

2010 SCI Chapter of the Year



# BASECAMP

Safari Club International - San Francisco Bay Area Chapter

Winter 2011



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## COMING EVENTS

Chapter Crab Feed, January 14, 2012

SCI Convention, February 1-4, 2012

Chapter Annual Fundraiser, March 3, 2012

Board of Directors Meetings

3rd Thursday of each month

Please call Beverly Valdez at 650-697-6538.

Tom and Lisa Mattusch with hippo in Mozambique.

For BaseCamp please email Bill Craves, [bcraves@comcast.net](mailto:bcraves@comcast.net)

**MEMBER UPDATE**

We'd like to welcome all our new members to our SF Bay Area Chapter.

Frank Kabai  
Tyler Miller  
Mike Nostrand

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# BASECAMP

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 Secretary.....Paul Williamson  
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Luis Balenko.....Richard Papapietro  
 Tomas Bermejo.....Richard Pierce (alt.)  
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 Tom Enberg.....  
 Bob Keagy.....

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Awards Dinner.....Cam Grieg  
 Base Camp Editor.....Bill Craves  
 Budget Committee.....Jim Peters  
 Conservation.....Dwight Ortmann  
 Cubs.....Ed Buchanan  
 Education.....Diane Sheardown  
 BBQ & Shoot.....Jim Peters  
 Fundraiser Chair.....Don Seibel  
 Fundraiser Financial Liaison.....Jim Peters  
 Humanitarian.....John Ware  
 Legislative.....Bob Keagy  
 Marketing & PR.....Bill Craves  
 Membership.....Luis Balenko  
 Veteran's Activities.....Glenn Chrisman  
 Sables.....Jeana Rolsky-Feige  
 Chapter Administrator.....Beverly Valdez

### Past Presidents' Council

Dwight Ortmann.....06-10  
 Jim Peters.....05-06  
 Ilah Uhl.....04-05  
 Stanford Atwood.....03-04  
 Tomas Bermejo.....02-03  
 Mike Nice.....01-02  
 Bill Gouin.....00-01  
 Ilah Uhl.....99-00  
 Glenn Chrisman.....98-99  
 Gabe Tabib.....97-98  
 Dean Miller.....96-97  
 George Cobb.....95-96  
 Joe Bullock.....94-95  
 John Peterson.....93-94  
 Al Lawson.....92-93  
 Brenton Scott.....91-92

The contents and opinions expressed in Base Camp are those of the writers and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Safari Club International San Francisco Bay Area Chapter or the general membership. Information and articles in this newsletter are intended to inform the members about chapter activities and present various viewpoints and issues of general interest. Base Camp, however, cannot verify or be responsible for the accuracy of statements made in the articles and columns written by the newsletter staff or guest authors.

### SPECIAL NOTICE

If you are on Facebook, become a FAN of SCI-SFBay now to get the latest breaking news first. Just look for Safari Club - SF Bay.

You can also become a FAN of SCI National. Just enter SCI in the Facebook search box and join.

### CIRCULATION AND ADVERTISING POLICY

Base Camp is published four times a year – Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter issues – by the San Francisco Bay Area Chapter of Safari Club International.

Advertising is accepted for Base Camp to subsidize its publication. Space is available in 1/8 (Business card size) at \$50.00, 1/4 page at \$90.00, 1/2 page at \$170.00, or full page at \$340.00, respectively, prepaid with submittal of artwork. Ads run for one year, (four issues) and will be in black and white.

Advertisers must submit camera ready artwork to the Advertising Officer, c/o Chapter Office. Sorry, photos will not be returned, unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. Member ads will be accepted for sale of personal property such as sporting equipment and special hunting or fishing opportunities. There are no fees for these ads and they will be run for a single issue only unless resubmitted for additional issues.

\*\*\*\*\* **FOR SALE** \*\*\*\*\*

African wildlife art numbered prints  
 framed/unframed most sold out editions:

- David Shephard, Simon Coombs, Robert Bateman, Terry Frost
- African verdite sculptures – bronze sculptures by Rick Taylor
- Salted capes (plains game)
- Some taxidermy, i.e. full mounted lion and other mounts
- Cowboy art prints by Padre Johnson

*Pictures and details on request*  
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Vice President Robert Lawson



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Treasurer Jim Peters



Past President Dwight Ortmann

Luis Balenko  
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Glenn Chrisman

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Tom Enberg  
Bob Keagy  
Richard Papapietro

Richard Pierce (alternate)  
Jeana Rolsky-Feige,  
(Sables President)

**THE CLASSIFIEDS**

**Free Member Ads!**

Advertisements from Safari Club members will be accepted for sale of personal property such as sporting equipment and special hunting or fishing opportunities. There are no fees for these ads and they will be run for a single issue only unless resubmitted for additional issues.

Please mail, e-mail, fax,  
or call in your ad to:  
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of Safari Club International  
Chapter Administrator:  
Beverly Valdez  
Address: 423 Broadway, #624,  
Millbrae, CA 94030-1905  
Phone/fax: 650-697-6538  
e-mail: bev@safariclub-sfbay.org

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Dear Members,

The Heart of a Hunter is always restless.

Are you just returning from the last hunt of the season or do you still have something scheduled? Either way you are probably happy to have had the excitement of a hunt — even if the outcome is not as much game coming home with you as you wanted! If you've been on a hunt, have you sent your photos to Beverly for the newsletter? What about a short story that lets everyone know this is a good location? We're always looking for new material that will be of interest to others and your story will certainly fit the bill!

As hunters and those who value wild game conservation, now is the perfect time to start planning for next year. We need to plan the hunts, the travel, research the area, organize and re-organize our gear and get new gear. One of the great ways to accomplish a number of these enjoyable tasks is to attend the SCI National Convention. The "Ultimate Hunters' Market" will be February 1-4, 2012, and in Las Vegas this year.

Maybe the entire four day package doesn't fit into your schedule or budget but consider a day or so to see what outfitters and suppliers from around the world have to offer. There are old friends to re-connect with, new people to meet, outfitters to learn from and opportunities to be had. If possible, plan to attend on Thursday and join other chapter members as we celebrate (Tom Mattusch suite, The Hotel) from 4pm til 7pm.

Right here at home you absolutely must attend the Greater Bay Area Fundraiser, March 3, 2012, in Foster City at the Crowne Plaza. Here in northern California we have one of the strongest fundraiser committees in the state -- joining together with the Golden Gate chapter, to provide you with truly memorable opportunities from around the globe. Whether you're looking for new gear, something for the house, something to wear, something to use, something to enjoy or a trip to remember — there is all that and more at the Greater Bay Area Fundraiser. Should you wish to get involved on a committee or to help create this great event, contact folks listed in the program for more information or ask me how you could to help. The registration form is on page 15 and you can also register online at [www.gbafundraiser.org](http://www.gbafundraiser.org).

The San Francisco Bay Area Chapter hosts it's third annual Crab Feed on January 14, 2012 at the San Francisco Rod and Gun Club on Lake Merced. Those that were there last year will tell you, there was no shortage of crab! Great food, good company and a little story telling, made for a memorable evening. We expect this year to be even bigger and better. Call some friends and co-workers to enjoy this event with you. The signup form is in this issue of Basecamp and online at the web site [www.safariclub-sfbay.org](http://www.safariclub-sfbay.org).

Did you know that just in the last four years your chapter has donated more than 1,500 pounds of wild game, fish, and fowl to organizations that help feed the needy. This year the Samaritan House and the San Jose Emmanuel House both advised us that their need was even greater than prior years. We will continue helping them with your support. Remember to save a little elk or deer or put a couple birds aside to donate the next time the call comes out.

We have also supported our veteran's on fishing and hunting trips — six marines for a bear hunt-of-a-lifetime along with twenty-plus VA patients on a fishing trip this year alone. I can't think of a better way to give back to those who have given so much in service to our country.

Two teachers and two students were sent to the American Wilderness Leadership School (AWLS) this year, joining the eight from the previous three years. This program is one of the great ways to introduce someone to the outdoor sports, to help them see that hunting and fishing is one part of a total management system that helps all creatures. They come back enthused and able to articulate, perhaps even better than you or I, the benefits of hunting and fishing!

This year we spent a lot of time asking you to help fight in the political arena -- and we won some of the battles. We couldn't have done it without your actions and the support of two organizations - the California Outdoor Heritage Association and the SCI California Political Action Group.

How do we accomplish so much in a year? It's all due to you, our members. Safari Club International remains the leader in protecting hunters right to hunt, conservation measures around the world, humanitarian efforts conducted locally and globally, and important education programs. A one year membership is only \$75 to join both National and the chapter. A better deal is \$200 for a three year SCI and San Francisco Bay Area Membership! Lifetime and Senior memberships are also available. If you have any questions don't hesitate to contact Beverly at the office or give me a shout.

I wish you all the happiest of holidays and a most prosperous new year. May the coming years hunting dreams become a reality for you.

Regards,

Tom Mattusch  
President

MEMBER PHOTOS



**Top Left:** TinaMarie Schaafsma with black bear. October 2011.  
**Top Right:** Brenton Scott with Maine moose - took 11 years to draw. October 2011. **Bottom Left:** Scott Peterson with gemsbok taken at Makadi Safaris. September 2011.

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**CALENDAR OF EVENTS 2011-12**

**January 14, 2012**

Crab Feed at the Pacific Rod & Gun Club

**February 1-4, 2012**

SCI Convention /Hunter's Market in Las Vegas

**March 3, 2012**

Greater Bay Area Fundraiser in Foster City

**May 20, 2012**

Annual Wild Game Awards Dinner

If you are interested in becoming more active with the San Francisco Bay Area Chapter, contact any Board member or Beverly in the chapter office at 650-697-6538 (phone and fax) or bev@safariclub-sfbay.org.



**Top Left:** Buck Buchanan and family on the Hulicat. September 2011. **Bottom Left:** Scott Peterson with black wildebeest taken at Makadi Safaris. September 2011. **Bottom Right:** Rick Berg with Gulf grouper taken on the Hulicat. October 2011.

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Just about everything is more fun when you can share the experience with your friends. And so eight chapter members headed out to Wyoming to share a deer hunting experience.

When the call for chapter members interested in a Wyoming deer hunt with chapter donor Tim Reich went out last November it didn't take long for the eight spaces to fill up. The lucky eight applied for the Wyoming permits in March and waited to hear their results. Everyone was able to get both a doe and a buck tag.

The area we would be hunting in eastern Wyoming was just one-quarter mile from the South Dakota border in the eastern edge of the Black Hills and very close to Mt Rushmore and Sundance. On this ranch hunt it was possible to hunt mule deer, whitetail deer, elk, coyotes, and Merriam turkey.

Once we knew we had all drawn, we started planning. The group included a wide range of hunters including very experience hunters, never-shot-a-thing-before hunters and everything in between. We were going to be a challenge for Tim!



The weather played a big part in our success, and sometimes in our lack of success. When we arrived it was verging on 80. On our last day it snowed and in between it veered between hot and cold like a roller-coaster. The deer, as you can imagine, were more difficult to locate and hunt during the warmer days and before the rut. However, everyone saw lots of game and had at least one good opportunity for a shot. We were able to fill 13 out of 16 tags and get some turkeys as well.

***“There is nothing like sharing the challenges and successes of a day in the field with friends. And nothing better then getting to share “firsts” with them.”***  
**-John Ware**

Tim's daughter Holly was our cook and there was no lack of great food! Big ranch-style breakfasts to keep us going throughout the day and hearty well prepared dinners were the order of the day. Lunch was usually taken at a cafe in Aladdin Wy., the mid point between two hunting areas. Tom Mattusch, on being confronted with four desserts and not able to choose had two of the four and the buttons on his pants burst after several days of her breakfasts and dinners. The rest of us also burst -- into laughter!

This hunt was as much about the friendships as the actual hunting, although we certainly had a great time hunting.

Tim has once again donated a deer hunt for auction at the Greater Bay Area Fundraiser on March 3rd. Register to attend today and be sure to win this one!



**Far Left:** A barn full of deer. From front to back: Jim Bauer, Tomas Bermejo, Lisa Mattusch, Tom Mattusch, Cathie Nelson, Tony Puig (hiding behind Cathie), Beverly Valdez, John Ware  
**Top:** Lisa Mattusch - First time hunter with her doe. **Middle:** Jim Bauer with the largest buck taken. **Bottom:** Tom Mattusch with first Merriam turkey.

## SAMARITAN HOUSE DONATION

It's the time of year to think most about what we can give back and chapter members once again answered the call by donating more than 250 pounds of wild game, fish, and birds to the Samaritan House in San Mateo. The chapter members also donated warm clothing in a variety of sizes.

Samaritan House Operations Director Sharon Petersen was on hand to receive the donations from President Elect Dwight Ortmann. Also on hand: Melissa Moss, Holiday Coordinator for the Samaritan House, Beverly Valdez Chapter Administrator, and member Brandon Ortmann.

Several boxes of coats and jackets in all sizes, for the Kids Closet were donated.



Over the past four years the Chapter has donated more than 1500 pounds of protein-rich wild venison, boar, and other big game, wild seafood and birds. Donations of warm clothing has been collected for donation during the past two years.

Dwight and Brandon with Melissa. There was tons of food to unload!



Dwight displays packages of elk and pork. Our Kitchen Manager Ruby says she will marinate the beef in red wine vinegar and then saute it stovetop with mixed vegetables!



## COLLECTABLE ANTIQUE RIFLES FOR SALE

Two historically significant rifles have been donated to our Chapter to sell.

These are a pair of "three band" British Enfield calibre .577 black powder percussion cap rifles. Both were manufactured at the famous Tower Arsenal in London. Both are complete and all original in Antique "Good" condition with brass butt plates, trigger guards and nose caps.

The first rifle is a rifled musket bearing the date of 1860. The "60" is difficult to read. It's 1" wide web sling is of later manufacture.

The second rifle is clearly dated 1857 and is a smooth bore in equally Antique "Good" condition. A vintage leather sling is likely non-original.

Both rifles are sound mechanically with strong main springs and easily have the potential of becoming "shooters" after good bore cleaning/polishing. Both rifles have original ramrods.

Very large numbers of "three band" Enfields were used by both Union and Confederate armies during the US Civil War, 1861-1865. It is not know if either rifle saw such service.

These rifles are available for inspection at Imbert and Smithers in San Carlos. Will be sold to the highest bidder, \$800 per rifle minimum bid. Bid closes January 31, 2012.

The SCI Reno Convention was the starting point of my planned trip to Mozambique with Safrique. I was excited to pursue several of the Big Five and add to Dangerous Seven. Although this was not my first trip to Africa, it was my first to bring Blue Bags as part of SafariCare. My wife Lisa and I were both excited to plan what would go into our Blue Bag. My idea was lots of sports equipment. The outfitter advised this was a very remote area of Mozambique and keep it to soccer balls. I opted for soccer balls and air pumps, volley balls and tennis balls. I spent several months accumulating schools supplies, pens, chalk, pencils, shampoo and soap while Lisa got crayons, colored drawing pens of different types, coloring books, washable colored chalk, flash cards and number games.

We were up in Niassa Province of Mozambique. One aspect that was so surprising was none of the local villages had ever had electricity or running water. We were fortunate that some of the trackers had been recruited from the local villages and knew the local dialect, as well as Portuguese. Although my hunt was for 28 days, was hunted hard up to the last day. I was beginning to wonder when we would have time to visit a village. We left camp at 4am one morning to arrange passing by a couple villages shortly after 6am. When the safari vehicle pulls into one of those villages even that early, it didn't take long for folks to gather around. The first village was Ncangano. We had many duplicates of all supplies so we gave the Headmaster one of about everything, crayons, chalk, pens, soap, soccer balls and also delivered about 100 pounds of the meat from game I shot and had at camp. The second village was the District Administrative Trust of Pindura. It was far larger and got the balance of the 8 soccer balls, volley balls, schools supplies and another 100 pounds of elephant that was still raw and fresh. I will never forget the

look of astonishment, admiration and thankfulness as those folks got all the supplies. When you go into those villages and see how little the villages have, it is particularly rewarding to bring such needed and unexpected supplies. I presented a box of crayons to a teacher and said, 'Here are some Crayons.' I was astonished when she held them thoughtfully in her hand and said, 'Wax Crayons! I have heard of these!' When I left, there was about 1,500 pounds of elephant being 'dry smoked' to preserve it to last 3 to 6 months and be distributed to the local villages.

The letter I got from Eva Wilson worked excellent for two out of the three airlines. American Airlines and South African Airlines honored the Humanitarian letters. Ironically, Mozambique Airlines (LAM) charged us extra weight fees despite the letters.



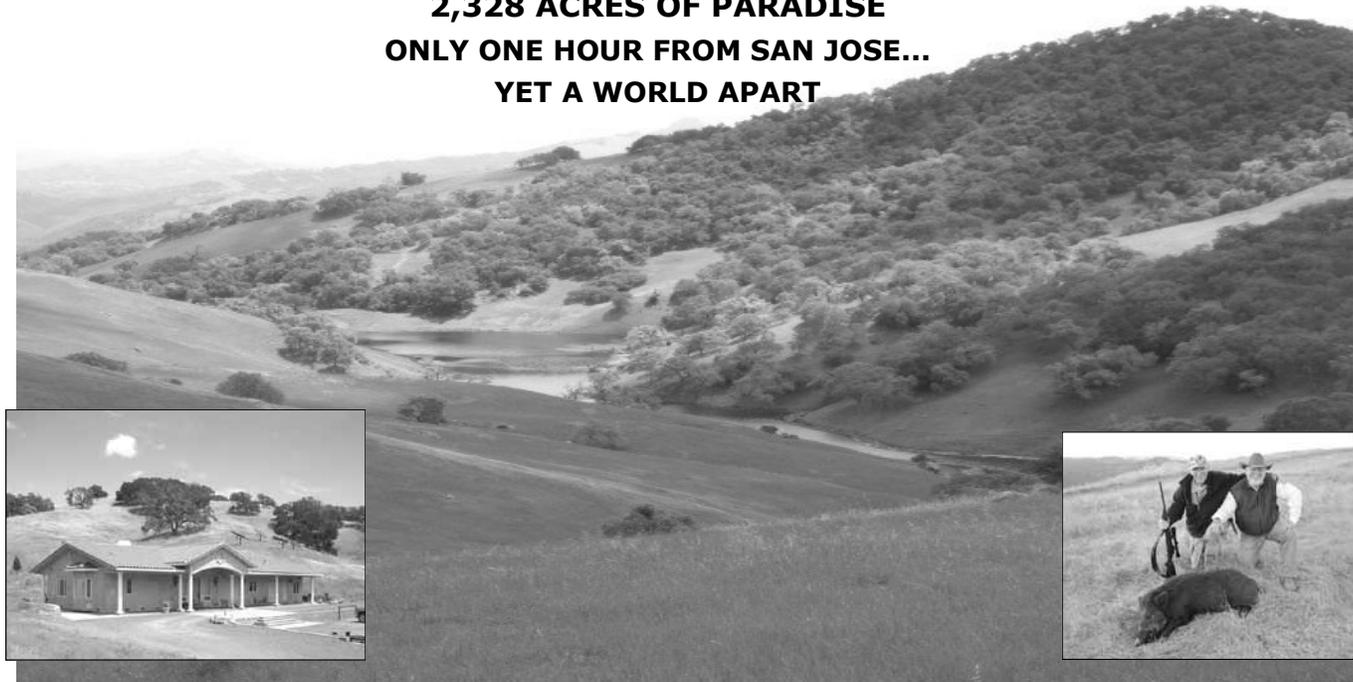
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The shop/garage shares the same Spanish exterior architecture, with 2,565 sq. ft. for ample parking or projects; a game room & a walk-in meat locker. Upstairs, find 727 sq. ft. of office space with a full bathroom. There is also a nice, 950 sq. ft. ranch manager's home.

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# SCI San Francisco Bay Area Chapter

## CRAB FEED



**Saturday, January 14, 2012**

Pacific Rod & Gun Club  
520 John Muir Dr., San Francisco  
(West side of Lake Merced)

\$45/person

**Menu**

All you can eat Crab  
Salad, Garlic bread  
Dessert, Wine

Cocktails (No host bar): 5:30 pm  
Dinner: 6:30 pm

**Special gun raffle**



**silent Auction**



**Prize Drawings!!!**



*Proceeds benefit local humanitarian, education, and conservation activities of the SCI San Francisco Bay Area Chapter.*

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**Register online at [www.safariclub-sfbay.org](http://www.safariclub-sfbay.org)**

My wife Lisa and I were planning our first trip to north central Mozambique. As hunters we knew this was going to be one of those 'trips of a lifetime'. As Safari Club International is the world leader in Conservation, Humanitarian and Educational activities, we wanted to contribute to the local scene using the SafariCare Blue Bag program and be a local face for SCI's Humanitarian effort.

Malaria is still a real and intense problem in Mozambique. On our trip alone, we had three PH's go down with Malaria and well as the Videographer in our camp. The seriousness of Malaria hit real close to home. The area was remote enough that none of the local villages had ever had electricity or running water.



I became acquainted with Caroline and Kerry Pruitt of Nacogdoches, Texas through Safrique, the safari group I was going to hunt with. Caroline started a group called 'Nets for the World'. Having read about the seriousness of Malaria and Caroline's efforts to supply nets, I contacted her to arrange taking mosquito nets over to protect folks from the mosquitoes while they slept. Caroline is quite an accomplished hunter, was Cabelas Young Hunter of the Year and was a pleasure to talk to and work with. In addition, she is looking into starting a non-profit around her Nets For The World Project.

The village we picked to give the mosquito nets to was Riate, not far from the Lugenda River. The Lugenda River holds water year round and has many little tributaries that provide perfect breeding ponds for the mosquitoes. The head medical person was not there when we arrived. His assistant greatfully received the nets. While I could not speak nor understand the language, I could see and sense that thankfulness of getting mosquito nets that would be so helpful to the local villagers.

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Safari Club International  
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Auction and Fundraiser*



# Celebrating OUR DIVERSITY

MARCH 3, 2012

CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL, 1221 CHESS DRIVE, FOSTER CITY

Whatever your hunting interest, no matter how young or old, woman and man – the Greater Bay Area Fundraiser will have something for you! A night of family fun, raffles, and auctions including spectacular adventures is waiting for you.

On auction this year: California's famous **Golden Opportunity** deer tag, Benin western roan, Mozambique sable, Cameroon savannah trophies, Scotland red stag, and more!



#### **LIVE AUCTION**

includes hunts and trips from all over the world including many exciting hunts right here in California and throughout the United States.

#### **SILENT AUCTION**

has something for everyone with beautiful items selected especially for this event.

#### **Early Bird Deadline: February 5, 2012**

Register for a full or half table by the early bird deadline and get a special opportunity to win \$400 in "GBA Bucks" to spend on any item you like at the fundraiser.

On the web at: <http://www.gbafundraiser.org/>  
<http://www.sci-gg.com/>  
<http://www.safariclub-sfbay.org/>

# GBA 2012

423 Broadway, #624  
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Phone / Fax: 650-627-7601

# SCI GREATER BAY AREA Banquet and Fundraiser

March 3, 2012 – Crowne Plaza Hotel, Foster City

For your reservation, fax this form to 650-627-7601 or email to fundraiser@safariclub-sfbay.org. Call Beverly at 650-627-7601 for questions.

**Register online with Paypal at <http://www.gbafundraiser.org>.**

## Dinner Tickets

\_\_\_\_\_ Full Table (10 persons) @ \$750 **before Feb 5, 2012**. Receive \$300 in General Drawing tickets and two (2) "GBA BUCKS" tickets.

\_\_\_\_\_ Full Table (10 persons) @ \$825 after Feb 5, 2012.

\_\_\_\_\_ Half Table (5 persons) @ \$385 **before Feb 5, 2012**. Receive \$100 in General Drawing tickets and one (1) "GBA BUCKS" ticket.

\_\_\_\_\_ Half Table (5 persons) @ 420 after Feb 5, 2012

\_\_\_\_\_ Single Dinner Ticket(s) @ \$80 each **before Feb 5, 2012**. Receive \$20 in General Drawing tickets

\_\_\_\_\_ Single Dinner Ticket(s) @ \$85 each

\_\_\_\_\_ Youth Single Dinner Ticket(s) @ \$45 each (12 and under).

## **General and Progressive Bonus Drawings – THESE PACKAGES SOLD ONLY IN ADVANCE**

\_\_\_\_\_ **Bronze** \$100 Package

\$160 General Drawing tickets plus two (2) Bronze progressive tickets

At event: \$120 General Drawing tickets plus one (1) Bronze progressive ticket

\_\_\_\_\_ **Silver** \$300 Package

\$500 General Drawing tickets plus four (4) Bronze progressive tickets and two (2) Silver progressive ticket

At event: \$440 General Drawing tickets plus two (2) Bronze progressive tickets and one (1) Silver progressive ticket

\_\_\_\_\_ **Gold** \$500 Package

\$900 General Drawing tickets plus eight (8) Bronze progressive tickets, six (6) Silver progressive tickets and three (3) Gold progressive tickets.

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**Early Bird Deadline: February 5, 2012  
You must register at the door after February 25, 2012**

Nights leading up to our departure were sleepless as we monitored Hurricane Irene and the massive flight delays. Departing Monday night, we arrived in Maputo on Wednesday evening to overnight at the Southern Sun on the Indian Ocean before a couple more flights to Lichinga. We met our PH Matt Hulley-Miller and it became very clear we weren't in Kansas anymore. 'Political instability' had disrupted supply routes from the north. Even Coca Cola was a prized possession. The Toyota Landcruiser was a bit tired looking and with no backseat, it took two vehicles to transport Lisa and I to the hunting camp about 3 hours north. It was truly amazing to see village after village, none of which had ever had electricity or running water. Being ever the optimist, I was wondering what I was going to do after filling my bag with all the designated animals. My plan was to finish my Big Five and Dangerous Seven.

Just before we turned off to the hunting camp, we passed an abandoned village. Lions were eating and tormenting the inhabitants, elephants were raiding the crops. Visions of success and adventure filled my head. The camp had just been constructed. During construction, lions were both seen and heard very close. A crocodile was in the river that flowed beside the Majuene East camp. Seeing grass in the 5 to 7 foot range and occasionally 7 to 11 feet, I wondered how we would ever find any animals. We quickly learned what had been practiced for thousands of years. The use of fire. The head tracker Kashier and his assistants Martindika, Watson and Pedro spent a lot of time lighting fires. It had been said the Mozambique burns to the group yearly.

Since lion and leopard were on my scorecard, we started by hunting the Majuene West concession on the Lugenda River in search of hippo. The hippo would be cut up for bait to hand in trees for the cats. My first shot missed and I had no idea how much commotion and how fast



hippos could be. The three cows and a bull splashed around like depth charges and then hid well. We left the area to let that calm down. The following day, we looked at new territory and did lots of burning. I was a little surprised to see few animals considering how much area we covered. The plan was two days after burning, animals would be visible. This was seriously not South African game ranch hunting. Back to Majuene West to look for more hippo. Realize there are no roads anywhere

we travelled. If a tracker could walk with arms extended between two trees, a machete was used to hack a piece of bark off each side of the tree as a reminder this was passable. A grueling several hours to a section of river that was promising the year before. We travelled through brush and terrain that calling it a goat path would have been a compliment. This year it was bone dry and retracing our steps back to the oxbow lake. Fortunately, we found the bull hippo. The 300 grain solid loaded by Jim

Peters performed flawlessly. By the time I got the shot off, there wasn't time to retrieve the animal; we had to come back the next day for that little adventure. We were getting to know our vehicle a little better each day. Each day there were new surprises. Overheating up to 4 times a day and numerous other 'issues'. There was a videographer, James Peters with us. My elephant and lion were to be filmed and televised. Imagine setting up for every shot on an animal and having another person who needed to be right in best position. Lisa road in the hunt chair on the back of the vehicle the first day. I felt sorry for how she looked at the end of the day. As she put it, she was 'Shaken, not Stirred!' I let her ride in the vehicle and I took to the top the balance of her time with me. Lisa was there for two weeks, I was there for four weeks. We returned to pick up the animal which took an entire day. No power tools, just bush tools to cut up a 2 tone bull hippo. We loaded two vehicles and still had lots to bring back roughly 60 miles to our camp. A spare rental vehicle from Majuene West brought the third load of hippo back to our camp about 2am. We started hanging legs, rib sections scattered over miles, after dragging parts to create a scent trail. The honey bucket. Now there is something to never forget. Entrails and blood went into a 55 gallon drum with plastic over it. Every stop, the trackers would drag for scent back to our bait. I also quickly learned insect repellants do not phase tse tse flies. I was getting 40 to 60 good bites a day. I would occasionally see bugs that resembled lady bugs. Only they were tse tse flies filled with human blood. The cameraman swatted a couple under

his shirt, the two tse's when crushed made it look as though he had been shot. There were also Mopani flies to entertain us. Think of a fly about the size of a gnat, but with a high pitched whine like a mosquito. By day three I relearned not to try to breathe through my mouth, or I would inhale a couple. This was real Africa. One of the trucks loaded with hippo was additionally delayed when it caught some poachers and took them back to Lichinga for processing. A nice warthog was encountered while going from bait to bait; he too would wind up in a tree. I was anxious to try some but the strong Muslim influence from centuries ago, made the camp folks leary of eating pig. That was thought to be why there were so many warthogs and bush pig. We encountered sable, duiker and eland during our travels as well. Matt knew the area well and roughly by noon, we would stop for lunch near a lovely water feature. Everyone was breath takingly lovely. Lunch consisted of left overs from dinner. The trackers would disappear and we seemed alone at an oasis. One day, I had the trackers saying something in the native tongue I could not fathom. Matt translated, we were about to have a visitor. Down slithers a forest cobra. I grabbed my camera and wanted to make it spread its hood for a good shot. Matt grabbed me as I got close and said, the forest cobra has another name, the spitting cobra. I had seen the effects of spitting cobras in South Africa. We through orange peel at it to get it to move on and it did. Right under our lunch table. It finally moved on and we enjoyed our lunch with table cloth and cold beverages, from the battery powered cooler in the back of the Landcruiser.

To keep the Mopani flies at bay, we burned elephant dung. We usually set about three piles around the lunch table so even if the wind swirled, we were still afforded comfort. Matt was fairly ill by this point and we gave him a course of Cipro as the malaria meds he was taking were helping all that much.

Leaving camp on the morning of Day 6, we encountered a bush pig, but three of us stalking with camera through crunchy grass and leaves were not successful. Before we got to the road to travel on, we also fund a warthog and bull eland before the highway. It was shaping up to be a promising day. Immediately upon entering the concession, we spotted a group of Boehm's Zebra. Maintaining my membership in the bent barrel club, I missed the stallion. Lots of driving on rough ground. Amp was interesting. There was a 2.5Kw Honda generator for two hours in the morning and evening. There was a 55 gallon drum with fire under it that served as our warm water, direct from the river. Our meals were cooked over a steel plate. We had fresh bread every day, baked in a hole in the ground. No cell phone service, no internet, no TV, noting but silence and incredibly sky at night. It seemed like the entire sky was like the Milky Way on clear nights. We woke one number to limbs breaking and the sound of trees falling. I wondered why the camp staff was out gathering wood for us at night. It was actually two elephants that cruised through about 25 yards from our chalet.

We were becoming immune to what Lisa and I called, 'Snap, crackle, Pop' the sound of fire. The smoke was good for driving the insects

away. One day in camp for lunch, the Snap,Crackle, Pop got so close we packed all our things in case we needed a hasty departure. I heard at one point, what sounded like small caliber weapons being discharged and asked if there was a shooting range nearby. That was Bamboo exploding on fire. Ironically, it wasn't Bamboo one evening when some poachers got a little close taking animals at night. I thought some big animals came into campo and the PH had to shoot them before waking me. Poaching was an interesting problem. There were not enough game scouts to keep the bushmeat poachers out everywhere. Prior to our arrival, Matt was arrested and thrown in the local prison as the town administrators were upset when he hauled in some poachers, who worked for the equivalent of the highway department. The Judge let him out when the case came to trial, but it was a stern warning about corruption in Africa.

By the time Lisa left, some of the baits were getting a bit old. We enhanced the route we covered every day with baboons, bushpig and other surprises. I got a very nice Livingston Eland and Boehm's Zebra while checking the baits. These also went in the trees for bait. We saw tremendous numbers of warthog babies, bushpiglets and young of all types. The eland had young, the sable had young. We surmised this was why the leopards were not hitting out baits. We could find male tracks under our bait trees, but our baits were untouched. Even the trackers thought the leopard would be the easiest animal to get as there were so many. The vehicle continued to break down regularly. One day a



total electrical failure. One day the tie rods fell off the front end. Baling wire was used to hold them together, but there was so much wire wrapped around the parts, the tire would not go back on. A couple chain shackles were used, which made the steering loose as a goose. It also made for some interesting bounces off trees we tried to steer past. The radiator was replaced, but with the wrong one. Now the temp gauge on the dashboard no longer worked. When folks in the hunt seat began feeling water droplets, it was time to let the engine cool down again. When a pair of tie rods was delivered to camp, they were the wrong size, but better than chain shackles. After a long hot day, I decided to shower before dinner. I grabbed a pair of clean pants to put on. When I put one foot in, I thought I hit a torn. It felt like a razor slashed my toe and it started burning like mad. I pulled my foot out and out falls a scorpion. How does something that small cause that much pain? I stayed calm, went to the dining area and mentioned I had just been bitten by a scorpion and inquired about the seriousness. It was very bothersome

for four days.

Several weeks into the trip, we were desperate for a leopard. A track was encountered that could have been a small male or a medium female. A blind was hastily erected and we settled in. Cameraman, PH and I, all silent as darkness fell. The wind was swirling and the PH decided this would not work. Matt picked up the walkie talkie to call for the truck and we heard a cough behind us in the grass. The leopard was sitting five feet behind us in the grass, now just growling at us. Called the trackers back to tell them not to come get us, the leopard was in the tall grass. After about 40 minutes of the hunters becoming the hunted, the leopard moved in front of the blind. We shined flashlights at it and it ran 15-20 yards into tall grass away from us. The truck comes to pick us up and that first cold beer was miraculous. We were roughly 60 miles from camp, it was late and it would going to be tough to get back. We had named the 1994 Toyota Landcruiser 'Hope'. We hoped it would get us back. We hoped it would start. We

hoped it would run. Sometimes it was Hopeless. There was nasty terrain to traverse in the dark. We heard a new noise from Hope. Lifted the hood and couldn't find anything. A few hundred more yards and there was seriously a new noise. Lifting the hood we found nothing. Looking underneath, we had lost our 4WD drive shaft. The trackers took torches back over our path and found the section of driveshaft and two of the four bolts, no nuts or lock washers. Nuts the wrong sized were cross threaded on the bolts and we made it home. There is no AAA out where we were, it was simply time to improvise, improvise, improvise.

I went on several treks for elephant. Every single one resulted in finding elephant. I was getting tired of Matt telling me, No, that one is too small! The ivory was in the 35 to 40 pound class and lot of walking. One day we tracked a pair of males roughly 18 miles. The one elephant had huge feet but only 40 pound tusks. We would leave the truck and start out for who knows where or for how long. Generally, since we didn't know how far or for how long, lunch was in the truck, which we would never see until the evening when we would send the trackers back to meet us at some spot. Some days we had to severely ration water. The very first elephant we tracked resulted in a mock charge. It is one thing to see those on TV, it is entirely different when a fairly full grown African elephant is running at you, bellowing and screaming, ears flared, trunk in the air and the PH says "Stand There! Don't Run! Don't Move!" The 18 mile stalk took us through the abandoned village. The elephants were probably wondering



why the crops were. They moved through the abandoned growing fields two separate times, looking for fruit and vegetables. We were on our way to check leopard baits when we cut a pair of tracks. We followed these about 8 miles. The wind was swirling and we were afraid of startling the pair of bulls. We rerouted our approach, through a couple streams, through thick brush and made a safer approach. How amazing it is to see these huge animals taking down individual trees to get that they want to eat. While looking at it through the trees, Matt says "That is your elephant, but bad news, it only has one tusk." We were only three days from the ends of the 28 day hunt, so I wanted going to argue. Turns out in the brush, the other tusk was not visible. I cannot tell you how hesitant I was when Matt said to shoot it on the shoulder. I was feeling pretty small and that bull looked mighty big. The bull had just torn down a palm tree and I shot one shoulder, Matt shot the other as it faced us head on. It disappeared behind some brush and I instantly thought how long will

this tracking be, this time? No time to think again, the bull came around some trees, saw us and charged. Even the trackers scattered to the wind. I shot once just above the eye and dropped it 14 small steps from where I was standing. Ivories should go just close to 70 pounds. The head was put in the back of Hope, the head tracker did open heart surgery to get the heart right away. Left a few trackers there and drove back to camp to get the skinners, who packed for the several days it would take to prepare the elephant. It was dry smoked, as there is no refrigeration and would then be distributed to villagers. Seeing all that smoking on racks constructed from the brush was unforgettable. When we arrived in camp, there were a few shouts from the vehicle in some language and the whole camp is out dancing and singing wildly. Homemade instruments are being played, it was a scene!

Cape buffalo tracks had occasionally been seen, mostly after the rainy season but buffalo had never been spotted. The following day, driving looking for leopard sign, we find fresh buffalo tracks. I jokingly said, 'Let me put you on the map, let's go find that buffalo.' Word of advice; don't say that to someone half your age. Over hill, over dale, through thick brush, through burned out areas, they tracked hard. These buffalo were not following the rule book. Something was making them move. We never saw lion tracks but these things did not want to stop. Late afternoon, we thought we were getting close when a huge gust of wind came through and just about broke everyone's spirit. They were sure our scent was

## MOZAMBIQUE ADVENTURE WITH SAFRIQUE – BY TOM MATTUSCH

blown to the buffalo. I said, as a person familiar with wind and water, I thought we should look just off the direction of the wind. Miracle of miracle, we found them. Matt had me get down on my butt; feet forward and crab walk about 250 yards with the Model 70 on my stomach through grass to not scare them off. By the time I got to a tree to stand up for a shot, I was not sure I could even get up. Matt was hurrying me for a shot as he suspected the buffalo had spotted us. I fired the .375 H&H and we paused. About 8 buffalo ran past us and one went off at an angle. Matt screamed at me not to shoot that one, it had been wounded by something else. About 10 seconds after the shot, a small tree collapsed in front of us. I had fired the soft point through a tree about 1 1/4 inches and diameter. There was extreme disappointment with all the work we had put in. I wanted to venture the single that

was hobbling was the one I shot, the PH would have nothing to do with that idea. We were miles from the truck and it was getting late. I wandered over there while all talked about how unfortunate that stalk and shot turned out. Then one of the trackers found blood. Game on. Now Matt is worried and says there is a 99% chance we will encounter a charge in thick brush. We are finding a good blood trail with bits of bone occasionally. The buffalo made it about two miles before we found it had had our way with it. We immediately sent the trackers to find the truck and get it back for us. The first shot was between the knee and ankle and totally broke its leg. I should have taken the broadside shot early but also know to listen to what your PH says. I used a soft point as we determined there were several animals hidden in the bush and did not want a pass through to

elevate my final trophy fees. I took the first buffalo on the concession. And the TV show? Matt came down with malaria, the PH in the adjoining camp came down with malaria, the PH assisting and running for parts and supplies came down with malaria. The videographer came down with malaria and was in camp the day and shot the elephant and the day I shot the Cape buffalo.

In spite of all the adversity, I really enjoyed my month off the grid. Food was good, camp was good, and it was strenuous and rewarding. We did run out of fresh water in bottles. Drinking boiled river water is something to remember, not necessarily one to experience. Matt made biltong from the hippo that was a snack for a couple weeks. Eland biltong was next. I hope to see more of Mozambique.

## MEMBER PHOTOS

**Bottom Left:** Pamela Atwood with her monster northeastern white tail deer. Taken at Sanctuary in Michigan in October. **Bottom Right:** Stan Atwood with his guide, on left, Trevor, and Pat Bollman on right after taking a monster northeastern white tail deer at Sanctuary.



**Top Left:** Mother and son hunting buddies Harrison and Sabrina Atwood with northeastern whitetail taken at Sanctuary. November 2011.

**Top Right:** Sabrina Atwood (L) drops a great 10 point northeastern whitetail deer at Sanctuary, October 2011. Pictured with Harrison, Pamela, and Stan Atwood.

## MEMBER PHOTOS



**Top Left:** Kendall Peterson with hartebeeste at Makadi Safaris. **Top Right:** Frank Kabai with Nyala bull and warthog. **Left:** Dwight Ortmann's Wyoming buck.

## STEVE BORDI AND THE MOUNTAIN "BILLY" GOAT



I hunted this Mountain "Billy" Goat with Copper River Outfitters out of Smithers BC in August.

At 72 years of age it was quite an ordeal physically. I left the truck at noon, climbed 4.5 miles (uphill all the way) in five hours. At 7pm I got a running 150 yard shot at the goat with my Kimber 300 win short magnum. With 9.5 inch horns he is a good 7 years old.

I stayed overnight and got back down the mountain the next day in 2.5 hours. I was totally exhausted and with a sprained ankle but a happy hunter. Luckily the weather was sunny and clear those two days -- it rained for the next five days straight!



# *"Continuing Our Outdoor Heritage"*

## **SCIF San Francisco Bay Area Sables Membership Application**

### **Sables Mission**

To further the understanding of our outdoor heritage, including the positive role of hunting, through the creation and support of wildlife conservation education programs that are consistent with the educational mission and purposes of SCI and SCIF.

### **Sables Member Values**

Sables are leaders in educating others about the value of hunting and in promoting our hunting and outdoor heritage.

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Yes ( ) No ( ) If yes, in what area would you like to be involved? \_\_\_\_\_

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To promote conservation of the wildlife of the world as a renewable resource in which hunting is one management tool among many.

To help conservation efforts by supporting worthwhile projects, both verbally and financially, when possible.

To educate our youth in the safe and proper use of firearms and to interest and teach them in conservation and preservation of the forests and animals, which are our national heritage.

To share the latest hunting experiences and information of our members so that other members may profit from same.

To operate the association as a non-profitable organization, originated for the enjoyment of the members, and with the thought in mind that perhaps we can be of assistance in helping to conserve and preserve the animals which we love to hunt today for those who will come to love the sport tomorrow.



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