

# FRONT SIGHT



Mid-Michigan Chapter Safari Club International

April - June 2023, Issue 62

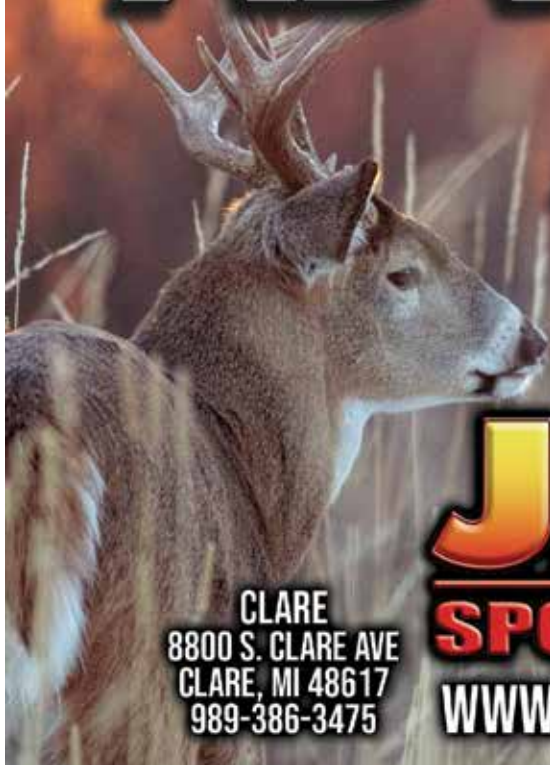


**Dead Serious**

Photograph by Josh Christensen while hunting with Marupa Safaris



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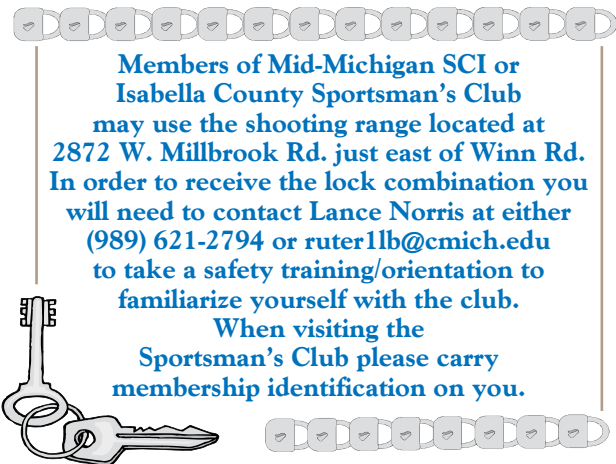
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Chairmen are listed first

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

Check [www.midmichigansci.org](http://www.midmichigansci.org) for copies of the Front Sight, listing of events, and fundraiser auction items.

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## President's Message

WOW - What a FANTASTIC Fundraiser/ Convention we have just enjoyed!! I am literally writing this message to you 2 days post-event and I'm still excited from the turnout – both with you, our membership coming and taking part; AND our fantastic Outfitters and Vendors who came, donated, and made the event as special as can be.



We had a record turnout since the COVID days, with 100 more people coming through Soaring Eagle doors than last year!!! I'd like to Thank You all for coming! I'd also like to once again give a huge Shout-Out to our devoted Sponsors, Outfitters and Vendors – we couldn't do the show without you!!!

As I look forward to Spring and Summer, we've got quite a lineup of things to do. Hopefully everyone got our 2023 Event postcard and have marked our meetings and fun events on your calendars – YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS A MEETING or OUTING THIS YEAR.

In April we will kick the season off with our AWARDS Banquet (April 3rd at Buck's Run Golf Club). The Board made the decision in 2022 to move our Awards to its own SPECIAL night in the April timeframe. We want to give EXTRA attention to those hunters who have gotten Trophy Animals in their pursuit of 'the big one'. I would like to encourage all of our membership to come out and celebrate with our Award Winners this April!

I will continue to stress that we need YOU to get involved with the Chapter 'happenings'. There are plenty of things to do and I'm sure that we can match your interests up with an initiative the Board has planned!

Lastly, I'd like to announce that the Mid-Michigan Chapter has won the "Best Website Award" from Safari Club International! It is quite an honor, since we have been working hard to upgrade our website to bring you more timely information. If you haven't already, please check out our improved website [midmichigansci.org](http://midmichigansci.org).

You can also visit our Facebook Page <https://www.facebook.com/MidMichiganSCI/> (Mid-Michigan Safari Club International). We'll continue to have some giveaways and raffles in the coming months -- so stay tuned!!!

Here's to a Great Spring Season (are your turkey calls polished up?)

*Abbe M. Mulders*

**Abbe Mulders**

President

(989) 450-8744 • [abbemulders@gmail.com](mailto:abbemulders@gmail.com)

## Editor's Message

At the time I am writing this we have just finished our 44th Annual Fundraiser Convention at the Soaring Eagle Casino and Resort. (Look for photos in our next issue.) We had a great turnout and I enjoyed talking with many of you throughout the weekend. I always get excited when the Fundraiser comes around, not only for the anticipation of possibly winning a hunt at the live auction or something in the silent auction, but to see how much we can raise to help support conservation in Michigan and around the world.



Sara and I at Ford Field watching Gladwin win the Division 5 State Championship.

By the time you receive this issue our small game season will be coming to an end, but don't fret, Michigan has another wonderful hunting opportunity for you in the spring. Turkey season will be fast approaching and there is nothing quite like getting out into the woods before light in the spring, waiting to hear the gobble of a tom turkey. You will also hear many other sounds as the sun rises. To me, nothing beats the sounds of a spring morning in Michigan.

Don't forget we have five membership meetings coming up this year. These are great opportunities to gather with other members and friends to enjoy the different programs put together by our chapter. The meeting dates are April 3rd, May 1st, July 31st, September 11th and October 2nd. Mark your calendars now and invite a friend or two to come along.

As always, we would love for you to share your outdoor experiences with us. We currently have three formats in which we put stories to print. We have the traditional written article, the journal entry format (you only need to submit your journal entries along with pictures) and we have our pictorial essay format (this is like a Facebook post with a short description of your adventure, followed by pictures with captions). We all take pleasure in going on adventures, but there's nothing like sharing your stories in print for all to enjoy. Please consider submitting one of your experiences with us.

Happy Hunting!

*Josh W. Christensen*

**Josh Christensen**

Editor

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## SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Meeting Schedule

\* SUBJECT TO CHANGE

Date	Meeting Type	Time	Location
April 3, 2023	Board/Membership Meeting	6:00 pm	Bucks Run Golf Course
May 1, 2023	Board/Membership Meeting	6:00 pm	Comfort Inn
Aug. 7, 2023	Board/Membership Meeting	6:00 pm	Comfort Inn
Aug. 8, 2023	Annual Golf Tournament	TBA	Mt. Pleasant Country Club
Sept. 11, 2023	Board/Membership Meeting	6:00 pm	Comfort Inn

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](mailto:suzettejhoward@yahoo.com)



# Book Review

by Josh Christensen



**Title:** Hunting Around the World: Fair Chase Pursuits from Backcountry Wilderness to the Scottish Highlands

**Copyright:** 2015

**Publisher:** Boone and Crockett Club

**Author:** Jack Ward Thomas

**List Price:** \$24.95

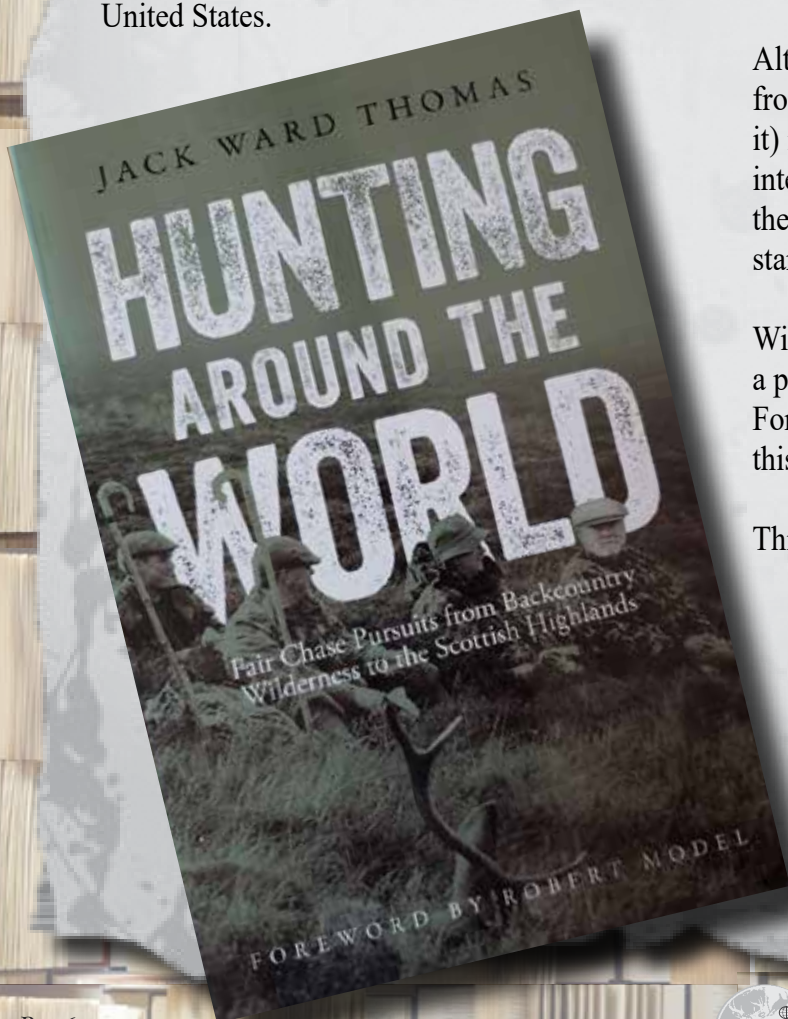
I wasn't sure what I was going to get with this book. I purchased it on amazon.com after several searches for hunting books. I'll admit the title and cover was intriguing, so I added it to my cart, and am glad I did. Although the title might have one infer all the stories would be from other countries many of them are from the United States.

Unlike many other nonfiction books about hunting, the author doesn't only give the readers details about the hunt, he also gets his audience to contemplate what hunting is all about and the legacy we leave as hunters to the next generation. Thomas worked in wilderness conservation his entire adult life, being selected as the thirteenth Chief of the U.S. Forest Service in 1993.

Although Thomas gets side tracked within his stories from time to time (or goes "bird walking" as some call it) it makes the stories more enjoyable, realistic and interesting. I would guess many of us can relate to these "bird walks." I know sometimes when sitting in a stand my thoughts wander as well.

With his vivid descriptions the author was able to paint a picture unlike any I can recall from a hunting book. For all of these reasons and more I would recommend this book to any hunter.

This book gets 10 out of 10 bullseyes





# BUY, SELL, or TRADE

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

- It is FREE 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
- Each ad should be limited to 25 words plus your name and e-mail and/or phone number unless otherwise discussed with the editor.
- The Mid-Michigan Chapter is not responsible for items sold.

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# Bobcat & Bear Hunt

## Part One

*By Josh Christensen*

Although all animals fascinate me, the bobcat had intrigued me more than most of the others. This “small” cat is very elusive and cunning and without the aid of dogs is difficult to hunt. Starting in 2010 I had tried to find someone in my area of northern Michigan who hunted bobcat, but all my leads ended with nothing. For this reason, in the winter of 2015 I booked a hunt with Wild Spirit Guide Services out of the Upper Peninsula (U.P.) of Michigan.

Unfortunately for me the winter of 2015/16 was unseasonably warm. I had dates to hunt from January 30th to February 3rd. As my hunting dates approached I was a bit worried about the lack of snow and the warm temperatures our entire state was receiving. However, a nice snow storm was working its way toward the western part of the U.P. and my optimism increased.

I made the five-and-a-half-hour drive after a full day of work on a Friday and got settled into the hunting cabin I would be staying in the next five days. After a good night’s sleep I was picked up the following morning at 7:00 by the son of the outfitter. About two inches

of fresh snow fell overnight, adding to the eight inches of base we already had and bringing my hopes up as we made our way to the area we would hunt. We drove around for many hours looking for tracks, but never cut a single one. This kind of hunting requires a lot of time in the truck driving around looking for tracks. The temperatures early in the morning were good, in the high teens, but by noon the sun was out and the temps were near 35 degrees. Not even close to ideal for bobcat hunting and forcing us to call it a day.

The next morning we were off and running at 7:00 again. According to the forecast for this day it was once again going to be warmer than desired with possible rain. The morning started off decent. Before we even made it to the hunting area we got a call on the radio from one of the outfitter’s partners that he had cut tracks. We raced to his location and set two dogs loose on the trail. After a little bit of cold trailing one of the dogs caught the scent and we were off. This outfitter has gps collars for his dogs which makes following them easier. It also helps keep the dogs alive, because there are wolves in this area.

Through one of our many conversations the outfitter, Dan, told me he believed these collars have saved many of his dogs from a gruesome fate. He went on to say that most animals a wolf comes into contact with would run from it, making the wolf instantly think it is prey, whereas his hounds would turn and fight – a fight they would lose. This throws the wolves off for a minute, allowing the outfitter to see on his gps tracker the dogs have stopped and run in to see if they have a cat bayed or if there is a standoff with wolves. As the human approaches the wolves generally will run off.

At one point, while tracking this cat, the dogs lost the trail and we gathered them up, one of which had had a run-in with a porcupine. Dan used his pliers to pluck each quill out of the dog’s face before we proceeded. Using the trail of the dogs tracking the cat the outfitter was able to get the dogs back on track. At this point the dogs were hot on the trail of the cat when the call came over the radio from the outfitter’s partner that he was pulling the dogs because there were fresh wolf tracks in the same area the cat went.

By this time the rain started to fall and the temperatures were in the mid 30’s. Even without the rain the tracking was getting difficult. As the temperatures rose the snow began to melt, making it very difficult for the dogs to keep on the trail of the bobcat. The melting snow washed away the cat’s scent, just like the rain would. This ended our hunt for the day.

The next day found us with much less snow because of the higher temperatures and rain from the day before, so our plan of attack was a bit different. We drove north to Norway (the city, not the country) in a mountainous/big hill area and tried a tactic that was a low percentage chance, but the only true option we had. I would set up at a funnel where three canyons came together. Dan would take his best dog and try to





pick up a track and push a cat toward me. With the limited amount of snow there was no way the dogs would be able to bay a cat.

The temps were much colder on this day, in the 20's, with a bit of a cold wind. I was in position by 8:30 and stood there for the next five-and-a-half hours. It's amazing how many things can begin to look like a bobcat if you look at them hard enough. After about the third hour I began to think how many people would be willing to stand in these harsh conditions for the opportunity to get a glimpse of a bobcat. I guessed not many, but this goes to show how badly I wanted one. Dan's dog did find a track that he slowly worked, but unfortunately the cat never made it my way.

On our way back to the cabin we discussed our options for the next two days and we decided it would be best if I tried to come back the following weekend after a forecasted snow storm came through. But that snow storm was followed by warm temps and rain ruining the opportunity. Unfortunately, my bobcat season was over, but in discussions with Dan we decided to transfer the rest of my hunt into a bear hunt at a future date and time.

While I changed my hunt plans with this outfitter I decided to book another bobcat hunt for 2017 through an outfitter in the Lower Peninsula. This outfitter guaranteed I would get



a cat or he would bring me back until I did. This made me confident and I sent in the deposit within the week.

In December of 2016 the snow was flying and it looked like the bobcat season was going much better than the last year, in both the upper and lower peninsulas. That is until there were several warm and rainy days which melted most of the snow away. It appeared to be like the previous winter. I kept in contact with the outfitter (Bill) and the second weekend in January he told me the snow in the Lower Peninsula was bad, but the eastern portion of the U.P. looked good. So a plan was devised to drive three hours from home into the U.P. and hunt.

The plan was for Bill to drive up late Friday night and begin looking for fresh tracks by three in the morning. Bill prided himself on finding tracks before anyone else. I would leave my place around three in the morning and meet him in the small town of Rexton at first light. Bill was raised in this part of the U.P. and had hunted the area for bobcat with his family most his life, so he felt confident we would get a cat. Bill was proud to tell me he is a fourth-generation bobcat hunter.

I was in my truck and on the road by 3:15. For most of my drive the weather was great, but there was a thirty-mile stretch just south of the Mackinaw bridge that was blizzard-like conditions. After crossing the bridge, the largest suspension bridge in the United States, I stopped to fill up on gas. The temperatures were cold at the gas station, just below zero. From here I had another thirty-minute drive







before I met up with Bill and his partners, his son Will and their friend Mike.

About nine miles from Rexton my check engine light came on and my digital readout where the odometer is said I didn't have full power because of my lack of traction control. At this point I was beginning to think I might be cursed when it came to bobcat hunting. I called a mechanic friend to leave a message for him to call me as soon as he woke up; it was still only a little past six in the morning. My plan was to "limp" the truck to the meeting place with Bill. Luckily for me my friend was awake and gave me advice on how to possibly fix the problem for now. I did what he suggested and the truck ran fine, even though the check engine light stayed on.

I called Bill once I reached the gas station in Rexton and let him know I made it. He said they had already cut two tracks that morning and would come and get me shortly. Just as the morning light started to show on a new day Bill showed up and we traveled a few miles to where they found one of the tracks. It was very cold at this point, negative thirteen degrees! We waited fifteen minutes before Bill put a dog down on the track.

Any time Bill and his outfit set a dog out he also had someone go in with the dog. Usually it was his son Will. Will was there to help the dog if it got turned around and also to deter wolves from eating the dog. The hunter would stay back with Bill, and in this case Mike as well, until the dog was hot on the trail and then plan the next move based on the movement of the dog.

As the dog was cold trailing this cat I sat in the truck with Mike and watched the progress of the dog and Will on the gps screen. Mike informed me of many different aspects of cat hunting as well as what cats liked to do. He told me if a cat can, it will back track on its own trail to try to confuse the dogs. He also explained what was happening as we were tracking the dog on the gps. Sometimes the dog would overrun the track and have to work its way back, and

sometimes it would be in the same area without moving much. In these instances Mike said there was probably a deadfall tree and the cat had run through it, making it difficult for the dog to pick up the trail again.

I found through hunting with both outfitters that bobcat hunting involves a lot of waiting for the dogs to do their thing. I was amazed at how these dogs were able to work a track of a bobcat. In talking with Mike about the dogs he explained that each is different. Some trail much faster than others, which is good for catching up with the cat, but could also be bad because they could overrun the trail. He told me of one instance where a dog like this was hot on the trail of a cat and the cat actually stopped in his tracks, dove into the snow and the dog ran right over the cat. When the dog passed the cat got up and ran back down its track.

Through our conversation Mike explained how they generally knew the size of a cat. He said it's not an exact science but they can usually tell by the size of the track. He did say a paw print from a female is bigger than a male's of the same sized cat. This sometimes makes things difficult. He also mentioned when casing good sized males if they come across a female bobcat's trail about eight times out of ten the dogs would pick up and stay on the female's scent.

After five hours of cold trailing the cat the dog lost the trail. It appeared the cat used a deer trail, and after passing over it deer did as well, making it impossible for the scent to be followed. We picked up Will and the dog. It was decided there wasn't enough snow in the thick swampy areas where the cats like to hang out so we should call it a weekend and Bill would call me when the snow got better.

About fifteen minutes from home my truck started having issues again, saying something about the traction control and not giving me full power, but this time I knew what to do to "fix" it. At the same moment Bill called me. I was beginning to think this curse of the bobcat was getting serious. Bill told me according to his weather app the Roscommon area was supposed to get five inches of snow that night and wanted to know if he could call me around four in the morning if the snow did fly. I told him to call if he thought we could get a cat.

That night I checked the weather for Roscommon and the predictions had fallen to one inch of snow. I went to bed figuring there was no way I'd get a call. At four the phone rang and Bill told me there was no snow in Roscommon but Gaylord had gotten hammered and was still getting quite a bit of snow. He had some friends who had already cut a track and Bill was wondering if I could drive up to Gaylord to try my luck. Gaylord was usually only an hour's drive from my house so I told him I would meet him there.

I packed all my gear and after an hour-and-a-half drive I met him at a local grocery store. The snow was flying, making



my trip take a bit longer. Once at the store we waited for Will and Mike to make it to Gaylord, and when they did we drove out to where the other guys were waiting on the track.

The plan for this morning was to put two dogs down on the track and Will, Mike, and one other guy would go in with the dogs. The thought was the cat wasn't too far into this area of swamp and when the dogs jumped him the cat would back track and cross the road into the bigger section of swamp. I would be there waiting to ambush him.

The temperature was negative six when the dogs were released. The dogs seemed to get on the trail for a little while and everyone thought the cat would backtrack down his track, but that wasn't the case. At some point the cat was able to backtrack a portion of his own trail after the dogs passed. It took the guys a while to get the dogs back on the trail, but they were able to and the hunt was back on. The only problem was the cat had about an hour head start on us now. As we followed the dogs' movements on the gps units we noticed the cat wasn't going to backtrack through our ambush area.

Bill immediately had me get in the truck and we raced to the spot he thought the cat would cross the road into the bigger swamp. When we initially drove into the area we crossed over a river that Bill had mentioned was a spot where bobcats would cross naturally. This is where we drove to. Bill and I set up on the river, him watching one half and me watching the other. He told me if he saw the cat he would notify me and wanted me to swing my shotgun that direction and take the shot, or if I saw the cat to shoot as quickly as I could because I would get only one shot.

We were there for roughly fifteen minutes before I could hear the dogs barking along the trail of the cat. Bill told me again to be ready. I was scanning my half of the area and hearing the dogs growing louder and louder. My heart was pumping hard with excitement in anticipation of seeing the cat, but the only thing we saw was the dogs. I was puzzled as to how this cat just slipped past us, but the answer was soon realized when Bill found the cat track where it crossed the road, probably ten to fifteen minutes before we set up.

Bill grabbed the dogs and put them back on the cat's trail on

the other side of the two track, but he was not too optimistic on our odds. He was afraid the cat would cross the river multiple times and confuse the dogs. At this point Marcus, who knew the area, told us of a cabin about a mile away, as a crow flies, along the river that might afford me an opportunity to get a shot if the cat stayed on the river. Bill and I jumped in his truck and Marcus jumped in his and we drove about five miles along the two tracks to the cabin. When we arrived, we noticed on the gps the dogs weren't coming our way anymore and they appeared to be in the same area for quite some time. In fact, on the gps it showed they weren't moving much at all and they had "treed."

Will and Mike decided to go in and investigate, while Bill, Mark and I drove back to where we started the day. Will and Mike found a spot where they could park the truck 300 yards from the dogs and walked in to see if the dogs did in fact have a cat treed. Bill and I drove to where they parked their truck and within ten minutes the call came over the radio the dogs had treed a cat. I quickly grabbed my Ithaca Model 37 Featherlight 20 gauge and followed Bill in through some of the thickest cedar swamp I have ever traveled through. The trees were so close together it was difficult to squeeze through in some areas and it always felt like the branches were pulling at my coat and hat. To top it off, snow

that had piled up on the limbs from the snow storm would fall all over us as we pushed our way toward the bobcat.

After fifteen minutes we made it to the treed cat, the first bobcat I'd ever seen in the wild. Once the dogs were tied up I was given the okay to take the shot. The 20 gauge did its job as the cat was dead before it hit the ground. After looking at the cat we learned it was a female and not as big as the cat we were following earlier in the day, but the size of the cat didn't concern me. I had my bobcat and was on a high. I thanked each member of the hunting crew and let them know how impressed I was with their dogs and their knowledge of bobcats.

My seven-year journey to successfully hunt a bobcat was finally over. After this long path to success I would say I am still in awe of these small cats ability to survive and stay so secluded in much of North America.





# A Hero's Welcome

by Michael Ritchie

Veterans Danny Holbrook and Ryan Hulce may have fought in different wars but were honored with nine other U.S. disabled veterans in Thermopolis, Wyoming during the annual Hunting with Heroes program. "The people of Wyoming were extremely good to us," stated Vietnam Marine Veteran Danny Holbrook, "They were the nicest people I have ever met". National Guard and Operation Iraqi Freedom Vet Ryan Hulce agreed, "We felt so welcomed."

Hunting with Heroes program of Wyoming was Co-Founded by Colton Sasser (U.S. Army Veteran-Afghanistan and Dan Currah, an Army Vietnam Veteran. Currah shared, "We are losing our Vietnam veterans left and right due to the consequences of Agent Orange. When we came home from Nam, we did not receive a hero's welcome. Our organization seeks to make up for that."

The state of Wyoming makes available donated tags to organizations like "Hunting with Heroes". Hunting with Heroes provides a guide, lodging, food, and gifts from sponsors. The 100% hunting opportunity also has meat processors that donate their services for our nation's finest. "All they have to do is get here and we take care of everything once they arrive." Says Currah.

Outdoor Ministries Director at Roscommon Baptist Church Michael Ritchie helped to raise funds for the travel expenses and Deacon Dennis Fiebelkorn drove the men from Michigan to Wyoming and back. "Safari

Club Mid -Michigan came up big once again," shares Michael Ritchie, "They paid for gas, lodging and food for the way there and back."

The hunters arrived a day early in Thermopolis and met with their guides to sight in their rifles. That night dinner was provided for them at the local V.F.W. post. Each hero went out hunting after breakfast the next morning and were told they would not settle for a small one. Each guide is apprised on the

hunters' disabilities and their hunting methods were adjusted accordingly. Danny was concerned he would have to walk a distance and was relieved to find out that by hunting on private land to harvest his antelope he was able to just get out of the vehicle and shoot from a rest. Danny's Guide T.J. Owsley stated, "I was extremely worried, because of the weather (wet and windy) we were presented with, access to private ground would be limited. The ranchers were concerned we would tear up their roads with our vehicles. The antelope were tucked away out of the wind which presented a challenge

spotting a good one." Owsley a Veteran himself, spotted one that he knew they needed to kill. Danny went on to say, "T.J. knew the landowner and told them our situation and the landowner gladly gave us permission to hunt on his land. He even wanted to help T.J. gut it and lift it into our truck." The special antelope scored 82" and had beautiful heart shaped horns, almost touching at the top.



**Ryan Hulce with his antelope.**





**Dan Holbrook and guide T.J. Owsley with Dan's antelope.**

Ryan's guide Shane Wilson (a National Guard Veteran) took Ryan out the evening before to pre-scout for their hunt but were challenged by the weather and their scouting yielded no bucks they would want to take. It had Ryan a little worried about the next day how their hunting would be. But after they were busted on a stalk at first light, Ryan shot his 75 3/8" Wyoming antelope buck at 8:30 am. A perfect shot took down the beautiful buck just 50 yards from behind the truck.

That evening the V.F.W. handled the meal and local teen aged children served the Heroes their meal. All 11 Veterans had shot nice bucks and were all happy to tell their stories to each other. The antelope meat was being processed and frozen for their trip home.

Sunday noon meal was at a private home and was highlighted by a ceremony to honor each hunter for their service to our country. The whole process from beginning to end offered our Veterans a hero's welcome.

Colton Sasser summed up the whole experience "When Dan and I started Hunting with Heroes we wanted to honor the disabled Vets with a high-quality western hunting experience. What we found was so much more. By bringing these Veterans here from all over the country with common backgrounds from their military service the greatest benefit was the friendships formed, the lifelong relationships that we established and the heart-to-heart conversations that were shared." Colton who himself is a purple heart recipient said concerning this, "One of our hunters was a groomsman in my wedding party. We have kept in touch ever since his hunt here."

If you know a disabled Veteran that deserves to be honored or would like to make a donation for future Vets, contact Hunting with Heroes of Wyoming by clicking on their website: <https://huntingwithheroes.org/> Be aware that hunts are booked for the next two years.

To become a member of Safari Club international and specifically SCI Mid-Michigan. here is their website. Every year SCI Mid-Michigan supports disabled veterans by providing hunting opportunities they would not afford on their own. <https://midmichigansci.org/membership>.

If you would like to support Ryan Hulce hunt for next year we are planning for him for a Maine Moose Hunt through Veteran's Afield contact David Hentosh at: <https://www.veteransafielddoundation.org/support> and tell him you would like to Support Ryan Hulce (a Michigan disabled Veteran) for his moose hunt.





# Moose Hunt in

# Saskatchewan

By Mary Harter

We left for Saskatchewan on September 26, 2022 with Tim Schafer and Dawn Miles, taking three days to drive the 28 hours to Missinipe and the 15-minute flight through Osprey Wings to Hepburn Lake. We were driving Tim's truck so we could bring home all of the moose meat we anticipated harvesting. Tim had borrowed a huge homemade cooler and we had several other smaller coolers we hoped to fill.

After an evening spent near the docks on Otter Lake, we flew out at noon for Hepburn Lake and Arlee and Darlene Thideman. We had all been there in the spring for a successful bear hunt for each of us and Don and I had been there several times before but never at this time of the year. The walk to their cabin was covered with delicious blue berries and during the short



windows between hunting times, we picked a few. Darlene gave me a lot more so I could make pies for Thanksgiving.





We hunted the first night, Arlee was Tim's guide, and Doug Hayes, a friend of Arlee's was my guide. Arlee gets two tags per year, this being only the second year, and Don and I were going to buy both tags but Tim wanted a moose and a family can only eat one moose a year, so Tim bought the second tag.

Our first stand was an elevated tent overlooking a large marshy area with a pond in the middle. We hunted here three days with no luck. Doug did a great job of cow calling but the bulls just weren't in rut. Then we went to a double tree stand near camp. This stand overlooked the lake on two sides and was in a beautiful location with scrapes on two of the trees but still no luck. The bulls just weren't interested. The next day we caught three lake trout on the way to a blind at the end of the lake. Hepburn Lake was just beautiful with the golden aspen and birches backed by dark green colored black spruce, jack pine, and a few other minority species.

We were rained out one day plus had high winds but there were several calm, smooth water days. One day was foggy and it was getting colder. One night we were afraid the water to the cabin might freeze so they brought in buckets of water to flush the toilet but it never froze. The blueberries did freeze and leaves began to fall. The color was leaving the trees. We had a skiff of snow one day.

On day 8 of hunting, Tim and Dawn went to my tent blind where we first hunted and a bull answered Arlee's cow calling. With a little persuasion, out he came and Tim made a great shot and down he went. The bull fell in a convenient spot where they could retrieve him by boat. He was a great moose with perfect tines on his rack. None were broken. One down!! What an exciting evening!!

Well, now the pressure was on. Arlee and Darlene's son, Ken, had flown into camp with Doug's wife, Rita, so Ken, Arlee and Doug took me to a lake where Tim had hunted three days with no results but there was lots of moose sign. It looked like their barnyard. Don sat up in the tree stand with a great view and they seated me on the ground behind a grassy edge and Ken began cow calling. Immediately a bull answered!!





Ken had put out a moose decoy we had named "Susie" and a lot of scent. He had done a perfect job as we could hear the moose coming. The wind was blowing right his way. Ken told me to get ready and, of course, I was. The moose kept grunting and Ken kept cow calling. The edge of the lake was clear back quite a way with trees dotted throughout. The first thing I could see was his head and antlers. He was huge and his antlers had palms. He was coming to the cow calling and scent. He was head on so I waited. Soon he saw Susie and turned. Just as soon as I could get a clear shot, I took it and he buckled but ran to the lake edge and went in. I racked in another shell and took another shot. Down he went, but in the water. He was secure.

Don, who had been able to see him before anyone else, came down from the blind, and hugged me. This was at 7:15 a.m. the morning of the 9th day of hunting. We had walked to our spot in the dark with flashlights as it doesn't get daylight until 7:00 a.m. This was our first moose sighting after 52 hours of hunting and Don had been out with me every one of those hours.

After much celebration, we had to decide how to retrieve him. Arlee and Ken decided to go back 6 miles to the cabin, load the four-wheeler on the boat and bring it in by clearing a path using a chain saw. They also brought the canoe so Ken could paddle out to the moose and tie a rope on his antlers. We had walked about a mile back in to this lake. The job seemed enormous. We stayed, they went and returned, a path was cut and everyone at the cabin came to help. The edge of the lake was soft and every time they tried to pull the moose out

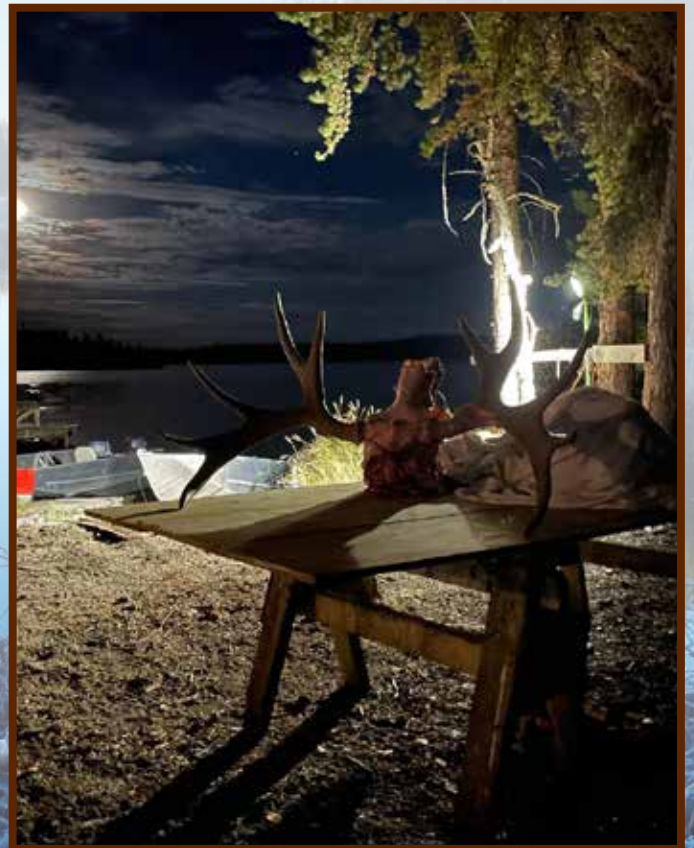
either his antlers or feet got stuck. A moose is a huge animal and not easy to maneuver. Eventually, they got him on land, cut him up, loaded him on the four-wheeler which hauled the canoe, which was also full of meat out to the three boats. My moose had been fighting and had a hole in his side plus very bruised ribs. What did the other guy look like?

Two down, let them cool and age on the meat pole, and go fishing.

When we decided to cut up the moose, it was a beautiful, sunny day. Dawn and Rita did all of the wrapping in saran wrap covered with freezer paper. Eight of us boned and cut up the moose, Tim's in the morning, and mine in the afternoon. That is a lot of meat. We waited a couple of days for the meat to freeze solid, called for the plane, and returned to Tim's truck, loaded the well frozen meat, and headed for home.

At the docks, they said my rack was the largest they had hauled out for the year. Wow!!

What a wonderful trip. The advertisement for Hepburn Lake Lodge is in this publication. Call Arlee. You will not be disappointed with fishing, bear hunting, and/or moose hunting!





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"A great attitude becomes a great mood, which becomes a great day, which becomes a great year, which becomes a great life." – Zig Ziglar





# Conservation Affairs

Compiled and submitted by Autumn Gonda



MICHIGAN DEPARTMENT OF

NATURAL RESOURCES

## About the Master Angler program

Have you ever caught a beast of a fish and wondered if that fish is a record holder? Here's some information on determining that.

The Master Angler program includes more than 45 species for which you can compete for honors. The Master Angler Patch is awarded to all entries meeting the established minimum length for each species.

### Rules and requirements

It is your responsibility to review the rules and requirements prior to submitting an application:

<https://www2.dnr.state.mi.us/HarvestReg/Survey/15>

- Master Angler application submissions will only be available via the online form above.
- At least one photo clearly showing the entire fish measured on a legible standard measuring device is required.
- No more than one entry per species of the same size fish will be accepted.
- All fish must be taken by legal Michigan sportfishing methods, during the open season, and in Michigan waters OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.
- We reserve the right to reject any application if the entry does not meet the established criteria.
- No more than one patch per species will be awarded to each angler per year.
- Measure your fish from the tip of the nose (or lower jaw) to tip of the tail in a straight line. Do NOT measure in a curve around the body from nose to tail. Measure to the nearest 1/8 inch

### Master Angler database

The database contains information on all the Master Angler final reports. This can be a valuable source of information, allowing you to investigate where big fish are caught in the state, the times of year during which catch rates are highest, and techniques useful in pursuing trophy fish.

### How it benefits our state

The Master Angler Program helps promote fishing as a popular sport in Michigan and provides anglers with valuable information on where the big fish in our state can be found, when is the best time to fish for them and what's the most successful fishing method, bait and/or lure.

Thanks to the Master Angler Program, not only does Michigan serve as an angling mecca for the dedicated angler, people come from across the globe to fish in our state and try to catch a big fish.

### State record

State records are recognized by weight only. To qualify for a state record, your fish must exceed the current listed state record weight and identification must be verified by a DNR fisheries biologist. If you think you've caught a state record fish, please contact a DNR fisheries biologist as soon as possible.

All potential state record fish must be weighed on a commercial scale (grocery store, meat market, etc.) and record the business name where scale is located. If possible, attach weight slip.

Species	Min Length (inches)	Current Record (lbs)
Bass, Largemouth	21"	11.94 lbs.
Bass, Rock	12"	3.62 lbs.
Bass, Smallmouth	21"	9.98 lbs.
Bass, White	16"	6.44 lbs.
Bluegill	10"	2.75 lbs.
Buffalo, Bigmouth	30"	33 lbs.
Buffalo, Black	30"	54.3 lbs.
Bullhead, Black	14"	3.44 lbs.
Bullhead, Brown	14"	3.77 lbs.
Bullhead, Yellow	14"	3.6 lbs.
Bowfin	27"	14 lbs.
Burbot	26"	18.25 lbs.
Carp, Common (Note 1)	33"	61.5 lbs.
Carp sucker, Quillback	19"	9.98 lbs.
Catfish, Channel	30"	40 lbs.
Catfish, Flathead	35"	53.35 lbs.
Cisco (Lake Herring)	20"	6.36 lbs.
Crappie, Black	14"	4.12 lbs.
Crappie, White	14"	3.39 lbs.
Freshwater Drum	27"	28.61 lbs.
Lake Sturgeon	60"	193 lbs.
Longnose Gar	32"	18 lbs.
Muskellunge, Great Lks.	46"	58 lbs.
Muskellunge, Northern	46"	49.75 lbs.
Northern Pike	36"	39-0 lbs.
Perch, White	11"	2 lbs.
Perch, Yellow	14"	3.75 lbs.
Salmon, Atlantic	28"	32.62 lbs.
Salmon, Chinook	39"	47.86 lbs.
Salmon, Coho	28"	30.56 lbs.
Salmon, Pink	21"	8.56 lbs.
Smelt	10"	12 inches
Splake	25"	17.5 lbs.
Sucker, Longnose	17"	6.88 lbs.
Sucker, N. Hog	13"	2.54 lbs.
Sucker, Redhorse	22"	12.89 lbs.
Sucker, White	21"	7.19 lbs.
Sunfish, Green	9"	1.53 lbs.
Sunfish, Hybrid	10"	1.8 lbs.
Sunfish, Pumpkinseed	9"	2.15 lbs.
Sunfish, Redear	10"	2.36 lbs.
Sunfish, Warmouth	9"	1.38 lbs.
Trout, Brook	14"	9.5 lbs.
Trout, Brown	24"	41.45 lbs.
Trout, Lake	34"	61.5 lbs.
Trout, Rainbow (Steelhead)	32"	26.5 lbs.
Walleye	29"	17.19 lbs.
Whitefish, Lake	23"	14.28 lbs.
Whitefish, Menominee	15"	4.06 lbs.

Note 1: \*State record Carp; \*\*Largest hook & line Carp








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"If everything seems to be under control, you're not going fast enough." – Mario Andretti







# CHRISTENSEN FAMILY AFRICAN HUNTING VACATION

## *Part Two of a Four Part Series*

by Josh Christensen

**Editor's Note:** In the previous issue the Christensen family began their family vacation with Marupa Safaris. We pick up their vacation on day six of the trip.

The next morning was still fairly windy, but the temperatures were better, in the mid-forties. Not far from the lodge a group of red hartebeest were spotted. We watched as they made their way up a different koppie (rocky hill/mountain). When they made their way out of our sight Reinardt, Ivan and I climbed the koppie in an attempt to cut them off and get a shot. When we reached the top the hartebeest were nowhere to be found. It was like they vanished, but they had not. There was a small depression or valley to our right and as we slowly made our way toward it, the small herd was at the bottom. They saw us as we



*Ivan with his duiker.*



*Ivan with his impala.*

saw them and vacated the area quickly. Although it was a failed stalk it was an enjoyable start to the day.

Once back to the truck we drove some of the roads for another fifteen minutes or so before coming across a decent impala who was standing about fifty yards off the road. We continued past the impala about another 200 yards until we were out of sight and stopped the truck. Reinardt, Ivan and I got out to make the stalk. Reinardt did an excellent job of getting us to within 120 yards before he set up the sticks. Ivan took his time and made a shot that dropped the impala. He had his second animal of the trip.

After pictures and loading the impala in the truck, we continued looking for animals we were pursuing. We came across a decent springbok and Ivan attempted to harvest him, but missed the shot. I could tell he was a bit dejected, but I reassured him we all miss at some point





*Elijah with his waterbuck.*



*Ivan with his Springbok.*

and I had missed animals more than I'd like to admit. That seemed to bring him out of his funk.

We dropped Ivan's impala at the skinner shack and then proceeded to part of the property where waterbuck hang out. Elijah was hoping to take one of these large animals if he was presented with an opportunity. As we were driving toward the area we spotted a small group of waterbuck. Reinardt stopped the truck and he and Elijah got out, but before the shooting sticks could be set up the waterbuck took off into the thick brush. In this group were four females and two good males. Elijah and Reinardt tried to follow them up into the bush, but it was a failed attempt as the group went deeper into the bush.

When Elijah and Reinardt returned to the truck we proceeded to drive very slowly through the thicker area of bush. We drove for a while before I swore I saw a rock on the ground that looked like a waterbuck head. I tapped the top of the truck and Reinardt stopped. I put my binoculars up and there laying in the thick vegetation 120 yards away was a waterbuck. He was in the shade making his head appear to be a dark colored rock. The bull was laying at an angle that would afford a tough shot. Reinardt was attempting to explain to Elijah where to shoot, when another waterbuck materialized next to the first one we saw. He was standing there the whole time, but blended in so well we couldn't see him. This one was standing up and facing us.

I directed Reinardt's attention to the second bull and Reinardt decided they were both good bulls, but the



*Ivan with his red hartebeest.*

one stand facing us was a better shot opportunity. The rifle was adjusted to switch from the laying waterbuck to the one standing. The waterbuck was slightly angled in his stance so Reinardt instructed Elijah to shoot under the white spot on his chest/neck area and a little to the right. At the report of the rifle the animal dropped before jumping back up and taking off. Reinardt did an excellent job of following the animal up through the thick thorny bush and 100 yards later found Elijah's animal. I didn't realize how big these animals were until we walked up on him. He was quite a large animal and Elijah was very pleased with him.



After loading the waterbuck and taking him to the skinning shack we started heading back to the lodge for lunch when we ran into a group of springbok that was mingling with a group of red hartebeest. Both of these animals were on Ivan's list still. We stopped and were able to look them over from a distance of a couple hundred yards, before spotting a very nice red hartebeest bull at the back of the herd. They were straight out ahead of us and Ivan tried to set up for a shot, but the bull moved forward into the rest of the herd of hartebeest making it too difficult to shoot.

Then the herd started moving from straight out in front of us to our right. They weren't spooked by us and were quite calm, so we continued to watch them, moving our position slightly to see what would happen next. We watched as the herd passed by through an opening at 180 yards. Ivan was set up to shoot in the opening waiting for his opportunity when a large hartebeest, the bull we saw just minutes ago walked into the opening and stopped to graze. Ivan got him in the crosshairs and squeezed the trigger. We could hear the thump of the shot hitting the bull as the animals ran off into the thicker cover. Ivan had his second animal of the day.

We went back to the lodge for lunch and to relax for a while before heading back out for the afternoon hunt. When we went back out, we went to the area where Elijah shot his waterbuck. Sara decided she would like to also harvest one of these unique animals. We were able to



*The sunset on the way to the jackal hunt.*

find the group again and Reinardt and Sara were able to make a stalk, but the females in the group took off taking the male with them.

As we continued to drive around the area Reinardt spotted a group of springbok in some thick bush. He stopped the truck and got out, taking Ivan with him. They stalked into the bush. From the truck I could see some springbok, but not all of them. Then there was a shot. I didn't see what happened, but learned later Ivan had a good shooting window at around 80 yards. At his shot, the springbok dropped. It was a great springbok and Ivan was very pleased with the experience.

After dinner that evening Pieter asked if we would like to try for jackal again. Of course I said yes. Along the drive to the koppie where Ivan shot his gemsbok the day before we came across a nice duiker. Ivan set up for the shot and collected his fourth animal of the day and the last animal for him on the trip. Ivan's excitement over his awesome day of hunting lasted several days as he would bring up each stalk several times.

In an attempt to get a jackal we sat atop the koppie for an hour and a half calling from time to time, but no jackals would cooperate so we called it a night. We did have a great view of all of the stars the southern hemisphere has to offer which added to the hunt and overall vacation experience.



*Some of the landscape we hunted in the Northern Cape.*



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"Courage is not having the strength to go on; it is going on when you don't have the strength." – Theodore Roosevelt





# "Karen the Huntress"

**By Karen Hayes**

Growing up, I was against hunting. I specifically remember telling my dad that if he killed a deer while hunting, I was going to run away. I attribute that to watching Bambi repeatedly as a child. Luckily for me, I did not have to run away (sorry dad)! My paternal family is a family of hunters and anglers. I have memories of eating fisheyes and tails at my grandfather's kitchen table. I am sure that is what scarred me for life.

I remember fishing with my father. My favorite fishing trips were smelt dipping at the mouth of the AuSable River. I never ventured into the woods with him unless it was for a walk. As a teenager, I trekked into the woods with my cousins when one of them shot a squirrel. My uncle skinned the squirrel and I thought it was entertaining to walk around pulling on the tendon of the hand waving to everyone. I am sure I also had to taste that squirrel in something, but I have blocked that memory.

As luck would have it, I met and fell in love with a hunter. I did not know at the time that he was a hunter, but once I found out it was too late. About a year into our dating relationship (pre-cellphones) I was waiting for my boyfriend to come home. I was meeting him at his mother's, but it kept getting later and later. All sorts of thoughts were running through my mind and then the phone rang. He had shot a deer. When he arrived at his mother's home, he had the biggest smile on his face. He told me that he



had something to show me and proceeded to pull out a deer heart that had the evidence of a perfect shot from an arrow. Listening to him tell his experience with such excitement made me proud of him.

My husband, Ben, comes from a hunting family. I have heard story after story after story about the Card property; hunting with Fred Bear; deer hunting from dawn until dusk for days at a time; and shown pictures to back up all the stories. Once we were married and had jobs that would allow, Ben started to take trips to various places to hunt. I learned what it was like to be a "hunting widow." It certainly did not



help that my birthday is October 14th and after 24 years of marriage he still mutters, "who in the world would have a child during bow season?"

Ben lives to hunt, literally. His Illinois family at Strut n' Rut even calls him "Ben the Hunter." In the fall of 2004 when he was awaiting a double lung transplant, he was on the couch in tears. I attempted to comfort him thinking that his mortality was staring him in the face, but no, he said, "you don't know how bad I want to be hunting right now." After his recovery, I started to become more active in his hunting world. I would accompany him to big game dinners and fundraisers, escort him on his strolls through Cabela's, and I would even help him make lists for his hunting trips and pack his bags. While he was on his hunting trips, I would check deer cameras and maintain food plots.

After numerous "once in a lifetime hunts" (after his transplant, "no" was not a word I could use about a hunting trip) I told Ben I was going to accompany him on a trip! In 2019, he took me to Canada where I got my first buck. I did not have buck fever or all the amped up excitement that Ben would have after a harvest. I was not sure I was cut out for this hunting stuff.

The last two years I got more interested in fishing with Lori Card and Wild Card Outdoor Adventures. Lori is my husband's cousin. She has become my friend. My encourager. My "come along on this fishing



event with me" girl. She encourages woman and children to get in the outdoors through education and events. This past summer I was honored to be a volunteer with WCOA at the Michigan Walleye Tour. Bumping fish, checking live wells, and smiling at anglers seemed to be more my style. Against my better judgement, Lori even taught me how to filet fish!

Ten years ago I started applying for a bear permit- never believing I would ever be ready to bear hunt. This year, I drew a tag. It was time to put on my big girl boots and hike into the woods.

The first two days of hunting yielded nothing but hungry racoons, squirrels, a falcon, owl, and the biggest porcupine I had ever seen. Sitting in the woods listening to the songs of nature is a beautiful experience until it all goes eerily quiet. I am not sure I am cut out for that either. But it was a good two evenings alone in the woods with my husband.

On my third evening, Ben stayed home because there are no babysitters in our area and both of our sons had soccer practice. I met Tony from Prior Creek Taxidermy & Trapping for a sit at a new spot. We got in the blind at 5:15pm. The bear bait was about 20 yards out. I honestly do not know how hunters can sit so long with nothing to occupy





their time; the first night we sat for 4.5 hours, the second night, 3.5 hours, and tonight I was planning on another 3.5.

After a few noisy red squirrels made their presence known and a small bird land 24 inches from my face on the sill of the blind, I saw a head come out of the woods from the right.

I nudged Tony and watched the bear come up and lick the bacon grease from the trees. Tony said he was a "shooter," so I put on my ear protection, got the gun in position, and tried to breathe. I have never seen a bear in the wild that close, so I tried to get my heart rate down to keep the cross hairs in just the right spot. I pulled the trigger, and nothing happened. Eek. I pulled it again and NOTHING! I was thinking Ben gave me a dud of a gun but then I remembered the safety.

While trying to click the safety to fire, the bear knocked over the bait barrel and scared himself back into the woods. I thought, "ugh! I just missed my chance!" But he came back! Taking slow, steady breaths, I finally felt confident to pull the trigger again once the bear stepped his right foot forward.

I pulled, the bear jumped, and he was gone. I looked at Tony and he was confident that I had made a good shot. We waited 15 minutes then went looking for blood. We found some good blood and tracked the bear's zigzag blood trail for a good 50 yards into thick swamp. Before I shot, Tony estimated that the bear was just over one hundred pounds. When we found him lying in the swamp, he was much larger than Tony thought.



My first Michigan bear weighed in at just over 230lbs!

I did not get bear fever. I was honestly more nervous about the coyotes that were howling not too far off. I did, however, get a boost of excitement to see the pride in Ben's eyes when we dragged the bear out of the woods and the delight my sons showed when telling people their mom shot a bear.

As I wait for my bear rug and try to figure out what adventure to go on next, I think it may be time for people to refer to me as "Karen the Huntress."





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## BLUEBERRY PIE

by Mary Harter

Measure 2 cups unsifted all purpose flour and 1 t. salt into large bowl. Add 1 cup shortening (like Crisco) and cut together with the flour and salt with a fork just until shortening is in pea size pieces. Too much mixing makes the crust tough. Add 9 T. ice cold water and mix slightly. Roll out 1/2 of mixture on floured piece of waxed paper with floured rolling pin. Lift by rolling over rolling pin and place in a 9" pie plate. Pat down in pan and cut off excess. Add blueberries, about 2 1/2 cups, topped with 1 c. white sugar mixed with 6 T. corn starch and 1 T. cinnamon. Roll out rest of crust mixture and cover the pie. Cut off excess and flute edge with thumb and fingers to seal. Cut several holes in top for steam to escape. Sprinkle top with a little sugar. Bake for about one hour at 350 degrees or until done.



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## QUEBEC CARIBOU '96

by Tim McKelvey

We booked our hunt with L.U.O. (Laurentian Ungava Outfitters) (514) 474-0292, in February, 1996. Ray Sicilian had spoken with Andre Threlfall of Montreal, and his partner, Ray Cobb of Bay City, Michigan, and was able to book a hunt for five at about \$2500 each.

Our group consisted of Ray Sicilian, Dave Bowling, Vance Moody, Paul McKelvey and myself.

We could have flown from Columbus to Montreal and back but felt that the airfare of \$500 per man could greatly be offset by pooling gas money and doing the 13 hour drive. We also felt that we'd have better control of our equipment, frozen meat, etc. with our own vehicle rather than having to rely on the airlines.



*Happy Guy! Tim McKelvey with 1st Caribou*

We all met and parked vehicles at my home, loaded Ray's 1996 Suburban with low trailer for equipment, and headed north to Montreal. We made two food stops and good time. Nice rig! The Holiday Inn is located on the west side of town on a road that parallels the runway. A bit tough to find, but keep the faith. It is there!

The six or seven outfitters have made a deal with the Holiday Inn/Airport and it's set up with an entire wing of rooms for hunters. The hotel also has the parking area secured and blocked off. Although there were no reports of theft, I wouldn't leave too much in the way of valuables in the vehicle.



*Two Happy Guys! Tim & his brother Paul*

The hotel is in a commercial/office/warehouse area that you'd typically find along major airport properties. There weren't any eating places nearby (within walking distance) and the hotel was just another "business people passing through" kind of place. Pick up a luggage cart at the front desk area. The hallways go forever! The bar was a lobby type. Labatt's beer was cold. Food was acceptable in the hotel restaurant.

We found Canadian prices in general to be a bit on the strong side. But, what the heck. We had a hold year to save up for it.

We were fortunate to have a vehicle as we did some shopping at a rather large mall on the other side of the airport runway. (Lots of free maps, etc. in a rack in the hotel lobby). We drove into the downtown and then into the "Old Town Montreal" area down along the St. Lawrence River. Interesting shops and old historical buildings are among the sites. It's about a half hour drive back to the west side Airport/Holiday Inn.

We arrived in Montreal on Saturday evening and didn't fly out north until Monday afternoon. It was nice to have that extra time to bum around and also that "cushion" in case of trouble on the road.

Prior to flying out on Monday afternoon, there was a mobile office/trailer in the parking lot and everyone was required to weigh-in their gear. We were allowed 60 lbs. of gear per person (going in) and would have been financially responsible for so much per pound over the limit. Best to check with people in your party so as to avoid the duplication of equipment and thereby cut the weight down. ie: cleaning equipment, etc. There





is no alcohol available once you fly out of Schefferville to your hunting camp. Beer is out of the question due to weight, so it's best to pack any whiskey in heavy plastic bottles.

The flight north from Montreal was clear, smooth and sunny. I remember looking at Paul and we both said almost the same thing at the same moment. "Wow, have you ever seen such a vast expanse of land with NO sign of civilization?" Just a lot of lakes, no roads, and a power line or two.

The airline that we flew north on is named V.N.Q. It's an airline that caters to the caribou outfitters in Schefferville. It makes one weekly flight to Schefferville to drop off caribou hunters and bring back



*Successful Bow Hunter*

earth, but that we were close. The town had been a rather large iron ore strip mine area at one time. Now there isn't too much going on. Lots of one story wood frame buildings, chimneys smoking, dust blowing, and dogs barking. Vegetation was scarce and pine trees were short. Once the caribou season comes to an end, there is very little air traffic. The town is served once a week by a train that makes the 13 hour trip up from Sept. Isle on the St. Lawrence River. Every piece of construction material, clothing, gas, fuel oil, food, vehicles, medicine, etc., has to be brought in on this train. Needless to say, it's not the place to be once the cold wind begins to blow. We didn't go into the town as we didn't have time. Andre Threlfall's brother, Ramon, picked us up in L.U.O.'s stubby green school bus and took us directly to their base camp over the ridge on Squaw Lake.

There are about six or seven outfitters that have main camps on Squaw Lake. There are also about four or five different float plane companies and their planes are anchored all around the Lake.

Early to bed and up before daylight. We walked next door to a trailer for breakfast and then were driven around the lake where we loaded the float plane and took off to our hunting camp on Lake Boreal. L.U.O. has six hunting camps. Each camp has room for up to 12 hunters. Although they prefer to have only six hunters in each camp, they may bring in another six from another camp only under extreme conditions.

Camp Boreal is 166 miles north, northwest of Schefferville. The float plane was a DeHaviland Otter and was just as fine as I thought it would be. They fly at 100mph and about 500 feet above the ground except when crossing ridges. Then, they're "right down on the deck."

The Boreal camp was very adequate. We tied off on the small floating dock, unloaded our gear, waved good-bye to the pilot, and began to familiarize ourselves with our new home.

We met Ray Cobb, Andre's partner from Bay City, Michigan. Ray would be with us the entire week and proved to be quite an outdoorsman. This hunt was not scheduled to be a 1 x 1 hunt and we would be responsible for our own cooking and other camp chores. Although Ray was responsible for the hunt, he was only

the hunters who have just completed their hunt.

The plane was rather interesting. It was a twin engine turbo prop chartered by all of the six or seven outfitters that work out of Schefferville. Almost all of the people on this charter plane were their clients coming to hunt.

We climbed the stairs, turned right at the doorway, and started back through the fuselage. Interesting, the first half of the fuselage was for open cargo storage on both sides of the aisle. We then went through a bulkhead doorway and the aft section was your typical passenger area. They offered no meals, but did have drink service, etc.

We arrived at Schefferville and as I looked out over the town I thought that this may not be the end of the





obligated to advise, direct, and lend minor assistance. Well, Ray turned out to be a real work horse. He climbed every ridge and helped field dress and helped pack everyone's game out. He really wanted to accommodate everyone and make the hunt as productive as possible. (Don't expect to be as fortunate the next hunt).

We spent the rest of the afternoon becoming familiar with the area. We hunted the high ground to the south of the lake and made the two and a half mile hike up onto the barren ridge we'd spend most of the week hunting. The ridge overlooked a large open valley with five small lakes to the south. This long ridge proved to be very productive for us.

None of us had hunted caribou so we relied on Ray Cobb for a good sense of direction. He certainly knew his business. We soon learned that D.N.R. had tagged a number of animals with electronic collars and are able to track the movements of the herds. They also publish and fax a copy of each herds' weekly movements to the outfitters that subscribe to the service.

The movement of the caribou is unpredictable and quite a bit different than deer. Although they too move a lot more as the weather gets cold, many of these animals have never seen a human. Their sense of smell and sight are both terrific but they may act strange when encountering a human. It's not uncommon to have them continue to approach you even after being fired upon. They roam during the day with no distinguishable sense of direction. They certainly can cover a lot of territory. (20 to 40 miles in a day). Sometimes they're moving through your area and sometimes they're not. We were concerned because we only saw a few on our one and a half hour flight into Lake Boreal. I think we all had private visions of the 5000 animal herd passing within 200 yards of the camp. Well, sometimes it happens that way, but not frequently. We were very fortunate to see quite a few animals, although no group was larger than 40 or 50 animals. There seemed to be pretty consistent activity (caribou sightings) throughout the week.

We were up early the next morning, had a good breakfast, and got into the boat to take a half mile ride to the south end of the lake. We then followed the orange tape markings on the trees up onto the high ridge I mentioned earlier. This day was to be our most pro-



*Happy Hunters!*

ductive.

We were strongly advised to take our first animal as soon as possible and refrain from going after "THE BIG BOY" first. Get a nice piece of meat down A.S.A.P. and then go for the big one.

Ray got a nice animal early and Vance and Paul were positioned along the ridge about half a mile apart. They had a good view of the large open area and lakes I mentioned earlier. I moved to the far eastern end of the ridge and set up watch. About 10:30a.m. I heard Paul shoot and then again about 15 seconds later. I waited about 20 minutes and began to move in his direction. What a thrill to see him in my binocs walking from one nice bull to another, about 30 yards apart. One had walked out of a small, short cedar grove and Paul took it with a well placed 110 yard downhill shot. The second animal came right out into the opening and he had about an identical 130 yard shot on that one. Two shots, two "boos".

I circled back by Paul's area about 2:00p.m. and could see that he had met up with Vance and they were glassing the large open area from behind a large boulder on the ridge. I could see about 30 animals coming north toward their position. I moved back up the ridge and got behind them so as not to disturb "their" animals. This herd came right into Vance and he shot two nice bulls. One at 130 yards, the other at close to 200. Strange thing. Although the herd began to trot away to the north, they turned to the east and came right up over the ridge and then trotted to the south. I picked





up on them and could see their antlers moving along the other side of the ridge line. There was a saddle along the ridge line and when one of the larger bulls came into this 30 foot "window", I dropped it with a shot to the shoulder.

We went down to the lake, picked up the back packs, and came back up to pack out both of Paul's and Vance's animals. It was on the second trip back up that Paul spotted three nice bulls coming north across the open area and approaching the ridge. I waited till they were just going out of sight around the ridge and took about a 250 yard shot at the last animal. I ran west along the baren area on top of the ridge thinking I might have a shot as they ran around to the east. What a surprise when I began to see the big antlers coming up a draw right in front of me! I went into the prone position and turned to Paul and gave him the "get down" signal. I could see Ray Cobb hit the dirt about 50 yards behind Paul. I watched the antlers come higher and higher as I hurriedly cranked my 3x9 variable Leopold scope down to as low a power as possible. The first bull came into view and I could see the second one coming onto the ridge behind it. I took the first bull with a 30 yard shot. He reared up like Hi Ho Silver, did a 180 degree turn while on his hind legs, and ran down the draw about 40 yards to the bottom. He stopped, stumbled, and offered me a side shot which I took. This was a very nice, mature bull.

The other two bulls ran the same direction, stopped, and both offered us side shots at about 50 yards. Ray told me to take another one, not realizing that I'd already had two animals down. I quickly handed him my rifle and he shot one of them twice.

Ray's bull was hit hard and we elected to let it be, gut mine out, pack Paul's down, and get mine and Ray's early the next morning. Ray was very confident that any bears would be attracted to Paul and Vance's animal carcasses and not bother mine and his.

Well, he was partially right. The next morning I found that my first caribou had been half eaten. Thankfully, neither my big one nor Ray's nice bull had been disturbed.

Meanwhile Dave got a nice bull and an average bull in the first three days. Dave preferred to hunt a ridge area to the east of our favorite spot and he too

experienced success.

The flight out was very enjoyable. It took a bit of work to get off the water as we did have quite a load. I watched the numerous lakes, rivers, and ridges pass below.

The stopover at Squaw Lake was fast. We picked up the meat and got to the airport at exactly 6 p.m. Once we checked in, we had an hour to kill so we went about three doors down to a Canadian V.F.W. Club. Although they were hesitant to admit us, I told them that we were American Vets and had a lot of Canadian money that we had to dispose of prior to flying out. We were welcomed in like long lost combat buddies.

Wonderful time. Fine fellowship. A safe and successful hunt. We met lots of nice people and were very fortunate to have been at the right place at the right time. Everything clicked. No "goof-ups" and not an unkind word was spoken. I don't think any of us would have changed any aspect of the hunt. L.U.O. was everything they represented themselves to be. A very well run organization.

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**FAMILY VACATION,  
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PART 3 OF 4**  
by Josh Christensen



**AFRICA 15 PLUS 2**  
by Tony Roettger



**U.P. BLACK BEAR**  
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