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East Ohio Northwest Penn  
Chapter

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*Our Chapter's  
Fundraising Program is  
an Award Winning  
Publication*

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# East Ohio Northwest Penn Chapter-Officers

## Presidents Message by Suzi Bieber-Wilt

As we close 2014 and welcome the new year, I hope 2015 is full of outdoor adventure and opportunity for us all! We should take time to reflect just how blessed we are to have the privilege to be there. Reflect now on what seeds our forefathers planted so that we could enjoy hunting and angling. Their dedication remains honored today by the many at SCI/SCIF who work to preserve those rights for us. Our litigation team is on the frontline fighting to help legislators understand and connect conservation and the positive role of hunting. Our staff and affiliates are reaching out through media to educate the public to who we are and our mission. They help us teach the world that we care and want to use our hunting heritage as a tool to manage wildlife and preserve it for our youth to do the same.

At the chapter level, your participation at our annual fundraisers has enabled the board to reach out to like-minded organizations, veterans and youth outdoor enthusiasts to continue the freedom to enjoy learning about preservation of our sport and protection of wildlife and it's environment. We expanded our support this year to the following humanitarian, education and conservation recipients:

SCIF/Sables AWLS Education  
Veterans fishing day  
Edinboro Shooting Club  
Mill-Creek Marksmen 4H Club  
Vienna Fish & Game 4H & NRA  
Youth Sportsfest  
The Michigan Wolf Initiative  
The Maine Bear Initiative  
OnTarget Outfitters  
Keystone Elk  
Sportsman Caucus  
Equine 4H Club

If you can donate your time or business goods and services toward our auction or fundraising event please let us know. It's folks like you that keep us moving forward. Join us 3/21/15 and bring a friend! Together with your resources and commitment we can continue to support the SCI/SCIF missions and our local kids, hunters and veterans... it doesn't get any better than that!

May the good Lord bless you with safety and bring you successful adventures in the great outdoors, and with those blessings, you are reminded of our freedom to do so and to thank those that passionately protect it.

Together, let's make Fundraiser 2015 the best ever!!

# East Ohio Northwest Penn Chapter-Officers



**Lana Grim**  
**Vice President**

Although I began my hunting adventures during my teenage years, my compassion and true love for the outdoors started in 2005. I have served on SCI's Board for the many years and I truly believe in this organization. I am proud to be a member.

**Amy Drewnowski-Secretary**  
**SCI Presidents Award-2014**



Amy Drewnowski is a life member of SCI, SABLES, & SCI-PAC and currently is serving on the SCIF AWLS and Scholarship sub-committees, Sables AWLS sub-committee and the SCI Convention Exhibitor Service Team. She has served the East Ohio – N/W Penn Chapter as chapter president and education representative. She also has represented the SCIF Education Committee at the Future Farmers of America National Convention and the National Science Teachers Association National Convention where she promoted AWLS and Safari in a Box.

**Jeff Meyerl-Treasurer**



Chapter Treasurer and Regional 25W Representative. He has been a member since 1982, was past president of East Ohio Northwest Penn Chapter and life long hunter.

# BOARD OF DIRECTORS

**Rob Wilt**



I grew up on a farm and have hunted since I was a child. I joined the SCI Board in 2008 because I am very interested in helping the youth experience hunting and conservation.

I believe in wildlife efforts to save our sport and enjoy our hunting freedom.

**Drew Gavlik**

Always eager to lend a helping hand!



**Dave Hofius**



I have been a board member of our chapter from approximately two years after the chapter's inception. Prior to that, I was a member of the Cleveland Chapter. I have served the Chapter as a member of the Conservation Committee and worked on the fundraiser. I am a strong supporter of such SCI programs as: the AWLS program - securing students and educators to attend the program; and securing people to take medical supplies to Africa, Russia - "Children of Chernobyl" and South Vietnam.

**Eric N. Hagberg, Au.D.**



As a founding member of the E OH NW PA chapter of the Safari Club International, it has been my honor to have served on the Board of Directors since our inception in October of 1988. I have chaired the AWLS Program, the Matching Grants Program and was the Chapter Secretary for more than 25 years. It has been my pleasure to run the Deer Hunters Table during the *Night of the Hunter*, our annual banquet and fundraiser, for more years than I can remember. Having

grown up on a farm in upstate New York, hunting has been a passion of mine since early childhood, when I would follow my dad around with a toy gun made from my sister's baton. I was 9 when I received my first real gun, a Mossberg single shot 410 and have been hunting since. Now more than ever it is important for all hunters to make their voice heard and join the only organization, which at its sole is the protection of hunter's rights, the Safari Club International.

**Sam Detwiler**



I'm a 5<sup>th</sup> generation farmer. I've been hunting almost since I could walk. I'm an advisor and rifle instructor for the Mill Creek Marksmen 4-H club. I enjoy helping to teach the next generation of outdoorsmen and women skills they will need. I joined the Chapter about 5 years ago after seeing what good work it was doing.

I joined the Chapter about 5 years ago after seeing what good work it was doing.

**Mark Williams**



Mark Williams Being a nationally certified 4-H trainer in Hunting and Wildlife as well as a Certified Youth Fishing Instructor, it was SCI's unwavering commitment to youth that first prompted me to join them over a decade ago. My experience since then has shown that SCI's mission can be summed up in three short but exceedingly meaningful words: Education. Conservation. Preservation. I

am sincerely thankful for the rights we have as Americans and the resultant freedoms with which we are blessed. I am also extremely proud of the ever-vigilant role SCI plays in preserving these sacred freedoms for all who would enjoy them, both now, and for generations to come.

# BOARD OF DIRECTORS

**Dale Pritchard**



Been hunting 45 yrs. Mostly with a bow. Joined SCI in 2009, voted to board in 2012. SCI is the largest Hunting and Conservation Organization in the world and I want to do What I can to protect hunting and the shooting Sports.

**Tim Tipton**



I found my love for wildlife and the outdoors at a young age. I enjoy sharing my experiences and teaching friends and family the wonders of the great outdoors. I have served on the

Board of Directors for 2 years. I feel SCI is the single most important organization any outdoorsman should belong to.

**Tim Mulhollen**



Tim has been a lifelong hunter, fisherman and outdoorsman. He is Co-founder of East Ohio-Northwest Penn Chapter and is currently a member of the Board of Directors. He has served two terms as President of the Chapter and is currently Vice President of Waterfowl USA, a member of NRA, past board member of Ducks Unlimited and served as Fundraiser Chairman for these organizations. He has hunted in numerous parts of the world and is an avid supporter of wildlife conservation.

**Michael Drewnowski –Past President**



MIKE DREWNOWSKI is a hunter and Life Member of SCI, SCI-PAC and SABLES. Currently serving as SCI Director –at-Large, serving as Sub-Chair on the SCI Ethics and Code of Conduct Committee, Publication Committee, SCI-PAC Committee and as Sub-Chair on Convention Exhibitor Service Team. Past Chapter President and Co-founder of the East Ohio-Northwest Penn Chapter, current Chapter President and past SCI Region Representative. Also Life member of the NRA.

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## BAD BACK BUCKS - By Mark Williams

We've all heard the expression "The third time's a charm", but a hunting trip I took several years ago pointed out that the "charm" may not necessarily be a good one....

Things had started out well enough with my drawing a mule deer tag for an area known for nice, and occasionally outstanding, mule deer in central Montana. The icing on the cake was drawing a tag for pronghorns in the same area. My hunting destination was in Petroleum County, about a hundred miles north of Billings. This would be my third trip hunting with Flatwillow Creek Outfitters LLC, a joint venture of brothers Dwane and Oren Kiehl. Because of the success I'd had in my two previous trips for big game with FCO, and the terrific accommodations at the lodge, I was practically salivating at the prospect of getting back to camp. The camp is located on the Kiehl's ranch – a 20,000 acre expanse of sage brush, coulees, and blunted hills. It is also a working ranch with cattle and sheep, and some farming of barley and hay in the occasional spaces that can support it. Flowing through the ranch is the creek after which the Kiehls named the company. Maybe "flowing" isn't the correct way to characterize the creek during that year. Or the year before. Or the year before that. That proved to be a prelude for the less-than-charming events that were yet to transpire...

Due to pitifully meager amounts of snowfall and rain for three years running, Flatwillow Creek had been reduced to mostly dry stretches of creek bed with intermittent pools of fetid green water. It's out of these nasty little puddles that the first problem arose for a couple of months before my arrival – midges. Also known as no-see-ums, the warm stagnant water in the puddles had become a virtual factory for clouds of the miniscule vampires. Greatly compounding this pestilence, many of these tiny terrors were also carrying the virus for blue tongue, a disease of ruminants that has a very high mortality rate. Before the gun season had even started, the local pronghorn population had already been reduced by more than half. That then, resulted in the survivors being hunted really hard which, in turn, conferred upon them the pronghorn equivalent of advanced degrees in wariness, evasion, and escape. My hunt was scheduled – of course - for the last week of pronghorn season.

While driving the 1700-plus miles to camp, I had plenty of time to reflect on the successes of my previous trips and my subsequent preparations for my current adventure. I'd upgraded my camo from military surplus desert fatigues to expensive sage brush country clothing. While not necessarily an upgrade, I brought my new Tikka T3 light .270 rifle which had shown itself to be almost ridiculously accurate on the range. My trusted 7mm mag was now my backup. I also brought my shotgun with plenty of shells for all the upland bird hunting I was going to do because I was going to tag out early. After all, my previous two trips had resulted in meat in the shed no later than the close of day two. That meant I had three whole days to chase birds, pop prairie dogs, hunt coyotes, or just take in the quiet and the solitude that comes from being in a county with a population density of 0.3 people per square mile. I thought back to my last trip when my guide and I were driving back to camp with a huge-bodied 9 point whitetail that I shot just minutes before sunset on a still, brilliantly clear evening. The sun had descended on the western horizon in a blaze of golden fire. Not to be outdone, the moon had already risen over the bluffs to our east in a brilliant display of dazzling argent. As we were driving back to camp, we topped a hill where I could look for many miles in an uninterrupted 360 degree arc. I was immediately struck by what I COULDN'T see – lights. I was scanning an area of 60 or 70 square miles and the only evidence of man-made light that I could see was shining from the front of our truck...

Forcing my mind out of its nostalgic reverie, I kept going over my mental checklist. Clothes for any kind of weather – check. Soap that claimed to eliminate all my human stink – check. First aid kit – check. All kinds of over-the-counter medicines to address whatever common ailments that may try to spoil my anxiously awaited trip – check. Appropriate firearms with more than enough ammo – double check. Yep, I was as ready as I could be.

The trip to camp was uneventful enough with the exception of a complete lack of nearby pronghorn sightings which, even with forewarning, were nonetheless unsettling. After introductions to the few people I didn't know, and handshakes all around, I got settled into my room. As my prior trips to camp had emphatically informed everyone I was a world-class snorer, I had the room to myself. I was introduced to Charlie, my guide for this trip. He was the quintessential All – American boy: early to mid-twenties, soft spoken and polite, tall, blue-eyed, and with blonde hair that was even shorter than my back-to-the-fifties cut. This was his first year guiding, but that was ok with me because I knew he was a local boy. He was bound to know more than I did about the what, where, when, and why of the wild four-legged locals.

We were up and out before the crack of dawn and hunted the ranch hard. We drove slowly while glassing for miles, skulked in and out of irrigation canals, snuck from one round hay bale to the next, hid in hay corals hoping for animals to sneak up on us. Just about nothing. At least nothing worthy of shooting. I was enjoying the hunting, but also getting a little exasperated by the end of the third day because everyone else had tagged out and were now chasing birds or downing Buds. I have to admit to being a little spoiled by my previous trips, too. That third day Charlie had informed me he was starting a new job the next day, so I would be getting a new guide. I met Rich that evening. A wiry fellow with a droopy mustache, I couldn't really read him very well because he was a man of few words and was also new to the company. On this trip, and a subsequent trip in which he was my guide, I got to know him as both a darned good guy and an outstanding guide.

The fourth day of the trip was looking to be as beautiful as the three that preceded it. I had wished Charlie all the best on his new job and actually felt worse for him than myself that we hadn't gotten it done. We all know that among guides, reputation is huge. I felt badly that I hadn't accomplished anything that would give him some bragging rights. Oh well, another beautiful day in God's country, a new guide, and a belly full of a good hearty Montana breakfast. Maybe Lady Luck will smile down on me today. All I had left to do was put my boots on. Since getting down to my boots had become increasingly difficult with the years, I had gotten in the habit of meeting them halfway by propping one foot at a time up on a chair, steps, whatever. Left boot on. Lacing up the right boot. Then, "pop!" – the sickeningly familiar little sensation in my lower back that told me I had only minutes before the resultant muscle spasms in the area would essentially cripple me. The spasms could be anywhere from moderately uncomfortable to excruciating. Since there was no way of knowing where this one would be on the 1-10 pain scale, I grabbed my orange vest and hurried out to the kitchen, untied boot and all. I quickly told Rich and Dwane what had happened and that there was a fair chance that within an hour, I may be barely able to walk. Grabbing my rifle, we walked to the truck, I slowly maneuvered my way into the front seat, and we headed down the camp road. One of the great things about this camp is that in the early morning there will be several dozen mule deer in the grassy areas next to the road. Closing time for me was fast approaching, so quite frankly, the very first buck I saw was going to look a whole lot better than he would have looked on any of the three previous days. That unlucky boy happened to be a young buck with a spindly little 4x4 rack standing broadside in a field about 100 yards from the truck. I eased myself out of the truck, lined him up, and fired. He staggered a few yards and went down. As I very carefully walked up to the victim of my circumstance, I could feel myself slowly getting more crooked and could tell that one leg was now shorter than the other. That smile on Lady Luck's face had apparently morphed into an evil smirk.

We - that is, Rich - loaded the little guy into the back of the truck and then headed down the road so we could turn around and get back to camp. I should have closed my eyes as we drove because we passed over a dozen bucks with racks at least twice the size of the one in the truck bed and carrying another 40 pounds of jerky to boot. Oh well, I had no way of knowing. As meager as the deer was, at least my tag was punched. Besides, he'll be better eating than a trophy, I rationalized. Now for a scarce pronghorn.

We patrolled the ranch for the rest of the morning with me jamming my left fist into the seat and pushing down with my right forearm on the door to lessen the amount of weight mashing down on my lower back. Getting back to the lodge for lunch, I gingerly crawled out of the truck and was slightly relieved to find that this "blowout" was somewhere in the medium range: one leg was only about an inch shorter than the other, and my back was just moderately askew rather than looking like a goat path on the side of a mountain. The pain averaged a 5 or 6. That is, unless I unexpectedly stepped in a low spot, and then the jolt would briefly bring a number 10 wince to my face.

Lunch was eaten at a rather leisurely pace as we strategized, and I finished it up with a goodly dose of Ibuprophen for dessert. As we were getting ready to leave, Oren came in and said that he had spotted a solitary pronghorn buck on the western edge of the ranch. I got to the truck as quickly as I could, and we headed in that direction. Sure enough, as we came around a bend, and in between two hills about 400 yards away, was a smallish pronghorn buck, all by his lonesome. His solitude was a bit unusual, but I knew I couldn't be picky and I figured we now only had to worry about one set of eyeballs seeing us. Parking the trucks behind a hill, I took a big breath before setting out cross country. Luckily, it wasn't very far and the ground wasn't too uneven. The last 50 yards involved crawling on my hands and knees to get to the top of a small hill which would put us about 125 yards away from Little Guy number 2.

I began my sneak, and there I was, inextricably linked to the great Native American hunters of the past... With cat-like stealth, I deftly maneuvered through the omnipresent prickly pear cactus, rendering it a minor inconvenience. A pronghorn cape from one of my countless previous triumphs covered me and disguised my approach from my most worthy

prey. I was one with the land, the sky, the quarry. My pain was the price paid for triumphal battle with an adversary possessed of fang and claw. It actually increased my awareness, gave an acute point to my concentration... While my mind's eye continued to paint this fanciful portrait of hunting kinship with my red brethren, I'm pretty sure my companions were seeing something more like a fat orange and green Quasimodo, clumsily picking his way through a minefield while being tasered.

I peeked over the crest of the small hill and the buck was just standing there, broadside, looking at us. Ok, I thought to myself. I'll take it. I set up the bipod and haltingly assumed a prone position, encountering just a few prickly pear needles. Middle of the chest...BOOM! He ran about 50 yards in a perfect circle and dropped almost exactly where he had been standing. Yes! Finally! After all that had "mis-happened" the last couple of days, persistence and dogged determination had triumphed! The pain lessened briefly as I cut the goat tag in anticipation of pronghorn sausage. (Some folks don't like pronghorn meat because of the sage-like taste it has. I like it for that very same reason. Gives it a character all its own.) I fidgeted a bit trying to find a comfortable way to stand and take pictures while Rich got started with the field dressing. My pain-tempered euphoria was soon interrupted by "Uh, Mark, I don't know how to tell you this..." "This" ended up explaining why my long sought-after prize was all by himself and had under-reacted to seeing us. He had a large abscess on his belly and his resultant body temperature was so high that Rich said he could barely touch him. Great. My hard-won, pre-seasoned sausage had just become infected coyote hors d'oeuvres.

The high spirits in the lodge that night – since I had finally tagged out - were tempered by my being unable to find even a modicum of comfort as my back had gotten worse during the course of the day. Sitting was tolerable for a short while, then getting up from a sitting position elicited intense gritting of the teeth and squinting of the eyes. Since I couldn't stand normally, that was awfully uncomfortable too. Laying down was about the only relief – as long as I didn't try to turn over. I had another day in camp, but since I really couldn't do much with it, I decided to get started for home a day early. It seemed like the prudent thing to do since I didn't know how well I was going to handle the long trip.



Much to my grateful surprise, I actually survived the trip well enough. During stops for gas I would get out and have to walk a couple hundred yards to loosen up enough to not look like a dressed-up primate waddling through the parking lot. The dark luck of the trip continued to dog me though, as I left the keys for my gun case in a hotel in St. Cloud, Minnesota. I made it home alright, but my stuff had to stay in the car until after a couple of trips to the chiropractor. I got my keys three weeks after I made a frantic call to the hotel and sent them a lot more postage money than was actually needed.

The luck that was characteristic of that trip reared its ugly head again months later when I picked up my pronghorn mount. It wasn't in the pose I had asked for, the mouth was mocking me with a crooked sneer, it had chameleon eyes – looking in two different directions -, and the left ear was coming off the head an inch and a half higher than the right ear. It appeared to be what a nicely mounted pronghorn might look like when viewed through a soda bottle. "Pronghorn" by Picasso...

The specter of that trip persist to this day. For use with this story, I went to my hunting photo album to get a few pictures. The slots where the pictures were located that I wanted to use, are empty. Nothing. No clue what I did with them. Ohhhhhh, my achin' back...

***While I was hoping for "Awesome" or "Incredible", I had to settle for "Cute". The right front fork can be used for a backup bottle opener...***

***By Mark Williams***

**2014 SCI CHRISTMAS PARTY AT JEFF & DONNA MEYERL'S HOME**



## **Polar Vortex Buffalo**

**By Dale Pritchard**

Like many serious hunters, I have a list of hunts in my head that I would like to do while I am able. On the top of that list has always been to hunt the American Buffalo. I don't know why but I have always had a thing for those big shaggies.

After years of looking at different hunts and not seeing what I was looking for it was during the 2012 SCI Convention at Las Vegas that I talked to Marion and Mary Scott of P Cross Bar Ranch in Gillette, Wyoming. Although I did not book the hunt that year the seed was planted. When I ran into them again at the 2014 convention we talked for awhile and I decided to book the hunt, finally. After 40 yrs. I was going Buffalo hunting.

The hunt was scheduled for the second week of November, 2014, figuring that the weather would be cool enough that we would be able to keep the meat from spoiling if we got one down. Little did we know what Mother Nature had in store for us. I started to watch the long range forecast in late October and it looked like it was going to be in the 40's during the day the week of the hunt, pretty comfortable. Then just as we were packing for the trip, we heard about the Polar Vortex that was heading to our area from Canada so we packed some heavier clothes just in case.

My wife Wendy and I decided to drive out to Wyoming so we could bring all the meat back if I was successful so we left very early in the morning on November 8<sup>th</sup> and arrived in Gillette late in the day on November 9<sup>th</sup>. The weather was 56 degrees and sunny. When we woke up Monday morning there was 4" of snow on the ground with more coming down, high winds and 3 degrees, the vortex had arrived. We still had about 20 miles to drive to the ranch and we found the roads to be a challenge but we made it safely. After arriving at the ranch and getting settled into our cabin we hung out with the Scotts and had a great meal of Buffalo roast and all the fixings before retiring for the evening, the hunt would start early the next morning. The weather report for Tuesday was no more snow (8-10 inches on the ground now) but with the wind chill it would be -20. It would be a hard day!

At breakfast the next morning I met the 2 men that would be guiding me on the hunt. Pat, who is married to the Scott's grand-daughter and part owner of the ranch and his best friend Mick who is learning the guiding business. Pat, Mick and I would be in one truck and my wife Wendy and Marion (Boss as he likes to be called) would be in a second truck. Boss who is in his 80's no longer actually hunts but likes to be close by, and his 60 yrs. of hunting the ranch would come in handy a couple times during the day. After a lot of searching we located 4 bulls that were off by themselves and the stalk was on. After climbing up over sharp ridges and knee deep snow in some of the draws we were able to get to within 45 yards but as I was getting ready to draw my bow one of the bulls spotted us and they took off and now the chase was on. After many miles and a few more blown setups we decide to call for the trucks so we could get warmed up and come up with a new plan.

While getting warm and having some lunch we decided to climb up over a set of ridges and look down into a draw that we thought the bulls had gone into. We found the bulls bedded in the bottom of one of the draws but there was no cover to put on a stalk so we decided to jump them and hope that they went to a more huntable area. This time though they jumped up and ran for miles out of sight.

We got back to the trucks and decided to drive to the other side of the ranch and see if we could relocate the bulls. As we were coming up over a steep ridge we were surprised to see the bulls standing out in front of us about a quarter of a mile away and headed down another draw. We quickly dropped of Pat to nudge the bulls down the draw and we drove all the way back to the bottom in hopes to finally getting a setup. Mick and I climbed up the side of the draw and got setup. After about half an hour we could see 2 of the bulls making their way to us. As they got broadside to us Mick ranged them at 55 yards. The lead bull knew something was up as he was watching us out the corner of his eye and starting to drift further out into the flat. The second bull had no idea we were there so I told Mick that was the one I was going to try for. Shooting a slider type sight I adjusted the pin for 55 yards., pulled back and aimed for the lung area and released. As the arrow took off we could clearly see that the wind was taking it to the left and ended up hitting the bull in the side of the head. They immediately took off running down the middle of the valley.

They ran about a mile down the valley and also picked up the other two bulls and were just standing there with my bull in the rear. Because there was no cover in the valley we drove down to them to get them to move back into the hills where we might be able to get setup again. As we got close to them they ran into the hills on the right side of the ranch, an area we had not been into all day. Boss said he thought he had a good idea where they were headed so we drove clear back around to the head of the valley and came in from the other side. Boss said there was another large draw that he thought they would be in so again we hiked into another draw in search of my bull, but they weren't there.

Back at the truck, Boss said that he thought that they had finally made a mistake because there was only one other place they could go and that was down the fence line a half mile away.

As we drove over to this area we could see the bulls coming down the fence line about a quarter of a mile away. Leaving the trucks

we found a dip in the ground to get setup in and waited for the bulls to arrive. They came right to us and stopped at 25 yards. Having 4 huge bulls broadside at 25 yards is a little nerve racking and my first shot was a little farther back than I would have liked. The bulls started to mill around and Mick whispered in my ear that I needed to take my time with the next shot and finish this. I drew another arrow, took aim and put this arrow right into the bull's lung area. This time the bull took a couple leaps forward, coughed up a bunch of blood and fell over dead. In over 45 years of bow hunting I am still amazed at how fast a well placed arrow does its job. My 45 year quest was finally over and a great buffalo bull was on the ground. You can't truly appreciate the size of these animals until you walk up to one on the ground. Four of us could not even roll him over so we could take pictures. Boss said that they had a 4 wheel drive tractor back at the ranch just for this purpose so he and Mick left to get it.

After the tractor arrived we were able to get the bull setup for pictures and then the real work began. Three men and 6 hours later we had the bull skinned, quartered and hanging in the shed. The next morning the quarters were frozen solid and ready for the long drive back to Pennsylvania thanks to the Polar Vortex.



2014 NRA YOUTH SPORTSFEST  
by Larry Beardsley

The Trumbull County 4H Shooting Sports Pioneers hosted our 16<sup>th</sup> annual NRA Youth Sportsfest on September 27. With the help of 45 volunteers and a few donors, we provided 113 kids plus their parents a chance to learn how to safely handle firearms and archery equipment; a lot of hands on time with archery equipment, .22 handguns and rifles, 12 and 20 gauge trap shooting, and muzzle loading rifles and handguns; and hopefully the beginning of a lifelong love of the shooting sports. This event is open to all youth between ages 9 and 18.

Donors included: ODNR-Division of wildlife providing much of the funding of the ammunition, NRA provided 50 shirts for the kids and hats for the volunteers, Fish & Game Club of Vienna provided the facility and all the clays, Stockers Gun shop made sure we actually had the ammo necessary for the event and black powder supplies.

For the second year SCI EONWPA supplied the food for everyone. Director Dave Hofius purchased the hot dogs, buns, chips, water, drinks and paper products and got it to the club. VP Lana Grim and director Rob Wilt slaved over the grill. President Suzie Bieber-Wilt with Dave and his wife Elaine were busy inside helping to serve the masses. All five helped set up and clean up the dining area. Rick Kelley and I, from the TC4HSSP, supplied the chili sauce for the hot dogs and my wife Anita made 400 brownies.

The first year your group volunteered, I was a little concerned how they would mesh with my quite territorial kitchen crew. But, by the end of that day, my people had coerced your group into promising to return for this year, and now for next year. We are extremely grateful for your financial and physical support of the event. And, we look forward to continued collaboration in the future. THANK YOU!!!!





**A Brief Look at our 2014 Annual Night of the Hunter Dinner. We hope to see you at our “27th Annual Night of the Hunter Dinner” on March 21, 2015 at the Embassy. Visit our website to print your Flyer and Order form. They are on the Home Page. [www.scihunting.net](http://www.scihunting.net)**



**There was approximately 50 youth at our fundraiser. Every youth is given a gift bag and entered in a raffle for a gun.**



## Deer Hunt - By Amy Miller

In 2011, my youngest daughter went away to college and I was at a loss on what to do with myself. Having discussing the possibility of my hunting someday, since I do love to target shoot I decided to join my husband on a weekend hunt during gun season.

I was ready: bundled up looking like an orange marshmallow, gun in hand. I was sitting there when I saw two does. This was my shot. I picked up the gun, got the doe in site, and went to pull my trigger. We didn't practice with this gun, and maybe we should have; I couldn't reach the trigger. Needless to say, there were no deer shot that day. But, a lesson was learned. I needed a youth model gun with a shorter stock if this was something I was going to take seriously. Going into the following fall and preparing for the upcoming season, I was telling our own SCI President Suzi Bieber about my plans to hunt that season. Her reply was that anyone can hunt with a gun, I should try archery. I was intrigued. After some convincing, hubby and I picked out a pink Parker crossbow. With some training, I felt confident to begin my hunting season. We built a blind, bought all the right clothes, and I was ready. I walked out to my blind, bow in hand and sat. That year, I got two does with my bow and two with my gun. Self pride was immense.

The following year, I headed out again. With the freezers full, I didn't want to kill just to kill. I was buck hunting. Then one day, it happened, a nice buck walked in front of me at only 20 yards, but I couldn't get a good confident shot, so he lived to see another season.

This season came in like none other. I was pumped. The freezers are empty, shoot a doe and then go for your buck; that was the plan. Again, I walked to my blind each day of the season, finally after seeing many does, I finally got one. Got that out of my system. Lets look for Bucky again. At this point, that is his name.



On October 15, I had no intention of hunting that day; I even wore perfume; hubby convinced me that the weather was perfect. I left work early, got changed, walked out to the blind, crossbow in hand. Knowing it was getting dark, (magic time) I checked my phone for the time, perfect: 6:47 pm. Putting my phone back in my pocket, I look up and what do I see? BUCKY!! I check my yardage , he's right at 20 yards. I can do this. I take a deep breath, pull my bow up, turn my safety off, and wait. He's just walking with no clue I'm even there. He stops. I keep telling myself: breathe, keep the bow up, watch the arrow, and watch and listen for where he runs. I pull the trigger. I GOT HIM! And he fell right there where he was standing when the arrow got him.

My phone rang. It was hubby who had been in the loft of our barn watching the whole thing. All I could say to him was, "I got a buck! I got a buck!" The excitement was too much!

My excitement is known by many. But on that day, when I had no intention of hunting, Bucky was mine. Regardless of what you believe, that day, on the day I wasn't going to hunt, I went out and got the buck I was patient enough to wait for; that day would have been my daddy's birthday and I believe he was watching and helping from Heaven.

Amy Miller

# SCI-PAC

SCI First for Hunters  
4800 W. Gates Pass Road  
Tucson, Arizona 85745

## What is SCI-PAC?

Safari Club International-Political Action Committee (SCI-PAC) is the political action committee of Safari Club International for the purposes of contributing funds to election campaigns of candidates for federal office who promote sound wildlife conservation practices, scientific game management, and the protection of our hunting.

SCI-PAC has contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars to federal legislators who play a key role in the fight to protect hunting freedoms. Long recognized as the most influential political action committees, SCI-PAC's support of both Republicans and Democrats have multiplied the advocacy efforts of SCI members and SCI lobbyists. SCI-PAC has helped sportsmen prevail in federal legislation hunting issues since the late 1980's.

## Legislators Speak Out

“SCI is a tremendous advocate for sportsmen, wildlife conservation and hunters’ rights. Their work is essential to preserving our outdoor heritage.”

-U.S. Congressman John D Dingell, D-MI

“SCI is probably the most influential conservation group now in Washington, D.C.”

-U.S. Congressman Don Young, R-AK

## Rules Governing Contributions to SCI-PAC

- Only SCI members and their immediate family are eligible to contribute to SCI-PAC.
- Federal law prohibits contributions from commercial businesses or non-U.S. citizens.
- The maximum combined political contributions to SCI-PAC and any other political action committee by one individual is limited to \$5,000 per calendar year.
- Contributions and gifts to SCI-PAC are not tax-deductible for income tax purposes.
- Federal law requires SCI-PAC to collect and report the name, mailing address, occupation, and name of employer of individuals whose contributions exceed \$200 in a calendar year.

SCI-PAC carefully uses the voluntary contributions and gifts it received from SCI members who are U.S. Citizens. Its strategic political investments are vital to the elected officials who support sportsmen. These policymakers are integral to our fight to protect the hunting tradition.

**Please contribute to SCI-PAC Today! Contact 1-888-SCI-HUNT.**

# Safari Club Overview

Founded in 1971 by C.J. McElroy, Safari Club International (SCI) soon evolved into a worldwide organization that promotes wildlife conservation and education, provides services for people in need, and functions as an advocate for hunters and hunting. More than 36,000 members in 85 countries and 190 chapters in 37 countries empower SCI's mission around the globe. In 2000, SCI was reorganized into two separate corporations. The Safari Club International Foundations was formed as a non-profit charitable organization under 501 (c) (4) of the Internal Revenue Service (IRS) Code and Safari Club International was formed as a non-profit social advocacy organization under 501 (c) (4) of the IRS Code.

## Safari Club International

[www.SafariClub.org](http://www.SafariClub.org)

### **Mission**

Protection of hunters' rights and preservation of hunting.

### **Membership**

International in scope and appeal, SCI draws its membership from throughout the world. Chapters work within their communities, states, provinces and countries, and keep a vigilant watch over conservation issues, conduct their own special events, raise funds for conservation projects, provide humanitarian and educational services, and participate in global activities.

### **Annual Hunters Convention**

Each year, SCI hosts the world's largest hunting show, raising millions of dollars to support its worldwide conservation and education programs, services and charitable efforts. With over 1,100 exhibitors, 14,000 attendees, spectacular nightly events, almost continuous auctions and dozens of celebrities, SCI's convention is the world's premier event for sportsmen and their families.

### **Publications**

SCI publishes a bi-monthly magazine (*Safari*), two monthly newspapers (one in the U.S. (*Safari Times*), which is distributed worldwide, and one in Africa (*Safari Times Africa*) for SCI's African members), a magazine for young hunters (*Safari Cub*) and annual trophy record books. These world class publications keep members informed about hunting related news and services, chapter activities, educational and humanitarian projects, and individual member accomplishments.

### **Governmental Affairs**

Strategically located in Washington, D.C., SCI's Department of Wildlife Conservation and Governmental Affairs advocates for sustainable use of wildlife, and hunters' rights in state, national and international forums. In addition to its own efforts, SCI participates with other like-minded groups to promote sound wildlife management globally. SCI scientists work closely with a worldwide network of groups to establish more aggressive wildlife conservation programs in developing countries and ensure protection of international hunting rights.

# Safari Club International Foundation

[www.SafariClubFoundations.org](http://www.SafariClubFoundations.org)

## **Mission**

Conservation of wildlife.

Education of the public regarding hunting as a conservation tool.

Humanitarian services for the needy.

## **Conservation**

Safari Club International's active membership of hunter-conservationists contributed over two million dollars to conservation projects annually, ranging in scope from desert bighorn sheep relocation and elk habitat restoration to mule deer population studies, grizzly bear recovery and mountain lion habitat use surveys.

## **Education**

*The American Wilderness Leadership School (AWLS)*- located near Jackson, Wyoming, teaches environmental leadership, wildlife management and firearm use and safety. Since 1976, more than 2,600 teachers and 1,000 high school students have attended the AWLS program. SCI chapters and other conservation-related organizations sponsor their attendance.

*The International Wildlife Museum (IWM)* – located at SCI headquarters in Tucson, Arizona, was opened in 1978 and underwent expansion in 2000, thanks to an initial \$2 million contribution. Yearly, over 20,000 children visit the museum. SCI museum educators also visit local classrooms, teaching over 2,500 children annually the wonders of wildlife.

## **Humanitarian Programs**

### *Sensory Safari*

### *SafariCare Bags*

*Sportsmen Against Hunger* – Several million meals are served annually via this program, which helps share nature's bounty with the hungry. This program is active in all 50 states of the U.S., in parts of Canada, and in several other countries around the world.

*Disabled Hunters* – This innovative program teams with SCI members with hunters who have disabilities. Workshops, specials shooting events, and sponsored hunts all seek to improve the quality of life for those who participate.

## SCI'S Purpose and Intent

- ◆ *To promote good fellowship among all who love the outdoors and hunting.*
- ◆ *To promote conservation of the world's renewable wildlife resources, recognizing hunting as one of the many management tools.*
- ◆ *To share our hunting experiences and information among our membership.*
- ◆ *To operate the association as a non-profit organization, consistent with its charitable purposes, while providing enjoyment for our members, always with the goal of helping to conserve the animals that we love to hunt today – for those who will come to love the sport tomorrow.*

## SCI Hunter's 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.*



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## PRECIOUS MEMORIES - By Barry C. Barton

I sat alone in my office contemplating my wife's suggestion to take my two sons along on my next hunting trip to Alaska. The trip would be unlike anything they had ever experienced. Alaskan weather can stress even the most seasoned hunters and we would be traveling to the Brooks Mountain Range where the weather can be very unpredictable.

The decision would be made that yes, all three of us would be making the trip this year. It would be quite a financial outlay but well worth the time spent with Brian and Todd. After all, the weather should be pretty good since it was August.

I was retiring from my job of 40 years and wanted to do something, not just with my sons, but for them. Something unequivocal and unforgettable. An experience that would help them grow as men and help them prioritize their lives to what is most important.



As I have learned on numerous occasions in my life, God always has a plan of his own. We were soon to experience what God's version of unequivocal and unforgettable would look like. I had traveled to Alaska for most of the past decade. The last several years hunting with Deltana Outfitters and my long time friend and guide, Billy Molls. This combination has proven very successful having taken a B&C bear on the peninsula and a good Dall ram in the Brooks Range. The Brooks Range is where we would be this year hunting caribou and grizzly bear.



The hunt began as most do with all the excitement, anticipation and expectations of what was ahead. We left our home in Pennsylvania on a beautiful 80 degree day, that afternoon we were in Anchorage enjoying dinner at the Millennium. I figured it would be fun to get the boys worked up discussing the experience that lie ahead.

The next morning it was 6:00am and off to Dead Horse where we were met by Aaron who would drive us to Happy Valley Camp. The ride takes about 2 hours on one of the most famous roads on our continent, the Alaskan Highway. The ride from Dead Horse to Happy Valley can be an experience all its own. We arrived in camp and after meeting with old friends and introducing my sons to everyone, we got our paper work done, got packed and went to the air strip. The flight would take about 45 minutes into the mountains. Curt knew from experience the boys would appreciate the low flying scenic route and I, on the other hand, had Isaac, Curt's son, take

me up high and head straight to camp.

As we were landing I could see my sons and Billy Molls standing near the runway. Billy had cared for me on several previous occasions and now was being trusted with my sons.

My thoughts as we landed were of how much of my life had been invested in my sons and the last several years with Billy.

The plan was simple, nice weather, nice hunt. I wanted to introduce my sons not just to Alaska but to an experience they would never forget and from that a deeper appreciation for what God has blessed them with. I wanted all of us to have an unequivocal, unforgettable experience on this hunt. It may be a long time or perhaps never that I could have all these people together.

It would be a time to create memories, "precious memories". I thanked God for the time and we began our hunt the next day.

The morning broke crisp, clear and sunny. We ate breakfast, had some coffee and made our way to an elevated position where we could have a good view of things coming and going in any of the three valleys that we could see. I remember us being there long enough to fatigue my arms from glassing. I watched my sons as they took everything in.

I could see they were relaxed yet anxious at the same time. I knew Billy had been in this position a hundred times before but seemed jubilant over having the challenge of three hunters with one guide.

Again, I pulled my binos up to glass and immediately picked a bear moving up the drainage. The adrenaline was already flowing when I said, "Billy, I got a lone bear coming up the valley".

We had already decided that Brian would be first up on caribou, so Todd was first up on bear. Billy began the process of getting a new hunter ready to move out. It would not be easy, the bear was at least 1 1/2 to 2 miles away and the morning air would be tricky.

Billy decided to leave Brian at our current position to observe as our hunt unfolded. I would go along for an extra set of eyes and backup, if needed. Billy led us across the tundra on a course to intercept the bear which took us about 20 minutes. With the bear now out of sight, we were as close as we dare go. Billy had a pretty good idea where the bear would show up so he got Todd ready. I was set up to Todd and Billy's left taking in the whole hunt. These are the moments in your life when you remember every small detail. This is why I came here with my sons.

The bear crested the bank of a little sub drainage and started down a 15 foot slide. Billy let out a little bark to get the bears attention. She stopped and stood straight up about 80 yards away. Billy gave Todd the green light and the Winchester roared into life. The familiar thump was loud as the bear collapsed into the drainage and out of sight. Todd was overwhelmed with excitement as Billy and I congratulated him.

After what was several minutes, we made our way cautiously toward the bear and as we peered into the drainage we saw what all bear hunters dread....nothing!! Immediately, Billy took charge and recounted everything in order and after getting some help from Brian on the glassing knob we knew the bear had headed down the drainage to the main river. About 50 to 60 yards we came upon some blood but not nearly what we would expect especially with the bear hit in the chest. Their fur can sometime soak up a fair amount of blood. We continued the pursuit and after another 20 yards or so we were standing on the river bank. We were all surveying in, around and across the river intently when Billy said, "Todd, get up here beside me, I see her"! I now moved with purpose, positioning myself for a shot if needed. Billy had spotted the bear on the other side of the river and now gave Todd the ok to finish the job. Before he could get the shot off, the bear decided she would come to meet us!! As soon as she started towards us, Todd hit her as she entered the river. Todd and I would hurl 4 more shots into the bear before she would be still.

Unequivocal, unforgettable? You bet, much more than we expected but a memory never to be forgotten!!

After skinning and making our way back to camp, we spent a beautiful evening going over the days events. Even Brian who was 1 1/2 miles away on the hillside said he would never forget watching the hunt take shape to its heart pounding end.

That days pleasant weather did not continue into the next days hunt. It was noticeably colder and those little white flakes were accumulating everywhere. We would get 4-8 inches of fresh snow that day.

As we were eating breakfast, a group of about 20 caribou were spotted approximately 2 miles from camp migrating through the valley. The only problem we saw was if they decided to take the wrong fork in the road and circle around the mountains they were approaching. If they did, we would be putting on some miles to head them off. Guess where our herd of caribou went? A little despair was on everybody's face, but was soon replaced with optimism. We were there to hunt. So began that days ordeal. Brian was up for the first caribou so he followed Billy with Todd and I brought up the rear. The trek would be a test of endurance and will. It would all be for nothing if the caribou rounded the mountains before we did.

The one thing on this hunt I was concerned about was that my sons took me seriously when I told them they needed to work out and be able to walk most of the day with a pack on their back. Today we would find out if they had heeded my advice.

At 42 and 38, Brian and Todd are well muscled and fit but an all day hunt across the tundra with a little mountain climbing have put a lot of good men on their knees. To my satisfaction they were more than up to the challenge. I have to admit it was me who was pushing to keep up but all the while I enjoyed bringing up the tail end. From here I could see all the hunts develop and observe my sons as they experienced this adventure completely. Memories...unforgettable, precious memories!

As we rounded the mountains we had to unexpectedly scale a pretty steep slide to get a view of where the caribou would be, at least we thought. As we gained a vision of the valley we saw nothing. The herd must have doubled back or worse

climbed high and bedded down. We had just about completely circled the mountain to where we could see the camp again and still no caribou. They must have went up. The boys and I would stay put and wait while Billy went scouting. It was snowing hard now and we were glad to get a short rest. Billy had been out of sight for about 15 minutes when he reappeared a couple hundred feet above us. He began to anxiously wave for us to follow. We had just reached Billy when he approached Brian and began the process of getting his hunter ready. It was obvious he had indeed found the caribou!

At this point safety should always be the ultimate concern. It is so easy in the heat of the moment to forget the simple steps. I always appreciated the process and care that Billy takes to be safe and prepare his hunter physically and mentally. He always takes the necessary time to calm his hunter so as to get overall better results.

Billy was in this process with Brian when he jerked his head to attention looking up the mountain he jerked back and ordered us to "get down." The caribou were on the move and sky lined moving to our left and upward. While Todd and I lay motionless in the snow, Billy moved Brian quickly into a good shooting position. The caribou were moving but Billy reassured Brian they would stop for a look back and that would be his opportunity. Brian's patience was being tested as he waited for the bull Billy had picked out to clear. We heard Billy say, "Take him now!" Brian's rifle immediately came to life and we could hear "crack and thump!" The bull went another 40 yards and gave up his life. Brian was no longer restrained in a mans body and mind. He became a 12 year old on Christmas morning again. It was a memory I will never forget. The jubilation and picture taking was soon replaced with skinning, butchering and packing. It was snowing even harder now and the 3 mile trek back would be agonizing but with a good bull packed it would be easily bearable. We arrived back at camp, ate, and put out tired bodies to bed looking forward to day 3. Memories...unforgettable precious memories!!

After having spotted the first two days' trophies from so close to camp we decided camp was as good of a place as any to set up and glass from. We ate, got seated and proceeded to hunt with our binos. I remember thinking this would be pretty nice..we have a cup of coffee, do a little glassing, talk a little, another cup of coffee...pretty nice.

Our gentlemen's hunt was soon disrupted with Billy saying "Hey Barry, do you want to see something funny?" I replied, "Sure." Looking through the spotting scope to our northeast were two beautiful bulls, as high on the mountains as they could get. I looked at Billy and let out an outburst of laughter. We both knew our relaxation was over. I wasn't sure if Todd wanted a bull that bad but we all packed and headed to another adventure in a matter of minutes. It took us the best part of an hour to make the trek to where we would set up and wait for the bulls to come down a little. The trip was a couple miles across the tundra gradually climbing up the drainage. When we finally reached our intended spot we were ready to shed some layers only to put them back on as the cold wind coming off the mountains quickly cooled us.

After about a half hour the bulls stirred and began to come down the mountain just as Billy said they would. Only minutes from when the bulls would be in a perfect spot for a shot, they decided to take another morning nap. An hour passed before the bulls got up and began to gingerly make their way down a scree slope closing the distance. Todd and Billy were in perfect position, but had been laying on the side of the bluff for quite a long time. I was concerned Todd had gotten cold and stiffened up however as the moment of truth came closer, I could once again see faint little beads of sweat on his forehead. The bull moved 10-15 more yards and I heard the familiar, "Take him Todd!" Todd's rifle again came to life with the now familiar...crack...thump!! The bull collapsed on his legs and never moved again. The mountains came to life once again with the sound of human laughter and jubilation. For the third time, in as many days, I felt the warm flood of joy only a father can understand. Memories, unforgettable precious memories!!

Day four began with a bear sighting while eating breakfast from camp. Brian was up for bear at this point so Billy gave familiar instructions and off we stormed to catch up to the bear. It quickly turned into an act of futility. The bear was moving up the drainage with purpose and we never saw him again. After the bear we saw a few caribou but nothing worth pursuing. The day ended with another blanket of snow adding to what we already had.

Day five began calm enough and after some breakfast we started glassing. It wasn't long until a good herd of bulls was spotted about 2 1/2 miles away, high on the mountains.

Billy believed they would be headed our direction, eventually. Brian still had a tag but insisted I be up for the hunt. Leaving camp we retraced our steps of two days prior when Todd took his bull. We would end up going past that point to a little bluff overlooking the valley. From there Billy figured the bulls would funnel past us with about a 300-400 yard shot max. We had reached the bluff and were there for about 45 minutes watching the herd of bulls. They were bedded and quite content, but at 700-800 yards, I told Billy I didn't feel comfortable. I would at 500 yards or so. After our brief conversation Billy took off to see if we could find a way to secretly close the gap. He was gone about 20 minutes when he returned looking a bit frustrated. He looked at me and asked what had happened because the bulls abruptly got up and left as they came. To this I replied we had all been behind the bluff the whole time and the wind was in our face to boot. We surmised at that point something had to have spooked them. After about 5 minutes of glassing, Billy spoke, "I see the

little culprit!" There was a wolverine moving several hundred yards above where the bulls had been bedded. They must have winded him. Well the caribou hunt quickly turned into a wolverine hunt. Wolverine was legal to take on September 1st...and it was September 1st!!

The wolverine was probably 700-800 yards away and once again I asked Billy to get me under 500 yards, where I would feel comfortable on such a small target. We were fortunate that as we made our way along the mountains in the open, the little buggler seemed preoccupied with a good roll in the snow. I could almost imagine his gleeful disposition having rooted the caribou from their restful slumber. I was a little irritated at him having laid waste to such a wonderful opportunity at some truly trophy bulls. Payback was in order! As we crossed under the 500 yard mark Billy said he thought he saw us and we needed to set up for a shot. It would be awkward. We were moving down a steep slide and the wolverine was several hundred yards away. He was steeply above us. I got into position as best as I could but no matter what I tried I couldn't get the butt of the rifle on my shoulder. Billy was now anxious for me to shoot. I remember saying to him I needed a couple seconds to get prepared to get hit on the head by my scope. Ready, aim, crack, whack, thump! I made the shot, got hit solidly on the head and gave the little critter a dirt nap!! Jubilation erupted as the event became a reality. It took us the best part of a half hour to reach him but it sure was worth it. I never imagined I would ever get the opportunity and it came in such a peculiar way. Just another lesson when hunting you need to be prepared for the unexpected. This day had developed into one of the most memorable days of my life. The true blessing was that I got to share it with both of my sons and one of the truest, friends in my life, Billy.

The day ended peaceably enough but the weather had taken on a different crispness and snap to it. We were in for some Alaskan weather...real Alaskan weather!!

Day 6 was rather uneventful most of the day. The most noticeable event was more snow on top of what we already had. Around 6pm we spotted a caribou coming up the valley about 3 miles away. It looked like an average group of bulls but we had weather coming in which made the bulls look significantly better. All my years of hunting in Alaska I had never taken a caribou. We decided to try to intercept the herd. If they kept moving our direction we should meet up with them about 1 1/2 miles from camp. Of course they did not keep moving. The bulls bedded down putting them at least 2 1/2 miles from camp. As late as it was, we couldn't wait. We needed to push the hunt if we had any chance. Closing the distance quickly, Billy picked out the best bull and I put him on the ground with two shots. We were now in ultra fast mode. The snow was coming down and it would be a long, cold, wet walk back with a caribou in tow.

The trek back was strictly mechanical, a straight fast line back to camp. We must have forded the stream meandering through the valley 20 times, every time picking up an additional layer of ice on our boots and gaiters. The youth of my three companions was obvious as they kept the pace. I was starting to succumb to 6 days of hard hunting and had developed a heel spur, but I was determined to keep up. We arrived at camp well into the darkness, quickly ate and went to bed.

We still had a couple days left and supplies were starting to run a little low. Because of the weather there had been no supply runs or visits from base camp to pick up meat, antlers or hides. No danger of spoiling but we could use a few things and we were in danger of running out of one absolutely necessary camp item....coffee!!!

Day 7 and 8 were quite an experience by any standard. Two weather fronts had collided and built a weather trough with the Brooks Range taking the brunt of it. It wasn't exactly a storm for the books but it was nasty by any measure. The wind had picked up to a steady 40mph and while dumping 16-20 more inches of snow. It would be approximately 48 hours before we would emerge to stay from our tents which now looked like igloos. Dealing with this kind of weather can be more mental than physical. This is where your outfitter and especially your guides experience are critical. They know how to react to the weather, when to lay low and when to move quickly.

The way this storm was blowing, I thought our pull out day was in jeopardy but on day 8 the weather began to subside. The big problem, and I mean big, was we had about 2 feet of snow where we needed a 600 foot runway for the plane the next day. There are no snow shovels in an Alaskan caribou camp. The best we could muster was our kitchen tote. We all took turns filling and dumping that tote for 2 days. We kicked, dug, and threw snow to produce a respectful runway. On day 9, our pull out day, we anxiously awaited for the sound of the super cub coming over the mountains. The sun was up, the sky was blue and there were 3 hunters and 1 guide ready to get out of the freezer, and yes we ran out of coffee yesterday. We even did some recycling of old coffee.

As the first of two cubs made its approach you could tell something was wrong and when Isaac Bedingfield sat her down he confirmed he had a problem. With the first cub setting dead on our runway, the second plane, with Isaac's dad, Curt, had no choice but to return to base camp and wait for our call.

I have to admit at that point things looked pretty grim. I had even instructed Brian and Todd if they get out to continue on

home as planned. I would reschedule and follow later.

These are the times when God's providence and men's faith come into the light. I believe the first words from Isaac were, "Hey we had some bad luck, but we're still getting everybody out today." His optimism was contagious. At that point, everyone quit trying to force things to happen and just started doing the next right and necessary thing. We decided to move Isaacs plane aside and work on it while Curt would return and shuttle us out one at a time. By 9:00pm that evening, all hunters, guide, pilots, meat, antlers, hides and planes were safe and secure at base camp.

Everyone had done what had to be done. This is why when traveling to Alaska you need to be sure of your outfitter, guide and those involved with your hunt. The circumstances you find yourself in can change quickly. A peaceful calm hunt can quickly turn into a life changing experience. I have done my homework and only trust my life and my sons lives to some of the best in the business.

Well fed and warm, we retired. I believe that last evening was one of the most joyful relaxed times I ever spent with my two sons. The jubilation was of men having conquered something, done something unequivocal, unforgettable, memorable. Our relationship would be forever changed. I thanked God and went to sleep.

I have always been careful to never do empty promotions or testimonies, but in this case it would be irresponsible to not mention the people who cared for us on this trip. Deltana Outfitters is certainly a household name in the Alaska guiding business and every bit lived up to their reputation. They responded with urgency when it was needed to secure all those who needed brought to safety. Billy Molls, who once again has shown himself to be one of the most experienced and capable guides in the business and one of the people I refer to as a true friend. Our pilots, Curt and Isaac Bedingfield are truly the epitome of Alaskan bush pilots. These people and many more like them are who made the Alaskan wilderness experience safe for people like me and my sons to travel, hunt, and return from what would be without their help, too dangerous to do alone.

Gods version of unequivocal, unforgettable memorable took us far beyond where I would have gone. God always knows what we want, but thank God he gives us what we need!! Thank you Deltana Outfitters, Billy Molls, Curt and Isaac Bedingfield and most of all Thank you God for the memories. Precious memories.



By Barry Barton



## Donations by our Chapter ...



### Subject: RE: Gun raffle

Good morning. Thanks to SCI, our recent gun raffle was a great success. We raised over \$1500. The attached photo shows Lake Edinboro Sportsman's League representative (Ron Pude, right) presenting the prize to the winner – Alex Crowl (left). Thanks very much!! Dave

Check presentation to the Venango County Dead-Eyes 4-H Club. The donation will be used to buy ammunition for the kids practice rounds. Mike and Amy Drewnowski presented the donation check.



Safari Club International's East Ohio Northwest Penn Chapter once again went above and beyond the call of duty and honored our disabled veterans by treating them to a day in the great outdoors. For the past 22 years the East Ohio Northwest Penn Chapter has been sponsoring a disabled veterans fishing outing at Deer Lick Creek in Sheffield, Pennsylvania.



## Josh Medovich—Age 12



John Medovich (Josh's father) writes that this is a photo of himself and Josh after he harvested this whitetail at Still Water Trophy Outfitters. Josh used his .243 Browning and shot this deer at only FIVE YARDS AWAY!

The deer was trotting quickly when he (the deer) decided something wasn't right. Josh shot him with the scope set on 6x. (A little luck was probably involved!)

The buck ran another 30 yards or so before collapsing.

“JOSH'S SMILE IN THE PHOTO SAYS IT ALL!”



### *JUST FOR FUN*



*Two Canadian hunters were driving through the country to go bear hunting. They came upon a fork in the road where a sign read "BEAR LEFT" so they went home.*

*Dylan and Charlie are talking about fishing. Charlie says, 'I am never going to take my wife fishing with me ever again, Dylan!'*

*'Yeah, she did everything wrong, She talked too much, tried to stand up in the boat, baited the hook wrongly, used the wrong lures and worst of all she caught more fish than me!'*

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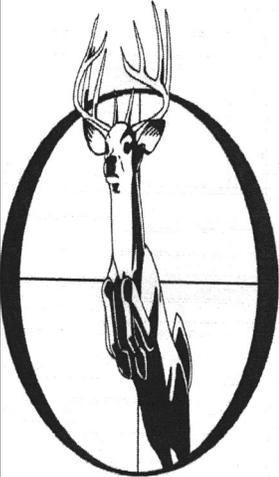
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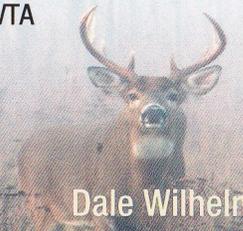


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## A WOMAN'S INTUITION ... or... HOW MY WIFE TOTALLY KICKED MY BUTT AT FISHING THIS YEAR

By Mark Williams

This story began on a cold, dreary day in March when my wife, my stepson, and I decided to try to beat the mind-numbing tedium that had set in during the near-epic winter we experienced last year. What better way to do that than to head to a newly opened outdoor store in Pennsylvania where we hoped to see the latest and greatest in fishing gear to get us ready for the upcoming season. A season that, with the persistence of the vicious winter we were having, always seemed to be at least another week away. This maddening carrot-on-the-end-of-a-stick scenario was constantly being aggravated by the image of a lure, any lure, on the end of a fishing line leading us to some, finally, ice-free expanse of water.

After meandering idly through western PA hills on the way to our destination, we managed to survive the last mile of the trip through 5-lane traffic to safely arrive at this newest sportsman's destination. The store itself was very nice, actually TOO nice as it just seemed a little too fancy-schmancy for my tastes. My wife voiced the same sentiment before we drifted in opposite directions in search of the newest "Gotta have it!". I first gravitated toward the gun section where I had to admit I was impressed at the selection and quantity of ammunition that I knew to be the metaphorical equivalent of hen's teeth at other stores I frequented. I walked away empty-handed though, as the prices on said ammo were much less than impressive. I eventually meandered off on a casual search for the other members of the household.

While slowly wandering down an aisle, my wife walked up from behind me and asked if I could take a look at a lure she had just spotted and brought over for my opinion. It was about 3 inches long in a streamlined minnow shape but was otherwise unlike any lure I had seen before. The outside of this lure consisted of a clear plastic case with a lip on it that told me that the plug would run at medium depth while being retrieved. The unique thing about this plug though, was what could be seen inside the clear housing: two highly detailed replicas of minnows, one following slightly behind the other, and colored by a beautiful medium metallic blue back that faded to silver descending down the sides to its belly. The eyes on these replica minnows added to the intrigue as they seemed to almost jump out of the clear casing to meet my own eyes, half-way.

"That's cool", I commented, clearly an understatement given the innovation of the design. "I really like this", my wife responded, "But it is pretty expensive". "How much?", I queried. "Sixteen dollars", was the slightly hesitant reply. Sixteen bucks!? Being forever on something of a budget, I was only slightly less than horrified at the prospect of dropping sixteen dollars on a single little fishing plug. Had I ever seen a sixteen dollar fishing lure before? Sure, lots of them, but they had always been the size of a beer bottle. Uniqueness of the plug notwithstanding, I felt that was a lot of money to pay for a plug of the fishing sort that wasn't much bigger than a plug of the gasoline engine sort. While my mind was reeling, Marnie said, almost wistfully, "I know it's a lot of money, but I just have a funny feeling about it..."

I learned long ago that it's nigh-on impossible to effectively debate against "funny feelings" no matter how logical or well thought out my own argument might be. Best to concede. Besides, my wife is actually, wonderfully, "low maintenance", being greatly suited to the simpler things in life, and openly disdainful of ostentation or any "Keeping up with the Joneses." She is perfectly content for our "dates" to be a day of fishing, or time spent together in the turkey woods. To her, a bologna sandwich while on the water fishing, is infinitely better than any of the expensive and weird "cuisine" served in highbrow restaurants. So, really, what's sixteen bucks? Some women pay that much for one half of one heel of one shoe that is going to be worn just once to a PTA meeting for the lone purpose of trying to hack-off the other pretentious – rhymes with witches – in the room.

Sixteen dollars? Sure, why not. My greatest "Keeper" deserves it. It probably cost us that much in gasoline just to get to the store. Besides, it's not like I had done a good job of lure selection myself, over the years. The dozens of lures in my tackle box that had caught nothing but seaweed could attest to that. Her "funny feeling" was as good a reason to drop the cash as anything that I could come up with.

The most maddening chapter of this story occurred after returning home from the store: maintaining the patience to wait out the weather until it got to the point where Marnie could try out her new fan-dangled lure. The break we were looking for finally came in the middle of April on a clear, but chilly and very breezy day. We drove to the lake of friends of ours who had graciously given us the OK to fish there. I decided to tie on a chartreuse spinner bait that I paid a buck for at a sportsmen's show. Even though it had no bearing on my choice, at least this way, our lures then averaged "only" \$8.50 apiece.

We commenced fishing in the late morning and almost immediately had success catching mostly 10-15 inch bass. An occasional 18 or 19 would provide extra excitement and, as an added bonus, the lake was almost weed free at this early date. We headed in opposite directions in order to more effectively cover the lake. She was doing pretty well with her fancy new lure, especially when you consider this was only her third year of full-time fishing. Marnie had fished a little bit for bluegills off the side of her family's boat when she was young, and had gone out on a party boat a couple times when she was stationed in southern California during her 8 years of active duty in the Navy. Our getting together afforded her the chance to go fishing more often with the result she is now every bit the enthusiastic angler I am. Maybe more so.

After catching and releasing over 40 bass, I set the hook on a fish that I immediately knew was going to be my catch of the day. That was, until I got it 12 feet from shore when it stuck its huge head out of the water and shook violently, turning my cheap spinner-bait into a chartreuse fastball. I slowly pulled my heart up out of my left shoe and went to tell my better half what had just happened. Turns out she had been pretty busy too, maybe not quite the numbers I had, but on the whole, her fish averaged slightly bigger. The day was getting late and I instructed her that before we left, she needed to fish in the same spot I'd just lost the heartbreaker. About an hour later she did just that, and on her very first cast at that location, she was into a bass, big time. I figured it was the same fish I just lost, and it measured twenty one and a half inches. With its protruding belly, I guessed its weight at six and a half pounds or so. Not bad, first day out and she had a "Fish Ohio" bass on her resume'. I didn't have a monster to brag about, but I was pretty happy knowing I had caught and released over 50 bass on the first outing of the year. While I didn't have any award winning catches, I sure had an excellent case of "Bass thumb" to show off.

Our next excursion occurred two weeks later at the same spot under similar weather conditions. The day was not as action-packed as our previous trip, but it was steady enough to still be a lot of fun. Mid-afternoon I heard her yell from the opposite side of the lake. I dropped my pole and quickly headed for the other side of the lake to see what prompted the shout. ("Quickly" is unfortunately, a very relative term these days as my late middle-aged frame is now carting around the equivalent of a good-sized 4<sup>th</sup> grader in extra poundage. That weight is in turn, borne by knees and hips that all need mechanical replacement. I anticipate that a few years from now, I may be able to set off metal detectors from several yards away. ) Fortunately for my now screaming joints, my bride met me part way with what turned out to be her longest bass of the year. It was a beautiful twenty two and-a-half incher that was considerably more streamlined than the other mothers-to-be that we had been catching. She – any bass that size is pretty much sure to be a female – was apparently intent on playing catch up though, as a quick look into her cavernous maw revealed the tail of a recently caught bluegill still protruding from her gullet. Wow. Hungry girl. She had not only just eaten a bluegill that was too big to cleanly swallow, she then inhaled what we had now dubbed, "The Magic Lure". "Fish Ohio" bass # 2.

Mother's Day dawned slightly overcast but warm, when I posed the question of a pitifully unprepared husband, "What do you want to do today?" The answer, immediate and self-assured; "Go fishing." What a woman! For a little bit of a change-up though, we decided to head to a near-by reservoir.

Now for a bit of history that I'm sure influenced that decision. Two years prior, also on Mother's Day, the three of us had gone to this impoundment and found a grassy area next to a boat ramp that we could fish from. We had to kind of spread out so we could situate ourselves between the abundant willows that festooned this shore. A small bass here, a smaller bluegill there, we were just happy to be out fishing. "Hey, what's this?" was the call from the other side of a willow. I walked around the bush and there at the end of my wife's fishing line hung a musky! At eleven inches, a little guy to be sure, but a musky nonetheless. The "fish of ten thousand casts." The king of freshwater fishing. In a half century of fishing, I had never caught one, and now Marnie had one to her credit early in her first real year of fishing. It was of course, released, but it frequently returned for the next couple of years as the subject of much good-natured ribbing at my expense.

This trip to the lake would prove to be a bit more of a challenge. The shore where we had fished before had eroded back 10 to 12 twelve feet from where it was, with the result that the edge of the shore was now about three feet above the water. Wonderful. I left the net at home. Oh well, no matter. As muddy as the water was from this huge influx of dirt, I figured the chance of actually catching anything was slim to none. I cast my trusty spinner bait; nothing. Marnie was pitching her "Magic lure"; nothing. Jonathan with a timeless and trusty worm under a bobber; nothing. After an hour of futility, all three of us had brought in our lines and were sitting on shore in an attitude of 3-D: disillusioned, discouraged, disgusted. Then a couple boats came in. When the occupants stated they had picked up a few muskies while casting for bass, well, helloooo second wind! Unfortunately, even with this renewed vigor, we knew there was still no way we could cast the 80 yards or so that was necessary to clearly get beyond the mud line. However, it didn't keep us from trying.

While flailing away with my fishing rod in a hopeless effort to catch something, anything, I heard a strained, "Can you help me?" come from Marnie, now about 30 yards to my left. I turned, and there was Marnie, doubled over, turned ninety degrees from the lake with her right leg thrust toward the shore and dug in to counter the force trying to pull her in. Her fishing pole, now with an obscene bend in it, was held tight to her chest in a death grip while line screamed off the reel. (It turned out Marnie had discovered a little spot of clear water among all the murk and dropped her lure into the middle of it with an almost immediate, WHAM!) I covered that 30 yards faster than I had covered any similar distance in the last 10 years. Getting to her, she asked me through gritted teeth, "Can you tighten up the drag?" This I did in increments, allowing her to slowly gain line on the beast as it cut furrows through the muddy water. She hadn't dared to hope this was a musky, but its I.D. was joyously confirmed when it finally breached the surface of the turbid water. Sure would be a good time to have the net that we weren't going to need. No net. No matter. Pulling it up the sheer edge of the shore certainly wasn't an option, but we had to get this maniac with the buzz saw mouth onto land. Since this certainly qualified as a desperate time, into the water I went. While the water was only knee deep, the fish was still in its element and was thrashing around violently in a desperate effort to leave the two of us crying in our beer. Grab; nothing. Grab; a little bit of slime. My sincere efforts were slightly tempered by the trepidation that came from knowing this crazed fish now had half of its constantly swapping ends full of razor sharp teeth AND treble hooks. My mind was racing between thoughts of "C'mon, grab it! You CANNOT lose this once-in-a-lifetime fish" and, "I wonder how many stitches I'm going to need?"

“Need a net?” I looked up and saw the male half of a couple that was fishing down shore from us a little ways. Good God, man! That was like asking someone if they needed a drink of water after wandering around naked for a week in Death Valley. Still, I was awfully grateful for the unexpected offer of assistance. As our good Samaritan headed back to get his net at what seemed a much slower pace than I’m sure it was, the fish’s violence continued unabated. I marveled at its stamina. While this was a darned nice specimen, especially when considering the relative rarity with which muskies are caught, I wondered what in the world this situation would be like if it was two feet longer and weighed nearly a pound per inch like the true monsters of the species. Meanwhile, Mar- nie was ridiculously composed, only a slightly reddened face to show for her physical efforts and the anxiety produced by the current stalemate. “Here you go”, interrupted the torrent of synaptic discharges in my beleaguered brain. In a sudden wash of relief, I turned, and uh oh... I had seen bigger nets sitting next to goldfish bowls. Still, it was a net. If I could just squeeze the armed end of our scaled gladiator into the net...and grab the tail with my other hand... “Ugh!”, and the musky suddenly became a flying fish, landing safely on the shore.

As quickly as this fat old man could, I struggled up the constantly collapsing mud of the shore and got the now REALLY magic lure out of our most worthy opponent’s mouth. After a quick measurement – 35 inches – and some hurried pictures, I jumped back into the lake with the musky in an attempt to release it in the vainglorious hope that we – maybe when it was 20 pounds bigger - could catch it again. I did this in spite of the fact that at some point during the encounter, the gills on its right had gotten injured and the fish was now bleeding heavily from that side. Even though I knew that my efforts would most likely be for naught, I tried for ten minutes to resuscitate the fish with, sadly, nothing but “belly up” for a result. It will now occupy an honored place on the family room wall. Needless to say, I no longer have to wonder about what we are going to be doing for any Mother’s Day in the foreseeable future.

Guess what my girl wanted to do on her birthday? Yup, so we headed for our honey hole. And, yup, she did it again, catching an absolute “toad” on, yup, her now legendary lure. This fish was a 22 incher with a huge paunch that I felt surely put it over 7 lbs. Mar- nie’s “Fish Ohio” bass #3 capped off her incredible seven week run of fishing fun, the likes of which I have yet to experience in over a half century of chasing finned quarry. And just think, it all began with “...a funny feeling...”



**WOW!**