

August 2013



Lansing Area Chapter Safari Club International Newsletter

“Like a ripple that becomes a tidal wave”

by Kelly Shaltry

Safari Club International has always been “First for Hunters”. Through fundraising efforts and the strategic use of funds for programs like the National Archery in the Schools (NASP) Program, Safari Club International should be known as “First for Kids!”

In August 2012, some teachers from Grand Ledge were sent to the American Wilderness Leadership School (AWLS) in Wyoming sponsored by the SCI Lansing Chapter. In sending these young impressionable teachers, they really started something that will see having effects for a long time. The Grand Ledge Archery Program started in late October of 2012 and in a few months time, there have been over 80 kids at the high school impacted by the program. Some were able to experience successful archery for the first time, while others found a greater connection to the school and community that never existed before. In a few short months, there were over 32,000 arrows fired in the new Grand Ledge High School archery range that was put together to increase awareness of archery and other outdoor sports.

In a few short months, the Grand Ledge High School Archery Team qualified 4th in the state and made it to the Nationals in Louisville, Kentucky. Once again, Safari Club Lansing Chapter stepped in and helped the team get to the Nationals. Through the chapter’s generous support, 23 kids from Grand Ledge High School went to the Nationals and were part of the group of archers that set the Guinness World Record for the largest sporting event in the world with 9,872 archers competing over the weekend. This was an amazing event for the archers and coaches. Some of these kids had never been out of the State of Michigan, but were competing with some of the best archers in the country.

At the Nationals, the Grand Ledge Team scored 3097 out of a possible 3600. At the Kentucky Expo Center with over 500 archers shooting at the same time, this was quite a feat in an extremely intimidating environment. What an experience!

After coming home from Kentucky and finishing

out the practice season, the team is getting ready to start up the summer recreation season with an archery program to introduce more young people to the sport. Through the Grand Ledge City recreation league and two more summer camps for kids, the Grand Ledge Archery Program will introduce even more kids to a growing sport while expanding the program into next year. There are five seniors from Grand Ledge that will be going to college at LCC and MSU this fall that will be checking out the possibility of joining the MSU Competitive archery Program as well.



Two more teachers will be attending the AWLS program this summer and will be coaching an expanded Middle/Elementary school program this fall. There has been talk of expansion of the NASP program into the Portland and Charlotte schools as well as an expansion into three or more elementary schools in the Grand Ledge School District in the next year. In the next few years, every kid in the Grand Ledge School District will get several chances to be exposed to the outdoors and archery. This will get more kids outside and a greater number of them will take it to the next level with bow hunting as well as a continuation of target shooting throughout the area.

Simply because of the generous support of the Safari Club International Lansing Chapter, a ripple in a small town is well on its way to becoming a tidal wave. The Grand Ledge Archery Program cannot possibly put into words how much we could possibly thank you for all of your support, but will show you the effects in the next few years with the lives that will be touched by the sport of archery and by all of you. Thank you from the bottom of our hearts for everything that you have done and continue to do.

www.scilansing.com

President's Message

Greetings:

Being Positive.

With all the negative news that comes to us on a daily basis we need to look at the bright side of our life and for me that is hunting. Hunting is one of my most favorite things to do. What better way to have a positive view then to look forward to the coming hunting season. Whether you enjoy hunting birds, big game and any of the many other types of hunting; they all can have a positive effect on life.

The first thing we do is get out our favorite gun or bow and recall all the memories that they have provided for us so far and the memories yet to come. We find our great pair of boots and hunting clothes and pack them for our trip as we have done so many times before. The anticipation of the hunt is such a big part of the hunt itself!

We are so fortunate to be able to enjoy our love of hunting. On your next hunt, stop and take a breath and thank the men and women that put their life on the line for us so we may have the freedom in life to do what we love best; to hunt.

Life is all about making memories and being with good friends.

Happy hunting!

Dallas English

President - Lansing Area Chapter

CHAPTER RECORD BOOK

The chapter Record Book is divided into three sections--- Africa, North America, and Rest of the World and Turkeys. One of these three sections is revised each year on a rotating basis. In 2013 we will revise the North America section. The deadline for each year's entries is September 1 of that year, but entries can be submitted for any section at any time. We encourage all chapter members to participate. It is a tribute to the animal taken as well as the hunter to be included in our record book. There is no minimum score. Send your SCI scoring forms to Glenn Belyea, 8051 Clark Road, Bath, MI 48808. If your trophies have not been scored, contact one of our chapter measurers listed below. Participate, join in the fun, and enter your animals in our chapter record book.

Tom Belloli	Official Measurer	517-339-1052	Haslet
Glenn Belyea	Official Measurer	517-641-4224	Bath
Terry Braden	Master Measurer	517-655-4157	Williamston
Jim Houthoofd	Official Measurer	517-339-6842	Haslett
Ken Johnston	Master Measurer	517-349-2976	Okemos
Ron Lanford	Master Measurer	517-278-5667	Coldwater
Jim Leonard	Official Measurer	517-323-3361	Lansing
Mike Leonard	Official Measurer	734-231-3226	Dexter
John Murray	Official Measurer	517-627-2147	Grand Ledge
Charles Rogers	Official Measurer	517-414-6050	Jackson
Lynn Rogers	Official Measurer	517-879-9899	Jackson
Tim Torpey	Official Measurer	989-382-7089	Barrington

LAC/SCI Member Dies

David A. Whitcomb, 73, passed away July 22, 2013 in Charlotte, MI. He was born July 7, 1940 in Byron Center, MI, son of Edwin and Florence (Orlik) Whitcomb. Dave was extremely hard working. As owner of Whitcomb Realty Dave conducted business with the highest of integrity. He loved fishing and spending time with his family. He was a member of SCI; an avid sportsman, hunter and enjoyed playing cards. Survivors include his daughters: Debra Tarrant, Cindy (Dwight) Crowner and Tammy Whitcomb; son Eddie (Renee) Whitcomb; stepdaughters Peggy (Nathan) Foote and Kimberly Whitcomb; 16 grandchildren, 9 great grandchildren, and 5 sisters. He was predeceased by his wife of 31 years, Joan, step daughter Linda Cheplick, two granddaughters, Carly and Casey Foote.

A donation will be given to the SCI Foundation in his memory by the Lansing Safari Club.

**Please send your
photographs, hunting
stories,
fishing tales, comments, etc.
to either**

Dallas English

(dallas51@hotmail.com);

Jim Houthoofd

(jhouthoofd@neogen.com);

or Mary Browning

(LTC05@sbcglobal.net)

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April 16, 2013

Dallas Emmett English, President
Lansing Area Chapter
PO Box 351
Fowlerville, MI 48836-0351

Dear Mr. English:

Thank you for your generous donation to the **African Lion Defense Fund**. Your gift of \$2,500 was received on April 16, 2013. Your donation will help SCI Foundation fight the listing of the African Lion to the endangered species list. Rest assured we will do everything possible to conserve African lions and ensure your right to hunt these majestic predators. Frequent progress updates will share how your donation is being spent to save lions and lion hunting.

We will focus on:

- **Science-Based Conservation:** Research, Management, and Human/Lion Conflict Mitigation.
- Coordinate the **African Consultative Wildlife Forum** this fall to meet with lion range states wildlife and governmental officials to help countries with best practices to maintain lion hunting and push for strong **Anti-Poaching** efforts.
- **Outreach and Education** to key targeted audiences.
- **Fight the Anti-Hunting groups!**

SCI Foundation has not provided you with any goods or services in exchange for this contribution. Please retain this document for your records. It is an important document necessary for any available federal income tax deduction for this contribution.

From the staff and leadership of SCI Foundation, I would like to say a heartfelt thank you for your belief in our mission and your willingness to contribute to the preservation of our hunting tradition.

Sincerely,

Joseph H. Hosmer
President
SCI Foundation

Safari Club International Foundation is a 501(c) (3) charitable organization that funds and manages worldwide programs dedicated to wildlife conservation, outdoor education and humanitarian services. All donations to SCI Foundation are tax-deductible to the full extent of the law. EIN number 86-0292099.

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WINGSHOOTING AND SO MUCH MORE

By DON INMAN

Cordoba Province, Argentina, is indisputably the wing shooting capital of the world; and Sierra Brava is located right in the heart of it. My wife Virginia Pierce and I had been ready to return there for our fourth trip in a decade with Juan Jose Sala for some time, but back problems had delayed the trip. Finally, March 2013 was arranged, with our friends and part time neighbors Rich and Cookie Wimmer accompanying us. Schedules were arranged, airline tickets were purchased, itineraries agreed upon, and we were ready to go.

We were met at the airport after a twelve hour trip from Miami by Juan Jose (JJ), who was the same wonderful host we remembered from our previous trips. We were taken to the Sierra Brava Lodge to unwind, drink the wonderful Malbec wines, and eat a fine repast of superb Argentine beef, a dove stew, and several accompanying sides, followed by their famous Dulce de Leche dessert.

The next morning began what could be called a wing shooter's athletic event. We were in a field loaded with eared doves (similar to our mourning dove), situated not far from the Lodge, each with our bird boys, 20 gauge Berettas, coolers with cold drinks, and many boxes of number 7½ shells. The bird boys were extremely fast and proficient at loading the shells as the Berettas were emptied time after time. They also had a small counting device which helped them tally each hit. A difficult hit was often accompanied by a resounding "si". As we became more familiar with them, they would sometimes utter a "nada" after a clean miss. After a couple of hours, we were done for the morning.

Following a sumptuous lunch and nap, we went to another field which intercepted doves en route to a cattle feed lot. Thousands of doves crossed our paths, many of which we shot, and many more of which flew on in spite of our efforts. After each return from the field, we were greeted with wet towels to clean dust and perhaps a bit of gunpowder from our faces and hands. After the second day of shooting doves in different fields, and more of the wonderful wine and food, we were treated to an excellent musical duo who played drums, flute, charango (a ukulele-like string instrument with an armadillo shell back), guitar and harmonica. Then the whole staff of Sierra Brava in comic finery gave us awards for our dove numbers. Virginia and I each shot over 1000 in one day, and our friend Rich, new to Argentina, shot 2000, which I had done on a previous trip. It seemed like a lot at the time, but the record at Sierra Brava is over 12,000 in one day. The two Texans who did this must have hamburger shoulders. After the festivities, we retired to our rooms for a well-deserved rest.

The following day we flew to Buenos Aires to see the city, buy some uniquely Argentine mementos, and see a tango show. What can be said about the tango that hasn't been said before? It is romantically sensuous. It is torrid

and steamy. It is a beautiful expression of an athletic form of art. It is usually accompanied by a live orchestra with piano, accordion, and occasionally a charango. Originally, it was a dance for tired dock workers (only men). Then the ladies of the night were integrated into the dance, and this wonderful mix of music, gymnastics, and flirtation evolved. Eventually, the tango became a favorite of all classes, and moved beyond the borders of Argentina to become familiar throughout the world. The double-jointed leg movements are mesmerizing; and if this Buenos Aires treat is not on your bucket list, I urge you to add it.

At the end of two full days and three nights in Buenos Aires, we returned to Cordoba for two days of pigeon shooting. For this, we travelled to Paloma Brava, the sister lodge to Sierra Brava, where the pigeons are plentiful. They resemble our barn pigeons, but are a single set of wild genetics, so all are grey with white wing spots. They are particularly fond of the olive groves covering hundreds of acres in the area. This is a drier area than the dove lodge, so the olive trees are irrigated. At one point my bird boy Walter, who is a 30 year veteran, said "do not shoot low....SSSSSS". I knew immediately that he was concerned about the plastic tubing in the irrigation system. It was a perfect way to communicate, for two people who each have only a basic understanding of each other's language.

The pigeon limit is 100 in the morning and 100 in the afternoon, which we did without any trouble. Our shoulders were still a little sore from our dove shoots, even though the Berettas were easier on us than any other shotgun I've ever handled. So we were not disappointed when we hit our hundred and were off to the lodge for drinks, snacks and easy conversation with our friends JJ and Topo, and the very professional staff at the lodge. Both JJ and his partner Topo speak excellent English, so we had few opportunities to practice our very limited Spanish. I should tell you about Topo. Topo is a lovable character who used to do all the cooking in the early days of Sierra Brava. He has now written a cook book geared to the guests at Sierra Brava. It captures his love of life and amazing Argentine cooking style which somehow makes everything taste better. He was nicknamed Topo by his partner JJ several years ago, equally as a joke and a gesture of affection. A topo in Argentina is a small mammal who travels along the roads eating everything in sight. The nickname stuck.

At the end of our second day of pigeon hunting, we were happy and tired, and not looking forward to the long flight home. But to paraphrase a favorite saying of my father-in-law, "You know you've had a good time when your shell bill costs more than your airfare".

We will be back to Sierra Brava, a place that is more than wing shooting. It's a place to enjoy the people, the culture, the birds, the wine, the beef and the view of the Sierra Chicas, the low mountain chain east of the Andes with our adopted family at Sierra Brava.

Two Turkey Stories...

It was a bucky night!

By: Jim Houthoofd

Without much fanfare, I called Dan Taylor to talk about a spring turkey hunt. "Save a big old Tom for me", I said. "I've got the late season tag, because I'm headed down to Texas to hunt with Bill Figge". I hope that I didn't leave a poor impression, but I'm sure Dan felt like a second fiddle in a two fiddle band.

Needless to say, it was another bucky night in Texas as Dave Ratliff and I went for a long weekend in



D'Hanis Texas, with our guide and friend, Bill Figge. Bill and his wife Romy, run a really nice ranch with great hunting opportunities, comfortable accommodations and incredible meals. (I'm still trying to lose the weight I gained on the trip, even though we spent lots of time walking).

The weather had been a little cool, so the timing was a little off. Bill informed me that the turkeys had not been vocal yet, but we would get a turkey, one way or another. Dave was here for an extra-large blackbuck and several of the other animals that Bill had on his ranch. (Note to future hunters -If nothing else you should go there to get a blackbuck. Bill has some of the biggest blackbuck that I have ever seen.)

The first day of turkey hunting we saw a few hens but had difficulty in locating the big old toms that "were always hanging around". On day two of my three day hunt, we were out nice and early to set up on some roosted birds, but when they flew down in the other direction, we were in disbelief. We tried a few more set ups and called to them to no avail.

Near 10 or 11 am or so we decided to try some shoe leather. We called and walked and called and walked some more. At one point, Bill stopped in his tracks and said, "See the one there? By the trees?" - as he looked through his binoculars. I shrugged my shoulders and said - "Nope". Bill whispered - "Get your gun up - He's at 10 yards, right ahead, trying to hide in the weeds." I got

my gun up, but all I saw was grass and weeds - until a big black butterball stood up! "Wait until I can see if he is a Tom - OK, OK shoot!" And with that, I rolled him at 10 yards with 2 ounces of #5 from my Remington Model 11-87. It was a bucky night and I had taken a big old Rio Grande Tom with a long thick beard and huge spurs.

Later that trip, I also had the opportunity to take a beautiful axis deer in velvet and Dave took some incredible exotics including an axis deer, a European mouflon, a red sheep, a blackbuck and one of the most curious animals I've ever seen, a nilgai bull. (Dave actually stayed a few more days than me)

Fast forward to Dan Taylor's farm in Holly, Michigan on May 7th, late turkey season tag in hand. We laughed and joked and goofed around until Dan said - "Cool it - turkeys!" Dan had told me that as many as six turkeys had been crossing this field every day at about 5 pm, including a few nice toms. So at 5:09 pm they made the crest of the hill and were headed toward us.

We watched as two hens and a tom came into view. The hens came to within 15 yards but the tom held off at 45-50 yards and strutted, going nervously back and forth, without ever losing his beach-ball shape. After about 20 minutes, the hens fed off to the right and Mr. Big started to follow. Dan and I looked at each other and since I had a super full turkey choke and a 3 1/2 inch load of #5, Dan gave me the green light. I rolled Mr. Big with a clean shot to his big ole red head!

In the end, he went 27.6 pounds with an 11 inch beard and 1 1/8" spurs. His fan was a massive 32 inches across - he was huge and it was a very bucky night! Final Note: Both Bill Figge and Dan Taylor are wonderful people and are repeat donors to our Lansing chapter fundraiser. While these were not donated hunts, I feel lucky to get the opportunity to hunt with them, and hope you take advantage of that chance too.



Paraguay Trip Pictures

I thought you would enjoy seeing a 2 of the 3,500 pictures Sue and I took in Paraguay last week. It was quite the adventure and an awesome place to visit and see. We treed Ocelot, Puma, Jaguar and saw Tapir, Capybara, Caiman, Red and Gray Brocket Deer, Monkey, snakes, tons of huge birds, anteater, armadillo, water buffalo and I am sure more.

Timothy Salisbury



The Bear Essentials

MichiganDNR

Published on Jul 19, 2013

<http://www.michigan.gov/wildlife> - In this video you'll learn some helpful tips to aid you in avoiding unwanted contact with black bears in Michigan. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,

Africa

(A little different)

by *Peter Bucklin*

I'm not yet at the point of not buying green bananas, but at 77, it might be wise to decide if "enough is enough" or figure out what might be a cap on the African trophy collection.



I called fellow SCI member and bow hunter extraordinaire, Mike Spence, and asked where to go for a black wildebeest, zebra, and bush pig.

The answer was "Boy, have I got the place for you!"

A call to the outfitter in the Eastern Cape, a study of the mailed brochure, and a deposit was on its way.

I intended to do it with archery equipment, and both Mike and the outfitter recommended a later than earlier hunt due to too much natural food being available to bait effectively.



The openings were April or September. Well, referring back to green bananas and health issues, I decided on sooner than later, trying with the bow first and going gun if necessary. I was

okay with that.

Arriving Port Elizabeth April 12 and met by Arthur, a lovely lunch on the terrace of a hotel overlooking the Indian Ocean, a short drive to Blaaukrantz, and I was dealing with dialing in the bow at the sighting-in venue with mixed results.

"Boy," I thought, "The shot opportunities better be really close, or its Gunsville."

The next day I was hooked up with my PH, Paul Smith, and his head tracker, Obi. Paul, besides PH-ing, is owner and operator with eight full-time employees of a full-service taxidermy studio in Port Elizabeth. On the way home I got a tour of his operation. It's big, busy, and the work looks first-rate.

We headed out for a wildebeest, and in no time a really impressive blind was set up in some thick brush. We weren't there for long before I heard from our left loud shouting accompanied by the occasional vehicular horn blast.

I whispered to Paul, "What in the world" -- only

I did not say "world" -- "is going on over there? Don't they know we're hunting here?"

Paul answered, "They're our drivers."

Oh really? So this is a drive?

It wasn't long before the thundering herd, 20-some in number, flashed by at 60 yards, tails thrashing and heads swiveling in classic black wildebeest style.

Not long after they passed, the show repeated itself. The drivers had made a very wide circle, and the whole scene repeated itself from right to left. After another time or two around with some animals bailing out in smaller groups, I asked Paul why they just kept running back and forth over the same ground.

His answer: "They like it here."

That sure sounded "different" to me. In hunting whitetails in Michigan for 50 years, I have never participated in or partaken in a drive. But I get the impression that when they exit that wood lot or whatever, it's usually helter-skelter, and they're not particularly motivated to return to that exact area anytime soon, especially en masse, nose to tail.

But it was encouraging and fun. They were just a little too far away and moving. Not a good archery setup that time around.

The next day we changed the blind to just the opposite side of their "slot." Basically, the same thing happened until a lone bull wandered in and Paul whispered, "Pick up your bow." At 65 yards, he stopped.

I was, "Come on, come on" to myself.

No go.

He did a slow turn and started walking away.



Without a word said, we swapped bow for gun. The thunk of the bullet was loud and clear, but the bull "recovered" (it was a lousy shot) quickly and trotted back the way he came.

As soon as he was out of sight we piled out of the blind and followed on foot. If he makes it back to the herd, we've lost him. After a long trek and two more shots, he was finally down.

I wish I could shoot like I used to. It was ugly. But he was down, and he was mine.

The next day was a short drive to the zebra venue.

When we arrived Paul conferred for a long time with a tall young man who was working with a crew on a project close to his house. I didn't know it at the time, but they weren't just passing the time. They were setting up the hunt.

Paul, Obi, and I motored back into the hills on miserably rough and rocky two-tracks. The country was very hilly, very rocky, and very scenic.

The plan, I was to figure out, was for the crew from back at the house to go up high, locate the zebras, and keep Paul in touch by radio phone.

For the next couple of hours or so, we did a lot of moving in that very rocky and hilly terrain by both vehicle and on foot.

Finally we reached a spot where Paul set up the sticks. I am amazed that the tall young man in the hills could direct us to just the right spot in that country.

Paul pointed and said, "They'll be coming out right there."



I was just a little skeptical. Even with "guidance from above," how could he know the exact spot? But at the same time, I knew he knew. And he did.

A mare, her foal, and the stallion entered on-cue, stage left, at 185 yards. Paul said, "The stallion's the last one."

Bang! Thunk! Down!

A friend once told me to never brag about a spine or heart shot. It means you almost missed too high or too low. But he was "in the salt." Those zebras were neither driven nor chased; only followed. They were just grazing along clueless. Pretty slick.

Next we hooked up with "Harry," a rough-and-tumble Afrikaner with first-rate hounds and a salty tongue. Paul wasn't concerned about me being offended, as it would all be in Afrikaans and directed exclusively at his dogs. Harry was a great guy; big smile, and a heart to match.

Our two vehicles, Harry's filled with 21 dogs and two young men with switches to keep everything in order, drove stock fence lines to check holes mostly dug by warthogs that bushpigs also frequented.

Wherever a dig looked semi-fresh, a couple dogs were let loose to check it out. After a few dry holes, a hot one got the dogs out of the truck and on the scent. The howling got closer, farther away, then closer again. Then it was mad dashes over the rocks by vehicle and on foot to intercept.

The dogs gave up, exhausted. Pigs, one; hunters, zero.

That evening we set up 50 yards from a partially-

buried bait. Shortly after dark, a boar and sow bushpig were on the bait. They overlapped each other for what seemed like an eternity. No shot. When they finally separated, it was just too dark for me to see well enough to attempt the shot.

A full moon was rising, and I thought I could pull it off. As if on cue, rain clouds moved in, complete with rain, and that ended it.

Paul could see the pig just fine. Unfortunately, my night vision is practically nil. Looking through Arthur's night-vision binoculars, the pigs stood out like they were in a flood-lit police lineup. But that didn't transfer to the rifle scope.

It was a downer, especially with Harry's dogs needing a day to recuperate. Pigs, two; hunters, zero.

A second attempt with Harry and his dogs started off with the dogs in full howl. It was hectic and exciting, constantly anticipating a cut-off point while running over those ubiquitous rocks.

While I was hobbling along in my old-but-still-pretty-spiffy Danners, Paul and Obi were usually almost out of sight in front of me. And, oh, yeah, I noticed one of Obi's tennis shoe laces was untied. I couldn't believe it.

Finally, from Paul, "The pig's bayed. We've got to get in there now."

This was it. No more of those plush rocky trails and two tracks, it was into the thorn brush. Thank the lord Paul reminded me later it was only 50 yards. It could have been a half mile.

Before I reached the scene, Paul had opened a hole to shoot through that you could maybe force a softball through. It was semi-controlled chaos: The deafening din of the dogs; Paul, Obi, Harry, the dog-boys, the dogs, and the pig all in a space you could cover with a tarp.

When the pig presented right, Paul yelled over the dogs, "Shoot!"

I put a round through the hole in the thorn brush, and it was all over. The range was in the neighborhood of 5 feet. I've chased cats behind hounds, but never got that close. Certainly, for me anyway, a different and unique experience.

What a gas.

Back at the skinning shed, I smoked a celebratory cigar while watching Obi do the skinning, which he did expertly, sleeving the pig's cape. No incisions for the taxidermist to have to sew.

And, oh, yeah. He stopped long enough to tie his tennie while still holding his knife. Honest! Kids, do not try this at home! I couldn't believe it.

The Rudmans, Arthur, Trinetta, and their sons (also PHs) Eardley and Francois and staff were warm, welcoming, and gracious hosts. Mike was right on: Blaaukrantz was indeed "the place for me."

