

Mid-Michigan Chapter Safari Club International

January - March 2021, Issue 53





JOHAN PIETERSE SAFARIS







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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. In order to receive the lock combination you will need to contact Lance Norris at either (989) 621-2794 or ruter1lb@cmich.edu to take a safety training/orientation to familiarize yourself with the club. When visiting the Sportsman's Club please carry membership identification on you.

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

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

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President's Message



The Election and Deer Season should be about over by the time you read this. I hope you had some good luck hunting! Please share some of those stories by submitting them to the Front Sight! It has been a busy fall and COVID-19 is still an issue!

The SCI Annual Convention schedule for February in Las Vegas has been changed to a virtual event. The logistics and planning were not possible due to the uncertain COVID-19 landscape. However, our Chapter Annual Convention is still planned for Friday and Saturday, February 26th and 27th, 2021 at Soaring Eagle. Big Buck Night is on for Saturday January 23rd, 2021 at the Comfort Inn.

The format for this year's Chapter Convention has been updated. You should have seen a "Save the Date" postcard in November. Friday is now a "Thank You" evening for Members and Outfitters. You may sign up at the door to attend and each member will have a chance to win an excellent Grizzly Bear Hunt to be drawn from those present! The Saturday event will no longer have a dinner. The COVID-19 situation made planning a dinner impossible. The Board expects the new format to be more fun and fast paced. As always, appreciate the outfitters that help sponsor our Convention. 2020 has been a very difficult year for them due to the severely disrupted business over the last year. Please continue to support them.

There are several interesting articles in this issue of Front Sight that deal with our chapter efforts. One is a rundown of where some of our grant funding is given in our Education, Humanitarian, Conservation, and Pathfinder efforts.

We are also reviving the Conservation Report based on our interaction with the DNR through the MIC. What is the MIC that I keep mentioning? Read the article and refer to a detailed article in a 2017 Front Sight Issue.

Please let us know your suggestions for improvements and activities for the Chapter. Time to get the ice fishing going and continue the rabbit or perhaps some predator hunting.

Jon Zieman

President

(989) 430-2985 • jjzieman@tds.net



Josh and friend, Chad Donahue, after a successful day of bird hunting.

Editor's Message

I hope everyone has had a successful hunting season whether you traveled a far or stayed close to home. I have been lucky enough to have multiple opportunities to do some bird hunting as well as deer hunting in our great state of Michigan. Spending time in the outdoors always seems to help me realize what is truly important in my life.

As you are reading this 2020 is winding down to a close. This has been quite a unique year and although I am sure I am stronger for going through it, I would rather not experience a year like this again.

You will find in the pages of this issue our first pictorial essay, as well as some excellent stories. If you like the format of the pictorial essay and would like to contribute to our magazine on a hunt you've recently taken please reach out to me. You will also see the replies we received on our most recent question from the what do you think section. Additionally, there are also a few pages dedicated to what some of our chapter dues goes towards.

As you probably know from our bi-monthly e-newsletter and the save the date postcard, our board has been hard at work trying to make our fundraiser in February a memorable one. I look forward to having the opportunity to visit with our outfitters and fellow hunters at the show. Until then please consider writing and submitting an article for our magazine. The only thing that comes close to being as good as a hunt is sharing the experience with others.

Iosh Christensen

Co-Editor

(989) 329-4911 • jchappyfish@gmail.com

SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Meeting Schedule Meeting Type Time Location Date Jan. 11, 2021 **Board Meeting** 5:00 p.m. Cheers Jan. 23, 2021 Big Buck Night 7:00 p.m. Comfort Inn Jan. 25, 2021 Board Meeting 5:00 p.m. Cheers Feb. 10, 2021 **Board Meeting** 5:00 p.m. Cheers Feb. 26 & 27, 2021 Mid-Mich Fundraiser Convention Soaring Eagle Mar. 8, 2021 Board/Membership **TBA TBA** All board meetings are open to our membership. Reservations required. Please call and leave a message at 989-560-1061 or email Suzette Howard at suzettejhoward@yahoo.com



The following are the terms and conditions for the Buy, Sell or Trade section of our magazine.

- It will be <u>FREE</u> to all members of our Mid-Michigan SCI Chapter.
- One photo per item
 will be used in this
 section. This photo will be
 displayed in a small size
 (about 2"x2").
- You may have up to four ads per issue. (You must renew each ad each issue.)
- Beyond the description of the item, each ad will need your name, e-mail and/or phone number
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- The Mid-Michigan Chapter is not responsible for items sold.

Send listings and questions to Josh Christensen at ichappyfish@qmail.com



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APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

WHY JOIN MID-MICHIGAN SCI

- Membership meeting with outfitters and conservation representatives
- Quarterly Issue of FRONT SIGHT MAGAZINE
- Online Record Book
- Michigan conservation efforts (example: chronic wasting disease)
- Protect Michigan hunting rights

WHY JOIN SCI INTERNATIONAL

- Bi-monthly issue of SCI's SAFARI Magazine
- Monthly issue of **SAFARI TIMES Newspaper**
- Access to SCI First for Hunters Website and SCI online Record Book
- Representation in Washington D.C. for hunters' rights issues and conservation
- Eligible to attend SCI's Members-only Annual Hunters' Convention

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Editor's note: In the last issue of our Front Sight magazine Glen was successful on hunting his large black bear. Now for the rest of the story.

Arriving back at Sam's TSIU River Camp, Jack wasn't there. Sam did give Chad and I a couple of hours to get a hot meal and freshen up a bit before having us take turns to travel to a new location with Des. Sam is very conscious of the 'not hunting the day you fly in', thus he always wants to maximize the hunting days to get his hunters out so that they can get settled and not lose any precious hunting time because of flying.

While I was still wondering about Jack's success, Des flew Chad out to a remote location first so that he (Chad) could be setting up our tent, etc. 45-minutes later Des returned to the TSIU River Camp to pick up and deliver me.

Our new location, from which we were going to be looking for Brown Bear, like our Black Bear pursuit, was also going to start on a large glacier. However, from this glacier, we could find passage to flatter, more shrub-covered land.

Once dropped off at Chad's new site, the later sunset still allowed us a couple of hours to do some scouting. Flying in, we could see a brushy area just down the glacier, and around the other side of the hill from our camp site. So, still taking our rifles for safety purposes, we trudged up the side of the mountain to where Chad was pretty sure we would be able to glass down on the small valley on the other side.

It was a great plan, as from our vantage point, we could look right down, over the tops of the shrubs, and

see the valley floor. Scanning the area, Chad picked up movement... Sure enough, there was a large, mature Brown Bear, feeding on a winter-killed Moose. We watched it for as long as we dared, so that we could still return to our tent before dark, but Chad was pretty sure it was an old, male. As we walked back, we decided our plan for tomorrow was already on the schedule.

I don't remember if Chad had an alarm clock or not... I would rather guess not, but we arose just prior to the sun thinking about coming in contact with the horizon. We boiled our melted snow from last night, made our hot chocolate & instant oatmeal, packed our day packs, and headed down the glacier just as the sun was making its way for daylight.

We knew we didn't have to travel to the complete end where the hill sloped down to meet the glacier, so upon Chad's judgement, we climbed up, over, and down the hill where he felt comfortable that we could still make a surprising stalk into the thicket and hopefully ambush the bore we had seen the night before.

Ever so quietly, we made our way towards the spot embedded in Chad's mind as to where that winter-killed Moose was lying. It was one of those sneak 10-15 yards and pull up the binos; sneak 10-15 yards and pull up the binos type of stalks. As we got closer, we could see movement through the trees about where we thought the Moose was, but a closer look revealed wolves; a pack of 6-8 wolves. Our Brown Bear must



have gotten his fill and then wandered away to sleep it off. This left easy takings for the other predators to move in.

As we inched closer, I whispered to Chad his thoughts of me taking a wolf... I probably said something like, "This Catt would like to take out a doggie." Sheepishly, I know that is my kind of humor. Nevertheless, Chad said I had the license so I could try. I didn't understand what he meant by try, until we were in a spot where I could actually take a shot, which by then, there was only one wolf hanging back. "What do you think?" I said. "That's a long way for a shot on a small animal like that, but you can take a shot," Chad replied.

"Hum," I thought, "the body is about the size of a white-tailed deer, so 140-yards doesn't seem that far." Still thinking in my head as I found a small branch on a bush where I could get a steady hold.

When my 338 Sako barked, it was like the air left both lungs on that dog as it went straight up, and then straight down. Chad seemed pretty impressed with my shooting, but I reminded him that Michiganders sometimes have to take long shots at deer, it's just part of our hunting regiment.

Obvious pictures, and then skinning the wolf still allowed us to get back to our camp by early afternoon. With Chad surmising that the Browns had probably been out of their dens longer, we needed to park our camp somewhere inside the tree line. So, we picked up camp, and hiked off the glacier to a flatter part of the country.

Although I have hunted with guides from all areas, I still marvel at their cunningness to seem to know where the game is. After walking a couple of hours, Chad felt an area still in the tree line, but near a very large open area, would be a great place to put our camp. We set up the tent, melted snow for dinner

fixin's, and ate, it was starting to get dark. As we looked up, we witnessed something that, I am sure, all too familiar to Chad, but for me, I had only heard and read about. We laid on the snow and watched the jumping, dashing Northern Lights. I would love to try to describe the colors, the majesty, and the awesomeness of them, but I'm afraid it would be like trying to describe the color 9... ya just can't do it. However, over 30-years later, that experience is yet to leave my memory.

The next morning, after the proverbial breakfast routine, we gathered our day gear, and headed towards the large field we had briefly seen when we first arrived the night before. I guess large is an understatement... who would have guessed there could be an opening in the trees that large that didn't include a lake or a glacier. With the exception of a few pods of brushy trees scattered here and there, it was pretty wide open.

Should we attempt to walk around this large piece of territory, or slowly walk through it... it was kind of that, 'you can't get around it and you can't go over it, so you gotta go through it' kind of thinking. So, we started going through it. The snow was hard but made for fairly quiet walking, and with our binos, we knew we should be able to view bear before they could view us.

As I said, guides have an uncanny, sixth sense about where game might be found. We probably hadn't walked much over a mile, and we could see what grabs a hunter's attention; movement.

We held tight and scanned the area, but even with my binoculars, I couldn't make out what it was. Chad, on the other hand, picked out a large movement, along with a number of smaller movements. "I think we have ourselves a bear and some more wolves." He finally shared.

Being so far away, Chad wasn't too concerned with the commotion realizing that they had intruding guests, so we just kept moving closer. Once we were within about 300-yards, we found some shrubs that would give us better cover to take the time to focus on what we had before us.

We could now confirm that we had one very large Brown Bear; one very dead winter-killed Moose; and 8 (probably very hungry) wolves who were wanting that bear's dinner (or, I guess it would have been breakfast at that time of the day). We had a great vantage



Glen's first Alaskan Brown

point, and it was obvious that no one was going to go anywhere, so with the benefit of a little ditch we could put our feet in, we sat there and watched the show for a while.

In my book, Out There Somewhere, I share often that I have come to the realization that I am not really a hunter, but rather more of an adventurous... I seek the adventure. Obviously, I have also been extremely fortunate with getting trophies too, but some of my greatest memories, that are etched in my little old brain, have nothing to do with actually taking the game... And this is one of them.

As we watched, two or three wolves would slowly... ever so slowly inch their way towards that frozen Moose. Almost straddling the Moose would be this beast of a bear, sitting on his butt, like a dog begging for food. The bear would rip off a bite of that Moose, and then turn his head as he chewed, and watched those hungry wolves tippy-toe towards him. Then it seemed when he just couldn't take the closeness of his uninvited guests any longer, like a blur, he would

take off after those wolves... giving this hunter a new understanding and respect as to just how fast those 800-pound critters can move when they want to.

That bear would chase those wolves maybe 60-80 yards and then stop and turn around, only to see the rest of the pack of wolves grabbing chunks of meat from his Moose. He would run back, the wolves would run away, each with a piece of meat in their mouths, and then the bear would take his position again, and the whole procession would start all over again.

We watched this little game of theirs three or four times. I would guess that wolves would take turns as to who sneaks and who snacks, but honestly, I think I was too engulfed in the moment to really be counting hairs of whose whose.

"Well, shall we move in to see this bear closer and get a shot?" Chad said, interrupting my entertainment. "Let's do it!" I replied.

But we had another problem. The terrain was flat, and there weren't any trees or shrubs between us and the crew we had been watching.

Chad suggested that I walk bent over, behind him and directly in his tracks to hopefully offer the least exposure that we could. Would this get us into a good shooting range, no, but we could get closer.

"I don't like long shots on Brown Bear," Chad said.
"It's one thing to go into the den of a wounded
Black Bear, but I don't like wounded Brown Bears at
all... period. We will go as far as we can this way, and
then we will have to crawl."

I don't think Chad was too concerned about our bear friend seeing us, as he was about that pack of wolves. No doubt, if the wolves were spooked, our bear would suspect something must be going on for his hungry intruders to be leaving him behind.

At 200-yards we started to crawl for a while, strapping our guns over our backs (we had long left our day packs behind). We literally belly crawled for another 100+/yards... It wasn't the first belly crawl for me, but it was surely the longest I've experienced.

Coming to a little 24-inch bush... mostly scrub, Chad felt this was going to have to be our spot. "This distance is good, but I don't like the angle he's giving us. However, you proved yourself on that wolf, so we are going to make this work." Chad was now whispering. "I'm just glad one of those wolves haven't detected us yet."

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"Can you get a good rest?" Chad continued. "There's just nothing to rest your rifle on around here."

"Sure" I murmured, as I got my feet in front of me, and brought my knees up so that I could rest my forearms on them.

"With him just sitting there, facing us, your best shot is right square in the chest. Hopefully, we will be able to get another shot off as he runs, 'cause a chest shot is probably not going to become an immediate kill." Those were the trailing words I heard from Chad before I slowly squeezed the trigger on my Sako 338.

Who knows where that pack of wolves went, I think both our eyes were focused on just the bear, himself... wanting to be prepared for the, undoubtedly, needed second shot.

It was an obvious hit, as the beast erupted, spun around searching for the source of the inflicted pain, and then sped off to our right. Although we were throwing lead in his direction, we only had 50-yards before he entered the bush... a distance that he covered in an amazingly short time.

It then became very quiet, and we waited. I am sure we were hoping to hear that last breath that larger game seems to take as they grasp their last. But we didn't hear it. We didn't hear anything... not even the breaking of timber if the brute was making paths.

After eternity, but probably 20-minutes, Chad advised a plan where he would go to the shot sight, and then follow the tracks into the bush with hopes of finding a very dead Brown Bear. On the other hand, he directed

me to side-vent the brush to our right, watch to see if the bear had come out, or might come out upon his pursuit. As I write this, it reminds me of the type of adrenaline I have incurred different times when tracking a wounded Cape Buffalo... However, at this stage of the game, I had never experienced that kind of experience.

Chad headed straight out, while I, ever so slowly, headed to the right. The last thing I wanted was to get ahead of Chad, where if he were to spook that beast out of the brush, it would be coming out where I had already traveled... behind me.

I watched across the field as he entered the brush, then I started walking, keeping my eyes, and probably more so, my ears open. Quite honestly, all that was crossing my mind was probably seeing that bear come out of the brush on my side, seeing me, and concluding that I was the perpetrator who had inflicted the pain in him.

To my startlement, but quite surely as a relief, I heard Chad fire a shot... just one shot.

Once we gathered together, Chad said the large Brown Bear was still alive when he saw him, but he didn't seem to be in shape to be going anywhere. Nevertheless, just for the safety of it, he chose to put a final round into him.

Followed by the picture taking, and the task of skinning such a large animal. We were able to get back to our camp well before nightfall. And Des played the hopscotch trip of flying us each back to Sam's TSIU River Camp the next day.

Upon Jack's return to camp, he shared his great success in harvesting a large Black Bear and also, his experience of the large Brown Bear that he had also taken. However, Jack's greatest experience seemed to start after his Brown Bear had taken his last breath... as it ended up expiring in a river, 30-inches deep. But that's Jack's story, so perhaps he can share it with you sometime.

Editor's Note: If you enjoyed this story you should consider purchasing Glen's book Out There Somewhere, where you will find over twenty more like it.



Catt with his first wolf

FRENT SIGHT



Ivan's First Deer

by Josh Christensen



Ivan with second deer!



Ivan with plaque



Ivan with his first deer!

In mid-August my younger son Ivan was able to experience the wonderful "Learn to Hunt" program at Legends Ranch in Bitely, Michigan. I accompanied him on this four-day, three-night adventure as the Legends Ranch staff taught him and his class (six kids each with a parent or grandparent) about different aspects of conservation, ethics, stewardship, marksmanship (both firearm and archery), skinning, quartering and processing meat and much more. Each child/adult pair was able to harvest two does to help with population control on the ranch.

Ivan had a great time and was able to harvest his very first and second deer with the help of his phenomenal guide, Wess. Wess was patient, supportive and a great teacher inside the blind as well as in the classroom. This is the story of Ivan and my adventure on his first successful hunt.

It was the middle of the afternoon when my phone range. It was fellow Mid-Michigan SCI board member and friend Mike Strope. He told me he purchased a Learn to Hunt experience with Legends Ranch and wondered if I would want to take one of my boys as he was unable to use it. I graciously accepted before knowing any of the details. Over the next few days Mike and I talked and he gave me the contact information to set up the hunt at Legends Ranch.

When I reached out to the ranch I was informed the hunt was scheduled for August 11 through August 14. I was also asked about information for both my son and me to include what weapon we planned to use. At this point I wasn't sure which of my two sons I'd be taking or which weapon we'd be using. I felt it only right to ask my older son, Elijah, if he wanted to go on the hunt. He thought it sounded like fun, but told me he would let his younger brother go and if Ivan didn't want to attend he would accept and go. Elijah's response made me proud of his willingness to allow his younger brother the opportunity.

When I presented Ivan with the hunt idea he jumped at the opportunity and began asking questions as only a nine-year-old could. He wanted to know where the ranch was, what kind of animals would be there, could he use his 20 gauge he received for his birthday, would there be other people there, and the list went on and on. In the end we decided Ivan would use our crossbow for the adventure. We chose the crossbow because he loves to shoot it and wanted to take an animal with it.





With only two weeks until we left for the hunt, Ivan and I practiced shooting the crossbow and looking at pictures of whitetail while he identified if it was an ethical shot and if so where he would place his bolt.

The night before we left Ivan was so excited he came into my wife Sara's and my room at around 3:00 telling me he couldn't sleep. We were able to get him to go back to sleep and he ended up with a decent night's sleep. The next morning, we finished packing all of our gear and were on the road for the two-hour drive to Legends Ranch by 11:00.

Upon arriving at the ranch we were greeted by all the guides at the lodge. This was a little overwhelming for Ivan and he put on his shy kid act with all the new people. I assured them when he warmed up to them they wouldn't get him to be quiet, and it didn't take long. About twenty minutes into our stay Ivan began bonding and talking with everyone from the guides to the other hunters and their parents.

Our accommodations for this hunt were top-notch! Ivan and I were assigned a room on the Whitetail side of the lodge. Our room was equipped with king and full size beds (Ivan allowed me to have the king) and our own private bathroom.

Around 1:30 everyone met in the dining hall for lunch. Each meal we ate during our stay was delicious and kid friendly. Ivan is usually a picky eater, but he was more than willing to eat everything that was served to us. At lunch we were introduced to our guides. Our guide would be Wess, a tall man in his 30's with a long beard. Right from the get-go Ivan and I hit it off with Wess. He was an archery guy through and through and we were the only people in camp not using a rifle. Wess was excited to get Ivan close enough to get a shot at a deer with a crossbow.

After eating lunch all the hunters were surprised by being called to stand with their guides in front of the parents in the dining hall. Then the youth hunters were presented with a bag of hunting goodies. These goodies ranged from a flashlight to a set of Outdoor Edge knives. Ivan and the others were very excited about their gifts and quickly brought their bags back to the tables where we were seated to unpack

them. I think the parents were just as surprised as the kids about the goody bags, which also included t-shirts to commemorate the Learn to Hunt week.

We had a little bit of down time before we began our first class/discussion. On this day we would get an introduction to hunting with a little history of how hunting and methods of hunting have changed over the years. We also discussed ethics and what an ethical shot is. Along with this the young hunters were given advice as to how long they should wait even after a perfect shot and what some tendencies of wounded deer are.

Next we discussed conservation. These two classes/discussions were the only two that were held inside a building; the rest were outside at the range, skinning building or around the fire. The building these two classes were held in was The Wildlife Center. This is a building near the lodge that is approximately 100 feet wide by 200 feet long and filled with over 2,000 different mounts ranging from squirrels to a life-sized elephant mount.

Our conservation discussions consisted of us walking around The Wildlife Center to look at many of the displays and talk about animals' habitats in different areas of the world and how conservation is helping the survival of several species. This was also a time for parents and kids to ask questions. At the end of the tour we were told we could come back and visit The Wildlife Center whenever we wanted during our stay, and I will admit many of us visited the building multiple times each day – not only for the animal displays but also because there was a billiards table, ping-pong table and foosball table available. The kids absolutely loved playing against each other and their guides.

After our dinner that night we all walked down to the shooting range where everyone was able to shoot the weapon they would be using for the next three days. This gave us all an opportunity to get to know one another better and start to loosen up and joke with each other. Everyone shot well and Ivan decided he wanted to use Wess's crossbow instead of ours because it was smaller. Wess has a ten-year-old daughter and this was her weapon of choice.

The excitement level was high as we sat around the fire for a short while before heading to bed. We learned throughout the day that three of the six young hunters had never taken a deer before and everyone was excited to have these three young men connect the next morning. With an early breakfast starting at 5:00 the next morning we all said our good nights fairly early.



Hunting Blind on the Ranch



Ready from inside the blind

FR NT SIGHT



Ivan, Wess and the arrow

That night, like the night before, Ivan was restless and up around 2:00 asking if it was time to go hunting vet. I assured him I had the alarms set and I would let him know when it was time. At 4:45 our alarms went off and we dressed for our adventure into the woods. Ivan and I each had a light breakfast (the real breakfast is after

the morning hunt)

and left with Wess to get in our stand before light. We jumped in Wess's truck and drove quite a ways into the property. Legends Ranch has a total of 2,000 acres, with 1,000 on the side of the road with the lodge and 1,000 on an adjacent parcel across the road.

On our ride out to our blind Wess asked Ivan what his favorite song was and Ivan quickly replied "Uptown Funk." We discussed again how our positioning would be in the pop-up blind and how we had to be extra quiet and still because we were crossbow hunting and had to get in close to the deer to have an opportunity to harvest one. Once we stopped the truck we got out and donned face paint (another item from the gift bag) before heading to the blind.

We quietly worked our way into the ground blind and were set up before first light. Wess asked Ivan to listen

Ivan shooting the bow

for the first bird of the morning, and shortly after we started to see the shapes of the trees. and a few deer that already came in, we heard the first bird. It seemed as though at that moment the woods came alive. We started seeing more and more deer as well as heard a flock of turkeys not too far behind the blind begin to cluck good morning from their roost.

Ivan was amazed at the size of some of the bucks we saw that morning and I was pretty amazed too. A little before 7:00 a nice big doe came in from our left, but she was on high alert. We joked later the bucks must have known they were safe and the does must have known we were coming after them. We had Ivan set up on shooting sticks and ready to go for a shot, but we had to wait for the right moment. She would have to be broadside and not have any deer behind her or very close to her on either side. These were some of the ethical items we discussed the night before.

Wess was continually ranging the doe and making sure Ivan was on the right one as we waited for the right shot. When the shot opportunity finally presented itself I was shaking from the "Buck Fever." Wess ranged the doe one last time and told Ivan to take her with the second line in the scope, meaning she was around 30 yards away. Ivan took his time and took the shoot. I watched as the arrow flew about 10 inches over the doe's back. A clean miss.

The deer scattered like a blast from a shotgun shell, in all directions. However, most of them didn't go more than 100 yards away. Wess quietly reloaded the crossbow and reassured Ivan that it was alright that he missed and told him some of the deer might come back if we were very quiet and still, which is one advantage of using a crossbow. We also had the advantage of what little wind there was was blowing into our faces so the deer out in front of us weren't able to smell us. Wess also coached Ivan as to what he needed to do to make a good shot if he got another chance.

About 30 to 45 minutes later some of the deer returned, and in the group was a different decent sized doe. Wess communicated with Ivan as to which deer he was to be following in the scope of the crossbow and I assisted to make sure we were all on the same page. We had fewer deer around this time but this doe didn't seem to want to turn broadside. When she finally offered Ivan a shot it was at just over 30 yards. When Ivan was given the green light to shoot he seemed to be a little less nervous than the previous time. At the shot we saw his shot was again over the back of the deer, but this time less than an inch. Another clean miss.

This time the deer scattered and they didn't stay close. Wess and I both reassured Ivan it was okay on the miss and that everyone misses from time to time. Ivan already knew I had missed my fair share of animals due to my "Buck Fever" condition and Wess chimed in that he has missed deer also. Even though I would have been very dejected by the misses Ivan remained upbeat and positive (sometimes we can learn a lot not only from the mouths of babes but from the actions of babes too).

I'll have to admit I thought our chances were over at this point and I wouldn't have argued if Wess had told us to pack up and head back to the truck. Maybe it was Ivan's positive attitude or Wess's "never say die" personality, or a combination of both, but at any rate we stayed in the blind and sat looking at the birds for about the next hour when from our right came in a small buck and two does.

From a distance Wess thought they were three does and



told Ivan to get ready as this would probably be his last chance of the morning if it happened. These deer were approaching from our right whereas all the other deer we spotted that morning came in from our left. As they came closer Wess saw the deer in the lead had one spike and was identified as a buck. The deer weren't on edge and hadn't been near when the others scattered so they weren't too jumpy. And with only three deer in the area it would make for an easier opportunity to get a shot.

The biggest doe made her way to 45 yards and was perfectly broadside. This was a little further than we wanted Ivan to shoot, but this would also be his last shot. As Wess was ranging the deer and getting Ivan ready he was also pulling down on the forearm of the crossbow to make sure it wouldn't move at the shot. When the doe stopped at 45 yards and Wess had confirmed with Ivan as to which line to use in the scope he instructed Ivan to breathe and take the shot.

At this shot there was no mistaking the hit. A loud THWACK was heard by us all and we could instantly see the arrow located right where the vitals are located. In watching the doe run we could see she was bleeding quite well and as we lost sight of her in the woods our confidence was high that she wouldn't go far. From here Wess asked Ivan how long we should wait even though we thought it was a really good shot. Ivan replied with 30 minutes and I'd like to say we waited that long, but we were all too excited and we didn't. What we did do, which Ivan learned about the night before, was mark in our minds where the deer was when she was shot and where she was when we last saw her.

Once we got out of the blind we went to where the deer stood and within seconds Ivan was on the blood trail. Wess and I assisted Ivan in tracking his deer but he did it on his own. He was spotting blood and moving through the woods with ease. The one time Ivan lost the blood trail we had him go to the last blood and look to see if there were any deer trails she might take and asked him to remember his lesson from the day before that most deer will angle to the side of their injury.

A short time and a total of 60 yards later Ivan claimed his deer. A very large, old dried up doe. High-fives



Ivan at the Wildlife Center

and handshakes were had by all and I honestly don't know who was more excited between the three of us. Everything had finally come together for an awesome first deer for Ivan.

Wess also shared with Ivan that they now had a special bond because Ivan was the first person he guided on the ranch and Ivan shot his deer from the same spot Wess shot a buck from three years earlier when he was on the Purple Heart hunt at Legends Ranch.

Next Wess went back to his truck and drove as close as he could get before we set the doe up for pictures. After lots of pictures and more high-fives, Wess and I loaded the deer into the back of his truck and we made our way back to the lodge. As soon as we started back Wess blared "Uptown Funk" and Ivan sang along.

Over the next few days Ivan harvested another doe and he and the other hunters were exposed to gutting, skinning, and processing deer as well as cooking tenderloin from their deer over the fire when we made our own foil dinners. Some of Ivan's most enjoyable classes dealt with shooting. He truly enjoyed shooting .22 long rifle at targets, including Dum Dum suckers at 25 and 50 yards. He also began to acquire a passion for shooting bows as Wess taught the youth hunters how to shoot and had Matthews Genesis bows for them to practice with, not only at regular targets but 3D targets as well.

Another thing Legends Ranch did that I thought was amazing was they honored Ivan and the two other hunters who got their first deer. Each of these young hunters was presented with a plaque and have a name plate on a giant plaque inside the lodge commemorating them taking their first deer at Legends Ranch.

This was a top-notch adventure by a top-notch outfitter. Ivan and I are truly grateful for having this opportunity and look forward to sharing our experiences with others for years to come.



Kids hunting gear





Soaring Eagle Casino

6800 Soaring Eagle Blvd. • Mt. Pleasant, Michigan

Join us in the Entertainment Hall!

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

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





Friday, February 26, 2021

Membership/Outfitters Celebration!

Drawing for \$15,000 Grizzly Hunt
to be given to someone in attendance
Must be a member to attend and to win!
(Memberships for sale at the door.)

Doors Open at 5:00 p.m.

Saturday, February 27, 2021

- Open to public from Noon 5:00 p.m. (\$5 admission)
 - Mid-Day Auction
 - Mid-Day Awards
 - Evening Auction (Tickets Required)
 - Progressive Silent Auction



Tentative List of Outfitters for 2021 Convention

- Balam Outfitters
- Baldy Mountain Outfitters
- Baranof Expeditions LLC.
- Bell Wildlife Specialties
- Carter Outfitting LTD.
- Cascade Furs
- Central Coast Outfitters
- Cork & Ale
- Crooked Foot Upland
 Bird and Game Hunting
- Dan, Dan the Mattress Man
- Fejes Guide Service, LTD.
- Fish Hunt Charters
- Froling Farms
- Goodhand Outback Experience
- Hells Half Acre Outfitters
- Hepburn Lake Lodge
- International Adventures Unlimited
- J L Bar Ranch
- Johan Pieterse Safaris
- Kenetrek
- L-4 Ranch
- Lazy CK Hunting LLC.
- Legends Ranch
- Leupold

- Lost Arrow Ranch
- Low's Trophy Whitetails
- Majestic Mountain Outfitters
- Mann Lake Outfitters
- Marupa Safaris
- Medicine Man Charters
- Mighty Sharp Cuts
- New Zealand Hunting Safaris
- Numzaan Safaris
- Quebrachal
- Reel Respect Charters
- Reel Rumors Sport Fishing Charters
- Rivers South Safaris
- Roche Safaris
- Safari Unlimited, LLC.
- Salt River Outfitters
- Secret Pass Outfitters
- Tails-A-Waggin'
- Total Outdoors Adventures
- White River Knife & Tool
- Windy Ridge OutfittersWorld Class Whitetails
- Wycon Safari, Inc.
- Zulu Nuala

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Reponses to: What is your favorite hunting rifle and why?

- I was recently asked what is my favorite rifle, without a doubt I only had one in mind. My favorite rifle would have to be my Christensen Arms, model Rogue in 300 win mag. I paired it up with a Vortex Razor AMG 6-24 x 50mm. This gun has never failed me, multiple trips out west and 3 trips to Africa. From whitetail to the largest antelope species in the world an Eland. I shoot a 180 gr Nosler Acubond bullet and will never switch. This gun has been nicknamed by my PH's in Africa "Black Death", because whatever I point that rifle at it dies. Tommy Steele of Marupa Safaris says it's because the rifle is just an extension of my arm, like it's a piece of me. Truth be told, the gun can shoot way better than I can. I will never sell this gun, if you are looking for a new rifle, I highly recommend Christensen arms and if you are looking for one please get with me at Throttle Firearms on Facebook. *Brandon Jurries*
 - - **●** My favorite hunting rifle is a windham 450 bushmaster, called the ".450 Thumper". **Tony Gonda**
 - ✓ My "all time" favorite hunting rifle is my Remington Model 700 280 with fiberglass stock. It shoots straight every time I can hold it steady. It has a Leupold 3x9 scope and holds four shots with the under magazine. It has so many chips and scratch marks on the stock I can't count them all. It has more miles on it than you could believe. I've had it on dozens of hunts and shot many, many trophies. Hit the trophy ON THE FRONT SHOULDER and it won't need to be tracked. *Roger Card*
- What kind of crazy talk is this; only one favorite rifle? Well, I do have one slightly favorite. The best shooting rifle I own is a Remington 700 LSS in 338 WIN MAG. It is more accurate than I am and 338 is an extremely mildly recoiling round while still having some nice punch. Of course, my father's early sixties Remington 700 in 7mm REM MAG and my Pennsylvania father-in-law's Remington 760 in 30-06 of similar vintage are sentimental favorites. On the other end of sentiment is the Remington 600 Mohawk in 6mm REM that I used to teach my kids to hunt. My current hunting favorite is a Remington 700 in 300. I restocked it and my friend Tom helped to ensure it was fully free floated. Now it shoots three rounds in a keyhole at 100 yards every time I pay attention. 300 RUM is also a mildly recoiling cartridge with plenty of punch, so it is a good North America round. Ok, ok, change that to "relatively mildly recoiling". *Jon Zieman*

- My favorite hunting rifle is a 30.06 that my grandpa who was a gunsmith built and handed down to my dad before he passed away. My dad then handed it down to me before he passed away. Autumn Gonda
- I have two favorite rifles. My oldest is a Browning White Gold Medallion, 30.06 bolt action which has a Leopold 3.5 x 10 scope. I especially like this rifle because of the safety feature which is quiet and very easy to change for a woman with smaller hands. I like a light trigger pull and this one has about a two pound pull. I have two clips for it so I can reload fast, if necessary. All four of our grandchildren have taken bucks from my favorite blind with this rifle. Such great memories.

My second favorite rifle is my Christensen Arms .375 bolt action which has a Swarovski 1.7×10 power scope. This rifle also has a Browning action. I needed a higher caliber rifle when we were considering hunting elephants and this is the smallest caliber we could use. Don had it weighted especially for me and it is easy for me to shoot. This is my favorite rifle for Africa and I can shoot everything from large to small by just using different loads. This rifle also has two clips and I can have softs in one and solids in the other to change fast if we encounter a different species than we expected.

I don't think you can ever be accurate shooting a gun that you are afraid will kick you, has too hard a trigger pull, or doesn't fit you. I was lucky enough to be able to try several rifles before finding a favorite. I started hunting deer with a 32 Special Winchester, lever action with open sights about 50 years ago, then a .243 bolt action with a scope, then a .270 bolt action, and finally the Browning White Gold Medallion which was a Christmas present from my husband, many years ago.

My biggest fear while hunting is the possibility of just injuring an animal and not having an instant kill. We do sight in our guns to perfection and practice until we have confidence. I believe you should know you are going to hit your target the instant you pull the trigger, before the bullet even hits. Only hitting a twig or some other interference should make a difference.

We also have studied books on the perfect shot which shows proper shot placement on different animals. I like to see the interior of different animals and try to look through the animal before taking a shot. I also Zone when I shoot and block out everything around me except for the voice of my husband or guide, if I am not shooting alone. – *Mary Harter*



What is your favorite animal to hunt and why?

The question for the next issue is based on the animal you enjoy hunting the most. Is it the elusive whitetail? The wily coyote? Or maybe it is an animal from an exotic land. Share your answer with us regardless if it is a few sentences or a page. Submit your answer to ichappyfish@gmail.com and look for it in our next issue of the Front Sight magazine.









We are so THANKFUL for our friends and members of the Mid-Michigan SCI Chapter who participated in yet another successful Montana hunting season in 2020.

> Jeff, Cyndi, Robb and Bryan

















Jeff Chadd

Alaska Master Guide #125 Montana Outfitter #6792 sheephunter@majesticmountainou<u>tfitters.com</u> P.O. Box 5036 Forsyth, MT 59327 406-347-5401 www.majesticmountainoutfitters.com



DESERT BIGHORN

A Pictorial Essay by Joe Mulders

In December 2019, I was successful in hunting my third species of sheep. Previously I hunted the Dall sheep in Alaska with Jeff Chadd of Majestic Mountain Outfitters, and the Rocky Mountain bighorn in Alberta with Rob & Brenda Erickson of Scalp Creek Outfitters. For my third sheep I hunted the Desert bighorn in Mexico with Oscar Rene Molina of Sane Jose Trophy Hunts. I am hoping to finish my North American sheep grand slam by hunting the Stone sheep in 2022 in British Columbia.

Desert Bighorn

I missed with my first shot at this ram as he stood broadside at just under 180 yards. Not sure what happened but it appeared I had shot a few inches below him and between his legs. After missing him, he and the six or seven other sheep obviously took off running. He ran out and up to just over 300 yards before he offered another shot opportunity. When the herd stopped my guide told me the ram I was after was "The one next to the cactus." After shooting my ram my guide said, "I realize that was a dumb thing to say because there's nothing but cactus out here, I'm not sure how you picked out the right ram."



Desert mule deer

After the sheep hunting was successful, I started mule deer hunting. On the first evening hunt for mule deer, I had the opportunity to harvest a mule deer that was very tall but not very wide, even though he would have scored in the 190's, I decided to pass in hopes of finding a mule deer with a wide rack. A couple of days later, it was getting dark so we decided to call it a day and were on our way back to the lodge. On the drive back, we came around a corner and this buck came into





the brush, I was able to connect on him with a very easy 100-yard shot. I am very happy with my choice to wait, as that doesn't always work out. In my view, what an animal scores is not the main decision factor for me, it's what are you happy with that matters. When I was done hunting, I tagged along with Brad one afternoon on his Mule deer hunt. We were hunting out of a high rack truck late in the afternoon when we spotted in the thick brush what we thought might be a shooter deer. We played a cat and mouse game with this particular deer for close to an hour. We would see the deer, but not be able to get a shot for a number of different reasons, not sure it was the same deer, might only see part of the deer, (the vegetation was really thick), running away shot, etc., etc. It was quite surprising (if you take into account how thick the brush was) the amount of distance the deer would travel once being bumped. We would keep expanding the distance from where we last saw this deer and we might find him again close to a half mile away! At last light for this evening, we saw the deer again, it was now with a few does, and they all started running, Brad was able to pick out the buck and make what I would describe as "a moving away fast neck shot". The deer wasn't flat out running, but it wasn't sticking around to see what we had on our minds either! I was impressed with Brad's shooting skills!



Lodge

I was able to stay at the modern lodge consisting of six separate bedrooms for the hunters, a social area with a large fireplace, and a dining room for meals. It's hard to imagine this really nice lodge exists 45 minutes off

the paved road and seemingly in the middle of no-where.

Room

Each room had its own bathroom and climate control, as well as daily service.





Landscape

The mule deer hunting was done in the low scrub brush areas. These areas made it difficult to shoot at times because everything was so green and so much brush in the way. This area normally gets 6 or 7 inches of rain a year. Two weeks before our arrival, they received over 6 inches of rain over a couple of days.



Sunrise

I was the only hunter in camp going after desert bighorn sheep. All the other clients were going after desert mule deer. The desert mule deer hunts were able to be conducted not too far from the lodge, whereas for my desert bighorn hunt I needed to get up very early to travel to the relatively low mountains (4,000 to 4,500 feet in elevation) to hunt. Each day I was greeted by a wonderful sunrise.

Editor's note: After hearing about Joe's successful desert bighorn sheep hunt I asked him if he would be willing to share his story in a <u>Pictorial Essay</u>. This is a new format of telling your hunting and fishing stories. Thank you Joe, for being the first, of hopefully many pictorial essays we will print in our Front Sight Magazine.

Mid-Michigan Chapter donates monies



FOR WARRIORS

As being a member of SCI and truly enjoying our organization I am constantly encouraging others to join. I will often be asked what benefits there are of being a member or what does joining SCI do to promote hunting and the outdoors. After hearing this multiple times I am sure others also get those questions and who knows, maybe even you as a member are wondering where your membership dues go.

Over the course of any given year our Mid-Michigan SCI chapter, with the proceeds from our membership dues and annual fundraiser, contributes to many causes. In total our chapter donates between \$20,000 and \$30,000 per year to programs under the following categories; education, conservation, pathfinders and humanitarian. Over the next four issues of our Front Sight Magazine I will spotlight some of the programs we contribute to.

Education:

The American Wilderness Leadership School (AWLS)

- We send teachers to this school that offers hands-on training and lessons focused around the North American Model of Wildlife Conservation. Participants are provided engaging take home lessons on conservation education that can be integrated into K-12 math, science, language arts, social studies and physical education.

Conservation:

Graduate Students – Our Mid-Michigan SCI chapter along with other chapters in Michigan provide funding for a scholarship offered to graduate students pursuing advanced degrees in wildlife and wildlife related fields. Each year our chapter donates to grants for two graduate students in furthering their research on outdoor/conservation projects.

Humanitarian:

Sportsman Against Hunger – Every year our Mid-Michigan chapter of SCI contributes to five different food banks in the Mid-Michigan area. We have established a system in which hunters can donate the meat from their deer harvest to help this cause. Our chapter has also been able to donate Gordon Food Service gift cards to help out these food banks and the less fortunate.

Pathfinders:

Walleyes for Warriors – Each year our Mid-Michigan Chapter sponsors this program that allows veterans the opportunity to partake in a weekend event of fishing and fellowship to honor them and thank them for their service.



Grad Program

Every year our Mid-Michigan Chapter along with nine other Michigan SCI Chapters donate to the Michigan Involvement Committee (MIC). This committee was established in 1980 to allow representatives from the Michigan SCI Chapters to work with designated representatives from the Michigan Department of Natural Resources (MDNR) to coordinate funding of MDNR wildlife research projects that otherwise might not be funded. This committee also awards grants to graduate students pursuing advanced degrees in wildlife and related fields at Michiganbased institutions of higher education. The two graduate student projects our Mid-Michigan SCI chapter will be supporting this year through the MIC are Kylie McElrath from CMU. Her research project will be using small, unmanned aircraft to capture aerial imagery of coastal Michigan wetlands to estimate muskrat abundance and model influences on muskrat abundance within coastal wetlands. Our chapter will also be supporting Anna Boes from GVSU who's research deals with the martin population and a selection of their home range based on available landscape and usage of habitats with the home range.

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OUR TIME IN THE WILD

by Wess Brown

What do we get out of that next adventure?
Experience, memories, wasted time, tears, laughs? In 2019,
I've spent a lot of time pondering my time in the wild.

This pondering came to me right after my September bow hunt in Kentucky. I had shot a great mature buck with my bow, a 67-yard lung shot. I was elated with the kill. On the ride home, I couldn't help but think, "What's next?". I was disappointed in myself and these thoughts, because it caused me to think that I must not be satisfied with my hunt. Instead of basking in my own success and relishing the moments of the most recent hunt and time with great friends, I was thinking about my next hunt, next kill, or next opportunity. For some, this may be normal but I was conflicted. I feel this line of thinking may set me up for failure in the future or cause me to forget these times in the wild.

I love making memories and I can stare at a mount in my house for hours and replay that specific hunt. I can remember the times leading up to that particular hunt so vividly



that I can feel my heart start to race. However, I sometimes fail to recall, in such detail, a failed hunt or a slow day in the woods. Am I going on these adventures to just say I did it? Is it to fulfill a primal urge, or to be a better outdoorsman, or is it for something else?

After that ride home from Kentucky, I felt I needed to reevaluate why I hunt and why I spend time in the wild. During this reflection, I realized that I should savor these times in different

ways. Explaining these ways is difficult but, in my opinion, it comes down to living in the moment and allowing new times in the wild to come to me instead of me seeking them out.

2020 is a year for me to understand and learn how to let the experiences and opportunities in the wild come to me and not for me to continuously seek out the next ones. To me this means savoring those times and living within that time. I want to take notice of the efforts that I put in, leading up to and during the time spent in the wild. The time we spend doing the things we love deserves more than just doing it and then moving on to the next adventure. We should somehow focus on embedding that experience in our brain so deeply that it fails to fade.

Each experience changes us in some way. I feel it's an injustice to those experiences if we are already thinking about the next adventure, while still living in the current moment. Why not take the time to embed that experience into our brains and memory banks so that we can recall it in its fullest detail? We should reflect on how that experience changed us for the good or the bad. Make no mistake, this is not a testimony to sit idly by waiting for an experience to happen. It's a promise to myself to revel in every moment of success or failure and to make sure I get every ounce of substance from that time. Once I feel I've given that experience my fullest attention, only then will I look on to another adventure. I don't want to just take it off a bucket list or to just be able to say I did it, but to fulfill that known and sometimes unknown urge to spend time in the wild.

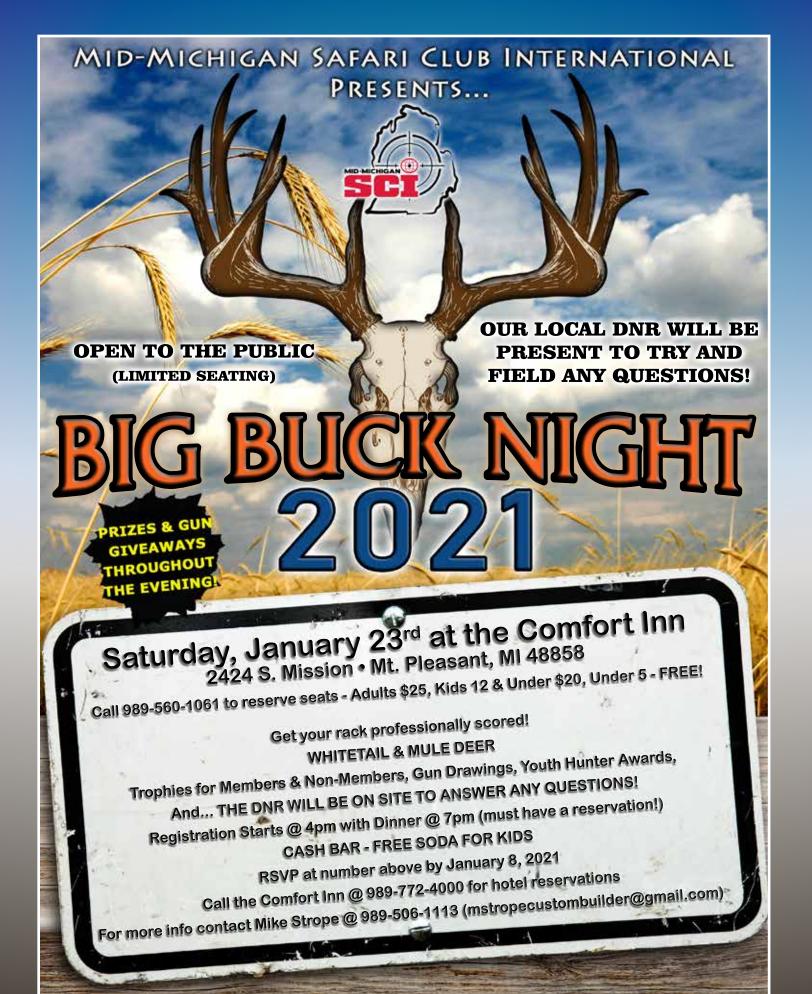
Don't fall into the "rut" of just searching for that next adventure, instead jump into another Time in the Wild.



Editor's Note: Wess Brown is a disable U.S. Army veteran who served multiple tours and over 300 missions in the Middle East. While on active duty Wess was a K9 handler and together he and his dog Isky were attached to several different groups. Wess's dog Isky was awarded the American Humane Association's Lois Pope LIFE K-9 Medal of Courage award the nation's highest honor for military dogs. Due to Isky's injuries while serving our country (Isky eventually had to have a leg amputated) Wess was able to file paperwork to retain ownership of his K9 partner. Now that Wess is retired from the Army he has decided he wants to help other veterans by starting the Front Line Outdoors (FLO) Foundation.

This foundation was created to fill the gap for veterans and first responders, helping them find their purpose in the outdoors after or even during service. The founders saw a gap of education for veterans to truly find a purpose in the outdoors instead of just the one and done free hunts. The foundation helps educate individuals in becoming a proficient outdoorsman and/or helps them start a career in the outdoors. Since their inception in January 2018 FLO has been able to help many veterans find their purpose in the outdoors through their partners in the industry and are constantly growing. FLO's favorite partnership is with Legends Ranch where they are able to help educate new families in the art of hunting along with allowing Purple Heart recipients to experience a hunt of a lifetime. FLO's mission is to educate and foster a learning and purpose that will serve our service men and women far beyond the experiences with the foundation.

Facebook: https://m.facebook.com/Front-Line-Outdoors-770842256456825/ Website: https://www. frontlineoutdoorsfoundation.org/ YouTube: https://m.youtube.com/channel/ UCVfjO-uix0ajHriVivgooFw





Showcasing the DNR: UP Habitat Workgroup returns reinvigorated

By JOHN PEPIN

Michigan Department of Natural Resources

Having gone through several iterations since its creation in 2015, the Upper Peninsula Habitat Workgroup re-emerged recently after a months-long hiatus, with several new members, but an unchanged focus – to conserve and improve deer wintering habitat across the region.

To avoid deep snow, deer migrate each winter throughout most of the U.P. to deer wintering complexes – often called deer yards – containing dense canopies of conifer trees, especially cedar and hemlock.

This important conifer shelter reduces snow depth and allows deer to move over connected snow-packed trails. These trail systems provide access to food and assist deer in evading predators.

Where U.P. deer migrate to survive winter, they gather in large numbers on only about 30 percent of their overall geographic U.P. range, making these areas especially important.

Enter the U.P. Habitat Workgroup, composed generally of natural resource professionals, private landowners and sportsmen's groups.

During the early part of the last decade, a period of three consecutive severe U.P. winters, coupled with a subsequent decline in deer numbers, heightened concerns about habitat conditions in deer wintering complexes, especially winter shelter.

The workgroup was formed and since, deer wintering complexes have been identified and mapped, and deer habitat improvement projects have been planned and conducted.

Management plans for three dozen U.P. deer wintering complexes are now available online for public use and information.

The workgroup also has been contacting private landowners, urging them to join the campaign by exploring habitat improvements for deer on their lands and getting help from local foresters to craft forest management plans on those deer wintering complex properties they own.

To help improve habitat conditions for deer, the Michigan Department of Natural

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Resources needs help. Of the 10.6 million acres of land in the U.P., only roughly 20 percent is managed by the state.

"Predation, hunter harvest and winter severity all contribute to deer population fluctuations; however, winter habitat quality is the most important factor influencing deer population trends," said Gary Willis, western U.P. DNR service forester. "Improving winter habitat is an action in which all landowners can make a contribution."

At a recent meeting, member Stu Boren said the workgroup has identified 4,500 acres of potential sites for forester land improvement visits, which are widely dispersed across the Upper Peninsula.

"We've got a good complement of people we need to reach to yet," Boren said.

Combining the voices of the DNR's Wildlife and Forest Resources divisions with those of forest industries, working through the group, has proven to be more beneficial than those entities trying to communicate messages on their own.

One issue these parties have been working on is an increase in cedar timber cutting occurring on state-managed lands in the southern U.P., where estimates indicate about half the annual buck harvest comes from.

Issues like this can be thorny, with apparent cross-purposes at work, but the membership of the workgroup has sought to diplomatically produce valuable solutions.

Grants and seed money provided by organizations have helped affect hundreds of thousands of dollars of habitat improvement work across the region. The group also has made recommendations to the DNR over the years on land acquisitions that would provide favorable wintering habitat for deer.

Stacy Haughey, DNR U.P. field deputy, has worked as a department contact with the workgroup since its inception.

"I have appreciated watching this group, with so many segments of the habitat conversation, really come together and work together to make a difference on the landscape," Haughey said. "I appreciate the dedication and outcomes this partnership has created."

The workgroup operates at the discretion of the Michigan Natural Resources Commission – the governor-appointed seven-member body that sets hunting and fishing regulations for Michigan.

The commission makes appointments to the workgroup and is provided regular updates on the group's work and progress.

"I can't say how much this workgroup has meant to us here in the U.P.," said J.R. Richardson of Ontonagon, a driving force on the workgroup and one of two NRC members representing the region.

Richardson sees the group as a vital interloping factor between the region's deer herds and the ravages of winter. He said the work of the group also helps benefit ruffed grouse and other game and while species, while managing our forests in a sustainably responsible manner.

Louise Klarr, another NRC commissioner, serves on the workgroup, while Dave Nyberg – the NRC's other U.P. representative – also attends meetings of the group, though he is not an official member.

Additional members currently represent local county conservation districts, Lyme Timber, the Great Lakes Timber Professionals Association, American Forest Management Inc., Michigan Association of Timbermen, Michigan United Conservation Clubs, the Upper Peninsula Sportsman's Alliance, the Safari Club International Foundation, the Ottawa and Hiawatha national forests and the DNR's Wildlife and Forest Resources divisions.

Through retirements and shifting appointments, the workgroup's ranks have changed significantly since its formation.

"Even though we have a tremendous amount of change, the mission remains the same and that's deer wintering complexes in the Upper Peninsula," said Jim Hammill of Crystal Falls, another chief leader in the habitat workgroup and retired DNR wildlife biologist. "There's really a lot of positive interest in what we're doing."

To find out more about the U.P. Habitat Workgroup, contact Stacy Haughey at 906-226-1331.

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By Jon Zieman

Our Chapter is very active in conservation efforts in Michigan. A large part of this is with the Safari Club International Michigan Involvement Committee (SCI MIC: http://www.scimic.org/). The MIC was formed in 1980 with the four existing Michigan Chapters (Michigan, Detroit, Flint Regional, and Mid-Michigan) at the time and designated representatives of the Michigan Department of Natural Resources (MDNR). Presently nine Michigan chapters participate in the MIC. The idea is to fund wildlife conservation and research projects. The first major program was the moose reintroduction into the state is the mid 1980's. The MIC meets once a quarter. Our Chapter also submits a Matching Grant Application to SCIF each year to add an additional \$2,000 of support directly to the MIC. Unfortunately, there is not funding for these grants this year due to the COVID-19 situation.

The last meeting in September highlighted some of the hunting regulation changes for this season. There were many for deer and waterfowl hunting. You will be familiar with these by the time you read this article. Changes considered for 2021 will be discussed at the November MIC meeting. Mary Browning, our Chapter representative on the MIC is planning on attending that meeting and will report on it. The MDNR has had some significant staff retirements and due to budget constraints is not filling those positions in the near term.

The MIC also selects a Wildlife Biologist of the year to recognize excellence in research. Guntis (Nik) Kalejs, a MDNR, Wildlife

Division Biologist for 39 years is the current honoree. He is a MDNR, Wildlife Division for 39 years. He is a Wildlife Biologist based out of the Muskegon Field Office. He has an extensive background in human-wildlife interactions/conflicts in urban areas with multiple species and the general public.

MIC is working a grant request to the Glassen Memorial Foundation to provide \$50,000 for a field portable DNA sequencing system. This will be an excellent productivity enhancement for field research. Several Chapters also partnered with the Foundation a few years to help fund the Moose Exhibit at Potter Park Zoo in Lansing. Check your back issue of Front Sight for details on that project.

MIC approved \$9,300 in grants to six graduate students at \$1,550 each to assist their research work. Several Chapters are also providing SCI memberships to the graduate students and inviting them to participate in and present at Membership meetings. You may well remember hearing some of the students present at our Membership Meetings in the Past. We are providing membership to two students this year: Kylie McElrath from Central Michigan University and Anna Boes from Grand Valley State University. We will enjoy hearing them present their work to us at the Membership Meetings.

The Deer Winter Range Work Group is continuing and will include the Northern Lower Peninsula the future. The name is being changed to the Northern Michigan Habitat Work Group to reflect this expanded focus. There are at least 50 map areas and a backlog of landowners willing to participate.



sour cream and remove from heat. Stir in egg noodles.





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Nobody cares how much you know, until they know how much you care. - Theodore Roosevelt





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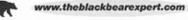




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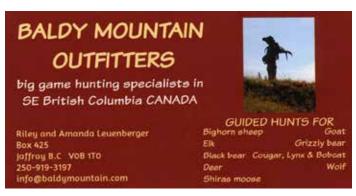
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In three words I can sum up everything I've learned about life: it goes on. - Robert Frost







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If you are not working to protect hunting, then you are working to destroy it. - Fred Bear

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The best time to plant a tree was 20 years ago. The second best time is now. - Chinese Proverb





















Being honest may not get you a lot of friends, but it'll always get you the right ones. - John Lennon



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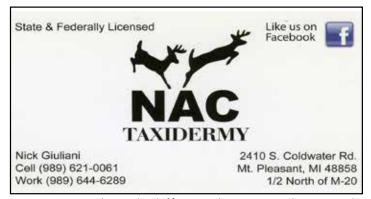




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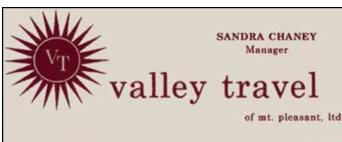
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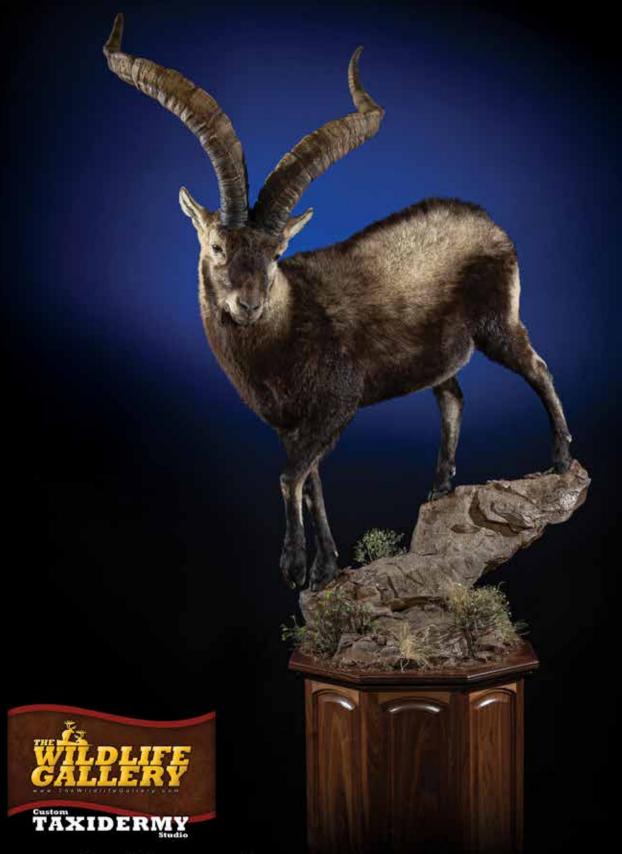
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The only difference between ordinary and extraordinary is that little extra. - Jimmy Johnson





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