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Summer 2011

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▽ **Hunt Reports**

David Knott • Ryan Miner • Stephen Slack • Brian Smith



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COVER PHOTO

David and Kris Knott visited Victoria Falls in early August 2008. They enjoyed a two night stay on the banks of the Zambezi River. Visiting the Falls was a great way to end their African trip. Even during the dry season the Falls were spectacular! As Rainbows highlight the beauty of the Falls, David and Kris understood why it is one of the Seven Natural Wonders of the World. Minnesota Adventuring is looking for the cover photos for 2012. You are invited to submit your wild animal

photos. Cover photos should be portrait or vertical orientation. Send your photos with descriptions to: mnavarrette@minnesotasci.com. Take the photo that will be remembered!

MINNESOTA ADVENTURING

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ADVERTISING RATES AD

To Advertise in Minnesota Adventuring
Please contact Monique Navarrette
952-693-1461

	4 Color AD
1/8 Page	\$300
1/4 Page	\$600
1/2 Page	\$900
1/2 Page – back cover	\$950
Full Page	\$1,700
Full Page – inside front cover	\$1,850
Full Page – inside back cover	\$1,850

MINNESOTA ADVENTURING welcomes advertisements, hunt reports, letters, and photos from Members of the Minnesota SCI. Submissions should include Member's name, address, and daytime phone number and be sent by mail to Minnesota SCI, P.O. Box 1303, Burnsville, MN 55337 or email to mnavarrette@minnesotasci.com. Submissions may be edited for length and clarity.

Submission deadline:

Winter Issue: December 15
Spring Issue: March 15
Summer Issue: June 15
Fall Issue: August 15

No attempt is made to verify the accuracy of hunt reports.

Advertisements in the Minnesota Adventuring are not to be considered endorsements by the Minnesota SCI.

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Board Members Wanted

Minnesota SCI is seeking new board members to join the Board and continue our Missions. If you are interested in knowing more about the Board or have questions about your involvement, please contact Pat Foley at 507-326-5350.

▽ President's Message

It's human nature to procrastinate. I know this applies to me. This column is a great example; the drop-dead date for me to have it done is tomorrow. I could have written it anytime in the past three months, but here I am at the last minute, scrambling to put words on paper.

In this ever busy world we live in, it's really easy to procrastinate, but that sometimes causes us to miss opportunities. And we have two great events coming up that you don't want to miss! Our Summer Picnic and First Invitational Bass Fishing Tournament are being held July 28th at the Bayview Event Center in Excelsior. There's no better way to spend a summer day in Minnesota than on the water. Lake Minnetonka is one of the great bass fisheries in the US, and if you've never had the chance to fish it with a professional, this is a great opportunity to do so. Summers are busy, so get signed up and put both of these events on your calendar before your schedule fills up!

We have another Board Member whose term has ended. I'd like to thank Pat Lewis for all of his time and efforts over the past few years.

Speaking of your Board, I'd like to invite all of our members to take a more active role within the organization. I'd like to stress that you don't need to be a Board Member to participate. For Minnesota SCI to continue to grow, we need



Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hunt! Wishing you a wonderful journey on your new life together.

your participation. I know there are a lot of great ideas floating around out there. The only thing that limits what we can accomplish is volunteer time. Every hour helps!

We have a position open right now that's a great example of this. Many of you have enjoyed the silent auctions put on by Tim and Bonnie Halstead at our events. Tim and Bonnie have stepped down as Silent Auction Managers after six years of dedicated service. If you like to shop and you've enjoyed the silent auctions, we need your help. This is a great opportunity for an individual, a couple, or better yet a group of people who want to help Minnesota SCI without being on the Board. Unless we get some volunteers for this, our silent auctions will not be nearly what they have been the past few years.

I look forward to seeing all of you in July!

Peter Hunt, President

EXPO FINANCIALS FOR REVIEW

REVENUE

Friday Revenue	52,320.00	
Saturday Revenue	191,766.58	
Miscellaneous Revenue	7,255.00	
Total Revenue		251,341.58

EXPENSES

Dallas Safari Club	1,475.30	
Northland Inn Expenses	44,682.47	
Hospitality Suite Expenses	2,086.87	
Chapter Liaison	6,000.00	
Cell Phone & Internet	596.03	
Credit Card Machine Rental & Professing Fee	6,591.86	
Advertising Expenses	8,727.87	
Auction Expenses	65,299.01	
Contract Labor Expenses	3,160.00	
Miscellaneous Expenses	8,836.37	
Raffle Expenses	27,977.96	
Total Expenses		175,433.74

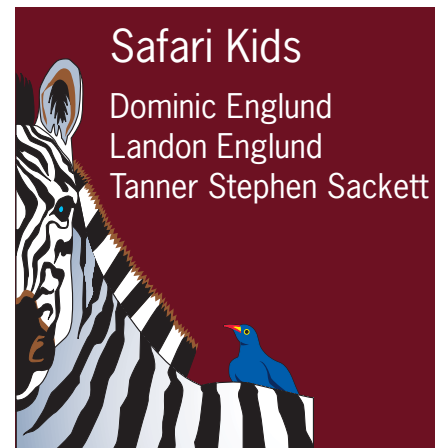
Total Net Income (Loss) on 2011 Expo/Fundraiser **\$75,907.84**

30 % to National SCI for 2011 Expo/Fundraiser **\$22,772.35**

▽ Minnesota Chapter of Safari Club International

Chapter Life Members by Year

David Sandstrom	1998	Anthony Acitelli	2009
Craig Wilcox	1998	Mary Brachman	2009
Gregory Pappenfus	1998	Joseph Broich	2009
Jack Leeds	1998	Alan Gaston	2009
Steven Wilcox	1999	Michael Halleron	2009
Edward Evans	1999	Lois Treb	2009
Steven Johnson	1999	Darci Broich	2010
Terry Mick	2000	Randy Schneewind	2010
Armand Brachman	2000	Sam Fejes	2011
Lee (Andy) Anderson Jr.	2001		
Steve Slack	2001		
Mike Ziegler	2001		
Lynn Van Allen Flygare	2001		
Tom Hoelderle	2002		
Bruce Ogle	2002		
Andy Anderson	2002		
Paul Stannard	2003		
Jay Link	2004		
James Schueller	2004		
Robert J. Lange	2004		
Gerald Boettcher	2005		
Thomas Turner	2005		
Rob Commers	2005		
Char Englund	2005		
Charles Van Heel	2006		
David Zabel	2006		
Walter Broich III	2006		
Gregory Smith	2006		
Bruce Taher	2006		
David Strand	2006		
Hayden Walter Broich	2007		
John Smythe	2007		
Roger Austin	2007		
Shad Ketcher	2007		
Bob Lange	2007		
Kevin Erickson	2008		
Tom Lane	2008		
Todd Malecha	2008		
Rick Scott	2008		
Monte Hansen	2008		
Chris Knutson	2008		
Paul Langenfeld	2008		
Thomas Roles	2008		
Theodore Shogren	2008		
Gene Grazzini	2008		
Brian Smith	2008		



New Chapter Members

JANUARY

Josh Britton

FEBRUARY

David Johnson
 Joseph Leuman

MARCH

Dean Ackerson
 Brad Anderson
 Tammie Berghuis
 Michael Buesing
 Ted Carlson
 Greg Dziejewczvnski
 Mike Egan
 Clay Hager
 Dennis Harper

Cynthia Heimen

Betty Heller

Gary Hughes

Mary Knop
 Doug Kurkowski
 Joubert Leon

Clark Linn

Ronald Machtan
 Shane McFadden
 Kevin Melstrom
 Ryan Miner
 Pierre Moolman

Peter Nelson
 Jeffrey Olson

Greg Peters
 Duane Rasmasson

David Ristau

Chris Stall

Jessica Vanden Berg

APRIL

Anne L. Beihoffer
 Jason Holmstrom
 Jeff W. Will

MAY

John Boogren
 Trapper R. Goltz
 Todd Kanieski
 Scott King-Ellison

JUNE

Jeff Grote
 Jed A. Simi

▽ Board Meetings

2011 Minnesota SCI Board Meeting Schedule

Meetings held at 6pm at Gander MTN in Eden Prairie.

Date

Monday, August 1
 Monday, September 12
 Monday, October 3
 Monday, November 7
 Monday, December 5

▽ Past Presidents

Jack Leeds	1974 – 1976
Lee Mitchell (deceased)	1976 – 1977
Marv Gaston	1977 – 1979
Jack Hurley	1979 – 1980
Don McMillan	1980 – 1982
Lowell “Pete” Peterzen (deceased)	1982 – 1984
Paul Robey	1984 – 1985
Sharon Robey	1985 – 1987
John Horan	1987 – 1990
Alan Notvik (deceased)	1990 – 1992
Bill Liljemark	1992 – 1994
David Angell	1994 – 1996
Dan Treb (deceased)	1996 – 1999
Doug Evans	1999 – 2000
Sven Lindquist	2000 – 2003
Armand Brachman	2003 – 2005
Willard “Bill” Pankonin	2005 – 2008
Rick Scott	2008 – 2010



Mission of the Minnesota SCI

Through legislative advocacy and the support of hunting as a sustainable conservation practice, Minnesota SCI is dedicated to perpetuating and protecting your hunting heritage and the rights of ALL hunters.

Hunters’ Code of Ethics

Recognizing my responsibilities to wildlife, habitat and future generations, I pledge:

To conduct myself in the field so as to make a positive contribution to wildlife and ecosystems.

To improve my skills as a woodsman and marksman to ensure humane harvesting of wildlife.

To comply with all game laws, in the spirit of fair chase, and to influence my companions accordingly.

To accept my responsibility to provide all possible assistance to game law enforcement officers.

To waste no opportunity to teach young people the full meaning of this code of ethics.

To reflect in word and behavior only credit upon the fraternity of sportsmen, and to demonstrate abiding respect for game, habitat and property where I am privileged to hunt.

Mission of SCI

SCI is the leader in protecting the freedom to hunt and in promoting wildlife conservation worldwide.

SCI provides value to members by shaping policies and legislation that protect the freedom to hunt locally, nationally and internationally.

SCI is committed to keeping members informed regarding issues that impact hunting while educating and entertaining members with engaging articles about the rich heritage of hunting in all forms of media.

SCI is committed to providing a community for hunters worldwide where camaraderie is enjoyed and expert information is exchanged, and where members are able to participate in a market for quality hunting goods and services.

SCI is committed to promoting a positive image of hunters and portraying them as responsible citizens who fund wildlife conservation, education and other programs which benefit the community.



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Warren Kapsner • President

▽ Calendar of Events

Upcoming Member Events

July Summer Party & 1st Annual Bass Fishing Tournament

Thursday, July 28
Bayview Event Center
687 Excelsior Boulevard Excelsior, Minnesota 55331

Member Social

Monday, September 12
Majestic Oaks Golf Club
701 Bunker Lake Boulevard, Ham Lake, MN 55304

Christmas Party & Wild Game Dinner

Monday, December 12
Mendakota Country Club
2075 Mendakota Drive, Mendota Heights, MN 55120

2012 Events

37th Annual World Hunting Expo

February 17 & 18, 2012
Northland Inn Conference Center
7025 Northland Drive N., Brooklyn Park, MN 55428

Join Minnesota SCI for our Annual Summer Party!

There is no better way to spend time this summer than on beautiful Lake Minnetonka. Walk along the shoreline. Sip a cocktail while enjoying views of the beautiful waterfront and gardens. Or sit under the big tent and visit with friends.

Our Annual Summer Party will be held on Thursday, July 28, 2011 at the Bayview Event Center in Excelsior. Summer Party attendees will enjoy a catered buffet under a huge tent, while inside we will have the ever popular silent auction. Rain or shine, we've got you covered.

Itinerary: 5:00pm Social, Silent Auction & Raffles
7:00pm Buffet
8:30pm Prizes and Announcements

Cost for Summer Party: \$50/person

Go to www.minnesotasci.com to download a Summer Party RSVP Form today!

1st Annual Bass Fishing Tournament

For those who have preregistered for the Bass Fishing Tournament, please be on the dock at 12pm to meet your licensed, professional guide from "5 in the Well". Don't forget to bring your fishing license as well as your cooler filled with refreshing beverages.

Watch your email for more details

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Annual Rifle Tournament

in Review



Jim Wills gets ready to take the shot.

The Annual Rifle Tournament was held Saturday, May 5. Great weather made for a great tournament. Overall the contestants had lots of fun!



Contestants shooting in the prone position.

Winners of this year's tournament. Peter Hunt, John Cedarberg, Ted Shogren (left to right).



Ted Shogren pondered "... bullet drop on my scope turret."



Shooters used various standing and prone shooting positions for firing at targets at 200 and 300 yards.

▽ Board Spotlight

Why I Joined The Minnesota SCI Board

Minnesota SCI represents what my core beliefs are regarding hunting, fishing and the outdoors in general:

- Protection of our rights to hunt and fish – they are constantly under assault
- Fostering new sportspeople – kids, women, disabled – they are the future of the sport
- Protection of areas to hunt and fish – it is a shrinking resource
- A great organization of like-minded people working together for a common cause

I have enjoyed the benefits of the work of groups like SCI for many years without actually contributing very much on a personal basis. Oh, I was a member of a lot of hunting organizations – most are species specific. I helped with a few banquets and fundraisers but that was a once a year commitment. I am also a Life member of the NRA and the Minnesota Trappers Association.

I decided it was time to step up and do something more concrete and broader based. I wanted my kids and grandkids and future generations to have the opportunity to enjoy the same things I have: the duck slough in that magical time before sunrise when the world is waking up; grouse (we called them partridge growing up in northern Minnesota) thundering out from under foot and raising your heart rate and blood pressure; the joy of a dog's first hunt and the last bittersweet hunt; setting up camp in a remote area; the lucky hunts where you blunder into a trophy; the tough hunts where you are hunting a particular

animal and you hunt hard until the last day, the last hour, matching wits and skill – enjoying the match no matter what the outcome; late season bills winging through falling snow; the pristine beauty of wilderness areas; panfish in the spring on fly rods before the “real” opener and giant Northerns on light tackle in remote Canadian lakes; the bugling of elk and the roar of the stag; the exquisite taste of something you have harvested and that didn't come in some shrink wrapped, polystyrene container.

I have been blessed to have the time, resources and health to hunt and fish both domestically and internationally. I want others to have the same opportunities both today and in the future. When a friend made me aware of an opening on the Board, it didn't take long for me to put in an application which fortunately was accepted. Minnesota SCI is doing important work and we have fun doing it.

If you have the time and inclination, I'd encourage you to consider joining the Minnesota SCI Board – it's a great bunch of people and a worthwhile cause. If you don't have the time for the Board, consider volunteering to help with the one of the events. If that's too much, at least continue to support us financially. As hunters and fishermen, we enjoy a lifestyle that is worth fighting for and, make no mistake, it is a fight. We all need to do our part.

Don Lynch

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The advertisement features a collage of images: a taxidermy head of a deer, a taxidermy head of an elephant, a taxidermy leopard, a taxidermy fish, a taxidermy bird, and a taxidermy compass. The background is a dark, textured pattern.

▽ Board Spotlight

Why I Joined The Minnesota SCI Board

I had just finished reading one of those all-to-familiar articles. You've read them – the ones that enthusiastically tout the latest effort to restrict hunting on public lands or prohibit hunting a certain species or ban semi-automatic shotguns or close the local shooting range. It seems like they are in the papers almost every day. As I began to voice my thoughts on the article (and probably its author) a friend spoke up and said, "Stop whining and do something about it." "Besides" she said, "it will give you a chance to meet more people like you." To her, like you was a polite way of referring to people that burn vacation days in places with no electricity or running water, getting up in the middle of the night to sit outside in a cold downpour or snowstorm, and passing the time talking about calibers, ballistics, and trading secret reloading recipes.

She went online and did a quick Google search of hunting and conservation groups in Minnesota. After a few minutes she asked, "Aren't you a member of SCI?" At that time I had been a member of SCI for several years and had even been fortunate to make the pilgrimage to Reno for the annual convention. I had never thought of joining the Minnesota Chapter of SCI, but it only took a couple of minutes to realize that it was for me.

As a kid growing up in Fergus Falls, I remember going to Lakes Sport Shop and making the occasional trip to Scheels in Fargo to collect every gun catalog they had. I'd pour over every page until my fingers were covered with ink. I'd memorize the new models and calibers and dream about which ones I would use for every exotic hunt I could dream up. I remember a January night laying in my tree house bundled in my snowmobile suit peering over the sights of my Red Rider at the hole in the backyard woodpile to see if the cottontail I was certain lived there would make an appearance. It didn't, but I didn't care. The moon was bright and the anticipation and excitement kept me warm until my mom flipped the backyard light on and off – our prearranged signal that it was time for bed. I remember driving the sporting goods store clerk crazy when I was 12 by calling him every day to see if my first gun – an Ithaca model 37 – had arrived yet. I couldn't wait to hand over my paper-route money and take it home. That same year my dad took me on my first duck hunt and I took my first shot at a duck as it passed directly overhead. The recoil from the little Ithaca knocked me off balance and I landed firmly on my butt - duckless. I can't say my shooting technique (or the result) has improved much over the years. I kept that same shotgun in the closet of my college dorm room for the rare grouse hunt without fear of complaint, not to mention expulsion, arrest, and imprisonment.

I'm fortunate to have two young nephews who are just as



enthusiastic about hunting and the outdoors as I was. Instead of inky catalogs, they spend hours on the internet learning about the new models and calibers and looking at pictures of giant bucks and exotic hunting locations around the world. One of them has almost finished earning his marksmanship merit badge and the second is set to complete hunter's safety soon. Despite their enthusiasm, they are not as lucky as I was. Brandishing a Red Rider in their backyard – forget about slinging it across the handlebars of a Schwinn or Huffy and riding to a friend's house – will certainly result in a visit from the local police. A copy of Field and Stream peeking out of a half-zipped backpack draws concerned and disapproving looks from school teachers and administrators. Few of their friends hunt. A trip to the range for some pop-can control work with a 10-22 involves well over an hour in the car round trip. Likewise, the nearest duck slough or patch of cottontail briars involves hours on the road for them.

Minnesota SCI exists for two reasons: to promote and protect our hunting heritage for all hunters, and to provide a social opportunity to meet new friends and celebrate our love of hunting and the outdoors. Minnesota SCI is critical to ensuring that we are able to continue to enjoy our heritage and protect it for generations to come. Unfortunately, the misguided and uneducated few who do not understand or respect our passion never tire of trying to take it away. By banding together through Minnesota SCI we can make a difference. I'm proud to be a member of Minnesota SCI and serve you as a member of its board of directors.

Ryan Burt

Kudu Voodoo

By David Knott

I peeked over the mound of dirt and took a look at the Kudu Bull. My PH judged him at “just shy of 50 but nice and wide at the tips.” Not a super trophy but a beautiful animal and possibly an end to my case of Kudu Voodoo.

In 2006 my wife, Kris, and I had enjoyed a 10 day safari in the Waterberg Mountains of the Limpopo Providence in South Africa. We saw numerous trophy bulls but always the Kudu won. A thick bush hiding the vitals, a rock dislodged on a mountain stalk, the wind shifting. Something always went wrong. We had a great time on our first safari and taken five animals, but we left Africa without a Kudu.

Now in 2008, on the 8th day of our 10 day safari the choice was mine. The bull was broadside at 125 yards. Should I wait for a bigger bull?

A couple months after returning from our first African hunt I stumbled upon the website of Cruiser Safaris. The outfitter we had hunted with in 2006 raised his trophy fees so much that we just had to do some shopping. Cruiser’s website includes yearly newsletters which are written by their clients and includes pictures of the trophies they had harvested. We were impressed by what we read and by what we saw. The pictures showed high quality animals. Could the safari deliver what the website offered? A call to the U.S. booking agent assured us. “What you see is what you get.” We wanted to return to the Limpopo, hunt quality animals at fair price and deal with a professional, straight forward safari outfitter. Kris and I booked a 2008 safari. We were going back to the Waterberg!

After gathering our gear and clearing customs with our firearms, we were taken to the Afton Guest House for the night. Afton is a gated complex and a short drive from the airport in Johannesburg. Afton provides a safe, secure place to recover

after the lengthy flight from the United States. We enjoyed a grilled steak supper and were able to meet the four hunters who would also be hunting with Cruiser. Following a great night’s sleep and a hearty breakfast the next morning, the six of us loaded up and hit the road to the Limpopo.

Pieter Lamprecht (the owner of Cruiser Safaris) and his staff met us as we stepped out of the van. Pieter gave us time to settle into our quarters before calling us to the gun range. After watching us handle our guns and check our zero, he made the PH assignments. We were paired with a young man named Pieter and his driver/tracker Isaac. Cruiser Safaris offers hunt packages along with build your own options. Our package included Gemsbok, Impala, Blesbuck, Kudu, Warthog, and Blue Wildebeest. Kris, along as an observer, would have the opportunity to take one animal. She had never shot a rifle before but in the months leading up to our trip had done a lot of shooting from a rest and off of shooting sticks. She practiced with a .270 and a .300 Win Mag. Because of the .300s weight, she concentrated on the .270 on the range at Cruiser. She showed the guys that she could handle a gun.

With a couple hours until supper, the owner offered the choice of resting or driving one of his nearby concessions. We chose the drive and were treated to various game sightings (Kudu, Gemsbok, Duiker, and Eland) as well as a sunset that just seemed to be a bit more magical in Africa.

In the past much of the land in South Africa was used to graze cattle. As the owners learned they could make more money with game animals, the cattle disappeared and high fences began to make ranch boundaries. With their property fenced the ranchers can better control the population of game animals. They can adjust their quota based on grazing and browsing conditions. The high, sturdy wire fences also keep poachers from gaining easy access. Once the hunter gets through the gate the fence

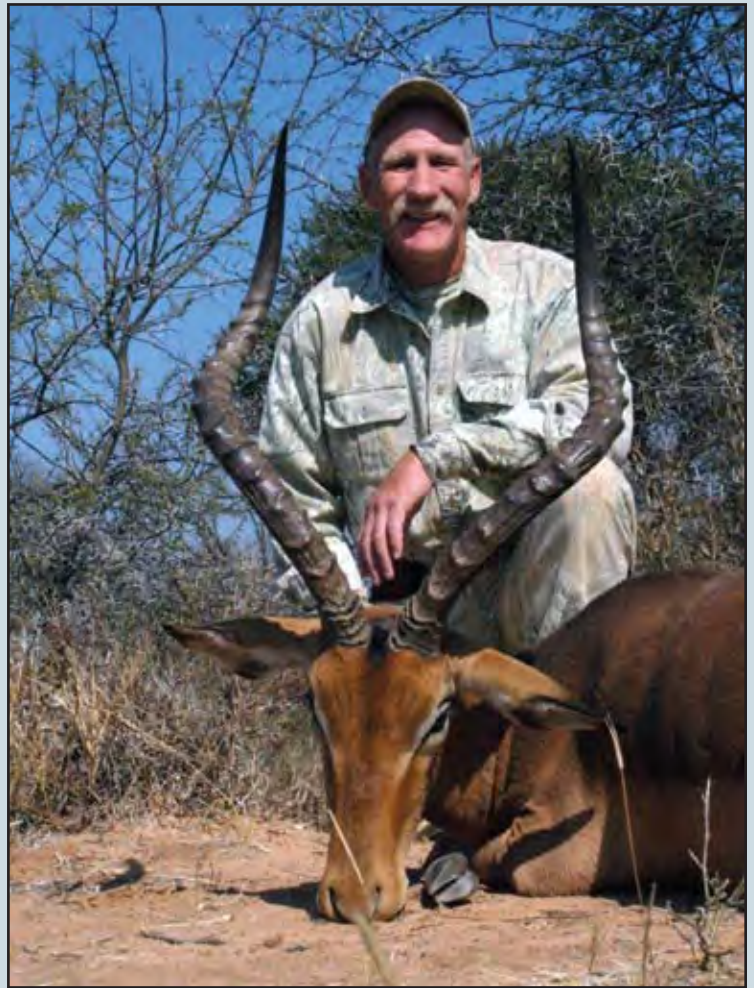
Kudu Voodoo

is rarely seen. With 5, 10, or 15,000 acres there are plenty of places for animals to hide. The games survival skills are sharp and the bush is thick.

The hunts are typical. You can walk miles, be set to pull the trigger, and the animal bolts or melts into the bush. You can slow walk the bush, the PH spots the trophy, the wind holds and you finish the hunt. A hunt can be so easy it will seem like the trophy was dropped in your lap. Sometimes you can do a lot of things wrong but the hunt works out. What makes a safari in South Africa different is that the hunt isn't over after the harvest of one animal.

Our Gemsbok hunt was one of numerous stalks. We were hunting a concession of grassland, scattered trees and thick pockets of thorny brush. Always the Gemsbok were one step ahead. A wind shift or cracking branch would give us away. The last stalk of the day was no different. With just a few steps needed to clear some brush the three Gemsbok busted us. Pieter shrugged and said, "I think we can hustle and get ahead of them." We circled wide downwind as fast as the thorns allowed. He climbed a tree to take a look. Pieter pointed and whispered, "They are within a hundred yards, step around the bush and take the one on the right." There was an opening to her shoulder. As the sun hung low, I squeezed the trigger. She was mine!

We spent one morning walking, hoping to bag an Impala. With no luck at midday, we built a brush blind near a waterhole and sat the remainder of the day. No impala came to drink. The next morning was spent still hunting again. We went back





to the waterhole to set a pop-up blind. As we were setting the blind and brushing it in, impala were barking in the brush. As I scanned the edge Pieter assured me that none would come out until we were hidden. The barking continued. I crawled into the blind. As I made sure I could see the tank; Kris, Isaac and Pieter worked outside. A minute later Kris whispered, "Get out here! Bring your gun! Hurry!" On the edge of the brush was a beautiful ram. Sometimes a trophy drops into your lap.

The Rose Valle concession has a large expanse of grass in the middle flats. The surrounding hills are thick with brush and scrub trees. Game trails connect the numerous waterholes. The ranch is perfect for Blue Wildebeest and other grazing animals. As we slowly drove the trails Pieter, Kris and I were in our usual positions. The elevated seats in the bed of the truck give us a better look into and over the bush. Kris pointed and quietly said, "Blesbuck." The Blesbuck were slowly moving away from the road. "This will be your animal, Kris." Pieter said with a smile. I followed them into the bush then waved them on. I returned to the truck and sat quietly with Isaac, listening to the sounds of Africa. 5-10-20 minutes passed. Then a shot. Isaac grinned and said "Dead Blesbuck." One shot, off the sticks, the bush! Kris was beaming as we blood spotted her forehead, recognizing her first kill. I was beaming too!

The next day we returned to the Rose Valle hoping to find Wildebeest. By midday we still haven't found them. We climbed into an elevated blind near a waterhole and relaxed. Warthogs, song birds and a very old Blesbuck came to drink. The next animal to visit the water was a Red Hartebeest. It was an impressive animal. Since a Hartebeest wasn't in my package we watched it drink. Pieter explained what it took to meet trophy standards for a Hartebeest and assured us that this animal easily met the criteria. He called the owner to ask if I could take the animal on the trophy fee rate. He answered "Take it if you can." By this time the Hartebeest had disappeared. Tough luck! Our PH said we should head back to the main ranch because the owner wanted to go Kudu hunting with us. On the drive out of the concession, we bumped into the trophy Hartebeest. He rode with us back to the main ranch. You never know what's around the next corner.

We returned to Rose Valle for another try at Wildebeest. Soon Pieter, Kris and I were off the truck in pursuit of a herd. We shadowed them to the edge of the bush and set up for a shot. The Wildebeest stood on alert out in the grassland and busted us before the shot. Off they went in their comical gait. Spotting another herd, further along the open flat, we ducked back into the bush and made a quick approach. As I took the final steps to where Pieter had the shooting sticks set I locked up. Pieter was gesturing for me to hurry. I couldn't move. A bush with thorns curved like a cat's claw had grabbed an arm, leg, and my rifle sling. Luckily Kris was able to free me. I think Pieter was still laughing as the Wildebeest fell.

Kudu, the Gray Ghost, had eluded me on so many occasions. In 2006 Kris and I had left the Limpopo without



crossing Kudu off our wish list. Would our 2008 Safari end the same? We had hunted two days on the rocky slopes of the Waterberg Mountains. We had slowly stalked into secluded waterholes. We had hunted a ranch where a 63" bull had been taken. We hunted a ranch that had not been hunted since 2004. We spent hours with Pieter (the owner) on a ranch that was populated with mature bulls. Opportunities were there but I never could seal the deal. These memories came to me as I held the crosshairs on the bull's shoulder. The chance to end my Kudu Voodoo was at hand. I would not wait for a bigger bull.

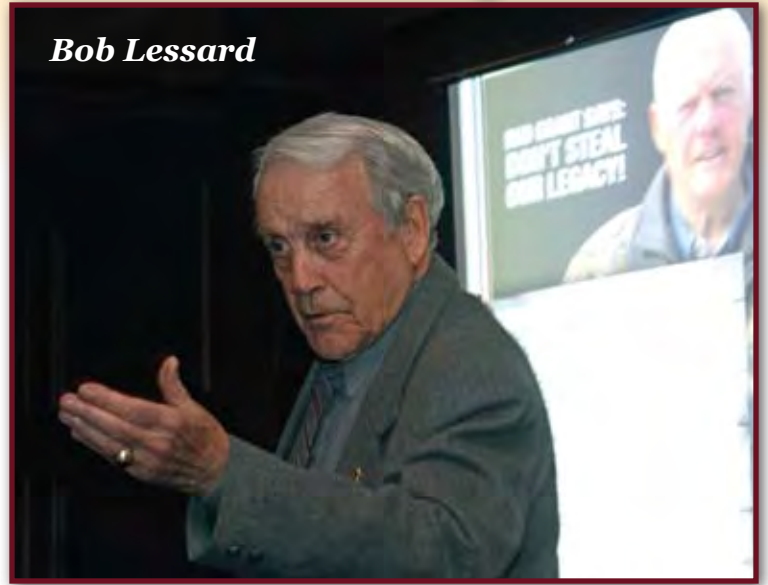
Cruiser Safaris delivered a fantastic experience. Pieter has the staff to keep his clients comfortable and well cared for. Daily laundry, maid service, great food, and reliable PHs provide a very enjoyable stay. Pieter ate breakfast and supper with his PHs and clients. He would also sit by the fire as we shared stories and laughs. As our days in the Limpopo came to an end, Kris and I took with us great memories and 5 animals that met the SCI minimums. The Kudu didn't, but the curse of the Kudu Voodoo was broken.

Thank You for Making the 7

Garry Leaf



Bob Lessard



Ron Schmidt



**Thank you to
Robert Utne
Photographer**



Annual Meeting a Huge Success!



Peter presents a \$1,500 check to the John Glenn Cadets.



President Peter Hunt, Chapter Liaison Monique Navarrette, Past Presidents Bill Pankonin and Rick Scott



New Members: Scott King-Ellison, Todd Kanieski, Trapper Goltz



Garry Leaf, Bob Lessard, Ted Shogren



Peter presents a \$500 check to DNR Officer Kanieski.





Safari on 72 Hour Notice

By Ryan Miner

Tragedy is never a word we want to associate with safari, but that is how mine began. Jacques Senekal, Africa Maximum Safaris, called in late July 2010 to tell me that Rodney Allen, a former Minnesota SCI Board Member, had suddenly passed away. Rodney was set to begin his safari in three days. Jacques informed me that Professional Hunters (PHs) Shaun Keeny and Van Zyl Du Toit had already departed for Zimbabwe, and they had no client for the next two weeks. Jacques caught me between business projects, and I instantly felt this was a now or never opportunity to seize.

Seventy two hours later Shaun, Van Zyl, and I were heading down a dirt road in the Matetsi Safari Area of Zimbabwe. The roar of the Range Rover, the darting herds of native livestock, their frustrated herdsmen, and the blur of Mopani groves were almost overwhelming. I took note of the smells. Despite the visibly dense wildlife population and domestic livestock near the roadways, the aromas were distinctly wild. They were a hint of the Africa that lay just beyond my ability to see into the forest passing by the truck.

After generating a new found camaraderie with my PHs and settling into a posh bungalow, time for talk was over. My

PHs no longer were interest in chit-chat. Tomorrow we were hunting 'black death'. They wanted to know what kind of client they had on their hands. From my .375 H&H Winchester Model 70, I placed one 300 Grain Trophy Bonded Bear Claw 1 inch above a target dot at 100 yards. I passed the test. No further questions were required.

That first evening we went for a drive and were very fortunate to catch a glimpse of several truly impressive eland bulls. After a short walk following tracks into the setting sun, Van Zyl and I agreed that these elands would provide a challenge we would revisit in the coming days. Shaun was keen to prove the quality of the illusive bulls he had been scouting. A trophy cape buffalo was our primary quarry. We were not looking past the gravity of that challenge.

Riding through the broken pre-dawn savannah, my vision was laboring to process the view from the safari car. Through concentration, I was beginning to sort out impala, zebra and baboons in the horizontal void between the grasses and the low hanging limbs. There they were. "Shaun, stop the truck," I whispered. Shaun had seen the flash of black just an instant after I did. He tapped the roof of the truck, signaling a stop. We were off on our first cape buffalo stalk.

Van Zyl and I crawled within 50 yards of the herd and let

them feed towards us to within 35 yards. It was what we needed to do to judge the quality of the bulls in the bunch. I think one of my trackers was sizing up trees to climb in the event we were busted. Alas, we were in the thick of it. It couldn't have been a better way to break the ice. I was enjoying it too much or was too dumb



to be frightened. We passed on a 38 inch wide bull that was revealed to have a hair-stripped soft boss by Zeiss & Swarovski glass. Stalk-after-stalk we circled downwind when the herd got restless. As we flanked the herd, we discovered that this bunch of about a dozen bulls was but one group of many that made up a larger herd. As we pressed towards the larger group, Shaun joined us to add a .416 to our .375s in case things got dicey. Considering the quantity of tracks that led into the thicket, I think we were both glad to have him along.

Our trio entered a subtle drainage lined with thick jess. The line of tracks we were following gave way to ground that was pummeled with sign and spoor. Visibility reduced to a few yards. A lot of buffalo had been spending time here. With heightened senses, we were quick to recognize a faint vibration that rose to a thundering roar and dust rising above the bushes ahead. We bumped a couple of cows from their beds that were startled by our approach. The herd was not keen to our presence. They were rushing senselessly in one direction and then sometimes back again. What had them spooked? Was it the notoriously swirling African winds? Lions? As we broke the cover of the trees the herd was preoccupied in the opposite direction. That allowed us to move up within 80 yards. Gradually our presence was being noticed and bulls were filtering in our direction. We were facing a wall of snorting black muscle and horns, staring us down like football linemen. I was "on the sticks" and Van Zyl and Shaun were feverishly glassing the bulls head-on to find a dagga boy. Bulls traded space like pigeons in a flock and we could not get a fix on an old bull. Van Zyl and Shaun got a glimpse of a large bull in the middle of the herd as they lost interest in our non-movement and shuffled off into the jess. The difficulty and frustration of finding a herd bull or a true dagga boy that was not mixed in with cows was trying.

And so it went from dawn 'til near dark. The trackers found where the herd had strung out in a line and crossed a two-track path. They were moving out of the area and we were in a trailing position. Our last chance of the day would be to get ahead of the next path they would cross. When we arrived

at the anticipate intercept location, the herd already crossed that path, but the bulls were lagging behind the herd and stopped to watch our approach. If we had been two minutes later we would not have seen them again that night. The largest and widest bull was easily identified. I dropped to a knee and set up on a short pair

of telescoping sticks. The shot was almost straight on, and the bullet passed through his left drooping ear, into the base of the neck, chest, vitals, and lodged beneath the skin on the far rear hip. The low power Leupold allowed me to see his front legs buckle. He dropped onto his face and spun 180 degrees. Before he could gain forward motion, my second shot slammed into his ribs at an extreme quartering-away angle. It transected the vitals and lodged in the upper part of the neck. Two shots went diagonally through him, lengthwise, one northbound and one southbound. When I saw my unarmed trackers charging out ahead of our muzzles, I assumed they thought this was a done deal. They knew. The bull made it around the first clump of brush and was dead within 30 yards. Whew! I took care of business the way I intended and did not let my safari team down with poor shooting. This ounce of credibility would build confidence with my PHs and allow our team to be aggressive on future quarry.

That evening, after much celebration, we retired to the fire. There we said a toast of respect for the late Mr. Rodney Allen. Good fortune was with us. We had scheduled ten days for this buffalo with the hope that we would have a couple days to pursue another trophy. In our moment of feeling pretty smart about our hunting we decided to set our sights on a hippo.

By mid-morning we were 150 miles north on the Zambezi River in a reed dotted area where the river is slowed by the headwaters of Lake Kariba. Within an hour, we had stalked upon a monster bull hippo with a pod of cows lying half exposed in shallow water. A crawl on white sand and tropical beach fauna provided me with a dead solid rest on a little dune. 104 yards it ranged. He was dead to rights and neither Van Zyl, Shaun, nor I doubted it. We made the call to look at another bull that was approaching from deep water before we called the shot. The two bulls started quarreling as the second bull approached. It spooked the cows and the whole pod exploded into the deep taking our easy bull with them.

An hour later we had persuaded some villagers to relinquish their fishing dinghies in promise of the return of hippo meat. Most of the afternoon was spent with the tiny craft tied to one

reed bed or another and watching the hippos bob in deep water through our field glasses. The obviousness that the "9' Dory" offered little protection against a hippo charge was ever present. I recall thinking how the sun, water and beaches of the spot would make a nice casual vacation destination, provided it were not located in one of the poorest nations on earth and infested with crocodiles.



A local Zimbabwe PH that came to oversee our hippo hunt had cautioned us against the difficulty of a brain shot on a moving hippo. The last several hippo hunters he had all ended up in a body shot rodeo requiring all present to empty their guns on the semi-submerged beast to finally bring an end to it. For an hour and a half, I studied the constant bobbing motion of the hippos in deep water though the Leupold scope and discussed it with Van Zyl. They would appear for 3 to 15 seconds and then disappear for a minute at a time, only to reappear in another location. We missed a couple of shot opportunities that I could have made because I wanted to be certain that my shot was clean. A brain shot on a bobbing hippo, fired from a small tippy boat, may be the most difficult shot in big game hunting. It required all my physical, mental, and emotional concentration. The range was 80 yards and the brain no bigger than a baseball. "That one?" "Yes." "Kill'em?" "Kill'em." Kaawhop! "Classic brain shot." The 300 grain bullet entered just in front of the right ear and exited just behind the left eye. The nose went up and the hippo went down. It fed at least 200 overzealous Matabele villagers who were waiting on a nearby beach. We drove the 150 miles back to camp and had retired to the fire by midnight to make a plan for tomorrow. We were on a roll.

Now, we were ecstatic at our success. We took two of the dangerous six in as many days. Our focus shifted to plains game and decided to hunt what the bush would provide. Although my PHs asked me to consider hunting the big cats, I had to watch my budget. So in consideration of that opportunity, we did re-bait some spots that were active leopard baits the previous week. I never saw a leopard, and only caught a lion passing in front of the safari car. Always in the back of our minds, while fixated on our stalking and crawling through the grass, was the knowledge that somewhere out there the lions were stalking too.

We worked for a few days sorting through lots of kudu,

waterbok, and eland. Trophy animals are elusive even in such a game rich area. On the third evening, in the last half hour of light, we caught glimpse of a great kudu. He saw us and bolted into an arching strip of forest that fell away down the hillside. We circled to the bottom and waited to see if the kudu would emerge. All I could see in the dark green foliage

was the white chevron on his face and the horns. It was our bull. I caught glimpse of his under-throat area in my scope. At 75 yards, I sent a slug through his spine and flopped him where he stood. With horns measuring 53 1/2" on one and 56" on the other, it was a truly magnificent animal. This gray ghost will grace the great room of our family lake cabin.

That evening, our cooks reported that our herd of eland had been eating greens in a nearby creek-bottom at dawn. Van Zyl and I snuck up the creek the next morning. Sure enough, we bumped a couple of cows and could make out that the herd was moving off easy. The chase was afoot and our best tracker, Tiger, took the lead. By mid-morning we had crawled within 50 yards of the eland herd on a ridge. Never could we make out the ancient blue bulls we saw the first night. They fed downhill from us and started moving across the grasslands and all we could see was a flicker of an ear or patch of hide through our field glasses. Tracking was difficult in the gravel-like soil. Occasionally, we'd spot an upturned moist stone or they would cross a wash and renew our confidence. Fancying myself as a fair hand at tracking in the Northwoods, I was eager to learn from Tiger. It seemed that Tiger was tracking thin air at times. Tiger was good, but not magical. I just did not know the local signs to observe. He taught me some local craft and that three sets of eyes were better than two. We tracked hard and it was hot. Late afternoon we bedded the herd on a gradual slope above the Matetsi River valley and backed out. We broke off to catch a snack and allow the eland to relax.

The sun dropped low toward the horizon and we started our crawl. Within 20 minutes of sneaking and crawling, we were kneeling in tall grass and looking at eland cows feeding. Yet, we had failed to see the blue bulls. We made another move to within 100 yards. Then, Van Zyl caught a glimpse of the bull shrouded by three intermingling cows. I jumped on the sticks and took a bead where Van Zyl thought the bull would reappear. As the bull's shoulder cleared a tree into a narrow gap, my Winchester barked. That old bull was incredibly stout

and heavy. Trying to hoist his head for a photo, I was in awe of this largest of the world's antelope. His horns boomed down. It is the age, the cape, the neck and the forelock that make the trophy. It is the relentless pursuit that makes the memory. I would highly recommend any opportunity for a hunter to take the tracks of a blue bull.



The most difficult of all the African trophies pursued on this safari was the waterbok. I know that is not supposed to be. Nonetheless, we hunted dawn until dark for three days trying to locate a trophy waterbok in an area with a good population. My waterbok will never make the record book but was a hard earned trophy and an animal that I am glad I had the chance to hunt.

One day remained for hunting, and I had pretty well exhausted the upper limits of my safari budget. Zebra was to be the last hurrah for this hunting team that was batting .1000. Our advantage was that after crisscrossing and glassing the countryside for nine days, we had a pretty good idea where to catch a zebra herd. I believe that the adrenaline filled action of the previous week detracted from the essence of the zebra hunt. Yet the sight of a loping zebra and their one of a kind oscillating call is seared in my mind forever. I cannot help pondering that there should be more places where bizarre creatures such as zebra and giraffe roam freely.

The success of my safari was uncommon and has perhaps set the bar for African hunting very high in my mind. I attribute our success to a little good fortune, the professionalism and the preparedness of Jacques Senekal, Shaun Keeny, and Van Zyl Du Toit. If you spend enough time in the bush, things will go a-foul. Anyone that has explored the backcountry of Alaska or wilderness areas of the lower-48 will know those facts from experience. The mind set to accept changing conditions, adapt quickly, make a new plan, and endeavor to perceive is what determines the outcome. We encountered adversity throughout our hunt. Each time we overcame that adversity and pressed the hunt from dawn to dark. While Van Zyl and I were stalking, Shaun was constantly marshalling other trackers and game scouts to provide us information on nearby sign and tracks. He made every effort to consult local villagers, local tribesmen and anti-poaching patrols as to the whereabouts of game animals so that no time was wasted without some knowledge of game movements. The land cruisers, drivers, trackers, skinners, and equipment were

always prepped and ready to go before dawn. We were ready to overcome adversity as it appeared. My last day in-country we went whitewater rafting on the dangerous section of the Zambezi River on the border with Zambia. We flipped a raft in hole #16, which is class 5+, went for a heck of swim and came out laughing about our experience. We

laughed at how the native jungle ladders leading down into the river canyon were made of sticks and wire. They were not engineered for the likes of men that outweighed the tribesmen by as much as a 100 pounds. On our next safari together our team will hunt elephant and hippos on land.

As a footnote on guns and ammunition, I want to attest to my experience on this safari. Several experienced safari hunters and PHs that I encountered on my flight and in Johannesburg cautioned me against the use of the .375 H&H on dangerous game. "Not enough gun," they would say. Others claimed that solids were the only way to get adequate penetration with a 300 grain bullet. I told them that I left on two days' notice and that I knew the point of impact on this rifle from point blank to 200 yards. So, I planned to 'run what I brung,' if you know what I mean. The terminal performance of the Federal Premium 300 Grain Trophy Bonded Bear Claw proved their predictions inaccurate. Its performance was flawless. Perfect fat mushrooms and very high weight retention on all the recovered slugs, including the two that transected the cape buffalo lengthwise. If it will go through four feet of cape buffalo, how much penetration do you need? I believe that this round is the perfect combination of energy, penetration, ease of handling and predictable shot placement. Accurately place shots from this cartridge will handle the largest of game. If you cannot shoot accurately, I recommend instruction and practice, not a bigger gun. This rig is a great stalking rifle for African or Alaskan game. Well placed first shots combined with a competent PH will make this round perfect for a first time safari. That said, I will be using a .416, .458 Lott, or Nitro Express cartridge for close-in work on elephant or hippo where the object is to "break down" the largest quarry. I will not use these bigger guns in the field; however, until I can consistently hit a tennis ball at the prescribed range, both supported and unsupported.

▽ Safari Snapshots



Bill Pankonin



Greg Grazzini



Jim Bradley



Doug Brown



Tom Lenort



Betty Heller



Curt Fenton, Brad Reddick and friends



Mike Dubes



Terry Mick



Ron Schmidt



Jim Kouri



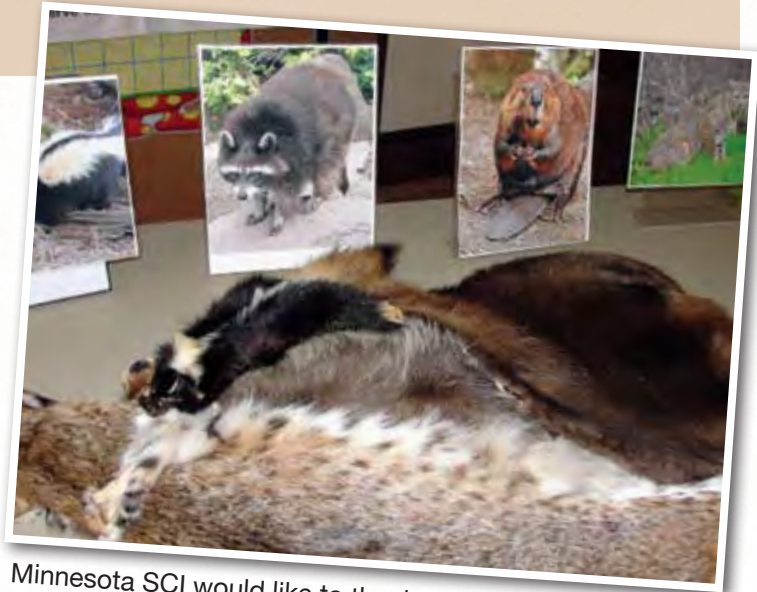
Steve Sheldon

Safari In A Box on Location

Minnesota SCI brings the Wilderness to the Ebenezer Ridges Care Center.



Both seniors and children had fun learning the Spanish words for beaver, skunk, bobcat, coyote and raccoon along with other *Safari In A Box* words.



Minnesota SCI would like to thank Ebenezer Ridges Care Center for their donation of laminated animal photos to the *Safari In A Box* Program.

The *Safari In A Box* Spanish class provided a fun hands-on learning experience for preschool girls.



Jody Schumann, Director of Child Care stated, "The *Safari In A Box* Intergenerational Spanish class provided an opportunity for the seniors to reminisce and share stories about childhood memories with the pelts that they learned about. The children were very interested in listening to the stories and learning more about the animals."



Thank you to Carolina "Miss Connie" Navarrette for organizing the *Safari In A Box* Intergenerational Spanish class.

SAFARI IN A BOX

Are you looking for a Wildlife Adventure right in your child or grandchild's classroom?

The Minnesota SCI can help with our *Safari In A Box*. *Safari In A Box* is a K-12 education kit designed to provide exciting, hands-on learning. It gives teachers and others who work with young people resources and ideas to introduce youth to important concepts of habitat, wildlife management and impacts resulting from human and wildlife interactions.

The Box is suitable for use by teachers at any level, environmental educators in local, state and federal parks, 4-H and Scout leaders, wildlife conservation educators in State and Federal fish and wildlife agencies, community nature centers and hunting, fishing or trapping organizations who do wildlife education programs in their community

Safari In A Box offers children and adults a hands-on wildlife experience in an urban, suburban, or rural setting, in or out of doors. For many, the Box is the gateway to appreciation of the outdoor world and provides their only contact with a wild animal. *Safari In A Box* helps adults and young people in our increasingly urban environment re-establish their connection with our land and their link to the natural world.

What's in the Box?

To provide a real wildlife encounter, *Safari In A Box* has some parts or products from real wildlife that were accidentally killed on highways, or legally harvested by hunters and trappers. The Box provides many items that are not easily obtainable through traditional educational sources but are vital to this type of hands-on educational experience.

The Box contains real or plastic replica skulls, pelts, rubber tracks, and rubber scat (feces) for common animals such as beaver, skunk, bobcat, coyote and raccoon. These items can be used in learning activities such as comparing animal adaptations for different habitats and differences in animal diet, or in fun activities such as making T-shirts with animal and predator tracks.

Lesson plans, activity suggestions, teacher's guides and posters are included. The video, *Habitat Earth-Wildlife*, demonstrates the importance of habitat to all animals. *Habitat Earth-H2O* takes viewers on a journey that shows how humans contribute to impaired water quality.

Learning with *Safari In A Box* demonstrates that:

- Most animals are both predators and prey.
- Similarities and differences exist between herbivores, carnivores, and omnivores.
- Animals need food, water, shelter, and space in their habitat, and plant and animal succession plays a role in meeting these needs.
- Some animals are endangered; others are not.

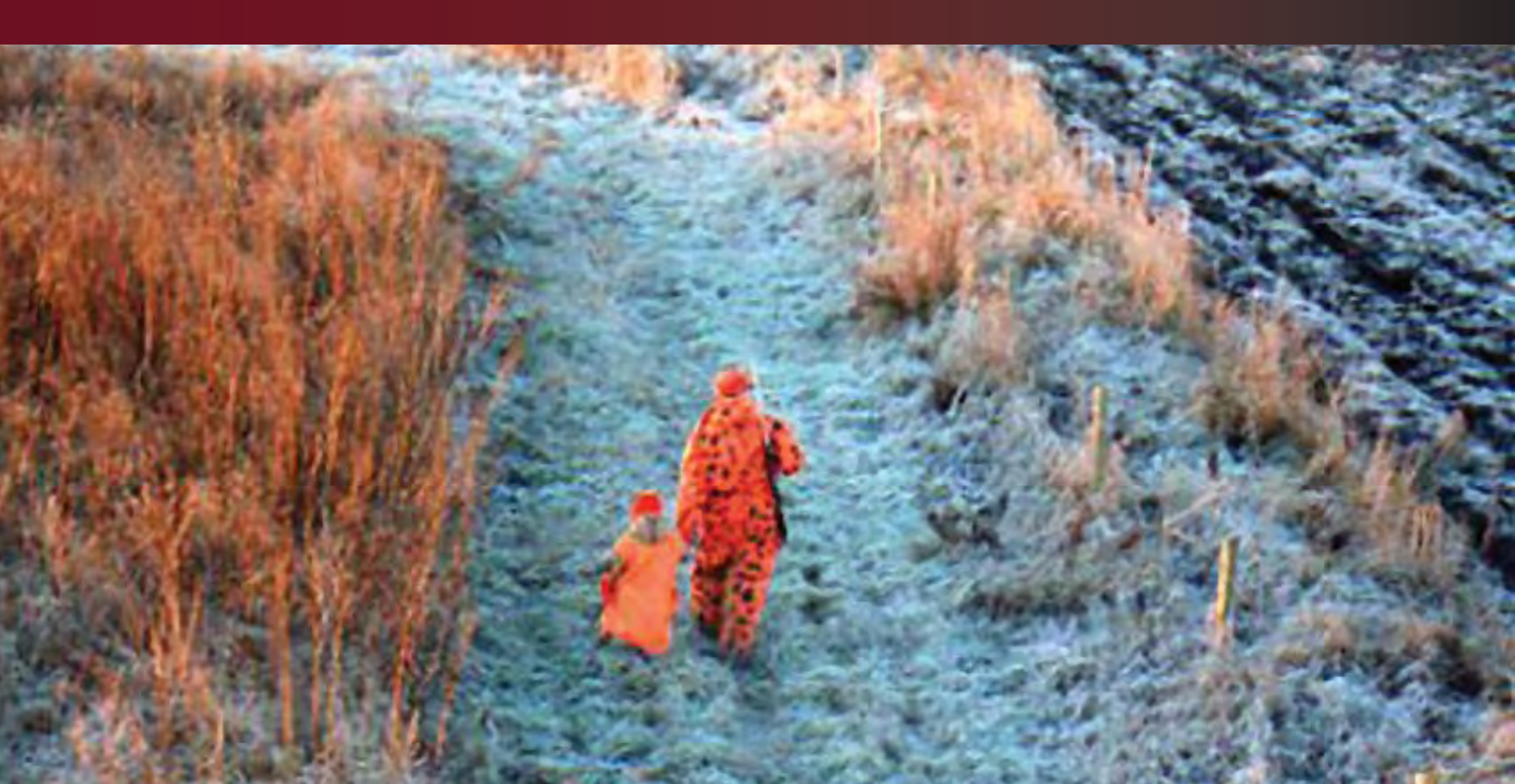


The children studied the photos of each animal while getting to touch the pellets (pellejos).

"It was very rewarding to see the children combine Spanish and wildlife," said Miss Connie.

- Different animal species have different adaptations for the same feature, such as fur.
- Wildlife is a renewable resource.
- Good wildlife management practices ensure the continuation of healthy wildlife populations.
- Regulated hunting and trapping are part of good wildlife management.
- Humans use animals for food, clothing, work and as pets.

If you are interested in borrowing the *Safari In A Box* to be used at your child or grandchild's school, would like to view the contents of the Box, or have additional questions; please feel free to contact Don Lynch, Humanitarian Service Coordinator, at dlynch88@comcast.net.



Grandson: *Hunting Partner and Best Friend*

When Monique asked me to write an article on my grandson, Tanner Sackett, I felt a sense of pride and satisfaction, and I really wished she had not put me on the spot.

Pride is in the sense that I know Tanner is growing up to be the great young man we hope all of our children will become. Satisfaction is in knowing Tanner will carry on the hunting traditions my father instilled in me. Self-confidence is in writing my open and honest evaluation of Tanner. He will be one of our future leaders in the hunting world.

I have had the opportunity to spend an enormous amount of my grandson's life enjoying the outdoors with him. He started his hunting experience in the deer stand at 3 years old. Tanner's mother, Angela, was on her first deer hunt. Angela and I had just come back from Europe and she decided hunting was an exciting sport. Tanner saw his mom collect her first deer. I think Tanner



was hooked. I am lucky to spend many weekends with him at our farm hunting.

As the years have passed, Tanner has been schooled in the principles of hunting my father passed on to me. Hunter safety was the primary skill Tanner was initially trained in. Handling and care for your weapon, awareness of your surroundings while hunting and respect for your prey. Conservation has been a focus of our training. Conservation begins with protecting our wildlife and habitat for today and future generations and preservation of our inalienable right to hunt and fish.

Tanner has been the son I never had; the person you feel more pleasure in successfully filling his tag than yourself; the person you think of when the call of the wild taps you on the back. He is the person you are willing to wait for after school to share those moments that may never come again; the person you share the sunrise and sunset with; the person patient with his hunting partner; the person that tends to talk too much and you realize it's just the excitement of the hunt for him.

Yes, the person saying "feel my leg, I cannot stop it shaking." And yes, the person that always says "Thank you Grampy for taking me hunting."

You see, Tanner has collected squirrels, rabbits, coyotes, ducks, geese, turkeys, wild boar and deer. Tanner will be 14 this year. Tanner won the Minnesota SCI Youth Essay Contest in 2009. He attended the Youth Hunting Camp at Indianhead Ranch; Tanner collected the Schimtar-Horned Oryx. In his essay, Tanner expressed as one of his goals to teach his little brother Noah to hunt. Guess the torch is passed.

In summary, Tanner is not only my grandson! Tanner is my hunting partner. Most of all, Tanner has become my best friend!

Life does not get any better!



▽ Now You're Cooking With . . . Paul!

State Fair Special:

Cheeseburger on a Stick

By Paul Langenfeld

Ingredients

- 1 pound ground venison (or beef)
- 4 bacon strips sliced in half
- 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese
- 2 tablespoons ketchup
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper

Directions

- Preheat oven to 425 degrees
- Combine venison (or beef), cheese, ketchup, salt and pepper
- Roll into cylinders about 4 inches long and 1 ½ inches in diameter
- Wrap each cylinder in a half slice of bacon
- Place in a baking dish
- Bake for about 15 minutes uncovered
- After removing from oven, push wood sticks into cylinders



Grab a nice cold beer for that State Fair feeling!

The Making of a Great Hunter . . .

By Brian Smith

What makes a great hunter? It is someone who is willing to learn, to listen, to work hard, to practice, to be persistent and even to fail a few times along the way.

I happen to be married to this very person. Ashley had fished a few times and squirrel hunted a bit with her dad as a child in Winona. But she had not received her hunter's safety certificate until a few years ago. She was eager to learn what this great world of hunting was all about.

Upon completion of her hunter's safety training, we began hunting at some local game farms in the area, just working on hunting with dogs and basic shooting and safety while hunting live pheasants with a group. She quickly began to love hunting with our new puppy, Bentley. With a few misses and some more practice, she finally landed her first rooster. All of us still remember our first animal. Whether it be a deer, pheasant or grouse up north, your first one is always memorable and very special.

As the fall of 2007 came around, Ashley was practicing with her new youth Model 270. She was eager to expand her knowledge and go on her first big game hunt. Northern Minnesota, near Willow River, was the destination. Deer hunting it would be.

As the alarm rang early and Ashley struggled out of bed, we soon found ourselves sitting together in a tree waiting the opening morning. The 2007 season was Ashley's first, and it was a heartbreaker. After missing a doe and seeing her very disappointed, I quickly assured her there would be more chances. Unfortunately, her next chance didn't come until 2008 and ended the same way with another miss of a doe. She was seriously starting to doubt her big game hunting ability, the early mornings and long days in the tree. As her third season, 2009, began she was eager for redemption. With a fresh start and a new attitude, she gave it her all but watched the season come and go without ever pulling the trigger.

Ashley continued to practice in the offseason. She was more than eager to hunt a new stand in 2010 after seeing several does and a few small bucks in a thick old pine grove. But she had never been able to get the perfect shot. She was beginning to think her fourth season would end in a way too familiar fashion.

We decided to hunt Friday night for the last weekend of the season. We left work early so we could get on the stand before sundown. Ashley asked me to sit with her this time. She had been hunting on her own for two seasons, but for some reason wanted me there. I figured sure, why not.



We chose a stand on the edge of a 20-acre cornfield that we had not hunted yet. The turkeys spilled on to the field and the sun began to sink. Prime time was upon us. As Ashley waited, she asked me how much longer we had. "About two minutes," I whispered. With the crosshairs beginning to fade, Ashley spotted him, a beautiful 8-pointer working his way alone out of the woods on to the cornfield.

As Ashley pulled up, she began to panic. The words: "I'm too nervous," "I'm shaking," "I can't do this," "You shoot him, Brian." Her tears flowed with excitement. I quickly said to her "this is it ... it's go time, get yourself together and shoot him when he stops."

This was as nervous as I have ever been. This was out of my control. This moment of redemption was hers. As the 180-yard shot rang out and the buck doubled up, I told her with my own tears of excitement flowing, "You smoked him!"

As we gathered our thoughts and tried to calm down, we began trailing him by headlamp. The buck, which had a broken leg before she shot him, didn't go far. Ashley tracked her buck to the edge of the woods. There he was! Excitement hit an all-time high and neither of us could believe what had happened. It was truly one of the most exciting hunting moments of our life. We will remember this moment forever. As I began the field dressing and dragging, Ashley quickly grabbed her cell phone and began to call friends and family. I was so happy to be there when she took her first deer and for it to be a great buck made it all the better. We took some great camera footage. My two uncles and my dad arrived, and we all celebrated a great family moment as we recapped the hunt. This is what deer hunting is truly all about.

With Ashley's buck safely in the freezer at home, and the cape and antlers at Mid America Taxidermy, she can't wait to re-live that moment again every time she sees her buck on the wall.

▽ State and Federal Issues

By Don McMillan, President Minnesota Outdoor Heritage Alliance, Past President SCI

State Issues

The Minnesota Legislature adjourned on May 16 with a fair amount of unfinished business related to our outdoor issues. They failed to appropriate funding associated with the Outdoor Legacy Amendment which must be done before these various projects are authorized. The funds are there and constitutionally dedicated to the improvement of the environment that we expect, but there is a faction in the Minnesota House that likes to derail these efforts, if not repeal the amendment that was passed by a large percentage of the voters in Minnesota. These are temporary stalling tactics that will most likely be resolved in a special session of the Legislature that should occur before July 1. If the special session does not occur before July 1, we will have a government shutdown due to the main issue involved, solving the budget deficit. That is the issue that has trumped all other issues in the Legislature this year unless you believe that “gay marriage” is also a very big issue. It looks like the funding for the outdoors will be resolved in such a special session and by the time that you receive this publication, it will probably be history. There is some activity in the House to try and repeal the Outdoor Amendment, but it has failed to get much traction. The Game and Fish Bill, for the second year in a row, has been vetoed by the Governor primarily due to some issues involving the use of “new types” of snowmobiles and the adverse effect that the legislation would have had on snowmobile manufactures here in Minnesota. This was probably a wise economic decision on the part of Governor Dayton. There are some firearms issues that were postponed until next year when we will most likely see a vote for a constitutional amendment similar to the Second Amendment to our federal constitution. Minnesota is only one of six states in the United States that do not have second amendment rights in their constitution. The other issue is the so-called “castle doctrine” that deals with someone breaking in to your home and threatening your life and whether or not you have right to shoot them. Expect to see a package of gun rights bills next year. If the Game and Fish Bill is reconsidered with some changes during special session, we may see things such as an earlier duck season for you water fowlers.

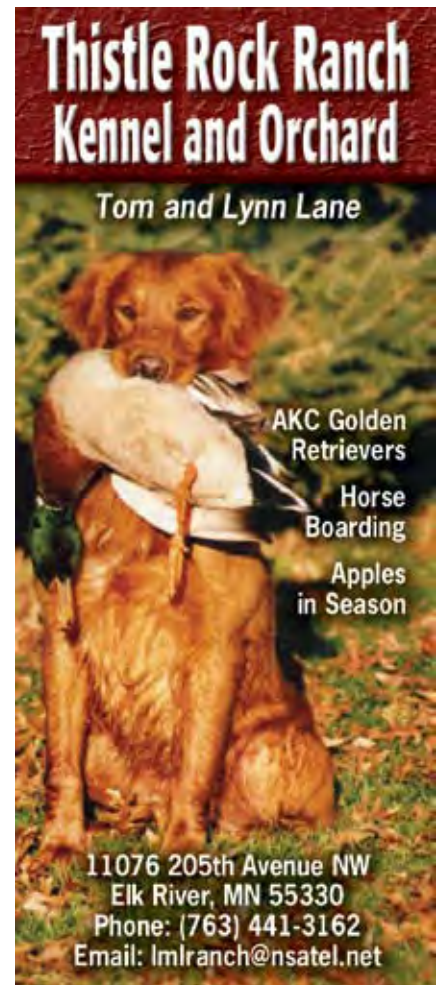
Federal Issues

The big issue for Minnesota has become the timber wolf situation which has become tied up in our legal system and could be there indefinitely, without Congressional action. The antis have very large amounts of money. They have figured out ways to stop state management of the wolf despite the fact that the species has more than recovered from any kind of an endangered state. Unfortunately, the Endangered Species Act

of the U. S. was enacted back in the early 1970’s and badly needs revision to prevent groups like the antis from their unending and misguided legal actions. Again, money wins over logic. We now have bills in the Congress supported by most of our Congressional Delegation from Minnesota to enact a law to solve this problem. An e-mail, call or letter to your Congressional Representatives would be in order. Remember that our policy makers do respond to their constituents because we elect them. We are asking Congress to enact legislation that will delist the timber wolf from endangered; now that the population in the lower forty eight states has more than recovered.

It is very clear that the Obama Administration is not very friendly to hunters and gun owners. In recent proclamations from the Federal Government about public land use, we have seen hunting left out as a legitimate activity. Again, the Congress comes to our rescue because hunting, fishing and shooting all enjoy broad bipartisan support in that body. However, the President does have some powers to take over or influence activities on all of our public lands that you and I own. Hopefully, we have enough supporters in the Congress and in other agencies to keep hunting as a legitimate activity on these lands. It would not be prudent for a President to antagonize a large segment of the population during an election year, so it looks like our interests will be relatively safe for now.

Next year will be another Presidential Election and we will see some changes in our Congressional Districts due to population shifts evident in data from the 2010 Census. This will change the dynamics here in Minnesota when the courts finally rule on redistricting. This issue usually ends up in the courts because the two major parties cannot agree on any new boundaries. Minnesota still will have a delegation made up of Members friendly to our issues with only a couple of exceptions.



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