



Adirondack-Catskill Chapter Safari Club International News

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Adirondack - Catskill Chapter, SCI News VOLUME 5 | Issue 2; March/April 2012

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SCI
FIRST FOR HUNTERS

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Remember to send in your
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Please submit articles by
the 18th of the month.
Article and photos submitted
become the property of
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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS AND DATES

If anyone has an item to donate for the next **SCI Banquet** please call Larry Steiner to make arrangements. (607) 988-6334

March 15 Meeting at the American Legion in Cold Brook will feature **Dick Hazard, Vinny Migliori, George Gollin, and Larry Steiner** recounting their trip to Saskatchewan for Whitetails.

Larry Rudolph, public relations person for SCI will attend and speak along with **Wayne LaPierre** from NRA at the **Sportsmen and Outdoor Recreation Legislative Awareness Day**, on **March 20th - 9am - 12pm** at the **Capitol Building in Albany**. ACSCI Will have a table set up there with membership and other handouts. Contact Vinny Migliori or Larry Steiner if you wish to carpool. Please refer to announcement further on in this newsletter.

FUNDRAISER 2012, March 31, Holiday Inn, Oneonta, NY.

April 14 2012 Youth Day at the Rockdale Rod and Gun Club. Contact Ron Meeks for details (607) 373-3009

April 19 Meeting at Christopher's in Oneonta, NY at 7PM. Speakers will be **Vinny Migliori** and **Larry Steiner** recounting their Musk Ox hunt.

The Chapter is looking for next years Young Hunter and a teacher to send to AWLS. Keep your eyes peeled for the next qualified candidate. Please contact Jim Digristina's at (315) 735-1775 or e-mail jjdigristina@yahoo.com

Lynn Mayer, Bill Mayer and **Stan Swears** have been asked to join the ACSCI Board of Directors all three have accepted their appointments.

Congratulations to Rachel Trojan and Levi Andersen
who are co-recipients of the Young Hunter Award.

Both will be heading to Outdoor Leadership School near Jackson Wyoming this summer. Great Job kids!!

Upcoming Sportsman's and Gun Shows

Big East Camping and Outdoor Sports Show March 30-April 1
at Turning Stone Casino in Verona

Syracuse Gun Show April 21-22 NYS Fairgrounds in Syracuse
call Sandra 607-748-1010 www.bigeastshows.com

As we move forward with our **Hunt for Warriors** program we are always interested in finding interested men and women who have been injured serving our country. We also need donations to keep the program viable. Special thanks to Mike Vickerson of Adirondack Wildlife Studio for his recent generous donation. Please contact Larry to make a donation or suggest a candidate (607) 988-6334.

We are always looking for speakers for our regular meetings. If you have an experience to share please call Larry at 607-988-6334 to get on our schedule.

If you have an event that would interest outdoorsmen and women in you area, contact George Gollin at 607-432-9063 or accsinews@yahoo.com and we will include it in the next newsletter.

Deadline for all articles is the 18th of even months.

My Whitetail Hunt at the Catarosa Ranch in Texas

By Stephen Valyou

It was a long summer and fall waiting for the end of December to come, but it finally did. I had been anticipating an awesome hunt and time in Texas but never expected it to be as it was.

We arrived at the Catarosa Ranch on 26 December 2011 in the early afternoon. Upon arrival we were greeted by the staff and guides Tom and Jesse. I keep referencing "we". So to clear things up my wife and son joined me on this hunt. After all the introductions we settled into our room in the lodge. Now the lodge is set on top of a hill that allows you look out and view most of the ranch to the North. The terrain is a lot different than we are used to here in New York. Mostly brush and small trees but really thick. After we were settled Tom came to me and said, "Are you ready to hunt"? Not expecting to hunt till the morning I jumped at that offer immediately. So we geared up and headed out for an evening hunt. We sat the evening in a ground blind cut out of the brush. It was great!! I wish I had something like that here, a natural blind. That evening we saw many deer but nothing mature enough to harvest.

The next morning I was ready to go. Our friends had come in late the night before and were ready to hunt also. Tom and I headed out in the dark of the night to set up in another ground blind that they had placed. This blind was a Double Bull Pop up. We had deer in front of us before it was light and once we had shooting light the deer piled in. We watched a number of deer for over an hour. Two of the deer were a 3 year old 12 pt. and a 3 year old main frame 8 pt. with two kicker pts. off the G2's. I really wanted to harvest that deer but the ranches management plan calls for the deer to be at least 4 years old so we had a really good show. Just as Tom said we will give it another 10 minutes or so a management 8 pt. buck came out very aggressive to the other deer and Tom said "shoot that buck". At first I thought he was kidding and then he told me when I had the shot to shoot him. Once that deer returned into my field of fire I engaged him and he dropped in his tracks. It took all of 30 seconds and it was over. He wasn't a trophy buck but what a way to start.

Our second afternoon started a little earlier than the evening before. Tom had been mentioning this particular buck that he wanted me to harvest so we had moved to a different location on the ranch. It was just past 1600hrs when we arrived at the location of the blind. I got out of the machine and into my wheelchair and Tom got the blind set up around me. He told me to get settled and he was going to park the machine and return. I did just as he said and prepared myself in the blind. The next thing I remember was hearing Tom running back to the blind. As he was climbing through the door he told me to get ready because he just saw a big buck!! He wasn't sure if it was the one we were after but he knew it was a nice one. No sooner did he get into the blind and seated in his chair he stepped out. Tom said that's him "shoot". I confirmed with him the number of points verifying we were looking at the same deer and squeezed the trigger. Just as the buck earlier in the day he too dropped in his tracks. I recall looking out of the blind at the deer lying in the sendera and his rack sticking up off the ground. I was in utter amazement and couldn't get down to him fast enough. I stayed in my wheelchair and Tom and I went down towards him. I have to say there was not any ground shrinkage when we got there. Not only was this the biggest deer I have ever harvested but the biggest that I have held in my hands. In less than 10 minutes we had sealed the deal with a trophy buck. We returned back to the lodge and took care of the deer with still an hour of daylight. Tom asked me what I wanted to do. The realization of what had just happened hadn't set in yet and honestly didn't till later that night after I had gone to bed. We headed out to look for some pigs or coyotes to harvest. As we headed towards a food plot we saw a number of deer once again but no pigs or Javelina's. The same main frame 8 pt. was out with a number of other

bucks and just a few does. In the mix of bucks was a 5 year old 8 pt. that wasn't trophy class to the ranches standards but back home would be for sure. We watched the food plot for a good 30 minutes when Tom gave me the word to shoot that deer. Again, I thought he was kidding. I thought my goodness this will be number three for the day. He said that deer needs to be eliminated from the genetics of the ranch. I set up to engage this deer but didn't present a good shot opportunity immediately.

When he did then there were other deer in the line of fire so I waited patiently until I was given the green light to engage when I was comfortable. He was quartering to me at about 145 meters when I squeezed the trigger of the McMillian 300WSM. He turned and ran about 20 meters. We found him with his rack caught in a bush on the edge of the food plot. This was the third buck for me and a nice one at that. To say the least that night we had a few celebratory beverages.

The next couple of days our friends were also able to harvest some very nice trophy deer. I couldn't tell you honestly how many trophy bucks I saw and if you included the 2 and 3 year olds that will be monsters in the next couple of years it was unbelievable. Each hunting location has either a ground blind and/or an elevated blind. Each location I was at was completely accessible with my wheelchair and provided the best cover and concealment possible. Most times we had deer within 10 meters of our location never spooking or busting us out. The knowledge and professionalism of the both Tom and Jesse contributed into making this such a successful and life altering hunting adventure.

Many of you might not know my story or situation. In short in March of 2007 I was shot and paralyzed by a sniper while disarming an IED in Iraq. If you told me 4 years ago that I would be hunting trophy whitetails in Texas I probably would have told you you're out of your mind. If it wasn't for friends and family and Organizations like SCI Wounded Warriors like me wouldn't have the opportunities to hunt like we do today. It might not seem like a big deal to many, but the time following a traumatic event, even things like hunting and fishing can determine how you will recover and move forward in life. If anyone is looking for a trophy whitetail hunt in Texas I would recommend you give the Catarosa Ranch a call and book yourself a hunt.

I want to extend a special acknowledgement and thank you to Larry Steiner, Frank Zitz, Rick, Frank, and Tom at the Catarosa, and Blake and Erica who have been the backbone to getting me back in the woods and hunting once again. Last but not least my wife and son who have supported me throughout these trying times.



Top: Steve shaking hands with his guide
Below: Steve with his son.



Hunt for Warriors Program

This trip was an ACSCI Hunt for Warriors Program

The hunt was donated by Scott Van Zyl of SS Pro

Safaris .www.ssprosafaris.com



**African Safari with
SS Pro Safaris
16-24 August 2011**

16 Aug 2011:

Departed Quantico for Dulles at about 12:45 PM, a few minutes earlier than my planned departure in order to hopefully arrive with a little more time to spare.

I hit 95 and traffic was stopped on I-95 and I had

to divert to route 1 and attempt to get around traffic — not a great start for a very long international flight!

Fortunately, the decision to divert paid off and I arrived at Dulles at approximately 2:30 PM — the suggested three hours early.

I checked in my gun and my additional checked bag. It was now that I realized that in my haste to leave early I had left my iPad charging in my office. What a stupid and costly mistake that would prove to be. That would make the 18-hour transit to S.A. a very long one without any music or movies to watch!

Departed Dulles at 5:30 PM.

After an 18-hour flight (with a layover in Dakar, Senegal) we arrive in J-Burg at approximately 5:00 PM.

17 Aug 2011:

Arrived in J-Burg at 5:00 PM.

Transited Customs and met with travel agent rep to assist in the process. Welcome to Africa — everyone wants a tip (more like a bribe) to ensure your clearances go smoothly. Had to “tip” four people before even getting past customs!

My Professional Hunter (PH) met me there and we embarked upon our five-hour drive to the lodge.

Arrived at the SS Pro Safari Lodge in the Limpopo Province at about 2300.

Got settled into my room and prepared my gear for the morning hunt.

18 Aug 2011:

Woke up at about 6:00 AM for a continental breakfast of dry cereal and milk.

Went to the range to confirm “zero” on my rifle and loaded up the jeep for the first morning hunt.

We hunted on the SS Pro property the first morning and saw a lot of game. Saw Kudu, Impala, Zebra, and Warthogs, but no “shooters.”

We put a stalk on a few Impalas but the wind was not in our favor and we got busted.

At about 11:00 we managed to get within range of a few male Impalas concealed in some pretty thick brush. We took a knee and waited for a better shooting opportunity. After about five minutes the one we wanted stepped into a clearing and I was able to get my scope on his vitals and dropped him in his tracks with one shot. Success, on my first shot in Africa!

We quickly went to take a look at our first successful harvest. He was a beauty and we took some pictures and loaded him into the back of the truck and took him back to camp to be skinned and processed.

We took a break for lunch and went to town (about 30 miles away) to fill up the jeep with gas.

Departed for “the bush” at about 3:00 PM to see what else we might find.

We spotted a large herd of Blue Wildebeest and put the chase on them. They spooked off and we could not catch back up with them.

At about 5:30 PM we came across a field of wheat where there were numerous Warthogs grazing at about 175 yards. My PH (Davie) picked out a large boar and told me that I could take that one. I put the crosshairs on his vitals and dropped the hammer — bang! thwap! — he was down! Another perfect shot and another animal in the truck and to the skinning shed.

Got back to camp at about 6:30 PM after a very successful first day hunting “the bush” of South Africa!

If this day was any indication of how my 7-day hunt was going to go, I would be finishing very early. But, as any seasoned hunter knows, there are good days and there are bad days of hunting.

Once back at camp I cleaned my gear, prepped it for tomorrow, and put my gun away.

I cracked a cold Coke light and sat down by the outside fire with the other hunters at camp. After introductions and some light conversation we had a nice prepared dinner consisting of the day’s game and some fresh vegetables and rolls. A fine meal to end a great day!

19 Aug 2011:

Second day of hunting.

Today’s menu included the Wildebeest.

Hunting with SS Pro normally begins at about 0730, after a light breakfast and packing a bagged lunch.

We loaded the truck and picked up our “tracker” for another full day of hunting. We were off to an adjacent property that Scott has permission to hunt on, most of which are anywhere from 10,000 - 200,000 acre parcels of land.

We put “the chase” on many different Wildebeests but couldn’t identify a mature “bull” in time to get a shot off before they scattered. We put a lot of miles on both the truck and our feet spotting and stalking the elusive Wildebeest bull.

After many hours of getting “skunked” we decided to set up in a blind at a water hole to see what might come by for a late afternoon drink.

We got settled in at about 4:00 PM. We observed a very nice Giraffe come in at a very close distance, shortly followed by a very large male Baboon. Shortly afterward about 10-12 other Baboons came in to drink and play at the water hole. Then a few Impala females came in as well and were all within about 20-30 yards from us. What a beautiful sight!

A very large Warthog boar came to the hole and scared off the Baboons.

Right about the same time (about 5:00 PM) Davie, my PH, gave me the “shhhhhh” sign, and said that he could see a few Wildebeest coming in from the right. We waited patiently for about 10 minutes, as they slowly came closer to the water. Davie looked closely at the animals in order to determine which one was the “herd bull.” After doing so and pointing him out to me, I slowly raised my rifle and put the very end of the barrel out of a small hole in the front of the blind. I looked at the Wildebeest through my scope and found the one which Davie had shown to me earlier. I sighted in, took a slow deep breath, exhaled most of the air, and slowly squeezed off a round. At the sound of the report of the rifle, the herd quickly scattered throughout the bush. I could not tell where the bull went, which I had shot at, but Davie had watched him run off and we soon heard him crash close by. He had made it only about 50 yards before expiring from another perfect shoulder shot! Three for three — how much longer could this luck be with me, I wondered?

An incredible finish to a very long day of pursuing the mighty blue Wildebeest thru the bush of South Africa.

After taking a few minutes to capture the moment in film the three of us struggled to load the mighty beast into the back of the pick-up truck. Exhausted, we returned to camp with anticipation of another hot and delicious dinner, which surely awaited us.

After returning to camp at about 7:00 PM we dropped off the

beast at the skinning shed and removed our gear from the truck. I unpacked and re-packed for tomorrow and grabbed a cold Coke light out of the cooler and went out to the fire, which was blazing. I took a seat and we began to re-count our day of hunting with the other clients in the camp. Another incredible day of hunting...

At about 8:00 PM we were summoned to the dinner table.

After a short prayer, offered by "Uncle" Dave, we partook of a very nice green salad, potato salad, and spaghetti with Kudu meat sauce. It was awesome!

During dinner, "Uncle Dave" offered me a Zebra on him. A wonderful offer from a very generous man. Of course I couldn't refuse his gracious offer.

After dinner, some of the other hunters invited me out for a night hunt in search of some of the night-time wildlife of Africa, which can only be spotted at night with a spotlight. I decided that I wouldn't mind seeing what might come out at night, since we would be out for a couple of hours. We departed at about 9:00 PM and drove to a neighbor's property searching his crop fields. We spotted a Jennet Cat and were able to take it with a well placed shot with a shotgun and a buckshot load. A beautiful small cat, kind of resembling a leopard.

We searched for other cats but found none. After about two more futile hours of searching we decided to return to camp.

At about midnight I retired to bed.

20 Aug 2011:

Third day of hunting — same routine as yesterday — breakfast and a departure time of about 7:30 AM.

For today it was to be Kudu and Zebra at "Uncle Joe's" place about 30 minutes away.

As we entered Joe's place the terrain was much more mountainous than the thick brush previously encountered on the other two properties. This is where the Kudu like to roam, so that they can see better from above. My "spotter" and "tracker" Temba, who rode on the back of the truck with me, while Davie drove, had an eye equaled by none. He was spotting Kudu on the mountains over 500 meters away as we drove down the roads. I couldn't even see them with my binoculars, until he provided me with some reference points to locate the animals by. Unbelievable! I used to consider myself a very able hunter and great spotter of animals or any small flicker of a deer's ear or tail at 100 yards or better. This man made me quickly re-designate myself a pure amateur.

We continued on — spotting many animals such as Zebra, Kudu, Gemsbok, Warthogs, and Bush Pigs — which quickly disappeared as they heard our vehicle approaching.

Then, Temba observed some fresh Zebra tracks in the road. Davie sent him to track the herd and to radio us back if he saw them. After about two hours playing "cat and mouse" with them we gave up the hunt.

Back to driving the roads.

We stopped for a few minutes to eat a sandwich (a slice of ham [I think], some shredded cheddar cheese, and a lot of butter) and drink a cold drink.

We began the hunt once again with glassing the hillsides and bush for Kudu or Zebra. Temba snapped his fingers, as he would do when he saw something that we were looking for, and said in a low voice "Kudu bull." Davie and I got on our binos, since we couldn't see the animal with our naked eyes, and spotted a "shooter" at about 350 yards straight up the hill to our right. Davie told me to get ready to take a shot. I sat on the bed of the truck and took a rest on a railing on the edge of the bed and located the bull with my scope. He was still and his body was concealed by some very dense brush. I told him that I didn't have a clear shot and would have to wait until he moved. After about 10 minutes of watching him he began to move further up the hillside. He presented a quartering-away shot and I took aim and squeezed off a shot. I saw nothing but a burst of dust fly into the air. I quickly chambered another round and took aim again. Another miss, and the Kudu was gone up and over the hill! My luck had finally

run out! Two clean misses on a beautiful, mature Kudu bull! What a disappointment. Now is the time that all hunters, who have ever missed a shot begin to question: is my gun off, did I jerk the trigger, could I have hit a branch, should I have aimed a little higher to compensate for the up-hill slope, etc...?

Now I have to refocus and hope that I hit a branch which deflected the bullet and pray that my gun didn't get bumped and messed up my gun's zero.

At this point, the sun was quickly sinking into the horizon and we decided to make one more pass by a promising area we had traveled a little earlier.

Suddenly, Temba snapped his fingers and whispered "Zebra." He pointed to the right and I quickly took aim on the Zebra who was feeding on some grass at about 110 meters to our right and facing straight at us. I only had a frontal, chest shot, and I asked Davie if I could take the shot. He gave me the "go ahead" but I decided to wait, as I was still thinking about the two previous misses and wanted to wait for a broadside shot. I kept my scope on the animal and he began to slowly turn to his left and presented a much better quartering-away shot so I quickly squeezed the trigger. Bang! The Zebra was down with a perfect through-and-through shot that dropped him where he stood. What a relief. Jubilant, and relieved that I had made a great shot, I quickly went to take a look at him, as the sun was quickly setting. A beautiful animal, and an extremely elated hunter. We took some pics and loaded him into the truck, to repeat the routine of driving back to the lodge, unloading the animal, and preparing for dinner and another day of hunting.

As we headed for home, we spotted a truck by the side of the road with hits hazards on. We pulled up to the vehicle and it was a friend of Davie's with his wife and two-week old baby with a blown out rear tire. They had no spare and were stranded. We assisted with taking the spare from Davie's truck, which happened to be the same make, and put it on for him. They were back on their way in a few minutes and we were feeling very good about being able to help someone stranded on a deserted road.

We were back at camp at about 7:30 PM. We had dinner and went to bed on a very full stomach, reflecting on a long but successful day of hunting, except for the disappointing misses on the Kudu!

21 Aug 2011:

Day four of hunting — same routine: breakfast, load the truck, and depart at about 7:30 for hunting.

Kudu was the flavor for today. We drove back to the same valley that we were in yesterday to look for the elusive "grey ghost." After driving the length of the draw we decided to send Temba up one mountain side and we would go up the other so that we would have the advantage of height to see better, and maybe we would jump a Kudu bedded down on the hillside. After a quite long walk up the side of the mountain we walked very cautiously across the ridgeline stopping frequently to look and listen for any sign of Kudu. After about two hours of snooping and pooping on the ridgeline we descended to the draw and found the truck. We drove around a little and found Temba on the other road waiting for us. Davie got on the radio, which is the primary means of communication among all of the local ranchers, and contacted Scott to see if he had seen any Kudu on his way to Uncle Joe's ranch this morning. He said that he had spotted three good bulls on a hillside and told Davie where to go. We entered the preserve and were "walked" into sight of the bulls by Scott who was spotting for us out on the main road. We found the bulls up on the hillside at about 200 meters straight up hill from us. There were three of them, and Davie told me to take the one on the left or the one on the right. I found them in my scope and decide that the one on the left presented the best shot, although not optimal. He told me to shoot, as they would most likely run off once they felt threatened by us. I kept my sights set on the bull and waited for a better shot, all the time recalling the two clean misses of the previous day. After about five minutes, Davie began to whistle and the bull began to turn slightly out from behind the protection of the

bush, which had been blocking my shot. He looked as though he wanted to go uphill and if I waited any longer I was sure he would be over the hill and out of sight. I quickly acquired the target and held on his vitals and dropped the hammer. Davie shouted, "you hit him" and shook my hand. We watched him stumbling around and he began to move down hill. Davie sent Temba up after him to push him downhill towards us for another shot and so that he would not go up and make a much more challenging "drag" back to the truck. We caught a glimpse of him every once in a while as he came downhill, but presented no follow-up shot. We could hear him crashing through the brush, getting closer and closer. Davie and I quickly ran down the road attempting to cut him off and get a shot at him. About 300 meters down the hill Davie shouted, "there he is, shoot him, shoot him!" The problem was I could only see his horns and a very small portion of the top of his back. Davie kept telling me to "shoot!" I finally decided to take the only shot I had, a spine shot. Bang — he's down. A great shot, although one I don't normally try to attempt, especially from a standing, unsupported position. Temba was elated when he got down the mountain and saw the giant "grey ghost" lying just beside the road.

Scott saw the entire scene unfolding from the road and then quickly came to assist us with loading the giant into the back of the truck. With the seven of us, we were able to muscle the 700 pound giant bull into the back of the truck and had my trophy Kudu bull all secure for the ride back to camp. We got back to camp at about 1:00 PM and unloaded the beast by the skinning shed and called it an early day as we had four of my six animals and still had three full days of hunting remaining.

I ate some lunch and took about a two hour nap.

After loading the truck with a cooler or drinks and snacks we departed for the Eagle Valley Ranch to try to locate a "shooter" Blesbuck. We rode around and spotted a few herd of Blesbuck but never got a shot at any bulls. At dark we returned to camp for the ritual — cleaning gear and prepping for tomorrow's hunt; sitting by the camp fire waiting for dinner and sharing stories of the day's hunt with the others; and eating a fine meal that Sure had lovingly prepared.

22 Aug 11:

Today we were looking for the Blesbuck bull...

We departed the lodge at about 0730 for the Eagle Valley Ranch, once again. We checked some of the areas that we had observed Blesbuck last night but saw nothing. As we were driving around, Temba spotted what appeared to be fresh Blesbuck tracks in the road. We walked closely behind him as he followed the tracks for about two hours, but we never could catch up with them and they must have "made us" as we pushed them into deep cover. Just then Temba spotted the herd in front of us at about 125 yards. Davie quickly set up his shooting sticks and I acquired the target through my scope. He picked out the "bull" in the herd and told me to shoot. I lined up on the animal he had picked out and told him that I didn't have a clear shot, as some of the brush was blocking the vitals of the animal. He told me to take the shot and I squeezed the trigger — splat — nothing but a large puff of dirt flew. A clean miss! Must have deflected off a branch. We looked where the herd was standing for any sign of a hit, but nothing was found. Fortunately, a clean miss and no animal was injured. We attempted to track the same herd for another two hours to no avail. They were gone and so was my opportunity for the morning hunt. Back to camp to have lunch and check the zero on my gun in the event I had bumped my scope lost its zero.

After lunch and a short rest, we refilled the cooler with drinks and snack and headed back to Eagle Valley at about 1500.

Our plan of attack was to park the truck and walk into the open savannah in order to see if any herds were out feeding in the grass, as they had been know to do in this spot. As we entered the open our Davie spotted a herd of Blesbuck and Impala out in the middle of the savannah, at about 500 yards — way beyond my comfortable shooting distance. We decided to try to stalk in on them by using the

sparse vegetation that was available to us. We closed the distance to within about 250 yards but I didn't feel like I had a clear shot as the herd was now in some brush. We then got on our bellies and crawled to within about 150 meters of the animals. As we approached an Impala spooked and scattered the herd into the bush! After about an hour stalk on our hands and knees, and finally on our bellies, the opportunity was gone in the blink of an eye. The Blesbuck herd had apparently not seen us and just instinctively scattered so they were lingering in the edge of the woods. We laid still for a while and watched as they would come out and then scatter periodically. We played this "cat and mouse" game for about another hour, then decided to try to get in front of them and wait to see if they would make it to our position. Suddenly Davie spotted the herd at about 125 yards in to our left, huddled together around some brush. There were about fifteen of them and Davie quickly scanned the herd to pick out a bull and identified it to me. He told me to "shoot the bull, third from the left"! He whispered to me to use his shoulder as a rest and quickly take the shot. I threw the gun on his shoulder and was apprehensive about the muzzle blast and asked him if "he was sure about this"? He said to "take the shot, I do it all the time." I dropped the hammer and heard that identifiable "thump" of an impact on target. Davie shouted, "nice shot," as he watched the bull run off with the herd. We lost sight of him in the brush, but knew that I had put a great shot on him. We walked up to the place where the herd had stood and quickly saw blood and the anxiety quickly lifted as I knew that I had knocked him down. I followed the tracks and saw the bull laying about 75 yards from where I had hit him. A perfect through-and-through heart shot! A perfect way to end an incredible five days of hunting having harvested all five animals I had on my package in addition to the zebra that "uncle Dave" had purchased for me.

23 Aug 11:

My hunt was over, so I slept in and offered to assist Davie with setting Leopard bait at four different ranches that would take most of the morning.

We finished setting bait and returned to the lodge for lunch and a nap.

After a relaxing nap I decided to do a little photographic safairing at a water hole not too far from the main house of the lodge. Davie took me up to the hole and we used some available cover to conceal ourselves. It was a very slow evening and we spent a few hours at the hole only to see a few birds, some Mongoose, and two Impala. It was very relaxing and a nice sit anyway.

We walked back to the lodge and went through the normal post-hunt ritual again...

24 Aug 11:

Departure day! The bitter sweet of it...the end of what I envision to be my one and only safari hunting trip, heading home to see my lovely wife.

I slept in as we would not be leaving until later this afternoon.

We had breakfast and I packed.

Then it was time to fill out the paperwork. One of the documents was a gratuities form, as it appears that it is customary to tip everyone under the sun in Africa for their part in your experience. This was something I was not accustomed to, nor was I prepared for! When they tell you to bring a lot of cash to Africa, they mean "a lot"! What seemed like "a lot" of money to me didn't last but a couple of days. Everyone expects some form of a tip in Africa and I don't mean 5 or 10 dollars, I mean hundreds! If there is ever a "next time," I will have to save for 20 years in order to feel comfortable about having enough money to pay "the help."

At about 1200 we departed for the airport for the five hour drive.

We arrived at the airport at about 1700 for my 2245 departure. Here we go again with the money... Ten dollars to this guy, twenty to that guy, and another 10 to this guy...oh how I will be glad to be back in America!

A/C-SCIYOUTH DAY @ ROCKDALE R&G CLUB WHO BENEFITS? WE ALL DO!

For the Last Decade Rockdale Rod and Gun Club has Co-Hosted a Youth Day with either the NWTF or Adirondack/Catskill SCI Chapter. It is hard to say WHO benefits the most - the Kids or the Adults! I think it's a Draw! All I know is that we have a *great time* and would like you all to join us this year.



Date: April 14, 2012

Time: 9AM - 2PM

Cost: FREE

Events:

Laser Shot K-9's
Air Guns Game calls
Archery Fly Tying
Fishing Taxidermy

FUN and FOOD!

DOOR PRIZES and FREE LUNCH!

We always have some EXTRA Good stuff with a Raffle for ALL to participate in!

For Information call Ron Meeks at (607) 373-3009

Chapter member Bill Mayer hosted several youth hunts this past fall. The following pictures display the results of the harvest.



Owen McGivney



Eoin Brady and Ben Brady

YOU'RE INVITED TO THE THIRD ANNUAL
SPORTSMEN & OUTDOOR
RECREATION LEGISLATIVE
AWARENESS DAY



Brian M. Kolb
New York State
Assembly
Minority Leader



Wayne LaPierre
Executive
Vice President
and CEO
National Rifle
Association

We the People

Defending Our
Constitutional Freedoms.

"The Right of the People to Keep
and Bear Arms Shall not be Infringed"
— The Second Amendment

Tuesday, March 20, 2012
9:00 a.m. - Noon
Legislative Office Building, Albany, New York

Assembly Minority Leader Brian M. Kolb
Keynote Speaker
Wayne LaPierre, Executive Vice President and
CEO, National Rifle Association

Sponsored by
New York State Rifle and Pistol Association
Tom King, President

Scan this QR code for other Special Guests and events.



Larry Steiner's October 2011 Wyoming Hunt

October 2011, I hunted with Wayne and Holli Jones of South Fork Lodge and Outfitters, Buffalo, Wyoming for the first time. They came highly recommended by Stan Swears who has hunted with them twice before. I had a great hunt taking my Mule Deer and Antelope on the first day of my hunt. I give this hunt an A+. Food and lodging was great, as well as Wayne and Holli, the guides and staff. I went there as a stranger and left having made many new friends. I am already making plans to return next year. We hope to see South Fork at our fundraiser, March 31, 2012.

Wyoming 2011



Sables News

GREAT NEWS! While at the SCI Convention in Las Vegas, our AC Sables Committee won a "Hands on Wildlife" box. The chapter also voted at the November meeting to purchase a "Hands on Wildlife" Conservation Education Learning Kit from SCIF. The kit contains a Curriculum Quick Guide, SCIF Habitat Earth DVD, Animal Track Poster, Replitrack and Repliscat kits, and skull and animal pelts from coyote, beaver, rabbit and raccoon. Christine Gollin will lead a training program for all Sables and interested SCI members in the beginning of 2012. After a full understanding of the educational scope of the kit, Sable education members will approach their local schools, and youth organizations such as Boys and Girls Scouts of America, Boys and Girls Clubs, local rod and gun club programs, setting up a schedule for the kit. The kit will also be at the Sables table at the ACSCI fundraiser and will be at the Rockdale Rod & Gun youth day before heading out into the community. If you have a connection with your local schools, educators, and youth organizations contact Robin Jerauld 607-988-6875 with contact information. What a great way to take a proactive stance on conservation through hunting management!



Left: Stan Boots harvested this fine Roosevelt Elk near the Powell River, British Columbia with Coastal Inlet Adventures

Right: Jim Digristina's Opening Day Buck 2011

Center, bottom: Bill Mayer with Tim Edwards, a new SCI chapter member. Goose hunt in Cobleskill, NY.



MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION
Adirondack-Catskill Chapter — Safari Club International

New Member Renewal Membership # _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City, State, ZIP: _____

Phone: _____

Email: _____

Sponsor Name: _____

Membership #: _____

SCI Dues National \$65.00 Chapter \$20.00 Total \$85.00

Adirondack-Catskill Chapter only \$20.00
(Life or Current National Members only)

"Special" for 2012 \$40.00
(For new members only – includes both National and Chapter dues)

Check Enclosed (*Make checks payable to: Adirondack-Catskill SCI*)

Credit Card: VISA MC AMEX

Card #: _____ Expiration date: _____

Name on Card: _____

Signature: _____

Total Enclosed \$ _____ US Dollars

Mail Form To: Vinny and Pat Migliori
1007 Beartown Rd. N
Ava, NY 13303-2104

Together
we can
make it happen.

Wanted: New Members

We encourage existing members to
bring potential new members
to our meetings and events.
**New members can join for
the first year at \$40**



Adirondack-Catskill SCI Member Trophy Awards Form
(Deadline for Submission is December 1)

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

E-Mail: _____ Phone: _____

Type of Animal: _____

Where Taken: _____

Who was the Outfitter/Guide: _____

Method of Hunt: _____

Trophy taken with: Rifle Pistol Bow Muzzle Loader

Does this trophy complete a SCI Grand Slam? No Yes (If it completes a SCI Grand Slam, which one: _____)

Rate the hunt: Best of My Life Top 5 Hunts Top 10 Hunts

Describe the hunt for this species: _____

Rules for 2012 ACSCI Member Trophy Awards

1. Any animal taken legally worldwide. 2. Photograph must be included. 3. All entries must be completed and received by December 1, 2012*.

Trophy Awards Categories:

Best of North America (First, Second, Third) / **Best of the World** (except North America) (First, Second, Third) / **Grand Slams**

Judging Criteria: Animal Taken Type of Hunt Method of Hunt Completion of a Goal

**Please send pictures and this completed form to:*

James Digristina, 11369 Cosby Manor Road, Utica NY, 13502-7703