

April 2011



Lansing Area Chapter Safari Club International *Newsletter*

2011 LANSING AREA CHAPTER FUNDRAISER AN OVERWHELMING SUCCESS!

Each chapter of Safari Club International has an annual fundraiser, and you can be proud that the Lansing Area Chapter's event is one of the best in the nation! We have many loyal donors who have provided us with a wide variety of auction items over the years. We have an experienced, dedicated and efficient board of directors who run an excellent program, and we have the support of so many of our members who attend both Friday and Saturday nights and support the chapter with their bids on the silent and live auction, as well as their purchase of raffle tickets. And, of course, our bottom line is greatly enhanced by the generosity of Eagle Eye owner Daryl Kesler and his donation of the facility for several days each March.

Friday night's meal – a complete burger bar (there was even bacon!) and fish – was exceptionally good with homemade potato chips (or at least, they sure tasted homemade!). Everyone had the opportunity to visit with our exhibitors and enjoy a silent auction as well as a live auction. Saturday's event started earlier in the day, giving people more time for visiting exhibitors, perusing the silent auction items, and depositing raffle tickets in the various buckets. There were several 50-50s and other special events. Dinner was outstanding – beef and quail. The auction moved right along, thanks to Art Smith, was followed by the announcement of raffle winners, and we were finished by 9:30 p.m. – a Safari Club record!

Many thanks to ALL our donors, contributors, supporters, members and guests! Photos from the event are featured in this newsletter.



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President's Message

by Ron Lanford

Hey Everybody,
As you've seen throughout this= newsletter, we had another great banquet. I hope that all who attended had a fantastic time and were able to get

whichever items they wanted. I wish to thank all of the board members and other volunteers for their help in making this a success. Bruce Caltrider told me that being the fundraiser chair this year was quite easy. Of course, most of the areas were handled by people who have directed them before, and everything flowed smoothly. I especially want to thank each of the donors, whether they gave ammo boxes, African safaris, trophy rabbit hunts, or trophy brown bear hunts. Your support of our chapter is greatly appreciated.

Believe it or not, I'm getting excited: not only because I bought a whitetail buck hunt donated from Muy Grande that I plan to take my grandson on, but I went walking around on my property. I'm fortunate to have a couple of parcels of hunting land, and we're working at turning them into big buck havens. The last time I was at one of the properties we call the pit; I could see 300-400 yards across the woods easily because of the lack of undergrowth. The deer I saw there were traveling through and didn't linger long, especially during hunting season. Since then we've had a lot of the timber taken off, not just the big logs, but almost everything over 12" was whacked if it doesn't drop food



onto the ground. I jumped about a dozen deer in various places while I was walking. They were lying in the downed tops and didn't run far when I kicked them up. The best part is that this is only the beginning. As the brush starts growing with the sunlight that's finally hitting the forest floor, the habitat will only get better and better. Add in the food plots that we're putting in and, within a few years, we should be able to have some fantastic deer available. I have no doubts that the improved habitat at the pit is also going to be beneficial for rabbits, turkeys, and other critters.

Isn't it amazing that we're the ones that put the effort and money into conserving and growing healthy populations of wildlife? I've had the honor of being named sub-chair for the Asian subcommittee of the SCIF Conservation Committee. We just had our planning meeting and allocated hundreds of thousands of dollars

to wildlife conservation projects around the world. A federal excise tax on all sporting arms and ammunition sold in the US is given to the states for management and restoration of wildlife through the Pittman-Robertson Act. Who else pays for wildlife conservation? Do the anti-hunters with the great sounding names like Defenders of Wildlife, World Wildlife Fund, and others? No.

The Fish & Wildlife Service has just announced a 90-day finding for listing Peary Caribou and two smaller populations of Barren-Ground as endangered or threatened. They based this on a petition from the International Fund for Animal Welfare stating that global warming might cause more snow and ice storms that could cause mass starvation. The caribou herds had gone through a couple of massive die offs due to severe ice storms in the last century and, because it might happen again, we shouldn't be allowed to touch the sustainable populations that are there now. Of course, the global warming, that isn't really happening, could cause less snow and ice, but we should still put them on the endangered species list. The well funded IFAW also said that there could be a melting of the sea ice where the caribou are found which would allow large ships to use the waters and the ships would run over the swimming caribou. The F&W service felt that this wasn't very valid though. Imagine that! Of course, once listed, you better not count on them being delisted. Just ask the wolves. We have to fight this insanity with everything we can, and remember which politicians have supported and appointed the people in charge.

Try to get out there and enjoy the outdoors.

Ron

EDITOR'S COMMENTS

Thanks to all of you who have sent in articles and photographs. For the first time ever, I have a few stories reserved for the next newsletter. However, I still need more. So please keep them coming! Email is the best: sallyellis47@yahoo.com. Or you can mail them to me at 7529 Roxborough Lane, Grand Ledge, MI 48823.









A Sales Meeting for a Vancouver Island Black Bear

By Dan Flavin

It's tough to get away these days and frustrating when wives agree but clients push you to keep working as they seldom understand taking time to hunt. So, my friend Kevin and I reserved our hunt dates with our clients as another client's "sales meeting." Thus, it appeared we were working so all of our clients left us alone for a week, sort of.

Kevin is a good friend and a special hunting buddy (new



chapter member, too) as he introduced me to bow hunting years ago after I moved back to Michigan from Colorado to work in a family business. Kevin and I departed for Vancouver Island on May 31st. We were hunting for 5 days, if needed. Our outfitter was Sean Lingl and his team of superb guides at Canadian Guide Outfitters. Sean spent 15+ years with Jim Shockey and took over a large track outside of Port Alberni, Vancouver Island with huge bears. Sean and his guides can cover a lot of ground as they use both pick-ups and ATVs. My guide was Ryan Hartling, a young man age 30 who has already spent a lifetime of guiding and hunting in the Yukon and beyond. He has guided book caribou, sheep, grizzly and moose. Kevin was guided by 28 year old Oli Oleson, an NHL potential until he was in an airplane crash with friends. The pilot died and although Oli survived and is in great shape, he is no longer able to play competitive hockey. He is a great guy to be around and you'd never know if he hadn't shared the story. These guys are real seasoned guides that work well together and they consider it a personal success when their hunters take big boars. To date this season all their hunters had taken

big bears and we definitely didn't want to mess that up.

The lodging was top notch. There were two other hunters in camp and we each had our own room with full bath and cable TV. They also had wireless service in the lodge, no additional cost.

Day 1, one of the other hunters tagged out on a tremendous boar that was in the rut and was chasing a sow. My hunting buddy, Kevin, tagged out on Day 2. He had wanted to harvest his boar with his bow, which is very doable. However, Kevin also had Ken Johnston's Ultimate Muzzleloader and the guide's rifle. Kevin and Oli saw the big boar standing and snapping off a 5 inch alder tree top.

So they stopped the ATV to get set. The bear was coming down the road foaming at the mouth fresh from hibernation as we later learned by seeing all the hair between his toes. (We were told that bears just out of hibernation haven't worn this hair down yet.) Kevin and Oli climbed above the road to prepare for the big boar which was now within 200 yards. They were discussing the angle of the shot he'd need to take with his bow. Kevin has harvested caribou, moose, elk and multiple white-tailed deer with his bow, so an angled shot wasn't an unreasonable consideration. However, these bears are big and the rain forest cedars are steep and deep with no option of retrieval

if a bear runs far into the rain forest. At 45 yards the bear stopped and turned broadside and the Ultimate Muzzleloader performed perfectly dropping the bear within 25 yards. Although the guides really prefer that hunters use big bore rifles, .30 caliber minimum, and usually multiple shots are needed, Oli was convinced the Ultimate means business. Sean Lingl commented on the Ultimate Muzzleloader too as he was with us during our Day 1 rifle check before hunting. It hit just inside the other hunter's .340 rifle shot and it was easy to see the .50 caliber hole the 275 grain Whitetail Fury makes on paper. I was using 3 Triple Seven Magnum Hodgdon pellets.

So, with Kevin and the other hunter in camp tagged out, I headed into Day 3 with Scott, the fourth hunter in camp. Scott was hunting with Sean Lingl and a camera guy, Lance. Ryan, my guide, has guided with Sean for four years on the island and he felt sure we would get a big boar but we just might have to work harder than the others. We were seeing bears, just not big bears that stayed still. Day 3 ended with an attempt at a big boar high in the slash (slang for clear cut) that was hassling a sow and her cubs. We just couldn't connect as the road was

washed out and we ran out of light. It rained every day, a lot. Day 4 was greeted with rain and the idea that Day 5 still existed. This was one of my first bigger and more costly hunts. The idea of not getting a big bear was inconceivable though, as the guides were good and confident in their abilities despite



a colder and wetter spring than normal. They kept my spirits high with their hard work and we were seeing bears. (I saw 298 total bears on my hunt, more than in all my lifetime.) Oli and Kevin headed out to a spot where I had made two attempts on a dandy of a bear that Ryan had been watching on the 2nd day which we lost twice in the slash and timber. The weather was also socked in at that elevation so you only had slight glimpses here and there. They were going to watch there and let us know if he showed.

Ryan and I headed to a spot we called China. It was an ATV area. We saw tons of big bear sign and then at one moment in the slash we both saw a pumpkin sized head that instantly disappeared. Unfortunately, although I attempted to get ready using the ATV as a solid rest, the slash was an older growth and the bear never showed vitals. We moved on slightly disappointed but remaining optimistic as we had a day and a half now left to hunt. After a quick work related call, we were back to hunting for the prime time of the bear hunting day, 4pm – 9pm/dark. We explored a lot of new areas and we were thinking of heading back to China for a chance at that huge bear we encountered earlier when Sean Lingl called on the CB radio. Sean said they had a boar down and that another big boar had just moved into the slash across from them. This boar had just finished with a sow and was chasing two cubs. Ryan answered, “15 minutes,” and the hunt was on. While Ryan was making good time, I began to prepare mentally. I didn’t want to think that boar would still be there, as there was a lot more likelihood he wouldn’t still be there, and then I would face being the only guy in camp headed into Day 5. I wanted to

be able to maintain my emotions if the boar indeed had moved off. But I now had an opportunity. At about five minutes away, Sean radioed that the big boar was still there. I removed my Zeiss 10x42 binoculars and put them on the dash. Ryan just smiled as we both knew this bear was a shooter from the way

Sean was describing him over the radio. On arrival, we quickly gave Scott the “congrats” he had earned with the shooting of his boar about an hour earlier. We then began to get wired for Lance, the videographer, who was filming the hunts for Sean. Lance has filmed for Bucks of Tecomate, World of Beretta and many other outdoor programs produced by Orion Multimedia, so we had no problem doing this quickly. After a silent ••• mile stalk maintaining good wind, we finally saw the top of the back of the bear. He was indeed a big boar and I could only see his back as I set up my muzzleloader on my shooting sticks. The boar was about 90 yards away slightly uphill making it tough to see any vitals. Watching the wind, we settled and began to discuss moving closer and more to the left for a better angle. We had no idea he was lying down just off the road. Lance, the videographer, could

see this as he was viewing the bear from the tripod which is slightly higher than we were with the shooting sticks. In fact, we thought the bear was in a depression in the slash just off the road. While Ryan and I watched the bear and discussed moving over, the big boar that had been lying down broadside threw his head up in the air and began to stand up. He had winded us. He was on all fours in an instant and he turned 180 degrees and began to trot off. He was now standing broadside with a slightly quartering away shot when I pulled the trigger. The shot was perfect although my guide took off running with his .300 win mag. He had said earlier he might need to do this with these big bears. Ryan ran all the way there to find the big boar down 15 yards away from the point of the shot. We shot both of the 7 ft. boars on Day 4 within two hours of each



other. This should be a true testament to Sean Lingl and how he outfits. All the guides and hunters hunt until 100% success has been had in camp.

He has 30 years of guiding experience and knows exactly what it feels like to be the last hunter/guide combo in camp. He’s been there. He continued hunting although his hunter had already tagged out and helped provide me and my

guide, Ryan, with the opportunity to take my Vancouver Island black bear. I have no doubt by end of Day 5 Ryan and I would have had my big boar, but the dinner and drinks that night tasted sweeter after tagging out that evening with my great coastal black bear.

Moose Hunting in “The Last Frontier”

By Robbie Atkinson



Well, our hunting journey started out in Grand Rapids, MI where we boarded a jet and headed to Chignik Lake, AK. With each stop the plane got smaller and smaller.

By the time we reached our destination it felt like we were riding in a match box with wings and a propeller that we worked with our feet. Good thing my wife Robin had her Dramamine.

Once we arrived in the village of Chignik we were greeted by our guide and good friend Ron Lind along with his four legged helper named Jumper which performed the duties of bear watch dog. After dropping off our gear we took a quick ride back to the airstrip to sight in our rifles. Once we had them sighted in, we loaded our gear in the boats and headed out to find Mr. Bullwinkle and his sidekick Big Horn. The ride out to the cabin was great, because we were able to see a lot of brown bear and bald eagles along the river feasting on the salmon. Once we arrived at the cabin an unpacked our gear that is when my lovely wife realized that I kind of stretched the truth about the cabin

having running water. Well, it was running just not in the cabin. Besides it gave us exercise dipping and carrying the water back to the cabin, but it was true glacier water that tasted better than any bottled water back home. So my wife volunteered to go and get the water while I unpacked and set up the rest of our hunting gear. She returned quickly and handed me the empty bucket and said “There is a bear just outside the door by the stream.” It was a small 6 foot brown bear. Needless to say, my wife turned over the duties of bringing in the water and told me that she would watch over me from the balcony with her rifle. Somehow the combination of bear, wife with rifle and saying it is a good thing I updated your life insurance wasn’t a good thought. The cabin was nice -- it even had a new out house (Double bonus), but without a door.

After playing with Yogi and bringing up the water we were ready to go scouting for moose. The first evening we saw a couple of nice bulls, but it was too late to make a good stalk on them. The next couple of days we woke up early to the smell of bacon, pancakes and the excitement of the chance of shooting a couple of big moose. On the third day of climbing the never-ending hill which gave the true meaning to the old saying “I had

to go up hill both ways,” the only thing missing was the waist-high snow but we had boots on. As we climbed to the top, Tom, who was our cook, informed us of two bulls that he had spotted. After sizing them up in the spotting scope we decided to put a stalk on them. We started the stalk at 10:30am and, after playing cat and mouse with the bigger of the two bulls, my wife was able to take her first shot at 1:45pm. The first shot rang out and hit the bull hard, but the bull didn’t go down, so she shot again and with a





the front of the boat with my rifle. The bull crossed the river in front of us, and that is when Ellia told me to shoot once the boat stopped moving. The boat stopped, I took a running shot and the moose hit the ground. No second shot for me, hun. Yep, it couldn't have been any easier, because my moose lay only about 10 feet from the edge of the river.

Of course that meant that, as the guys cut up the moose, I could do some fishing.

What could be any better than hunting with my lovely wife, having a trophy bull on the ground, and catching salmon all at the same time? Yes, I would have to say this was a very successful and

mighty crash the bull hit the ground and now the work began.

It took an additional four hours of cutting and packing the moose back to the boats. With one moose down it was my turn to shoot which didn't take long. Two days later we were heading back from Ron's place where we were able to get a good night rest and take a shower. The shower must have worked, because as we rounded the last bend in the river before reaching the cabin, Ellia, our other guide, yelled out, "Moose!" I looked up and on the river bank stood a nice bull. As the bull started to turn and run up the river, I jumped up to



rewarding hunt in many different ways. Even though my wife's moose was bigger, mine went down in one shot. We owe it all to Ron Lind, Tom our cook, and Ellia of BearSkin Creek Guiding Service for being very patient and willing to help us through every step of the hunt from the planning stage to the hunt. I also would like to give special thanks to our good friend Jim Wisner for recommending Ron Lind to us. So if you are looking for a chance to hunt a trophy moose or a world class brown bear, you need to book with Ron Lind at BearSkin Creek Guiding Service. You can reach Ron Lind at clamskin.taylor@hotmail.com or (907) 845-2255.

Florida Hog Hunting

By Jim Ellis

When the Michigan fall hunting season has ended and we have celebrated the Christmas Holidays with the grandchildren, it is time to load up our motorhome and head



for Florida. For the last several years we have been fortunate to load up the Big Bus and head to Port Charlotte, Florida for several months.

Wild feral hogs have become a real nuisance throughout rural Florida. At Riverside RV Resort, where we stay, the hogs have become such a problem that the landowners have begun trapping them. Last year nearly 50 were trapped and relocated to other areas. Unfortunately, the resort will not allow Sally and me to “help” with the removal.



One of our neighbors at the resort this past winter let me know of a large vegetable farm near Okeechobee that runs feral hog hunts. A few phone calls and a few days later we loaded the car with our muzzleloader and my crossbow and headed for Out West Farms, Okeechobee, Florida. An hour or so later we arrived, met our guide Scooter, and made plans for the hunt. We soon learned that the pigs in the area were quite wild; Scooter told us that once we located hogs, they would not just stand around. So, considering the crossbow, he suggested we hunt from a swamp buggy and use one of his dogs to bay the hogs.

Sally and I climbed the ladder to our seats, Scooter handed up equipment and we were off in search of pigs. We weren't out more than a few minutes when we received a call on the two way radio from another group of hunters that three hogs had been spotted running in our direction. A few minutes later we spotted the three running along a fence line away from us. Scooter began the chase after the pigs. The three of them ran into some palmettos where they stopped. Sally readied the muzzleloader as we approached the pigs hidden in the brush. As we came to within 50 or 60 yards, one of the pigs darted out into the open and began angling away from us. Just as I said, “Wait until he stops,” and Scooter said, “He isn't ever going to stop!” the muzzleloader in Sally's hand erupted. As the smoke

cleared there lay a nice meat hog. Scooter and I were, to say the least, really impressed with Sally's marksmanship. Sixty yards on the run! *[Editor's comment: I told Scooter before we started that I had never fired the muzzleloader, but don't all guns work the same way? Did he roll his eyes at the “lady hunter” or was that my imagination? Anyway, he was genuinely pleased with my shot.]*

Just as we were congratulating Sally the other two hogs took off across the open pasture toward a swampy area, and we gave chase in the swamp buggy. After a short chase we stopped and Scooter climbed down the front of the swamp buggy and released one of the dogs from the kennel under the buggy. Like the preverbal scalded dog he gave chase to the other two pigs. In no time he had the two bayed up in a palmetto bush. Scooter brought the swamp buggy to within 30 yards for a shot with my crossbow.

Scooter said, “Make sure you don't shoot the dog.” I waited a few minutes for a broadside shot. At one point one of the pigs backed out of the palmetto while looking at the howling hound and presented a perfect shot. I let the bolt fly. The T-loc fixed broad head created a clean pass through and our second pig was down.

At that point the remaining hog took off but was shortly run down and bayed up by our hound. We moved the buggy into position; I re-cocked the crossbow and fired, harvesting our third hog. Three pigs, three shots, in about an hour and a half! Our first Florida swamp buggy hunt was concluded.

We took pictures, loaded up our pigs and headed back to headquarters. Scooter skinned and quartered the pigs, we loaded them into the car, and were off for the ride back to the resort.

As a post script to our hunt, once back at the resort we borrowed five roasters from the resort's kitchen to cook the pigs. The pork cooked slowly for several hours, we deboned and defatted the meat, and it cooked some more. We then invited about 30 of our neighbors to a “pig party” where we served BBQ pulled pork and Jamaican Jerk. Sally and I hope to do the state of Florida a favor and take a few pigs next year when we are down for the winter.

[Another comment by your editor: Every year we have a wild game dinner for our Florida friends and neighbors. I'll never forget a number of years back when we served musk ox. One of the neighbors didn't come . . . she had never heard of musk ox and thought we were serving muskrat! Hahaha!]



BIGHORN SHEEP HUNT 2010 – Boulder Basin Outfitting

By Jim Sloat

In the spring of 2010 I purchased this bighorn sheep hunt at the Lansing Chapter of Safari Club International banquet for



the fall of 2010. The opportunity to hunt a Rocky Mountain Bighorn was absolutely exciting, and I just couldn't wait.



Upon my arrival to Edmonton I was met by Ryan Kristoff, owner and outfitter of Boulder Basic Outfitting. We went to purchase my license and tag at the local store, and then it was on to Ryan's home where I was going to stay before going to the main camp. We checked my rifle to make sure it was on, and it was. It had made the trip thus far with no issues.

There was a light rain the next morning when we left for the main camp. It was about a one-hour ride, and we took six horses with us. In the main camp we had lunch and packed up the horses for a two-hour ride into the spike camp. Camp was very comfortable and well taken care of. They had a good corral for the horses and, unlike other camps I have been in, we wouldn't have to look for the horses in the morning! What a convenience. Camp had a nice mountain creek and it was apparent that it had quite a few trout.

The first day we were up at 5 a.m., and we had a nice breakfast. One of the guides, Chris, was an excellent cook, and we were

on our way up the mountain by 6 a.m. Riding the horses made the going rather nice, and we were on top of the mountain by first light. Overnight it snowed a bit, about 1" – 2" on top. This was not good for glassing, as the snow started turning into fog. We had good weather for 2-3 hours in the mornings, and then it would transition into either fog or snow. This trend continued for the first 4-5 days. We were seeing sheep, but they just weren't quite big enough – very, very close, but just not legal. After getting a good look at the sheep in this area, we decided to change camps. That took most of one day.

It was like the rain just kept following us – it went where we went. On our way to the other camp we got surprised when all of a sudden there was a grizzly bear – right there in front of us – standing upright on its hind legs! Ryan started yelling at it, and it came down on all fours. We then realized it was a sow and her three mature cubs. After diverting this disaster, we continued on our way. Once we got to where we were going to make camp, we organized our gear and got ready for the next day, hoping the weather would break.

The next day found us looking in a different basin. It looked like it was going to be a nice day. We spotted a nice sheep that was legal, but we couldn't get to him from where we were. We went to a different basin the following day and saw well over 20 sheep before the fog set in. The next four days were spent in this camp, but the weather remained dismal. On the last day we gave it one final go, and were up on top of the mountain before daylight. Unfortunately, about three hours later the fog set in yet again. We still saw about 30 sheep, but the fog just kept messing things up. There were sheep there, and it was very evident that Ryan sure did know where to find them, but you can't hunt in fog. Weather is just one thing that we hunters can't control.

I am looking forward to a chance to go back hunting with Ryan for a bighorn again sometime soon. Ryan also offers hunting for deer, bear, moose, and wolf and can be contacted to:

Boulder Basic Outfitting (Ryan Kristoff)
RR1, Site 13, Box 17
Rocky Mountain House, AB T41 2A1
Home: (403) 844-8533
Cell: (403) 895-2235

Good luck hunting!





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Calendar

May 18, 2011
Board Meeting

June 9, 2011
Chapter Meeting
Eagle Eye

July 20, 2011
Board Meeting

August 11, 2011(Tentative)
Chapter Picnic
Capital Area Sportsman's Club

September 21, 2011
Board Meeting

October 13, 2011
Chapter Meeting
Eagle Eye

November 9, 2011
Board Meeting

December 15, 2011
Whitetail Night
Eagle Eye Upper Level

January 4, 2012
Board Meeting

February 1, 2012
Board Meeting

February 9, 2012
Chapter Meeting
Eagle Eye

March 7, 2012
Board Meeting

March 23, 2012
Outfitter Night
Eagle Eye

March 24, 2012
Fundraiser Banquet
Eagle Eye

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