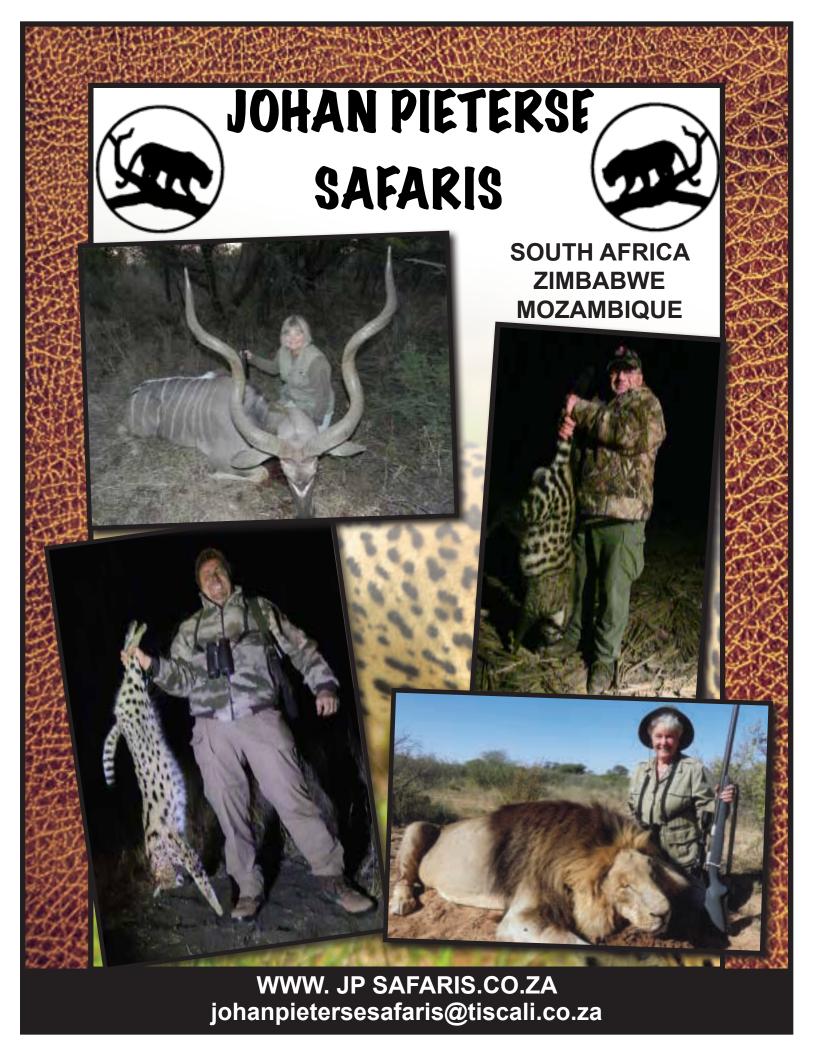


Mid-Michigan Chapter Safari Club International

January - March 2018, Issue 41



View from our Saskatchewan hunting blind chosen by Arlee Thideman Hepburn Lake Lodge Photo by Don Harter



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(Jeff Chadd Advertisement on pages 28 and 29)





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.



Chairmen are listed first

Chapter Record Book - Mary Browning

Conservation/Govt. Affairs -

Dispute Resolution - Kevin Unger, Joe Mulders, Jon Zieman

Matching Grants - Jon Zieman

Front Sight Publication/Advertising - Mary Harter

Education - Doug Chapin

**Membership** - Ron and Mary Browning

Nominating - Kevin Unger, Joe Mulders, Jon Zieman

**Programs for Membership Meetings** - Roger Froling, Doug Chapin

Big Buck Night - Mike Strope, Kevin Unger, Scott Holmes, Randy Raymond

Annual Awards Banquet/Fundraiser - Abbe and Joe Mulders, Kevin Unger, Don and Mary Harter, and all board members

Outfitter Donations - Roger Froling, Mike Strope, Scott Holmes, Kevin Unger, Joe Mulders

Raffles - Jeff Harrison, Doug Chapin

Public Relations and Marketing - Kevin Chamberlain

Shooting Sports - Chad Stearns

Humanitarian Services -

Sportsman Against Hunger - Mike Strope

Pathfinder Hunts -

Youth - Randy Raymond

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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#### Mid - Michigan Chapter Safari Club International • www.midmichigansci.org APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

I hereby apply for membership Fill out both mailing addresses as If at all possible we would like to u	FIRST well as email. Pleas	e indicate by placing a	MIDDL X in the	- appropriate box where	•		•
□ НОМЕ				BUSINESS	EMAIL AD	DRESS	
STREET			_	STREET			<del></del>
CITY							ZIP
TELEPHONE			_	TELEPHONE			
MEMBERSHIP DUES (PLEASE CIRCLE ONE)							
18 +	1 Year	\$ 35 National Dues		\$ 25 Local Dues	= \$ 60		5
	3 Years	\$ 150 National Dues		\$ 75 Local Dues	= \$ 225	12.0	10 3
	Life	\$1500 National Dues	S	\$300 Local Dues	= \$ 1,800		-1-1
	Over 60	\$1250 National Due	es	\$200 Local Dues	= \$ 1,450	,	
Check/Cash attached \$ Bill my credit card: VISA MASTERCARD DISCOVER (PLEASE CIRCLE ONE)							
CREDIT CARD NUMBER	EXPIRATION DATE NAME ON THE CARD			FIRST FOR			
APPLICANTS SIGNATURE	SPONSORS NAME				Mid-N	Michigan SCI D. Box 486	
DATE OF APPLICATION		SI	PONSOR	S ADDRESS		Mt. Pleasa	nt, MI 48804-0486



#### President's Message

Well, it's that time of the year, deer season. I hope everyone had a good year and for all of you deer hunters, I hope you were successful. Remember our Big Buck Night is Saturday, January 27, 2018 at the Comfort Inn in Mt. Pleasant (see page 5). Bring your rack and get it officially scored. It's a great event to attend and see all the big bucks taken this season.

Just an update: the DNR is still working on the deer herd regarding chronic wasting disease. They have been monitoring the areas that have been affected. There will be an update after the 2017 deer season.

From January 31 to February 3 is the SCI show in Las Vegas. This is the biggest hunting show in the world and something to see.

Keep in mind our big fundraiser will take place February 23 and 24 at the Soaring Eagle Casino. This is a great time to book a hunt. We will have outfitters from around the world. This is an event you don't want to miss.

There is a lot of fun hunting and fishing left to do this season. If you can take a child out hunting, this is the answer to help save our sport. The more young hunters that we involve in hunting and fishing, the more they will support us and be our voice in the future. Remember the anti-hunting activists don't stop. We must keep moving forward and protect our hunting future and the hunting future of our children.

We are selling tickets for a mule deer hunt with Jeff Chadd in Montana. The tickets can be purchased from any board member and cost \$20 each or 6 for \$100. This is a great, \$6,000 hunt. We will have tickets available at Big Buck Night.

Please be careful out there. I look forward to seeing everyone at the show.

You may contact me for any reason or concerns.

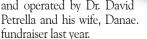
Best Regards,

Kevin Unger (989) 560-7288

Kevinunger1@frontier.com

#### Editor's Message

What a busy time!! This fall we took our daughter, Ann, on an elk hunt at PK Ranch near Lewiston and I also shot a management buck while there (story in next issue). This ranch is owned and operated by Dr. David





Petrella and his wife, Danae. Dave donated the elk hunt to our

Don harvested two beautiful 8-pointers during archery season on our property. Then we traveled to Montana to hunt mule deer with Jeff Chadd and were both successful. If you want a wonderful mule deer hunt, just ask to purchase a raffle ticket from one of our board members for a chance to win one.

Our own whitetail rifle season was exciting with many of our family with us from the night before opening morning through the weekend. Many were successful and there is a lot of venison in freezers for the winter.

Don't forget Big Buck Night on January 27 at the Comfort Inn. Registration begins at 4:00 p.m. Bring in that whitetail or mule deer rack to have it scored and entered for many prizes.

We can't wait to attend the International SCI Convention in Las Vegas from January 31 through February 3 and then our own at the Soaring Eagle Convention on February 23 and 24. Hope to see you all there.

Soaring Eagle

Keep Hunting,

·····

Editor

10 am - Close of Auction

#### SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Meeting Schedule

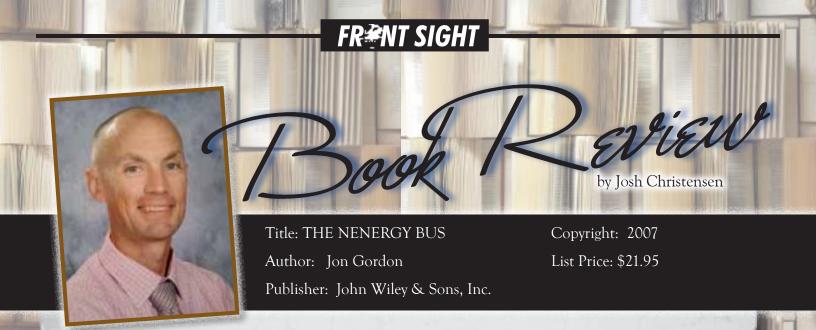
\* SUBJECT TO CHANGE

<u>Date</u>	Meeting Type	<u>Time</u>	<u>Location</u>
Jan. 27	Big Buck Night	4:00 pm Registration	Comfort Inn
Jan. 31 to Feb. 3, 2018	International Convention		Las Vegas

Convention Center Feb. 23, 2018 2 - 10 pm Soaring Eagle Mid-Michigan Convention Feb. 24, 2018

Mid-Michigan Convention

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



The author of The Energy Bus is a motivational speaker for businesses, schools, organizations and families, who tries to preach the importance and power of having a positive attitude even in the most difficult times.

In this fictitious book the reader is introduced to George, a man who is quite negative and as a result is having problems at work as well as at home. He is on the brink of being fired and losing his marriage, and he soon recognizes that his negative funk is only making his situations worse.

The story begins as George is rushing off to work, where he and his team are working on a huge project that will either save his job if it goes well or cost him his job if it doesn't. As he starts off to work, George discovers he has a flat tire which throws his day for a loop. In order to make it to work George is forced to take the bus. This is where he meets Joy, the bus driver, and the rest of her regular riders and his life is changed forever.

I'm guessing we all have at least a little negativity in our lives, like George, and can use some positivity. This quick read will be enjoyable and is definitely worth your time.

This book gets 10 out of 10 bullseyes





Sign
Your Kids Up Here
(9-15 years old)
For FREE Hunter's
Safety Classes
Beginning June 1,
2018

YOU
COULD WIN A
NEW DEER
RIFLE THAT NIGHT!
Just by signing up to be a
New Member
of SCI!

## BIG BUCK NIGHT

OPEN TO
THE PUBLIC
LIMITED SEATING

2018

RSVP BY DEC. 30TH Maxine @ 989-330-4463

Saturday, January 27th at the Comfort Inn 2424 S. Mission • Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858

Call 989-330-4463 for TICKETS - Adults \$25 • Kids 12 and under \$20 • Under 5 years FREE

Bring your rack that you shot in 2017 and get it PROFESSIONALLY SCORED! PLUS... Get in the FREE gun drawing with your scored rack!

#### WHITETAIL AND MULE DEER

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

#### REGISTRATION STARTS AT 4PM • DINNER AT 7PM

ALL TICKETS ARE PRE-SOLD!! Dinner includes two entree buffet, salad bar and dessert table Cash Bar • Free Soda For Kids

MUST HAVE A TICKET PRIOR TO EVENTI

For Hotel Room Reservations, call the Comfort Inn at 989-772-4000
For More Information Contact: Mike Strope @ 989-506-1113 • mstropecustombuilder@gmail.com

## Don't Miss It!

# 39th Annual Awards & Hunter's Convention

## Our Biggest Ever!

Friday & Saturday, February 23 & 24, 2018

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

Now with more room in the Entertainment Hall!

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

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



Sponsored by: Safari Club International Mid-Michigan Chapter

#### Friday, February 23, 2018

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

Saturday, February 24, 2018
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 p.m. - Close Live Auction

For more information, contact Abbe Mulders: (989) 450-8727 Tentative list of live auction items:

Check our website at: www.midmichigansci.org - for updates!

- 7 Day Plains game (\$1500 towards Trophy Fees) Johan Pieterse
- 10 Day Plains game (\$2000 towards Trophy Fees) Johan Pieterse
- 18 Day Sheep Hunt, Scalp Creek Outfitters
- 2 Trophy Whitetail Hunts, Bell Wildlife Specialities
- Whitetail 160 170, Low's Trophy Whitetails
- Trophy Fee for a Tsessebe Bull, Numzaan Safaris
- \$500 per Hunter (2 Hunters) towards Trophy Fees, Numzaan Safaris
- 7 Day Safari Hunt for 1 Hunter and 1 Observer with \$1000 towards Trophy Fees, Thormahlen and Cochran Safaris (Namibian African Hunting)
- 7 Day Safari Hunt for 1 Hunter and 1 Observer with \$1000 towards Trophy Fees, Thormahlen and Cochran Safaris (South African Hunting)
- 5 Day Red Stag Hunt, MG Hunting, Barrio Santo
- 1 Day Dove and Pigeon Hunt, MG Hunting, Barrio Santo (Buenos Aires)
- 5 Day Whitetail Hunt Kansas, 180 Outdoors, LLC, Matt Wonser
- 6 Day Bow or 5 Day Gun Whitetail Hunt, Tails of the Hunt, LLC, Aaron Volkmar
- Custom Engraved Wildlife Photo Scene, Rover Valley Laser Engraving, Jennifer Hickerson
- 10 Day Black Bear Hunt and Fishing Combo, Hepburn Lake Lodge, Arlee Thideman
- 6 Day Black Bear Hunt, Hepburn Lake Lodge, Arlee Thideman
- Black Bear Hunt, WFO Bear hunt, Garth Matyasovszky
- Moose Hunt, Cosco's Yukon Outfitting
- Red Stag Hung, Spain, Great Spanish Hunts
- Pheasant Hunt, Crooked Foot Upland Bird and Game Hunting, Michigan
- Elk Hunt, Hell's Half Acre Outfitters, Ronnie Davis
- Rustic Furniture, Dan, Dan the Mattress Man, Midland, MI
- 5 Day Whitetail Hunt in Iowa, Windy Ridge, Nick Boley
- 3 Day Turkey Hunt in Iowa, Windy Ridge, Nick Boley
- 3 Day Turkey Hunt in Iowa, Windy Ridge, Nick Boley
- · Wildlife Trophy Art Figure, Sam Soet Art
- Fishing Charters, Reel Rumor Sports Fishing Charters, Jim Lanfrankie
- · Plains Game, Safaris Unlimited, LLC

- Pheasant Hunting, Tails A Waggin' Acres, Chuck Connell
- Central Michigan Goose Hunt, Tom Deharde
- Salmon Fishing on Lake Michigan, Fish Hunt Charters, Davis James
- Mountain Hunting, Majestic Mountain Outfitters, Jeff Chadd
- Exotics Ranch Hunting, Morani River Ranch, John Frederickson
- Gold nugget style 10 KY yellow gold ring size 10½ with 5—.16ctw est ½-1 H-J diamonds, Mid-Michigan Safari Club
- Plains Game, Jan Oelofse Hunting Safaris, Namibia
- 7 Day, 2 Hunter 3 species Bird Hunting Expedition Mexico,
- · Balam Outfitters, Alfred Lamadrid
- Mackinac Bridge Tower Tour, Harters
- Sport Fishing Expedition, Crocodile Bay Sport Fishing and Expeditions
- Mountain Goat, Leuenberger's Baldy Mountain Outfitters, B.C.
- Youth Deer, Buffalo and Spring Turkey Hunts, Roger and Sherry Froling
- · Mountain Goat and Wolf Hunt, Iskut River Outfitters, B.C.
- Antelope and Archery Elk in Wyoming, Wycon Safari, Inc., Wynn Condict
- Whitetail Hunt, Marvels Whitetail Hunts, Jeff Thiesen
- Bear Hunts in Powers, Michigan, Wild Spirit Guide Service, Dan Kirschner
- Whitetail Deer and Elk, L-4 Ranch, Chris Ortwein
- Fur Coats and Vests, Cascade Furs, John Hayes
- Custom Rifle or Muzzleloader, Ultimate Firearms, Ken Johnston
- Mountain Goat, Tsiu River Lodge, Sam Fejes, Cordova, Alaska
- Red Stag, Water Buffalo, Sheep, Caza Pampa, Luis Mangararo, Argentina
- Sika Deer and Fishing, Mike Carlson, Larsen Bay/Kodiak Island, Alaska
- Elk Hunting, RB Outfitters, New Mexico
- Photo Safaris, Zula Nyla, South Africa







# The Isabella County Sportmen's Club and Mid-Michigan Safari Club International

By Mary Harter

I don't know if all of you know of our affiliation with the Isabella County Sportsmen's Club but we have been a partner with them for many years. We helped build the handgun and rifle ranges and yearly budget to help support the expenses. The club building and shooting ranges are located at 2872 W. Millbrook Road just east of Winn Road. The lock combination which changes yearly on February 15, is posted on the first page of every Front Sight. Please carry your membership identification on you when you visit the range.

Modifications have been made on the handgun and rifle ranges to minimize the chances of a bullet not striking a berm and hence potentially leaving the property. They have stepped up their efforts at educating the membership on range safety rules and safe shooting practices. Committee members and board members are encouraged to monitor activities on the ranges whenever they are on site. There is a new video surveillance system installed on the ranges 24 hours a day. Video may be used to address any complaints the board may receive or to investigate evidence of any unsafe shooting practices that may have occurred on any of the club's ranges. Please enjoy the ranges and follow the safety rules to have a fun and safe shoot.













On September 9, the Mid-Michigan Chapter of SCI held a Skeet Shoot at the Sportsmen's Club and here are some pictures of that event.

#### **Skeet Shoot Results:**

#### 5 Stand (Trophies)

1. Jeff Harrison 46

2. Dominic Mazzali 38

3. John Miron 34

4. Don Harter 32

#### **Trap (Bragging Rights)**

1. Jeff Harrison 43

2. Jimmy Miron 38

3. Nick Giuliani 34

4. Don Harter 33





#### **SCI Gun Insurance**

Worldwide, All-Risk coverage for your valuable firearms, optics, cases and accessories. Check these features:

- · Endorsed by SCI
- · Full replacement value coverage on guns still being made
- · No deductible
- No waiting period

- · Efficient claims handling
- · Coverage available for custom work and high value guns
- Coverage also available for scopes, binoculars and cases
- Just \$1.25 per \$100 of insured value
- · Apply on-line, by mail or fax
- · Coverage begins the day after you submit your completed application

Providers of SCI Mamber Insurance Programs since 1991



Sportsman's Insurance Agency, Inc. 1-800-925-7767





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The comprehensive program for SCI members who are professional guides and outfitters. You spoke up and asked for this program. SCI listened and now offers the finest liability insurance available for guides and outfitters! Check these features:

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- · Pre-approved by USFS
- · No cost for additional insureds
- Seasonal workers covered
- · Horses and boats covered
- Below market rates



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- · Average hunt values listed in application
- · Values may be increased for record book trophies
- Taxidermy coverage available
- · No appraisal necessary in most
- Deductible is only \$250

www.scimemberinsurance.com





#### **Statewide DNR News**

Michigan Department of Natural Resources sent this bulletin at 10/18/2017 03:20 PM EDT - Statewide DNR News

Oct. 18, 2017

## New wildlife license plate available Dec. 1 – common loon exits and elk enters





Starting Dec. 1, a new wildlife license plate will be available in Michigan. The current common loon plate will be replaced with an elk plate to help celebrate the 100th anniversary of the reintroduction of elk in Michigan.

"We are excited for the changing of the guard," said Department of Natural Resources Wildlife Division Chief Russ Mason.
"The loon license plate has had a long run, helping to raise over \$2.6 million for wildlife habitat since 2001 and will continue to raise money for the nongame fish and wildlife fund."

Next year marks 100 years since elk were reintroduced to Michigan, and celebrations are planned throughout the year. Once common in Michigan, elk had disappeared from the state in the 1800s due to unregulated take and lack of habitat. In 1918, seven elk were brought from the western United States to Wolverine, Michigan. The healthy and abundant elk population in the state today is a result of intentional land management and increased law enforcement.

"All funds from the sale of the elk license plate will continue to help wildlife management," said Mason. "This funding is extremely important because it helps all wildlife."

Those interested in purchasing the current common loon plate have until Nov. 30. Those who already have the loon license plate can keep it, with thanks from the DNR for supporting wildlife.

A new license plate can be purchased from the Secretary of State at any time for \$35. An additional \$10 specialty license plate fee is charged annually when drivers renew their registration. The funds from this renewal fee are given directly to the DNR for wildlife habitat work.

Order specialty license plates by mail or fax or at any Secretary of State branch office. To purchase a plate by mail or fax, complete and print the Wildlife Habitat License Plate Order Form. The plate will be mailed within 14 business days from the date it is ordered.

- Nov. 30 last day to purchase the loon license plate.
- Dec. 1 first day to purchase the new elk license plate.

To learn more about the state's elk population and history, visit michigan.gov/elk.

The Michigan Department of Natural Resources is committed to the conservation, protection, management, use and enjoyment of the state's natural and cultural resources for current and future generations. For more information, go to www. michigan.gov/dnr.









#### Roger Card's Blind by Mary Harter

Roger Card sent me pictures of his "Deluxe" hunting blind in Gaylord. The blind is approximately 20' square and approximately 20' in the air. Furnishings include a walk around deck on three sides with railing. The interior has a toilet, sink, fireplace, refrigerator, television, poker table and a shooting rest. It is pretty cool as you can see from the pictures he has shared.



We have a unique experience for our **Mid-Michigan Convention Auction** to be held on February 24, 2018 at the Soaring Eagle Casino. We have a **"Tower Tour of the Mackinac Bridge"** to be taken between May 1, 2018 and October 15, 2018. This is for two people and taken in the south or north tower to view and photograph the beautiful straits of Mackinac and the Mackinac Bridge.

One must be able to tolerate extreme heights as you will be 552 feet above the water. You must be physically capable of maneuvering through small openings or confined spaces. There are several small hatches/openings to climb through. You must be physically capable of climbing a ladder approximately 40 feet in length, but a small elevator takes you up to this point. You must be 56" or taller and weigh 80 lbs. or more. The tour takes approximately 1 10 hours with a maximum stay of 10 minutes on the tower. Only 25 of these tours are available to non-profit organizations each year.

Both Jenn and Kevin Cotter took this tour last November. Jenn said it was cold but such an exciting event as you can see from the pictures she has shared. She said the outside platform is quite large and she felt safe the whole time.



Don and I won this item at the National Sportsman's Caucus held at the Grand Traverse Resort in October. I called, and it is transferrable, so we are donating it for our auction.





### Our 2015 Alaskan Moose Adventure!



I've been hunting since I was a kid. I grew up hunting coon, rabbits, patridge, woodcock and squirrels. I couldn't wait to turn 14 to be able to hunt deer. It was a few years before I finally took my first buck- a fine 6 point. I was mesmerized by the antlers. I Love Antlers! So at a young age I started studying deer and became fascinated by Moose and Caribou who grew the biggest and coolest of all the antlers. Going Moose hunting was on my bucket list from a young age. Fast forward a few decades and dozens of Michigan whitetails later- I turned 50 in 2013 and still had not hunted Moose. My father passed away in 2007 and always wanted to take a trip to Alaska. So I decided I would go, somehow. I searched the internet for guided hunts and out of the blue a friend of mine, Brian, had purchased an Alaskan Moose hunt for September 2015 at the Flint SCI Banquet but could not go. I didn't bother asking why-I didn't need to know. He sold me the hunt for the same price and I was on my way to Alaska! I decided I wanted to share it with my son, Jameson. He would tag along, film the hunt and help with packing it out (must be nice to be young and strong). We hit the gym and mountain bikes and got in pretty good shape. We geared up and hit the rifle range. I felt very confident I could put 3 bullets in a pie plate at 500 yds, with a rest in calm winds.

September finally arrived and we flew to Anchorage, via Seattle and then on to Cold Bay. We were met by our pilot, Theo who flew us to camp at Bear Lake. We were mesmerized by the awesome landscape and friendly people. The guides in camp were Leo, and Shane; camp cook was Kat and Tanner was the young packer. The actual camp bush pilot was a seasoned good 'Ol boy name Nells. There was one other hunter in camp- Gordon, from Texas. Great bunch of people, awesome views and amazing food! My outfitter was Bear Lake Outfitters and they are well known for their bear hunts and moose hunts.

Breakfast in the morning consisted of fresh caught Dolly Vardens, from the Bear River only 50 yds from the back porch. It was rainy the first day and my guide recommended we stay in camp and glass from there. I knew enough to listen to the expert and we did that. We saw a HUGE bear and several cow and calf moose, but no bulls. At dusk we did see a nice bull moving across the tundra at a good pace. The second day was looking better and we headed out to see what we could see. We spotted a couple small bulls over a mile away and was back at the lodge for lunch when it started raining. Around 3:00 that afternoon the rain had mostly quit when we spotted a nice looking bull nearly 2 miles away resting on the side of the hill. We grabbed our gear and guns and jumped in

the boat and was out of there lickety split. As we rounded a bend in the river we came across a medium sized bear (7 footer) on the side of the river. When we got to the area we parked the boat and hit the slopes. We went slowly, into the wind and stopped to glass often. Leo spotted him bedded down behind some alders. I was a little bummed that I didn't see him first but that passed very fast. We glassed him and decided he was real nice! We edged into position about 400 yds away, using the cover of the low bushes. Leo started calling using his birch bark call and the bull reacted immediately. He stood and looked our way. After several minutes he started coming toward us. I could not believe this was really happening. The bull tore up some bushes and kept marching in. I hadn't noticed the wind, but it was blowing a solid 30 mph with gusts to 40. I knew I could not make a long shot. Leo assured me he would bring him in close. When he finally presented the shot I wanted- he was only 75 yards away. I honestly think I could have taken him with my bow. My first shot busted him in the shoulder and stopped him. My second shot dropped him, but I needed a finishing shot when we got in close. I was still mesmerized and the reality was slowly sinking in. We took lots of pictures and Jameson had gotten it all on camera! We cleaned him out and had to leave him for the night. I wanted to camp out right there to guard him.

The next morning we set out to butcher and pack him out. Leo told me there were lots of bears and wolves in the area, so we had to move with caution. If a bear was on it- it belonged to the bear. I was praying for wolves, as we each had a wolf license. To my surprise, nothing had touched it. It took us all day to butcher, and pack him out to the boat. Jameson and I insisted on helping with



the packing- and it was one of the best days in the field ever. It took the four of us 4 trips each, including the skull and hide. I had this crazy idea that I wanted to make me a jacket out the hide. After we got home, I asked Jameson what his favorite part of the entire trip was, other than the kill and he said the packing out. He's a Good Son! The following day we flew our gear and meat out to Kenai where the nearest big freezer was. I really did NOT want to.

We spent the weekend in Kenai and then drove to Anchorage and put my moose on an 18 wheeler (Alaskan Express) for shipping home. We now had 7 days before our flight back home. We rented a 4 wheel drive and drove to Denali, and stayed in Healy for a few days. In Denali, we saw Grizzlies, 42 moose in one day, Dalls

sheep and some little critters. In all, we saw 8 bears, 60+ moose, 3 caribou, 500+ walruses, 2 wolves, fox and others.

Upon arriving home and getting my moose back, I took the moose to a processor and my hide to a taxidermist. Upon getting the hide back I began the process of cutting out the pieces and prepared to sew up my jacket, by hand. My brother Tom suggested I take it to the Amish harness shop in Clare for sewing. I did and they did a fantastic job on it. I added in the antler burr buttons and artwork for a unique jacket that I wouldn't sell for anything- except maybe a moose hunt in Alaska.







# The Dream of HUNTING IN NEW ZEALAND by Josh Christensen

The dream of hunting in New Zealand started on my honeymoon in December of 2002. My wife (Sara) and I took a trip touring both the North and South Islands of New Zealand and three states and one territory of Australia. This was our first, but certainly not our last, trip out of the western hemisphere. While in New Zealand we were mesmerized by the unbelievable landscape, the extreme hospitality of the people and the culture of the Maori (the native people of New Zealand). To top it off we saw a nice red stag in velvet. I was in awe of the size of the antlers, especially compared to the size of the animal...I was hooked. I told my wife at that moment, "We are going to come back some day to hunt this majestic species." Two years later we were on our way to fulfill that dream.

After countless hours researching many outfitters in New Zealand I came to realize the best bang for the buck was with Alpine Hunting on the North Island. I decided I wanted to hunt for red stag and feral goat, while my wife showed a great deal of interest in the palmated antlered fallow deer. I was surprised and excited because Sara was raised in the city, in a family that never hunted, and although she had gone hunting with me several times, had never expressed any interest in being the one doing the hunting. So shortly after booking the hunt I surprised Sara with a .243. Her first rifle for her first hunt. We informed the outfitter of our intentions of adding a fallow stag and they were pleased to take Sara on her first hunt.

Plane tickets were purchased and in March 2004 we boarded a plane in Grand Rapids, Michigan to begin our travel to New Zealand for what we hoped was going to be a hunt of a lifetime. The only hiccup happened here. Following 9/11 we were always told we couldn't lock our luggage. So when I packed our gun case I left it unlocked and even left my keys at home. I was very trustful with my luggage in those days. I have since wised up after our guns were misplaced for a couple of days on our return flights to the states.

Anyway, we were informed at the airport we would need to lock the gun case. The problem was my dad dropped us off at the airport and this was before we had cell phones. So I had to catch a taxi to the nearest store at 7:00 a.m. on a Saturday. The driver recommended Meijer. Once there I ran in and bought a chain and a padlock. Our gun case looked quite interesting with ten feet of chain (the shortest chain I could find at the store) wrapped around it.

After catching connecting flights in Chicago, Los Angles and Auckland (it was a long trip) we were met at the Palmerston North airport by one of Shane's employees who



would drive us the two hours to the hunting lodge. The comical part of the meet is the guy who was suppose to pick us up let us walk right past him, and in the same token we had no idea he was there to pick us up. After a quick phone call to the lodge everything was figured out and we were on our way. Our escort from the airport explained he thought we were "Kiwis", a term used to describe someone from New Zealand, and was waiting for someone in camouflage to get off the plan.

The drive to the hunting area was beautiful in only a way New Zealand can be. As we drove our way through the countryside we lay eyes on many farms and mountains and saw more sheep in a two hour span than a country boy from Michigan had ever seen. We were later told there were over forty million sheep in New Zealand.

We arrived at Shane Quinn's Alpine Hunting tired from our day and a half of traveling half way around the world, but were still able to find the strength to go out and glass animals that evening. The weather wasn't perfect, with a cool breeze, grey skies and a drizzle, but we were in New Zealand and eager to see what the mountains around the lodge had to offer. Before we went out to scout the area that evening we settled into our room and got freshened up. I was able to kill some time before going out by using a spotting scope set up on the back porch of the lodge to glass the countryside. I had the good fortune of seeing many animals as I glassed an area of two to three square miles; including elk, fallow, sika, arapawa sheep and red deer, one of which really peaked my interest. This red stag had many points, but what really drew me to him was he had a drop-tine type antler coming out, not down, of each of his crowns.

Our guide for the evening was lan, but everyone called him "Smiley" (there was another lan who guided in camp). He told us he wasn't sure who our guide would be the next morning, but since his client had connected on a stag that day he would be free to take us out to glass. Ian was a shorter, stocky man; probably five foot six inches, with very broad shoulders and thighs about the size of my waist! He had the look of a true mountain man and was very personable. We seemed to hit it off from the start. We were full of questions and he had all the answers.

We met another guide at Alpine hunting from Michigan.
We got to talking and found out he grew up not 50 miles from



where I did and since the hunt have seen him several times at sporting goods stores and hunting shows. This goes to show it's a small world.

From the lodge, we took a four wheeler to get us closer to the mountains, which Shane and his staff called hills. It was an interesting ride as we sat on the quad. Ian was in the drivers' seat, straddling the quad, while Sara and I each sat on a rear fender hovering over the rear wheels. We would later find this was going to be our main means of transportation. On several occasions during the hunt I would have to reposition myself so I wouldn't fall off as we drove and in doing so would push the fender down into the wheel making one hell of a racket!

Once we got near the mountains we dismounted our vehicle and walked to a good vantage point. The red deer were in full rut and I was in total amazement. These animals, smaller than an elk, had a low roar that seemed to be coming from stags all over the property. I couldn't believe the intensity of the rut with these animals. We saw stags sparring and one wallowing in the mud. Needless to say, I couldn't wait for the next day to start our hunt. We also saw a decent white fallow stag from our glassing spot which peaked both Sara's and my interest, but Ian told us we could do much better.

That night, after a wonderful dinner, Sara and I settled in for the night in our comfortable room. Our accommodation included a large room, with a queen sized bed and our own bathroom. We also had an enormous bay window facing the same area of the property where we were able to glass earlier in the day. From our room we could see and hear many stags. It goes without saying that I had great dreams of big stags that evening.

Around 6:00 the next morning there was a knock at the door of our room. It was lan, he informed us it was time for breakfast and he would be guiding us for the duration of our stay. Sara and I were both happy to hear lan would be our guide as we had gotten along well and he appeared to be very matter of fact and down to earth kind of guy.

It didn't take us long to get up and around. We were both anxious to get out into the field and locate a monster stag. We ate breakfast and discussed our plans for the morning hunt and afterward the three of us mounted our quad and drove off in search of red stag. The weather was better than the day before, but it still wasn't perfect. The rain had subsided, but it was still overcast with fairly high winds making you covered the nape of your neck to stay comfortable. That didn't stop us from seeing many stags as we sat atop a mountain to glass, and we heard many more, but not "the one" that I had traveled all this way to take.

We did see one nice stag that I was willing to put a stalk on, but he was on the next mountain over and lan explained we would bump all the other animals between him and us before getting to him and he would be gone. So we decided to go in for lunch and see if we would have better luck in the evening. While at lunch, I mentioned seeing the nice stag with "kicker points" while glassing the day before to our guide. He asked where I saw the stag and I showed him from the back porch of the lodge.

From this conversation a plan was hatched for the evening hunt. We would go to the top

of a mountain and glass the area looking for this particular stag. That afternoon the three of us assumed our positions on the quad and drove out to the area. We drove up trails until we were very close to the top of our glassing area. When we arrived at our destination lan did something I found interesting at the time. He parked the 4-wheeler on a large incline facing down the trail we drove up the side of the mountain on. (I'll get to why in a moment.)

We walked the rest of the way to our glassing area, maybe 150 yards, and began to look for animals. We glassed many nice stags, but not the one I saw the day before. Finally, about an hour before dark Smiley spotted a stag that fit the description of what we were looking for. He positioned his spotting scope on the animal and had me take a look so I could see the stag up close, and it was definitely the one I saw the evening before. I was extremely excited and let him know it was "the one", but the sun was nearly gone and our window of opportunity was closing fast. We were now down to about fifty minutes of shooting light left.

We had to travel about a mile to get to the stag. It would have been a much shorter trip if we could have gone straight at him, but the slope of the mountain was too steep and wouldn't allow it. So the three of us jumped on the 4-wheeler, lan placed the vehicle in neutral and we began to coast down the mountain without a sound. (lan must have done this before.) We were able to close the distance by at least half before we had the start the quad. While coasting we were able to pass several animals at a distance without spooking them.

When we got to within a quarter of a mile from where we last saw the Stag the sun had set and shooting light was beginning to fade. We would have to move quickly if I was going to have an opportunity to take this magnificent animal. We jumped off the 4-wheeler and moved to the last spot we saw the stag; in a valley with rolling hills on both sides. As we crested one hill to the valley we were able to see the Stag trot along through the bottom and out of sight over another of the rolling hills. After seeing the stag trot out of sight the three of us ran to the next hill only to see the same thing; the stag disappearing over the next hill. This happen two more times until the stag started to trot out of the valley towards some thick cover.

Now, out of breath from doing my hill workout for the day, we could finally see the large beast and he was about to run off into the bush. All of our work this evening was about to be thrown out the window, until lan cupped his hands and did his best impression of a roaring stag. This did the trick and seemed to make the stag a little angry, as he stopped in his tracks and

looked back to find the stag that was challenging his territory.

The stag was roughly 125 yards away when he stopped. I tried to find a good rest to shoot from, but all I could find was a little sapling that was as useless as a winter jacket in summer time. This shot was going to have to be taken free hand. I sat down and tried to steady myself and breathe deeply to gain a little composure.



I found the stag in my scope, took a breath and I squeezed the trigger. The stag hunched up so I knew he was hit but he didn't go down. Smiley told me to "hit him again", so I began to unload my rifle. I wasn't going to let the stag I traveled all this way for get into the thick bush. I shot three more times until

the Stag finally dropped. I felt like kid in a candy store! I couldn't wait to get over to the stag.

Upon walking up to the stag I was almost speechless. This was my first overseas hunt and the best trophy of any species by far. Looking over the stag all I could do is smile and gaze at the antlers in awe. The mass of the antlers was ridiculous compated to the whitetails I was used to. The bases of the antlers were so big I couldn't get my hand all the way around them.

Pictures were taken and

lan went back to the lodge to get a vehicle with a trailer so we could bring my quarry back to the lodge. That evening I had a cold one and relived the hunt while explaining it to the other hunters at camp. I had my stag and I am sure I had a smile on my face while I slept very peacefully that night.

The next morning arrived and it was Sara's turn to hunt. There was great excitement in the air at the lodge from not only me, but our guide and others at the lodge as well. Remember this was Sara's first time being the hunter, not the observer. She was armed with her .243 and 100 grain Winchester Power Point Plus ammunition.

The morning hunt started off very similar to the morning hunt the day before. We mounted our quad journeyed out in the same direction, but this time we were looking for a fallow stag. We drove out further than we did the day before and were at the top of a mountain in no time. From there we glassed the area looking for a good fallow for Sara. Once again, the morning started off cool and breezy, but it would calm down by lunch time.

While glassing from our perch atop a mountain over a large cliff we saw many red stags, sika stags (some of which looked as big as red stag) and even a few fallow stags. I thought one of the fallow stags was impressive, and asked lan about it but he told us in his Kiwi accent, "That fallow isn't big enough for

Sara's first animal." This made me happy because I knew Ian was looking for something special for Sara and I thought "damn, if that one isn't big enough, Sara is going to have a chance at a monster!"

We soon departed that mountain top and went to the base of another. This one we were going to climb. Ian told us he liked guiding younger people (at the time we were only

26 years of age) because they like to walk and not just drive around. Walk we did! It was a beautiful trek up the mountain, but it was one of those where your legs burn and your lungs can't ever get enough oxygen. It probably had something to do with the fact that the elevation of New Zealand is much higher

than that of our home state of Michigan.

We walked up the mountain, taking several rest breaks, until we reached the top. From there we worked our way around the back side and eventually ended up back at the vehicle. In all, the walk took about four hours and who knows how many miles. Along the way we saw many red stags, heard the alarm call of a sika, and saw some of the most beautiful landscape on the planet. Sara and I have a great picture from this trek with snow covered mountains in the background.

By the time we reached the quad morning was turning into afternoon and we decided to call it a morning and head in for lunch. But we didn't head straight to the lodge, lan wanted to make one stop first. He wanted to swing by a spot where he had seen some fallow stags bedding in the afternoon the week before. This was a little grassy meadow surrounded by tall bushes; a very safe place for

animals, unless you can get a vantage point on a mountain nearby. Lucky for us, and when I say us I mean Sara, we did check this spot because as we started to glass the area we saw not one, but three nice fallow stags taking an early afternoon siesta.

lan had us set up on a ledge about 200 yards above the animals on the opposite side of a valley and wait for them to stand up so Sara could get a good shot. Ian didn't want Sara to have to take a shot at an animal that wasn't standing. He set up his backpack for a shooting rest and he and Sara got into the prone position while I sat behind them to video tape the



hunt. We didn't want to force them to stand because we were fearful they would run off before offering a shot. So we settled in and waited, and waited, and waited some more for the stags to get up. At least the weather was nicer now with the sun shining and the wind nearly gone.

The good part about waiting so long was we were able to thoroughly look over each stag to see which one was the best. Of course, lan was the one to tell us which

one would be Sara's target, because to us they all looked good. After we had selected the stag for Sara, we waited for him to wake up and stand up. About an hour passed as we waited patiently continuing to glass the three animals.

Finally, one of the stags got up from his resting place and began to graze and move on into the bush, but it wasn't the one lan wanted Sara to shoot. Then we watched as a second



fallow stood up and did the same as the first. But once again, it was not the one we were after. After, about another half hour these two ventured off, and the fallow Sara was after stood up slowly and began to stretch offering her a perfect broadside shot. Sara calmly and slowly got her crosshairs on the stag. She took a great deal of time to steady herself for the shot. In my mind I was urging her to shoot, then I was screaming for her to shoot.

When she did squeeze off a shot the result was easily

seen by all three of us. The fallow hunched up and went straight into the bush not three yards away from where he was laying and vanished. Sara quickly racked the bolt of her rifle, but the stag was in the bush. We scanned the outskirts of the bush to see if he would run out, but we never saw him exit the bush.

We waited for a half hour and reviewed the video several times. Then made our descent to where we last saw the deer. When we got to the spot Sara shot her stag we found him laying dead right inside the bush. It was an awesome shot for an awesome animal. This animal, Sara's first animal, was a beautiful fallow with a very wide

spread, many points, and very nice palmated antlers.

Handshakes were exchanged and we were all truly happy for Sara. I tried to put blood from the fallow on Sara's checks, a rite of passage for first time hunters, but she insisted that wasn't going to happen. I tried once more, when lan saw what was going on he told me, "If she can shoot like that, I wouldn't push the issue." So I decided she didn't need the blood on her face that badly.

Many pictures were taken before lan gutted the animal and we made our way back up to the quad. I asked lan how we would get the fallow out of this tangled bush area and he told me he had a plan. He had me help him place the antlers of the animal into the crotch of a tree at about our head level. Then he cut the bottom portion of the back legs between the bone and the tendon. Next, he put the front leg of the right side through the hole he cut in the back leg on the right side and tied them together with rope. He did the same with the left side and made a fallow deer back pack. He then sat at the base of the tree placing his arms through the loops he made out of the legs. When he stood up he asked me to free the antlers from the tree and away we went back to the quad.

Since there wasn't room for the three of us and the deer on the quad we drove back to the lodge to get a vehicle with a trailer to bring him back to the lodge. For her awesome one shot kill from 200 yards Shane, the owner of Alpine Hunting, nick named her "Anne Oakley". Years later we had friends hunt with Shane and he still remembered "Anne Oakley" and her shot.

We sat down for a late lunch and discussed the day's events as well as played the video back for all to see. From there a plan was hatched to go out that night looking for feral goats. About two hours after lunch we piled back onto the

quad and made our way to a different part of the property to try to find some goats. We went the opposite direction we did the previous times. This time we sat atop a hillside overlooking the picturesque Rangitikei River. We glassed for quite a while before spotting any goats, and when we did spot them there was a large herd of them and they were not where lan thought they would be. We didn't have a shot opportunity where they were and there was no way to get closer to them without spooking them. So we waited for them to feed away from us.

They did just that and fed their way right up a very steep hillside. By the time we moved our way down to the base of the mammoth hill, they were feeding on, the sun was quickly disappearing into the west. We quickly glassed the large herd for the goat with the best horns and after much direction from Ian I settled in for the vertical shot. I was on one knee trying to use the front of the quad to steady myself for the shot, not the easiest place to shoot from and not a shot I have ever practiced. Of course I ended up missing with my first shot. I quickly worked the lever of my rifle and chambered another round, found the goat again and this time my aim was true as the goat dropped like a sack of potatoes.

lan and I climbed the vertical 60 degree face of the hillside to claim my prize. We freed him from the bush he was tangled in and slowly slide our way back down on our backsides. Once safely back on flat land we took pictures and watched as lan cut a foot an a half portion of the goat off the carcass. We watched curiously as he walked over to a nearby stream that was about three feet wide at its widest point. He went to a small pool in the stream and began to dangle the slice of goat in the water. From the deepest part of the pool came a shadow and then whatever it was tried to grab the piece of goat. It missed and Sara and I were wondering what this thing was. Ian place the piece of goat back into the water and swirled it around, this time the shadow grabbed hold of the goat hide.

lan calmly pick up the piece of goat he was holding and attached to the other end was a fresh water eel that was almost three feet in length! The eel was doing a death roll with the goat unit lan placed it on the ground. This type of eel is native to New Zealand and it has many teeth. Its' teeth are like a sharks and are layered in its mouth. The teeth are also angled back into the eel's mouth so when it bites something it can't let go. It was quite a site to behold and one I doubt I will ever forget. I know I will never forget the hunting in New Zealand and the beauty its' land has to offer. I look forward to the day when the opportunity presents itself again to venture back to the most beautiful place in the world to hunt a few more of Gods great creatures.



## in Saskatchewan

By Mary Harter

On May 26, 2017, we left home at 6:00 a.m. for Saskatchewan and Arlee and Darlene Thideman's Hepburn Lake Lodge. We had purchased their 10-day hunt/fishing combo which was 5 days of hunting at their drive-in camp and 5 days of fishing at their fly-in camp on Hepburn Lake. I was doing the bear hunting as I wanted a color phase bear and we were both going fishing. We drove for 14 hours to Grand Forks, ND where we spent the first night enjoying a delicious rib dinner before sleeping. We saw a bear in the upper peninsula.



The next day we drove 12 hours arriving in Prince Albert at 7:00 p.m. where we had a Caesar salad at Boston Pizza, finished off the ribs from the previous night in our room and went to bed. We saw a fox and coyote on our travels.

The next day we drove to Thideman's drive in camp out of LaRonge seeing moose on the way. What a drive! We were glad we had 4-wheel drive as the gravel roads were muddy from all the rain. Arlee was there to greet us as well as his daughter, Stacey, and nephew, Cole. This camp was made up of several travel trailers and fifth wheels. We had our own fifth wheel which gave us plenty of room for all our hunting clothes.

We hunted the first night seeing three bears, one with a white blaze. We hunted side by side in a metal tree stand with a metal ladder attached. We went in by quad to a stand with bait about 40 yards away. We used Thermacells every day as there were lots of bugs, mostly mosquitoes. We hunted from about 2:00 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.

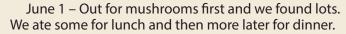
Out the next day and in the same stand from 8:40 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. with Don beside me the whole time. Three bears came in about 2:15 p.m. Picked up about 3:30 p.m. and back out at 5:30 to 10:00 p.m. Two bears came in and fought for the bait.

Out on the 30th to a different stand where they have a color phase on camera. Two blacks came in, one small bear very early and a bigger bear later that kept coming to the bait and taking some away to eat.

Out to the previous stand and two black bears came in. One was good sized but I only want a color phase. Don had mentioned to Arlee that conditions seemed right for morel mushrooms to be up if they were in the area. The plantings seemed right for the mushrooms to live here. Arlee and Stacey found some morels that we had for supper. Delicious. Stacey and Cole didn't think they liked mushrooms until they tasted these.







Out to "Ron's Stand" about 3:00 p.m. Cole gave me some brown hair he found at the bait. I put it in my pocket for good luck. The first bear came in at 6:10 p.m. but ran away at 6:50 p.m. The bear pooped right in front of the bait, not quite the Charmin commercial but close. "My" bear came in on my right and Don saw him first. He said, "There's your bear!" I knew it must be a shooter from that and when I saw it, I immediately went into shooting mode. He approached the bait but first sniffed where the small black bear had pooped earlier. Then he sat down but soon got up to walk to the bait. Just as soon as his chest was clear of a clump of trees, I squeezed the trigger. I wasn't going to take time and miss any opportunity. He lunged and whirled back to







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his right and we both knew it was a good shot. Then he piled up about 30 yards away and Don said, "He's down, he's dead." Oh, wow!! All these hours in a stand had finally paid off. In just seconds, I had my bear.

We wanted to get down and go see him but thought we should sit for a while and just watch. With all the trails leading to the bait, this seemed to be a very active area. When we thought it was clear to go look, the little one came back. He could smell "my" bear but was too afraid to go in to check him out. Apparently, they had confrontations before. At 7:30 p.m. we were to shoot if we had a bear so at 7:30 with the little black bear at the base of our stand, Don shot. The little bear ran off.

In a few minutes we thought we would get down and go look at my bear. It was still daylight but I was worried about other bears so we waited and then a huge black bear came in on our right. Good thing we hadn't gotten down. We would have been at my bear taking pictures and away from our stand. The big black bear walked around and went up to my bear and started dragging him away. Thank goodness, we could see him and



know what was going on. It was about 7:45 and Don shot over the big black's head to scare him off. He had only moved my bear a few inches. We also yelled and screamed and he finally ran off and never returned.

The little one came back in just a few minutes. We kept chasing him away by yelling but finally after he returned several times, we decided to let him stay at the bait pile. He was too afraid to bother my bear and would alert us if another bear was coming in.

Don shot again at 8:00 and 8:30 but the wind was blowing so hard, Arlee couldn't hear any of our shots. The little bear would run away a short distance but come right back. At the last shot, he didn't even move. His stomach dominated his common sense.

At 9:45, Arlee and Cole came in to get us. We were relieved to see them as we only had four shells left. Cole remembered seeing my bear six years earlier. At 13 years, he had sat in our blind with his younger brother and Aunt Stacey to check to see if any bears were coming in. Previous hunters hadn't seen any but that





night they saw 12 different bears. My bear a year old, came in with his black mother and blond sibling. He had a beautiful white blaze on that cinnamon fur and Cole remembered him. That made my bear seven years old. That brown hair Cole had given me earlier must have given me good luck!

The next morning after pictures, Arlee and Stacey skinned my bear. He had been in many fights with a scared nose, many cuts and bruises and claw marks. Most color phase bears are picked on by the black colored bears when they get older. We had spent over 40 hours during five days in four different stands seeing several black bears until finally finding "my" beautiful cinnamon colored bear and Don sat by my side the whole time!!

Arlee's area has many bears and several color phases. We saw a sow with two cubs, all color phase, on the road and many were on camera. What an excellent area.

We drove on to Missinipe to fly to the fishing camp on



Hepburn Lake. When we arrived in Missinipe, they were fogged in and no one was flying so we got breakfast at the local restaurant and sat with others, waiting to fly out. While waiting and drinking lots of coffee, we got to talking to the waitress and she remembered us from two years prior when we were there with our whole family celebrating our 50th wedding anniversary. She remembered the special cake they had brought frozen from Michigan and ask her to serve it to us after our meal.

Finally, the fog lifted and we were on the first plane to fly out. When we arrived in camp, we were greeted by Darlene, Jim, and Shelly and found that the ice had gone off the lake only a week earlier. We were later joined in camp by two men from Manitoba which were very enjoyable company. We caught many walleyes but the lake trout fishing was phenomenal. We often had doubles and eventually hoped the fish got off the line before we got them to the boat so we didn't have to bother to unhook them. We ate lots and lots of fish, both walleyes and lake trout, and brought home our limit.

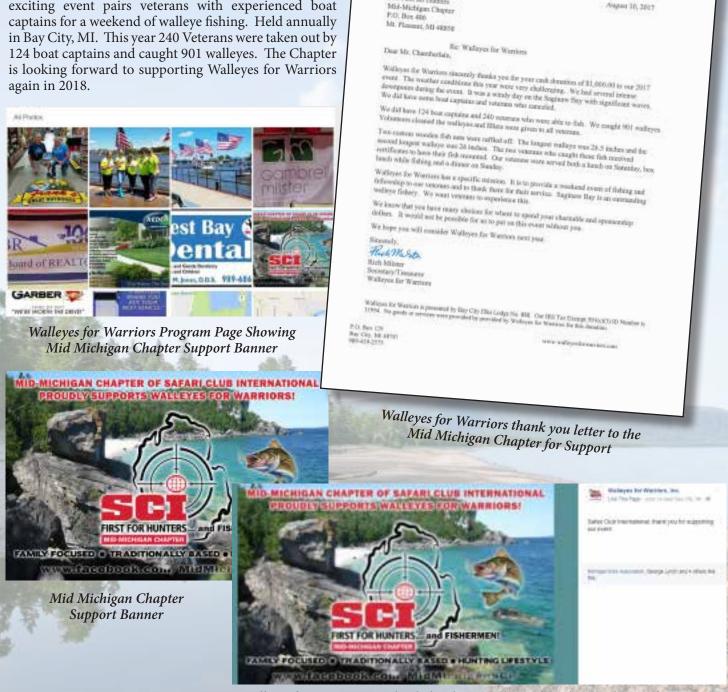


SCI First for thepen

## Mid Michigan Chapter of SCI Supports Walleyes for Warriors

By Jon Zieman

The Mid Michigan Chapter of Safari Club International was happy to once again support the Walleyes for Warrior program (http://www.walleyesforwarriors.com/). This exciting event pairs veterans with experienced boat again in 2018.



Walleyes for Warriors Facebook thank you to the Mid Michigan Chapter for Support

## AMERICAN LANDMARKS

Below you will find many landmarks of the United States. Can you name the state where you would find them?

1.	White House	
2.	Statue of Liberty	
3.	The Alamo	
4.	The Pentagon	
5.	The Space Needle	
6.	Pike's Peak	
7.	Devil's Tower	
8.	Little Bighorn	
9.	Appomattox	
10.	The French Quarter	
11.	Mt. Rushmore	
12.	National Mall	
13.	Niagara Falls	
14.	Glacier National Park	
15.	Graceland	
16.	Carlsbed Caverns	
17.	The Grand Ol'Opry	
18.	Radio City Music Hall	
19.	Independence Hall	
20.	Arizona Memorial	
21.	The Breakers	
22.	Gettysburg	
23.	Hot Springs	
24.	Grauman's Chinese Theater	
25.	Zion National Forest	
26.	Gateway Arch	
27.	Mesa Verde	
28.	Mammoth Caves	
29.	Great Salt Lake	
30.	Fort Sumter	











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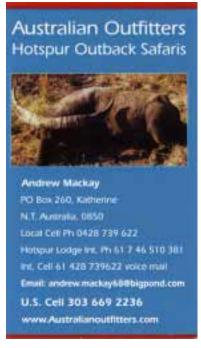
**BEAR HUNT** by Gary Tilmann WITH MY PARENTS by Ann Koch





**MY DREAM OF** COLLECTING THE **FNAWS!** (Four North American Wild Sheep) by Dan Catlin







Hard work is easier to admire if you don't have to do it.

#### Jeff Chadd

Alaska Master Guide #125 Montana Outlitter #6792 sheephunter@majesticmountainoutlitters.com



#### Josh Chadd

Alaska Registered Guide #1346 Montana Guide #13158 full curl@majesticmountainoutfitters.com







We are so THANKFUL for our friends and members of the Mid-Michigan SCI Chapter that participated in yet another successful hunting season in 2017.



Caleb & Alyssa











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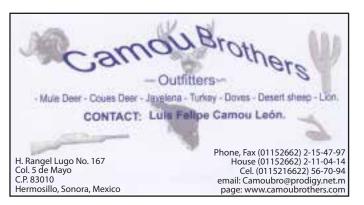




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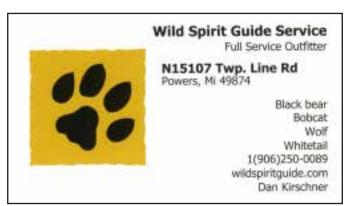
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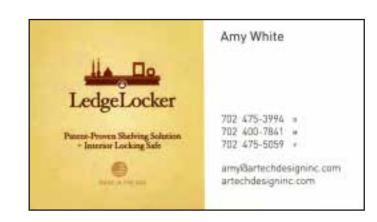


Confidence is sometimes the feeling you have before you know better.



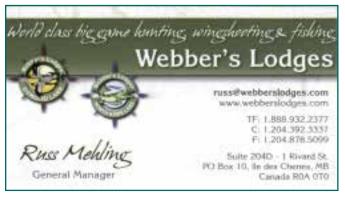














Silence is one of the hardest arguments to refute.

















A person may cause evil to others not only in his actions but by his inaction, and in either case he is justly accountable to them for the injury.











It's fine to celebrate success, but it is more important to heed the lessons of failure. — Bill Gates



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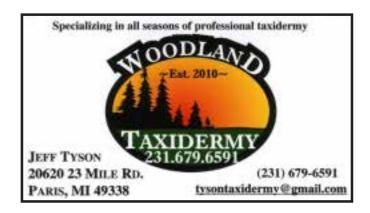


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Never try to reason the prejudice out of a man. It was not reasoned into him, and cannot be reasoned out.



#### COLD WEATHER CLOTHING FOR SALE

Paul Conner has most of the clothing pictured for sale. He wore it hunting in Shishmaref with Wittrock Outfitters. Anorak arctic parka XL, Gor-Tex bibs L, Baffin arctic boots rated to -94 degrees, size 11, Northern Outfitters arctic mittens with liners, Bolle ski goggles w/vermilion lens color, and Crown leather Snoopy hat, all valued at \$1,383 for \$600. Also, for sale is his rubber stocked, all stainless-steel Ruger Alaskan .375 rifle with several boxes of factory ammunition in 270 and 300 gr., topped by a Leupold 2 x 8 scope with a Ruger soft case made for this rifle, for \$1,250. If interested, please call him at 765-453-0976 or email him at pnp2009@comcast.net













Earth and sky, woods and fields, lakes and rivers, the mountains and the sea, are excellent schoolmasters and teach some of us more than we can ever learn from books.



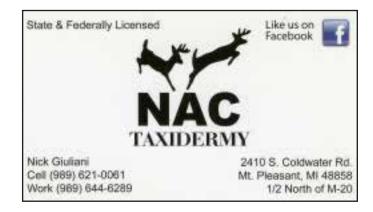










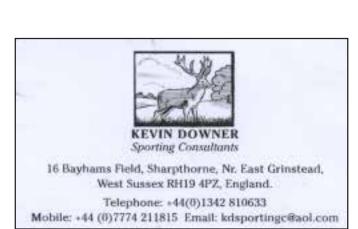




Choice, not chance, determines destiny.



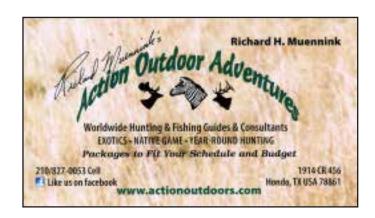








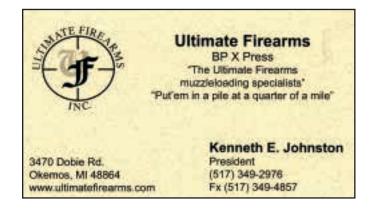


















The race is not always to the swift, but to those who keep on running.

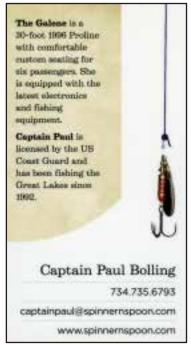
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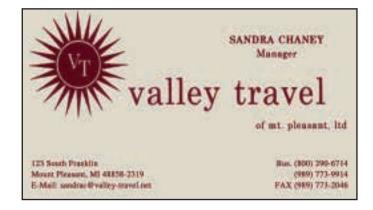
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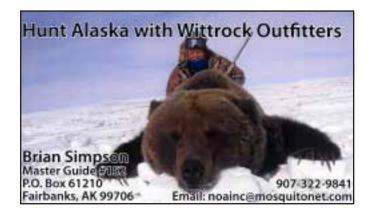








Patience is the ability to let your light shine after your fuse has blown.











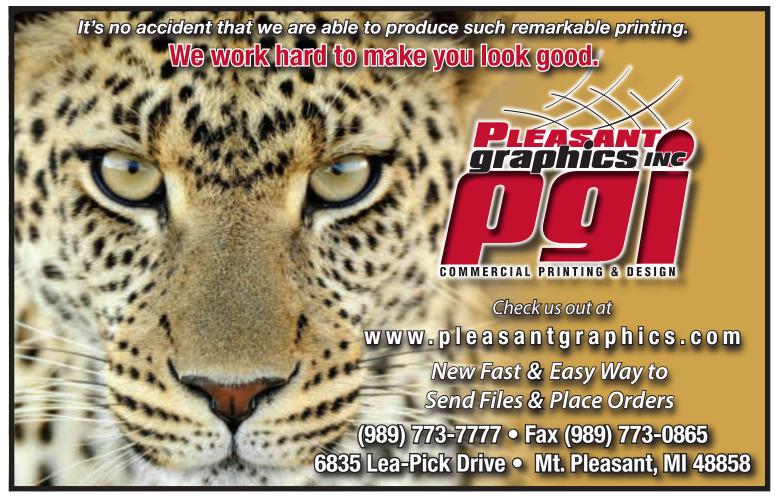






It is possible to be happy without demanding that everybody agree with you.





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