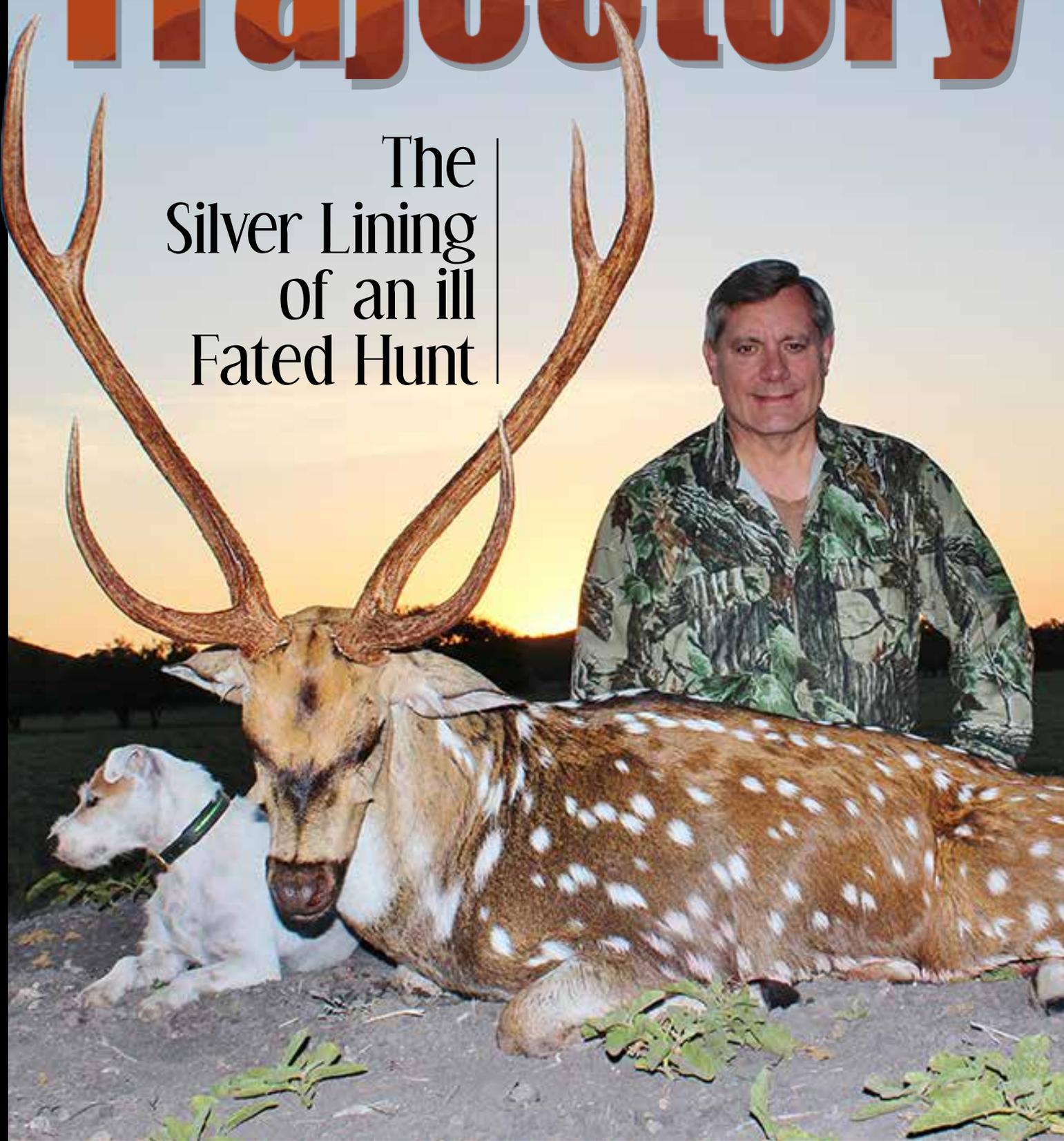


Safari Club International - Detroit Chapter

Awarded SCI Best Chapter Magazine (Group 2) for 2016

Trajectory

The
Silver Lining
of an ill
Fated Hunt



Spring/Summer 2016

EDITOR'S MESSAGE

Steve Breuning



Our Chapter as had a great year. Our banquet/fundraiser was very successful, membership rose, and at the National/International level SCI has given our Chapter lots of good attention and positive feedback. Regarding Trajectory, we are very proud to say the International SCI has honored Trajectory as "SCI Best Chapter Magazine (Group 2) for 2016". This was only possible with your articles, stories, feedback, and general participation. On behalf of Bob Berndt and myself it is an honor to work with you all.

As you read this issue, the ongoing changes being made with Trajectory will be obvious and I am sure that you will continue to find them to be as exciting as we do. However, to continue this level of excitement and quality we need your help. We want your hunting stories, we want the stories of your first hunt, and we want your pictures. It is you, our members, who will allow this to happen. We had good support for this issue – please keep it up.

In past editorial endeavors I have had, the number one reason people have told me for their not contributing is a fear that they don't write well enough. I will gladly help and I will call on others to help. Don't be shy, this will not be a problem. I guarantee you will have a story you are proud of and a written memory of your hunt.

We are continuing to use ads in Trajectory. We want our members to know what each other does and who provides good services. This helps us all. Our pricing on ads remains minimal. Prices are:

\$250 for a Full Page Ad	\$ 50 for a ¼ Page Ad
\$150 for a ½ Page Ad	\$ 25 for a Business Card size Ad

For your money, your Ad will run in both hard copies of Trajectory as well as be on our website for a year.

The following is a list of Advertisers in this issue of Trajectory. I want to personally thank all for their support of our Chapter and please check them all out.

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Scott O'Farrell

This will be my last letter as President of the SCI Detroit chapter as my term comes to an end in June. I would like to start off by thanking all of the SCI Detroit Board of Directors and all of the volunteers that have offered their personal time for the benefit of the chapter. Time is truly the most difficult thing to give. Through the time and efforts of the Board members and volunteers our chapter has continued to grow and prosper. SCI Detroit has seen a significant increase in membership and I am very proud to report we are in a very sound financial position.

SCI Detroit recently celebrated its 40th anniversary. For any non-profit organization to celebrate 40 years it simply does not happen by mistake. It is the result of hard work by members and foresight from individuals that have served as directors that took the time to consider what the future may bring. Having cash reserve accounts have afforded the chapter the opportunity to contribute to worthwhile causes while at the same time ensuring the sustainability of our organization.

SCI Detroit has been very fortunate to have as many club members volunteer as we do, without their generous gift of time we simply would not be as great as we are. There are some individuals that donate a tremendous amount of time. SCI Detroit is blessed to have a tremendous network of outfitters and individuals around the world that donate to help support our cause. I would like to thank all of those who have taken the time to donate to our chapter to help our efforts. In the past 40 years SCI Detroit has given over \$1.3 million dollars to local, national, and global causes including our most basic effort, to defend the right to hunt itself.

I am honored to be part of such a great club and to work a long side of some truly outstanding individuals. I am honored to follow in the footsteps of all the presidents and board members that have proudly served as part of SCI Detroit. I am most of all honored to have been your president for the past two years of SCI Detroit.

I wish everyone a happy, healthy and safe year to come and great success to all in the field.

Regards,

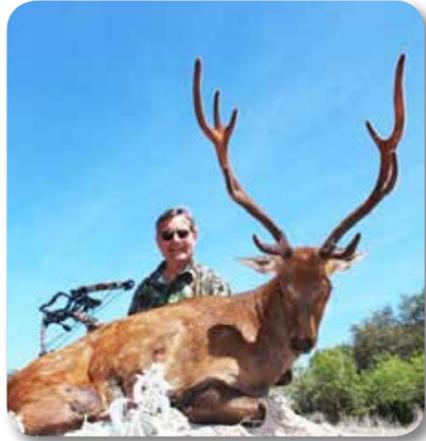
Scott O'Farrell
SCI Detroit President



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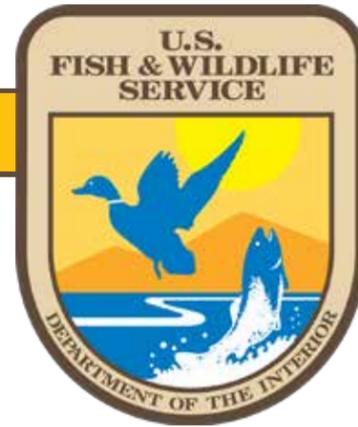


Don Black
Advisor
don@scidetroit.com



2016 ANNUAL BANQUET





Endangered Species Act by the Numbers

Protecting endangered species isn't just the right thing to do. It makes economic sense too. Extinction is something we can't afford.

Diverse plants, wildlife and fish provide us with priceless benefits, from supplying lifesaving drugs to maintaining natural ecosystems for flood protection, drinking water, recreation and eco-tourism.

\$108 billion in annual revenues would rank hunting, fishing and wildlife watching as the seventh largest corporation in America.

Hunting, fishing and wildlife watching employ nearly as many people --2.6 million-- as the United States computer industry.

Once extirpated from Yellowstone National Park, the gray wolf's reintroduction in 1995, pursuant to the Endangered Species Act, has boosted revenues in local communities by \$10 million annually. Total benefits are expected to reach \$23 million a year.

Sportfishing numbers

- \$44.3 million anglers
- \$41.5 billion in retail sales
- 1,068,046 jobs
- \$7.3 billion in state and federal taxes
- \$116 billion in overall economic output

Hunting numbers

- \$13 million hunters in the United States
- \$25 billion in retail sales
- \$17 billion in salaries and wages
- 575,000 jobs
- \$2.4 billion in federal income tax revenue

According to the National Research Council, the Endangered Species Act has saved hundreds of species from extinction.

A study published in the Annual Review of Ecological Systematics calculated that 172 species would potentially have gone extinct during the period from 1973 to 1998 if endangered Species Act protections had not been implemented.

According to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, 99 percent of the species ever listed under the Endangered Species Act remain on the planet today.

According to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, of the listed species whose condition is known, 68 percent are stable or improving, and 32 percent are declining. The longer a species enjoys the Endangered Species Act's protection, the more likely it is that its condition will stabilize or improve.

Scientists estimate that 539 species have gone extinct in the United States in the past 200 years. The Endangered Species Act provides us with hope that we can not only slow these extinctions, but also restore our native wildlife.

As of 2005, the NatureServe database noted that more than 9,000 -- or approximately one-third -- of the United States' native species are at risk of extinction.

Current extinction rates are 100 to 1,000 times higher than pre-human levels.

37 domestic species have been removed from the U.S. Endangered Species List:

- 13 domestic species have recovered
- 9 have become extinct (6 of the 9 became extinct before listing)

Others have been removed as the result of new information, taxonomic revisions, or Act amendments.

Four Endangered Species Success Stories



Photo credit: bnj646 via Foter.com / CC BY-ND

Bald Eagle

By the late 1960's, only 400 breeding pairs of bald eagles were found in the lower 48 states. The outlook was not good for our national symbol. Thanks to the protections afforded by the Endangered Species Act, bald eagle numbers have rebounded to more than 7,000 breeding pairs of bald eagles today. These diverse groups came together to help protect bald eagles under the authority of the U.S. Endangered Species Act.



Photo credit: MacJewell via Foter.com / CC BY

Florida Panther

A 1989 census indicated that the Florida panther population had dropped to between 30 to 50 individuals. This decline was the result of habitat loss, degradation and fragmentation. Today, the species population is still below 100 individuals, but without Endangered Species Act protections the panther would likely be extinct.



Photo credit: kuhnmi via Foter.com / CC BY

Gray Wolf

By the mid-20th century, only a few hundred of the species remained in the entire lower 48 states. Today more than 2,500 wolves reside in Minnesota, roughly 500 wolves in Wisconsin and Michigan, and another 500 in western states.



Photo credit: Gregory "Slobirdr" Smith via Foter.com / CC BY-SA

Grizzly Bear

In 1975 fewer than 250 bears occupied the Yellowstone area. Since then, the coordinated efforts of state and federal agencies, conservation organizations and private citizens have increased this population to more than 600 bears. In addition to the Yellowstone grizzlies, approximately 600 bears occupy habitat in the lower 48 states, including portions of Glacier National Park and adjacent areas in Montana and in northern Washington adjacent to the Canadian border.

Thanks to the U. S. Fish & Wild Service for this information. For more, visit the USFWS website or contact Corry Westbrook at the National Wildlife Federation:

202-797-6840 ext. 6840 • westbrook@nwf.org



LEGISLATIVE AND OTHER WILDLIFE NEWS

By Joe Konwinski

On 01-13-16 it was announced that U.S. whitetail hunters harvested more mature bucks (3.5 years or older) than 1.5 year-old or yearling bucks for the first time in modern history, according to data compiled by the Quality Deer Management Association (QDMA) for its 2016 whitetail report of deer harvest from every state with huntable whitetail deer.

- Mature bucks = 34%
- Yearling bucks = 33%

On 02-11-16 the Michigan Natural Resources Commission (NRC) voted to repeal the long-standing state prohibition on hunting with legally possessed firearm sound suppressors.

With the repeal of wildlife conservation order 2.1(6), Michigan becomes the 38th state to recognize the utility of suppressor technology for law-abiding sportsmen and sportswomen.

Suppressors protect against permanent hearing loss, one of the most commonly experienced hunting-related injuries, by decreasing the decibel level associated with muzzle blast.

Suppressors increase shot accuracy by reducing noise and felt recoil, thereby mitigating trigger flinch and resulting in a more humane taking of game.

Suppressors mitigate many of the hindrances associated with introducing newer generations to hunting, thereby helping to ensure the propagation of Michigan's rich hunting heritage

On 02-19-16 the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources and Forestry announced the expansion of the spring bear hunt for five years for all provincial wildlife management units that have a fall bear hunt.

SCI Canada has worked diligently over the past 20+ years to bring back this hunt since it was cancelled because of political pressure without and against science.

This spring bear hunt is also open to non-resident hunters.

This five-year unrestricted spring bear hunt was preceded by a two-year limited spring hunt as a trial to appease concerns in northern communities about conflicts with black bears.

The spring bear hunt extension and expansion will allow the ministry to gather further information to assess concerns voiced by Ontario's communities about human-bear conflicts, and to support economic growth and tourism in the north and central parts of the province.



Michigan Department of Natural Resources

Michigan records second consecutive hunting season with no fatalities

On April 4, 2016 the Michigan DNR announced that for the second year in a row, Michigan recorded no fatalities in 2015 during all hunting seasons, according to reports compiled by the Department of Natural Resources' Law Enforcement Division. Thirteen incidents resulting in injuries were recorded in the state during the year, up slightly from ten incidents in 2014. Twelve incidents occurred in the Lower Peninsula and one in the Upper Peninsula.

This is part of an overall trend toward fewer hunting-related fatalities and injuries over the past several decades, a downward trend that started in 1988 when completion of a hunter education class became mandatory for all first-time hunters born after Jan. 1, 1960.

In 1988, the state saw the lowest fatality rate – four deaths – since annual record keeping began in 1970, when there were 18 fatalities. Record keeping began in the 1940s, but fatalities and injuries figures were compiled per decade rather than per year.

"Our excellent hunter education program saves lives," said Sgt. Steve Orange, supervisor of the DNR's Recreational Safety, Education and Enforcement Section. "When looking at the downward trend over the last five decades, it becomes very clear that our hunter education program is one of the major factors attributed to preventing fatalities and injuries."

Injuries have fallen substantially since hunter education classes became mandatory. From 212 injuries in 1970 and climbing to 275 injuries by 1974 – the most recorded in a single year – injuries have, for the most part, steadily decreased every year since. Incidents involving injury fell below 50 in 1991 for the first time, and after a very slight

increase over the next several years, injuries began dropping again. Incidents resulting in injury have not exceeded 15 per year for the past five years.

The steadily decreasing numbers are attributed by Orange to the dedicated team of hunter education volunteer instructors – who currently number over 3,400 – and the expanded hunter education programs, which now include a home study program and online hunter safety courses.

During the 2015 season, 651,588 base licenses were sold. Michigan's hunting incident rate per license is .002 percent. The base license is required to purchase any hunting license.

Of the 13 incidents resulting in injury reported in 2015, one involved a turkey hunter, one involved a waterfowl hunter, one involved a trapper, and six involved deer hunters. One injury does not specify animal hunted because the report is pending. Victims ranged in age from 21 to 74. The majority of injuries, over 60 percent, were a result of self-inflicted gunshot wounds.

Five of the deer hunting incidents were reported during the firearm deer hunting season Nov. 15-30 and occurred in the counties of Calhoun, Gladwin, Roscommon, St. Clair and Van Buren. The sixth deer hunting incident that resulted in injury occurred during late antlerless firearm season Dec. 19-Jan. 1. The incident took place in Lapeer County.

Contact: Cpl. Dave Painter, 906-284-2400 for more information.

You can also see the hunting incidents recorded in 2015 online at www.michigan.gov/conservationofficers under Law Enforcement Reports.



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1, 2, 3 designate DNR Field Offices

Michigan confirms additional CWD-positive free-ranging, white-tailed deer, bringing the total to seven.

On March 18, 2016 the Michigan Department of Natural Resources has confirmed two additional free-ranging deer have tested positive for chronic wasting disease (CWD), a fatal neurological disease that affects white-tailed deer, mule deer, elk and moose.

One of the newly confirmed CWD-positive deer is a 9-month-old male from Meridian Township (Ingham County), and the other is a 2 ¾-year-old female from Watertown Township (Clinton County).

Since May 2015, nearly 4,900 deer have been tested for CWD. Seven of these have tested positive for the disease.

At this time, samples are being collected through road-kill pickup and professional sharpshooters from the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) Wildlife Services. Since the initial case was confirmed, four of the last six positives were collected through efforts of USDA Wildlife Services staff.

“The partnership with area landowners and USDA Wildlife Services is a critical component of our

surveillance efforts to determine the distribution of this fatal disease,” said Chad Stewart, DNR deer specialist. “Now, with these additional CWD-positive deer, that support is needed more than ever.”

Stewart continued, “The intensive removal of deer in these areas has a two-part benefit. One, it helps us understand prevalence rates and spread so we can make informed decisions on disease management moving forward; and two, by removing individual deer around areas with known disease occurrence, it reduces the potential for spread and accumulation in our deer herd, which has benefits not only locally, but on the periphery of the management zone as well.”

Landowners who would like to directly help with surveillance can apply for disease control permits, which allow a landowner to harvest deer on his or her own property and turn in the head to the DNR for testing. To apply for a disease control permit, contact the DNR Wildlife Disease Laboratory at 517-336-5030.

To date, there is no evidence that chronic wasting disease presents any risk to non-cervids, including humans, either through contact with an infected animal or from handling contaminated venison. However, as a precaution, the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and the World Health Organization recommend infected animals not be consumed as food by either humans or domestic animals.

The DNR asks the public to continue to report deer that are unusually thin and exhibiting unusual behavior (for example, acting tame around humans and allowing someone to approach).

To report a suspicious-looking deer, call the DNR Wildlife Division at 517-284-9453 between 7:30 a.m. and 4 p.m. After hours, call the DNR Report All Poaching hotline at 800-292-7800. Do not attempt to disturb, kill or remove the animal.

Contact: Chad Stewart, 517-641-4903, ext. 263 or Steve Schmitt, 517-336-5040 at the DNR for more information.

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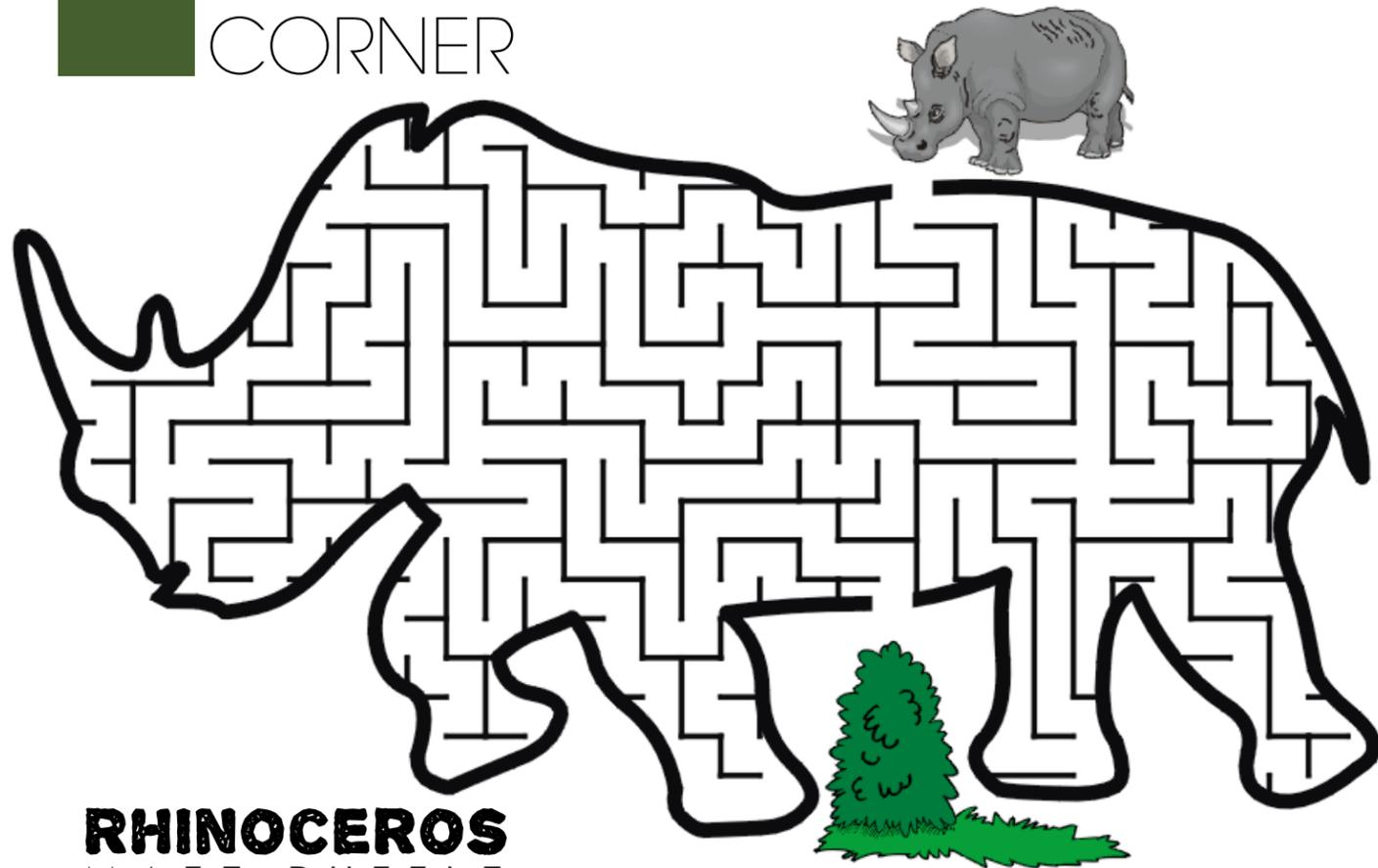
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▶▶▶ **HUNT STORIES** ▶▶▶

Again we have a great selection of hunt stories. As always, as you read these hunt stories from your fellow members, please give some serious thought to writing your own story to share with us. We really do want to read it. I continue to be told, "I am not a very good writer and don't know what to do? Please don't let that stop you. The editors of Trajectory will be more than happy to work with you every step of the way.

We do not have a "first hunt" story in this issue. But, stories about our "first hunts" is still one of our priorities. So please consider sharing yours.

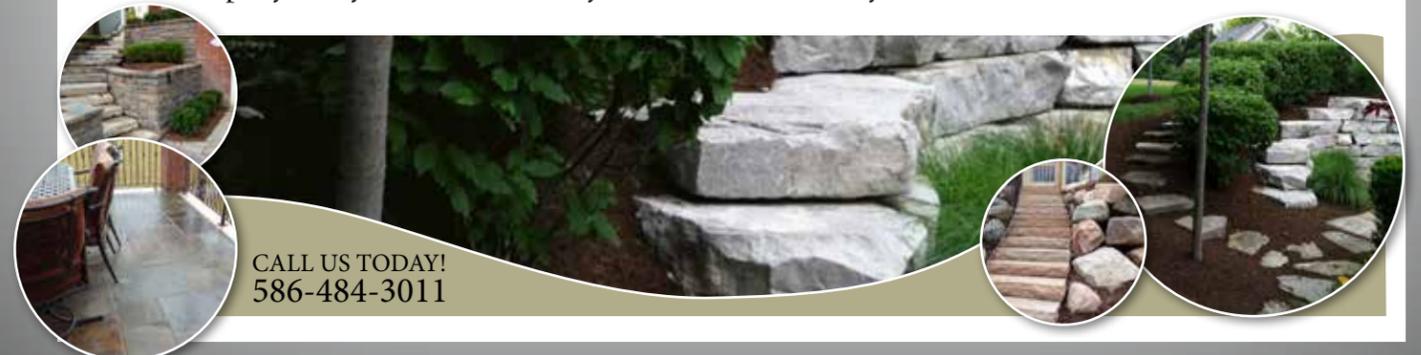
As a reminder, we realize that for most of us, our first hunt does not tell the story of a world record class trophy animal. It might, and if yours does, great for you. But for most of us it most likely deals with humor, learning, and emotion.

So why are stories about hunts that may not describe the extraordinary chase or the world class animal important? They are important because it allows all of us to relive the most important hunt of our life - the hunt that started it all. Read and re-read about the Pretty Hunters – this says it all.



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The Silver Lining of an ill Fated Hunt

By Steve Breuning

Vicky, dad, and I left Michigan on the morning of 7-14-2011. We were heading to see our friends at the Recordbuck Ranch. The plan was to do a little hunting as well as spend Saturday at the Exotic Wildlife Association – Trophy Game Records (TGR) annual banquet. For the past few weeks the ranch guides has been scouting their Gemsbok antelope for me and I was hoping to get a shot a big bull.

We arrived at the ranch about 3:00 pm. It was sunny and 106 degrees. We entered the main gate and as we traveled on to the lodge we saw the fields full of elk, red deer, wildebeest, and aoudad.

About 300 yards into the ranch we were greeted by a herd of 10 Gemsbok. They stood 80 yards from us under some shade trees. Two of the Gemsbok were large trophy bulls. They didn't move even as we stopped and observed.

We continued on to the lodge and Ricky Kay greeted us as we arrived. Ricky has been a close friend of mine for a long time. We met in 2001 at the YO Ranch. He, his wife, and daughter had just relocated to the United States from South Africa. While Ricky never was my guide at the YO, we do have some good shared memories from time at this ranch.

Many of you know Ricky and I'm sure you will smile as you envision him guiding this hunt I'm about to describe to you.

Other than happy to see us, Ricky seemed "unusually excited." I say unusually because Ricky is always happy and excited about something. After the initial greeting Ricky smiled ear-to-ear and with is heavy South African accent blurted out "did you see the Gemsbok?"

Before I could answer, he said "I think we can get one with a bow – I'm so happy you brought your crossbow." I felt bad as I watched Ricky's wide smile disappear as I told him I did not bring my bow. He looked sad for a moment but in his typical optimistic attitude quickly added "it's ok, we'll figure it out."

We settled in, had dinner, and then went out to go scout the Gemsbok – without a bow but with a rifle. After about an hour we found the Gemsbok. There were two groupings near each other; one with numerous cows, babies, and small bull and the other with one cow and the two large bulls.

As we observed for about 20-30 minutes we slowly crept closer – 250 yards, 200 yards, 150 yards, and

ultimately 100 yards. At 100 yards the Gemsbok were a bit spooky but did not run. We began to back off with the intent of taking about a 150 yard shot. I positioned and was just about to squeeze the trigger on the biggest bull when Ricky said "don't, we can do this with your crossbow." I put the safety on and again reminded him that I did not bring my crossbow. He smiled and said he had an idea so we eased out and called it a night.

When we got back to the lodge I asked Ricky what he had in mind and he said "can you call home and have your crossbow Fed-exed here?" I looked straight at him and said "that's your idea? My whole family is here." Now, I'll be the first to say that Ricky is a great guide but honestly, at this moment I told him his thinking was worrying me. He knew I was teasing and began to laugh. We kicked around other possibilities. One was to go buy a crossbow but the nearest sport shop, BassPro, was about 100 miles away. The other was to see if we could borrow a bow. Unfortunately, none of the hunting guides or ranch hands had one. But Tom Hammond, the owner of the ranch, graciously volunteered his brand new Parker Cyclone crossbow. He enthusiastically said "get me a couple of good notches." I was excited, Ricky was elated.

On Friday morning we decided that we better test the crossbow which we were told was sighted in. It's a good thing we did test it because the sighting was way off. The first practice shot at 32 yards hit the ground three feet in front of the target, skipped like a properly thrown flat stone on the water, and stuck in the target two inches off center. It would have been a kill shot but we thought it best not to hunt Gemsbok with this "skip the arrow" approach. Ricky adjusted the scope and the second practice shot flew two feet above the target and stuck deep in a wooden fence post. The scope was again adjusted and the third practice shot struck dead center of the target. Perfect, now time to go.

We finally headed out at 7:00 am and Ricky's head kept hitting the roof of the truck. At first I thought it was just the rough terrain but my head wasn't hitting the roof. Then I realized that it was Ricky's level of "enthusiasm" -

hyper-excited to the max. As we moved on I could hear Ricky softly sing "we're gonna get a Gemsbok, we're gonna get a Gemsbok". I looked at Ricky and thought "I love him but sometimes he's scary."

Our stay at the ranch ended on Monday morning at 9:00 am. From the time we began hunting on Friday morning through our departure on Monday morning we pursued Gemsbok seven times. This totaled 25+ hours of scouring the country side where we did not even see another Gemsbok - so much for Gemsbok with a crossbow. Ricky knows he will never hear the end of this. But as in all good adventures there is still a good story coming.



We literally looked for Gemsbok from sun up to sun down on Friday and Sunday as well as Saturday morning and evening. By mid-Friday morning we were both getting frustrated (as hunting often goes) when a very positive turn in events occurred.

One of my favorite animals to hunt are Sika deer and I've always wanted to harvest a nice buck in velvet. There is only about a 2-3 week period each summer when this is possible and I've never been able to time it right. Mid-Friday

morning as we looked for the increasingly elusive Gemsbok we came across a herd of Sika deer. Many of the bucks were in full velvet. The atypical scowl on Ricky's face was now replaced with his more common grin. He looked at me and said "hey sport, interested in a Sika buck – look over there – he's a monster."

We discussed some strategy and decided that since we had the crossbow we'd try to use it. Sika deer are often a real challenge with a rifle yet alone a bow but we thought what the heck. We slowly moved in, 100 yards, 75 yards, 50 yards, and finally only 30 yards and a tree line separated us from the Sika.

The buck of interest was a large Dybowski Sika. It had nine points rather than the typical eight and the antlers were covered in a full glistening bronze velvet. We agreed that we had already pressed our luck and this was it. Any closer they would surely spook and run – possibly



for miles. I positioned and we waited. After about 20 minutes the buck took two steps and I had my shot.

I fired and the arrow caught the shoulder and passed through both lungs. The buck took 4-5 steps and collapsed. The arrow had gone clean through and settled on the ground 10 yards away. When measured, my shot was 27 yards. And Ricky was right, the buck was a monster. So much so that he scored Diamond status in the TGR record book. For me this was an incredible crossbow debut.

It was now lunch time and we headed in.

The Sika was a nice diversion from the Gemsbok, but after lunch we resumed our pursuit. We looked up to dinner and than again after dinner to dark. There was no evidence that Gemsbok even existed on the ranch.

Saturday morning we were out at 6:15 – regarding the Gemsbok, another repeat of Friday. We came in and cleaned up to go to the banquet. We attended the luncheon and awards ceremony but decided to forego the evening festivities and headed back to the ranch for an evening hunt.

They say that insanity is doing the same thing over and over and expecting a different result. I don't know if we were insanely optimistic or optimistically insane but after dinner, out again we went for Gemsbok. Maybe this was insanity, or perhaps optimism, but as I thought about it, I liked the word "perseverance" better.

We came in at dark empty handed and had half the people laughing at our futility and the other half giving heartfelt sympathy.

As we talked and relaxed, Ricky and I made the decision to give it another effort in the morning but that at some point in the morning we would stop the pursuit of Gemsbok and consider something else.

We were out as usual at 6:15 on Sunday morning. Now it was my turn, at 8:30 I asked Ricky when he thought we should switch our efforts from the Gemsbok to

something else. He said "I don't know, what you think?" I grinned and said "Now! Look at those Axis Bucks."

Almost 200 yards in front of us was a herd of Axis deer. This included six good size bucks. I was interested in an Axis buck that was hard horned. That is, no velvet. I am fortunate to have previously harvested two trophy medal Axis bucks - both being in velvet. So, a hard horned one would be a nice addition. We observed them for about 20 minutes and they seemed calm and stable.

I gave the go ahead and we began to move closer. We had moved only about 20 yards and the Axis deer scattered in all four directions at full speed. Of the six large bucks, three went to the south, two went to the east, and we didn't know where the sixth one was.

Oh yes, the next adventure was on.

Before the bucks had scattered we had decided on which would be our target, but now we didn't know – was he with the group of three, the two, or was he solo. The first challenge was to decide which of the possibilities to pursue first. This was to be Ricky's educated guess. He chose the group of two.

We located the twosome after about 25 minutes and Ricky was right. Our target was there. He was still 200 yards away and in heavy brush. We decided to close in and almost as soon as we moved, they bolted. We searched and it took 30 minutes to again find them. However, now they were back with the group of three. All five were huddled up in the brush with no feasible shot opportunity.

We were patient and the Axis seemed settled. We thought now was the time to move in. We slowly moved about 20 yards (still 200 yards away) and again they looked like they were shot out of a cannon. Three went to the north and two to the south. However, this time the two headed into a large open meadow. We were in pursuit at full speed when they suddenly stopped. So did we. As we got a crystal clear look we were astonished – our target was not one of these two. Our buck was now in the threesome.

I remember thinking lovely, it's 105 degrees, the deer are resting in the shade, and we're climbing the hillside in the bright sun.



We looked for about an hour and saw nothing. It was now 11:30 and we went in for lunch.

After lunch we were right back at it. After 70 minutes we were thinking that the Axis deer had crossed into the Gemsbok dimension. But, we remained committed and optimistic. I still felt better thinking of this as perseverance, not insanity.

Ricky's intuition told him that they had gone into the heavy brush on the ridge, half way up the hillside. They had to be flushed out. This could only be done on foot. I remember thinking lovely, it's 105 degrees, the deer are resting in the shade, and we're climbing the hillside in the bright sun.

It worked. As we noisily climbed, they ran back down the hillside. We were able to see our target run off alone. While there was no shot, we did see where he stopped in the low land trees. We hurried to the vehicle and resumed pursuit. As we confidently approached where we knew he was we were again caught off guard. There were again five bucks huddled up together. Any student of military history would think that these Axis deer had studied the Comanche manual of tactical strategy. However, this time they were far enough apart where we could see our target. We decided to split them up and luckily our guy broke off alone and we could follow him.

After 15 minutes he stopped and I had a clear 80 yard shot. Ricky said get ready and just as I was about ready to squeeze the trigger, when Ricky said "wait, let me make sure he's the one." In that instant, he was off again – full speed up the hillside into the heavy cover on the ridge.

Dinner was approaching and it was a birthday party for Ricky so we felt it was a good time to give us all a break and we headed in. After a nice dinner and a piece of birthday cake we went out for our last hurrah. It was 7:00 pm, about two hours of enough light left to shoot, and we were leaving in the morning. At this point we officially abandoned the notion of a crossbow shot and we went out only with my rifle.

Despite how the day had gone we were both very optimistic. We believed we would persevere. But so do most insane people I guess.

Ricky wanted to take Nicholas with us. Nicholas was a young part-time guide at the ranch and Ricky thought another pair of eyes couldn't hurt. In reality though I thought Ricky had an ulterior motive. He just wanted someone else to run the ridge to flush out the deer. I felt that taking Nicholas with us was a good idea but I thought that it was unfair to assume he would be the one to run the ridge. So we voted and Nicholas lost two votes to one. At least now it was fair.

Despite how the day had gone we were both very optimistic. We believed we would persevere. But so do most insane people I guess

Nicholas climbed to the ridge and had a walky talky – he was to call us if the buck was flushed out and in which direction he went. We would be in a better position to pursue if we were already at the bottom.

Fair chase is a very important aspect of ethical hunting. And that's what we wanted. By adding Nicholas we felt that it would now be fair and we wouldn't be at such a disadvantage.

A buck was flushed out and he was the one we were pursuing. He came out running, circled the hillside, and went right back up. He repeated this two more

times. It was now 8:15 and it would be totally dark in less than 50 minutes. One more time the buck ran from the hillside, but this time, he ran in a straight line. We picked up Nicholas and at 8:55 we spotted the buck standing in the brush under a few trees about 100+ yards away.

Despite the low light I felt I had a good shot. People talk about the 11th hour. Well, this was 11:59 and counting. I shot at 9:02 literally counting down the few seconds of remaining light.

It was a good shot. It went through both lungs and caught a piece of the heart. The buck ran about 20 feet and we saw it hit the ground in a cloud of dust. First on the scene to check the deer was Ricky's faithful dog "Kiwa", also known as "fat dog".



Fat dog was a seven year old Jack Russell Terrier who lives for the hunt. Fat dog loves to cuddle when we are scouting and she is off duty. But I've learned that two things get fat dog as hyper as her owner. One is the shot of a weapon. She knows she is about to be let go. The second is being turned loose to track. Small dogs like this are not great for long pursuits but they do a great job in quickly getting through the dense, heavy brush.

Without the help of Nicholas I do not think we would have gotten this Axis buck. And guess what - Ricky wanted

to know how soon I could come back so we could get a Gemsbok. Huh, maybe insanity is the best description.

Overall, this was a great hunting trip. And the silver lining, while I didn't get a Gemsbok, I did catch crossbow fever. So much so that this Sika buck was the first step in my becoming the 2011-2012 EWA/TGR Crossbow Hunter of the Year.

(Reprinted with permission, Exotic Wildlife, Spring 2013).



HUNTING THE ELUSIVE JACKALOPE

By Steve Breuning

Ah yes - the Jackalope; a mysterious creature that hunters do not take serious as a true fair chase hunting challenge. The word Jackalope literally means "**Warrior Jack**". It is believed by many to be a cross between an extinct pygmy-deer and a very rare species of killer-rabbit. While others believe it is an off-breed of its older European counterpart - the **Wolpertinger**.



The Wolpertinger was genetically more complex than the Jackalope. It was part Red Deer, Chinese Water Deer, Rabbit, Duck, and Squirrel. It lived throughout Europe but was concentrated in the alpine forests of Bavaria in Germany.

This image of a Wolpertinger was a painting done in the year 1502 by the famous German renaissance artist Albrecht Dürer.

The first American to claim a Jackalope sighting was John Colter, one of our country's greatest frontiersmen, fur trappers, mountain men, and a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

His story of the Jackalope was a popular campfire tale. With speeds up to 70 mph, the ability leap 20 feet in the air at full speed, the talent to mimic human sounds, and no reluctance to turn and attack its pursuer, the Warrior Jack was not a critter to take lightly. The story of the Jackalope rivals that of Big Foot. Most people have not seen one so therefore it does not exist.

Are there horned rabbits in America? Judge for yourself as you view a very proud Samantha with her successful harvest of a trophy Jackalope.



HUNTING HIPPO

IN ZIMBABWE

By Dennis Bzowka

In April 2011 I traveled to Victoria Falls, Zimbabwe for a 14 day dangerous Hippo and Elephant hunt. The hippo was hunted in the open deep water areas of Lake Kariba from small boats along the shore line. It took five days and four shots to harvest a three ton hippo with 30 inch tusks.

In this open water hunt the hippos head was a two inch submarine which boded six inches up & down in the rifle scope at 100 meters. The first three stalks ended with a big splash in the lake were the hippo had been.

On the sixth day we traveled three hours to four hunting concessions outside Hwange National Park. We did see about 100 elephants in this area, but non with at least the 50 pound tusks we wanted. I spent eight of 14 days on four farms along the railroad tracks outside the Hwange National Park with a tribal conservation officer & two professional hunters.

At one of five tree stand blinds we saw a very large male lion and his partner come to waterholes as we watched for elephants. The conservation officer said this was the head lion from the National Park. When the Cecil the Lion made the news in July 2015, I recognized the land owner and the PH. I talked to the PH at a hunting show in Michigan about two years ago.

The day after we saw the lions at the waterhole the senior PH from the area went to the National Park to see the concession officials. He had the winning bid of \$66,000 USD for three permits to hunt male lions outside the Park. I watched the lions at the waterhole for about an hour. I have a picture of Cecil at the waterhole. Three game scouts from the concession had been chased by these lions following antelope out of the Park during the day. These are my observations during my hunt and I did not want to harvest a lion. I have already harvested the dangerous seven of Africa. Harvesting the high Hippo and seeing Cecil made for more than a fulfilling hunt.



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Buffalo in Zambia

By Robert Berndt

It is always interesting how hunting trip plans can materialize at the most unexpected time or place. I was hunting Roe Deer in Slovenia in the month of May, the opening of their season, with old friend and guide Michael Luke. We were sitting in a high seat enjoying the mild spring weather and the quiet of the woods in the early morning as we diligently waited and watched for a buck to appear. The only sounds, much to my surprise, was the call of the Coo-coo birds all around us. The woods sounded like the Bavarian clock factory I had visited the year before in Germany. As I sat there daydreaming about a trophy Roe Deer suddenly stepping out into view I was snapped back to attention as I heard Michael utter in a whispered tone 'buffalo'. Now I know that many years of shooting and hunting without hearing protection has affected my hearing but there was no mistaking what he had just whispered. In disbelief I turned to him and asked, 'buffalo'? It seems that he was daydreaming too but not about Roe Deer but about his favorite hunting camp in Zambia and the big bossed cape buffalo bulls that call this remote bush home.

Back at lunch he continued telling me more about this beautiful camp deep in the African bush and the great hunting there. Listening to him restarted in me another bout of that disease called 'Africa hunting fever', a condition that once you catch it will flare up over and over with least amount of exposure. Now that I had developed a relapse of the fever there was only one cure, so as they say in Africa, we 'made a plan' to hunt Zambia the following August. We would be hunting in a remote area adjacent to the Kafue National Park with Balla-Balla Safaris.

After an overnight in Livingstone Zambia we caught our charter flight for the two hour flight north. As the small Cessna slowly gains height we bank left leaving civilization behind and I can see the country below become more remote; no roads, farms, or any other sign of life other than the occasional small native villages of thatched huts in their traditional circular formation and the smoke from their fires. As we began our decent to land the pilot made a low pass over the small dirt landing strip to check for any holes or other hazards and to chase away a half dozen elephants so that we could land safely. Leaving us and our gear the pilot departed and as we waited for our PH to arrive we both realized we were alone in a wild and remote spot. Suddenly we heard the sound of a truck and thought it was Dene our PH but to our dismay we could see a large military type truck

racing towards us with a half dozen uniformed men all sporting AK 47s standing in the back. Thinking it might be a band of terrorist rebels I said to Michael, 'I've got a bad feeling about this'. As they pulled up the driver asked what we were doing there as the guys in the back holding their guns glared at us. I told the driver we were waiting for Dene our PH to meet us. To my relief his stern demeanor changed as he acknowledged he knew Dene well. He proceeded to explain they were an anti-poaching unit and thought we were poachers when they spotted us. He wished us well and they sped off, I was sure glad they didn't shoot first and ask questions later as it could have made for a bad day.

After a two hour drive we arrived at camp, a true old style bush camp with no electricity but very well maintained and clean. As dusk approached the camp staff proceeded to light the lanterns, torches, and candles and along with the campfire gave the camp a glow that was mesmerizing. As we sat by the fire enjoying a couple of 'sociables' the sounds of drums could be heard from across the river. I joked to Dene, "thanks for the entertainment" but he explained it was the 'bush telegraph', one village communicating to another as they have done for eons. Laughing

he said they were likely discussing this new great white hunter that has just arrived. It had now really set in, we were a long way from modern civilization.

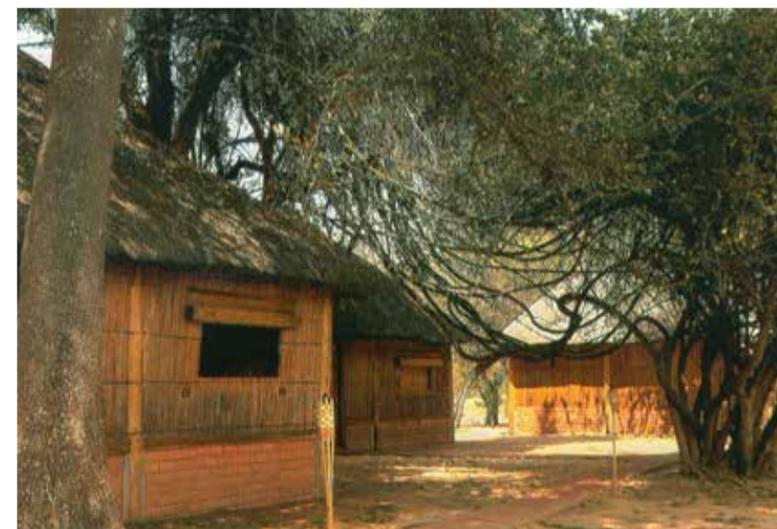
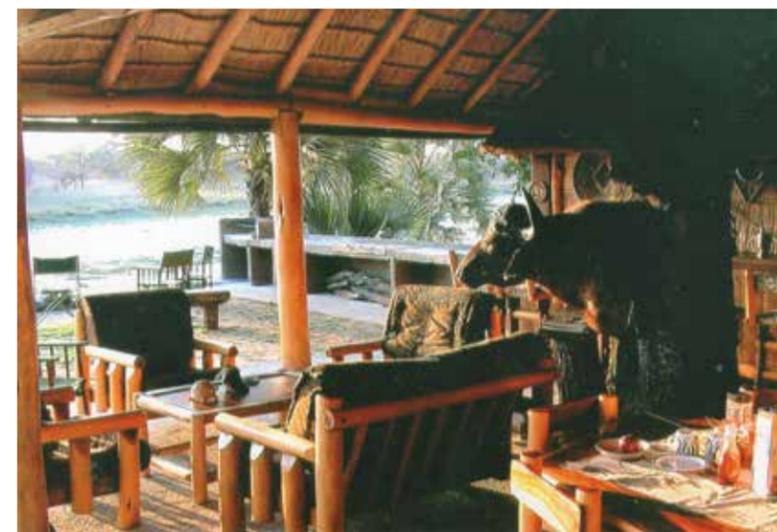
I love mornings in Africa. Waking up in a safari camp is when you hear a light tap at your door and the soft words from one of the camp staff. I was already up and dressed when I heard Simba, the camp cook, tap and say, "mavoka bwana" [it is morning boss]. As I make my way to the dining veranda with my flashlight in the dark bundled up in my fleece jacket I'm always amazed how cold it is in southern Africa in the early mornings in August. Morning is also drinking a cup of coffee by the campfire that has been revived from last night, listening to the sound of the muffled voices of the camp staff in a language I don't understand, so unique and different, as they begin their daily tasks. At the first hint of light in the Eastern sky the bush comes to life as all the birds greet a new day in Africa. All this only fuels the anticipation of what this hunting day will bring.

The first couple of days we tracked several herds of buffalo but didn't find anything Dene liked despite my many objections. The next morning Dene spotted a group of a half dozen bulls and turning to me said, "Bob,

there are a couple of very good bulls here, let's go and watch your step, we've got the wind right". We closed in on them several times but could never get in position for a shot before they slowly moved off unalarmed. The trackers kept us close but we could not close the deal. This dance routine went on for over an hour and now the sun beating down was hot and the tsetse flies even hotter. Dene and the trackers, after a brief consultation with a lot of arm waving and pointing, came back to me and said we were going to try another tactic. After another wind check the trackers led us on a wide arc seemingly away from the group of bulls at a brisk walk aiming for a spot where they anticipated the bulls were heading. They were right. Shortly we could see them coming slowly from our right that would have them cross a small opening sixty yards in front of us. Grasping my shirtsleeve Dene led me forward to a spot that would give me the best shot, it was a perfect setup. With the rifle on the sticks we watched as first one then another made their way across the opening, they had no clue we were there. When the one we identified as the best one stepped into the opening Dene said, "There he is, take him on the shoulder. The .375 barked and the bull after only running 20 yards stopped and spun around looking back to where the herd had come from. He knew something had just hurt him and seemed to be looking back to find whatever he could to provide some payback. The rest of the group just milled around not knowing what was going on. The shot felt right but I had to remind myself to stop admiring the shot and to shoot again. I fired again this time hitting the right shoulder and this time he dropped but was determined to get back up, he now knew where we were and I could see his anger in his bloodshot eyes as he focused on us. A quick third shot ended it and as we heard the death bellow we knew it was over.

As I looked down at the massive size of this animal and the muscular power he possessed it was clear that the Cape buffalo is truly a formidable brute. In doing the post mortem back at the skinning shed we discovered my first shot had taken off the top half of his heart..... it is amazing how tough these guys are to take a hit like this and keep standing.

It was a great ten days in the bush having taken a Puku, primarily only found in Zambia, a Chobe Bushbuck, and several other animals. As I flew back to Johannesburg I reflected back on this safari and what made it enjoyable was having shared it with my old hunting friend Michael. We shared several hunts after this one but in 2010 I received a note from his wife Rita that Michael had passed away suddenly. I consider myself lucky to have had Michael as a friend and hunting companion. Cheers my friend.





Center: Victoria Connolly

The passion for great food and wine mixed with warm hospitality and friendly service are the cornerstones for the Victoria's Team. Opened in 1991 our European inspired bistro may be small, but our flavors are BIG. We use local and seasonal ingredients unique preparations combined with herbs and spices for dishes packed with flavor.

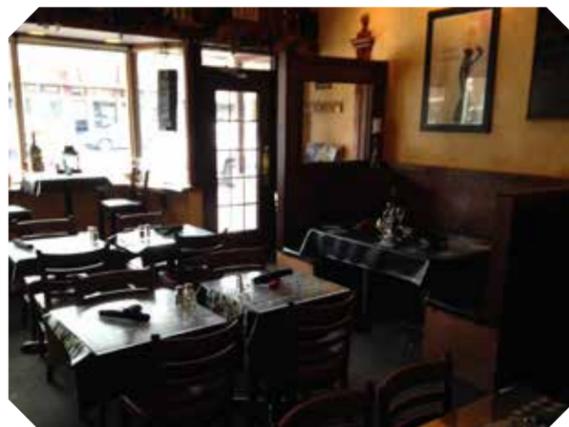
Victoria spent three years as the Executive Chef at Hunter's Ridge Hunt Club overseeing their food service. "The years I spent at the hunt club really expanded my culinary experience with wild game." Pheasant, venison, wild boar, and rabbit often find their way onto some of the special featured dishes at the Bistro. Victoria's also caters several Wild Game dinners throughout the year.

Victoria's expanded with a second location in Rochester in 2013. "We outgrew the kitchen in Oxford, and wanted to mature in a new area where the public was just as passionate about food as I am" explained Victoria. The Reserve is a "working kitchen" where wine dinners, cooking classes, theme events, and private parties are held. Look for our "Michigan Great Outdoors" Cooking class held each September. We have included the recipe for Venison Oscar, a great recipe using spring asparagus.

For more information about Victoria's check out our website at www.victoriasdelights.com or check out our Facebook page. We would love to meet you! Come visit us next time you are in Oxford, we are located in heart of the historic downtown district at 12 S. Washington Oxford MI 48371. (248) 969-3477.

Victoria's

WINE AND DINE



VENISON CAPRESE



INGREDIENTS

- 1 venison backstrap
- 1/2 pound fresh mozzarella sliced into 12 slices
- 12 fresh basil leaves (plus a few for garnishing)
- 12 Vine ripe tomato slices
(we love to use a mix of farmstead heirloom tomatoes)
- 1 cup balsamic vinaigrette (house made or commercial)
- 1/3 cup Italian dried herb blend
- salt and pepper
- Balsamic Syrup (commercial or make our recipe below)

DIRECTIONS

Slice the venison backstrap across the grain into 12 slices (about 1 inch thick). Pour about 3/4 cup of the balsamic vinaigrette into a small bowl. Dip each of the backstrap slices into the mixture coating all sides. Season the slices with Italian herbs, salt and pepper to taste, and cook on a hot grill, directly over the heat for two to three minutes per side. When the temperature of the venison reaches 145F, it is at the medium rare stage. At 160F, venison has reached the medium stage of doneness.

Basting the venison steaks with the remaining balsamic vinaigrette will help keep them moist.

For plating: Shingle slices, alternating steak, fresh basil leaf, mozzarella slice, tomato, slice, repeat using 3 slices of tomato and 3 slices of cheese and 3 backstrap steaks. Drizzle with the balsamic syrup and scatter with chiffonade basil.

BALSAMIC SYRUP

INGREDIENTS

- 1 cup Balsamic vinegar
- 2 Tablespoons Brown sugar

DIRECTIONS

Combine vinegar and sugar in a small saucepan, stirring over low heat for 4 minutes or until sugar has dissolved. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat to medium and simmer 8 minutes or until reduced by a third and slightly thick.

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Recognizing my responsibilities to wildlife, habitat and future generations, I pledge:

- To conduct myself in the field so as to make a positive contribution to wildlife and ecosystems.
- To improve my skills as a woodsman and marksman to ensure humane harvesting of wildlife.
- To comply with all game laws, in the spirit of fair chase, and to influence my companions accordingly.
- To accept my responsibility to provide all possible assistance to game law enforcement officers.
- To waste no opportunity to teach young people the full meaning of this code of ethics.
- To reflect in word and behavior only credit upon the fraternity of sportsmen, and to demonstrate abiding respect for game, habitat and property where I'm privileged to hunt.




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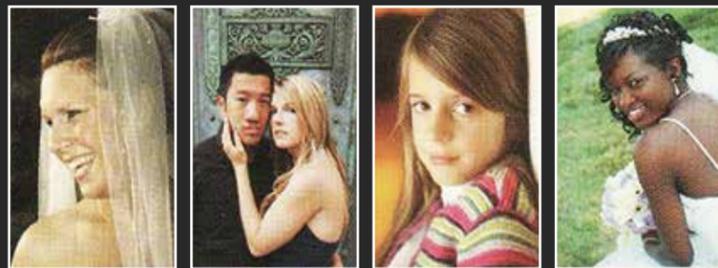


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Trajectory

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What about you?

Ya, no Giraffe stories!