

TRAJECTORY

Safari Club International Detroit Chapter

Fall 2009



Hunting With Africa Thirstland Safaris

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President's Message

As the newly elected President of the SCI Detroit Chapter, I would like to greet all of our members, especially new members and thank everyone for their support.

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This spring, we elected two new directors to our Board. The two new directors are Scott O'Farrell and Tim Beaudett. With the fresh talent and thoughts of our two newcomers along with the experience of our returning directors we look forward to further success of the SCI Detroit Chapter. I would also like to especially thank Rick Cassidy, our immediate Past President, for all of his endless hours of work and his personal contributions the past two years that helped to continue the successful reign of SCI Detroit Chapter. He is a special talent who exhibited great leadership so that working with him was a lot of fun.

The current economic conditions have made it very difficult for us to raise adequate funds to support our conservation, education, and humanitarian projects. Despite this, we were able to make our 2009 Fundraiser a success. We will continue to work to raise funds to support our causes such as the SHAP Camp, Salvation Army Camp, Detroit Fishing Derby, graduate scholarships, Michigan wildlife research, and political and other actions that contribute to protect our right to hunt.

In the coming months, our Board will be evaluating various ways to improve attendance at chapter membership meetings by presenting more interesting events such as meetings at Bass Pro Shop, having interesting and entertaining speakers on Michigan wildlife research projects, and having presentations by good outfitters. I encourage you to attend our membership meetings to become better acquainted with our chapter members and to support our chapter. Any suggestions from our membership would be most welcome.

In closing, I encourage you to take the time to read our website: www.scidetroit.com and our quarterly chapter publication the "Trajectory". Through these sources you will receive the most updated and valuable information on wildlife, outfitters, general hunting information and the activities of your SCI Detroit Board of Directors.

Looking forward to serving you,
Ray Hollingsworth
President
SCI Detroit Chapter



SCI DETROIT



INFORMATION & DATES

February 5th & 6th

34th Annual Banquet & Fundraiser
Sterling Inn Banquet & Conference Center
34911 Vandyke Avenue, Sterling Heights Michigan

February 6th

Young Peoples Wild Life Fair 9am – 1pm,
Sterling Inn Banquet & Conference Center
34911 Vandyke Avenue, Sterling Heights Michigan

March 18th

General Membership Meeting

May 13, 2010

Annual Awards Dinner

Award Information

Get your Chapter Record Book entries submitted to Chuck Bazzy. Start giving thought to who in your hunting world you would like to nominate for a “lifetime Hunter” award or a deserving new hunter that has qualified for an “Accomplished Hunter” award.

Contact Chuck via email at cbazzy7188@aol.com or call him at (248) 229-6161.





Table of Contents



3 Presidents Message

9 Lake St. Clair Muskie by Joe Konwinski

13 Up & Down Adventures by Rick Cassidy

19 Mule Deer Hunt by Jeremy Meldrun

22 Sensory Safari by Deb Cassidy



24 Vancouver Island Black Bear by Joe Konwinski

32 Monster Blacktail by George Keller



37 Hunting With Heros by Matt Norman



DONATIONS NEEDED

SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL

DETROIT CHAPTER

ELK HUNT RAFFLE

FIVE GREAT CHANCES TO WIN!

Grand Prize: A featured Elk hunt at Anchor Creek Elk Ranch located in Hillman, Michigan. This hunt is for one hunter and one non-hunting guest and includes two night's lodging, meals and professional guiding. The winning ticket holder will have the chance to harvest a bull elk scoring 340 to 360 inches SCI. The hunt must be taken anytime from 09-01-10 to 02-28-11.

Second Prize: A set of 360 inch plus, SCI, Elk antler sheds.

Third Prize: A two day/one night Elk viewing carriage/sleigh ride dinner & wine tasting for two people at Thunder Bay Resort.

Fourth Prize: A \$250.00 Cabela's gift certificate.

Fifth Prize: A \$100.00 Cabela's gift certificate.

Cost: Tickets are \$20.00 each or 6 for \$100. **Only 1,000 tickets will be sold!**

Winning ticket holder will be drawn on February 6th, 2010 at the SCI Detroit Annual Banquet located at the Sterling Inn Banquet Center, 34911 Van Dyke Ave., Sterling Heights, MI. Winning ticket holder need not be present to win. No hunting license is required. If less then 375 tickets are sold then the raffle will revert to a 50/50 drawing with a minimum prize of \$500.00. Michigan raffle license number C24638.

For tickets, call Tom Pardo at (586) 770-6712 or SCI Detroit at (586) 770-8634. Tickets can also be ordered online at:

WWW.SCIDETROIT.COM

Detroit Chapter Sight-in Day

On August 29th the Detroit Chapter hosted its annual 'Sight In' day at Multi Lakes Conservation Club in Commerce Township. This was a free event for Chapter members and their guests. The Detroit Chapter had exclusive use of the range facilities for five hours. Multi Lakes has an outstanding facility where shooters can shoot at distances of 25 yards, 50 yards, 100 yards and 200 yards all from the same bench. The range was overseen by a Range Safety Officer that helped all those that participated. Everyone, guys and gals, young and old, had a great time and got in some practice before the upcoming hunting season. Next year's 'Sight In' day will be posted on the Chapter's web sight so stay in touch.



FREE RECORD BOOK ENTRIES

The SCI - Detroit Chapter Record Book
is being updated and needs your eligible trophies.

You have until August 31, 2010 to submit SCI
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Mail your entries to:
Donald Black

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LAKE ST CLAIR MEMORABLE MUSKIE OUTING

by Joe Konwinski

We had been on Lake St Clair fighting through white-capped waves for nearly four hours. We noticed that the wind and waves were finally beginning to diminish, when a fishing rod with a bait off the port side planer board suddenly began jerking. It was Joe's turn to land a fish, so I grabbed the pole to reel in the fish. The tug on the pole was overwhelming. I could not reel in any line. I told the captain that, in spite of the heavy pull on the line, I could hardly feel the jerks of the fish. I told the captain that it felt as if I were trying to pull up a sunken wreck. Then the captain noticed that the planer board release had not yet released, and that I was trying to reel in the planer board with three total baited lines on it including the one to which my fish was attached. The captain, with the help of my two fellow anglers, pulled that planer board hand-over-hand to the boat and untangled my fishing line from the planer board release. At that instant, I could really feel the fish on the end of the line, and he did not stop taking line till he was more than 200 yards from the boat.

It was the night of the SCI Detroit Chapter annual Friday night Outfitters Party and Fundraiser on February 6, 2009. As I was coordinating the conduct of the auction, I decided to bid on a muskie fishing trip on Lake St Clair for up to six persons. I outbid my competitors and bought the trip donated by Hot Tuna Fishing Charters, Jerry Iwanski, 23268 Liberty Street, St Clair Shores, MI 48080, Phone 586-817-1064, Email jerryiwanski@hotmail.com. When I bought the trip, I had my Oklahoma brother-in-law, Jim Slattery, in mind, as he comes to Michigan every summer to spend some time at his farmhouse near Hillman, MI, and I go to his home in Woodward, OK to hunt whitetail deer on a 7000 acre ranch north of Woodward that we and several other Oklahoma hunters lease for hunting.

I contacted Jim Slattery a few days later, and asked him if he was interested in filling some of the six spots on this trip. Jim said he would fill four spots if I could arrange a suitable date for the trip. Via communications with Jim Slattery and captain Jerry, I was able to arrange July 7, 2009 from noon till 5:00 pm as our fishing charter appointment. Jim Slattery

and his group planned to spend several days in Hillman prior to our fishing trip, and then fly back to Oklahoman City the day after our fishing excursion. The fishing party would consist of my wife Sheila and I, Sheila's brother Jim and his wife Wanda, and Jim's daughter Kim Jones and her fiancée Craig Mittelstaedt from Oklahoma City area. About a month before the scheduled fishing date, I ordered one-day Canadian fishing licenses by telephone from Lakeside Sports in St Clair Shores for each of us.

July 7 dawned bright and clear, but it also was predicted to be cool and breezy with a high temperature only in the sixties. Enroute to the boat, we stopped at Lakeside Sports on Jefferson at 10 Mile Road and picked up our fishing licenses as per plan. Then we drove south on Jefferson about half a mile to Colony Marine where Jerry Iwanski let us



Jim Slattery 42 inch

in through a secured gate to get to his boat. Captain Jerry said he was concerned about the effect rough seas would have on us, and he offered to reschedule our fishing trip to another day. We told him we did not want to reschedule the trip, because four of the fishing crew were from Oklahoma. We were here ready to go fishing today, and we would not let some bouncy waves deter us. We also noticed that his boat was a 31 foot Tiara with 12 foot beam, which is a very large boat for fishing, and we surmised that it would handle rough water comfortably. So we boarded the boat a little before noon and departed the marina promptly.

The best muskie fishing in Lake St Clair is in the southeastern part of the lake which actually is in Canada. That is why we had to have Canadian fishing licenses. The wind today was out of the northwest, so as we cruised across the lake with a trailing wind, the ride was very smooth. When we arrived in the fishing area, we noticed that there were only occasional whitecaps. Captain Jerry put his boat



Craig Mittlestaedt 45 inch

on autopilot, and proceeded to set out ten total lines - three lines off each side of the boat off planer boards and two lines on each side of the boat on rods off the side of the boat. Our trolling path of ten baits in the water would be 100-150 feet in total width. Before Jerry got all ten baits set, we had a muskie strike, and Captain Jerry handed the fish-on pole to Craig Mittlestaedt. Several minutes later, after a good tussle, the muskie was netted, and Craig had landed his first-ever muskie, a beautiful 45 inch trophy. Pictures were quickly taken, and then Captain Jerry returned the fish to the water, so it could live and be caught again another day. Catch-and-release of muskie is practiced on Lake St Clair, and that is what makes the muskie fishing on this lake so spectacular. We had been fishing for less than fifteen minutes, and we had already landed a trophy fish. Next angler up was Kim Jones, and less than fifteen later she boated a 36 inch fish. While we were busy fishing, the wind was strengthening and the waves were building so that white caps had become prevalent. Within the first hour of fishing, we had two more strikes, but neither of those fish stayed hooked very long. Jim Slattery was next in line for landing a fish and was getting teased because of the two non-productive strikes. The saying is that "the third time is the charm", and so it was for Jim, as he fought the next fish and boated a beautiful 42 inch trophy. The seas were rougher and still growing, so that Jim had a hard time keeping his balance while fighting his fish. About a half hour later Sheila fought and reeled in a 35 inch muskie. She said she was glad it was no bigger, because this fish gave her all the fight that she could handle. The wind continued to strengthen, and the waves continued to grow, so that whitecaps were everywhere. Trolling with the wind was smooth, trolling against the wind was bouncy, and turning the boat around while trolling caused the boat to roll quite a bit when the boat had to take on the waves broadside. We were very thankful for our very large boat. We next had a strike without hookup, and then Captain Jerry, while routinely checking lines, discovered that one of the planer board lines was dragging a 30 inch muskie that was too small to set off the release. Craig reeled in this fish without much effort, as the fish was totally exhausted. Then the fishing went into a complete lull. No strikes occurred for more than an hour.

We were in the last hour of our fishing trip with the

wind and waves finally starting to lessen, when the big strike occurred. After Captain Jerry untangled my fishing line from the planer board release (such tangling can occur in rough water), and the muskie peeled over 200 yards of line off my reel, I knew I had a big fish on the end of my line. Inch by inch I pumped and cranked that brute in. As the fish got close to the boat, it looked like an alligator in the water that was more than ten inches wide across its back. When the monster saw the boat, he wanted no part of it and made one more desperate run peeling off about 50 yards of line. My arms were tired and getting numb. After more than fifteen minutes of battle, I was wondering if I would have to ask for help to reel in this fish. But determination took over, as I summoned up some reserve strength and endurance, and the fish was finally netted and lifted aboard. What a monster! This was easily the biggest fresh water fish I had ever caught. It measured 52 inches in length. I had difficulty holding the fish up off the floor vertically for pictures. My arms were shaky for the next hour, and my left (pole) arm was sore for several days. But it was a soreness I gladly endured.



**Donna Hartford fishing with SCI Detroit donor
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Our cruise back across the lake was pleasant, as the lake was rapidly calming. When we got back to the dock, Captain Jerry said we were one tough crew to have withstood those rough waters. We told Jerry that we all enjoyed this outing. We had had a total of nine strikes, and boated six fish, of which three were trophy size. Jerry Iwanski runs charters on Lake St Clair for perch as well as for muskie. I highly recommend Jerry for your next Lake St Clair fishing adventure. His contact information is provided in the second paragraph of this article.



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SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL DETROIT CHAPTER

34TH ANNUAL BANQUET AND FUNDRAISER

February 5th and 6th, 2010

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LOCATION

Sterling Inn
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For more information, and an auction list, please visit our web site at:
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Tickets Can Be Ordered Two Ways:

Complete the order form on reverse and mail to:
SCI Detroit
14292 Drumright Drive
Sterling Heights, MI 48313



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AN UP & DOWN ADVENTURE

By: Rick Cassidy

This was to be my 10th African safari and also one of the most memorable. There were two reasons for this. First, I was only after a few very select animals, namely: Bush Pig, Suni, Damara Dik Dik, Cheetah, Limpopo Bushbuck and Bat-Eared Fox. Over my previous safaris I had harvested all the other animals available in the southern portion of Africa with the exception of these. The second reason that this was memorable was the amount of flying that we did.

I was hunting in late March with Kobus Honiball of African Thirstland Safaris. This was the third time that I had hunted with him. Kobus is not only a professional hunter, but a professional pilot as well. Kobus and his group have their own airplanes which make for easy access to all southern Africa. By the time the safari ended I would up and down in Kobus' twin Cessna ten times, including a trip to South Africa in a different plane.

The trip to Namibia was uneventful. I flew Northwest Airlines to Frankfurt, Germany, rented a day-room at the airport Sheraton, and then flew Air Namibia down. Air Namibia had a very clean and roomy plane, excellent food and some of the best in-flight service that I have ever encountered. Flying this route was actually cheaper than flying Delta direct to South Africa and then South African Airlines to Namibia. It also eliminated the need to get a firearm import & export permit while in South Africa which can be a time consuming problem. As an additional benefit it also broke up the trip which eliminated any jet lag effects.

During the first couple days of the safari I was helping Kobus with one of his other hunting parties and shooting the odd Jackal here and there. We were hunting on a beautiful property located north of Omitara. Kobus' client had just harvested a Leopard a few days earlier in the Kalahari Desert and was completing his 'wish list' before we flew to South Africa.

After spending time in Omatara we flew to South Africa. Kobus had all of the gun paperwork taken care of and clearing customs was a breeze. I was hunting in the Mpumalanga region while Kobus and his other party flew an hour south to hunt a Cape Buffalo. I was paired with guide Phillip Fourie and we spent the latter part of the

day looking for a Livingstone Suni. Suni are part of Africa's "Tiny Ten" which is much more difficult to collect than their brethren the "Big Five". Suni are tiny animals, weighing only 10 to 15 pounds and are hunted by very slow and silent stalking with frequent stopping and glassing into the brushy cover. A single small branch can hide this diminutive animal so extreme patience is required when glassing. That evening we observed several females and males, none of which were worth shooting.



I was hunting the Suni with a Ruger model 77 in .22 Magnum. Depending upon one's preference, some hunters will also use a large caliber rifle such as a .375 H&H with solids, or a shotgun. The problem with a shotgun though is that the horns of the animal can be easily damaged.

The next morning found Phillip and myself back at the same location awaiting first light. We were silently stalking just as the dawn broke and it was a magical time of the day. During the next several hours we saw dozens of male and female Suni before finally settling on an exceptional animal. The Suni was standing behind the stems of a bush that forked at the ground and was facing directly at me at about 25 yards distance. At the shot the Suni bolted back into the brush. I knew the shot was good and now it was just a matter of finding the animal.

Phillip went back to the truck and got his dog, a Jack Russell terrier and the trackers. Despite the dog's best efforts he could not pick up the trail or find any blood. We finally reverted to everyone lining up and walking in the same direction looking under logs, into grass patches and pulling apart every small pile of brush in our path. After 30 minutes of searching we finally found the Suni under a pile of dead grass and scrub the size of a large chair. He was an extraordinary animal with horns well over four inches long. After taking photos, it was back to the lodge for lunch and an afternoon break.



Late afternoon found Phillip and I driving and glassing the roads and openings in the hills surrounding the hunting area for Limpopo Bushbuck. We saw numerous other trophy animals, but no Bushbuck. Returning to camp shortly after dark we enjoyed a fantastic meal, cold Castle beer and fine Coheba cigars that I had purchased in Frankfort. The next day was going to be a busy day hunting Bush Pig with dogs. We had to leave camp at 4:00 AM so I retired early that evening.

The 'wake-up' knock was at 3:30 AM. After a quick couple of cups of coffee and biscuits we were on the road. It was a three hour drive to where we rendezvoused with our guides and dogs and another hour to the hunting area. There were 15 dogs piled into the back of a Toyota pickup with a cargo net covering the entire group. All that was sticking out of the netting was heads, ears and tails. These were very well behaved dogs.

On arriving to the hunting area the dogs were turned loose and immediately chasing Bush Pigs. These animals would run in a large circle just like a rabbit. The only difference was that the circle could cover miles. The area that we were hunting in was a mixture of grassland, sugar cane, brush, rocky ravines, crops and large fields of maize. The terrain was hilly, with small streams running through the lower areas. Bush pigs cause significant damage to crops so landowners are glad to make their property available for hunting.



Opposite Page: Excellent Suni Habitat.

Opposite: Author and gang with an exceptional Suni Trophy.

Above: A group of very well behaved dogs.

I shot my Bush Pig at just after 1:00 in the afternoon and it was the hardest, most physically demanding half day of hunting that I have ever encountered. It seemed like we were running for 10 minutes, stop and wait for 5 minutes, run for another 15 minutes, stop and wait, then repeat. All we could do was run to where we could hear the dogs chasing the animal and hope to head it off, only to have the animal veer off in another direction. Occasionally the Bush Pigs would bay up and stand and fight. Several dogs were seriously cut up during the chase. It was also a very hot and humid morning.

Early afternoon we heard the dogs making another loop back toward us chasing a Bush Pig. We jumped into the Toyota and headed for an adjacent maize field where we thought the pig was heading. Jumping out of the truck we ran to a far corner of the field and waited. The dogs and the pig would head toward one side of the field and we would run down there only to have them change directions and head toward the other side, necessitating another long run on our part. After a half dozen changes in directions and running like this I was physically done. It was at this point that the dogs were able to bay up the pig in the maize field about 200 yards from where we were standing. Once again, another quick dash and then into the maize field following the barking and fighting of the dogs.

The maize stalks were over 10 feet in height and closely grown together. My guide had it easy. He led the way and all I had to do was follow him. Not that easy to do though since I was carrying a rifle in one hand and had my other arm in front of my face to keep the stalks and leaves from knocking my glasses off. I ended up looking down at my guide's feet while running since I was unable to look directly ahead. Run, jump over two or three rows, run and jump over five or six rows, then repeat, all the while the sounds of the fighting growing louder and louder. Finally we burst onto m  lee. It was one giant pile of dogs and Bush Pig all together and the guide shouting "Don't shoot the dogs!" They were literally 10 feet away. My rifle was a scoped Ruger model 77 in 7mm Remington Magnum. It was so close and tight in the maize that I simply brought the gun up, looked down the side of the barrel and shot. Luckily the shot broke the spine at the base of the neck and the hunt was over.



By the time we got the pig out and photographs taken it was well into the afternoon. The guides were ecstatic. It turned out that this Bush Pig was the largest that they had taken that season and possessed a beautiful coat as well. The sky was beginning to cloud up while the pig was

loaded into our truck. We headed back to the farmhouse while the guides collected and loaded up the rest of the dogs that were scattered about. After skinning the pig at the farmhouse Phillip and I headed back to the lodge which was now four hours away. It was a long and tiring trip back with us arriving well after dark. Again, a good meal, cold Castle and another Cohiba.

The morning of day three found Phillip and I again looking for a Limpopo Bushbuck. We saw numerous females and small males but nothing worth shooting. Things were not very co-operative that morning. By mid morning Kobus and his other client had flown back and were in camp. Kobus' client had harvested a respectable Cape Buffalo and even got charged in the process. His client was in a very joyous mood.

That evening Kobus, Peter Thormalen and I went out looking for a Bushbuck. We were in the field for only an hour or two when we spotted a nice male feeding in the brush along the side of the grass covered road. The shot was a long one, well over 350 yards and downhill. The first shot hit it in the neck, but wasn't enough to put him down. Next came two misses as he was moving, and finally the final shot put him down. This was a beautiful old animal that I had skinned out for a full mount. This was a great trophy.



Opposite: The largest Bush Pig of the season.

Above: Author pictured with Kobus Honiball.

Everyone was in a festive mood that evening. I had harvested the animals that I was after and all were excellent trophies. Kobus' other client harvested his Cape Buffalo that he was eagerly seeking and he and his wife were enjoying the last evening of their safari. The

following morning all of us were on our way back to Namibia in Kobus' plane.

The remainder of the safari in Namibia turned into a whirlwind affair. The two primary animals on my 'wish list' were a Cheetah and a Damara Dik Dik. Kobus also asked me to help him out with another client of his, from Minnesota, that was hunting Leopard.



During the first part of the hunt Kobus and I flew up to Kombat, where we were to hunt five days for Damara Dik Dik. Problems started almost immediately when we found that the lodge in which we were staying could not accommodate us for five days because they had a large group of eco-tourists that were to arrive and they did not want to mix us with their group. We would only have one evening and the following morning to hunt. Although being upset at the matter, there was really not much we could do about it. Africa is Africa and you have to learn to roll with the punches.

After settling in we had a late lunch and we were off after Dik Dik. Kobus and I were accompanied by the co-owner of the camp Justice. It was my intent to shoot both a male and female Dik Dik to have mounted together. Kobus was able to procure two tags for me. Dik Dik are normally hunted by driving along very slowly and glassing along the sides of the road and small openings as far away as possible. They are very spooky little creatures. Their horns lay back along their skull and it is very difficult to accurately judge trophy size.

One problem that we encountered was that the grasses were very tall and lush. After years and years of drought conditions that decimated parts of Namibia, the current growing season's rainfall was way above average. There were even parts of Namibia where the water in the towns flooded to over six feet. Good for the animals, but bad for us. Given the hunting conditions and our now limited amount of time, we were just looking for a good

16 www.scidetroit.com

representative male animal. Sometimes the hunting Gods smile upon you. As it turned out I shot a large female first and then a large male at last light. It was difficult to judge the length of the horns on the male but it ended up scoring in the top 15 for SCI at the time.

Between shooting the two Dik Dik we observed what will definitely be the new world record Dik Dik if the old guy is ever harvested. There was no question of this animal being a superb trophy: The little monster had horns the size of a Duiker! We tried to put a stalk on him but the little beast skitted off into the thorn brush. Since Dik Dik are very territorial and only occupy a very small area, we were out there again the following morning before having to depart. We did catch a glimpse of him but could not get a shot. And to think, I was supposed to have another 3 1/2 days hunting here!



After breakfast Kobus and I were back on the plane and bouncing around between Windhoek, Gobabis, Mariental in the Kalahari Desert, and Grootfontain for the rest of the hunt. During this time I harvested a Bat-Eared Fox, Aardwolf, Cheetah, baits for Leopard and a lot of Jackals. It was a whirlwind final week and I had a fantastic time with Kobus and Andre.

Top Left: Damara Dik Dik.

Above: Guide Andre and author with Cheetah.

In regards to the Cheetah, unfortunately the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service does not allow them to be imported into the U.S. This is regrettable since in most parts of Namibia they are considered vermin and are extensively shot by farmers and land owners. I was on one property where the adjacent land owner had killed 18 during the prior year and simply buried them. I had my Cheetah mounted

as a full mount by a taxidermist in Windhoek and it now resides in Kobus' lodge for others to enjoy.



Above: Bat-Eared Fox.

Kobus is a great person and honest outfitter. He is a strong supporter of SCI Detroit and the 'Disabled Veteran' hunt program and is SCI Detroit's first international Chapter Life Member. To contact him visit his web site at: WWW.ATSAFARIS.COM.

SCI DETROIT CHAPTER TROPHY MEASURERS

MASTER MEASURERS

Chuck Bazzy	Bloomfield Hills	(248) 851-1707 (248) 557-4140
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HELP YOUR OUTFITTER, YOUR FELLOW HUNTERS, AND WIN IN THE PROCESS!

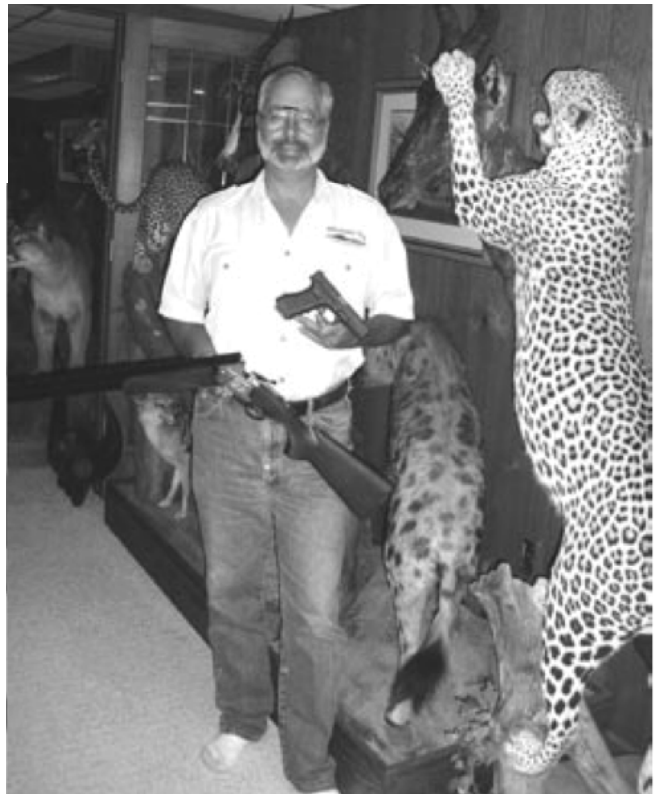
The “Trajectory” magazine is in need of articles, stories and photos to help fill each issue. **Help your outfitter out** by submitting a story on your hunting, fishing or other outdoor trip, and be sure to include photographs, especially if you purchased a trip at one of the SCI Detroit fundraising events. Outfitters that donate to the Chapter’s various functions seldom receive anything in return other than happy and satisfied clients. If you had a successful trip, submit a story and tell us. This is a great way to say ‘Thank you’ to those that support the Detroit chapter.

Submitting an article also **helps your fellow hunters**. There are thousands of outfitting firms and booking agents around the world to choose from. Submitting a story helps your fellow Chapter members’ sort through the good and the bad. You could be doing someone in the Chapter a great favor by doing so. Networking around your fellow Chapter members is one of the positive benefits of belonging to SCI Detroit.

Help yourself in the process. Any Detroit Chapter member writing and submitting an article that is published will receive a free \$50.00 packet of raffle tickets at the 2011 Annual Wild Game Dinner, and also be entered in a drawing for a Weatherby rifle at the event. Stories can be E-mailed to Scott O’Farrell at: ofarrells@macomb.edu , or mailed to: Scott O’Farrell 42542 Dotson ct Sterling Heights Michigan 48313.



**YOUR PICTURE COULD BE
HERE NEXT YEAR!**



Mule Deer Hunt

by Jeremy Meldrun

I landed in Boise, ID on October 21, 2007. I was on my way to Challis, a four hour drive to catch my bush plane into Middle Fork of the Salmon River inside the Frank Church Wilderness. I flew into The Middle Fork Lodge, which is a privately owned piece of property inside the Frank Church Wilderness. I was going on an 8 day hunt for elk and mule deer with Wilderness Outfitters, Scott and Shelda Farr.

After a short flight into the lodge I met Buck, one of the guides, and then my cook Carol. My guide arrived shortly after his name is Shannon, but everyone calls him Speed. We headed down to the tack shed and started saddling up our horses and mules. We had a three hour ride to camp. The plan was Buck and Carol would take the mules and start heading up to camp. Speed and I would hunt a different way to camp. I was excited to get my hunt on the way.

We rode a while, stopped, glassed, and rode. Speed spotted a muley so we got closer to get a better look. It was a nice buck, a 4x5, so we tried to stalk him to get a shot. No such luck, he gave us the slip, so we continued on our way to camp. Camp was nice, we had wall tents with wood burners, a mess tent, a corral, and even a tack shed. We had dinner and went to bed.



The next day was my 1st full day of hunting. We rode to a glassing point and got off our horses. 300 yards away was a 5x5 bull with some cows, looking

right at us. It was amazing watching the sun rise and taking it all in knowing as far as I could see was mine to hunt with nobody else nearby. We continued to glass but didn't find what we were looking for.

The 2nd day we spotted a nice bull with the spotting scope, but we opted to go after it the next day. We headed toward the ridge where we seen the bull yesterday. We tied the horse and went for a hike. The area was all ripped up from earlier this year when the elk were rutting. We were taking our time down the ridge until we got to the end where speed seen him about 250 yards away. He said to shoot him, but I couldn't find him in my scope. Then he moved and there was another bull behind him, both were nice, 6x6. Speed said to shoot the second one. I leaned against a tree and shot. In all the excitement I think I hit the tree in front of the bull. They were off and we found no blood and no elk. It was amazing to walk up on two big bulls and get that kind of opportunity. The hike back up to the horses was a lot harder than the walk down. One good thing, there is no shortage of game in this area. We seen bulls and bucks everyday, it was just a matter of finding the right ones.

The next day we were at it again, riding and glassing. We saw a herd of elk heading toward us at dark, so we knew where we were going in the morning.

We got an early start to where we spotted the elk the evening before. The ride from camp is about an hour, but a storm moved in bringing snow and windy conditions. We could only see about 200 yards in front of us. We started a fire and waited for the clouds to lift. We were at around 8,500 ft elevation. Once it cleared up we rode another 10 minutes and spotted a herd of elk bedded down. We glassed them and Speed got out the spotting scope. After about fifteen we spotted a nice bull, after confirming he was a 6x6 I decided to go for it. We took the horses back around on top of the ridge to the next knob. Then we stalked up on him, I was nervous, there was about 30 cows with him. We seen cows moving around and a few of them had us pegged, but the bull never seen us. At about 1:00pm and 140 yards I got a steady rest and shot him in his bed, he didn't even go 5 feet.

That was exciting, after all the pictures the fun began and we finished up at 4:30 after covering all the meat with pine branches to keep it from the wolves.



The next morning we headed out to pick up my elk with Lewis and John, our pack mules. It was a 2 hour ride from camp to where I shot him. After we got loaded we headed back down to the lodge to drop off the meat and leave one of the mules. Then we hunted our way back up looking for Bucky, the 4x5 mule deer from the 1st day, but we never seen him again.

Day 7, the last full hunting day, we got to our glassing spot in the morning, and seen quite a few mule deer. Some does, raghorns, and 3x3s. So we continued to glass until we seen a nice mature buck. At first glance we thought he was a 3x3, but after watching him we seen he was actually a 3x4. We watched and waited for him to lie down, but he was following



a doe around. Finally they lay down together, so we hiked back to the horses, and headed around to try to get him from above. When we got to the draw that he was on, we busted 3 does that headed in his direction. That got us a nervous that he might take off, so we took our time, and headed down where we thought he was. He wasn't there so we went a little further, and kept glassing. The glassing pays off because all of a sudden I see him still following the doe. Speed said to wait for him to turn broadside. We were 300 yards up the mountain from him, and we weren't getting any closer. Speed whistled to try to get him to turn, finally he did. I shot and hit him a little far back. He ran out further and I kept shooting, finally making a Texas heart shot to finish him. We were only a fifteen minute ride from camp, so Speed decided to go and get a mule, and I went down and got my buck.



The next morning we packed up, loaded the mules, and headed down the mountain to the lodge. Back at the lodge we saw Jared, one of the guides who had drawn a bighorn tag, and shot a nice ram while taking hunters to camp. While waiting for the plane, we had a few beers and said our goodbyes.

The country is beautiful, from the snow peaks to the rivers in the valley. Thank God for horses and mules. I could not have been this successful on foot. It was an awesome trip, it was real hunting. Everything was the hard way, which makes the trophies worth that much more.

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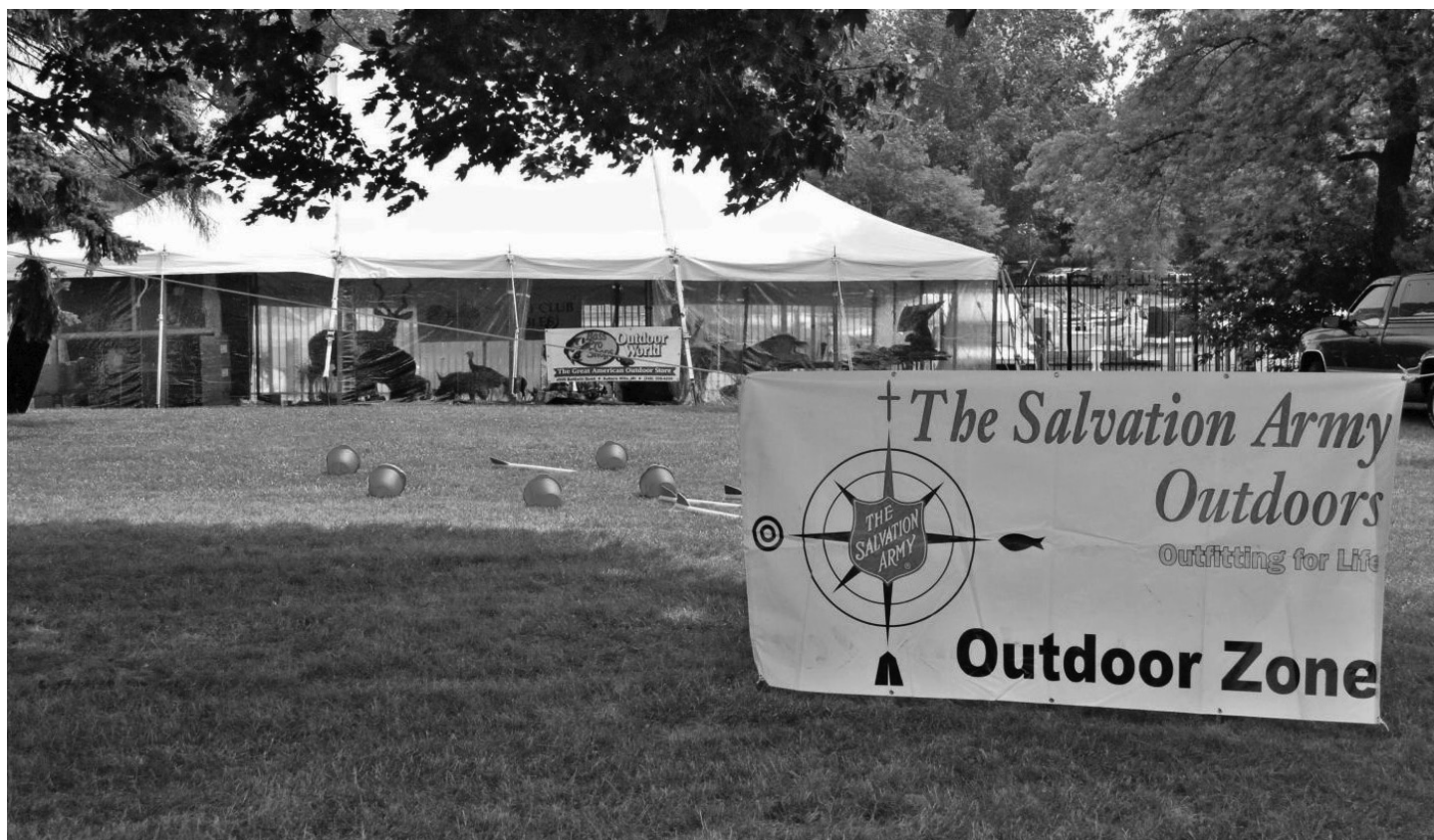
With the help and support of The Salvation Army Outdoors (TSAO) program the Detroit Sables set up a 30 x 45 foot pole tent the weekend of July 10th, 2009 to house a sensory safari experience in Henderson Park during the 100th running of the Detroit Gold Cup hydroplane races. During the races Henderson Park is a free admission family fun zone area.

The Sensory Safari experience highlighted animals of North America including a bear, squirrel, turkey, wolf, raccoon, deer, otter, fisher and skunk - all full mounts - along with the head of a musk ox. There were also various hides of beaver, coyote, bison, caribou, sheep, bobcat and kangaroo. In addition skulls varying in size from a small bat to a hippopotamus were displayed. The bird presentation included a full-mounted duck, a turkey skull, wing and tail feathers, peacock feathers, owl pellets and pheasant feathers. Africa was represented with a cape buffalo skull, various hides from impala, wildebeest and bush buck, along with full mounts of a western kob, red-flanked duiker, bush pig, baboon and a kudu. Bass Pro Shop of Auburn Hills also contributed a fish display.

Participants were given the opportunity to test their knowledge of horns and antlers by distinguishing which ones were which from a large display. Upon exiting the tent visitors received a "summer fun" Field-n-Stream magazine donated by Bass Pro Shop, which included information on fishing, camping, shooting, identifying animals, etc. They also received a 3" x 3" piece of hide donated by Hilde Taxidermy, including caribou, eland, red stage, hartebeest and kudu.

The three-day exhibit drew a steady stream of people many of whom were surprised that they were allowed to touch everything. They were amazed at the different textures: some coarse, some with thick and long fur and some with very little fur. For some, it was their first experience of this kind, and very educational.

The Detroit Sables would like to THANK all who helped
in making this event a real success.





VANCOUVER ISLAND BLACK BEAR ADVENTURE

BY JOE KONWINSKI

We were riding back down the mountain on a deactivated logging road aboard a 4WD ATV. Guide Doug Rippingale was driving, and I was seated behind him in a very comfortable custom-made captain's chair bolted to the rear luggage rack of the ATV. This Captain's chair was made out of rigid 1.25 and 1.5 inch aluminum tubing welded into chair shape that included arm rests and foot rests as well as padded cushions for the seat and back rest. We were coming back down the mountain retracing the route we had taken up the mountain about an hour earlier. We did not see any bears on this particular mountain, so Doug was trying to figure out where we should go next. As we approached a ninety degree left turn in the road at the valley bottom, we both simultaneously spotted a good sized black bear rapidly walking on the same road toward us. The bear was still more than 100 yards away and approaching a bridge over a whitewater stream. Doug immediately pulled to the right edge of the road out of sight of the bear, and we both hopped off the bike. Doug quickly instructed me that this was a good bear that would square over six feet, and since this was the fourth day of a five day hunt, he recommended that I should shoot him.

I have been bear hunting several times in years past without harvesting a bear. All previous hunts were over bait. I have seen several bears on these hunts, but none that I considered to be trophy quality. These previous bait hunts were both spring hunts and fall hunts. After doing three spring bear bait hunts, I decided I wanted no more of that kind of hunting, because the bugs make it an endurance contest against the discomfort caused by the bugs rather than an enjoyable hunting outing. Fall bait hunts are much more enjoyable, as bug problems are minimal, but the bears do not bait very well in the fall because of the abundant natural food supply at that time of the year. Thus, I decided I wanted to do a spot-and-stalk hunt in a place that offered a high probability of harvesting a trophy

black bear where bug problems would be minimal.

I have been receiving annual end-of-year news letters from Dave Fyfe of North Island Guide Outfitters on Vancouver Island for the last few years. These news letters include summaries of their black bear hunting success. When I received his December 31, 2008 newsletter in early January 2009, I decided to call Dave Fyfe to see if he had any available bear hunt openings for 2009. I wanted to go hunting during the bear rut to increase my chances of seeing a good boar. I also wanted to have my wife accompany me on this trip. When I called Dave Fyfe in January, he said he had an opening for June 6-10, 2009 which would be during their bear mating season. He also said that they would be thrilled to accommodate my wife Sheila. So I immediately reserved that hunt. Over the next few weeks we worked out all the details, as Dave was very prompt in responding to all my questions and requests.

Friday June 5, 2009 Sheila and I flew on Northwest Airlines non-stop from Detroit to Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. There we went through Canadian customs, and then flew Pacific Coastal Airlines to Campbell River on the central east coast (inside passage coast) of Vancouver Island. We were picked up at the airport by Irene (Mrs. Dave) Fyfe, who drove us to their home in Campbell River. Here I was provided my black bear hunting license, and we were introduced to my guide Doug Rippingale. Then we loaded our luggage into Doug's pickup, and he drove us west for about two hours following rivers between steep sided mountains to Gold River, a town located in the approximate geometric center of Vancouver Island. Enroute to Gold River, Doug told me that Dave Fyfe has a huge hunting area that abuts on its northern border the hunting area operated by the legendary Jim Schockey. In Gold River we made ourselves at home in a modern five bedroom house rented by the Fyfes to use as a hunting lodge complete with a full time cook and house keeper. Staying with us at that camp were two other hunters, one from the Traverse City, Michigan area and the other from Grand Junction, Colorado area, plus three guides, as each hunter was being guided one-on-one. By the time we unpacked and finished a delicious prime rib dinner, it was after 11:00 pm. The guides then told us that this would be our normal dinner time for the rest of our hunt, as we would be hunting till dark each afternoon. The normal day would be breakfast at 8:00 am, leave for morning hunt from camp at 8:30 am, return to camp for lunch around noon, take a post-lunch siesta, leave camp



at 2:30 pm for the afternoon hunt, and return to camp for dinner after dark. We went to bed right after dinner and crashed shortly thereafter, because by then we had been up for more than twenty-one hours.

Vancouver Island is the largest island off the West Coast of North America. It is part of the province of British Columbia, Canada. Its land area is mostly wilderness 285 miles long by 40-80 miles wide. The human population there is located mostly along the southern half of the island's eastern (inside passage) shore from Campbell River down to Victoria at the southern tip. Victoria is the capitol of British Columbia, and it also is the largest city on Vancouver Island by far. Most roads on Vancouver Island are along or near its east (inside passage) coast. Only a few roads traverse the island from the Pacific Coast to the inside passage coast. Vancouver Island is mostly heavily forested and mountainous with the interior mountains averaging 2000 to 3000 feet, but there are several mountains that exceed 7000 feet in height, and these taller mountains retain snow caps year-round. Vancouver Island has a mild climate with generous rainfall which produces its rapidly growing forests. Not surprising then, forestry is the main industry here. Other significant industries on the island are mining, fishing, farming (in the southern valleys and coastal lowlands), tourism and hunting.



Saturday morning we woke up three hours too early, as our bodies were still on Michigan time, so we had to wait around for breakfast. First thing on the agenda after breakfast was for all hunters to check shoot their guns. For this hunt I rented from Dave Fyfe a Browning bolt action rifle in .300 Winchester short magnum caliber for \$60

total including the ammunition. This was much cheaper and easier than lugging my own rifle, ammo and case out there and back. Enroute to the gravel pit to check shoot our guns, we saw two medium size bears at close range, the first one along the road, and the second one in the gravel pit where we had gone to shoot. These bear sightings bolstered everyone's spirits. All guns were dead-on, so the hunters took off in three different directions to pursue their trophies. We hunted that morning by vehicle on active logging roads and afoot on deactivated logging roads. Logging roads are built by the logging companies to harvest the timber and to haul the logs to mills for processing into lumber and other wood products. When the logging in an area is finished, the roads are deactivated and reseeded to return the area to its natural looking condition. I was just amazed how and where the logging roads are built, as the Vancouver Island terrain is mostly steep sided mountains. It is the logging roads that provide access to all that steep country. We saw three more bear and several elk that morning before we headed back to camp for lunch and a nap. At 2:30 pm we left camp for the afternoon hunt and hunted till dark. We saw three bears that afternoon but no shooters. We also saw several elk. We arrived back at camp after 10:00 pm, and it was after 11:00 pm when we finished dinner. The Traverse City hunter shot a very nice bear that evening that squared 6 feet 10 inches.

Sunday was an adventure-filled day. Before leaving camp for hunting, Doug loaded an ATV into the box of his pickup, because he planned to hunt in more rugged terrain than we had hunted the first day. As we got to the more rugged country, Doug just parked his pickup and unloaded his quad. The ATV was not built-for-three, so when Doug and I used the ATV for hunting, Sheila stayed back in the pickup and passed the time reading a novel, doing crossword puzzles or solving sudoku puzzles. We had already seen four bears, several elk and some deer, and we were traveling on a main logging road heading back to camp for lunch, when we spotted a bear in the distance walking on the road toward us. Doug stopped immediately, and he and I departed the pickup and hustled along the edge of the road toward the bear. With the bear about 100 yards away, I sat down on the roadway edge behind a pine branch for cover, extended the bipods on my gun, and waited for the bear, which looked to be big enough to be a shooter. As I was sitting on the road bed, I told Doug that I could feel vibrations in the road as if a logging truck were coming. I had already learned that in this country the logging trucks rule the road, and that everybody moves out of their way, especially when they are heavily loaded. Sure enough! Soon coming behind the bear and rapidly catching up was a big empty logging truck headed back up the mountain for another load. When the bear

saw and felt the vibrations of the logging truck closing in on him, he jumped off the road and disappeared in the brush down the mountainside. The logging truck driver stopped and talked to us and apologized to us for his bad timing. During the afternoon hunt while Sheila stayed in camp to watch the Detroit Red Wings versus the Pittsburgh Penguins in the Stanley Cup hockey playoffs, Doug and I saw three bears but no shooters. The day ended with no bears harvested, but the Red Wings won 5 to 0.

Monday was even more adventure-filled than Sunday. In the morning we used the ATV to hunt some steep rocky clear cuts east of Gold River. Only minutes after leaving Sheila and the pickup, we encountered a mother mountain lion with three cubs. Further up the mountain I saw some deer and a total of six bears, one of which was a trophy size bear high up on a clear cut. We started an uphill stalk toward him, but before we could get within desirable range, the wind swirled and the big bear took off up the mountain into cover. Sheila accompanied us for the afternoon hunt even though we used the ATV a lot. We did see four more bear. While the three of us were in the pickup slowly scanning the country, Sheila and I spotted a bear cross a deactivated side road that intersected the road on which we were traveling. Joe and Doug jumped out of the pickup and hustled to the start of that deactivated road where we noticed that the bear was actually heading toward us munching on grass along the road. At the intersection of the deactivated road and the active logging road was a mound of dirt and stones to block traffic access to the deactivated road. Joe lay down at the edge of this mound to use it as a gun rest and to be less visible to the bear. The bear steadily advanced toward us unaware that Doug and I were in his path. I decided that this bear was not big enough to shoot and told Doug of my decision. When the bear got within seven yards of us, Doug threw a pebble at the bear and hit him in his right front foot. This stopped the bear, but he did not know what had happened. So Doug threw another pebble at the bear and waved his hands. This time the bear noticed us, whirled and ran off the road into cover. Sheila watched all this unfold while she was in the back seat of Doug's pickup. When we got back to the pickup, Sheila told us that from her vantage point, the bear appeared to be right on top of us, and she was surprised that I did not shoot. On the way back to camp after dark, I told Doug I was officially lowering my trophy standards for the rest of the hunt down from a seven foot bear to a six foot bear. Back at camp we learned that the Colorado hunter that afternoon had shot and wounded a good sized bear, but he was not able to find the bear concluding that it was not mortally wounded.

Tuesday morning I was optimistic that something exciting would be happening that day. Sheila was going along for

the morning hunt, and we were going to be hunting a new area not yet hunted this year. Doug and I took the ATV into an area logged several years earlier and now significantly regenerated with new growth. When we could go no further by ATV because of the new growth, we walked still further to check out an area that had produced for Doug in previous years. There we spotted two big bores chasing a sow up the facing mountain side. The bigger boar claimed the sow and ran off his competition. That boar looked trophy size, but these bears were just too far away and in too tough a country to attempt a stalk. While headed back to the truck on the ATV, we saw another boar sorting out a hot track like a hound dog, but that bear disappeared in the heavy brush. A little later after we had loaded the ATV on the pickup, as we were slowly traveling in the pickup toward camp for lunch, we saw a big bear depart the road in front of us. Doug drove past that bear spot, went around the corner about a hundred yards, and slowly stopped. Doug and I quietly departed the vehicle, snuck back down the road, and peaked around the corner. The bear was already back on the edge of the road feeding on grass. I snuck up behind a balsam branch, set up my bipods, sat down on the road and waited for a good shot. While observing the bear, we noted that he was shooter size, but he also had several severely rubbed-off spots in his coat, so I decided to not shoot him. That was the seventh bear of the morning hunt. We had also seen considerable rutting behavior.

Sheila wanted to watch the Red Wings versus Penguins hockey game, so she did not go out for the afternoon hunt. Doug and I went to another area which had not yet been hunted this year, because winter storm damage in the form of fallen trees had blocked the access road to this area. A few days earlier Dave Fyfe spent a full day with chain saw clearing the access road to enable vehicular traffic. We had been thoroughly searching that area for about two hours, but had only seen one small bear. Then it all came together! We saw the bear before he saw or heard us, and we were able to dismount the ATV out of his sight. He did not hear the ATV approaching, because at that exact time, he was crossing a bridge over a noisy white water mountain stream. I snuck across the road to a big log along the road to use the big log as a shooting rest. When I peaked over the log, I noticed that the bear had just finished crossing the bridge, and was now on our side of the mountain stream. Doug confidently assured me that this bear would square over six feet, and instructed that I should shoot him. The bear was broadside to us as I aimed. The first shot hit the bear in the chest just behind his right front shoulder. Upon impact the bear reared up on his hind legs, swung around and began running back from whence he came. Halfway across the bridge with a noticeable red patch on the left side of his chest, the bear

fell. When the bear struggled to his feet and continued staggering across the bridge, Doug shouted that I should shoot him again. At the instant of the second shot, the bear dropped in the middle of the road about six feet off the bridge and less than twenty yards from where he was first hit. I noted the time to be 5:00 pm. We carefully covered the 100 or so yards to the bear, during which time the bear never moved a muscle. After Doug and I assured ourselves that the bear was dead, Doug and I high-fived and then joked about how difficult would be the recovery of this bear. It was really amusing to think of all the rough country we had been hunting, to be so fortunate as to have this bear die right in the middle of the road accessible by pickup. The toughest job was dragging the bear off the road into suitable location and position for photos. Doug knew that Dave was in the area scouting for bears, so Doug called Dave via his cell phone to tell Doug I had shot a bear. Dave said he would meet us at the bear. We took photos with both our digital cameras. Then as we were skinning the bear, I noticed that he had absolutely no fat on his carcass. He apparently had consumed his all his fat reserves during his winter hibernation. I also noticed that his hide was in perfect condition with no rubbed areas. Then it began to rain fairly hard getting us wet. This was the only time we saw rain while we were on Vancouver Island, a time of unusually warm weather with daytime highs in the 90's and nighttime lows in the 70's, with very few bugs bothering us. Dave drove to us with his pickup in time to help finish the bear skinning. We then loaded the bear cape and meat into the box of Dave's pickup, and Dave gave me a ride back to Doug's pickup while Doug drove the ATV. We loaded the ATV onto Doug's pickup, and we all headed back toward camp. On the way back to camp, we heard the end of the hockey game which Detroit lost to Pittsburg 2 to 1.

We arrived back at camp with Daylight still remaining, so Sheila surmised that I must have gotten a bear. We first enjoyed a rewarding cold beer. Then we spread the bear hide on a tarp for cleaning and more pictures. When we measured the bear skin, it squared 6 feet 2 inches. Before dinner, Doug packed the bear hide in a duffle back and placed it in a freezer to prepare it for the trip back to our home with us as a checked bag.

Wednesday was a leisurely day for us since I had already harvested my bear. We ate breakfast at 8:30 am, and then we packed our bags for the return trip home. After lunch we loaded our bags including my bear bag into Doug's pickup, and Doug drove us back to Campbell River to the Fyfe house. Irene Fyfe copied pictures of my bear off Doug's camera onto her computer, and then she had me sign some more papers. From there Doug drove us to downtown Campbell River to check into the Discovery

Inn for our overnight accommodations including freezer accommodations for my bear hide.

Irene Fyfe picked Sheila and I up Thursday morning and drove us to the airport to catch our Pacific Coastal flight to Vancouver. In Vancouver, as part of our check-in process for our direct Northwest flight back to Detroit, we went through U.S. customs. This was very time efficient and should be done for more international direct flights to home city airports. Our flight home was uneventful and on schedule. It was a perfect ending to a great north island adventure.

Our hosts for this hunt, Dave and Irene Fyfe, did everything in their power to cater to the needs of their clients. Their accommodations, meals, guides, equipment and services were top notch, and I recommend them highly to all those interested in a great adventure on Vancouver Island. Their contact information is North Island Guide Outfitters, 2135 Nikola Place, Campbell River, BC, Canada V9W 6H9, Phone: 250-850-1501, Fax: 250-850-1530, Website: www.huntingvancouverisland.com, Email: info@huntingvancouverisland.com. They provide fully guided and outfitted hunts for not only black bears but also for Roosevelt elk and mountain lion. They also own and operate Nootka Wilderness Lodge, a luxury wilderness fishing lodge in Nootka Sound on the Pacific Coast of Vancouver Island for trophy fishing from early June through late September. Their email for fishing is info@nootkawildernesslodge.com.





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SCI DETROIT CHAPTER COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP FUND

The board of Directors of Safari Club International – Detroit Chapter, a non-for-profit Michigan Corporation dedicated to wildlife conservation, education of youth in the safe use of firearms, and protection of the right to hunt, will, upon recommendation of the Chair of the Education Committee of such chapter, **annually award one (1) scholarship of \$1000** to an individual, either male or female, meeting the following qualifications.

1. Is a permanent resident of Wayne, Oakland or Macomb County, Michigan.
2. Is enrolled as a full time student, as established by the institution which she or he is attending, at a four year institution of higher learning.
3. Is pursuing a graduate or undergraduate degree in a variety of conservation-related fields, including natural resources management, forestry, conservation education and animal science.
4. Has, if pursuing an undergraduate degree, attained junior (3rd year) status.

Candidates shall make application, in writing, to Chair of the Education Committee of the Chapter no later than April 1st of each calendar year accompanied by the following:

1. Evidence of the foregoing qualifications.
2. Not more than a three (3)page, double spaced, typewritten essay describing the candidate's interest and background in natural resources management, forestry, conservation education, or animal science and his or her college objectives.
3. At least two (2) letters of endorsement buy non-family members, preferably professors.

An interview which may be, at the election of the Education Committee, conducted by telephone may be requested of the candidate.

Payment will be made directly to the institution of higher education for credit toward the tuition obligation of the successful candidate.

No scholarship shall be awarded to a son / daughter, grandson / granddaughter, or nephew / niece of a member of the Safari Club International – Detroit Chapter Board of Directors during or within two years of the term of such member.

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Business name & Address			
Home phone	Business Phone		
E-mail	Present Business or profession		
List of clubs and associations connected with the field of hunting in which you hold membership. Please include any board positions			
Are you a member of the NRA? <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No		Where should chapter Notices be sent? <input type="checkbox"/> Home <input type="checkbox"/> Work	
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I am an ethical hunter and hereby submit my name for membership

Date

Safari Club International & Detroit Chapter New Membership annual dues \$100.00

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MONSTER BLACKTAIL NORTHWEST CALIFORNIA

By George E. Keller

On October 24, 2008, my father and I headed to California in search of Columbian Blacktail Deer. We have both harvested blacktail, however, we had been tipped-off to a new area for trophy bucks. This particular ranch had been hunted for Tule Elk but essentially remained a deer refuge. Further, our good friend Ron Christiansen, who has taken multiple Boone and Crockett bucks, advised us that he had first-hand knowledge of the quantity and quality of game that awaited.

We landed in Sacramento and headed northwest, enjoying a scenic drive through the Sacramento Valley. We then traveled west into the mountains, following a weaving cut engulfed in the beauty of densely wooded ravines, lakes and massive rock strata. Ultimately, ascending to our destination of Willits, California, we were greeted by towering redwoods lining each side of Main Street.

Settled in the 1850's and rich in history and beautiful scenery, Willits, California is known as the "Gateway to the Redwoods." It harbors the oldest continuous rodeo in the State of California and attracts many tourists due to its magnificent scenic view of its mountainous region.

From Willits, we drove a short distance to the Spring Valley Cattle Ranch, positioned in the Sherwood Valley, where we would be settling in for a few days. We met up with Ed Mitchell at the entrance gate of his 4000 acre active cattle ranch. Ed owns, leases

and has rights to numerous hunting areas. He is well known for recording some of the biggest Tule Elk and blacktail in the country. Ed's hunting stories and confidence in the area's game only enhanced our excitement as we were led down a road containing multiple ranching structures. We concluded our travels at a historical stable-barn tucked away beneath some pines at the foot of a mountain draw. The two-level building, gutted and remodeled, now stood as a first



class hunting lodge consisting of three bedrooms, an enormous recreation room, bar/entertainment area, large kitchen and dining room. Its knotted pine walls were accented with trophy mounts of blacktail, elk, mule deer and sheep.

Wasting no time, we unloaded our truck and proceeded with the hunt. The clear 85° temperature day did not make for ideal hunting weather, however, we were informed that a recent rain had resulted in the commencement of the rut. Thus, bucks were beginning to move from their cover. The mountainous terrain consisted of open plateaus peppered with large wooded clusters and scattered meadows, dense pine ravines and rocky draws. This provided a diverse habitat for local wildlife including deer, elk, bear, mountain lion, bobcat and fox.

After glassing a short time, we found ourselves deep into the deer and elk. Our distant presence was of little concern to the animals due to the large amount of game, disinterested rutting bucks and the virtually unhunted area.

The first evening we saw upwards of thirty blacktail.



We passed on 6 to 7 shootable bucks including three 4x4s, all greatly exceeded our pre-arrival expectations. Now recognizing the quality of the bucks in the area, we knew we could be somewhat selective. We also happened upon two herds of Tule Elk containing numerous exceptional bulls. These beautiful and graceful animals blended effortlessly in their natural habitat.



The following day we ventured into a new hunting area. We saw a few bucks, but nothing more impressive than those of the prior evening. As evening approached we spotted a small group of deer atop a ridge ½ mile off. A few of the bucks appeared to be high and heavy in the antlers. As we secured a range of 300 yards we hid the vehicle and proceeded quietly afoot, obscuring our silhouettes by maneuvering amongst scattered pines and poison oak bushes. We then negotiated a glassing position within 125 yards from the grazing deer. As assumed, all were considerable specimens, however, none were of immediate interest.

Upon performing our final sweep of the area, a rack emerged from the ditch below. We quickly determined this unnoticed buck to be a “shooter.” It was massive and high. My father took a shooting position amongst the bushes while waiting for the buck to expose his body. He had not scented us, but the doe were now becoming alert and oriented to our location. We had to act fast! The two minutes of pure silence felt like an hour as my father waited for his opportunity. He could only hope that the doe would not give us away, as they began to strain their necks in curiosity. I could almost feel my father’s rapid heart beat as his finger anxiously rested on the trigger guard. As the evening’s breeze continued to rattle the

brush before us, the buck slowly moved up the hill graciously presenting his broad-sided profile. With one echoing BANG of my father’s rifle, the mission was successfully concluded. Results - a gorgeous trophy buck and wonderful experience! Following a hasty order of events, including hand-shakes, hugs and the obligatory trophy photo-shoot, we retreated to the vehicle and resumed hunting in order to utilize the days remaining light.

The next morning we hunted a new area with steep hills and difficult trails. We observed heavy bucks, high bucks, old and young bucks, both typical and nontypical. Most were wall hangers, however, considering the quality potential and two full hunting days remaining, we continued on.

After brunch we arranged for myself and assistant guide Barret to take the Rhino Quad out for a few hours before the evening hunt. Although deer tend to bed during high-noon heat, we decided to attempt to disturb them from their slumber. By utilizing the quad, we were able to enter pristine areas inaccessible to larger vehicles. With no luck, we eventually began our return to camp. It was now 4:00 pm, so the rush was on to meet with the others for the evening hunt. As we sped across a plateau, Barret suddenly slammed on the breaks. He had noticed a lone deer on the top of a ridge approximately 450 yards off. He explained that he immediately determined it to be a mature buck due to its signature field marking. Blacktail bucks have the distinguishable marking of a white ring just above their black nose. In addition, this buck had the noticeable swagger of an old boy in rut. He appeared to be a 4x4 worthy of a closer look.

As we were planning out a stalking route, another buck appeared from below the ridgeline traveling the same path. One quick glance and we knew that this buck was not to be passed up. He was extremely wide and tall and a trophy in anyone’s book.

We retreated back over the ridge, making a large loop below the line of sight. We had to move fast because the bucks were heading toward heavier cover. We reached our stalking destination and then trekked down the mountain among a row of pines, staying close together in an effort to remain unnoticed. Eventually running out of cover, we pulled out our binoculars to glass. Unfortunately, the second

buck was nowhere to be seen. Time was now of the essence as we discussed the quality of the remaining buck. Just as I decided to give it a go, the massive 3x4 appeared from below moving aggressively toward the other buck.



I arranged a shooting rest with my backpack and assumed a stomach position beneath a forked tree. The bucks were at a distance of 300 yards circling and lunging at each other in an effort to claim territory. Holding a steady aim three inches high on the quartering buck, I squeezed off a round. I could immediately tell that I had connected as the buck hunched over and began to stagger sideways. I prepared to greet him a second time, but within seconds



he proceeded to stumble backwards and collapsed in the shin-high gold grass. We gathered our belongings in excitement and rushed over for a close-up. It was another dandy!

Following the days events, I could not stop smiling for many hours. From rabbit to elephant, the feeling always consumes me and only confirms my purpose as a hunter. . . the feeling of the entire hunting experience, sharing it with loved ones and friends and the success of the harvest. Although not present to witness the shot, my father was overjoyed when he arrived to see my trophy.


We could not have asked for better hospitality and friendship during our short stay in Willits. We would like to express our gratitude to Ed, Ron and their families for giving us this magnificent experience.

REPORT FROM THE TROPHY RECORD BOOK COMMITTEE

Work continues on the update of the SCI Detroit Chapter Record Book of Trophy Animals. To date, the complete Europe, South America, and South Pacific sections are finished and are now posted to the chapter web site, www.scidetroit.com. If you have previously entered trophies from either of these three continents into the chapter record book please review the current version and advise me of any inaccuracies. Use the address shown below or send an e-mail to: attorneyblack@earthlink.net.

If you have not previously entered all of your trophies from these continents or, for that matter, any other continent remember that you have until August 31, 2010 to have your qualifying species listed in the chapter record book free of charge. Again, you should consult the chapter web site for a list of SCI Master and Official Measurers who can score your trophies. Once you have the current SCI Score Sheets signed by an SCI measurer you may send them to me at: 23210 Greater Mack Ave. # 142, Saint Clair Shores, MI 48080.

Donald Black, Chairman, Trophy Record Book Committee

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Recognizing my responsibilities
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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 as a 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 sportsman, and to demonstrate abiding
respect for game, habitat and property
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12-Gun Raffle Winners

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06-05-09	Burton Stoddard	Remington 770 with Scope .300 Win.
06-19-09	John Gornycz	Weatherby Vanguard 7mm Mag.
07-03-09	Tim Szczewczuk	Weatherby Vanguard Sage Country .270 Win.
07-17-09	Bob Ewart	Savage 500 Pump Slug/Scope Combo 12ga.
08-07-09	Henry Drozdowski	Remington 700 Bl. Syn. Stock .300 Rem
08-21-09	Pat Kozlowski	Ruger K77 .22 Hornet Lam. Stock
09-04-09	Mark Kulesz	Bennelli Nova Pump 12 ga.
09-18-09	Scott Kelly	Weatherby Vanguard Sporter .300 Wthby
10-01-09	Ken Shepherd	Henry Survival Rifle Camo .22
10-15-09	R. Frantz	Mossberg Silver Reserve o/u 12 ga.
11-06-09	Lawrence Wideman	Remington 770 Bl. Syn. Stock .30-06
11-20-09	Rick Cassidy	Weatherby Vanguard Syn. w/Scope & case .257 Wthby

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Hunting With Heroes - How One Man's Vision Can Make A Difference

-By Detroit Chapter Member Matt Norman-

I came to know Vic Sullivan on a popular Internet hunting/shooting website. He was asking for assistance in replacing the stolen firearms of an active duty Marine and it was a privilege to assist his cause. We're talking a Marine's Marine who is a serious hunter and was off on Corp business when his hunting firearms were stolen from his home. It was easy to rally the troops of the hunting fraternity to replace the firearms of Gunnery Sergeant Calvin Foster. Vic subsequently invited me to be an observer of his annual hunting event and my soldier-son to be a participant.

Vic Sullivan is a proud American and a Georgia native through and through. A well educated, soft-spoken southern gentlemen who is a successful businessman in Albany, Georgia. He's also a serious hunter having taken most of the Big Five in Africa and an SCI Member with the Tallahassee, Florida chapter.



About five years ago Vic became interested in a Marine base that is located in Albany, one of two major Marine Corps Logistical bases in the USA. Vic needed to cull some deer from his well-managed hunting property near Bronwood, Georgia and he wanted to express his appreciation for the sacrifices of the everyday Marines who have done so much for all of us for so long. He reached out and invited Marines to come hunt on his property. He

was fortunate to link up with Gunnery Sergeant Foster and the hunt came together as the Gunny knew which Marines were serious about hunting or wanting to become hunters. He and Vic have now established a close relationship and the deer hunt on Vic's 'Spring Hill Plantation' has become an annual event. Every year ten enlisted Marines are selected by their commanders based on merit to participate in the hunt, several of which have never hunted before but want to learn. Marines at the local base compete to be se-



lected to participate in the hunt. Perhaps their up-bringing wasn't in a hunting tradition environment but the structure and discipline of the Marine Corps has opened their eyes to a whole new world and direction. Most are combat veterans who quietly open up around the campfire about what they have seen and experienced in their deployments and how being Marines has changed their lives.

In the ensuing years of the event Vic has got this well organized complete with a proper barbeque the night before the hunt. He also gets assistance from a retired Georgia Judge, Ernest Gilbert of St. Simons, to help mentor the new hunters. 'Judge G' as he is known, himself a Vietnam Marine fighter pilot and SCI member, brings his considerable hunting experience to the plate and particularly enjoys overseeing the sighting-in process. Judge G takes a new-to-hunting Marine under his wing and sees them through the entire hunting event. The event has grown every year drawing local media attention and this year the Outdoor Channel was on hand to film the event. Several dozen Marines have now hunted on Vic's property and taken deer. Several 'new' hunters have joined the hunting fraternity thanks to Vic's out-reach and generosity.

In late October I represented the Detroit Chapter of SCI at Vic's Springhill Plantation to witness first-hand the

young Marines arriving. They were all clean-cut and polite with the description 'squared away' immediately obvious. Other thoughts that followed looking at them was 'Thank God we can still produce people like this'



and 'God Bless Them'. Further observation was that these military personnel were not only the future hope of America but also they could be the future of hunting. It was a pleasure to pass out SCI hats, chapter knives, and offer them free SCI memberships to the nine Marines and one Army Ranger invited to participate in the hunt. All military participants received a donated 'legacy' firearm from others who wanted to say 'thanks' and to ensure their membership in the fraternal order of hunters. Several deer were taken by the young Marines as well as the Soldier representing the Army. The event was a big success and next year's plans are already underway.



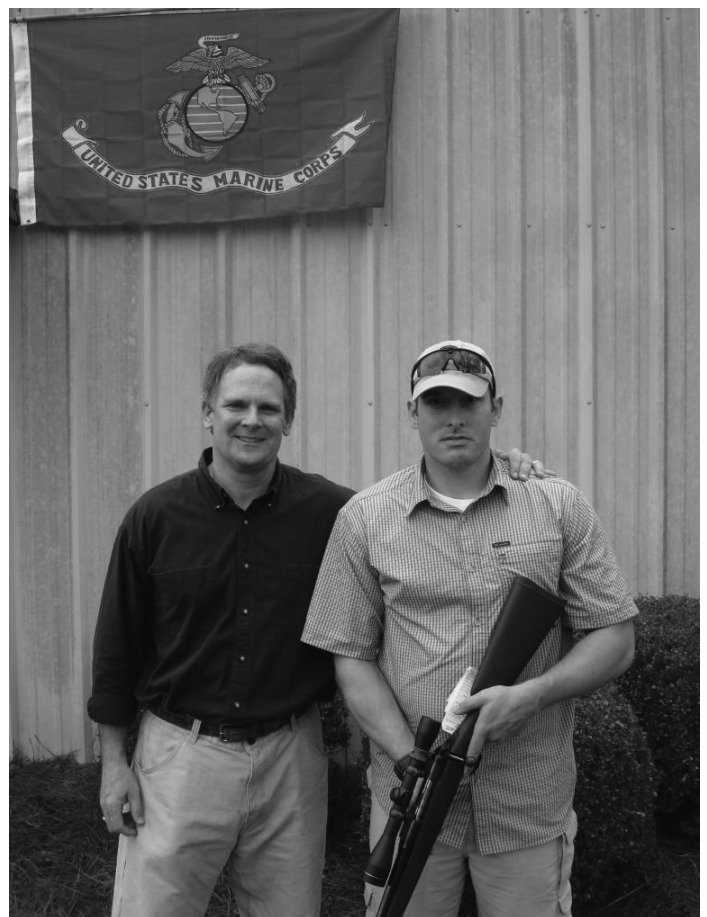
Now Vic wants to take this to the next level and export it; to encourage fellow hunters and other groups/organizations throughout the country to reach out to active-duty military personnel in their area and involve them in local hunting and outdoors events. Much is being done for Vets and Wounded Warriors, Vic is showing that similar things

can be done for our serving heroes. So be pro-active and personally get involved as all of us can think of those who helped in getting us involved in shooting/hunting. Not everybody has a parent or relative to get them involved in hunting and that is particularly true now. So reach out and invite active duty military personnel hunting or involve them in other related activities. Like Vic Sullivan you can make a difference by getting involved, organizing an event, or donating to an existing endeavor. Perhaps you can get your company or corporation involved.

Bottom line is we hunters must reach out to the next generation getting them involved in our sport and what better group is there than the proven military heroes of the current generation?

Additional special thanks to Dennis Nash of Ortonville (former 82nd Airborne Vet and 'Marine Dad') along with Jim Shipley of Highland Township (Vietnam Special Forces Vet and 'Air Force Dad') for their donations of 'legacy firearms' to the young Marines that participated in this year's event.

For additional information on how you can assist contact Vic Sullivan direct at vic.sullivan@wellsfargoadvisors.com or myself at mattnorman@comcast.net



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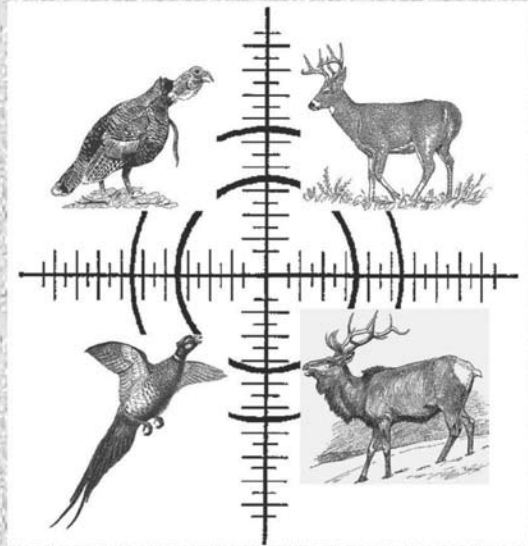


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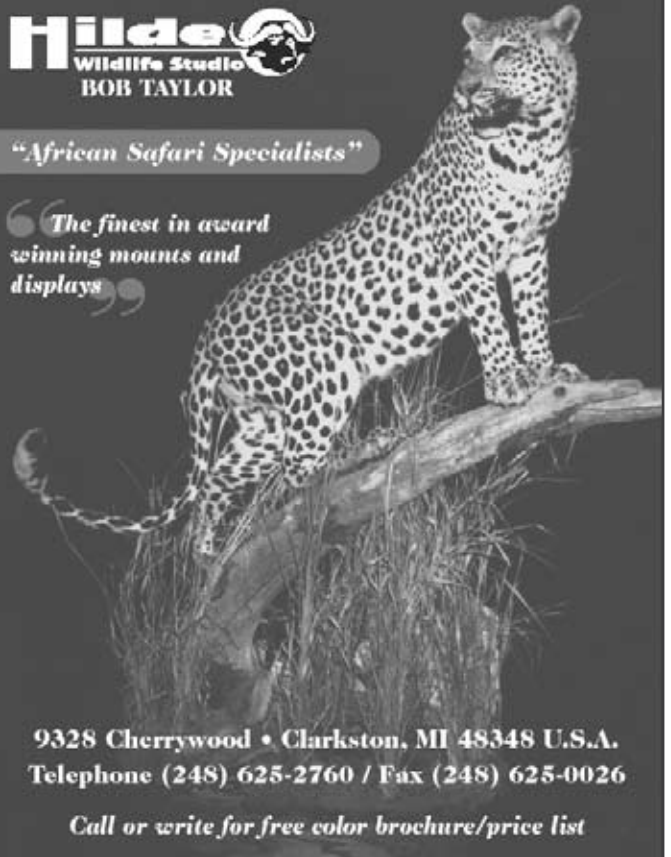
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