

Safari Club International - Detroit Chapter

Trajectory

- At the Range with a Navy Sniper
- Michigan Pretty Hunter's and their first hunt
- The Ghost of Kyrgyzstan

40th
ANNIVERSARY
for the Annual Banquet
and Fundraiser
February 26th & 27th

GETTING
READY FOR
DANGEROUS
GAME

with Larry Weishuhn and Tim Fallon

Fall/Winter 2015

EDITOR’S MESSAGE

Steve Breuning



With your help and the support of Bob Berndt, my Co-Editor and the rest of our Directors for their backing Trajectory continues to improve with every issue.

As you read this issue, you will see an incredible assortment of great information. This includes conservation news, legislative issues, shooting tips, more female fashion, and yes, page turning hunt stories.

As I say in every issue, to continue this level of excitement and quality we need your ongoing 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 appreciate your support and 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.

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

I would like to start off by thanking SCI Detroit's current treasurer and past president Ray Hollingsworth for organizing a spectacular European tower hunt for the chapter. We had a mixed bag of weather shared with us ranging from the warm sun to pelting freezing rain and snow squalls nevertheless this was a great event that focused on our local veterans. I am proud to say the group was comprised of 30 hunters half of which served in the armed forces and many serving multiple tours in war time eras. One member in particular stood out amongst the group and that was our very Gabe Michele. Gabe has been a long time member of SCI Detroit and is a World War II veteran. It was wonderful to see 92 year old Gabe slinging shot at those beautiful ring necks. Special thanks to Bass Pro Shops for providing bird shot to all the veterans.

With many hunting seasons underway here in Michigan I would like to wish everyone a safe and successful year in the field. We are privileged as you know to enjoy the right to hunt not only here in Michigan but here in the United States. As you also know that does not come as an automatic right. It is a right that we have to continue to protect and fight for. Currently our friends in Texas are doing just that and the SCI Detroit Board of Governors unanimously voted to send some funds to help our friends in Texas with their fight. We wish them the best of luck with this endeavor.

Please take the time to look at the SCI Detroit website for upcoming events. We have a great membership meeting planned for December highlighting some Michigan DNR happenings. Also tickets will be going on sale soon for the 2016 Wild Game Dinner & Fundraiser. As the year comes to a close I would like to thank all of our generous donors that make our efforts possible. We are entering our 40th year as a chapter and have been able to give in excess of \$1.3 million dollars to over 50 local, national and international causes.

Regards,

Scott O'Farrell
SCI Detroit President



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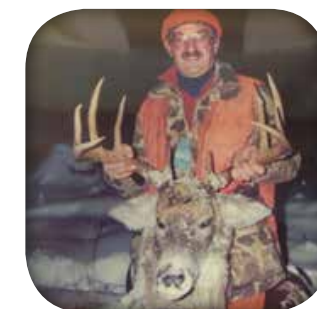
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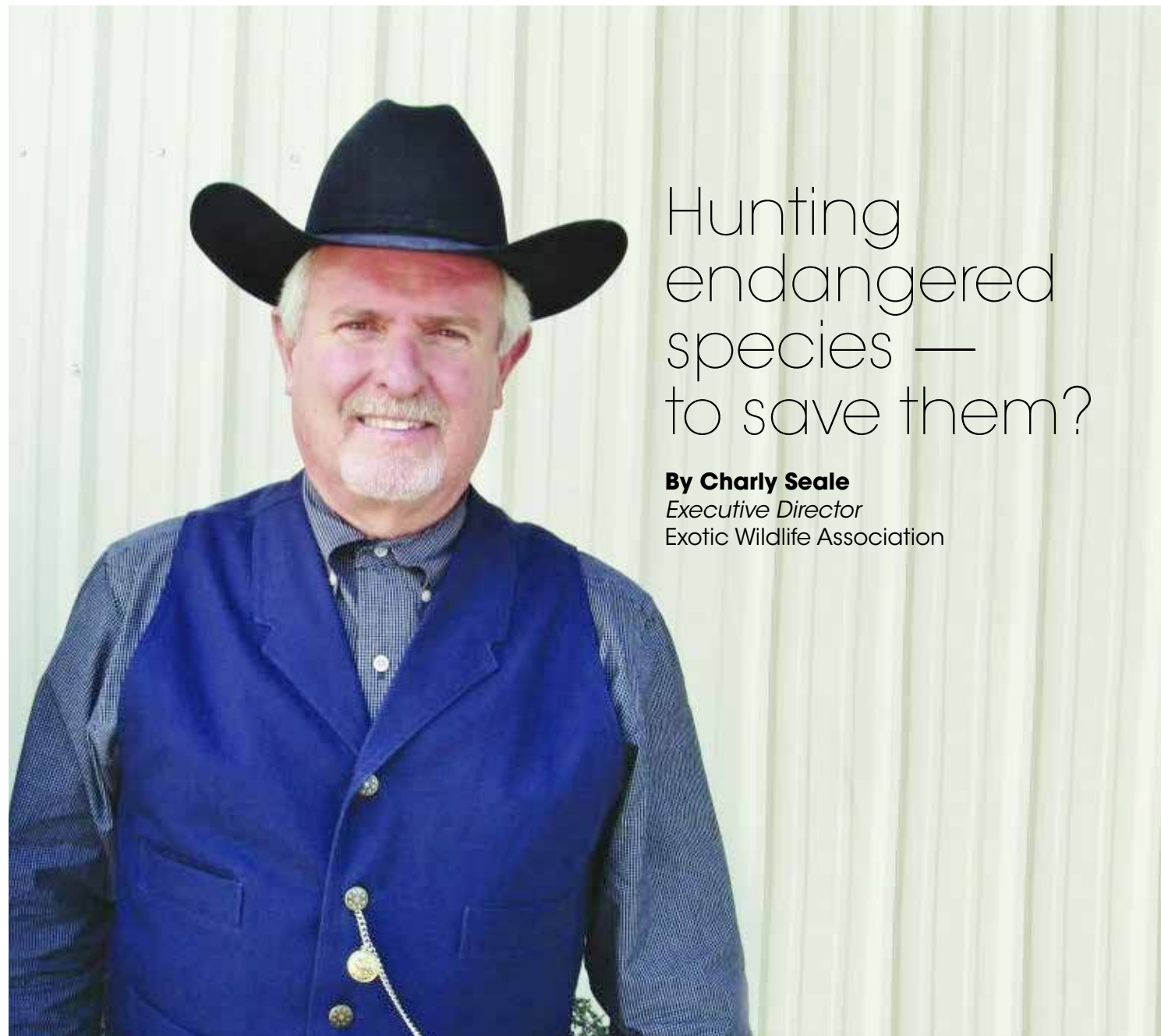


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Hunting endangered species — to save them?

By Charly Seale
Executive Director
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GUEST EDITORIAL

The opportunity for a frank discussion of big-game hunting and conservation — sparked by the death of the now world-famous lion, Cecil — has unfortunately devolved into an occasion for political point-scoring and death threats.

To be clear, what Minnesota dentist Walter Palmer did was reportedly illegal and unethical. But when done correctly and ethically under government oversight, hunting has a track record of conserving

and rehabilitating populations of endangered species. To understand how, look not to Africa — but to Texas.

As executive director of the Exotic Wildlife Association (EWA) in Ingram, Texas, I know first-hand the critical role managed hunting plays in conserving endangered species. Our organization is a collection of breeders and managers of non-native wildlife who work to conserve more rare and endangered species

than any other organization in the world. With strong management techniques, we use the hunting of these species to fund our conservation efforts and manage herd health and size.

These conservation ranches have brought three antelope species that are critically troubled in Africa back to sustainable populations: the Addax, the Dama Gazelle and the Scimitar-Horned Oryx. The first two are critically endangered and the third is extinct in the wild. Yet they are thriving in Texas.



Dama Gazelle



Scimitar-Horned Oryx



Addax

These species numbered in the dozens when they arrived in the United States in the late 1970s. But through managed hunting practices, our 2010 census indicates — conservatively — that there are now more than 17,000 of these antelope species on private hunting ranches.

To many this seems counterintuitive. How can the taking of an animal conserve an endangered species?

Ranchers allow a small number of animals in their herds to be hunted every year. The funds generated from hunting provide the means and incentives for ranchers to conserve, support and grow the populations of these rare and endangered species.

The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service recognizes that regulated and managed hunting creates the right incentives to maintain endangered animals' numbers. And internationally, the World Wildlife Foundation, an organization not known to support hunting, supports the practice for advancing conservation efforts.

However, when these incentives are destroyed, conservation efforts suffer. In 1977, Kenya banned

trophy hunting, and aerial wildlife counts indicate the country's wildlife populations have since decreased by roughly 70 percent due to poachers and loss of habitat. Here in the U.S., animal liberation groups philosophically opposed to hunting have sued to effectively shutter the proven system of conservation hunting ranches.

This sort of destruction can be avoided by permitting regulated hunts that benefit local communities and conservation efforts. If a local community can

benefit from hunting tourism by working as trackers, game scouts, tour guides or in the hospitality business, they will value and protect the animals and the habitat in which they live.

It's important to remember when we shut down hunting abroad, we are not hurting the dentist in America, but the thousands of native African people and communities that rely on the commerce of the hunting industry. Animals matter, and so do people.

Responding to efforts to end hunting, the Namibian Environment and Tourism Minister put it simply, "This will be the end of conservation in Namibia ... If conservancy members have no income, they will abandon their role in protecting the country's natural resources." Namibia funds more than 80 wildlife conservancies, and recent figures indicate that hunting brings in about \$33 million in annual revenue.

The bottom line is that those who are calling for an end to hunting don't understand the vital role it plays in maintaining these beautiful creatures. And any celebration of recent pushes to eliminate hunting is simply a pre-emptive celebration of the extinction of these species.



At the Range with a Navy Sniper

By Kip Adams

Kip Adams, Director of Education & Outreach for QDMA shared what he learned from one-on-one instruction with Navy Seal sniper Eli Stuhlmacher.

I consider myself a good rifle shooter. Not a great one but a good one. I've put a lot of venison in the freezer with a rifle or muzzleloader and can honestly count on one hand the number of animals I've hit and not recovered. However, I had a unique opportunity recently to spend some time with an expert marksman, and what I learned will make the time I spend practicing much more efficient and effective. Basically it will make me a far, far better shooter, especially at long ranges, and I'd like to share that information with you.

I was giving a presentation on whitetail biology and behavior at Hudson Farm in Andover, New Jersey. Hudson Farm has a sporting clays course that ranks in the top 10 in the U.S. Their manager is a friend, and he invited me to arrive early and shoot the course. I politely declined because they are also home to Griffin & Howe's 500-yard rifle range and marksmanship school, and their head rifle instructor,

Eli Stuhlmacher, is very good at his craft. So good in fact that prior to his employment at the school he was a Navy SEAL. He was also a SEAL sniper. And to top it off, for his last four years of service he ran the sniper training course for the Navy. Thus, the man knows a thing or two about a rifle and how to place a bullet perfectly into a target a long way away under whatever environmental conditions are present. Now you know why I declined the chance to shoot a couple boxes of shotgun shells. I traded it for two hours of one-on-one instruction at the rifle range.

I grew up deer hunting in the mountains of north-central Pennsylvania where 75 yards is a long shot in the woods. I shot a buck in Texas in 2004 at 216 yards, and that was and still is the farthest I've ever shot a deer. However, whether you're shooting 50 or 500 yards, the following tips will help you be a better shooter, and the information will make you far more accurate at 200-plus yards. Eli was as good at teaching as he was at shooting. Here's what Eli taught me.

1

Mark your scope ring screws.

Make sure the screws on your scope rings are tight, and then make a mark on each screw that extends onto the ring with a nail pen or nail polish. This allows you to quickly check that your scope rings are tight. If the line you drew is straight, then the screws are tight. If not, they're loose and you need to tighten them and possibly sight-in your rifle again.

2

Set the diopter on your scope.

The diopter is the eye piece, and you need to adjust it to your vision. To do this, loosen the lock ring (if equipped) in front of the eyepiece, turn the scope to its highest power, point the gun at a plain wall or blue sky, and adjust the eyepiece until the crosshairs are crisp and clear. Then tighten the lock ring and you're all set. This is why someone whose vision is much different than yours can look through your scope and claim it is a little blurry or not "crisp." Setting the diopter correctly for you is what's important.

3

Don't touch the barrel.

The barrel of your rifle whips when you pull the trigger, so never let the barrel touch anything when you shoot. When shooting off a bench, set the forearm of the stock on sand bags or a rest. When shooting from a blind, set the forearm on a rest. When shooting from shooting sticks, set the forearm on the sticks. When using your buddy's shoulder as a rest... just kidding. Never shoot off your buddy's shoulder, and never set the barrel on your rest. Same for when using a tree as a rest. Set the forearm against the tree and not the barrel.

4

Pull the rifle into your shoulder with your forward hand.

Your trigger hand does not hold the rifle in position. Your forward hand (your left hand if you shoot right handed) should hold the rifle in your shoulder even if you take your trigger hand away from the stock. You should lean into the stock and pull it to you with your forward hand. Your trigger hand is only for fine tuning left and right and sending your bullet on its way.

5

Squeeze the trigger as part of a shooting sequence.

Do not pull the trigger or use the tip of your finger. The trigger should be between your finger tip and first joint. If you use your finger tip and you shoot right handed, you'll tend to shoot to the right. If you put your finger in the trigger guard too far and you shoot right handed, you'll tend to miss to the left. A well placed finger on the trigger makes a lot of difference. Next, when you're on the target follow this sequence: exhale, start taking up the slack in the trigger, and shoot within 2 to 5 seconds by gently squeezing the trigger. Don't pull or jerk the trigger. Simply squeeze until it goes off. Once you exhale, if you don't shoot within 2 to 5 seconds, breathe again and start the sequence over. Looking through a scope for several seconds without breathing can cause the image to blur. This is a sign of oxygen deprivation to the eyes, and you need to breathe to correct it.

6

Practice dry firing.

Eli said some rifles can't be dry fired without damaging them, but I had my Remington .300 Winchester Magnum with me, and he said it was fine to practice with it by dry firing. This saves money on ammo, recoil to my shoulder, and allows me to practice my shooting sequence more often, over and over. Crosshairs on the target, exhale, take up slack in the trigger, shoot within 2 to 5 seconds. Open and close bolt, crosshairs on target, exhale, etc. Over and over again. This tip alone will make you a far better shooter even without firing a single round.

7

Properly position a rear rest and shooting sticks.

When shooting off a bench, or backpack on the ground, or anytime you can have a rest under the rear of your rifle, use a sandbag, glove, or anything else available under the stock. You then change the elevation of your shot by squeezing or relaxing the rear rest with your non-trigger hand. Remember, your trigger hand is only for fine tuning left and right and squeezing the trigger. If you use your other hand and a rear rest to adjust up and down you'll be a much more accurate shooter.

When using tripod shooting sticks, always position the farthest leg between you and your target. This allows you to lean into the rifle for proper form (see No. 4), and the sticks will provide the most stability for you. When shooting off any support stick (monopod, bipod or tripod) grip the forearm of your stock and the shooting stick(s) with your forward hand, and pull the stock down into the stick(s) for the most stability.

8

Adjust your scope.

Sight-in your rifle with the scope on full power. Then, when shooting off a bench or good rest, turn your scope up to its highest magnification. An exception would be when the target is very close. On shots over 200 yards, you must use full power if your scope has additional lines below the crosshairs for long-range aiming points. This is because the vast majority of hunting scopes are "second focal plane." That means the reticle does not change as you change magnification power on the scope. Bottom line is if you sight your rifle in on full power, and you want to use the long-range shooting lines, the scope needs to be on full power for them to be accurate.

One exception to this is if you're shooting up to 200 yards from shooting sticks or another rest that's less stable than a bench. In that situation, Eli encouraged me to turn my scope down to half power. I have a Leupold 4.5-14 power scope on my .300 mag, so he adjusted it to 7 power and had me stand and shoot off sticks at a target 200 yards away. On a bench, I'd use max power as the stability of a bench makes it easy to hold on your target. However, when shooting from a less stable position, using max power on my scope made it extremely difficult to hold on the target. Turning the scope down to half its magnification made it much easier to hold on the vitals of the target. I've always used the highest magnification available, and I secretly questioned Eli's logic on this tip until my first shot found its mark relatively easily using his advice. This information does not counter the first half of this point. If the distance was longer and I would have needed to use one of the additional aiming points in my scope, I would have had to use full power for the aiming points to be accurate.

9

Level your scope.

Gravity begins pulling your bullet down as soon as it leaves the barrel. Fortunately this pull is measurable, and we can account for it by sighting in our rifle and using good shooting form. A big part of good form is to ensure your rifle is level when you shoot. On close shots, this isn't a very big deal, but this is extremely important at longer distances. If your scope is level when you sight it in and level when you shoot, then the bullet will drop straight down during flight and you account for it by holding the crosshairs on your target. You won't miss left or right. However, if your scope is not level when you shoot at a deer, then the bullet will still drop straight down but you are likely to miss left or right as your aiming point will be inaccurate because of the tilt in your scope. To account for this, many companies sell small bubble levels that attach to your scope. To prove his point, Eli had me shoot his custom .308 rifle with a tricked-out scope – including a scope level – at 500 yards. I easily hit the target. He then had me tilt the gun slightly off level and shoot again. I completely missed the target. Eli and our military use scope levels for long-range shots, and I ordered one for my elk trip this fall.

10

Know how to use wind values.

This tip also relates to long-range shots, but anyone hunting the West or in windy or open country should understand how the wind impacts bullet flight. Eli made it simple. If the wind is in your face or at your back, you don't need to worry about it as the wind value is zero (no effect). If the wind is blowing left to right or right to left between you and your target, you use the full wind value a ballistics chart provides. Finally if the wind is quartering to or away from you then you use half of the wind value from the ballistics chart. For example, let's say I'm shooting 400 yards and there's a 10mph wind blowing left to right between me and a big whitetail. The ballistics chart for my bullet says the wind will push the bullet 2.8 inches. I can account for that by aiming 2.8 inches to the left (into the wind). Now let's say that same buck is at 400 yards but the 10mph wind is quartering to me from right to left. That wind will push my bullet half of 2.8 inches (1.4 inches) to the left. I can account for that wind by aiming 1.4 inches to the right. Stronger winds and longer distances have greater impacts on bullet flight, but the same basics apply to predicting the impact and accounting for it. You just need a ballistics chart, a range finder, an estimate of wind speed, and the confidence to know you can quickly calculate where to hold. A little practice will ensure you can do it while afield under hunting conditions.

A little practice will go a long way toward your success this fall. Good luck, and I hope this information adds to your enjoyment afield and the amount of venison in your freezer.

One More Tip

If you're interested in a ballistics app for your phone, Eli recommended "Ballistic: Advanced Edition" for iPhones and "Shooter" for Androids. Also, if you're interested in a private shooting lesson with Eli, you can schedule one here.



A little bit about Eli Stuhlmacher

Eli is the head Instructor at Griffin & Howe since 2014. He formerly served as a US Navy SEAL graduating from BUDS class 260 and achieved the rank of Special Operator First Class. Eli was the Team Leader and Lead Sniper at SEAL Team Four during conflicts in Iraq and Afghanistan. Following SEAL Team Four serving as the Lead Petty Officer and a Master Training Specialist for 3 years at the SEAL Sniper School. Managed sniper classes during dynamic shooting instruction to include: Helicopter, Barricaded, High Angle, High Wind, Unknown Distance and Moving Target Engagement.

He shot in several worldwide Special Forces sniper matches and attended six sniper schools along with the Seal Sniper Course. He is well versed in several shooting styles to include multiple types of pistol and rifle disciplines ranging from combat shooting, match shooting, muzzle loader, double rifle and various hunting styles.

PERSONAL AWARDS & RECOGNITION

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| • Two Navy Achievement Medals | • Expert Pistol and Rifle Medals |
| • One Navy Commendation Medal | • Two Combat Action Ribbons |
| • Iraqi Campaign Medal | • Two Good Conduct Medals |
| • Afghanistan Campaign Medal | • SEAL Instructor of the Year 2013 |

Eli can be reached at the Griffin & Howe Shooting School @ Hudson Farm Club
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On August 2, 2015 we held our annual 22 Rim Fire Target shoot. It was a beautiful evening and there were 31 attendees with 20 entering the shooting completion. The event was held at the Detroit Sportsman Congress located at 49800 Dequindre Rd. Shelby Twp., MI 48317 (website: www.D-S-C.org). After the shoot everyone was treated to Chef Ray's Award winning Beef Brisket, BBQ Chicken, Woodsman Roasted Potatoes, Cowboy Beans, Chuck Wagon Tater Salad, and Apple Cobbler. The Meldrum girls (Mother Karen & daughter Taylor) were tied in having high score for the women while Bob Easterbrook Jr. took the prize for the men. Taylor Meldrum also won the raffle for a Henry "Golden Boy" Rifle. AS seen below, everyone had a great time and our Vice-President, Tim Beaudett, shows why we do not follow his suggestions on how to recruit women members.

RIM FIRE TARGET SHOOT

Fall/Winter 2015

▶▶▶ HUNT STORIES ▶▶▶

As you will soon see, we have another 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 the Trajectory will be more than happy to work with you every step of the way.

The second part of our Hunt Stories section is devoted to "first hunts". In this issue our first hunt story is actually three stories in one. Three women from the company "Pretty Hunter" collectively share their hunts. This is really great stuff.

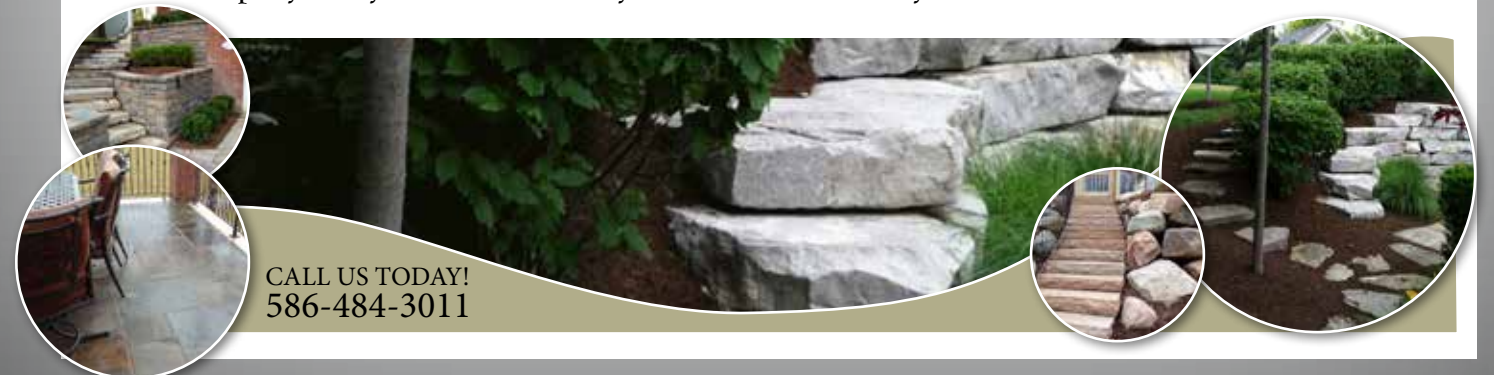
Remember, we hope to have at least one article in each issue that tells the story of someone's first hunt. Now, for most of us, our first hunt does not tell the story of a world record class trophy animal. It might, and if yours does, great for you. But for most of us it most likely deals with humor, 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.



Welcome to Meldrum Landscape Construction

Meldrum Landscape is complete design build company from full renovations to new construction. We have a knowledgeable and experienced staff that handles every project. Whether the project is big or small we value every customer the same and strive to exceed their expectations. Every job is its own special project. The owner oversees every project from beginning to end. Our objective is to create long lasting relationships with our customers so that we can serve them year after year. We strive to be a company that you would refer to your friends and family.



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Michigan

Pretty Hunter's and their First Hunts

By Tricia Auten
Pretty Hunter



I am Tricia Auten, owner of Pretty Hunter. I am fortunate to work with some fabulous women who, along with myself, have hunting as a significant part of their lifestyle. I am privileged to share some of our first hunt stories.

Let me introduce you to Renee Anderson, originally from Redford, MI

and now resides in Wixom, MI. I have gotten to know Renee through her involvement with Pretty Hunter, she started working with us in 2015 as a model in one of our fashion shows. Let me stop there, seems a little odd to be writing about a fashion show in a HUNTING magazine! Well on with the storyRenee has done some of our country music festivals throughout the summer. I have worked alongside her and have seen her interact with our customers and have chatted about hunting with her as well. She has a genuine smile and her spirit is inviting, and Renee never compared or qualified a customer based on their status as a 'hunter'. A little something about Pretty Hunter qualifications to work with us, one rule is to NEVER size someone up by whether they 'hunt' or not, because how we see it from a Pretty Hunter standpoint is that all women hunt, whether that be hunting for an animal, a man, or even a bargain, it is all considered hunting.

{ hunt [huhnt] /hʌnt/ to
chase or search; to
pursue with force. }

As Renee and I began sharing hunting stories, she excitedly told me she was returning to Maine for a second year of hunting bear. I asked her to tell me about it and these are her words, "I usually bow hunt, but my husband suggested I use a rifle...I shot a few guns to see what I could handle and it turned out after trying several small guns that the gun best suited for me was my Dad's 30-06. He passed away when I was 15, so I was beyond excited to be using his gun and thought it must have been a sign."

Time passed, and as her trip grew near the sense of excitement sparked among the members of Team Pretty Hunter. We all looked forward to hearing about her adventure and with the power of social

media and of course, texting, we were able to stay tuned into some of what she was experiencing.

One of the main things that may be taken away from a hunt or hunting trip, in addition to meat for the freezer and a rack to mount, but the relationship and understanding shared with the hunting partners that become friends along the way. It's the feelings that you can't explain or express in words, but when you see these hunt 'family' members you just know. We understood that this was a huge part of why this trip was so special to Renee, she was returning to the same group she had hunted with the year before, and was ready to commune with this 'family' again. They spent the first day of the trip hanging out and enjoying each other's company and then set out for the blind early afternoon the next day (opening day).

These are Renee's words of her experience: "Gary walked me into my blind and dumped some raspberry stuff all around the bait. He says "Remember, there is a sow with three cubs, give some time before shooting and check for the cubs" We (him or I) do not and will not shoot a sow with cubs...and off he went. I was beyond ecstatic to be back in the woods. After the first adrenaline rush had worn down a bit I got a little fidgety and started playing solitaire...for a very long time. I saw nothing-no squirrels, no birds, raccoons, nothing to keep me entertained, so I continued to play solitaire.

I heard some rustling of leaves, I assumed it was a squirrel, but just in case I picked up my gun (my dad's gun) and set it on my lap. The rustling was faint, but consistent-so maybe a bear? I thought I saw the brush move about 30 yards by the bait pile--so I was watching the brush. I heard a crunch fairly close to my left and glanced over, I could see the black hair right next to me, I took the safety off and he turned towards me and took another step and slipped down the tree root-he was inches from my face staring into my eyes, I could feel his breath on my face!

I did not breathe, I did not move and what felt like an hour was 30 seconds of my life flashing before me. He turned around and waddled to the bait. I knew once I saw his rear end waddle away that this was a shooter, my gun was up and ready. He passed the bait pile, but circled around and pushed off a log. He was standing in perfect broad side position. I aimed up-trying to control my heart that jumped into my throat. I close my eyes, take a deep breath, open my eyes aim up that scope and exhale squeezing the trigger. I never even felt the trigger, I just remember the shot. **I JUST SHOT A BEAR!!!!**



He ran off to the right of the bunker. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't catch my breath and my heart was beating louder and faster than ever before. This was not the same adrenaline I get from deer back at home-it was 1,000x more intense. I grabbed my gun again and headed towards the bunker, I looked everywhere I thought a blood trail should be...once I stepped further out I could see blood under the fish bait bucket. A huge relief washed over me, I got him! I did not track any further and went back to my blind to wait it out for the guys to help track. I was completely satisfied once I had seen blood. I had to wait until dark for my husband, Mike, and our friend, Gary to help track as we did not want to ruin Mike's hunt. We tracked for about 50 yards and it was getting close to time to call when Mike yelled "I got bear!" Pure relief, joy and anticipation hit me all in one instant. It took 7 guys to get him out. I'm still grinning ear to ear & trying to process it all. I know my Dad was with me, because not only did I survive, but I got my bear!"

Of course, Team Pretty Hunter celebrated this experience right along with Renee, and continues to do so. I personally was so excited, I sent her a text message right away expressing just this, and telling her "You better call me!" so I could hear the story. I was so excited I couldn't wait and Renee was just as excited to hear from me – back to her words. "I was SO excited when Tricia called; she is the only other female hunter that I know. I feel as though we can relate feelings and experiences of being a female hunter and I consider her a role model. The enthusiasm was heartfelt and it was an honor to share it with her; along with the details of

my story. I know that she is going on a bear hunt next spring, and I look forward to hearing her story as well – don't you?"

Another dynamo that I have had the fortune of getting to know is Tina Fay from Davisburg, MI. We signed up to do our one and only County Fair of 10 days back in 2013. And well, the best thing that came of it was meeting Tina! She has become a very important part of Pretty Hunter and works very hard all of the time. Day after day, I have seen Tina become stronger in her spirit and in her resolve as a determined, adventurous woman. Here she tells her first hunt story.

I am Tina Fay and I decided in 2011 I wanted to start hunting again after many years of always doing for others. It is the peace I needed. I started going with a friend to turkey hunt in the spring and I was hooked. I learned anything and everything I could. I purchased my first shotgun and a bow myself which I found very liberating. I looked at every opportunity I had to get out in the woods as a gift, one that I cherish.

On December 21, 2013 I debated on hunting due to the impending ice storm they were predicting. I love hunting in the snow. I was excited and nervous to try hunting with a Muzzleloader. I had never shot the gun that I was borrowing. I decided to go for it. The blind was glazed with ice, I felt like a kid waiting for Christmas while I waited for Deer.

The wait was worth it, before long out came two doe, one was a shooter. I hesitated said a prayer



"You Only Live Once; if you Do it Right Once is Enough." Mae West..... truly a quote I live by.'

- Tina Fay

and took a shot once the cloud cleared there was no deer, I had missed. I was so disappointed thinking I would not see another deer. Reloaded my gun and waited.

The same two doe came back I couldn't believe it! I've been told that never happens. I saw her in my scope and took the shot. She died instantly. I was so relieved, excited, and proud. In the same moment I had overcome so many hurdles and obstacles. I knew this was a defining moment in my life. It was then I realized I could do ANYTHING I wanted to and applied some determination to.

And now for me. My memory of my first hunt is surreal – so surreal that I often remember it as if I was watching someone else, almost a dream.

She had bow hunted a little in 2013, actually hardly enough to say she had. She remembers sitting in a blind by herself on her uncle's farm wondering whether or not she could actually shoot a deer and kill it with a bow & arrow. One year later she found herself driving to South Dakota to hunt some amazing deer on an amazing property, not entirely sure how she got so lucky to be invited to this hunting haven.

She arrives to the farm on which they have cattle, corn, a pheasant hunting outfit and so much more, only to be greeted by some of the nicest, most sincere people she had met in a long time. Took her back to the family she has in Tennessee, from the hospitality to the hearty meals.

The next morning was the first hunt, which turned out to be her first deer kill. The does were beyond curious, no regard for wind direction, she could have smacked them on the nose with an arrow! It was simple, swift and set a tone for the remaining 10 days of hunting that was ahead on the trip. Strapping herself with a successful hunt with her bow, she set off with some well needed confidence to seek out those trophy bucks that awaited her.

Fast forward to 5 days later, everyday consisted of 2 full hunts with a break in between of scouting. The land was vast and the deer were heating up. It became a game and it was getting to be more fun and a good little challenge.

One particular evening hunt, sitting at a far removed watering hole, the earth offered an obvious reason why she was out there hunting, she paused, took a breath and took in what the moment had to offer. Out the front of the hay bale blind the sun was setting and was of course gorgeous, turning to the back window the rut moon was rising. She thought it was quite a gamble to be out in the middle of a prairie where most hunters wouldn't even consider setting up, but taking in the scenery was the benefit of that particular hunt.

So if this hunting trip would have been with an outfit she would not have spent the hours between hunts learning about the land, watching the woods conduct themselves during the midday hours, or learn all that she did about the behavior of deer and the evidence nature provides. Most of all, she would not have been able to say the success she had was due to the decisions she made based on the scouting she did herself.

She had passed on some definite shooters on the first half of the trip, in hopes of bringing home that trophy buck. She did not bring that home, but certainly came back with a with a big doe and a wealth of knowledge and experience that can only come from hunting without boundaries.

I think that the woman that was so fortunate and somewhat spoiled to have that hunting experience early on in her hunting journey. Then I realize, it's me! What a fantastic memory.

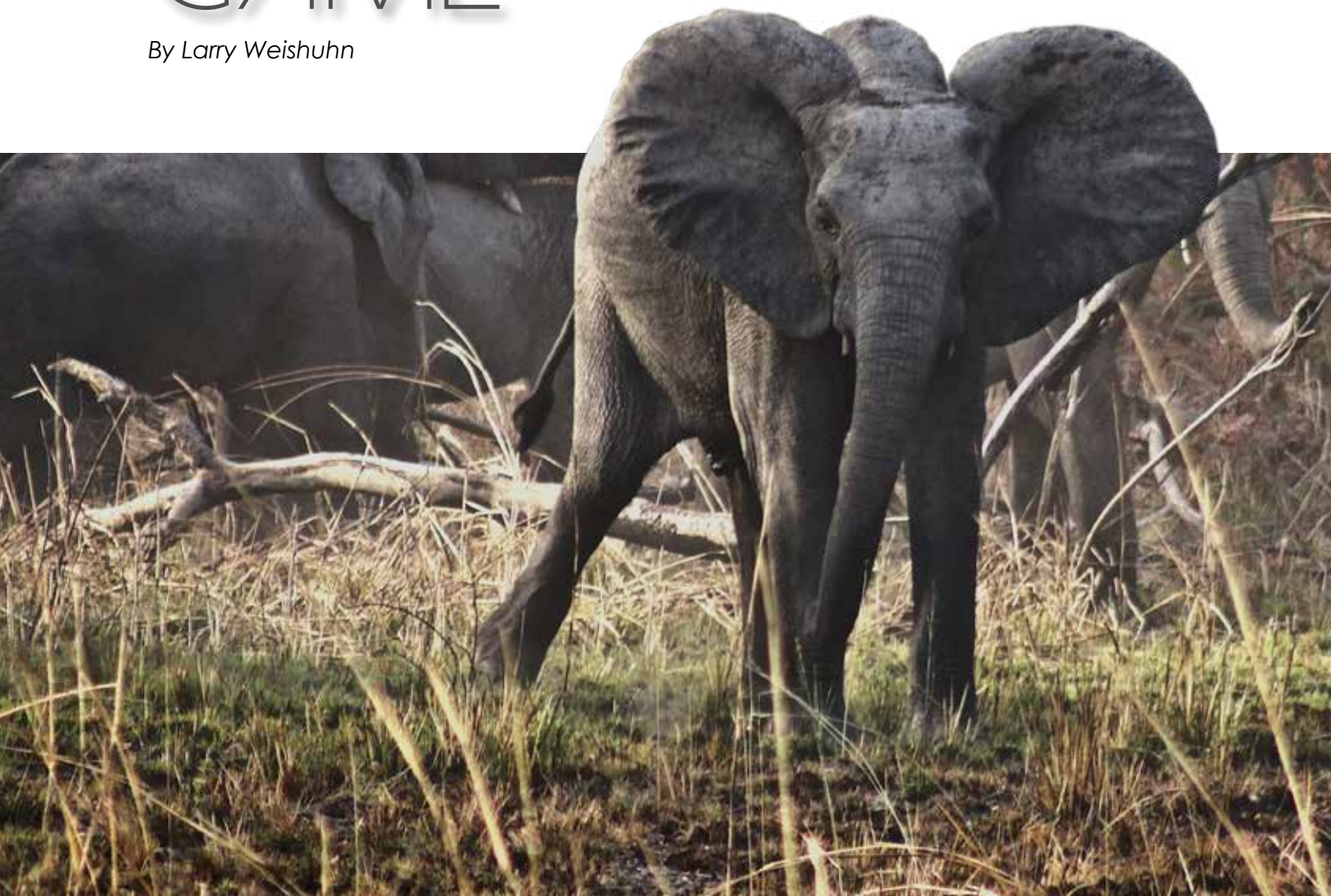
I cannot wait to take the knowledge I have gained and will continue to gain in hunts to come and share it with my children and experience what nature has to offer with her. Hunting Whitetail can be parallel to living without boundaries!

*With that, stay tuned,
stay pretty
and Hunt On!!*

Truly, Tricia

GETTING READY FOR DANGEROUS GAME

By Larry Weishuhn



"When we see him, it'll be really close! The brush is thick and the shot is going to be 10 yards and probably closer. It'll be quick. Shoot fast, accurately and immediately reload, then be ready to shoot again. If he turns to run shoot, keep an eye on him and replenish your magazine with fresh loads, before we move forward. Take a few deep breaths and tell me when you're ready to go"

I opened the bolt on my .375 Ruger Guide Gun and checked to be sure it was loaded with a 300 grain Hornady DGS. Looked down at my cartridge belt to be certain it was stocked with rounds and they were where I could quickly get to them, should I need more than those in my Ruger's magazine. I made certain my Zeiss Duralyt scope was cranked all the way down to 2x. Earlier I had removed my sling so it would not cause a problem when quickly raising my rifle in thick brush. Too, I had moved my Zeiss binocular, slung under my left arm around to my back, so it and the strap would be out of the way.

I took a couple deep breaths then nodded I was ready. As we entered the brush I pushed the safety



forward to the second stage where I could quickly and easily move it to the "fire" position with a minimum of sound and movement, doing so when I raised my rifle to shoulder.

Even though the temperature was pleasantly cool, I felt perspiration form on my forehead. Slowly and cautiously we moved forward, rifle at ready, anxiously looking left, right and forward, all the while too, listening for sounds coming from behind. Always expect the unexpected when going after dangerous game!

In half stride forward I caught movement less than ten steps ahead and slightly right. I raised my rifle to shoulder and moved the safety to "fire". The buffalo came into full focus. Crosshairs were immediately between and barely above the eye. I shot, immediately reloaded, never taking my eye off of the buffalo.

"To the left, to the left!!!"
came an excited voice from behind.

I quickly turned and swung my rifle. An elephant was raising his head as if to look down on me. "Shoot!" commanded the voice! I didn't question and without really thinking I automatically put the crosshairs between of the bull's eyes, but because of the acute angle put them below the bull's eyes, recalling such a near shot needed to be lower because of where the elephant's brain was, using the elephant's ear holes as a pivot point. All this happened in less than a heartbeat! I immediately reloaded and put a second shot almost in the same hole as the first! Without taking my eyes off the target I opened the bolt, holding the remaining



"Larry with Tim and Tim's Nile Buffalo"



rounds in the magazine with the fingers on my left hand. Then with the right pulled rounds from my cartridge belt and put one round in the magazine and another in the chamber, then closed the bolt.

"Good shots!" I heard come from just behind and to my right. "Now let's move forward to see what else we might encounter." I turned to see my instructor Doug Prichard, smiling. Then Doug said, "But before we do, a question for you...what if anything do you think you should have done differently?"

"I should have tried to do put him down with my first shot, so I didn't have to go into the brush looking for a wounded bull!" A smiling Doug nodded his approval. During the next half hour I had opportunities at more buffalo, another elephant, a lion and a leopard targets, under the same situations I have in the past encountered hunting the Dark Continent.

I was having a blast, learning! There was no doubt the others in my class felt the same way!

For the past three days I had been at the FTW Ranch, a few miles north of Barksdale, Texas, undergoing initially intensive classroom and then practical dangerous and plains game shooting instruction through their SAAM Safari. SAAM equates to Sportsmen's All-Weather, All-Terrain Marksmanship. The courses are taught by those who have been there and who are the best rifle/hunting shooting instructors in the world. All SAAM's instructor are former military snipers and sniper instructors as well as serious hunters!

The FTW Ranch is owned and operated by Tim Fallon and his family. Fallon too, is former military. He previously owned a very successful company based in North Carolina. Tim and his wife Susan loved hunting and when he sold his company they embarked upon numerous safaris in Africa, Asia and Europe as well as throughout North America. Years earlier Tim fell in love with Texas. He started looking for property in the rugged canyon country of the Hill Country. Initially he bought what became the FTW as a hunting ranch. Most of the PHs Tim hunted with talked about how they wished someone

would open a practical shooting and hunting school to better prepare hunters when it came to shooting game in real world situations. Thus, Tim's love of hunting and shooting quickly evolved into SAAM. He and his instructors have since added various facets to their initial programs which teach shooters and hunters how to shoot accurately in real world hunting situations, learning their firearm's capabilities and the hunter's capabilities with their firearms. These courses include basically four (4) day schools for SAAM Precision, SAAM Hunt Comb (Precision and Safari), SAAM Advanced, and a 2-Day Hunter Prep and of course the SAAM Safari I was currently enrolled in.

During the previous days, we had spent time in the classroom, then did shooting drills involving stationary buffalo and elephant targets, running buffalo and then charging buffalo and elephant targets. Our group included two hunters headed to Zimbabwe for buffalo and leopard with Chifuti Safaris for their first dangerous game hunt at the end of the month. Another classmate was an old African hand who had taken more buffalo and elephants than I had fingers and toes. Also in my class was a PH friend who was back to the FTW for his fifth time. We also had two ladies in our class. In a couple of months they were going to be hunting hippo, croc, Cape buffalo and plains game in Namibia's Caprivi Strip with Omujeve Safaris, with whom I've hunted several times. Tim had told me more and more ladies were attending the various SAAM courses.

Over the course of our four days SAAM Safari at the FTW we each shot a minimum of 300 rounds, part .223, part medium caliber and part dangerous game rifle caliber each hunter intended to use in Africa. My choice was my .375 Ruger, Ruger Guide Gun. A Ruger Guide Gun comes with a choice of using a muzzlebrake or not, I chose to shoot all 300 rounds from my .375 Ruger, using the muzzlebrake. With it the recoil is reduced to about that of a .308. When hunting I simply replace the muzzlebrake with the same weight non-ported extension. Doing so, doesn't affect accuracy! By the time I finished the course my .375 Ruger felt like an extension of me and I knew it inside and out. I also knew any and every target from less than 10 yards, or closer, to over 300 was mine!

I truly appreciated and enjoyed the instruction and real world shooting at life-sized targets during the



daylight hours, most educational and rewarding. And admit, I also truly enjoyed the evening discussions and listening to the experiences of others during and after enjoying a delicious meal and an adult libation.

Before heading home the morning after the class ended, I stopped in Tim's office to visit. "OK, Mistah Fallon...so where is it we're off to next?" I asked of my hunting partner with whom I've shared some most interesting adventures in North America and abroad.

"Well, we've been to Alaska, Kyrgyzstan, Scotland, Austria, Benin, Burkina Faso and Uganda! Let's go back to Uganda. Patty (www.theglobalsportsman.com) talked to Christian and Dougey with Uganda Wildlife Safaris a couple of days ago. They've just picked up a new area, one we haven't been too. They want us to come look for a new world record sitatunga, and 18 inch plus bushbuck, as well as 30 inch East African impala, and Livingston eland. Oh yeah, too, they think there might be 50 inch Cape buffalos in the area as well. I know how much you like to hunt buffalo! Think it'll be a great hunt and another adventure! And it make great episodes for your "DSC's Trailing the Hunter's Moon"!

I nodded an affirmative... "When did you say we were leaving?"

For more information about attending FTW's SAAM Safari or other SAAM training (about which Craig Boddington says, "SAAM, don't go without it!" and PH Ivan Carter says, "SAAM Hunter Training Courses are brilliant!") go to www.ftwoutfitters.com, call 830-234-4366 and stop by the FTW/SAAM booth at the annual convention this year.

To learn more about the "DSC's Trailing the Hunter's Moon" television show, please go to www.trailingthehuntersmoon.com or visit the Facebook page, Trailing the Hunters Moon"

THE GHOST OF KYRGYZSTAN

By Edward L. Keller



Ed's Marco Polo Sheep

It was October, 2010. I was about to embark on what I anticipated to be one of the most challenging ventures of my hunting career. It would be my second attempt to collect a Marco-Polo Sheep and, time permitting, a Mid-Asian Ibex. My first hunt for this magnificent sheep, thought by many to be the ultimate trophy of sport hunting, was in 2005. The hunt took place in the Tien Shan Mountains of Kyrgyzstan near the Chinese border. The base camp was located in the so-called "presidential" hunting area southeast of Lake Issykul, known as the Ak-Sai region, at an elevation of 12,000 feet. The hunting consisted of a daily horse ride on a wooden saddle with little or no cushion to an altitude of 14,000 plus feet. Except for two days my round trip rides took nine hours. The two excepted days, due to spotting sheep, were fourteen and fifteen hours rides. In spite of wearing bicycle pants per the advice of my daughter, the part of me that contacted the saddle became as black as my gun stock and required the spraying of liquid skin nightly. I might mention that my hunting companion and son "George" did not relish the spraying duties.

Although altitude sickness was a concern, neither George nor I experienced a problem. We did take Diamox, daily, as prescribed. Toward the latter days of the hunt, I did experience the loss of food craving which may have been a symptom of altitude sickness. I forced myself to eat breakfast and to participate in what became known between me and my guides as an international lunch, the sampling and exchange of American can goods for Russian and Chinese can goods. During this period, all I thought about was a return to camp, a quick shower and the sleeping bag. Food never entered my mind. Needless to say, I survived the hunt, an unsuccessful one. The hunt did, however, tax me to the limit, both physically and mentally. So much so, that I didn't think of an Argali of any kind for some time.

Despite the recall of my first hunt experience, the ghost of an unsuccessful hunt began to haunt me. Not being one to accept failure lightly, I was easily persuaded to accompany my close friend, fellow SCI member and business associate, John Meldrum, on a return trip to Kyrgyzstan in 2006. A substantial deposit was paid to George Sevich of Eurasian Expeditions. Before we could get too excited, we quickly became victims of a fraud scam or an over aggressive business operation. A hunt never took place, the deposits were never returned and Mr. Sevich appeared to drop off the face of the earth.

Each time I entered my trophy room, the Marco Polo ghost would appear. I would visualize a beautiful sheep with massive horns among my sheep collection. Bluntly speaking, my trophy collection seemed incomplete. Likewise, each time I observed a picture of a Marco Polo in a book, magazine or video I became overwhelmed by the ghost. That being said, it became easy in 2010 for my friend John and the ghost to convince me to return to Kyrgyzstan. My age, political unrest and disappointing vicissitudes of the past did not seem to be relevant. A hunt was booked by John through Doug Luger of Four Star Adventures.

On October 17, 2010, John and I departed Detroit, Michigan, for Bishkek, the capital of the Kyrgyz Republic, this date being five years and five days from my prior departure for Bishkek. On this occasion, hoping for less aggravation in clearing customs with firearms, we elected to travel through Turkey rather than Moscow. This decision proved to be anything but right. Upon arrival in Istanbul, we learned that our firearms and luggage were not checked through to Bishkek. We had to collect them and recheck them on our connecting flight. This required a visa for Turkey, a visa that we did not possess. After much foot work and conflicting advice, we obtained a visa for ten dollars and collected our luggage and rifles. Although time was now becoming a factor, we were able to personally deliver our rifles and luggage to a representative of Turkish Airlines for our connecting flight to Bishkek. Without further event, we made our connecting flight and arrived in Bishkek as scheduled. Thank God for an adequate lay over period!

In Bishkek we were met by Ron Simmons, a representative of Four Star Adventures, and taken to the VIP room to await the clearance of our firearms and luggage. After waiting for a considerable time and noticing that everyone, including other hunters, had departed the VIP room, it was determined that our firearms and luggage did not arrive. It was now 2:00 A.M. Only one non-English speaking representative of Turkish Airliner was present. This more than complicated the filing of a lost baggage claim. The next flight from Istanbul would be at 1:00 A.M. the next day, or, October 19th, our scheduled day to depart Bishkek for the hunting camp. Appreciating that nothing could be accomplished until morning, we proceeded to the Silkroad Hotel in Bishkek to worry and wonder what we could do without firearms and proper clothing. This was in lieu of the planned rest before our twelve hour road trip to the hunting area. John,

known to be a very hyper person, spent the entire night on the phone. He called everyone, some several times. Calls were made to the Turkish Airlines in Istanbul, to his secretary in Michigan and to Doug Luger, our booking agent in Arizona. Of course, nothing transpired until morning. It was shortly after breakfast that we learned our firearms and luggage were in fact in Istanbul. We were assured it would arrive at 1:00 A.M. on our camp departure date. If so, we would lose no hunting time. Our only damage would be the loss of sleep and a lot of worrying. The worrying continued throughout the day as we toured and shopped in Bishkek, something George and I neglected to do on our prior trip. In the evening we were dinner guest of Ron Simmons where we met an outgoing hunter from Alberta, Canada. The hunter was the bearer of both good and bad news. The good news being that he was successful and had seen plenty of game. The bad news was that it was extremely cold; and, in spite of a lot of snow, the sheep were not at the expected lower elevations. The bad news was somewhat mitigated in that hunting was done out of a spike camp located at an elevation of 14,000 feet. This would eliminate the long and dreaded daily horse ride to and from the hunting area. We were also informed that, snow permitting, a vehicle was used to access the spike camp. Following dinner, we retired to the Silkroad Hotel with expectations similar to those of a child on Christmas Eve. Would the Turkish Airlines deliver our firearms and luggage? John arranged to meet the 1:00 A.M. Turkish Airline from Istanbul. He called immediately. The news was good! What, now, would be our next worry?

Our twelve hour trip to the hunting area was uneventful, except for considerable snow which became progressively worse as we ascended to higher elevations. One could not help but wonder what effect the accumulation would have on hunting and if it would preclude our return to Bishkek. Anyway, at the moment, hunting was the all important concern.

The base camp was located at 12,000 feet. This was about the same as my prior trip and 2000 feet higher than expected when agreeing to accompany John. The camp was quite a distance from the nearest village of Ak-Muz and about 30 miles from the China border. The camp itself appeared to be the seasonal residence of a keeper of sheep. It was very clean and heated by some type of hot water system. The water was heated by an outside dung fire. The dung was heated and ignited by the use of a blow torch. The same process was used when heating barrel water for skull cleaning. On

a couple of occasions the heat master, as he was called, was slow in getting up, which resulted in an inside temperature of 10 above zero. The outside temperature at the base camp was consistently around 20 below zero. This definitely discouraged the use of the outhouse which was about 60 yards away.

The morning following our arrival was very disappointing. Following breakfast at 5:00 A.M. we were immediately advised that hunting would not be possible. The fog was so dense that it was even impossible to sight in our rifles. Visibility was further complicated by snow white-outs. We could do nothing but lie around in our small room, read and wonder if and when conditions would improve. This was extremely hard for John, who, as earlier mentioned, is by nature an extremely hyper person. I actually became tired by watching him pace the floor. As the day progressed, I began to experience a very disturbing breathing problem. When wide awake or alert I could compensate my breathing by deeper and exaggerated efforts. However, when relaxing or attempting to doze, my breathing would seem to stop. This became so frightening that I didn't dare lie down. I seriously began to think about calling Global Rescue. John, noticing my condition, insisted that I use some sort of inhalator



he had in his possession. Although some relief was realized from the inhaler, John elected to bring my condition to the attention of the head guide. The guide insisted that the all cure solution was a shot or two of vodka. Whether due to the inhalator or the vodka, I fell asleep and slept through dinner. When I awoke my problem was gone.

On day two, which I believe was October 21st, we arose early. We immediately sighted in our rifles and prepared to leave for spike or fly camp. My guide advised that I did not need the 20 x 60 Zeiss Spotting Scope purchased especially for this trip, stating "that his eyes were better". I'm sure he was joking as he commandeered my binoculars as soon as we arrived at the spike camp. The spike camp was located about 10 miles from base camp at an elevation of 14,000 feet. Our mode of travel to the spike camp would be, as stated by the outgoing hunter, a 1995 Land Cruiser. With such deep snow and no apparent road, this seemed impossible. In spite of the odds, by following wind blown ridges and digging out five or six times, we arrived at the spike camp around noon. The horses had arrived before us and John's horseman had spotted sheep on a nearby mountain. We immediately saddled the horses and prepared to hunt. John and his guide proceeded toward the mountain where the sheep were spotted. My guide selected a perpendicular direction from that of John. We ascended a ridge until we came to a jagged wind blown rock outcrop. The ride was very encouraging as several groups of sheep were spotted. Although I could not participate in the non English discussion, I knew only one group stirred any interest. I was compelled to observe with my naked eyes as my binoculars were possessed by my guide who had "spotting scope eyes". After dismounting at the base of the rock outcrop, I began to appreciate the cold. It was, I was told, twenty below zero and seemed to be getting colder. I now understand why both guides had seemed to be over protective on our ride from spike camp. It seemed as though they were constantly watching me. If I removed a glove, one or both would about their horse and insist I replace the glove. The same occurred if I uncovered an ear. After dismounting and as I commenced to follow them to an observation position on the rock outcrop, a wobbly or unsteady step must have been noticed. They insisted I take a time out, making me feel like an infant or invalid. Actually both appeared to be more concerned about my welfare than finding sheep. Finally, after the time out and reaching an observation point, I got to use my binoculars. I was directed to look at

three rams that had been spotted in the canyon like valley beyond the ridge or outcrop. All three looked good to me.

Whether due to size or position, attention seemed to center on one a considerable distance to our left but perhaps closer to the ridge. After a snack and what seemed to be hours of discussions, I was instructed to follow my guide along the ridge toward the ram of interest. When handed my rifle, a 340 Weatherby, and told to chamber a shell, I knew we were not going to get closer. My range finder indicated 500 yards. The reminder note taped on my rifle stock indicated that my 185 gr. Barns X LC bullet would drop nine inches at 400 yards. Hunt preparation proved my note to be valid as to distance and bullet drop. What should I do at 500 yards? I really don't know what I did, but the first shot was high. For the second shot, I held directly on the target and the sheep fell, got up and fell a second time. Then it got up, moved a short distance, stood, for what seemed to be forever, and laid down. At this point, it seemed as though there was a prearranged plan if I shot a sheep.

My head guide, Yusek Murataliev grabbed my rifle and camera and headed toward the sheep on foot. The second in command, motioned me to



John's Marco Polo Sheep

December 2, 2010

DMA
4401 N. Fairfax Dr., Rm. 212
Arlington VA 22203

RE: Marco Polo Sheep Permit #MA12498A-0

Dear Sir/Madam

A Marco Polo Sheep was taken on October 21, 2010, which horns were around 55 inches.

I only hunted sheep one day in the Nary Region, nearest village being AK-Muz. I saw three groups of female, two of them fairly huge, one group of four small rams and a group of three shootable rams from which my sheep was taken. I was hunting above 14,000 ft.

My hunting companion also took a ram having horns of 51 or 52 inches.

Respectfully submitted,
Edward L. Keller

ELK:ck

follow toward the horses. It soon became obvious that we were headed toward the spike camp and not the sheep. Although extremely excited and happy, the return trip to spike camp seemed much longer and colder. Perhaps this was due to not looking and glassing for sheep. In any event, by the time we reached spike camp and quit moving about, the cold became much more noticeable. Once at spike camp, we began to prepare for the night. The plan was for John and I to sleep in a small tent erected inside a huge metal cylinder similar to that of a railroad oil car, but much larger. Both ends were open so little benefit from the cold was realized. There was no form of heat provided and no sleeping bags. There were, however a couple of regular blankets and many heavy blankets which I would best describe as horse blankets. To combat the cold, I was immediately covered by so many blankets that I could barely move. This did nothing however to ease the pain of my feet which were beginning to really hurt from the cold. I had worn regular un-insulated leather shoes to accommodate the use of stirrups while riding; especially so, to quickly dismount or remove my feet if the horse stumbled or fell. To address my discomfort, my shoes were removed and hand

warmers were inserted between the layers of my socks. This either solved my feet problem or the remaining parts of my anatomy were becoming colder than my feet.

We had not been at spike camp long before John and his party arrived. John had seen sheep, but nothing of interest. He was so cold that he burned his fingers trying to warm them with a blow torch. The torch was the only form of heat available. It was also used to heat the water for tea. Just as we were about to have tea, Yusek, my guide, arrived with my sheep. For a short time everyone seemed to forget the cold. As it was now getting dark, we immediately proceeded to take pictures with everyone posing with the sheep. I was so excited that I don't recall whether or not vodka toasts were offered at this time. Vodka seemed to be ever present and was recommended for both happy and sad events. Never, however, did anyone seem to over-indulge or appear inebriated. Shortly after the picture taking, it was announced that Yusek had radioed for the land cruiser. That was great news, for me, not good for John. I would be returning to base camp. John would be remaining at spike camp for an early morning hunt. We were told the temperature was now thirty below zero.

Upon return to base camp and to my surprise, a bottle of champagne was displayed for a toast option. This, of course, was in addition to the ever present vodka. It is my recollection that everyone toasted twice, once with champagne and once with vodka. Yusek then announced the plans for the upcoming day. He suggested that I remain in camp while he and Nurlan, my other guide, checked a very high and difficult area for Ibex. If Ibex were spotted they would return for me. All agreeing, the second day of hunting went as suggested. Yusek and Nurlan departed camp very early and I remained in camp. The day was rather uneventful. I straightened my room, read John's book, "Power of Kindness" by Piero Ferrucci and waited for news from John and Yusek. John returned frozen and unsuccessful. He had spotted sheep but could not get close enough to shoot. Yusek and Nurlan returned not having located Ibex.

The plan for day four was simple. John was to hunt sheep. I would try for Ibex. No ibex were spotted. It was decided that a different area would be tried on day five. John returned with a very nice sheep which was taken with his 300 Weatherby using 180 gr. Nosler bullets. Both John and I were extremely excited. An all time high of hunt fulfillment was experienced. If successful on ibex, it would be like icing on the

cake. For ibex hunting, we had an option to change camps. Both John and I elected to remain at our present camp. I approached the fifth day hunt with some concern over a rash or blisters I had discovered during the night. They were in a very private area. It was my initial thought that it was irritation resulting from the tight fitting bicycle pants I was wearing. My only medication was cortisone cream which didn't seem to help.

The object of day five was for Mid-Asian Ibex. Although going in different directions, both John and I departed camp early. Now, being divorced from the ghost of failure, I occasionally caught myself dreaming how I should mount my Marco-Polo and the ibex that I had yet to possess. The morning ride was very relaxing except for the discomfort resulting from my rash. The rash or blood like blisters had spread considerably. They had spread from the left side of my private area down my left leg and to my mid back. Having abandoned the bicycle pants and receiving no positive results from the cortisone cream, I was becoming concerned. Not, however, to the extent of aborting my hunt. At approximately 1:00 A.M., Yusek and Nurlan spotted ibex at a very high location. It was mutually decided that stalking was out of the question. Our only hope was that the Ibex would come to us. Or, more accurately speaking, descend the mountain in our direction for food or water. Yusek selected a position and we decided to wait. Wait we did! At 7:00 P.M., the full moon providing illumination, the ibex came down. I selected the one with the fullest curl. One shot and my hunt was over. Upon return to camp, it was great news to learn that John's hunt, too, was over. He had collected an equally nice ibex. The icing had been placed on both cakes

Day six was spent preparing for a return to Bishkek. We packed, enjoyed a hot sauna and admired our trophies. John became extra busy in trying to



Kyrgystan Ibex

arrange for an early flight home. Not receiving a satisfactory response from Turkish Airlines, he again called everyone for assistance. He called Ron Simmons, the Bishkek representative for Four Star Adventures. He called Doug Luger, the Arizona representative for Four Star Adventures and, in addition made several calls to his secretary in Michigan. Calling continued until we arrived in Bishkek. Finally, after a personal visit with the Turkish Airline agent in Bishkek, reality was accepted. We would remain in Bishkek for two and one half days.

The mountain descend on our return to Bishkek seemed like the longest ride of my life. My condition had worsened. The impact from each bump felt like I was being subjected to acupuncture treatments. This, notwithstanding my attempt to lessen the impact by gripping the over the door vehicle handle. But for the all time high of a successful hunt, I do not know if I would have survived. Once in Bishkek, the first item of business was a hot shower and dinner. Following a shower we arranged to meet Ron Simmons in the hotel dining room. After ordering our fantasized dinner of steak and fries, I became extremely ill. Before being served, I was compelled to excuse myself and I returned to our room. Not long after my return there was a knock on the door. Responding to the knock, I observed a well dressed male and a very attractive lady. At first, I thought that John or Ron was attempting to test my fidelity or the degree of my illness. I soon learned that the gentleman was Mr. Almaz Musaev, the owner of our Kyrgystan hunting company. The lady was Khalidn Musaev his wife and a doctor. After an introduction, I was examined and informed that they would return at 10:00 P.M. with medication.

At the 10:00 P.M. visit, Dr. Musaev informed me through our camp interpreter, that she would return at 10:00 A.M. and take me to see another doctor, later learned to be our equivalent to a dermatologist. Arrangements would also be made for Azamat, our interpreter, a very nice and knowledgeable college English student, to accompany me and remain with us throughout our stay in Bishkek. The second doctor or dermatologist prescribed medication and two injections twice a day. Dr. Musaev would administer the injections daily at 10:00 A.M. and 10:00 P.M. until our departure from Bishkek. I was further advised that I had a herpes type virus resulting from stress and a run down immune system.

At home, I learned that I had traded the ghost of failure for an acute case of the shingles.

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In concluding, I would be remiss if I failed to mention a very special dinner hosted by Mr. Musaev in honor of our successful hunt. At a five star plus restaurant or an exclusive club, we were introduced to many local dishes and presented with a traditional Kyrgyz outfit, an outfit which like our trophies will serve not only to memorialize our hunt, but will also remind us of the kindness and hospitality of the Kyrgyz people.



Kyrgystan Native Outfit

A photograph of the interior of a wine cellar. In the background, there is a bar with a menu board displaying various wine and food items. The walls are decorated with wine-related items and signs. In the foreground, there are green tables and chairs.

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Deer Camp



The 4:30 A.M. alarm comes much too early but of course Jack is already up making coffee, stoking the woodstove, and enthusiastically announcing to no one in particular, "daylight in the swamp, time to go hunting!" Of course, Jack never does leave the cabin, his deer blind being the warm chair next to the woodstove and coffee pot, or back in his sleeping bag once everyone leaves. In the dim light and hissing of the propane lamps the hunter crawls out of a perfectly warm and comfortable sleeping bag and gets dressed in the cold of the cabin, the heat from the woodstove not yet reaching the bunk room. As he steps outside to answer a quick nature call he passes Rich coming back in sleepily muttering, as best as he can make out, something about morons, idiots, and the middle of the night.

After a traditional opening day heart smart breakfast of bacon, fried eggs, and a couple cups of coffee he wishes the other hunters good luck, finishes dressing, and leaves the cabin before dawn with the excitement that only opening day brings. The fresh smell of the frosty air greets him as he makes his way in the dark to his deer blind, a blind he has used for years, a blind that long ago was given a nick name to identify it as his, as have all the other blinds of the other hunters.



It is getting light now, but despite the layers of thermal underwear, the morning chill has seeped into his spine and kidneys as he sits waiting as motionless as a dead man. The big woods are quiet, so quiet he is sure he can hear his hair growing. After a couple of cold hours he is thinking of the warm cabin and hot coffee and is about to leave his blind and head back to the cabin when he suddenly picks up movement along the edge of the Cedar swamp, could this be a deer or another one of the stupid squirrels once again generating another false alarm? The movement is too big to be a squirrel and as he stares he realizes it is a deer, a big deer. Funny how the cold and aching backside suddenly disappears and the long hours sitting is forgotten when a deer is spotted. The hunter sitting in the cold blind, named 'Bob's hideout,' was me a couple of years ago at our deer camp in the U.P. but I'm sure many Michigan hunters can relate to this story.

'Deer camp'two words that when spoken strike an emotional cord and can stir the soul like few other words can do with us Michigan deer hunters. To non- hunters, 'Deer camp' simply sounds like a destination but for us hunters it has a much deeper connotation. True, while it is a destination, it is also much more; a place with a long history, a lot of fond memories, a collection of old and new friendships, and anticipated new experiences. For those of us fortunate to spend a week at camp it is a fun time that is anticipated long in advance and as that magical date of November 15 gets closer we often get wired up like kids awaiting Christmas.

Most deer camps have been given names, usually associated with some trait, location, or past event.

In addition, many old established camps have favorite blinds that the same hunters use year after year, and these often acquire names also. I have been lucky to have had a deer camp in my hunting lifetime. Our camp was established by my father and his friends in 1951 in the big woods of the Western U.P. consisting of an old loggers cabin on a remote 80 acres surrounded by hundreds of acres of state forests and swamps providing total privacy from other hunters. Even though the U.P. doesn't surrender deer easily, when a buck is spotted it has the chance to be a real wall hanger.

I love everything about this place, [well almost everything, I'm still trying to come up with something good to say about the outhouse] the rustic cabin, the remote big woods and dark Cedar swamps, the fun with old friends, the nightly poker games, and the fact that hunting starts as soon as you walk out of the cabin. Despite the fact that we live all over the mid-west and only see one another once a year when we arrive at camp, it's funny how things pick up right where they left off with the telling of the same old stale jokes, stories of past events revived and embellished, and the good natured ribbing gets ramped up. The camp was named 'Camp Brevort' when it was established but no one today has any idea how it came about years ago.

I was now on full alert as I watch the buck float like smoke through the cedars. I'm shivering now, but not only from the cold, as in slow motion I bring up the rifle and slide my trigger finger out of the opening of my wool mitten. I take a deep breath and exhale as I try and settle the jumping crosshairs on his shoulder. As it stops on the shoulder I slowly squeeze the trigger and the shot is unbelievably loud in the

Deer Camp

early morning quiet of the big woods. With a single bound he is gone and seems to evaporate into the darkness of the Cedar swamp and as quick as it happened all was suddenly quiet as I sat pondering, did all this really happen?

I slowly make my way to the cedar tree I had identified as where he stood when I shot all the while reassuring myself that I couldn't have missed, after all, missing from that distance would be like missing a barn wall from the inside. I quickly pick up deep rutted tracks of a deer taking off in a hurry and as I follow I soon find hair and blood and my confidence level rises. 50 yards farther I find him and as I take his rack in my hands I realize he is much bigger that I thought, heavy mass and 13 points, the biggest deer taken at this camp in years.

As I head back to the cabin to get help dragging him back I find the walk much easier and quicker than I remembered it. As I enter the cabin I'm greeted by the guys sitting around the lunch table playing cards with the usual question, 'see anything?' After a bit of convincing I am able to get the crew up and out to get my deer back and up on the 'meat pole'.

While it was exciting to get a real wall hanger I was just as excited last year with the small 5 pointer because deer camp has more relevance than just shooting a deer. Quite honestly, deer or no deer, deer camp is one of the best weeks of the year.



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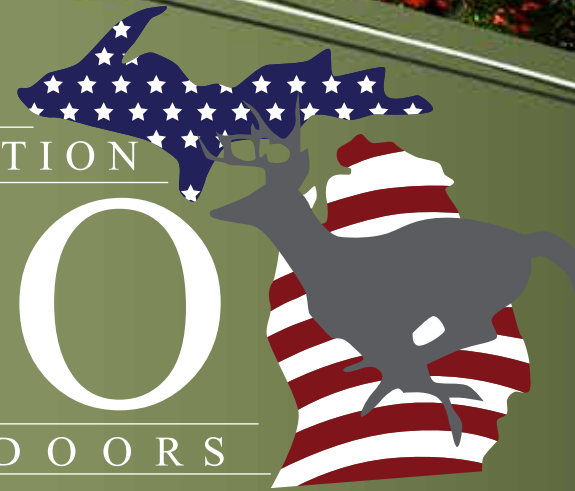




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Michigan Operation Freedom Outdoors (MiOFO) is a collaborative partnership whose mission is to provide outstanding outdoor recreation opportunities to wounded veterans and individuals with health challenges; and, to coordinate a support network that facilitates their recovery through connecting with nature.

MiOFO activities are centered around DNR-managed Sharonville State Game Area. The property is near several population centers: Ann Arbor, Jackson, Lansing, and Detroit.

The partners in this effort include the Department of Natural Resources (DNR), Brain Injury Association, Zero-Day, the Passing Along The Heritage (PATH) Foundation, the Eisenhower Center, Safari Club International (SCI) Foundation, Michigan Building and Construction Trades Council, Michigan United Conservation Clubs (MUCC), Disabled American Veterans (DAV), American Legion, and others.

Assistive Resources Available for Use:

- **Tracked Wheelchair Reservations**
Limited number of chairs available for use at Sharonville State Game Area and other areas as arranged
- **Accessible Hunting Blind Reservations**
Limited number of accessible blinds on public land available
- **Hunting Guide to Assist Outdoorspeople**
MiOFO certified volunteer helpers are available on scheduled days to provide one-on-one assistance

Contact Tom Jones, MiOFO Project Coordinator, to inquire about availability of services and resources from events to individual outdoor opportunities. Call 734-612-6677, Monday through Friday, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. (unavailable on state holidays).



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HUNTING HIGHLIGHTS



Gray wolf. Credit: Gary Kramer/USFWS

\$900,000 to Help Wolves, Livestock Share the Land

September 24, 2015

The Service's Wolf Livestock Demonstration Project Grant Program will distribute \$900,000 in grants to assist livestock producers in undertaking proactive, non-lethal activities to reduce the risk of livestock loss from predation by wolves, and compensate producers for livestock losses caused by wolves. The grants will go to the states of Arizona, Idaho, Michigan, Montana, New Mexico, Oregon, Washington and Wisconsin, and to the White Mountain Apache Tribe.

The grants assist livestock producers in undertaking proactive, non-lethal activities to reduce the risk of livestock loss from predation by wolves, and compensate producers for livestock losses caused by wolves. The program provides funding to states and tribes, with federal cost-share not to exceed 50 percent.

Proposals were evaluated considering the extent of depredation of livestock by wolves, program

evaluation and record keeping, and commitment to reporting and coordination. Proposals were also evaluated based on the level of non-lethal, proactive techniques to reduce wolf-livestock interactions and the outreach and coordination levels. Funds will be expended equally between proactive and compensatory activities.

The Endangered Species Conservation-Wolf Livestock Loss Compensation and Prevention Catalog of Federal Domestic Assistance (CFDA) Number is 15.666. Information collection associated with this program is accordance with OMB Information Collection Number: 1018-0154.

Further information regarding the Wolf Livestock Demonstration Project Grant Program can be found here:

<http://www.fws.gov/endangered/grants/>.



LEGISLATIVE AND OTHER WILDLIFE NEWS

By Joe Konwinski

05-29-15 ANOTHER AIRLINE ANNOUNCED ITS DECISION TO DISCONTINUE THE SHIPMENT OF HUNTING TROPHIES IMMEDIATELY FROM ALL AFRICA ORIGINS:

- Lufthansa Airlines is the third airline to announce it will no longer ship hunting trophies from Africa following similar announcements from South African Airways and Emirates.
- In contrast, Delta Air Lines issued a statement on May 13, 2015 that it will continue its practice of transporting hunting trophies.

06-03-15 MICHIGAN DNR LAUDS MICHIGAN COURT OF APPEALS RULING THAT PROTECTS THE STATE FROM INVASIVE SWINE:

- Upholds a 2011 Invasive Species Order issued by the MDNR prohibiting Russian boar in Michigan.
- The Court of Appeals ruling overturns a March 2014 decision from the Marquette County Circuit Court.

06-11-15 MICHIGAN NRC APPROVED 2015 U.P. ANTLERLESS DEER HUNTING RESTRICTIONS:

- The Michigan Natural Resources Commission today decided to eliminate the harvest of antlerless deer during the archery season for hunters using deer or deer combo licenses in the Upper Peninsula.
- Antlerless harvests still will be permitted through the allotment of private-land antlerless licenses in deer management units 055, 122 and 155 in the Garden Peninsula where winter weather is typically milder than in the rest of the U.P.

AS OF 06-15-15, A TOTAL OF FIVE CANADA GEESE IN MICHIGAN HAVE BEEN CONFIRMED TO HAVE HIGHLY PATHOGENIC AVIAN INFLUENZA (H5N2), ALL WITHIN MACOMB COUNTY:

- Avian influenza is a virus which may be carried by migrating waterfowl and can infect waterfowl and domestic poultry.
- Avian influenza viruses are classified as either high or low pathogenicity based on how sick the virus

makes chickens. This is the first case of HPAI in free-ranging birds in Michigan. There are currently no known cases of HPAI in Michigan domestic poultry.

- MDNR has suspended goose round up and relocation statewide. MDNR has canceled poultry and waterfowl exhibits in the state.

06-25-15 MICHIGAN DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL RESOURCES (MDNR) ANNOUNCED THAT THREE AMERICAN CROWS IN INGHAM COUNTY TESTED POSITIVE FOR WEST NILE VIRUS:

- This is the first report in 2015 of the West Nile virus in Michigan.
- West Nile virus is carried by birds and is transmitted to other birds and humans by mosquitoes

07-01-15 THE CALIFORNIA BAN ON USE OF LEAD AMMUNITION WHEN HUNTING IN THE STATE WENT INTO EFFECT.

07-17-15 MDNR ANNOUNCED THAT A SECOND FREE-RANGING DEER IN MERIDAN TOWNSHIP, INGHAM COUNTY HAS TESTED POSITIVE FOR CHRONIC WASTING DISEASE (CWD)

- This second case is a two year old male found less than a mile from the location of the first CWD positive doe.
- Genetic testing is being conducted to determine if the two deer are related.
- As of 07-17-15 304 deer from the Core CWD Area had been tested with two testing positive for CWD.

07-22-15 MDNR REPORTED 2014 DEER HARVEST WAS DOWN ACROSS ALL REGIONS OF THE STATE FROM 2013. 615,000 HUNTERS STATEWIDE HARVESTED A TOTAL OF 329,000 DEER (DOWN 15% FROM 2013):

- Upper Peninsula deer harvest was down the most at 36% below 2013 harvest.

07-22-15 SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS ANNOUNCED IT HAD LIFTED ITS CARGO EMBARGO OF HUNTING TROPHIES INSTITUTED 04-21-15:

- Airlines with embargos of shipping hunting trophies still in effect are:
 - British Airways/Iberia Airways
 - Etihad
 - Emirates
 - Qatar
 - Brussels
 - Qantas
 - Singapore
 - Lufthansa

08-05-15 THREE DOMESTIC AIRLINES ANNOUNCED THE IMMEDIATE SUSPENSION OF CARGO SHIPMENTS OF LION, ELEPHANT, RHINOCEROS, LEOPARD AND BUFFALO TROPHIES IN REPOSE TO PUBLIC ATTENTION GENERATED BY ANTI-HUNTING ORGANIZATIONS:

- American Airlines
- Delta Airlines
- United Airlines

08-06-15 MDNR ANNOUNCED THAT A THIRD FREE- RANGING DEER IN MERIDAN TOWNSHIP, INGHAM COUNTY HAS TESTED POSITIVE FOR CHRONIC WASTING DISEASE (CWD):

- This deer was a 5-year old doe.
- All three CWD-positive deer detected so far have been discovered within a mile radius.
- Genetic analysis indicates all three deer are related as part of an extended family.

09-03-15 OAKLAND COUNTY HEALTH DIVISION ANNOUNCED THAT A CROW IN OAKLAND COUNTY HAD TESTED POSITIVE FOR WEST NILE VIRUS:

- Since then there have been confirmed cases of West Nile Virus in humans in 5 Michigan counties but no fatalities:
 - Oakland
 - Macomb
 - Wayne
 - Monroe
 - Ottawa

09-17-15 MDNR ANNOUNCED THE CONFIRMATION OF GRAY WOLF OCCURENCE IN EMMET COUNTY:

- Confirmed from DNA analysis on scat collected in March 2014. The DNA closely matches the DNA of northeast Ontario Wolves.
- Tracks in the area indicate the presence of 2 separate wolves.

09-17-15 MDNR REPORT TO MIC:

- 650 deer from tri-county CWD hot zone have been tested to date with 3 positive deer. All 3 deer were collected within a 0.1 mile radius of each other.
- 2016 deer urine attractant for hunting to be certified to be "CWD Free" to mitigate various states prohibitions on use of deer urine for hunting.
- Moose population in the UP still declining. Biologists suspect warmer summer temperatures and predation by wolves are the causes.



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WOMEN'S FASHIONS



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Our feature this issue is the Outerwear for women from the clothing line of Legendary Whitetails. This company (generally available online only) produces an excellent array of Outerwear, Activewear, Pants & Shorts, Gloves, Footwear, and Loungewear, Swimwear, and Casualwear for men, women, and children.

Legendary Whitetails started with one man. Founder Larry Huffman had a lifelong passion for whitetails, and an impressive collection of rare storied bucks to prove it. The legendary James Jordan Buck and Hole in the Horn were the cornerstone of the collection. (If you've never heard of them, admit it to no one, then look them up.) By the early 1990s, Larry's prized possessions were garnering attention, and over the next decade, they grew to become the largest collection of authentic white-tailed deer in the world. Fueled by thousands of supporters, Larry set out to build a brand that's as passionate about whitetails as he is. Lucky for all of us, he succeeded.

Larry had a vision: To create "Original Deergear" tailored specifically to hardcore whitetail hunters, and their families. Today, his vision is still the driving force behind the brand. What started off as a tri-fold catalog, has since grown into a comprehensive collection, including exclusive camo patterns and extra-large sizes. Every product created captures Larry's passion for hunting and inherent connection to the outdoors. Built for hunting season, the off-season, and every season in between, these one-of-a-kind products will help celebrate the hunt—every day of the year. Because it's one celebration that should never end.

The success of Legendary Whitetails is thanks to the enthusiastic customers they designs for (that's you), as well as the extreme dedication of its own staff. Nowhere else will you find such a collection designed specifically for hunters, by hunters.

The products featured here are just a sampling of some of the Legendary Whitetail products. While we are focusing on Outerwear for women, please check the Legendary Whitetails website for additional items including fantastic clothes for men and children as well. They can be found at: www.deergear.com.

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By Veronica Kosich, Sables President

Mission

To further the understanding of our outdoor heritage, including the positive role of hunting, through the creation and support of wildlife and conservation educational programs that are consistent with the educational mission and purposes of SCI and SCI Foundation.

SCI Sables, through a SCI Bylaw provision, are a membership group within Safari Club International that was formed in 1984 for the purpose of raising funds to support the SCIF American Wilderness Leadership School near Jackson, Wyoming.

- Over the years Sables evolved from an organization of women to men and women SCI members.
- This unique membership group continues to focus its energy on guiding and raising funds for education programs.
- The SCI Bylaws require that all funds raised by Sables are dedicated to SCI Foundation education programs and gives oversight responsibilities of those programs.

Sables SCIF education programs, today, include five fully endowed college scholarships, three scholarship programs to support graduate and undergraduate college students studying wildlife ecology, national youth programs such as National Archery in the Schools Program, Boy Scouts of America, The Salvation Army Outdoors and grants to SCI Chapters to develop and enhance local programs for youth in their communities.

- Sables major fund raising is at the Annual Sables Luncheon Show & Auction held at the SCI Convention.
- Other ways to raise funds is through individual SCI and Sables members.
- Because education programs are operated through the SCI Foundation 501(c)3 tax organization, donations from individual members can be used as a U.S. tax deduction.

You can help Sables make a difference in sustaining our hunting heritage. We pass on a conservation message and the positive role of hunting to today's youth and to the next generations of leaders, hunters and voters.

Thank you for your membership in Sables! Your membership has directly contributed to funding SCI Foundation education programs.

We thank you for your continued support through donations to SCI Foundation education programs.

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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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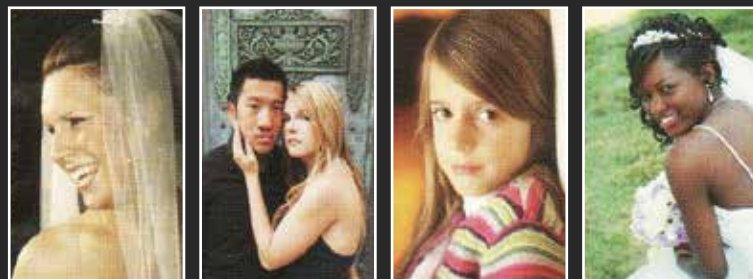
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