

December 2009



Lansing Area Chapter Safari Club International Newsletter



Greetings,

I want to personally thank Safari Club International (SCI)-Lansing Area Chapter, the Brain Injury Association of Michigan (BAIMI) and the Muy Grande Ranch for hosting the Northern Veterans' pheasant hunt on 7 October 2009. This event was an outstanding way to say "Thanks" to some very deserving Veterans. Everyone involved had a great time sharing stories, shooting and learning about the SCI and BIAMI.

Muy Grande Ranch and Resort is one of the most beautiful places I have ever visited. What more could a hunter/outdoorsmen wish for than to shoot a challenging sporting clays course, participate in a modified tower shoot for pheasants followed by a walk-up hunt, and deer viewing (monster bucks!) all in one day? My wife, Esther, participated and even took time for a massage at the ranch's day spa. Some of us Veterans stayed over night and were privileged with a tour of Muy Grande's Whitetail breeding facility. This is where many of the ranch's deer are kept, including two monster bucks that score over 250". Yes, it is remarkable what good genetics and the proper nutrition will do for a deer herd, and Mr.

Perry Heleski of the Muy Grande Ranch has the right combination to produce awesome whitetails.

The Veteran's pheasant hunts started several years ago with a phone call from LTC Greg Durkac and MAJ Ryan Connelly to me; I in turned contacted Mr. Kent Ballard (Ingham County Pheasants Forever Chapter 467) who set the ball in motion with SCI's support. That was four years ago (I believe) and I have only missed one hunt due to a second deployment. I am proud that organizations, such as the ones above, have taken the time and money to recognize our nation's Veterans in such a way to enjoy the outdoors and different things in life that others may take for granted. Again, I want to thank SCI's Jim and Sally Ellis, and Lynn Marla; BAIMI's Rick Briggs, and Muy Grande's Perry Heleski for a wonderful and memorable time.

RANDAL L. BRUMMETTE
LTC, IN, MI ARNG
Deputy Commander/OIC
177th Regiment (RTI)
2601 26th St, BLDG 2900
Augusta, MI 49012
o: 269-731-6147
c: 517-706-1414

www.scilansing.com

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Eric and Jared didn't sleep very well last night, but I didn't expect them to. They went to bed with their eyes twinkling like the stars in the Montana sky, knowing that just before sunrise the next day, their first firearms deer season would start. It was like that for me, and probably for you too. Jared comes from a non-hunting family. His uncle, my brother-in-law Dan, bought him a shotgun for his 13th birthday and brought him down to Branch County to hunt. My nephew Eric, is 12, and has been focused on hunting since he was five years old. He was hunting with his step-dad, Steve.

Unfortunately, today's kids expect everything to be instantaneous. From computer games to outdoor TV shows, the bucks, bulls, and birds show up within minutes. Heck, when I was 15, I hunted a whole week by Cadillac without seeing one deer. I told the boys that too, but I don't know that it sunk in. Another thing that didn't help is that they looked through my modest whitetail room with antler and European mounts of the whitetails I've been fortunate enough to take. What weren't specified on the walls were the empty spaces from the many years that I didn't take a buck. So everything in their mind was primed for the next world record buck to step out in front of them at 7:15. Unfortunately, it didn't work that way.

People hunting on our property have to practice quality deer management, and I practice selective trophy management. I'm not going to shoot a buck unless I'm going to put his antlers on the wall, but with kids or other people that have never shot a deer, I let them shoot any antlered buck or doe that they want. No button bucks thought! Both of the boys saw deer, and Eric spotted a nice four point that was too far away for a shot. A big smile appeared on my face when I heard two shots from Jared's position. I wasn't sure about hearing a shot from Eric, but knew that something was tagged when I watched Steve through the binoculars taking his vehicle back to load up. Jared hit a doe with his second shot. Unfortunately, he didn't hit it in the chest, and it went a long way before the blood trail was lost. It went by a lady that was hunting the neighboring property, but she didn't put it down. That is the one place that "quality management" stops; when an injured deer is seen. I'm going

President's Message

By Ron Lanford, DVM

to stop the suffering on any wounded deer that I can. I saw a doe that might have been the one he hit. She came from his direction and was limping very slightly, but I couldn't see any blood. She came through the field I was on the edge of, but was quite a ways away. She could have been bumped by a car or had some other accident at some point in her life too. Hopefully, Jared will be back this year to try for another deer.

There was no need to track Eric's deer. They had just gotten out of the double ladder stand to get some lunch when a spike jumped up out of the brush. It ran a little way, but stopped to look at them. Eric was using my Remington 11-87 and wasn't able to keep the crosshairs on the buck's shoulder. Steve did some sort of rain dance or something that must have mesmerized the buck, while unsuccessfully looking for a stick to use as a rest, and finally bent down in front of Eric offering his back as a shooting rest. The buck dropped at the spine shot and died before they got up to him. Eric was floating a few feet off of the ground by that time! He said that both Steve and he were both shaking like crazy, and he couldn't pronounce words very well. What can be better than a 12 year old kid getting a buck the first morning of his first season? It is a beautiful trophy for him, just like my three point was for me when luck finally smiled on me the fifth day of my fourth deer season. I can still picture my shot in my mind, Eric can his, and I'm sure you can your's too.

I feel fortunate and hope to always remember this year's season. I took my nine year old grandson Zach on a successful doe hunt at Muy Grande that I bought at our last fundraiser, and was able to let him shoot a bison at a nearby property. I took a beautiful 11 point with my new 10 point crossbow, saw 89 deer opening day of gun season, with 12 of them being bucks, but much more importantly, was able to help start our next generation of hunters. I hope that each of you is able to experience seeing that shine in kids' eyes. Ron



SCHEDULE OF CHAPTER EVENTS

2009	March 13
December 10, 2009	OUTFITTERS NIGHT
WHITETAIL NIGHT	Eagle Eye
Eagle Eye Upper Level	
2010	March 14
January 6	FUNDRAISING BANQUET & AUCTION
Board of Directors Meeting	Eagle Eye
February 3	May 19
Board of Directors Meeting	Board of Directors Meeting
February 11	June 10
Chapter Meeting	Chapter Meeting
Eagle Eye	Eagle Eye
March 3	July 21
Board of Directors Meeting	Board of Directors Meeting

EDITOR'S COMMENTS

By Sally Ellis

What would happen to our chapter's humanitarian, education and conservation goals if we did not have a fundraiser? How would we have a fundraiser without the generous donations from the many outfitters who support our chapter? In order to continue our mission, we need your help. By writing stories and/or sending photographs from your hunts, especially from the hunts purchased at our fundraising banquet, you are helping our donors, helping our fundraiser, and helping other members of the chapter. Please take a moment to send me your photographs and, if you can, also a short story. You may email these or, if you would prefer, you can send copies in the mail. Your photos will be returned to you, along with extra copies of the newsletter in which your story/photos appear. Thanks for your support!

Email: Sallyellis47@yahoo.com Mailing address: 7529 Roxborough Lane, Grand Ledge, MI 48837
Phone: 517.230.7398

PUMKIN DUMP CAKE

At the last Board of Directors meeting, Dawn Lanford prepared a wonderful dinner, followed by this desert. Enjoy.

1 29-oz can pure pumpkin
3 eggs
1 12-oz can evaporated milk
1 cup sugar
1 tsp. salt
3 tsp. cinnamon
1 box yellow cake mix
1 cup chopped pecans
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup melted butter

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Mix first six ingredients until well blended. Pour into a 9x13 greased pan. Sprinkle cake mix over pumpkin, followed by pecans and then melted butter over top. Bake for 50 minutes. Top with whipped cream.

MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

September 9, 2009

Dr. Terry Braden
President
Lansing Area Chapter Safari Club International
PO Box 72
Grand Ledge, MI 48837

Dear Dr. Braden:

On behalf of the Michigan State University community, I thank the Lansing Area Chapter Safari Club International for the recent pledge payment of \$10,000.00 for the John and Marnie Demmer Shooting Sports, Education and Training Center.

Support from partners like you provides us with the resources we need to remain a leading AAU-land grant research university in the nation, preparing our students to be strong contributors to the welfare of our local, state, and national communities. Creating collective prosperity for the common good is a vital part of MSU's mission and tradition as the world's pioneer land-grant university. In the twenty-first century, we bring our experience and expertise to the world in a model we call "world grant." We leverage the strengths of world-class scholarship and traditional land grant values to work in communities to co-create solutions that foster prosperity and a better quality of life.

Your support of our efforts is much appreciated. Please know that these funds will benefit and strengthen the university in the ways you have designated. Thank you for your belief and investment in Michigan State University.

Sincerely,



Lou Anna K. Simon, Ph.D.
President

tk

c: Robert W. Groves, Vice President for University Advancement
Jeffrey D. Armstrong, Dean, College of Agriculture and Natural Resources

S
OFFICE OF
THE PRESIDENT

Michigan State University
430 Hewitt Administration
Building
East Lansing, MI
48824-1046
517/235-4560
FAX: 517/235-4670

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LANSING CHAPTER SCI HUNTER OF THE YEAR AWARD

It is time to submit your nominations for the chapter's Hunter of the Year Award. Past winners include Jim Leonard, Jim Ellis, Lynn Marla, and Mike Leonard.

If you know of a chapter member who is deserving of this honor, please take the time to nominate him or her. Past nominations are not considered, so please, even if you have nominated someone in the past, take the time to nominate him/her again.

Criteria to be considered is not just the hunting ability of the nominee, but his or her contributions to the chapter, conservation and promotion of hunting.

Please forward any nominations with a short nomination letter to: Tom Nelson @ wcpnelson@aol.com.

CHAPTER AWARDS PROGRAM (October 8, 2009)

The rankings of the awards are determined on how big of a bribe or how big of a threat that I get. Terry Braden keeps threatening to change my orthopedics grade so that I didn't pass vet school. I don't know if he can do that, but I'm not taking any chances.

Actually, all score sheets from an official or master measurer that is submitted for the awards, or for the chapter record book are automatically entered. Each one is computed as a percentage of the world record score for that specie as determined from the SCI website. For instance, a pronghorn with a score of $86\frac{5}{8}$ divided by the world record score of $99\frac{7}{8}$ is 0.8673341. A bonus of 0.05 is given if there is more than 10% difference between the top ten placings of that specie. For the Alaska Yukon Moose, the 10th place animal scored $597\frac{6}{8}$, and the 1st place animal scored $731\frac{1}{8}$. That is an 18.24% difference. Also, a bonus of 0.025 is given if an animal places in the top 10 in it's category of method or weapon with national SCI.

These numbers are sorted and the numbers determine the winner. That way looks of an animal, or desirability play no part. All ties will be thrown out, and I will take the award.

Please get your animals scored, and send pictures to me for future awards programs. Do not staple money to the score sheets; a paper clip will work fine. Good hunting. Ron Lanford

2009 AWARD WINNERS FOR THE AFRICAN SECTION



1st place
Terry Braden
Cape Eland
 $107\frac{3}{8}$



2nd place
Helmut Scherer
Impala
 $62\frac{7}{8}$



4th place
Jim Houthoofd
Impala
 $62\frac{3}{8}$



3rd place
Ray Nachreiner
Waterbuck
 $82\frac{7}{8}$

“DOE, A DEER, A FEMALE DEER”

By Caleb Napper

On a warm October evening, my grandpa (Jim Ellis) and I went out hunting. It was up at Muy Grande Ranch. When we drove up to the blind, I knew which blind it was; a year before we went turkey hunting there.

When we got there, I started looking at a magazine. Then I saw something move. It was a deer! When I looked at it, I saw it was a little one-year-old spiker. We watched him for about 25 minutes. Then he looked back at a trail. I was about to say, “Grandpa, I think there are some deer coming out of that trail.” But right when I was about to say it, two does walked out. When I saw them, my heart started beating like crazy. Then my grandpa said, “Okay, get the gun out.” So I got the gun out and the does just kept walking. They walked behind a pile of brush to a feeder, and then the deer walked out again, started eating and . . . It happened like that. There was a big boom as I slowly squeezed the trigger. The two does ran, but the spiker stayed and was probably thinking, “Are my antlers too small?”

We walked out of the blind and the other deer ran off. We went out and started looking for the doe and I found some blood on a leaf. Then my grandpa looked around and saw a brown and white thing lying on the ground. It was my doe! We walked over to the deer and got some pictures. Photographs are an important part of the hunt.

[Editor’s note: Bill Kahl and Ron Lanford also took their grandsons to Muy Grande this fall to harvest their first does.]



Ron Lanford



Bill Kahl



Don Inman



Jim Ellis



Mike Spence showing an example of his antler mounts



Eric Lanford (Ron’s nephew)



Scott Beemer of Outdoor Connection had a video presentation

California Gold

By Tim Torpey



This past March at the Lansing Chapter fundraiser, I met Alfred Luis, the owner of Central Coast Outfitters, located in California. He told me of a prime property that he hunts in Mendocino County that has giant Columbian black tailed deer. By the end of the night I had written a check and the hunt dates were set for the beginning of October 2009. Little did I know what lay in store for me in those California hills.

On October 1, I was on a plane heading west to Sacramento. From there I drove north to Covelo, California where I met Alfred and Nick Tocito. After hellos I followed them out to the camp and met the rest of the crew: Frank Sunseri, Ricky Escover, Eddie Valadeo and Dave Madsen. Dave would be my guide and the other five guys would be out glassing big bucks for me. This would prove to be very helpful in the days ahead.

After my gear was put away, Dave and I headed out to make sure my gun was still on and then started looking for a big buck. The property was very beautiful mountainous terrain with a variety of flora including scrub oak, pin oak and pine. Dave has hunted this property for many years and has several favorite spots for sitting and glassing. His favorite spot is called "Big Twin." It is a rock outcropping that overlooks a long valley that is very suitable for glassing. This vegetation has lots of openings or grassy meadows that the deer move through while feeding on acorns. The first evening we glassed several deer and a couple of nice bucks, but none were close enough for a stalk. Just before dark Dave glassed a big buck just below us feeding out of the pin oak. It was only 200 yards away but we could not clearly make out the number of points he had. Back at camp while eating grilled elk steak, we compared notes on what was seen and the plan for the next day. The total number of bucks seen the first day was 14, a very good day.

Morning came early and very cold. I was surprised to see my breath and a heavy frost on the windshield of the jeep. When I think about California, I think of warm surf and

sand, but at over six thousand feet it can get quite cold. Even though it was cold my spirits kept me warm with the thoughts of what the day would bring. Daylight found us on "Big Twin" glassing, glassing and more glassing. We spotted a lot of game including deer, bobcat, coyote and bear. The highlight was watching a boar black bear, estimated at 400 pounds, stand on his rear legs, eating acorns off pin oak trees. He was cocoa brown with a very light brown nose and gave us a show for over an hour. At 10:30 we headed back to camp for a quick bite to eat and compared notes with the rest of the crew. Everyone had seen many bucks in the morning, and we set the afternoon plans.

Dave and I first went to the high end of the property where we sat and glassed a meadow of scrub oak that were just loaded with acorns. After a couple of hours of not seeing any deer, we moved to "Little Twin." This is another rock outcropping that overlooks the opposite side of "Big Twin." We saw only one buck within a couple of hours, so we were off again to "Big Twin."

The weather had started to change with high wind and darkening skies to the north, but the deer were starting to move. Back on "Big Twin" Dave and I took our positions: he was looking east and I was looking west. The wind was strong and I was really starting to get cold when Dave came running over to where I was saying, "Get your gear and let's go. Ricky has spotted a huge buck!" Off the rock and to the jeep we ran. When we got to where Ricky was, everyone else was there too. Through the spotting scope Ricky showed us the small patch of trees the three bucks had walked into about two miles away. After making a plan for a stalk we were off. With only one hour of daylight left, time was not on our side. We drove down a road that got us within 800 yards straight below the bucks. We began the stalk up a draw and jumped two does that ran the way the bucks were, so we diverted to the left one draw over. As we continued on we suddenly saw two deer right in front of us. Looking through my binoculars I could see they were both bucks and good ones. I instantly got a rest and found the bucks in my scope. Dave was telling me to shoot the buck in the front, but I wanted to see how good the second buck was first. I thought the second buck was better until the first buck turned his head and I could see the extra points on his right side. That was all I needed to see, and I shot. The buck went down and the congratulations started. When we made it to the buck we were both very pleased with what we saw. The sunset made the photos extra special, and the drag to the jeep was all downhill. The deer scored 149 7/8 SCI which will rank gold medal in the record book.

I went to California as a client but left as a friend. Central Coast Outfitters offers hunts for predators, black bear, Columbian black tail and tule elk. You can contact Alfred Luis at 805.922.7923 if you need one of these species or just a great hunt. Talk to Alfred and maybe you can also strike California Gold.

What a hunt!

By Peter Bucklin

At the '08 and '09 Lansing Area Chapter Fundraisers, Seth Hootman and Jim Dunigan got top bids on Ron Pedersen's donated Screaming Eagle Outfitters black bear hunt "on the cheap." My son, Jon, and I "threw in" with them and we arranged to hunt Saskatchewan bears the second week of June, 2009. Seth, Jim and I had hunted bear with Ron previously and kind of knew the drill.

Jim is a seasoned bear hunter and Jon had tried his luck previously with no luck, but it would be the first time with Ron for Jon. I would be a non-hunting observer as well as a burden and general nuisance. Seth's previous hunt there ended when a bear came into camp and ate one of his car tires and he broke his toe – Seth, not the bear. I don't know if I would have believed that story except Ron verified both as being true.

Jon checked with Tom Nelson as to the best time, and Tom said June. Hummm – seems like it used to be May. But Tom was "right on" as there seemed to be a pretty regular flow of bears to the baits.

The next order of business was travel arrangements. Seth was a separate issue, as he was on break from duties as physiology professor at Michigan State University and had some time. He drove out to Oregon to spend some of it with family, driving to bear camp by way of Washington, Montana, Alberta and Saskatchewan to hook up with the rest of us in Buffalo Narrows. He loves to drive and made the most of it by poking along to enjoy the scenery, most of which was postcard beautiful.

The rest of us opted to drive as well, although a little more directly and considerably less scenic. When Jim and I had gone before, we did it the more "conventional" way with flights to Saskatoon and a rental vehicle the rest of the way. It is only a bit longer driving day-wise and the financial difference was significant, especially with having to rent a good sized vehicle over a car if we flew. Bear hunters can have a lot of gear so almost have to rent a pickup truck or van. And you end up paying the rental on the vehicle for two half-days of driving and five or six days of it just being parked at camp with "the meter running." Plus, you avoid all the hassle of airports and possible weather delays, missed connections, etc. It can be particularly frustrating when the nice lady at the Saskatoon airport car rental agency who promised you that special vehicle over the phone had already rented it out just before you got there. We all agreed we had a bit more time than money and patience. Since Jon's SUV is almost the size of a small house, we had lots of room for three hunters and gear, including some stuff we probably would have left home if we flew.

The scenery wasn't even close to what Seth experienced, especially southern Saskatchewan. That part of the world has only two claims to fame – D.U.'s vast waterfowl breeding grounds and wheat production that kept the Russian people from starvation during that 50 years of Communism foolishness.

Amazingly, we all four arrived at bear camp within minutes of each other.

The weather was great the whole time and when we asked the best time to go to the stands, the answer was, "Any time you want. The bears are in and out of the baits all day." They were right! Maybe hunting from mid-afternoon until dark is just a May thing. Besides, this late in the season "dark" isn't until close to midnight. I dunno.

Seth scored the first evening with his repro Marlin level action, model ME in .308 Winchester Cal. A sweet little piece – and with its first kill. That ended Seth's hunt early again but this time with a bear. That carbine, incidentally, might surprise some gun people in that it is chambered for a modern round. This was made possible by collaboration between Marlin and Hornady that resulted in the .308 rounds being tipped with soft plastic "spire" points that won't set off the rounds in the tubular magazine when the gun is fired. Nice feature!

Jim was the second to fill out on the afternoon of the second day. Obviously, no shortage of action. Both Jim and Jon were bow hunting and Jim watched his bear expire



Jim Dunigan with black bear

in sight of his tree stand.

All of Ron's baits are within short driving distance from the cabin and the pair of Motorola "radios" (we used to call them walkie-talkies) we brought along came in real handy as we could check with the hunters every hour. That



Attempted B & E bear-style

way, if a hunter had a bear down at five or six o'clock in the afternoon, he didn't have to wait in his tree for the prearranged pickup time of nine or ten o'clock. Sweet! Plenty of time for pictures and all the rest of the handling of the kill – all in bright daylight.

All harvested bears are weighed in camp and Jim's came in at 410 pounds. Imagine what it would have been going into hibernation next fall.

The first attempt to get him winched up for weighing and pictures failed as his head and front paws were still on the ground. So down he came to get the rope retied and knotted right at the pulley. Even then he was almost touching the ground.

Jon's chance next, a "monster" very similar to Jim's but he couldn't get the perfect angle (a real issue with archery equipment) and couldn't close the deal. His next chance came on the next to the last day with both of us in the stand and the whispered conversation went something like this:

"You're going to shoot him, aren't you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Too small – I want 300 pounds."

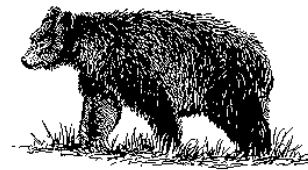
"Jon, shoot the damn bear!"

After several seconds of deteriorating resolve, he came to full draw and I kept the video cam rolling (do video cams roll?). With a pass-through shot, the bear loped 30 yards, hesitated as if trying to evaluate his current state of affairs, turned right, made another 15 or so yards, and expired.

I felt bad about badgering Jon into taking the shot but, after all, this was his third black bear hunt following nary an opportunity on the first two and – with only one more day to hunt, what are the odds of "Mister Wonderful" coming in on that day?? I dunno – with the five-inch tracks we were seeing at all the stands, maybe better than I thought. In any event, the bear weighed in at 195 pounds – not "chopped liver!"

Seth left for home the day before our departure, taking a more direct route on this, his final leg of the overall trip. His quick calculation of total miles came up to a little under 8,000. Nice little "ride in the park" or over two countries almost from one end to the other!

After gorging on fresh-caught walleye and all of the rest of Ron's great cooking, we left a little heavier than when we arrived. We'll probably lose the weight but not the memories.



Another Bucky Night at Tatnall Camp - August 2009

By: Jim Houthoofd

The message was loud and clear; "There were bears at nearly every bait this year and you really need to get up here," from Rollie and Linda Lebrun, our friends and owners of Tatnall Camp at Oba Lake, Ontario. So, needless to say, it was a "bucky couple of weeks leading up to our bear hunt." I say this as we had not really made a commitment to go bear hunting this year. At best, we were busy and it was a maybe.

Mike and I had agreed that it would be fun to get back to Oba Lake and our friends Rollie and Linda, relax at the cabin and get rid of some of our stress, but realistically we didn't know how we could make it happen. When Rollie and Linda told us that Mark and Erick of the Lansing Chapter of SCI had gotten their bears on the first night of opening day and bears were still hitting almost every stand, every night, it was hard to pass up. Mike and I agreed to head up for an abbreviated bear hunt, knowing that we couldn't stay for an entire week and that three nights would be it.

I had been lucky enough to get bears on each of my first three trips to Tatnall Camp, but would I be so lucky again? Was the fourth time possible? The trip was uneventful driving up to Sault Saint Marie, Ontario and up to Hawk Junction until we got to Hawk Air. It was foggy,



approached 300 yards or so we took up a position ready for an opportunity for a 1-2-3 shoot opportunity. I quietly said to Mike, "When he gets to 200 yards he will be in range." We were solid and waiting. But right as he got to 200 yards, he turned and went off the tracks and into the woods. He had never seen us but was gone as quickly as he had appeared. We closed the remaining distance, but the bear had vanished.

Later that afternoon, as I sat in my stand, I thought that perhaps when our opportunity arrived, we had blown it. Would we get another chance? I replayed it over and over, with the same result. Suddenly a bear appeared. First it was a dark shadow and then it came into focus. I awoke from my semi-slumber. It had massive forearms and a chunky big body. He was a big bear! I thought to myself, take it easy, all bears look big, but as I looked at him longer I was certain that he was a shooter.

Since I was wearing Scentlok from head to foot, he seemed to sense something was wrong, but he was uncertain. (Note to future bear hunters – bears have a very poor sense of sight but an incredible sense of smell. Scentlok clothing, gloves, head cover, socks and scent free rubber boots are a must.) At first, he came toward my tree but decided it was nothing. He doubled back but continued toward the bait pile and was cautious but inquisitive.

I leveled the crosshairs of my Ruger Model 77 on his shoulder. The 7 x 57 Mauser hit him hard as I was only a few yards away. He ran up the hill toward the railroad and came to an out-of-control crash landing beside the tracks. I was elated when I saw the size of my bear, but remained quiet and hopeful, as Mike had yet to shoot.

Rollie and Jason, their son, came to help me with the bear but when they arrived we joked that they needed to trade in their old wheelbarrow on a new contractor model at the Home Depot. The bear body fit, but was hanging over so badly that it took all three of us to roll the bear down to the waiting boat. And then it took a feat of engineering to get the bear out of the boat and onto the dock at the lodge. We were lucky to have Jason's muscle in the camp, as he is a hard worker and recently worked on the oil rigs in Alberta.

As the third day passed, Mike tried a different stand but never did get a shot at a bear. Mike did the right thing and passed on the third day, when his heart sank as a sow with a cub ate casually at his bait pile.

One Final Note: Rollie and Linda donated a hunt this year to the SCI Lansing Chapter Fundraiser and offer a really good opportunity for black bears and for fishing. This year they hosted seven hunters and took five bears. People like Rollie and Linda help us to achieve our fundraising objective, so that we can fund many worthwhile projects. They can be called true humanitarians and conservationists. Oba Lake is a very beautiful place that everyone should experience at least once. I would strongly urge you to make the trip. With several black bears in my trophy room, I will have to go along next year as a fisherman (unless they have bears hitting every stand...and it is a bucky night).

they had lost our reservation, they were behind and if we sat down they might be able to get us out before dark. This was not what we wanted to hear. Across the lake we went to see Steve at Air Dale flying service, and we were in the air in 20 minutes.

Note to future hunters and fishermen - I had never been in to see Steve before, but from what I understand, he runs a first class operation with comfortable cabins and relatively low weekly rates. By the looks of the hundreds of photos at his seaplane base, his customers are very happy, catch lots of fish and are well cared for.

Mike and I landed and were on the docks at Oba Lake by one in the afternoon, chatting with Linda and Rollie. Mike chose his stand first and selected the spot by the bridge that had been getting hit every day by a huge bear. He had been spotted many times over the past couple of weeks and over the last two years. At one point, Linda photographed him at several hundred yards walking down the tracks. I chose second and picked the next closest stand to Mike. It was about 1,000 yards away, as I wanted to be able to hear if Mike shot. The first night, neither of us saw any action but I was certain that it was due to the commotion of setting up stands.

The next morning we decided to take a long walk up the railroad tracks that adjoined the lake. It is always a good spot for a chance encounter with a big bear eating the raspberries during the day. At one point, Mike and I had forgotten the bears and were stuffing ourselves with plump red raspberries, I looked up and whispered, "Bobcat!" (Later I learned that it was most likely a Canadian Lynx.) Anyway, a nice 40-pound cat crossed the railroad about 70 yards to our right. He was stalking something intently and paid us little attention.

A few minutes later Mike and I spotted a nice bear at least 400+ yards up the railroad tracks to the north. Mike and I carefully stalked up the side of the railroad in single file up against the vegetation, careful to not be seen by the bear that was closing the distance toward us. As he

FIFTH TIMES A CHARM

By Tom Nelson

Like the previous three days, today was cool by South African standards for mid July. Albeit, July is a winter month in the part of the southern hemisphere, normal temperatures should still be in the 70's for a high. However, we were encountering abnormally cool and windy conditions. Our PH (professional hunter) Craig Coppen stated, upon our arrival at his bowhunting only camp, that he had not seen a winter this cold in all his life.

Coppen's concession is located in the far northern part of the Limpopo province of South Africa. From our camp one could step into Botswana. Craig's area is the famous Kurumakititi wildlife reserve. The area has been a bowhunting only concession for some eight years now. Encompassing some 30,000 plus acres, the reserve has an abundance and variety of game (kudu, gemsbok, wildebeest, impala, hartebeest, etc.) and is frequently and affectionately called "Kuru." I had successfully hunted at "Kuru" in 2007, taking Kudu, zebra, hartebeest, impala and bushbuck. But, what I was really after and never had a chance at on the last trip was a big eland bull. I have hunted Africa four times in the past and have bowbagged a wide variety of game during those bowhunts, but a big eland bull had always eluded me. Now I was back with one African animal on my mind: eland.

The common eland, along with the giant or Lord Derby's eland, is the largest member of the antelope family. Older bulls have a large dewlap on their throat. They also develop a dark hair patch on their forehead. A large bull can easily tip the scales at over 1800 pounds. Tackling an eland with my bow would be no small challenge. I selected a BowTech Admiral for the task. Albeit, I can draw more bow weight, I settled on 63 pounds as I could easily draw it and shoot it comfortably, which in my opinion is crucial to success and accuracy. The Admiral also proved to be ultra quiet and very smooth to draw and shoot.

Zippering up my fleece jacket I wished I had brought a warmer coat. The afternoon was fading to evening and as the sun began to drop, so did the mercury. As I sat in my blind overlooking a small waterhole some 20 yards in front of me, I reflected on the past 3 days. To this point I had passed on shoots at zebra, warthog, waterbuck and not one but two mid 50 inch Kudu bulls. But I was waiting patiently for an eland. Right now nothing else would do. Craig told me to be patient and wait; eland will show up sooner or later. Eland do not have to drink everyday. Sometimes with the weather mild as it was, they only drink every 2-4 days. Well, it was day number 4 and in an hour or so, it too would be over.

Scanning the area before me through a peep hole

in the side of the blind, I spotted a warthog scurrying in for a drink. As I shifted position to watch him out the front of the blind, I was surprised to see a group of eland cows approaching from the opposite side of the blind. Quickly I grabbed my BowTech Admiral and readied myself. As the cows neared the waterhole I spied a young bull following the group of cows. As they all came to the waterhole they slowly began to drink the precious liquid. After several minutes I was convinced that this was it and there was no mature bull in the herd. Just then a big bull stepped from the dense bush to my right and slowly approached



the group gathered around the small waterhole. Step by agonizing step, he cautiously neared. Finally he was at the water's edge but was facing me straight on offering no ethical shot. For several moments he drank. Then one by one the others, having already drunk their fill, started to walk away. I gripped my bow tight and was ready with my release snapped to the bowstring. Then, with water spilling from his mouth, the bull stepped away from the water and turned to leave. As he turned, he stopped broadside at 25 yards and stared at the departing herd. At the same time I was at full draw, settling my sight pin low on the eland's boiler room. After I released the arrow, the bull exploded running straight away, then stopping some 60 or so yards away in the bush. I could see my arrow nock against his brownish grey hide. The shot looked excellent and blood was cascading from the wound. Then the bull took a step or two and disappeared into the dense bush. I knew he would not go far.

Later with Craig and the trackers we located the bull some 40 yards from where I had last seen him standing. My arrow had hit the bull perfectly, hitting him just behind the crease and slamming into the opposite shoulder, taking out both lungs. He was not only massive in size but he was also, at least in my eyes, beautiful. With long spiraled horns, my eland bull was truly a trophy worth waiting for.



Lansing Area Chapter Meeting Notice

White-tail Night and Christmas Party

DECEMBER 10, 2009

Eagle Eye Golf Resort, Upper Level, 15500 Chandler Rd. Bath

5:00 pm Registration & Deer Measuring & Social Hour

7:00 pm Dinner

8:00 pm Presentation by Dr. Russ Mason - Chief, Wildlife Division Michigan DNR

8:45 awards program for white-tailed deer night

There will be the special attraction of several local merchants with display booths for possible Christmas gift ideas and a small auction as well as the 50/50 raffle

WHITE-TAIL NIGHT



*Please come early so we can have measuring completed before dinner
And bring pictures of your deer for inclusion in awards night and the newsletter*

AWARDS

Awards will be given to hunters with the biggest bucks, which will include two awards for each of the following

Modern Firearm
Junior (17 or younger)
Archery
Crossbow

Estate
Woman
Muzzleloader
Out-of-state

TROPHY for the Over-all Largest Free-ranging Michigan Deer

GRAND DRAWING

Each SCI/LAC member entering a deer will be given one ticket for a drawing on the Grand prize of a \$250 Cabela's gift certificate. No tickets will be sold for this drawing – only one ticket will be issued per deer entered. All bucks presented for measuring and an award will be automatically entered. You will not need to bring in a doe head for entering; a picture will be sufficient. If you are unable to bring your 2009 buck for scoring (at the taxidermist, etc), you may bring a picture for entry into the grand drawing.

RULES FOR ENTRY FOR AWARDS

1. White-tailed antlered deer for all categories. No minimum size. To qualify, except for the Estate category, all bucks must have been free ranging. Also, with the exception of Out-of-State and Estate categories, all bucks must have been taken in Michigan.
2. Taken legally between December 12, 2008 and date of meeting.
3. May enter more than one deer; all entries must be legally taken.
4. Must be a member, or a spouse or child (17 years or younger) of a member, of Lansing Area Chapter, Safari Club International. (New members gladly accepted at registration of deer.)
5. Antlers and hunter must be present to win award. Antlers may be in any condition; i.e., finished shoulder mount, mounted on a plaque, or just fleshed out rack and skull plate (boiled clean). To show respect for the dignity and majesty of the animal taken, smelly or bloody racks will not be accepted.
6. May enter only personally harvested deer.

If you have any questions regarding this white-tailed deer contest, please feel free to call Dr. Ron Lanford at 517-278-5667

It is important to make your reservations as soon as possible. Glenn Belyea will need your reservation by DEC. 7, 2009 at the very latest. For more information, you may contact Glenn at 517-641-4224. Cash or checks will be accepted (no credit cards). You can email Glenn your intentions of coming at gm.belyea@verizon.net

Please return by **DEC. 7, 2009** to meet banquet facility deadline. Cancellations must be received by that date.

Please reserve _____ meal @ \$25 each (tax & tip included)

Accompanying spouse or youth meals @\$20 each please reserve _____ meals

Checks payable to: LAC/SCI \$ _____

Mail to: **Glenn Belyea**
8051 Clark Rd, Bath, MI 48808

Or e-mail Glenn at
gm.belyea@verizon.net

NAME: _____ PHONE: _____

NAME OF GUESTS _____



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LANSING AREA CHAPTER LIFE MEMBERSHIP NOW AVAILABLE

At our last meeting, your Lansing Area Chapter Board voted to make a **chapter life membership** position available to our members. To be eligible the member must first be a **national life member**. The cost was set at \$500, with a senior price for persons over 60 years old set at \$350.

If you are already a national life member and have an interest in a chapter life membership, feel free to contact me. Obviously you also have the option of becoming both a national and chapter life member at the same time.

Jim Leonard
517-323-3361

“Outdoor Adventures 2010”

The Lansing Area Chapter of SCI will again be sponsoring a two life-challenged young people at an “Outdoor Adventure” with the Tony Semple Foundation for Hope.

We are always seeking additional candidates. Please forward any candidates to a LAC/SC board member as soon as possible. For more information and applications please go to

www.tonysemplefoundation.org

or call

517 372-8300.



TONY SEMPLE
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