of the graduated big game hunter."

As a guide it is my job to help hunters get their "diploma". It was on a Dall sheep hunt in the fall of 2014 in the Wrangell Mountains of Alaska where my client and I would get a lesson in survival...

It was opening night of sheep season and my client, Ryan, and I were returning to camp after a hard day of hunting. It was nine at night and still light out when we came around the corner of the river bed and could finally see camp. Wary from a long day of over fifteen miles, we could not wait to eat a hot Mountain House meal and lay down in our warm sleeping bags. Sadly, that wasn't going to happen. As camp came into view, I looked at my tent and was puzzled. It looked like the rain-fly had been left open, and I never do that. Then I looked at Ryan's tent, pulled to a stop and swore.

"Ryan, there is a black bear in your tent! Get your gun out," I whispered. Ryan swung his pack off, took his rifle out and loaded a round into the chamber as we crept forward. The bear, having heard or smelled us, wheeled around and ran into the brush. It stepped into a small clearing on the hillside eighty yards away and stopped. Ryan's gun barked.

"You shot over him! Shoot again!" I said as the bear took off into the thick brush. Ryan shot again as the bear disappeared and I had little hope he would actually hit it. I have never been happier to be wrong. I heard the bullet thud into the bear and it let out a wail.

"You hit him!" I patted Ryan on the shoulder. We stood there smiling for a few seconds before it dawned on us.

"We have to go in after him, don't we?" Ryan asked, looking up at the alder and pucker brush covered hillside.

"Yep," I said, trying to come up with a game plan.

As anyone who has hunted bear before knows, a wounded bear is never a good situation. Add to it that the bear was in thick brush with alders reaching over our heads making it was hard to see more than ten feet, and it had quickly become a very dangerous situation. We decided to go uphill, away from the bear, and come down at it from above, thinking it would be harder for it to charge

up at us. I led with Ryan following behind as we entered the alder patch. After trying to look down from above, I quickly realized we would have to go into the alders with the wounded bear. I said a quick prayer and we plunged headlong into the brush. A few yards in, I saw a fresh scrape on an alder; it looked like something had come through in a hurry. I kept my eyes open as we continued forward. I looked to my left and there, no more than ten feet away, was the bear. I swung the gun on him and raised it to my shoulder ready to fire. I waited, but nothing happened, I yelled...nothing. Ryan threw a stick at it, still nothing. It was deadlier than a door-nail.



We walked up to the bear, exchanging high-fives. He had shot it quartering away and the bullet passed through the whole length of the bear, killing it quickly. We each grabbed a back leg and lugged the big boar down onto the river bar in front of camp. We didn't want a bear carcass up in the brush behind us when we tried to sleep. In the failing light we went around camp, assessing what the bear had torn up. The tents were in shambles, our air mattresses were popped, and ALL the food had been eaten. He even pissed on Ryan's sleeping bag! We gathered all our stuff, shoved it into our packs and proceeded to throw what was left of the tents over some alders that grew horizontally out of the hillside. We laid our deflated mattresses on the ground to insulate us and bundled up in all of our gear underneath our makeshift shelter. Luckily, most of the rain held off until we were settled in, but needless to say, we still didn't sleep well that night.

The next morning I woke up early. Crawling out of our shelter, I started to walk around to warm up. As eight o'clock rolled around, I got out the SAT phone to call Base Camp. The bear had stepped





on it and broken the screen, but luckily it still worked and Base Camp's number was on speed dial. I called in and explained to them our situation, that we needed new tents and air mattresses. After gathering up all the trash and our gear, we hiked down three miles to one of our more established spike camps with a bear box. We had the remaining food for the hunt in the box as we had only taken a few days' worth to our other camp. We would be good on food; now for the sleeping arrangements.



By ten we heard the telltale sound of a super cub flying up the valley. They flew over, making three passes and air dropped us the tents, mattresses, and salt for the bear hide. We waved as they flew off and went to collect the items. As two o'clock rolled around, we had the bear turned, fleshed and under salt (the packer would hike up nine miles the next day and collect the hide and skull). We packed up what we needed for another three days and headed back up the valley.

You would think with a start like that it couldn't get any worse...

The next week was one of the toughest I've ever had on a sheep hunt. From thunder and rain storms to resident pressure and sheep moving erratically to tents that leaked... it was a test of our endurance. But by the seventh day, things were starting to look up as we moved to a different valley and had some rams spotted. The next morning we woke early and hiked up the bottom of the valley in the light rain. The fog stayed away and we hiked all the way to the head of the valley without seeing any rams. As we stopped for a quick rest we looked around and there, a few hundred yards away were the rams!

We crawled up on a mound and I had Ryan set up while I put my spotting scope on the rams. I quickly found the one we were after and began to study him, making sure he was indeed legal. For those that don't know, a legal ram in Alaska must be full curl on one side, broomed (broken off) on both sides, or eight years old. Since judging the age at that far is difficult and he wasn't broomed, I began to look for that perfect profile view to see if one of the tips curled up past the base. We watched him for a good ten minutes, and I knew he was legal, but I still needed confirm it. If I was wrong and he wasn't legal that would mean fines, confiscation, and possibly worse. Needless to say, I was going to make damn sure he was legal before telling Ryan to pull the trigger, but this ram just would not give me the look I needed. Finally, after a few more minutes he turned broadside.

"He's three hundred and seventy yards," I said, "Take him." Dust flew a foot over the ram's back. "You shot over him! Settle down and aim!" His second shot connected and the ram dropped to the ground and rolled a few yards, disappearing into a small cut.

"You got him!" I yelled, hitting Ryan on the back, "Good shot!" We shared a manly hug as we gathered up our packs and took off. We walked up to the ram and shared a moment of silence as we gazed upon the majestic creature. Nothing can compare to the pure majesty of a Dall sheep, with their white hide and curling caramel-colored horns. They are truly the monarchs of the mountains, the kings in their own rugged domain.

We quickly took pictures, skinned and quartered the ram then loaded our packs. Within a few hours we were hiking out with all the meat, hide, horns, and our gear. Like usual, it was a long and hard pack back to spike camp, but it was worth every step. Once we arrived back at camp, we tore down the tents and loaded up all of our gear AND the sheep. I didn't realize it at the time, but this was the beginning of the end and we were about to take a drastic fall from cloud nine.

As we began down the boulder strewn creek bed, rain started to fall. I knew I was overloaded and needed to lose some of the weight, but I just wanted to make it another mile where I could drop the gear and come back to get it later. As we made our way down the creek, we came to a spot where we had to climb up on a large rock to get around the small waterfalls. After climbing it, I began to step down off the rock and my foot slipped out from under me. I fell back, slamming my pack against the rock and my momentum caused me to fall forward, five feet down to the rocky creek bed.

I tried putting my hand out to slow my fall, but with the added weight on my back, it crumpled under me as I collapsed face first into the water. All I remember next is my head being under water and trying to lift it up then being plunged back under. I lifted it again but could not get out.

Suddenly, as if a hand grabbed me and pulled me out I found myself sitting on the bank with my legs still in the creek. Somehow I still had enough frame of mind to grab my hat as it began to float away. I tried to take my pack off and get out of the water so I would not slip back in, but my right hand was not working and my left was tangled in my shoulder strap. By this time, Ryan had navigated safely over the rock, not taking the same path I had. He helped untangle me from my pack and pulled me out of the water. I looked at my right hand. It looked fine and but I couldn't make a fist and it was throbbing.

We emptied my pack of all the meat, sheep, and non-essential



gear, piling it under a ledge. I used my SAM splint and Kryptek pull-over to make a sling, which I attached to my now almost empty pack. Ryan offered to take my sleeping bag, first aid kit, SAT phone, and other essential gear but I told him I was fine to pack it out. In fact for the first few minutes, it felt great with the much lighter pack, then the adrenaline wore off and the pain came.

We stopped thirty minutes later as it was time to call into Base Camp. You should have heard the SAT phone call with my boss and father, Jeff Chadd.

"Hey, we got a ram... but I think I broke my hand."

"Ha ha, very funny," Jeff responded.

"No, I'm serious..."

It took some convincing before he believed me. In his defense, when we get a ram down my brother and I mess with him from time to time, so I'm not surprised he didn't believe me at first. But once he did, he quickly shifted into planning mode and had the plane headed over to pick me up.

That walk back to sheep base camp was a long one as reality

began to sink in. First off, I was beyond blessed to not have hit my head on a rock; I would have been knocked unconscious at best. Second, whatever had happened to get me out of the water had saved me from drowning. Third, it was the first year we had an active pilot and plane in camp to come over and get me right away. Fourth, and this was the most important, it was the end of the hunt and we had bagged a hell of a ram! But then I began to wonder, what if my hand was broken? What were we going to do with the rest of the hunters I was supposed to guide?

We were about two miles from camp when my brother came running, I kid you not, running up the rocky gravel bar.

"Hey bro, how you doing?" Caleb asked, breathing heavy.

"Been better," I responded as I struggled out of my pack and he took it. He filled me in on the plan as we hiked down the last couple miles. I would go back to Base Camp in the plane and we would evaluate my hand from there. Ryan would come over after me, then Caleb and the packer would go get the sheep, meat, and gear the next morning. At camp I met the plane and was flown over to Base Camp where my parents looked at my hand. It was decided I would need to be flown out that night and have it X-Rayed and evaluated at the clinic. This was the first time we have ever had to fly someone out for an emergency. It just goes to show how quickly things can go wrong in the bush.

We landed in the dark and went straight to the clinic. They took X-Rays and said my hand was broken in three places. The next morning was rough for me as I was in a cast and couldn't even get dressed without help. The whole time I was trying to figure out what we would do for the rest of the season if I couldn't guide because it was only the first hunt.

We got an appointment in Fairbanks with an orthopedic surgeon that afternoon. I went into that appointment with dread and came out feeling more relieved than I ever have. Now call it what





you will, a fluke, bad X-Ray, misdiagnosis, whatever, but after all the prayer I call it nothing less than a miracle. My hand was not broken; in fact nothing was wrong with it! At the start of the appointment he had me take the cast off and I could barely move my fingers. By the end I could make a weak fist. He said I smashed the tendons, nerves, and muscles causing them to swell. My hand would be fine; I just had to take it easy for a while. I flew out to camp a few days later and within a week I was ready to return to the mountains.

Words from my client, Ryan:

"Well, after a great nine days of hunting with you and experiencing what we thought was everything that Alaska had

to offer, we were able to harvest that beautiful Dall Sheep! That made my trip buddy! Between the bear destroying our camp and belongings (luckily we got the better of him) the lightning, thunder, rain, grizzly bears, caribou, ptarmigan, and ninety-five miles of walking, the trip seemed to end on a high note!

All that quickly changed as we hiked down, packed up camp and added additional weight to our packs. Then the rain started again to make the terrain we had to navigate even worse. I think we both knew we were "overloaded", especially you with the meat. I won't forget climbing up that five foot boulder to bypass the series of waterfalls just in time to see you lose your footing as you stepped off. There was nothing I could do to help, and the only thing that went through my mind at the time was that you were going to hit your head on the rock as you fell. As you fell, luckily your momentum caused you to fall backwards with your pack hitting the boulder first, then causing your body to slam into the ground with your right side hitting the ground first. Then, your momentum caused you to roll face down into the creek we were trying to avoid, with your pack pinning you down under the water. Luckily by the time I got down from the rock you had miraculously propelled yourself out of the creek while gasping for air. I could not believe you were okay, breathing and your glasses were in one piece. Unfortunately your right arm and hand were another story.....

I wish you a speedy recovery buddy and thank you for a wonderful trip and experience!"

We were fortunate on this hunt to bag not only a great ram but a black bear too. We were also blessed that neither of us were seriously hurt in the end. It turned out to be a great hunt and an excellent lesson in survival. You never know what might happen when you enter the mountains in search of the majestic rams inhabiting that rugged country.



LANSING'S POTTER PARK ZOO IS GETTING A NEW RHINO

(info from Lansing State Journal, March 22, 2017)

Matchmakers with a bent for species survival have hopes for love between two black rhinos living at opposite ends of the country.

Phineas, a native of the Caldwell Zoo in Tyler, Texas, is 9 years old, weighs in at 2,776 pounds, likes to paint and prefers grape jelly to strawberry.

Doppsee, a six-year resident of the Potter Park Zoo in Lansing, also is 9, weighs about 2,800 pounds and has a "great personality."

Theirs is a long-distance relationship that just might work, according to the Black Rhino Species Survival Program through the Association of Zoos & Aquariums.



DOPPSEE AND GAME KEEPER PAT

That's why zoo officials are ready to pay \$8,784 to cart Phineas from Texas to Lansing in early April. Zoo officials hope to breed Phineas with Doppsee in an effort to grow the endangered population.

"Everybody's excited to meet Phineas and learn what his personality is," said Cynthia Wagner, director for Potter Park Zoo; it's about the whole population."

Phineas and Doppsee are among nearly 800 eastern black rhinos left after poachers decimated the population in Africa, said Lisa Smith, coordinator for the eastern black rhino species survival plan.

Smith said Doppsee and Phineas were matched from 58 eastern black rhinos among the 232 institutions accredited by the Association of Zoos & Aquariums because of their similar ages and their lack of genetic similarities.

"These two have a very low kinship to each other," Smith said. "Our big goal is to have a sustainable population long term"

Love can't blossom without some logistics.

The \$8,784 cost to transport Phineas to Lansing still needs approval from county commissioners because it exceeds \$5,000, Wagner said. The county services and finance committee will review the resolution Tuesday and Wednesday.

If commissioners sign off, Phineas will travel in a large crate that's loaded aboard a climate-controlled truck and driven to Michigan. The crate will be offloaded using a crane.

Scotty Stainback, curator of mammals at the Caldwell Zoo, said zookeepers have been training Phineas for the 16-hour journey. Phineas has been eating in the crate while zookeepers make noises around it or open and close gates. He's also been learning to drink out of a hose.

"It makes it as easy on the animal as possible," Stainback said.

Once Phineas arrives in Lansing, he will be quarantined in a warm environment for some time. He's sure to have a warm welcome from zookeepers in Lansing, Wagner said.

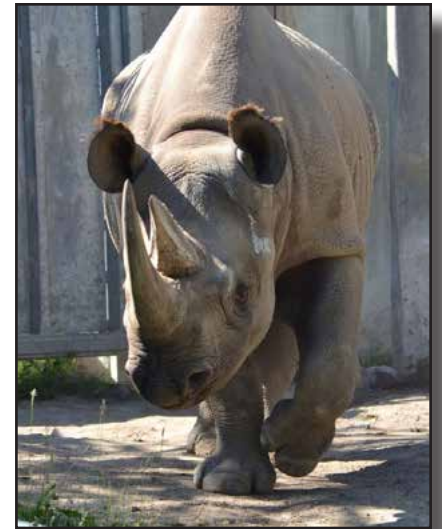
"It will be interesting to see how Doppsee reacts to a new male in the barn," she said.

Stainback, who was present when Phineas was born in 2007, said he's not worried about the rhino's ability to make friends.

"He's a really neat animal," Stainback said. "We're going to miss him a lot here at the zoo."

A fundraising page to pay for transportation costs and other expenses has been set up at <http://bit.ly/2pCArX>.

(The Mid-Michigan SCI Chapter recently helped fund the costs of obtaining a moose to accompany the Potter Park Zoo's existing moose and board members were invited to a special opening ceremony at the park.)



PHINEAS

South Africa

by Mary Browning

(Continued from the last Front Sight.)

Ron and I had a day and a half before our flight back to the states. While we were in Zimbabwe, Johan and I talked about going to his new place located on Klapperrandje Farm and how much I would like to see it. I had shot my kudu on this farm and remembered the cottage that was now his new home and lodge. I told him it was a great idea but ask Ron if it would be ok with him. The night before we left camp we made our plans to go to his place before flying home.

After collecting our luggage and clearing our weapons at the airport in Johannesburg we were off to Johan's new home. On the way out of town we stopped at his friend's business to pick up Johan's rifle. Johan had his friend put a new scope and silencer on his .375 for him.

We arrived at Klapperrandje Farm late that evening. He had done a lot of work to the buildings and it was really nice. It really looked "African" with the thatched roofs and stucco walls. There are three buildings -- the main lodge, the kitchen and Johan's living quarters, and the guest cottage. Ron and I stayed in the guest cottage and all I can say is "cute, cute, cute".

The farm owner popped in later and we had a great time reminiscing about my kudu hunt and previous times spent on his farm. It was nice seeing and



talking with him again. We all sat around the fire and enjoyed each other's company. It felt like we were all at home. I almost forgot, Boisman (Johan's friend and tracker) was there. It truly felt like a homecoming for Ron and I. The only person missing was Human (Johan's son). He was in Zulu working so couldn't be here.

As we were heading off to bed, Johan said he was waking us up early for a little adventure. This was a surprise because as far as I knew there was nothing planned for the next day.

Early the next day, Johan knocked. After a quick cup of coffee, the next thing we did was to sight in Johan's rifle. After Johan was finished, he asked Ron to take a shot. Satisfied, we then all loaded into the Range Rover.

Next came the surprise. We were off to Worcester Farm to shoot a cape buffalo. This was awesome.

Worcester Farm is owned by Richard Hertold. We picked Richard up at his home and headed off to hunt a cape buffalo. Before going to the hunting area, Richard wanted to drive through the breeding range. There were a couple of old bulls he wanted culled from the herd.



We drove around and around and we saw nothing. I began to wonder if there really were any buffalo on this farm. We did see a few way off in the distance from the road. Not finding the animals Richard was looking for, we headed for the safari hunting area. Once there we drove around and saw nothing. Ron, Johan, and Boisman set off for a blind by a water hole and Richard and I went back to the ranch house.

Over coffee Richard showed me some auction books which included many of his cape buffalo that he had sold. They all were magnificent beasts. Then he took me for a mini tour of the farm. We headed back to the breeding area because they were being fed and I could get a better look at the herd. He said it costs over \$1,000 a day for cattle food.

As we went through the gate, my jaw dropped.

Where we saw nothing two hours ago, as far as I could see were cape buffalo. Big ones, little ones, and babies as far as I could see. Then it was off to the safari area to see if Ron had any luck.

The boys had been out almost three hours. As we drove around I began to see quite a few cape buffalo and other plains game animals. It was a little after 11 a.m. when we got the call from Johan. Ron had shot a cape buffalo. We quickly drove over to the location where we had left them. There it was -- a beautiful cape buffalo down.

Since time was of the essence it was great that this herd came in when it did. If it would have been thirty minutes later we would have been gone to pack for our ride back to the airport. After pictures were taken, I wondered what was the disposition of the buffalo. I asked Johan and he said we were taking it back to his place. No way was that beast fitting in the back of his Range Rover -- or so

I thought. With the help of the winch on the vehicle, they squeezed it into the back of the Range Rover.

Johan's taxidermist met us back at his place and transferred Ron's cape buffalo into his trailer. He would take it to his business to skin and prepare it for transfer to Swift dip and then on to the states.

We had a small lunch, completed paperwork, and packed for the airport. We said our goodbyes to Boisman and were off on the road to Johannesburg. The ride to the airport went off without a hitch. We checked in at the Delta desk and said our goodbyes to Johan. I did a little shopping at the airport gift shops and relaxed waiting for our flight home.



Epilogue

We had an uneventful flight home (thank God). We arrived in Atlanta, breezed through customs, rifle check, and were off to our connecting gate for our flight to Grand Rapids.

In Grand Rapids, we gathered our luggage and set off for home. Yeah!! Surely nothing else could happen -- wrong again. How about stop and go traffic on I-96 due to construction. What usually was a 45 minute drive turned into about a 3 hour crawl.

All I can say to end this saga is -- "WHEW".



Sweden 2016

By Mary Harter

On October 8, after our wonderful hunt in Scotland, we flew from Glasgow to Heathrow and then on to Stockholm. Our plane was late arriving in Glasgow so we were late leaving. They assured us we would make our next flight in Heathrow to Stockholm but to check the monitor and hurry to our gate, which we did and made the flight. When we got to Stockholm, Don's luggage was the first one on the belt but mine never arrived. We checked and it never left Heathrow and would arrive on the next flight, around 8:00 p.m., and be delivered to our hotel. We proceeded out of the airport to find our taxi driver who had been a driver at one time but now was a dentist and drove only once a year to keep up his taxi license. He was from Iran and spoke little English. He had trouble finding his way out of the airport and difficulty finding our hotel, the Skeppsholmen. Thank goodness we had the address and phone number and knew it was a historic old marine barracks from the 1700s, beautifully remodeled, located right on the water. We finally found it, got to our room, had a nice dinner of rainbow trout and I had a Cosmopolitan made with lingonberries instead of cranberries, took a walk along the water, enjoyed fireworks, and went to bed. We had called the front desk telling them to bring up our missing bag when it arrived whenever it came so we would not worry anymore and it came just before midnight. Now to sleep in Sweden.

After a great continental breakfast we were off for a walking tour of Stockholm with Bridget. We walked from our hotel to a ferry for a short ride to see the Vasa Museum which housed a 64 gun warship built in 1628 and sank in the harbor on its maiden voyage. It was raised in 1961 and restored to original with 95% of the ship recovered. It contained lots of beautiful carvings.

We walked all over old town seeing government buildings, churches, and royal buildings while learning the history. Stockholm is the home of Pippi Longstockings, ABBA with a museum, IKEA, and Absolute Vodka with many, many vodka barrels. We took a boat tour going under nine bridges, going through the locks and from salt water to fresh water and back. We had been lucky enough to get reservations for a seafood buffet at the Grand Hotel and enjoyed lobster, crab, oysters, mussels, clams, lots of fish and shrimp, salmon many ways, and delicious desserts including homemade ice cream.



The next day we flew from Stockholm to Malmo and were met by Stefan who drove us to the lakefront lodge on the Borringe Sea where we would be staying for the rest of our vacation. This lodge was built in 1806 of brick and stone and owned by Hagrin Stiernblad who lives on a nearby farm. His wife has a world renown glass studio near the lodge. Stefan and Sofia had a ten year lease on this beautiful lodge.

We went out to sight in our rifles and drove around looking for roe deer but only saw does and fawns. This is a very fertile farming area with lots of crops - sugar beets, wheat, and rape. There are lots and lots of pheasants as they plant about 3,000 per year on 2,500 acres. Then Don and Stefan sat on a pond to duck hunt until dark.

Out early the next morning for roe deer. We drove about 45 minutes to a different area than where we were the night before and waited about 30 minutes for daylight. It was very, very windy and we didn't see any deer until about 11:00 a.m. We saw a good buck in a field and walked a tree line closer to him. We crossed the windbreak and saw two does and waited to see if he would cross to meet up with them. He did and before I could get a good broadside shot, he laid down. Many people walk around in this farming area so the deer are used to people but the wind could shift and make him run. Stefan asked if I could shoot him laying down so I did. The two does were joined by a third and just continued to eat as my buck lay near them dead. I used a 7 MM with a suppressor. It just makes a popping noise which didn't scare the does. The field we were in was in sight of the sea between Sweden and Denmark and we could see Denmark in the distance.

We loaded him in the truck and drove back near where we were staying to search for a roe buck for Don. We searched hillside fields and fencerows and saw three roe deer in a field and one was a buck. We drove past and parked and Don and Stefan walked up over a hill and snuck up on the buck. I stood outside of the truck to try to hear the shot and heard a soft pop that I thought was the shot. Soon Stefan came back for the truck as Don had the nice buck on the ground.

Out again at 3:15 p.m. for red stag. We drove an hour to another property and met up with Hans Ramen, the gamekeeper. They hunted several people for trophy animals, had a driven hunt with family, and the gamekeeper often finished off the quota that was sold to local people. First he took me for a stalk through a wooded area to an open field with Don, Stefan, and Sofia following at a distance behind. I set up on one nice stag but he walked off with a hind. He saw another but I didn't. It was just a flash and we didn't see the head. We walked back through with nothing spotted.

We walked across a sugar beet field to a blind in some trees in the middle and we were going to sit until dark. I climbed the ladder to



Roe Deer



a very nice platform and Hans sat at the base. First two white fallow deer came out, a doe and fawn, and fed on the beet tops. I could see a very nice stag in the next field probably 800 yards away and hoped he would come closer. Then a nice stag came out at about 200 yards and I knew Hans would tell me to shoot. I kept looking

We saw several more red deer come out into that field to feed. Two more red stag came out but the first one was by far the best one. He kept feeding and we could only see him occasionally when he would raise his head because of the contour of the land.

Finally a muffled shot and the stag was down or at least we couldn't see him. A quick call to Hans confirmed a kill so we walked to see him. He was even larger than mine, a 6 x 7 with great mass.

Another couple joined us tonight at the lodge. They were Diane and Tom Wright from Florida and he was after a roe deer.

The next morning Tom and Diane left early to hunt but we slept in. Around 11:00 a.m. a film crew arrived to do an article about this lodge and we all went to a nearby restaurant for lunch. Don went out wing shooting for the afternoon. Stefan has a wonderful German Shorthair Retriever and another dog used for moose hunting. Towards evening we went out for wild boar. We saw a few small ones but will just have to try again.



down at him to see what direction he was looking to make sure I was seeing everything he was. He looked up at me and said to take him, which I did. Down he went with one shot. Away we went across the sugar beets to check him out. He was huge, just over the rut, and a 6 x 6. What a wonderful free range red stag! Here it is not legal to hunt during the rut.

Everyone came over to see my stag and as I was telling about it, we noticed the first stag I saw was still feeding in the next field. By using a silencer on my rifle, it did not disturb the other game.

Don and Hans went off on a stalk through the woods bordering the field. We waited and waited knowing it would take time to silently maneuver through the trees.



The next morning Don was out early for barnacle geese and back about 10:00 a.m. with 31 geese for a snack and then back out for pheasants. Jesper, who lives nearby, joins in on the bird hunts and helps guide. We went out late looking for wild boar again but the wind was blowing strong and the wild boars just weren't out.

The next day, Friday, October 14, Diane and I were picked up by Helena who guided us for a tour of Copenhagen, Denmark, another country that I had not seen. We crossed the bridge between the countries, which goes to a manmade island and then through a tunnel under the water arriving in Denmark. They made it partially over the water and then partially under the water because on the shore in Denmark is an airport and a bridge would get in the way of planes landing or taking off. It was easier to build a tunnel under the water than move the airport and a 40 year toll is paying for it. Many people live in Sweden and work in Denmark because it is cheaper so many are paying a toll.

We saw the Little Mermaid of Hans Christen Anderson fame, The Tivoli Gardens, the city hall where a wedding was taking place, the changing of the guard at the palace, walked the canals looking at ships and sailboats, and had lunch at a canal side restaurant drinking a dark beer. What a wonderful day!

Don and Stefan had a great day hunting partridge and pheasants and we ate partridge for dinner. They were served whole, wrapped in bacon. The bird hunting was great. Lots of birds and a great dog to hunt behind. Don enjoyed the wing shooting very much and would go back just to do it again.

The next day we drove two hours to another property, Eriksberg, with many, many animals including wild boar. We were tempted by buffalo and mouflon and they had beautiful fallow deer and red stag like we had already taken. After a delicious lunch we each were introduced to our guide and went out. The property had very rocky, rolling hills and stone fences from years past.

My guide was P.A. and after a short walk a wild pig startled us as we had startled her. She was large and in a hurry to leave. We checked tall, grassy areas where the boars like to spend their days sleeping. I carried the shooting sticks and used them as a walking stick through the rocky terrain. P.A. carried the rifle. After sighting many great animals we saw a pig eating under some trees. We crept to a moss covered boulder and P.A. determined it was a boar and I should shoot. I leaned on the boulder, made a fist with my left hand to get the gun the right height, and squeezed the trigger. Away he ran and acted like I had hit him good. We waited a few anxious minutes and went the 200 yards to see if we could find him. There was lots of tall grass, rocks, and downed trees so I climbed up on a rock to

look as P.A. went to our right. I could see what I thought was my wild boar behind a log to our left and went to him. I touched his eye with the shooting sticks and confirmed he was dead and P.A. came over to set him up for pictures. He had longer tusks than we had originally thought. P.A. radioed our location for someone to come and pick him up and we walked back to the lodge still seeing lots of animals on our way. When we got back, Don had been successful with harvesting a wild boar, also.

That evening we visited the lodge owner's wife's glass shop and studio. What beautiful items she makes.

The next day we were off to the airport and flew from Malmo to Stockholm to Frankfurt to Newark to Grand Rapids. We must have received a lot of frequent flyer miles. During this trip, we were in Scotland, England, Sweden, and Germany and I was also in Denmark, through six time zones and five different currencies.



DNR officer Steve Converse earns Shikar-Safari Club Wildlife Officer of the Year Honor

from Michigan DNR, April 19, 2017

Sixteen-year veteran goes above and beyond the call of duty.

Conservation Officer Steve Converse, a 16 year Department of Natural Resources veteran serving Manistee County, recently was honored by the Shikar-Safari Club International as Michigan's 2016 Wildlife Officer of the Year. The international hunting organization is involved in such recognitions of key officials in natural resources agencies across the United States and Canada.

Converse received the award at last week's regular meeting of the Michigan Natural Resources Commission in Lansing.

"We hold our officers to the highest standards," said DNR Law Enforcement division Chief Gary Hagler. "The fact that Officer Converse earned this recognition speaks to his outstanding dedication and professionalism. He genuinely cares about the people and resources he's sworn to protect. He's a credit to the DNR and Michigan's law enforcement community."

The award is presented to officers who show exemplary conduct and initiative while performing their duties.

Hagler praised Converse for his strong work ethic and devotion to duty. Converse routinely makes himself available to handle complaints and investigations no matter the time of day or night, even if the work takes him outside of his assigned county.

Converse is known for taking on additional responsibilities. For example, he serves as a charter boat inspector, a significant task considering Manistee County has one of the busiest commercial fishing harbors in the state. In addition, the DNR Law Enforcement Division relies on his creativity and expertise when developing training scenarios for new officers.

When it comes to protecting Michigan's natural resources, Converse gets results.

His investigative work results each year in numerous poaching convictions for fish and game illegally taken from Manistee and surrounding counties, generating tens of thousands of dollars in penalties and reimbursement to the state – in 2016 alone, Officer Converse had 16 successful prosecutions of deer-related violations that resulted in more than \$47,000 in reimbursement. Those proceeds support the department's management of Michigan's natural resources and help provide outdoor recreation safety and education programming.

Officer Converse was instrumental in the implementation of a 2015 regulation restricting devices used to illegally harvest fish in Benzie, Manistee and Mason counties.

While enforcing the law is a big part of an officer's job, Converse also enjoys serving as a DNR "ambassador" to educate citizens so they can safely and legally enjoy Michigan's outdoor opportunities. He teaches hunter safety classes and has positively influenced many young hunters during his career. Converse also routinely visits schools to educate students about Michigan's natural resources and to discuss career opportunities within the DNR.

Converse's colleagues nominated him for the award, demonstrating the respect he has earned among his peers.

A native of Middleville and an Olivet College graduate, Converse and his family live in Manistee County.

Michigan conservation officers are elite, highly trained professionals who serve in every corner of the state. They are fully commissioned peace officers with full authority to enforce the state's criminal laws. Learn more at www.michigan.gov/conservationofficers.



Chad Stearns recently presented Midland High and Dow High Schools' Trap Club a sponsorship check from the Mid-Michigan Chapter of SCI. Lori Kennemer, pictured center and head coach, shared, "This contribution will be an amazing benefit for both teams. We couldn't have made the season without your help."

MID-MICHIGAN CHAPTER OF SAFARI CLUB PRESENTS... THE 2017 ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP PARTY!

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SEPTEMBER 9, 2017

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ACCOMPANIED BY AN ADULT

*BRING YOUR OWN

EYE AND EAR PROTECTION

*SURPRISE SHOOTING PRIZES

*FREE .22 RIFLE RANGE AVAILABLE
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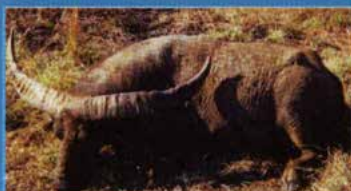


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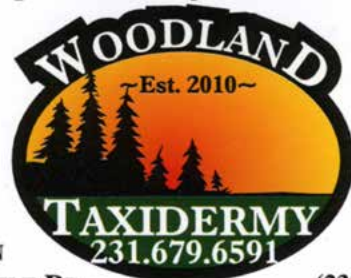
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