

DECEMBER 2007



For Big Whitetails Try BC...

Report by Steve Ellenson; (OC - MN)

Our client, Thomas Lee returned from a British Columbia whitetail hunt yesterday. He initially contacted us a couple of months ago, looking for a deer with some meat on his bones. You see, Thomas owns a whitetail ranch in west Texas, just outside of the Midland/Odessa area. He said that they do get the racks down there, but there's never any body size. So, we of course sent him up to our premiere outfitter in Kelowna, British Columbia.

Thomas said that this was different than any hunting he'd ever done, and was, in hindsight, a \$30,000 deer. See, he had been to the Midwest on four different whitetail hunts and never pulled the trigger. Add to that a brown bear hunt in Alaska that almost left him for dead in the wilderness due to some inclement weather that was encountered, and the fact that he received news on that hunt that his father had passed away...But this time, in BC, it all came together for him...Finally. With a full moon, no snow and semi-warm weather, he and Scott plugged along for five days seeing bucks here and there. On that fifth day, with his Dad watching over him, he and Scott went into the same farmer's land that I shot my deer in '04. The farmer stopped to tell them that there was a big one running some does in the field a few hundred yards away. He and Scott belly crawled through the same field and after whiffing on the first shot completely, he regrouped, realigned his .300 Remington Ultra Mag and dropped this dandy at 350 yards. Did I mention this one tipped the scales at around 250 lbs., field dressed??? I'd say he found his big-bodied buck! Thomas couldn't get over the fine effort his guides put forth for him and the other clients in camp. The cooking was divine as usual, and he came home a couple pounds heavier despite some sore legs with serious miles on them!

Inside...

ONCE AGAIN, Scott, Jodi and their gang up there deliver for OC!!!

■ BCH3

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Animal Rights Protestors Witness Whitetail Harvest...

By Pat Kelly; (OC - NC)

In my wildest dreams, I could not have imagined the events that would unfold during my much anticipated whitetail deer hunt to New Brunswick, Canada.

I had been to my favorite Outdoor Connection, New Brunswick, Canada lodge on two previous occasions for successful spring black bear Hunting trips. The lodge owner had several Boone & Crockett whitetail deer mounts in the lodge that had been harvested in the same general areas as where we had bear hunted the past two spring bear seasons.

I arranged a trip for the fall deer season of 2007 and was very excited to be taking my two sons, Jason and Brad, along for their first Canadian deer hunt. We arrived in camp on Saturday, November 10, 2007 and spent Sunday scouting areas where we would be hunting the upcoming week. My guide suggested a location on a farm that included a large field with a ground blind tent with zippered windows. My guide informed me that the property owner had been seeing a lot of deer in the fields and had spotted a couple of nice bucks in recent weeks. He also mentioned that one of the neighboring land owners was not very fond of hunting and suggested that I be discrete in an effort to maintain a neighborly relationship. Monday was a good day in the stand. I saw approximately 36 deer, but only 2 small bucks made appearances to the clover field. Tuesday morning began with a steady snow storm that lasted all day. I saw over 100 deer move in and out of the field throughout the day. Mostly does, fawns and a few small bucks.

Wednesday morning the snow had slowed to a small flurry and the deer began to filter into the field. I noticed a gentleman with an orange vest walking down the tree line behind me, at approximately 75 yards, that was peering across the field trying to determine if the blind was occupied. He began to run towards the deer in the field and scream and make noises until the deer ran off. He also yelled at the blind saying "go home.... we don't want you here".

Being a southern boy from North Carolina I had never had an encounter with an anti-hunter/animal rights activist. I thought the Black Flies and Mosquitoes were the biggest pest in the Canadian woods. Boy was I wrong. I called my guide on the radio to inform him of the situation. He said he would come relocate me immediately. I explained that I would like to wait around a while and see how this situation might progress and that if it got out of hand, I would call back for reinforcements or relocation. As the day progressed the "anti" proceeded to build an extremely large bonfire, clang pots and pans, use reflective mirrors, rode around flashing the lights and honking the horn, all the while remaining on his own property, but obviously harassing the wildlife and me, the hunter. I only saw 6 deer all day that were not white flagging to the woods from the noise and harassment from the "anti". I was able to get some video, but none that was incriminating. I suggested to my guide, who wanted to relocate me to another area, that I might hunt one more morning there, as the protestor may not be dedicated enough to harass in the rain and wind that was in the forecast for Thursday. I was wrong.



Thursday had started the same as Wednesday and I had the camera rolling. At 11:00 AM a group of 5 does appeared in the field just near the property line close to the protestors. (now there were at least 2.) The land owner had called the neighborhood to plead for some relief, as he needed to remove some deer from his farm to minimize crop damages. He told the "anti" that I was an American, a minister (not true, but I took as a compliment,) and an excellent marksman that would deliver a very humane, clean one shot harvest (also not true on this particular day). While the "anti's" were focused on the 5 deer in the field I tried to position my camera for evidence of wildlife harassment and noticed a different deer had appeared on the opposite corner of the property to investigate the activity and disturbance. I refocused the camera on the respectable 8 pointer and put the cross hairs of my Remington .270 just behind the shoulder and proceeded with a 5 shot barrage of lead. I later discovered that I had connected on all five shots, but in the excitement of looking at the deer in the scope, and then back over my shoulder at my new found "friends", I just kept shooting until I was sure he was not going anywhere. My guide called on the radio to be sure that I was shooting at a deer, as he came bouncing over the ridge in his truck and finished the harvest process with a clean dash of his Buck knife to the chest area of the 250+ lb buck. The spectators were in quite a state of disbelief and were obviously shaken by the event. We quickly loaded the animal in the truck and decided not to take a victory lap by the adjacent fence line and after a short discussion, decided not to field dress the animal in his driveway. Although, I did think certain reproductive organs in the mail box would be a nice gesture, we ultimately decided to count our blessings, take the high road and leave well enough alone.

(Continued on page 3)

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(Continued from page 2)

I learned to never take for granted my right to legally harvest wild game and will cherish the serene moments I have experienced in the great outdoors. I hope all reading this account will take seriously the privilege we enjoy of sharing nature and the sport of hunting with our family. We all must remain actively involved in the preservation of our great sport.

■ NBH3

Great Nebraska Sandhill White Tail Tale...

By OC Clients, Dustin and Jeana Roy.

My husband, Dustin, and I were recently on a whitetail/mule deer hunt in Nebraska. We were assisted in our search for a hunt by OC Agents Bill Roy and Linda Jones.

This was our first out of state guided hunt and what an experience. Not only did I harvest a respectable whitetail, but we shared some great moments with some genuinely great people. The lodging is warm and inviting after a long day's hunt. The meals were plenty and often, and the guides go above and beyond to make the hunt not only enjoyable, but an experience of a lifetime.

We arrived on a Wednesday, a no hunt day, and the winds were horrible. Our old Dodge was pushing against 40 and 50 mph winds. We were welcomed by the ranch sign welcoming the Roys for the hunt. Scott was the first to welcome us to the lodge.



The next day, we arose bright and early to the smell of breakfast cooking; a smell that would welcome us every morning of the hunt. The forecast for the day was cold, but thankfully no more wind. Scott placed us in a blind near a patch of evergreen. There was much deer activity, but we were unable to find the one we were looking for. After a warm lunch, we headed back to the field. My husband was placed in the same blind as the morning and I went with Scott to another set up in a small field where they had seen a lot of whitetail buck activity. There is where I experienced the splendor of a sunset on the Sandhills. That experience, however, was cut short by the sighting of a beautiful 8 point, or 4x4 for you "Westerners." I was able to harvest the animal, my best ever.

My husband was not as fortunate. He decided to attempt to harvest a mule deer. The weather changed after the first day and we were faced with temps in the 70's for the next three days of the hunt. Dustin's guide, Ed, along with the warm weather, was with us for the next three days. He had to put up with all of our questions about the terrain and Nebraska life. He was great. We couldn't have asked for a harder working guide. He and my husband went back and forth with jokes and funny comments. All I could do was sit back and laugh. That first day hunting mule deer was the first day that we really got to see the vastness of the Nebraska Sandhills. What beautiful country and what a change from the hardwood stands of Central PA. Ed put us on a lot of mule deer. Although we were unable to find the right one, we had a great experience. Ed was actually upset that he was not able to put us on a big buck. The last day of the hunt he brought my husband in to eat lunch and went and glassed the hills in an attempt to locate a muley. Jim Kuhn also assisted on the last day in an effort to harvest an animal. When my husband returned, he had a smile on his face and I thought he had a muley. I asked him "Well", and he stated, "That Jim is hilarious."

We would like to thank Outdoor Connection with assisting us in the choosing of our hunt. We would also like to thank our outfitter, especially our guides Scott, Jim and Ed, for making our hunting experience a great one. Also, we would like to give a special thanks to OC Agents Bill Roy and Linda Jones for a wonderful hunt and great life experience.

If you would like to experience a Nebraska hunt of a lifetime, contact your OC agent and go hunting whitetail. ■ NEH4

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Happy Holidays!



After many years of searching for the perfect caribou adventure, I found it! A few phone calls later I had 8 friends who were excited to go on the unguided caribou hunt.

Finally, after a long summer, we were escorted to our camp in the pristine wilderness NE of Kotzebue, Alaska. Wow, the scenery



was indescribable. Being used to the North Dakota flatland, it was quite a change.

With camp set, the spinning rods were producing tasty grayling and arctic char. We had 5 days to find 9 trophy bulls. Finding good bulls wasn't hard, but packing them out was quite physical (lost 15 lbs. in 7 days). Four of us tagged out the first hunting day and the rest were soon to come. We also spotted wolves, trophy bull moose and a couple of grizzlies (We had no problems with the bears.). The hunt was everything Brad had told us it would be. Brad supplied us with all our food and camp gear, we just had to bring our hunting gear! Everyone is definitely ready for a return trip to take on the Alaska tundra!

AH12

From all of us at Outdoor Connection, to all of our loyal clients and outdoor friends, we wish you a happy holiday. In the Outdoors - Marc Glades, President.

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