

Oklahoma *Safari Trails*

JUNE 2012



**Gunwerks ROCKS the 1000
yard shot, free members event!**

I think I am in love ... PG 24

Drop Tine Buck

A story by Larry Glass ... PG 4

**OKLAHOMA KIDS BREAK
WORLD RECORD**

the National Archery in Schools Program is
growing big...PG 11

I HAVE A NEW HERO

Here stood Aaron, a 20 something
young man with a huge smile, a skip in
his step, two very bright and shiny
metal legs ... Page 13

AS THE HEAT RISES !

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OKLAHOMA STATION
A CHAPTER OF SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL
SCI



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2012-2015 (June 29, 2012)

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*SPECIAL THANKS TO ALL THE
BOARD MEMBERS' SPOUSES
AND OTHER CHAPTER MEMBERS
FOR ALL THEY DO!!*





Well, half the year has gone by and what a fun time it has been. We have done a member day with Gunwerks and even this bow dominant guy who had never shot over 100 yards till this last fall had a blast reaching out to 1000 yards (see full article later in the issue). The new equipment out there is simply amazing and I even learned a few things, other than I could touch bullet holes at 1000 yards. I think the best tip I gained was shoot dry before

shooting go real.

If you're like me you were drilled on the topic of never dry firing your rifle. Now this is true for rim fire but is not for center fire. With center fire you can shoot dry all day long and not damage a thing. What this did for me was let me sight the target, and simply dry fire it. I was 10 times more stable when I was loaded and it removed any flinch I may have had. It also showed me if I was unstable as just that little action lets you see all flaws and get super comfortable. So, before you chamber a round next time, do a dry fire at your target and it will simply amaze you on what it changes for your shot.

Also this summer we hosted a disabled veteran and even though I have been around the world and lived life quite large, I did not expect a change like the one I found myself going through in the NW corner of Oklahoma on a lazy Saturday hunt. Read the article and know that my perspective was spun in a circle. Although Aaron is a special member trophy hunt for me, there are many other trophy's throughout this publication and I am sure every one of them comes with just as great of a life changing story. That is the wonderful thing about living life in the conservation fold! – Keep em coming folks!!

Our annual banquet was in March as well and let me tell you, the fun from that night never seems to stop. It is a ton of work for all our board members and volunteers but as we like to say, it's a heck of a production. I hope everyone had as much fun as we all did and maybe even came away with a great adventure to go on this year or next. As the core monetary maker for us, this is one huge night and allot of effort goes into it. I want to personally thank EVERY SINGLE PERSON INVOLVED! We are starting on next year's banquet night next week ... ☺

So what's next? (Man my members are a tough, demanding and deserving crowd hehe). Right now I will sadly admit I do not have one on the books. How about I spin this just a bit and ask you all, what should we do next. As I say, I want to try and make this a club that does, both on the big conservation scale but also at the membership level. If you have an idea of the next

member event we should do, drop me an email and let's kick it around. I would love to hear from folks on the North or West side of the state as I simply haven't been that way for an event yet. I think we should spread our travel wings and road trip a bit so let me know and I will try and make it so.

Until then, we can always stay in out of the heat and work on our bows. The first part of the technical parts of makes a 3 piece re-curve or over the the Bowers Corner. Go take a look and get your tool box open and start making a bow. It is a rewarding project for the whole family and what better way to stay indoors but not in front of the TV and games consoles? Speaking of bows, did you hear that the kids of Oklahoma helped set a world record in the Archery in the schools program and bring home allot of hardware from nationals? Well, find that later on too, man there is a lot to read up on this quarter ☺

Now, if you want to get out and fish then I must say there is probably no better year to do it. I think there were 4 or 5 state records already broke this year in the fish categories and just because it warmed up don't mean that will stop, fish have to eat too. Trying to figure out why this spring was so big on the fish records is tough but maybe the heat fares fish well and a lack of fishing pressure as folks stayed indoors last summer had something to do with it? I can't profess in everything but I may be close on this one so go fishing.



Mike Spotting for Aaron 1KM Shot

The biggest news of the spring may be in legislative though. There were bills passed and defeated and the landmark ruling to delist the wolves in the North may be the biggest thing for years. To finally let conservation officers and effort manage the population is simply huge. Now, a single animal in the kingdom will not have an unfair advantage to ravage the lands left by population expansion.

Not only will other species begin the comeback from wolf devastation, but you will also have the possible opportunity to take one of the majestic looking animals as a trophy for your wall. If you're going to wolf hunt, this is the year to go do it!

Oklahoma Station SCI action thing spring included funding national sporting clay shooting through OSU, helping the boy scouts get a nice shooting range, working the legislative issues to good resolution, as well as many other Oklahoma conservation action items. This group rocks and keeps on rocking ☺ If you are not a member yet, it's time to get around and sign up. Heck, the events we through are worth 4 times as much as you membership and we impact the outdoor world of conservation as big or bigger than any other group in the state- come join us at our July 9th Board/member meeting or drop me an email and I will drag you long on the next thing we do (yes, sometimes that is kicking and screaming but so far everyone has thanked me afterwards ☺)

Network (aka Larry W Gerads) Larry – Retired USAF

The Editor

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Drop-Tine – a story by Larry Glass

1816

[In April 1815, Mount Tambora, an island volcano in the southern Pacific Ocean between Java and Timor in what were then known as the Dutch East Indies, erupted in the most violent volcanic explosion in over 10,000 years. The great cloud of ash that circled the globe resulted in waves of killing frosts and winter-like weather across northern Europe and the northeastern parts of North America during the spring and summer of 1816. Crops failed, famine ensued, a cholera epidemic and food riots broke out in parts of Europe. 1816 has been called “the year without a summer”.]

Just at dawn, he stepped out of the front door of the cabin and gazed toward the east where the first rays of sunlight breached the wooded ridge where the stream ran along the bottom field. It was an old but casual habit that had become a fixed daily ritual as the repeated frosts and snow squalls throughout the summer and early autumn made him feel the need to confirm that the sun was actually coming up each morning. Spring had begun in fits and starts as usual and they had waited until mid-May for the earth to warm before they tilled the fields and planted the vegetable garden. In late May, though, a hard frost had killed nearly everything they had planted so they tilled and planted again, praying earnestly for warm sun and gentle rains. But there was another frost and light snow in June and hard frosts again in early July and late August. The potatoes and turnips and parsnips and pumpkins survived along with some of the beans but the leafy greens and other tender vegetables died too late in the summer to re-plant. Some of the corn and most of the wheat made it but the oats were gone. The apple blossoms on the trees in the orchard froze solid in May so that there were no apples ripening on the branches this fall. Nearly half the lambs born that spring had died and, for weeks, they found their remains closer to the house than they cared to think about where the bears and wolves had fed on the carcasses. The spawning run of suckers in the streams was small and the usually abundant eels and other rough fish in the creeks and nearby Potomac seemed fewer. There would be less to see them through the

coming winter, but with the game he would collect in the next few weeks, he thought it would be enough. He knew that some of his neighbors with small farms on the more exposed hillsides instead of bottom land might not be so lucky.

Even now, in the middle of September, it felt more like November. He clasped his hands around the mug of tea to warm them, watching the steam from the hot liquid rise into the chill air. Although the morning was clear, the faint haze that had hung in the sky since spring was still there, diffusing the sun's rays like an old window. It was already too late to start out on a morning hunt so he would split and stack firewood until midday then take to the woods in the afternoon. If fall and winter were as unseasonably cold as spring and summer had been, they would need a good supply of wood.

After a quick dinner of thin, re-warmed mutton stew and cold corn bread left over from the previous evening's supper, he kissed his wife and young son goodbye, took the rifle and deerskin bag with powder and ball from the corner where they always stood and took off up the hill. He followed the path through the trees that the sheep and cattle trod to reach the high meadow on the first ridge. Recently, he had found a half-eaten doe at the edge of the field and was certain that a panther had killed it during the night. Since that find, they had kept the sheep and cows in the lower meadow closer to the cabin and pole barn. He poured a measure of powder into the long barrel, rammed a ball down on top of it and primed the pan. Heading down into the first hollow, he walked with a slower and more measured step, trying to avoid snapping the twigs that he could feel on the forest floor through the soles of his moccasins. The forest was quiet and the air was still. He saw places on the forest floor where flocks of turkeys had scratched for acorns but knew there were few on the ground this early in the fall and that there would be few even later in the year because of the frosts. He would shoot a turkey if the opportunity presented itself but he was after deer which would

provide more meat and would keep better salted and smoked than the flesh of the birds.

He walked slowly up to the second ridge, down into the second hollow, then crept almost silently to the crest of the third ridge. To his right, the ridge sloped downward through a copse of smaller trees and shrubs that were growing back over a campsite that the last small band of Pawnees in the area had abandoned more than 20 years before. Halfway down the ridge, he stopped by the old fire ring in what had been a small clearing among the towering oaks and pines to listen. Deer often came to this area to browse and there were small tracks—probably a young doe, he thought—in the soft dirt leading down toward the bowl at the end of the ridge. He followed the tracks with his eyes, noting that, even now, they veered around the fire pit. On the far side of the mostly grown over clearing, he saw that the small tracks were joined by a much larger set coming from the ridge above and that the leaves left on the ground from last fall were disturbed above where the tracks showed in the bare dirt. They were the largest he had ever seen, with the wide splaying of the hooves indicating a heavy animal and rear tracks closer together than the front confirming that they were left by a buck.

At first, he thought they might be elk tracks but no one had seen an elk in these hills for almost 30 years. The tracks were very fresh, the edges clear and sharp, with no debris in the impressions. He stood by the fire ring for several minutes, listening, trying to sense the presence of an animal. He thought he detected a faint, musky odor but couldn't differentiate it from the earthy smell of dirt and molding leaf litter. That the woods were unnaturally quiet—as was often the case when a predator or large animal passed through—was unmistakable. No birds twittered in the treetops, no squirrels scampered in the branches. It was as if the forest itself were holding its breath in anticipation or amazement. He, too, held his breath. Shifting his right hand back toward the trigger guard and his left to the forestock, he knelt down in the dirt next to the tracks. From side to side, the larger set was more than half as wide as his outstretched hand and nearly as long. Without rising, he looked into the deeper woods beyond the clearing and thought he glimpsed brown legs among the tree trunks. He stared but they didn't move. After what seemed a long time, he adjusted his view upwards and noticed a white spear point sticking out at a nearly right angle to the rough, red bark of a large pine. As he tried to focus on the object, it moved and behind it

came a gigantic rack attached to the head of a buck. Just in front of the eye, a tine reached down almost to the deer's jaw, narrow and white where it bridged off the main beam, thicker and dark brown at its rounded terminus. He felt or perhaps imagined that the buck's eye was fixed on his and he froze where he knelt. He never gave a thought to the rifle in his hands. The buck walked slowly away from him toward the gloom in the shadow of the ridge and was gone. He didn't move for several minutes and, when he finally stood, he realized that his hands were shaking slightly and that he a lump in his throat. But, beyond all, he felt a queer sense of elation and energy that stayed with him for the rest of the evening and well into the night. Several times during and after supper, his wife looked at him somewhat quizzically but said nothing. He slept deeply and well.

As the first morning light shown in the eastern sky, he rose again and went out without waiting for his tea. In the orchard between the cabin and the lower field, a buck the size of a mule stood quietly looking toward him through the light ground mist. At that distance in the faint light, he couldn't quite make out the antlers, but he knew which deer it was. For the first time in weeks, the morning air was soft and clear and held a hint of warmth.

1866

Before the war, he had hunted often—always alone and often from before dawn to well after dark. Living as they did on a flinty little farm on the eastern slope of the Allegheny Mountains, his family appreciated the fresh meat—a welcome change from salt pork, beans and cornmeal—but he hunted more because he relished the solitude than out of any sense of duty. He hunted with a long-barreled flintlock of unknown origin that his great grandfather had acquired not long after the Revolutionary War, but it still shot well enough to be of use on everything from squirrels to bears. After the war, he continued to use the flintlock—eschewing the more modern breech loading cartridge rifles that he had learned to use with great effect at Shiloh and Antietam and, finally, at Gettysburg, where both his brothers had died ungraceful deaths in what were once corn fields. After the war, though, hunting seemed different. If anything, he spent more time alone in the woods with the old rifle but more and more often came home empty-handed.

The pre-dawn morning was unnaturally clear, the air cold and brittle. The hoarfrost and frozen mud crunched under his boots as he trudged up the first ridge then down into the hollow then up again onto the second ridge and down again into another hollow on the logging road where yesterday he had dragged freshly cut oak logs off the mountain behind the old plow horse to pile behind the barn. He took his time; there was still nearly an hour before sun up. He carried no lantern but the last of the early November snow reflected the starlight and, like other predators, he both saw and sensed the terrain, the trees in front of him and the twigs under foot. At the top of the third ridge, he turned to the right and slowly made his way down toward the bowl where the little spring creeks between the hollows joined forces then flowed together toward the bottom field along the stream where he and his father and grandfather before him scratched out meager quantities of corn, wheat, oats and a little tobacco.

The bowl toward which he felt his way in near complete darkness was a private place. The oaks and hickories and white pines grew tall and straight, shading out the undergrowth with their thick canopy. Few others ever bothered to venture into that dark, quiet cathedral. The way in was too steep for horses to drag logs out, too shaded by the ridges on either side to plant crops and too far from the house and barn to graze sheep or pigs—a place where bears and the few remaining wolves could do their work unmolested. But now, since he had returned from the war, he found himself drawn to the place, often spending hours lost in deep, wordless thought.

He unrolled the rough, woolen blanket that he carried like a bedroll, spread enough of it on the ground to sit on and draped the rest of it around his shoulders against the cold. He charged the priming pan of the rifle by touch and habit, probing the sharp edge of the flint to feel for splits or worn spots. Satisfied, he rested the rifle across his knees and waited for the dawn.

For the first hour, his field of view expanded slowly outward as the wan light crept over the eastern ridge. The woods were completely silent. Then he heard—or rather felt in a corner of his consciousness—the slightest shuffle of frozen leaves behind him. Coming back to the present time and place, he thumbed back the hammer, at the same time testing the screw to confirm that the flint was held firmly in the jaws. He didn't engage the rear set trigger, which made an audible click, but rested his middle finger on the set trigger and his

forefinger on the main trigger, knowing that he could pull both at nearly the same instant. He tried to control his breathing and to concentrate on the sound behind him, forming in his mind's eye an image of the deer he could hear but not see. After what seemed like an hour, he caught a glimpse of bone white antler as the deer drifted past on the knoll 20 yards behind the tree against which he was still leaning. In a practiced movement borne of war, he stood, raised the rifle butt to his shoulder, pivoted around the tree and lined up the front blade and rear buckhorn sights behind the deer's front shoulder.

The buck was huge, the size of a small horse, and wore a massive rack that ran from chocolate brown at the gnurled bases to milk white at the tips. Two tines hung straight down from the main beam between the eye and the ear like elongated thumbs. The hunter's eye was drawn to the rack and then to the deer's eye, wide with surprise. The hunter and the prey froze for a full minute, each fixed on the other's stare. He slowly lowered the rifle and watched as the buck trotted unhurriedly down the knoll and into the thicket at the far end of the bowl.

On the way back down to the house, he shot a small doe which he hung from a rafter in the barn. He said nothing at supper. That night, he dreamt of the fields at Gettysburg again but woke before dawn with a new and strange sense of calm.

2008

I had not thought that I would hunt the opening Saturday what with work and family and other matters pressing in from all sides but, when a friend called mid-week, I decided more or less on the spur of the moment to make the drive to the farm and try for a buck. Over the years, I had grown accustomed to the relaxed and relatively easy process of taking a doe or two for the freezer on the last weekend when antlerless deer were fair game or during the late muzzleloader season just before Christmas. Hunting bucks, or at least successfully hunting bucks, took some work and preparation—days in the woods looking for fresh scrapes and rubs at the beginning of the rut, patterning the deer as they moved from the lower fields in the evenings to the oak thickets in the morning to the pine stands in the afternoons or during rain and snow. I wasn't ready but it didn't really matter; I knew the woods and fields as well as my own face and knew that

the patterns of last year and the year before that and the year before that would likely hold. Deer are a lot of things but they're rarely creative. The mating and feeding behaviors reflect the interaction of genes and weather and mast crop more than experience and certainly more than choice. Free will is not a trait much in evidence among the *cervidae* family.

I woke at 5:30 the next morning to the smell of coffee. My friend had had fewer beers the night before than I and had roused immediately when the alarm buzzed while I dozed comfortably for another half hour. I had brought a scoped, bolt action rifle for the hunt but, when I discovered that sleet and freezing rain were already falling, I decided to take the old .30-30 instead. I knew from experience that it could withstand the precipitation and that the tang sight would function better in that circumstance than a scope which would almost certainly fog up and become blurry with the cold and moisture. I also knew from experience that it was both reliable and, at a reasonable range, effective. After gulping two mugs of steaming coffee and grabbing an apple from the bowl on the kitchen table for lunch, I pulled on the wool pants and shirt that I always wore for hunting and that, as far as I could remember, had never been cleaned or hung anywhere other than the closet in the study. It was cold so I put on the worn wool jacket as I walked out the back door, checking as always to be sure there was a pipe and tobacco in the side pocket. With heavy wool socks and well-oiled, elk hide moccasins on my feet and sheepskin mittens on my hands, I knew that I would be warm and dry enough even if I stayed out all day.

My friend and I walked single file up the hill to the first ridge in the dark. The half moon still hung in the southwestern sky and we could see well enough without flashlights. He had elected to hunt in the first hollow near the edge of the high meadow while I continued on. We nodded at each other as we separated but said nothing. We were both solitary hunters and, despite the camaraderie and talk of things important and otherwise that had been shared in front of the woodstove over beers and steaks the previous evening and would be shared again this night, we would not be together in the woods. I trudged down into the first hollow, up to the second ridge, down into the second hollow and up to the top of the third ridge. Pausing to catch my breath and wipe the condensation from my glasses, I felt the pull of the "sanctuary". We called it that because of the church-like quiet that hung over the bowl at the end of the third hollow and because it was a place into which

we rarely ventured and into which deer ventured for security when our neighbors and strangers from the city hunting the adjacent state forest encroached on the woods during the two-week rifle season. I typically hunted the edges of the upper meadow and the lower field, knowing that the does would come there to feed with their fawns in the morning and evening. The sanctuary was for solitude and, occasionally, for bucks.

Despite the light sleet and freezing rain, the temperature must have been slightly above freezing at ground level because the leaves were wet and quiet and muffled my steps as I carefully made my way down the saddle toward the sanctuary. It was still too dark to make out tracks but several times I noticed bright vertical stripes where bucks had shredded the outer bark of saplings by rubbing their antlers against the trees. One of these rubs was on a tree nearly the size of my calf and reached well up beyond four feet from the ground. I knew that this was likely to be a territorial sign left by a large buck. The deer that inhabited these woods and the surrounding hills were not large in comparison with their cousins in the suburbs and farm fields to the east. The acorns and mushrooms and browse sustained them in decent numbers but, without the concentrated nutrition of landscaping shrubs or crops and relatively heavy hunting pressure, a deer of 90 or so pounds would be average, a deer exceeding 120 pounds exceptional and a large rack quite rare. The size of the rubbed tree, the height from which the shredded bark hung and the deep gouges in the bark left by prominent eye guards suggested a mature buck with a well-developed rack. While not by any means a trophy hunter, my pulse quickened just a little. For me, at least, deer were still more than just meat.

At the very end of the saddle where the bowl was formed by the beds of the two creeks, I sat down with my back to a large white pine from which I could see well down into the hollow in front of me, back along the creek beds and part way up the ridges on either side. It was a place I had sat before to wait for sunrise at various times of the year and occasionally to hunt and I felt comfortable sitting there as the dark slowly gave way to light although the sun was still well below the horizon. Comfortable enough that, with my mittened hands shoved deep into the pockets of my coat, the collar pulled up against my neck and the rifle lying across my lap, I dozed off.

Somewhere in a forgotten dream, a twig snapped and I woke. Bright sunlight filtered through the tree branches

and, as the small world over which I looked came into focus, I caught sight of a deer standing motionless at the junction of the two creek beds where they joined and headed down through the pines into the deeper part of the hollow. His body stood sideways as if he had stopped in mid-stride but his head was turned in my direction and he appeared to be staring directly at me. He was a very large buck with a large rack, four tall points on each side with odd-shaped tines hanging almost straight down next to each eye and main beams that extended well past his ears on each side. I knew or thought I knew that he saw me but he showed no hint of alarm. Expecting him to bound off at any second, I left the gun in my lap, knowing that I could never raise it, find the deer's chest in the sight and pull the trigger before he disappeared. But he didn't bound off or even show evidence of the taut energy and twitching that signal imminent flight. For what seemed like several minutes but was probably much less, he stared at me or at least in my direction and I stared at him, then he slowly turned his head and glided off into the hollow. Having unconsciously held my breath through the whole encounter, I breathed deeply and raised myself to a standing position. I leaned the rifle against the tree trunk, fished the pipe and tobacco out of my pocket and stood there for a long time smoking and staring at the spot where the deer had stood, almost expecting him to re-materialize.

He didn't. Ever again. I looked for his shed rack in the wet snow of February and March that year and for the next two years as well but with no success. I occasionally came across large tracks deep in the woods but had no way of knowing if they were his. After the encounter, I never hunted the sanctuary again but sometimes, in the late fall and early winter, sat with my back against the pine for hours with my unlit pipe clenched in my teeth, hoping to see the buck again. Somehow, I knew that I wouldn't, that it was a meeting which would—maybe even which should—happen only once.

2038

He had hunted with his grandfather as a young boy, first lugging along an old toy rifle made of wood, then an ancient single shot .22 and, finally, a barely functional 20 gauge double barreled shotgun. At 6, he had watched in awed silence, afraid to show fear or revulsion, as his grandfather had killed and cleaned squirrels. Later, he had killed squirrels, too, and rabbits

and even a grouse or two over the big, black retriever. But never a deer. Hunting deer meant rifles and, though he spent almost every weekend working in the vegetable garden or fishing or traipsing the woods with his grandfather, soccer and high school and girls and cars had somehow intervened and, while he learned to handle and load and shoot the old .30-30, he had never hunted deer with the old man.

They scattered his grandfather's ashes in the meadow beyond the vegetable garden the day after Thanksgiving, ignoring his instructions for the ashes to be mixed into a salt block for the deer to lick. ("Shitting little bits of me all over the farm", he had said.) The metal knee replacement, which of course would not combust, was thrown, affectionately and ceremoniously—although with perhaps not as much foresight as might have been appropriate—into the pond and now gleamed from a bed in the mud four feet down in the algae-laden water where it would surely rest for some time to come.

The grandson—now in his mid-thirties, with a career, a family of his own and a house in the suburbs—knew that the next day, the Saturday after Thanksgiving, was the opening day of rifle season. As a child, it had always been the one weekend every year when he was not allowed to accompany "PaPa" to the farm, ostensibly out of concern for safety but, in reality, in unspoken recognition of his grandfather's need for a little solitude in the woods once a year. Claiming a need to re-connect with the farm and adjust to his grandfather's passing, he convinced his wife and younger brother and grandmother to drive back to town while he stayed behind. When they pulled out of the driveway onto the gravel road, he was next to the barn splitting cordwood and stacking it in the rickety garden cart.

The wood stacked in the bin, he attended to the fire in the wood stove, barely noticing the old flintlock that had hung above the mantle since before he could remember. He wandered from room to room in the old farmhouse, lingering finally in his grandfather's study which had once contained more Legos and model airplanes than books or guns and still, after all these years, smelled of pipe tobacco and leather and gun solvent. He opened the gun case—really an old wooden packing crate with rough iron hinges screwed to the wall in the corner of the room—with a sense of reverence and caught a glimpse of light reflected in the hand-worn sheen of the old varnish on the .30-30. It was still beautiful with a warm, butterscotch hue to the

stock and forearm and a soft, gray patina to the metal receiver and lever. The tang sight was folded flat against the top of the buttstock but stood upright without a catch when he nudged it. He sighted the Winchester through the study window, aiming at the trunk of a willow growing next to the pond 300 yards away. He knew that 300 yards would be an impossible and unethical shot for the .30-30 but found that the rifle came naturally to his shoulder and was steady even in the off-hand position. He found a box of cartridges at the back of the bottom drawer where, as far as he knew, they had always been. Half the faded cardboard box was filled with spent shells and he believed, or at least wanted to believe, without any reason other than wishful thinking, that he had fired the 10 rounds at a makeshift paper target a lifetime ago in the upper meadow with his grandfather leaning over his shoulder. Gently, he put the gun back in its place.

He slept in the room with the twin beds where he and his younger brother had always slept and woke well before dawn without having dreamt. Without forethought, he went down in the dark to the study, found his grandfather's worn wool pants and shirt in the closet and put them on. They fit reasonably well although the legs of the pants and sleeves of the shirt were a little short. The clothes were scratchy and itched as they always had when they rubbed against the boy as his grandfather carried him up to bed or woke him before dawn to hunt. He opened the gun case, withdrew the Winchester and picked up the box of shells from the desk where he had left them. The wood stove was almost out but he soon had a flame going with kindling from the copper kettle on the floor and a couple of locust splits from the woodbin. On a hook by the back door, he found his grandfather's wool hunting jacket. He slipped it over the woolen shirt, pulled on his hiking boots, shoved a few shells into the pocket of the jacket and, with the rifle in hand, walked out the door into the cold, star-bright night.

It had not occurred to him to search for a flashlight but now, even twenty years later, he knew the way. He fell into an easy rhythm as he strode up the hill to the first ridge, pausing at the top only long enough to note the starlight reflected on the yellow grass in the high meadow. Down into the first hollow, up onto the second ridge, down into the second hollow and up onto the third ridge. To the right was the bowl that his grandfather had always called "the sanctuary" and, though he had never known the origin of the name, he had always called it that as well and it had become the

living definition of the word in his mind. When the well-meaning volunteers from the non-profits called on the phone to ask for donations on behalf of refugees and talked about sanctuary, he found himself thinking of poor souls moving quietly and peacefully among the oaks and pines in the third hollow. As he knew he would but had not planned, he turned to the right and walked into the place.

His feet scuffling through the leaves, crunchy from the cold nights and dry days, were louder than he had expected and he found himself wondering whether his grandfather, in ancient leather moccasins and with short, deliberate steps, would have made less noise, but it didn't matter because it was still almost an hour until daylight. With his back against one of the old white pines, his feet still and the rifle resting in the crook of his arm, the woods went quiet again and all that he could hear was the sound of his own breath and the faint, unfathomable hum of the natural world in the pre-dawn stillness. He knew that not everyone heard that sound and remembered that his grandfather had first taught him to notice it.

As the blackness of night in that dark hollow turned to gray, a deer materialized from the darkness and into his consciousness so slowly and so subtly that he stared at it for many minutes before the apparition registered in his consciousness as a deer. It was a buck, the largest he had ever seen, with a rack like an upside-down chandelier. Two tines hung down between the eyes and the ears. The buck stared back, not startled but still unable or perhaps unwilling to accept the man in his world. The young man never raised the rifle or even thought about the rifle, cold and hard in his hands, and the deer, without evidencing any alarm, melted into the shadows of the thicket and was gone.

The young man, his ungloved hands cold and stiff, leaned the gun against the pine tree and stuffed his hands into the pockets of the wool coat to warm them. He felt debris in the corners of the pockets where they were sewn to the body of the jacket, withdrew a pinch of dry, crumbled tobacco and held it to his nose. The faint smell triggered a flood of memories and he cried for the first time in a long while. He walked slowly back down toward the house with the sun on his left shoulder and the gun on his right. The wood stove was still smoldering, the house smelled as it always did, the place in the rack for the Winchester was still empty and there were still coffee beans in the freezer.

SUPPORT OUR OKLAHOMA TAXIDERMISTS!
THEY SUPPORT MANY OF OUR SCI PROJECTS,
INCLUDING HUNTS FOR MILITARY VETERANS.



The Oklahoma Taxidermists Association is a non-profit organization striving to better the art of taxidermy and to further educate our members. Membership normally ranges from 100 to 150 members yearly. Members meet quarterly for informative seminars, workshops and competitions. Each summer the association hosts its annual convention and competition where taxidermy competitors come from Oklahoma and surrounding states to compete, learn and enjoy fellowship. It is truly one of the best state conventions currently being held. Each spring the association offers its members an all-day workshop with one of the industry's leading taxidermists in specific fields. The OKTA offers a certification program in 8 different categories. Annual membership is \$25.00 for an individual and \$30.00 for a family. Lifetime membership is \$300.00. The members of the Oklahoma Taxidermists Association welcome you to join our great association. Please take time to check out our events and click your way through our website.

<http://www.oklahomataxidermistsassociation.com/>



May 17, 2012

A service of the Oklahoma Department of Wildlife Conservation

Oklahoma student archers help break world record and bring home high ranks in competition

The popularity of archery among school-aged students continues to grow through the National Archery in Schools Program and even through books and movies that are popular among youth such as *The Hunger Games*, and *The Avengers*. So popular has the sport become among Oklahoma's youth that they even were part of the largest archery tournament ever recorded for the Guinness Book of World Records. The event was the National Archery in the Schools tournament held May 11-12 in Louisville, Ky. About 370 Oklahoma students were part of the crowd of 7,804 youth shooters from the across the nation.

Oklahoma shooters also did a lot of high scoring at the tournament, including three elementary girls who placed in the top five in the nation in their grade levels. Taking third place in the fourth-grade girls competition was Riane Tuthill of Chickasha. Birdie Maxwell of Parklane Elementary took fourth place in the fifth-grade girls division, and Faith Terrell of Chandler Elementary took fourth place among sixth-grade girls.

Other high scoring Oklahoma shooters included Clayton Grossnicklaus who took sixth place in the fourth-grade boys division, Hadlie Barnes of Greenville who took 10th place in the middle school girls division and Zachary Kretchmar of Holy Trinity Catholic School who took eighth place in the middle school boys division.

High scoring teams from Oklahoma included Chickasha Elementary and Middle School who took 12th and 16th place, respectively, in their divisions, and Stilwell High School who took 45th place in their division.

Schools representing Oklahoma at the national tournament included MacArthur middle and high schools; Beggs Middle School; Chickasha elementary, middle and high schools; Greenville Middle School; Inola High, Jay High, Jefferson Elementary; Parklane Elementary; Will Rogers Junior High; Wayland Bonds and Anderson, Chandler, Comanche, Holy Trinity Catholic, Keys, Keystone, Moss, Porum, Ringling, Sequoyah, Stilwell, Turner and Zaneis schools.

"Our Oklahoma shooters made me so proud," said Justin Marschall, Oklahoma National Archery in Schools coordinator for the Wildlife Department. "The pride and outstanding character that they demonstrated was overwhelming."

Students involved in the Oklahoma National Archery in Schools Program hone their concentration skills by shooting at targets from 10 and 15 meters, attempting to place their arrows into a three-inch-diameter bullseye for points. Students of all ages, sizes and athletic abilities can compete at the same level for high standings and personal success.

Oklahoma students qualified for the national competition based on their individual and team scores from the Oklahoma National Archery in the Schools State Shoot held in March at the Oklahoma State Fair Park in Oklahoma City. More than 1,100 students gathered at the site for the state shoot to wrap up a season of archery practice and competition at their respective schools and to determine qualifiers for the national tournament.

More than 300 schools are currently participating in the Oklahoma National Archery in the Schools Program, which is administered by the Oklahoma Department of Wildlife Conservation. The program is part of a national organization that introduces students to the sport of archery. The Archery in the Schools curriculum is designed for 4th-12th graders and covers archery history, safety, techniques, equipment, mental concentration and self-improvement. Students of all athletic abilities can learn and excel.

A limited number of grants are available each fiscal year for schools interested in implementing the Oklahoma National Archery in the Schools Program. Teachers interested in learning more about the program or starting the program at their school should contact Marschall at (405) 522-1857 or jmarschall@odwc.state.ok.us.

For more information about the Wildlife Department, log on to wildlifedepartment.com.



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I Have A New Hero and an expanded concept about the veterans of America. As the 4th of July weekend comes up, this 15 year military veteran has a new hero and an all new understanding for the 4th of July. It all started a couple weeks ago when a couple of my SCI Board members dropped me an email and said a disabled veteran was coming to Oklahoma for some new prosthetics and we should take him on a hunt. Now I didn't have anything to do with setting up the hunt but I sure wanted to go along and record it and document the event for us so a plan was set. My nephew and I drove out to NE Oklahoma on a Friday night to meet Aaron, the vet, and Mike, one of our board members.

The drive was standard Oklahoma Friday and we made it there just fine, just a couple hours later than we wanted. We rolled through the last of the Oklahoma country side and up to the lodge at [Windsong Adventures](#),

who graciously donated this hunt, where we were going to be at for a day or so, and that was the last standard thing for the weekend. I was expecting Mike to introduce me to a 50 or 60 year old individual in a wheel chair or walking with a cane and begin to hear all the stories of wars gone by, but no, that was not our Vet. Here stood Aaron, a 20 something young man with a huge smile, a skip in his step, two very bright and shiny metal legs, half a left hand with only a thumb or finger left, and both of the insides of his fore arms sewn closed with much tissue missing.

When I walked up to him I wasn't sure if I should shake his hand or just nod or ... Aaron covered it for me and thrust his hand out like and good marine would do and that was the last of the uneasiness for

20 something, chatting about hunting, girls, adventures coming forth and all the other things young men of America think about. Not once did we talk about how he got hurt, heck, I never even got to his last name (so much for being a good editor) but the more I thought about it, the more I came to the realization it did not matter in this setting, other settings it may have been important, but we were just some guys going hunting so who cared ☺

After a good night sleep for me and I am sure a restless night sleep for Aaron with pre hunt dreams, we headed out at 7AM to the field. After a short road trip and a little messing around off-loading the quad,

we all loaded up and began the search for a old Mouflon Sheep the rancher had in the preserve. We spotted Elk, Bison, Stag, and a few other types of game but could not find the sheep for a while. The ride around was great fun, the animal kingdom put on quite a

show for us, some skirting the edges of cover, other being big and brawn just sauntered along their way knowing there were far superior to us. Finally after an hour or so we spotted the ram at about 400 yards. Next issue would be to close the distance.



Aaron all set for the ride to the field and on to the hunt.

We drove up to about 300 yards through the back side of some cover but when that about ran out we had to drop the wheels. Aaron was the first on to bop out of the ATV and that was the first time I noticed he wasn't wearing his legs, only because he was 2 feet shorter than any of us now. No problem, he grabbed his bino's and would have grabbed the gun too if Mike hadn't got it first and off he went through the woods to close the yardage. We all snuck up to about 200 yards still sneaking behind the tree cover we had. No good shot here, adjust to the next trees, then the next and finally an opening we could get a good shot through. Just about to get thing in order, and here come the buffalo's again, a long parade of them just waddled along the outside edge of the tree line, pushing the sheep farther out and making a perfect blocking wall for the shot for about 15 minutes.

Finally, they cleared out and the shot was open again. Aaron sat down, put the shooting sticks up,



Aaron with his Ram

leveled his gun, and put the smack down in one clean shot on that sheep. Aaron studied the post shot action like a hawk and when the ram dropped over he gave a yappers look, little nod and the chip on his shoulder shined through ☺ The sheep went about 20 yards and dropped like a rock, great shot like a good marine would do!

Up we all stood, smacking Aaron on the back for a great shot, saving us the heat of the day and tracking jobs, and some quick reply of the crazy action that we had just gone through. I asked Aaron if he wanted to walk out to his sheep or should we grab the ATV and take a ride out there, silly me, off we went, walking through the brush and field until he plopped down next to his ram and took the pride pose with his ram head held between his hands and up for the world to see. See his shot Here – VIDEO

Some info from Mike Mistelske about Aarons visit:

Larry, attached are two photos from our stay at the Bowman Lodge. Britani and Paul and a couple of Paul's fellow former marines were wonderful hosts. Aaron and I both did a bit of 1,000-yard shooting, for which the Bowman's setup is very nice. We enjoyed a relaxing time, great food, and best of all the companionship of some very good people. Britani and Paul have really big hearts; all that they do for disabled veterans is extremely generous. I am honored to play even a very, very small role in their mission.

Aaron is invited back to the Bowman's this fall, for a whitetail hunt...airfare included for Aaron and a friend; and I hope to be able to once again humbly carry his rifle for Aaron on another hunt.

Thank you again, Larry...and Justin, for sharing your time with us Friday evening and Saturday. I trust you enjoyed videoing our hunt as much as I enjoyed guiding Aaron and helping him get set up to make his shot. Like the Bowman's, my friends the Malchow's were so very generous to provide such a special outing for Aaron. His Mouflon ram's skull is at the taxidermist's now, and I'll see that it gets to Aaron when it's ready to display.

Now I must say I did see Aaron with a little concern on his face one time, he was not the full-fledged super human the whole time. As we were partaking in the photo op, that herd of buffalo decided to give us one last visit. They came up behind us to about 20 yards, and I am not sure who was going to throw who to the hooves if they wanted the space we were in, but I think I would have lost that battle between Aaron and my nephew as we were all trying to figure out our self-worth moves before they were shooed away ☺

This 4th of July I will have an expanded view of what we are celebrating. It won't be all past soldiers and wars gone past, old stories and war movie ideas and visions. It will also be filled with new war visions, knowledge of young men and women being disabled and killed, of the fights of today and how they continue to keep our freedom and independence through their efforts and suffering. It will be of the strongest will and courage to hold the future accountable I have ever seen through the meeting of one 20 something, who's life got blown apart, was stitched partially back together and is simply the most likable, outgoing, girl chasing, sharp shooting, outdoorsman I have ever met!



Aaron discussing 1 km shots with Mike

Some info from Scott Holmes about Aarons visit:

I received a call from a former OS-SCI director, Andy Cobb who is now living in Auckland, NZ who indicated he has a dear friend in the DC area who is active in the Wounded Warriors program. His friend, Doug had taken Aaron on an African hunt in SA where Aaron took 10 animals. Doug had arranged for the hunt and taxidermy donations in SA and even had Aaron's hunt videoed, which I am told an abbreviated version will be

shown at the 2013 SCI convention. Doug knew Aaron was coming to OKC to get new prosthetic legs after having another amputative surgery on his legs. The first amputation had complications and had to be redone. Aaron's hands were also severely injured and he lost all but a thumb on his left hand and he lost four fingers down to the knuckle and his thumb on his right hand. He was spared his trigger (index) finger.

Doug knew Andy had lived in OKC, so he inquired if Andy knew anyone who might look after Aaron and show him some Oklahoma hospitality. Andy called me and asked if I would be willing to be a host for Aaron's visit to Oklahoma. So I picked him up at the airport and have spent time with him at every opportunity. Aaron is here from June 17th till 29th.

Aaron was a Marine Sniper Scout. He served one tour in Iraq and during tour in Afghanistan he was injured by an IUD in 2010. He is 25 years old and is now medically discharged from active duty. He is originally from Potsdam, NY where his family resides still today. Aaron is now spending time between the DC area in summer months and lives in Colorado during the winter months. His dream is to qualify for the US Olympic team for skiing. He will first try to qualify for and compete in the Para-Olympics.

Mike Mistelske & I met last Friday in Sapulpa and Aaron went with him to a ranch in NE OK and Saturday morning hunted and took a nice Mouflon sheep (with my borrowed, customized 257 Weatherby rifle). Then Saturday afternoon Mike took Aaron down to Bowman's Lodge which you know about from Mike's email.

Larry W Gerads, USAF Retired

The Editor



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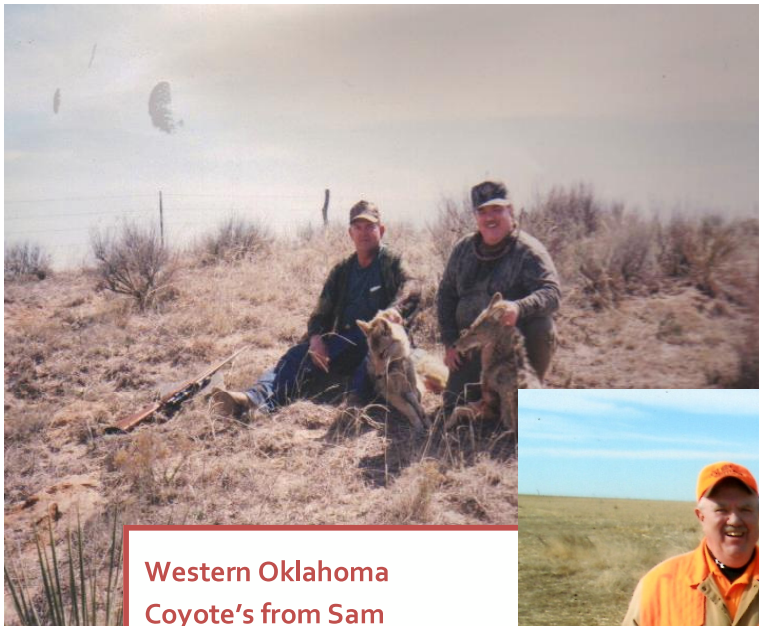
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FIRST FOR MEMBERS



LD shares his bear from Carrot River Saskatchewan



LD's bass from Arbuckle lake 11/11 and was 10lbs 4 oz on a XPS crank bait



Western Oklahoma Coyote's from Sam Munhollon



Flying W Pheasant Ranch 1-25-2012 5:15 PM

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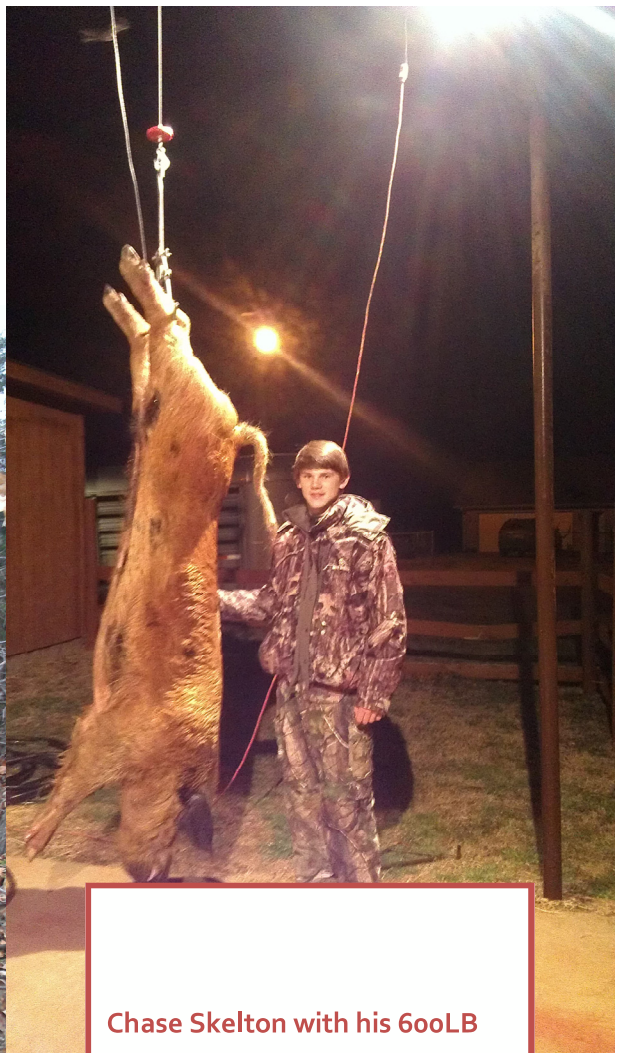
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Savannah Dalton with
Widgeon Ducks Near
Covington Oklahoma 1-21-2012



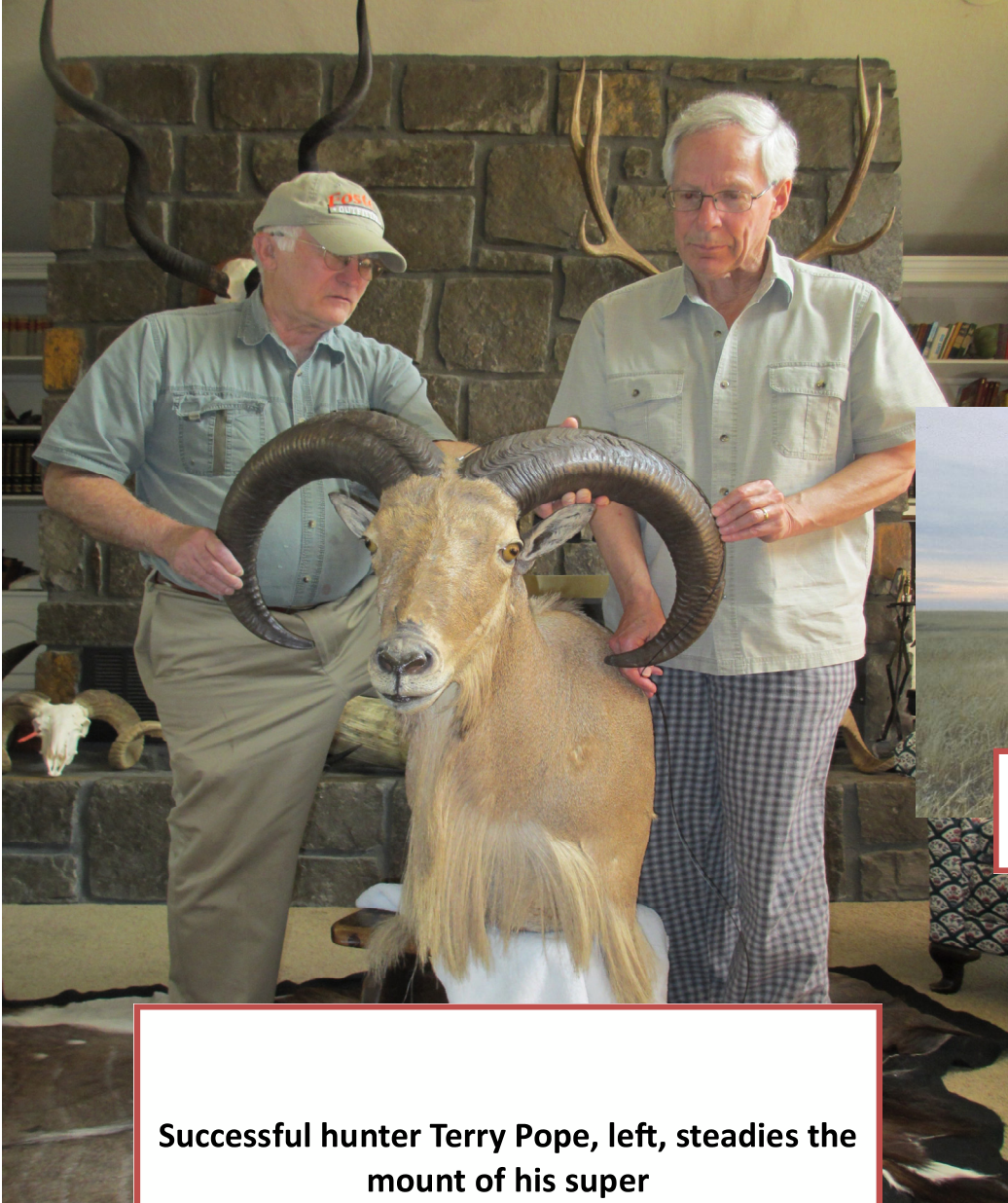
Brant Hill, Angie Dalton, Savannah Dalton, Sam N



Chase Skelton with his 600LB
Board—3-10-2012

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Successful hunter Terry Pope, left, steadies the mount of his super Aoudad while Mike Mistelske double checks measurements.



Sam Munhollon with a nice Mule Deer Buck



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host Glen Winters, 2012 YOUTH TURKEY HUNT



Savannah Dalton-Enid, Oklahoma-
first turkey 3/31/12



Jarod Hill's First Turkey—3/31/2012





Oklahoma Station Chapter – Safari Club International

**PO Box 890307
Oklahoma City, OK 73189**

Oklahoma Station - SCI Supports and Contributes Funds Locally & Nationally

The future of hunting is up to each one of us. It is our financial donations, our efforts in the political arena, and our ability to educate the uninformed public of the important role hunting plays in the welfare of the animal population and their habitat. Our activities and energy must focus on 3 areas - Conservation, Education, and Governmental affairs.

We, the members of SCI, are the last best chance that wildlife has to survive in a healthy habitat, and we have to preserve our right to hunt.

Oklahoma Station Chapter, SCI is a 501 c (3) Charitable Status Organization

Protect the Freedom to Hunt

FINANCIAL SUPPORT TO PROTECT OUR FREEDOM TO HUNT & WILDLIFE

CONSERVATION PROGRAMS - Thirty percent (30%) of net monies raised by the Oklahoma Station Chapter support programs that provide for full-time staff lobbyists & biologists in Washington, DC. SCI is the only hunting organization that has full-time lobbyists & biologists working to provide sound scientific information to influence legislation and regulations that affect hunting both at the federal and state levels. 70% of funds raised by the Oklahoma Station Chapter are used in Oklahoma for hunting-education, wildlife-conservation and humanitarian-services programs.

Highlights of 2011- 2012

Funded a Operation Game Thief Trailer for the Oklahoma Department of Wildlife – Our chapter committed \$25,000 over 3 years to the ODWC to build a new trailer to be used in the Operation Game Thief program. We received a \$5,000 grant from the SCI foundation to help with this commitment.

We provided the funds to send 4 Oklahoma teachers to the 7 day American Wilderness Leadership School in Jackson Hole Wyoming in 2011. These teachers will now be prepared to take this learning experience and bring it to hundreds of our state youth over the coming years. We will send at least 3 teachers to the 2012 training. The ODWC helps us support this program and contributes the travel cost for 2 teachers each year.

Our chapter agreed to support an additional Shotgun Training Education Program (STEP) replacement trailer. Our commitment is for over \$15,000 to help ODWC purchase a new trailer for this fantastic program.

Our chapter helped fund a youth shooting range at the Oklahoma City Gun Club with a \$1,500 donation.

As a result of our very successful 2011 banquet we were able to provide over \$30,000 to the national SCI organization for conservation and in support of our right to hunt.



Conservation

OKLAHOMA HABITAT DONOR PROGRAM -

- Financial support for the Hackberry Flats Wetlands project, Frederick, OK.
- Financial support for a "Quality Deer Management" program in Lincoln County, OK.
- Financial support for the ODWC black bear collar program

RESTORATION OF RUFFED GROUSE & PRAIRIE CHICKEN - Financial support towards restoration of ruffed grouse and Greater Prairie Chicken habitat in Oklahoma. 2009 support for Audubon Society/OSC conservation project to protect the threatened Lesser Prairie Chicken in Northwest Oklahoma in conjunction with the Lesser Prairie Chicken festival.

INTRODUCED EIGHT (8) ELK INTO THE EXISTING HERD IN SE. OKLAHOMA -

Chapter financed the purchase, transportation and release of 5 mature bred cow elk and 2 mature bulls plus radio-collar transmitters for monitoring purposes. These 8 elk will improve the gene pool in the existing elk herd in SE Oklahoma which is in cooperation with the Timberline Elk Ranch, Cushing, Oklahoma, and the ODWC.

2005 AIR BOAT (18 X 8'), 502 CU. INCH CHEVROLET ENGINE 502 HP RATING WAS PURCHASED FOR OKLAHOMA DEPT OF WILDLIFE CONSERVATION USE.

ODWC Contributions – Since the foundation of the Oklahoma Station Chapter of SCI, over \$ 280,000 has been funded for various Wildlife Department programs either through direct funding or purchase of equipment for ODWC use.

Education

SIGNIFICANT FINANCIAL SUPPORT FOR YOUTH EDUCATION & OUTDOOR

PROGRAMS – Archery in the Schools program (\$ 9,500 in 2008), Last Frontier Council - Boy Scouts of America; Eddy Eagle Gun Safety program; Make a Wish Foundation, Youth Hunter Education Challenge, & the 4H Youth Shooting Team.

OKLAHOMA DEPT OF WILDLIFE CONSERVATION COLORING BOOKS - We purchased 65,000 wildlife conservation coloring books for school children.

APPRENTICE HUNTER PROGRAM -An annual youth essay writing contest that focuses on America's hunting heritage; co-sponsored by the Okla. Dept of Wildlife Conservation. Two students in the 11-14 age category win scholarships to attend a weeklong program at the YO Ranch in Mountain Home, Texas. One boy and one girl, 15-17, each win a guided pronghorn antelope hunt in New Mexico and presentation of their mounts at the Annual OSC Awards Banquet & Charity Fundraiser.

THE AMERICAN WILDERNESS LEADERSHIP SCHOOL - Each year, our Chapter and the Okla. Dept. of Wildlife Conservation sponsor two Oklahoma educators for an 8-day experience at SCI's Granite Ranch near Jackson, Wyoming, in fields of wildlife ecology, firearm safety and shooting sports, camping, white-water rafting, stream ecology, natural resource management with a base knowledge from which to evaluate conservation efforts. They bring this training back to their classrooms to educate thousands of Oklahoma youth on the value of hunting as a wildlife management tool.

STEP PROGRAM – Okla. Dept of Wildlife Conservation's **Shotgun Training Education Program ("STEP")** – OSC-SCI supported this program by originally purchasing a custom built 26-foot long gooseneck equipment trailer. OSC purchased two additional trailers in 2008. These trailers carry the program's portable trap machines, firearms, ammunition, safety and gun maintenance equipment. In the past 10 years, 100,000 persons in the state



of Oklahoma (65% are youth under the age of 18) have participated in STEP, learning the importance of hunting as a conservation and management tool and improving their shooting skills to ensure the humane harvesting of wildlife.

OKLAHOMA WILDLIFE EXPO – Our Chapter supports the ODWC - Wildlife Expo with significant funding and with workers. This is the biggest and the most successful comprehensive hands-on outdoor education experience and recreation event in State history. Approximately 60,000 attend annually. In 2011, OSC featured "Predators of Oklahoma" with a game for thousands of youth to identify the animals and win a prize for successfully doing so (all eventually won). We estimate over 8000 kids participated in our "Predators of Oklahoma" game.

WILDLIFE HERITAGE CENTER MUSEUM, ANTLERS, OK. – Our Chapter contributed to the building of the museum/learning center in SE Oklahoma. The operation is a joint agreement of the Okla. Dept of Commerce, Okla. Tourism and Recreation Dept and the Okla. Dept of Wildlife. The facility will be utilized as a regional tourism attraction while at the same time serving as a wildlife and natural resource conservation public education center.

SAFARI IN A BOX - Safari in a Box is a K-12 education kit designed to provide exciting, hands-on learning. It gives teachers and others who work with young people resources and ideas to introduce youth to important concepts of habitat, wildlife management and impacts resulting from human and wildlife interactions. Initial SIB placement was in memory of OSC member David Rocker.

"SCI SAVES CSI" - 2009 support of OSU's "Insect Adventure", a project which teaches basic conservation principles to over 300,000 individuals in Oklahoma each year (and also contributes to the conservation of the endangered American burying beetle, a species valuable in Crime Scene Analysis).

Humanitarian Services

SAFARI-CARE – On numerous occasions, OSC members have traveled internationally and carried medical, educational and relief supplies to villages in need of support.

SPORTSMEN AGAINST HUNGER – OSC originally funded 100% of operating expenses for the program in excess of \$200,000 annual budget. OSC also managed the program State-wide for over 10 years. OSC continues to financially support this program annually, and in 2011 as we have for the past 10 years we supported this program with a \$ 2,000 contribution to ODWC.

SENSORY SAFARI DAY - A hands-on adventure for sightless and sight-impaired children and adults. Members loan their animal mounts for these people to see for the first time, through their fingertips, animals from around the world. The event is co-sponsored by the Okla. Dept. Wildlife Conservation, Oklahoma Station Chapter - SCI and the H&H Gun Range.

VETERANS' HUNTS – OSC organized Mid-East-Conflict veterans' hunts in conjunction with Jay Barczak of Wild Game Outfitters-Duchess Creek Ranch, Porum, OK, and in conjunction with other supporters. In 2009, three veterans were drawn from public nominations for guided elk and deer hunts complete with all accommodations. In 2010, OSC and Mankazana Safaris presented a Purple-Heart veteran the hunt of a lifetime in Africa. OSC supports our troops who protect our freedoms!



Member Event

Gunwerks Long Distance Shooting Systems

Being an avid hunter/outdoorsman I really don't care when or where I get to shoot, as long as I am shooting. So when I heard that Safari Club International was going to host an event for Gunwerks to let us test out some of their equipment I was very excited. For those not familiar with Gunwerks they are mostly known for long range shooting. Now when I say long range most of us might think two to three hundred yards, am I right?? Well these guys (GW) are talking about grouping shots at ONE THOUSAND plus yards. No that is not a typo; these guys are all about long range shooting and have the fire power to back it up!! They explain their gun as followed **"The LR-1000 is our original Shooting System designed and configured for the serious hunter. The stock design, weight and balance, accuracy and ease of ballistic compensation make the LR-1000 stand out from the emerging crowd of long range rifles. The rifle features a stainless steel barrel that is .670 inches in diameter at the muzzle. The rifle stock is our renowned Long Range Hunting stock with molded in color and texture providing years of performance and good looks. Finally, the action is our LR-1000 model that features a one-piece bolt, pinned scope bases and side bolt stop. Like all Gunwerks Shooting Systems, the LR-1000 has been test fired for accuracy, with the barrel properly broken in to stabilize muzzle velocity. Gunwerks separates itself from other rifle manufacturers by test firing each rifle on our 1000 yard range."** Pretty incredible if you ask me.

So off to Noble Oklahoma I went on that beautiful Saturday morning to see just what I could do at distances I could not even see. The range was a very nice plowed out stretch of what looked like an old wash out that was plowed straight with a DC Cat, with the shooting area being 20 feet

above the whole channel, then it swooped out 1000 yards and rose again 10 feet to a 20 x 50 berm that had been made. Even I couldn't miss the berm with my limited skills I thought ☺ [BNLOutfitters](#) donated their travel trailer for the day; so the setup had AC controlled storage for the guns, a couple canopies off the front for the shooting tables to sit under, and all the amenities' for lunch on the grill to be served. To finish off the setup, SCI setup a trap and plinking range to the south for folks to spend some shooting time



Spectator time while two shooters try their 1000yrd skill

until it was their turn at the main show. Overall the whole thing was a super setup!

Waiting my turn on the long range guns, I tried out my short range sniping skills on the plinking and shotgun range. My first time ever shooting a .223 had me in love with the gun in minutes. A ton more horsepower than the normal 22 caliber plinking and dime sized accuracy that reached out there with ease. I also tried out some really nice shotguns and think that maybe the equipment does make a difference as I seemed to be able to hit more clays with these great guns vs. my 4th generation hand me down. These SCI folks



have got some nice hardware and I must say I learned a bunch for stuff, not bad for a FREE day out ☺

PULL!!



Lunch is Served

Before I could get on the bench, Hugh Bereman rang the dinner bell. I must say I was ready for that with all the adrenaline used through the day I was famished. There were some Antelope as well as some Elk burgers on the grill, what in the world could a guy ask for?!? I think I ate a bit too much because I started eying up one of the chairs for a nap, but there was just too much stuff to do and going on to sleep now.

My Turn! Now I must say, looking down that 1000 yard range was daunting. How in the world could I hit a target that far away when I couldn't even see it without the use of a spotting scope? The rifle and the scope were simply amazing! I leaned forward into the scope and started looking down at my target, wow! I could see it now 😊 The thing that surprised me was when the instructors told me to dry fire a couple times? What??



Some of the Gunwerks line of guns

My grandfather is who taught me to shoot and one of the cardinal rules was to never dry fire or you would break the firing pin. When I shared this with the Gunwerks guys they assured me that dry firing a center fire rifle is fine. It would NOT damage the pin. They said they do it hundreds of times per gun and have never broke a pin. OK, dry fire I did, and what a change in my shooting I felt happen.

When you dry fire there is no kick, no flinch, just scope, target and click. Doing that a couple times let me settle into the rifle and feel the trigger release as well as get

my positioning correct. From now on I think I will dry fire before shooting anything. It makes a BIG difference!

OK, time for main event. I sight in at a short distance 750 yard (yes, I just said short and 750 yards together) target that was a metal noise maker, breath out, squeeze the trigger, and BOOM, ... wait for it .. wait for it ... TING! Yes, it does seem to take that long for the shot to hit lol!!



Hear that? This is FUN!

OK here we go, time to muster up, focus, look allllll the way down the range, and try my hand at this 1000 yard shot. Spotter says 2 minutes to the right to account for wind (that's one line left on the scope reticle for us laymen) again exhale, squeeze, and bang! Now, seeing that far for a hit through a scope is simply not possible, but ... the spotting scopes had me covered. My spotter takes a look, hems and haws for a second and says, "2 inches high right". What? I hit it? Maybe better than I do with my rifle at 100 yards?

Shoot again he says. OK, don't have to ask me twice 😊 Squeeze, bang! Spotter delays for effect again I am sure and says, "2 inches high, 1 to the right". WHAT? A grouping at 1000 yards? Holy smack, I am in love! Just when I thought I was done, my spotter doesn't seem satisfied, he leans over, clicks my turret a time or two, looks at me with a smile and says, "again". Heck yes!! Breath, squeeze, POW!!! Now I get a smile from these Gunwerks guys, "1/5 inch low but center"! After 2 more shots I head down to check out my handy work.

Sure enough, there they were all 5 shots, two high right, two low center, and one we don't want to talk about!! Being 4 inches off at 1000 yards is now not within my standards – haha!

The next time someone tells me shooting long range is hard I am going to laugh. The next time Oklahoma Station Safari Club International says they are having an event, well, I am THERE! What a day, what a day!!!

Justin Gerads

ESSAY CONTEST

OKLAHOMA STATION

SCI

79 CHAPTERS SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL



*The Superintendent
of the
United States Air Force Academy
announces that
Kristen Lane Kennedy
of the
Class of 2012
is a candidate for the degree of
Bachelor of Science in Management
and a
commission as a
Second Lieutenant
in the
United States Air Force
Wednesday, May twenty-third
United States Air Force Academy, Colorado*



Kristen Lane Kennedy: say thanks to SCI for their involvement in getting her an appointment to the Academy. She is paying careful attention to send announcements to those individuals or organizations that deserves some credit for the great places she's been and greater places she's going. She is truly appreciative of the relationship w/ those of you aforementioned, the late Paul Newsom, etc. The things she did w/ SCI, Bass Pro and the Oklahoma Dept of Wildlife truly provided differentiation to her resume and the Academy application process and helped her make her way in Colorado Springs.

Please find the announcement of Kristen's Graduation from the USAF Academy. Kristen was a former Senior Division Essay Contest Winner-I believe it was 2007 class .Kristen was also a finalist for the Safari Club International Youth Hunter of the Year and was a finalist for the Outdoor Writers Essay Contest as well.

Through her many accomplishments and a little help from our State Senators and Congressman and Congress Woman our letters of recommendation were able to find her a slot in the academy. Now is is being commissioned a Second Lt. in the USAF.

Kristen is quite an accomplished hunter having taken record book Elk, Moose, Whitetail Deer, Mule Deer, Antelope, and Black Bear all before her 18th Birthday.

It has been my distinct pleasure to work with the fine youth of Oklahoma and to share in their successes.

Congratulations to Kristen for all that she has accomplished and thanks to Safari Club International for being both a facilitator and Inspiration in her ladder of achievement.

Sam Munhollon

OUR CHAPTER RECEIVES A WONDERFUL DONATION!

Mike Mistelske

SCI's "SENSORY SAFARI" is a hands-on educational adventure for sight-impaired children and adults. In past years, Oklahoma Station Chapter members loaned their animal mounts so that people could see for the first time, through their fingertips, animals from around the world. The Oklahoma Department of Wildlife Conservation and H&H Gun Range partnered with us in the massive undertaking of organizing and conducting each "Sensory Safari" event.

Starting in 2006 with the donation to our Chapter of a large number of African mounts and various skins, we began to assemble our own collection of animals to use for various educational purposes. We were doubly fortunate in that one of our former partners in "Sensory Safari" events, H&H Gun Range, was willing to allow our Chapter to store our growing collection at their facility...and to permanently display many items so that they could provide a constant educational opportunity for both sighted and sight-impaired visitors. We have since made it routine to conduct various activities at H&H Gun Range, each an opportunity to use the displayed animals for educational purposes. We also display items from our collection when we conduct educational activities at other locations.

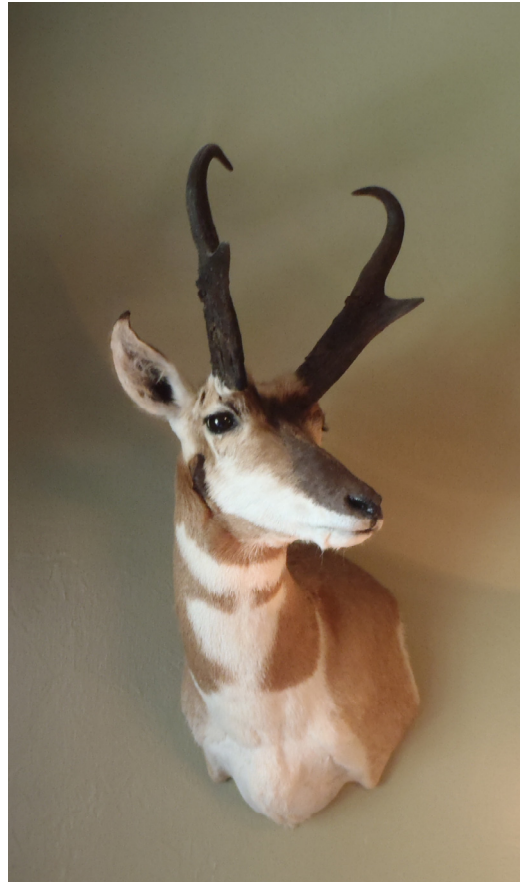
We have now augmented our collection with four additional species, including three spectacular Alaskan animals and one from New Mexico. These beautiful mounts have been donated by generous members Mike and Donna Melchert.



A BEAUTIFUL MOUNT OF A MAGNIFICENT 9 ½ FOOT ALASKA BROWN BEAR



A HUGE ALASKA-YOUKON MOOSE...WITH ANTLERS SPANNING 72 INCHES



LEFT: AN ALASKA BARREN GROUND CARIBOU IN VELVET, FROM THE BROOKS RANGE
RIGHT: A VERY HANDSOME PRONGHORN FROM NEW MEXICO



House Passes Historic Hunting, Conservation Legislation

Senate Urged to Quickly Take Up Companion to H.R. 4089

For Release: April 17, 2012

Washington, DC – Safari Club International expressed its appreciation to the U.S. House of Representatives for passing H.R. 4089, the Sportsmen’s Heritage Act of 2012. The legislation passed on a bipartisan vote and will now be reported the Senate for consideration.

“The Sportsmen’s Heritage Act of 2012 will preserve the rightful place of hunting, fishing and target shooting on U.S. public lands for generations to come,” said SCI President Kevin Anderson. “Millions of Americans, including thousands of SCI Members, hunt and shoot on our nation’s public lands. By passing this legislation, Congress has helped protect our hunting heritage for the future outdoorsmen and women.”

H.R. 4089 included four separate parts. Title I requires hunting and recreational shooting and fishing to be recognized activities on all Forest Service and Bureau of Land Management lands; Title II protects recreational shooting on National Monuments under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Land Management; Title III amends the Marine Mammal Protection Act to allow hunters who legally harvested polar bears in Canada prior to its listing under the Endangered Species Act to purchase permits in order to transport their trophies into the U.S.; and Title IV clarifies that the Environmental Protection Agency does not have the jurisdiction to regulate traditional lead component ammunition and lead fishing tackle.

“Sportsmen and women encourage the U.S. Senate leadership to take up H.R. 4089 and quickly pass it,” asserted SCI Chief Communications Officer Larry Rudolph. “Our national heritage of hunting, fishing and target shooting is constantly under attack by eco-maniac special interests who want to lock up our public lands and prohibit recreational uses. Today was a day of action and we look forward to the Senate proceeding forward with this legislation.

“SCI would like to thank those members who drafted HR 4089, Congressman Miller (Fla.) for introducing the comprehensive bill as the Co-Chair of the Congressional Sportsmen’s Caucus, and Natural Resources Committee Chairman Hastings for his leadership in the floor debate. Legislation introduced by Congressmen Young (Alaska), Bishop (Utah), Benishek (Mich.), Flake (Ariz.), and Broun (Georgia) also contributed H.R. 4089.”

The Sportsmen’s Heritage Act of 2012 was supported by a coalition that included Safari Club International, National Rifle Association, the Congressional Sportsmen’s Foundation, the Boone & Crockett Club, the National Shooting Sports Foundation, the U.S. Sportsmen’s Alliance, and over 30 other hunter-conservation organizations.

Contact: Nelson Freeman (Media@safariclub.org)

Safari Club International Hunters' Defense Fund supports the important advocacy, conservation and legal work keeping hunters afield and promoting hunting worldwide. Donations to the Hunters’ Defense Fund have a direct impact on our freedom to hunt, wildlife conservation policy and important legislative, regulatory and legal issues. DONATE NOW: www.hunterdefensefund.org

Safari Club International – First For Hunters is the leader in protecting the freedom to hunt and in promoting wildlife conservation worldwide. SCI’s approximately 200 Chapters represent all 50 of the United States as well as 106 other countries. SCI’s proactive leadership in a host of cooperative wildlife conservation, outdoor education and humanitarian programs, with the SCI Foundation and other conservation groups, research institutions and government agencies, empowers sportsmen to be contributing community members and participants in sound wildlife management and conservation. Visit the home page www.safariclub.org or call (520) 620-1220 for more information.

For More “In The Crosshairs see: <http://www.oklahomastationsci.org/crosshairs09.html>

MEMBER LETTERS



FIVE LESSONS ABOUT THE WAY WE TREAT PEOPLE

First Important Lesson: Cleaning Lady

During my second month of college, our professor gave us a pop quiz. I was a conscientious student and had breezed through the questions until I read the last one: "What is the first name of the woman who cleans the school?" Surely this was some kind of joke. I had seen the cleaning woman several times. She was tall, dark-haired and in her 50's, but how would I know her name? I handed in my paper, leaving the last question blank.

Just before class ended, one student asked if the last question would count toward our quiz grade. "Absolutely" said the professor, "in your careers, you will meet many people. All are significant. They deserve your attention and care, even if all you do is smile and say 'hello'. I've never forgotten that lesson. I also learned her name was Dorothy...

Second Important Lesson: Pickup in the rain

One night, at 11:30 pm, an older African-American woman was standing on the side of an Alabama highway trying to endure a lashing rain storm. Her car had broken down and she desperately needed a ride. Soaking wet, she decided to flag down the next car. A young white man stopped to help her, generally unheard of in those conflict-filled 1960's. The man took her to safety, helped her get assistance and put her into a taxicab. She seemed to be in a big hurry, but wrote down his address and thanked him. Seven days went by, and a knock came on the man's door. To his surprise, a giant console color TV was delivered to his home.

A special note was attached. It read: "Thank you so much for assisting me on the highway the other night. The rain drenched not only my clothes, but also my spirits and then you came along. Because of you, I was able to make it to my dying husband's bedside just before he passed away. God bless you for helping me and unselfishly serving others."

Sincerely, Mrs. Nat King Cole

Third Important Lesson: Always remember those who serve

In the days when an ice cream sundae cost much less, a 10-year-old boy entered a hotel coffee shop and sat at a table. A waitress put a glass of water in front of him. "How much is an ice cream sundae?" he asked. "Fifty cents," replied the waitress. The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and studied the coins in it. "Well, how much is a plain dish of ice cream?" he inquired. By now, more people were waiting for a table and the waitress was growing impatient. "Thirty-five cents," she brusquely replied. The little boy again counted his coins. "I'll have the plain ice cream," he said. The waitress brought the ice cream, put the bill on the table and walked away. The boy

finished the ice cream, paid the cashier and left. When the waitress came back, she began to cry as she wiped down the table. There, placed neatly beside the empty dish, were two nickels and five pennies.

You see, he couldn't have the sundae because he had to have enough left to leave her a tip...

Fourth Important Lesson: The obstacle in our path

In ancient times, a King had a boulder placed on a roadway, then he hid himself and watched to see if anyone would remove the huge rock. Some of the King's wealthiest merchants and courtiers came by and simply walked around it. Many loudly blamed the King for not keeping the roads clear, but none did anything about getting the stone out of the way. Then, a peasant came along carrying a load of vegetables. Upon approaching the boulder, the peasant laid down his burden and tried to move the stone to the side of the road. After much pushing and straining, he finally succeeded. After the peasant picked up his load of vegetables, he noticed a purse lying in the road where the boulder had been. The purse contained many gold coins and a note from the King indicating that the gold was for the person who removed the boulder from the roadway.

The peasant learned what many of us never understand. Every obstacle presents an opportunity to improve our condition...

Fifth Important Lesson: Giving when it counts

Many years ago, when I worked as a volunteer at a hospital, I got to know a little girl named Liz who was suffering from a rare & serious disease. Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her 5-year old brother, who had miraculously survived the same disease and had developed the antibodies needed to combat the illness. The doctor explained the situation to her little brother, and asked the little boy if he would be willing to give his blood to his sister. I saw him hesitate for only a moment before taking a deep breath and saying, "Yes, I'll do it if it will save her." As the transfusion progressed, he lay in bed next to his sister and smiled, as we all did, seeing the color returning to her cheek. Then his face grew pale and his smile faded. He looked up at the doctor and asked with a trembling voice, "Will I start to die right away?"

Being young, the little boy had misunderstood the doctor. He thought he was going to have to give his sister all of his blood in order to save her...

Christy Colungo, Administrative Assistant

Department of Safe & Stable Families

Phone: (580) 272-5580, ext 60420

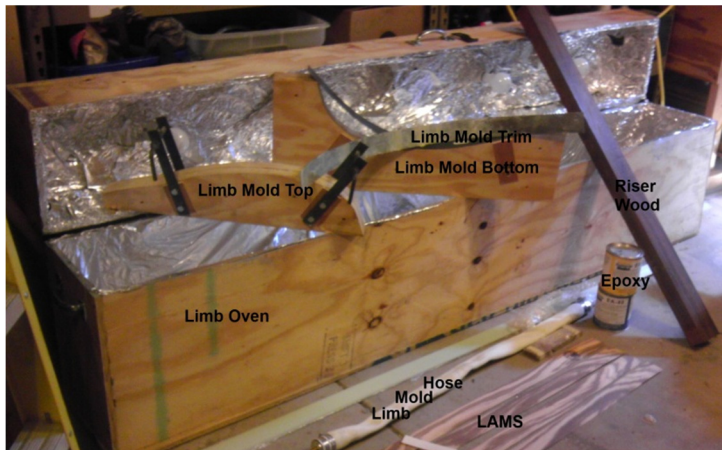
email: christine.colungo@chickasaw.net



So we are in mid-summer heat wave yet again. 100 plus degree's and no end in sight. So what is a bower to do while the heat outside would melt the wax off his strings? Build a new bow of course and night shoot too.

This bow building stuff is very fun and at the same time requires the patience of a saint. One day to glue wood blocks, three days to dry, one day of power tool shaving, 4 days of hand sanding. Split the down time working on limbs helps a bit, but even they are 4 hours setting up, 2 days drying, 15 minutes cutting, 4 hours sanding. Ah well, in the end you have a handmade master piece that just wows anyone who sees it.

The first step to building your own bow it to decide on the color and look. You can go solid colors, zebra stripes, black out or even all white – to get an idea go check out all the limb and riser colors at <http://www.kennyscustomarchery.com/page04.html> who I use to buy most of my pieces. My current incarnation is a Cocobolo – Zebra wood incarnation, kina an Africa thing going on ☺



Limb making is the easiest part but the most delicate. Kenny will help you get the right pieces from him is you just drop him a line so I won't even try and get into thickness, width, material talk as that requires a doctorate degree ☺ But once you have the pieces here is how it goes:

Make yourself a form and oven, get kit here: <http://www.binghamprojects.com/products.php?cat=8> this one time kit will work for all future bows for you and your entire friend and family circle. If you want to come see mine I will help you build your form and oven.

Once you have the pieces, the form and the oven it is time to slow down and get accurate. The process is to take 6 limb pieces, coat them with epoxy, align them in the press all stacked on top of each other, clamp it, air it up and put it in the oven for 6-8 hours. I tun the oven off after 8 hours and let it sit all night to cool down slow. Once you pull the limbs out you start to see your bow coming together so it is quite exciting.

Cutting the limbs down is best down slow and the most important thing I have learned is that a little flaw in the straight edge of a limb is not critical, don't try and sand all the way sown or up the side of the limb to get that divot out, you will end up with a slim useless limb. Instead, accept that this is a handmade masterpiece and the flaws are the master ☺ Another CRITICAL point is do NOT try and saw from inside out or you will split the fiberglass: saw from the outside or the limb up toward the top, not from the tip down and out to the edges.



Now, about that heat and shooting: Once the sun goes down and the temp drops a few degree's go outside and shoot your bow. The cooler night air lets you shoot longer without sweating so much and will come in handy come hunting season. There are way to many times that early morning or late evening is dim, and if you are sitting in a blind it is even darker. Shooting at night with lights helps get you used to that aspect so you won't feel so foreign looking at dim sites or the shadowed flight of your arrow. Just setup a tall light pointing down above your shooting position side and another one angling at your target. I use the same light on both ends as I shoot both ways across my back yard ☺

Network Larry - editor@oklahomastationsci.org

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ANNUAL BANQUET/AUCTION EACH YEAR...***

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Phone (405) 820-1260 Email jdfeinberg@pldi.net

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Membership Application

Safari Club International - Oklahoma Station Chapter

[see separate form for Lifetime Chapter Membership]



Name: _____ Address: _____

City, State: _____ Zip Code: _____

Home Phone: (_____) _____ Cell Phone: (_____) _____

E-Mail: _____ @ _____

Day/Office Phone: (_____) _____ FAX: (_____) _____ Pager: (_____) _____

Other Phone: (_____) _____ Web Site: _____

Other Mailing Address, if preferred...Name, City, State, ZIP: (circle one) Business or Home or specify _____:

Signature: _____

Sponsor's Name: _____ Sponsor's Member #: _____

Check One:

_____ Yes, I support the Safari Club International's and the Oklahoma Station Chapter's goals of conserving wildlife and protecting the hunter. Please enroll me as a chapter and national member for **\$95.00**. I realize that my membership fees include a **\$30 chapter membership**. The **national membership fee of \$65** includes an annual subscription to the monthly **Safari Times** newspaper and bimonthly magazine, **The Journal of Safari Big Game Hunting**.

_____ Yes, I support the Safari Club International's and the Oklahoma Station Chapter's goals of conserving wildlife and protecting the hunter. Please enroll me as a **chapter member for \$30.00** I understand that to enroll as a chapter member, I first must be a member in good standing of Safari Club International. My **SCI Membership number is:** _____

OTHER SCI MEMBERSHIP OPTIONS (Check One)

Annual	_____ \$ 65 (USA, Canada, Mexico)	_____ \$ 90 (all other countries)
Three-year	_____ \$ 150 (USA, Canada, Mexico)	_____ \$ 225 (all other countries)
Life Member	_____ \$1,500 (USA, Canada, Mexico)	_____ \$2,000 (all other countries)
Senior Life (60 Years old +)	_____ \$1,250 (USA, Canada, Mexico)	_____ \$1,750 (all other countries)
Spousal Life	_____ \$ 750 (USA, Canada, Mexico, all other countries)	[no publications]

PAYMENT OPTIONS: Authorized Amount: _____ Check (Make check payable to SCI)

_____ Visa _____ MC Card Account #: _____ 3 Digit # on Reverse side of card _____
(Absolutely necessary)

Expires: _____ Cardholder signature _____

Reminder: We cannot process your credit-card order without the expiration date & 3-Digit #

Please return this form with the appropriate fees to:

Dennis Elliott, Membership Chairman

9642 S. Quebec Ave., Tulsa, Ok. 74137

*Email dellott59@aol.com * Phone 918-298-8299 * Fax 918-298-3013*





Membership Application -- Lifetime
Safari Club International - Oklahoma Station Chapter
Application for Lifetime CHAPTER Membership



(You must maintain an active membership in Safari Club International for Lifetime Chapter Membership in the Oklahoma Station Chapter to be in effect.)

Name: _____ Address: _____

City, State: _____ Zip Code: _____

Home Phone: (_____) _____ Cell Phone: (_____) _____

E-Mail: _____ @ _____

Day/Office Phone: (_____) _____ FAX: (_____) _____ Pager: (_____) _____

Other Phone: (_____) _____ Web Site: _____

Other Mailing Address, if preferred...Name, City, State, ZIP: (circle one) Business or Home or specify _____:

Signature: _____

Sponsor's Name: _____ Sponsor's Member #: _____

Check One:

_____ Yes, I support the Oklahoma Station Chapter's and Safari Club International's goals of conserving wildlife and protecting the hunter. Please enroll me as a **Lifetime Chapter Member**. I understand that this enrollment will entitle me to a permanent subscription to the chapter newsletter, **The Oklahoma Safari Trails**, and all other publications and/or notices that are sent to active chapter members. **I am under the age of 65 and am enclosing the lifetime chapter membership fee of \$750.**

_____ Yes, I support the Oklahoma Station Chapter's and Safari Club International's goals of conserving wildlife and protecting the hunter. Please enroll me as a **Lifetime Chapter Member**. I understand that this enrollment will entitle me to a permanent subscription to the chapter newsletter, **The Oklahoma Safari Trails**, and all other publications and/or notices that are sent to active chapter members. **I am at least 65 years of age and am enclosing the lifetime chapter membership fee of \$500.**

PAYMENT OPTIONS: Authorized Amount: _____ Check (Make check payable to SCI-Oklahoma Station)

____ Visa ____ MC Card Account #: _____ 3 Digit # on Reverse side of card _____
 (Absolutely necessary)

Expires: _____ Cardholder signature _____

Reminder: We cannot process your credit-card order without the expiration date & 3-Digit #



Please return this form with the appropriate fees to:

Dennis Elliott, Membership Chairman

9642 S. Quebec Ave., Tulsa, Ok. 74137

Email dellott59@aol.com * Phone 918-298-8299 * Fax 918-298-3013

