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Alaskan Dream Becomes Reality For Young Ohio Man

The following is a first hand experience of 13 year old Michael Frame from Zanesville, OH, who recently returned from a dream Alaskan Caribou hunt in September of 2005. This hunt has been Michael's dream for quite some time now and was recently made a reality because of Benefit4Kids (B4K). B4K is a 501(c) 3 nonprofit organization which grants the "Outdoor Wishes" of kids 17 and under who are either terminally ill or suffer from a life limited disability. Michael suffers from Langerhans cell Histiocytosis (LCH). In English, a person who suffers from LCH suffers from an uneven amount of white blood cells which then leads to many other problems, going as far as attacking the bone, if not detected. Michael is in remission currently and doing great!

Please read the following words from Michael as he relives his dream come true in Alaska. Clear your mind of everything as you read. Put yourself in the shoes of a 14 year old suffering from an inoperable brain tumor, a 15 year old who was just diagnosed with stomach cancer, a 13 year old who was burned over 85% of her body when she was 6 and still going through skin

graphs surgeries, or a 13 year old living with LCH as does Michael each day! Now think about that 1 thing that would put a smile on your face and lift your spirits so high that you even stun doctors and over come the odds (which has happened as a result of the Outdoor Wish Program)! This list of examples just scratches the surface of a long list of kids we have helped live their dream just this year alone! As you read Michaels

story, try to feel the excitement and the memories created in his mind for a lifetime and what this experience has meant for him...
....



Well, I got up at 3:00 A.M. and waited for Dean and Karen, my grandma and grandpa, to take Scott and me to Columbus International airport. I have never been on an airplane before so I was a little scared about that but I was really excited about my hunt for caribou in Alaska. I got onto the airplane and was ready for the approximately 17-hour trip. I was really surprised of the experience of going to airport to airport.

We had finally gotten to Bethel, Alaska and

met up with Don Lietzau of World Trek Safari. We went to the hangar to put our gear there for the night 'til the next morning so we could head out to the field. While we were there, we met Wade Renfro, of Renfro's Alaskan Adventures, who was the outfitter for this hunt. Next, we went to the Bed and Breakfast. The people who ran the Bed and Breakfast, Dr. Jane McClure and Dr. Bill Eggimann, were so kind and it was nice for them to have all of us there.

The next day, we were ready to head out, and by that point, I was really excited to finally, after a year and a half, head into the tundra of Alaska to hunt. I flew out with Wade and Lou Limchayseng, who had booked a hunt with Wade also. We got to my camp and I was about to meet one of the people I will never forget, Henry Duhaylongsod. He had helped raise money for my hunt so we had become best friends in a second. I was anxious to meet my guide, so I met Terry Mangold and his brother Tim Mangold, who is also a guide for Wade. They both were very up to date on the caribou movement and safety. Terry and I hit it off fast.

Don and Scott came about two hours later. I had been glassing for anything to move, and I looked over by Henry's gut pile and I saw a big bear. I was excited because if I had seen something this quickly I knew it was going to be a good hunt for sure. By the way I was going to be shooting a .50 Caliber T/C Omega muzzleloader. I went to bed early that night so I could get a good night's sleep.

The next day I got up and had a great breakfast and got a jump on the giant herd of caribou that Scott had spotted. We got our gear together and the chase was on! We had gotten closer to the herd and had spotted two good bulls. By this time, my heart was pounding. Wouldn't you know it; the wind changed so the herd had smelled us and run down the mountain.

Then we decided to walk to what was called

"The Knob". The herd that we had been watching ran right down the side of the mountain. The one bull I had my eye on finally gave me a good look at him and I realized that he had a tree limb in his rack. We all had a laugh about that. We had some more caribou come in but no one was a shooter.

The next day, we got up with spirits high. I had gone down over the hill to look at the view of the river and realized that a pesky squirrel was chasing me. I knew Terry wanted to shoot one to mount with his Bear Mount so I slowly walked up and got him with a head shot!

Later I had finally spotted a herd of caribou in the bottom in front of us. We moved closer and had saw one nice bull. So Terry, Scott and Don, who was video taping my hunt, and I got 160 yards from a herd of about 75 caribou. The wind changed again and they had winded us. We went to leave for camp and I looked behind us and



there were about ten to fifteen caribou 300 yards away but nothing would work out.

I got up the next day and I knew I would shoot sometime. Little did I know it was going to be today! We went to the river to take a look and we saw a wolverine. That was cool to see but I had my eye set on a caribou. We got to the river and saw a lot of caribou and a wolf. We had seven cows close enough to get my heart pumping!

We then saw another herd with one good bull. It was 5:15 when I made the decision to make the two and a half-hour stalk straight up the mountain. We got to the herd and Terry, Don and I went up to the rise while Scott stayed back. We stalked 80 yards around a ledge to get a good angle to shoot. We stalked around and I got my gun up on my backpack and looked through the scope and saw the bull! I didn't look at the rack at all. All of the hunt Terry told me behind the shoulder and split a hair. Don was right behind my shoulder video taping the shot. I was told to wait till he stood up and I did. He stood up and I shot. We got right up and ran to the sight. I had made an awesome shot! I waited for Scott to come up and I picked up the rack and I will never forget the next couple of minutes. By the time we got it gutted out, quartered out and packed up it was 7:30. We walked two and a half-hours in the dark. "That was fun."

A couple of days later, we got picked up. Wade came in the Mule and Randy, a pilot for Wade, came in the Super Cub to get us and our gear out. We went back to the hangar and I started cutting all the meat off the bone. The next day, we flew out for Ohio. We got to the airport in Columbus, Ohio and got hugs from Mom, Grandma, and Grandpa!

I had a trip for a lifetime and it was because of Benefit4Kids! This is a great organization that helps sick kids and I think it is so cool they do that! I would love to say "Thank You." to everyone who made my hunt possible like... Steve Pray and family, Al Baggett, Don Lietzau, Terry Mangold, Henry Duhaylongsod, and Wade Renfro. Thank you once again to everyone.....

I would like to personally thank all those

involved with making this trip a reality for Michael. First off, "Thank you." goes to Don Lietzau and World Trek Safaris Consultants and Wade Renfro from Renfro's Alaskan Adventures. Both these men offer first class operations! This trip never would have been possible without these guys and a great deal of gratitude goes out to the both of them! I would also like to thank Kurt Norby and the entire Safari Club Alaska Chapter, Henry Duhaylongsod and his Dick Pacific employees, Gus and Geri Gillespie, Delano Lietzau from Wagon Wheel Kennels, and the band "Attention Deficit Disorder" for all sponsoring this hunt and making Michaels dream a reality! A big "Thank you."



goes out to the State of Alaska for donating Michael's tag and license, and Frank Pieper of Franks Taxidermy out of Eagle River Alaska for donating the time and effort to do a fabulous job on a mount so Michael can look up and see that mount everyday which will then trigger his memory to a flashback of this trip and keep that smile on his face for the rest of his life!

If someone you know has a dream of their own and suffers from a terminal illness or a life limited disability, contact Benefit4Kids and learn how you can live your dream just like Michael did! To learn more about Benefit4Kids and all the ways we work to help less fortunate kids visit us on the web at www.b4k.org or contact myself, Al Baggett at 810-441-2579 or via the web at abaggett@b4k.org to learn more.

Sincerely,

*Al Baggett
Vice-President Benefit4Kids*

South Texas Hunt Buck

By Richie Sinclair
Texas

In the early morning hours of December 20, 2005, I left the small town of Needville, Texas. I was headed to a place where mesquite trees and prickly pear cactus were plentiful; a place where trophy whitetails roamed in abundance. This place is widely known as South Texas.

My Uncle David and I arrived at the 87,000 acre Chaparossa Ranch at noon. We unloaded our gear in one of the many rooms of the beautiful lodge. Our room was located next to the heated swimming pool. The many palm trees that surrounded the lodge slowly swayed in the cool, winter breeze. After a delicious lunch, I left for my first guided hunt of the trip. My hunting

guide's name was Ty Stevens. He was also the Wildlife Biologist for the ranch. On this hunt, I was in search of a management buck

that scored 140 or less Boone and Crockett. We were unsuccessful in harvesting a buck the first night, but saw many quality deer including an 11 pointer on the edge of a scorched wheat field; as well as an 8 pointer that had a nice spread and good mass. The next day began at 5:15 a.m. After a warm breakfast taco and a hot glass of coffee. I was ready for the morning hunt. We arrived in a section of the ranch called the "Vat" at 7:30 a.m. We set up in our spot and awaited the arrival of the



sun. As the light conditions improved, so did the quantity of deer. After an hour of watch-

CONGRATULATIONS!

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To
Kayla
Pattat



Kayla will receive an Official HunTeen Gear T-shirt for being the first to submit a story for the February/March issue of HunTeen.

To get your Official HunTeen T-shirt send in your story today!!

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ing does and young bucks, Ty and I decided to change locations. We positioned ourselves under a large mesquite tree and tried to rattle a mature buck to us. Ty was not surprised when it did not work. He told me that the deer had not been very responsive to rattling this year. We then tried a spot near a water tank. As soon as we pulled up to the spot, Ty told me to jump out of the truck and see if I could get a shot at the 10 point buck standing in the clearing. I gently squeezed the trigger of my .308 and a moment later was congratulated for harvesting my first buck. The deer scored an impressive 130 5/8 B&C. The very mature buck was aged at 8 1/2 years old. I consider the buck a trophy because of his old age. To have survived one hunting season after another, for 8 1/2 years was no easy task. We loaded the deer into the truck and headed back to the lodge. The deer was cleaned, quartered, and put into a cooler. My uncle and I stayed a while longer and talked to some of the guides. We eventually left the beautiful ranch, but brought home a cooler full of venison and wonderful memories that are not soon to be forgotten.

The origins of this hunting trip took place this summer. Earlier in June, I had attended the South Texas Buckskin Brigade on the La Bandera Ranch. This camp educates its participants about different aspects of the whitetail. Everything from anatomy to management and even plant identification is taught. While at the camp, I was awarded the title of Top Cadet and received this hunt as an award. The hard work involved in receiving the award was well worth it. I was able to use the knowledge I gained from the camp to assist me on my hunt. At the present time I am giving programs to different audiences about the Buckskin Brigade and working towards possible scholarship money given by the camp. For more information on this summers's Buckskin Brigade visit www.texasbrigades.org