

FRONT SIGHT



SCI
FIRST FOR HUNTERS

Mid-Michigan Chapter Safari Club International

Jan. - Mar. 2012, Issue 17



*Picture by Mary Harter
Scene from Dan Kirschner's cabin
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thank
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members and friends
for contributing to
another
successful season in
2011.

— Jeff, Cyndi
and Josh



Jeff Chadd

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Members of Mid-Michigan SCI or Isabella County Sportsman's Club may use the shooting range located at 2872 W. Millbrook Road just east of Winn Road. The lock combination is 4272 and changes yearly. Please carry membership identification on you when you visit the range.



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Chairmen are listed first

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The Front Sight is the official publication of the Mid-Michigan Chapter of Safari Club International, keeping club members informed about local club activities, and encouraging and defining good sportsmanship. The Front Sight Magazine is published quarterly: January, April, July and October. Distribution 400+.

Check our own www.midmichigansci.org website for copies of the Front Sight, listing of events, and fundraiser auction items.

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SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Meeting Schedule

* SUBJECT TO CHANGE

<u>Date</u>	<u>Meeting Type</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Location</u>
January 6, 2012 "Big Buck Night"	Board Membership	4:30 p.m. 5:00 p.m.	Comfort Inn Comfort Inn
February 1 - 4, 2012	SCI Convention	Las Vegas	Mandalay Bay
February 24, 2012	Mid-Michigan	2 - 10:00 p.m.	Soaring Eagle Casino
February 25, 2012	SCI Convention	10:00 a.m. - close	Soaring Eagle Casino
April 2, 2012	Board Membership	4:30 p.m. 6:30 p.m.	Comfort Inn Comfort Inn
May 7, 2012	Board Membership	4:30 p.m. 6:30 p.m.	Comfort Inn Comfort Inn

Reservations required. Please call and leave a message at (989) 560-7288 or (989) 773-1711

Your President - Kevin Unger

Hope everyone is enjoying a good deer season. I have talked to quite a few hunters this season and it seems they all have much the same story. The weather this hunting season has not been the best. The bright days, full moons and warm temperatures have kept the deer movement to a minimum. With that said- if you are one of the lucky hunters, this season, to have scored a big buck make sure you attend this years Big Buck night. Big Buck night will take place on Friday, January 6, 2012. It will be held at the Comfort Inn in Mt Pleasant again this year. Any buck taken in 2011, whether by bow, muzzle-loader, rifle or handgun, will qualify for a drawing to win a free rifle. All in attendance will be able to take advantage of this drawing whether they are members or not. This year our Big Buck night tickets will be pre-sold. We are selling 350 tickets because we have a limited amount of seating. We have switched Big Buck night from our traditional Monday night, to a Friday night. We are hoping that this change will allow more youth hunters and families to be in attendance. We will also be signing up kids for the Camp for Kids hunter's safety program. This is a first come first serve opportunity. If you know of any kids who might benefit from this program keep in mind they need to get signed up as soon as possible. Any one who has shot a big buck and would like to take part in our Big Buck competition must be a member by January 1, 2012 to receive an award. If you need help getting signed up or have other questions please feel free to contact any board members as they will be able to assist. Make sure to tell a friend, bring a friend! This is one of our most exciting nights of the year. I look forward to seeing you all there. Get outdoors! It's a great place to be.

Your President,



Kevin Unger

Editor's Comments

We've had another successful deer season. Don got a nice 8 point with his crossbow. Opening morning of rifle season, I shot an 11 point around 7:00 a.m. and a 4 point at 10:00 a.m. The 11 point is the largest I have taken on our own property in 41 years of hunting. He had a double brow tine. We are eating a lot of venison now and had wild turkey for Thanksgiving. For your eating pleasure check out Cyndi Chadd's recipes in this issue. For your viewing pleasure, come to Big Buck Night on January 6th. Make your reservations now.

Through December 31, you can still donate to the Mt. Pleasant Area Community Foundation and deduct half or up to \$100 per person or \$200 joint return on your Michigan taxes for the last time. This credit will no longer be allowed in 2012. Please consider this donation and support us by making it for the account of the Mid-Michigan Chapter of SCI. Please mail your payments to: Mt. Pleasant Area Community Foundation, 113 W. Broadway, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858.

Your chapter magazine, the "Front Sight", won the best overall publication in SCI again this year. We will be receiving a trophy at the Las Vegas Convention in February. Please keep sending me your stories and photos as these make your magazine the interesting read that it is. Without all of you, we wouldn't have a magazine. Thank you so much. You have made me very proud, AGAIN!



Mary Harter



Mary Harter with her opening morning success

Mid - Michigan Chapter Safari Club International • www.midmichigansci.org APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

I hereby apply for membership _____
FIRST MIDDLE LAST

Fill out both mailing addresses as well as email. Please indicate by placing a X in the appropriate box where you would like to receive club correspondence.

If at all possible we would like to utilize your email address for this purpose. ☐

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Book Review

by Josh Christensen

TITLE: HATCHET

AUTHOR: Gary Paulsen

PUBLISHER: This book has been published by several different publishers.

Copyright: 1987

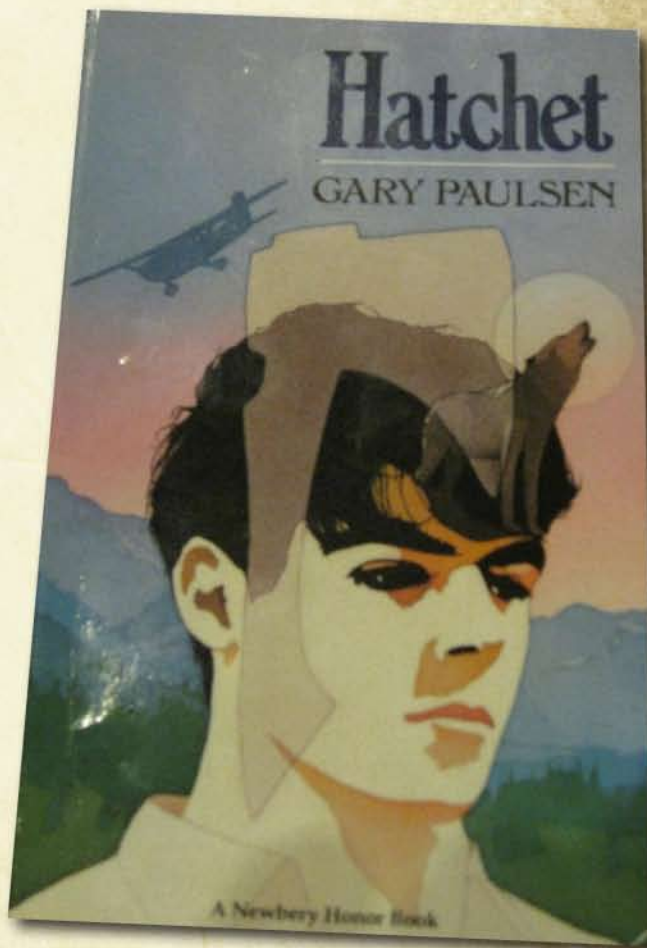
List Price: \$6.99

This book review will be a little different from the previous reviews I have done. The book being looked at this issue is a fiction novel written by Gary Paulsen, a renowned author of books, for teenagers, about the outdoors.

This book takes the reader on an adventure into the wilds of the Canadian bush with Brian; a young teenage boy heading to the oil fields of northern Canada to spend the summer with his father.

The story starts off with mystery and a death defying plane crash. From here the adventure doesn't stop as we learn about a boy's will to survive and how his will conquers all. We follow him as he learns to fend for himself against the elements and at times his own mind. Along the way he finds how to forage for himself, make fire, hunt and fish, with his only real resource from the outside world; a hatchet.

Hatchet is a short, easy read with lots of adventure. I would recommend this novel to anyone, and would also suggest it as a gift idea for those of you with young teenagers in your life who enjoy the outdoors.



This book gets 8 out of 10 bullseyes



FRONT SIGHT

Mid Michigan Chapter of Safari Club International

presents

Big Buck Night

Open to the Public

*Friday, January 6th at the Comfort Inn
2424 S. Mission • Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858*

Adults \$22 • Kids 12 and under \$20 • Under 5 yrs. FREE

*Bring your rack that you shot in 2011 and get it professionally
scored plus get in the FREE gun drawing with your scored rack.*

Other special events planned.

White tail and Mule deer

All tickets are pre-sold. Must have ticket prior to event.

Registration starts at 5 pm

Dinner at 7 pm

*Dinner includes two entree buffet, salad bar and dessert table
Cash Bar • Free soda for the kids*

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June 1, 2012

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33rd Annual

Awards & Hunter's

Convention

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Big Game Hunts • Fishing Trips • Guns • Auctions
Games • Exhibitors*



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Friday, February 24, 2012**2:00 - 10:00 p.m. • \$5.00 Admission**
Outfitters, Exhibitors, Awards and Auction**Saturday, February 25, 2012****Outfitters, Exhibitors, Banquet and Auction****10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Registration****5:00 - 6:00 p.m.****Dinner** (reservations required)**6:00 - Close****Live Auction*****For more information, contact Tim Hauck: (989) 772-5494*****Partial list of live auction items:**

Wycon Safaris – Wynn Condict – Antelope Hunt in Wyoming
 Wycon Safaris – Wynn Condict – Colorado Archery Elk Hunt
 Dan Kirschner Wild Spirit Guide Service – Bob Cat Hunt with Hounds
 Brian Simpson, Whittrock Outfitters in Alaska – Grizzly Bear Hunt
 Nick Boley, Windy Ridge Outfitting – Iowa – Muzzleloader Whitetail Deer Hunt
 David James, Fish Hunter Charters - Two Salmon Fishing Trips on Lake Michigan
 Johan Pieterse Safaris – South Africa – Hunt for Genet, Impala, Waterbuck, Warthog
 Johan Pieterse Safaris – South Africa – Hunt for Genet, Burchell's Zebra, Red Hartebeest, Warthog
 Hepburn Lake Lodge, Arlee Thideman – Saskatchewan – Two Black Bear Hunts Plus Fishing
 Hell's Half Acre, Ronnie Davis, Myrtle Point, Oregon – Roosevelt Bull Elk Archery Hunt
 Hell's Half Acre, Ronnie Davis, Myrtle Point, Oregon – Black Bear Hunt Plus Salmon Fishing
 Hell's Half Acre, Ronnie Davis, Myrtle Point, Oregon – Blacktail Deer Plus Black Bear Hunt
 North Star Outfitting – Neil Johnson – Alberta or Saskatchewan Whitetail Deer Hunt
 Joe O'Bannon – Florida – Water Buffalo Hunt
 Joe O'Bannon – Florida – Trophy Red Stag Hunt
 14 K Reversible (yellow or white gold) 17" 4 mm Omega Necklace with 24 grams of Gold
 Starbucks Guiding, Ohio – Bow Hunt for Whitetails
 Brush Mountain Ranch, Colorado – Archery Elk in Velvet Hunt
 Hidden Horns Game Ranch, Brent Fisk, Howard City, Michigan – Management Whitetail Deer Hunt
 RC Outfitters, Brant Cunningham, Colorado – Elk Hunt
 Cordoba Hunting – Argentina – Dove Hunt
 Cascade Fur Salon, Cascade, Michigan – Fur Coat
 Lost Creek – Greg Turner – Cody, Wyoming – Mountain Lion Hunt
 Lost Creek – Greg Turner – Cody, Wyoming – Mule Deer Hunt
 Thirstland Safaris – Kobus Honiball – Namibia, Africa – 8 Plains Game Animals
 Jeff Chadd – Majestic Mountain Outfitters – Montana – Antelope
 Havago Australia – Dieckmann – Rusa Stag Hunt
 Roger Froling – Ionia, Michigan – Buffalo Hunt
 Larry and Joanne DeVuyst – Texas Whitetail Hunt
 Ken and Jeff Harrison – Lake Michigan Fishing Trip
 Mike Cowan – Alaskan Brown Bear Hunt
 Thormahlen and Cochran Safaris – South African Plains Game
 Mike Carlson – Larsen Bay Lodge – Kodiak Island, Alaska – Sitka Blacktail Deer Hunt
 Dan McMillan – Belding, Michigan – Ducks, Geese, Turkey Hunts
 Hickory Creek Outfitters, Kansas – Whitetail Deer Hunt

Check our website for a complete listing – www.midmichigansci.org

September Membership Meeting



Why You Need To Buy Another Gun At This Event

by DuWayne Schuler



Guns! You gotta love them.

Even the founding fathers tried to protect their ownership in an Amendment to The Constitution of The United States. Every attendee of a fund raising banquet judges the evening by whether or not they won a gun. A guy who just won two chairs, a TV, and a canoe will be a little disappointed that he's not going home with a gun. Even people who don't shoot want to win a gun. A gal who owns ten .22's will leap out of her seat upon hearing her ticket called as the winner of still another .22. An attendee who only hunts the opening weekend of the Michigan white-tail deer season will fall into a swoon upon winning a .458 Boomenhower. Is it any wonder that we who actually use guns can't get enough of them?

Non-hunting spouses quit reading.

Most of us who hunt could get by with two guns, a rifle and a shotgun. Your current .270 or .30-06 along with your 20 gauge or 12 gauge shotgun will kill everything that the average hunter in North America will ever encounter. Fortunately you and I are not average.

On the off chance that we may be menaced in our home we will want to add a pistol or two. Someday you may go out West for pronghorn antelope and could use that .243 that is on special this week at the gun shop. You see an ad for a

double .470 Rigby in the paper and think, "When will I get another chance like this?" You will probably need a "beater" shotgun so you won't ruin that fine double-barreled Parker in the duck blind – just sound economics. Eventually there will be a good reason behind the purchase of each and every one of the twenty-five or thirty guns in your vault or gun cabinet. We all know it's an act of kindness to hedge when we talk

about gun costs to our better half. But when I die don't join the line at my door with all my other buddies expecting to buy my "\$300.00" guns from my wife. She has a sealed envelope with all their insured values.

In the old days (before the electro shock treatment that brought me to my politically correct senses) I used to say wives were like crows when it came to guns. Everyone knows that crows can't count past five and can be tricked by several hunters going in and out of a blind. In the same way, a guy who owned five or fewer guns was always at this wife's mercy. Once you got past that critical number you were safe and you could add to your collection with impunity. Once you had enough guns, they just became collectively "those damn guns of yours". That's why you need to buy a gun at this event. You need to obtain "critical mass!" So get out there and out-bid your buddy on that sleek little .28 gauge that will look so good in your gun case. Remember, obtaining "critical mass" will remove stress from your marriage. The founding fathers are pulling for you and so am I.

DuWayne Schuler is our Region 19 Representative for Safari Club International and has written this interesting article about purchasing guns at a fundraiser.



Recent hunt near Chignik, Alaska

with Ronald Lind, Guide Bearskin Creek Guiding Service



Richard LaPoe with his 56" moose taken on September 11, 2011 with Ronald Lind, Bearskin Creek Guiding Service, Chignik, Alaska

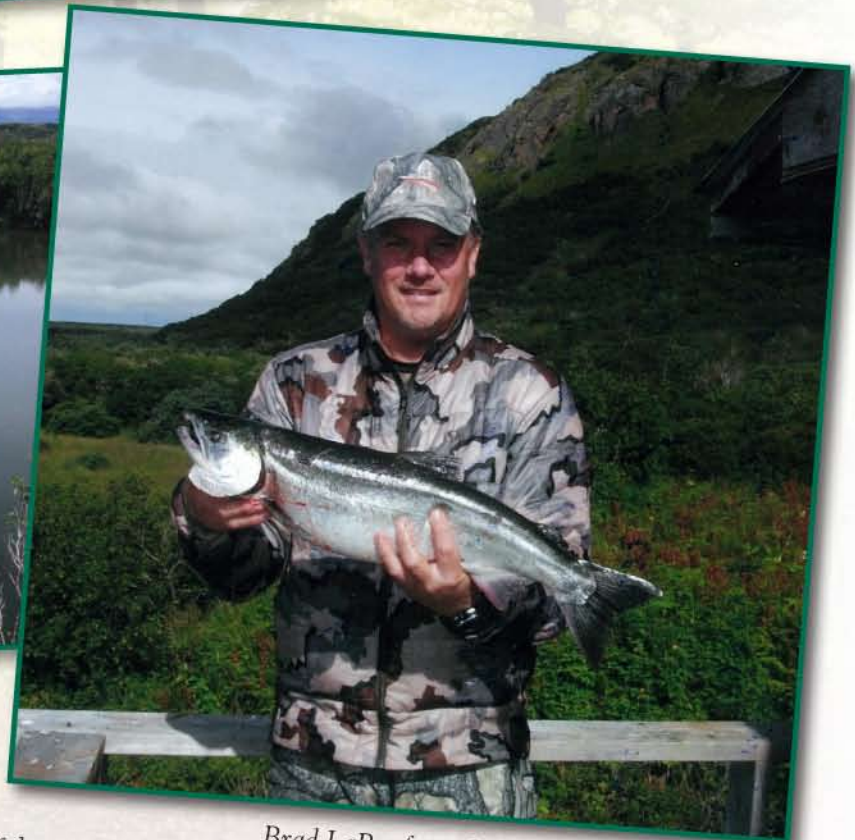
He used an Ultimate Muzzleloader and killed the moose with the first shot taken at 401 yards. The moose dropped within 15 yards.

This was his first moose hunt at age 75.

The moose was in the open, then went into thick cover, and was not seen again until dusk when he appeared on the river bank. There was no chance to get closer.



Tom Myers
Bearskin Creek Guiding Service
Ronald Lind, Guide
Moose hunting – poor
Fishing – lots of fun and tasted wonderful



Brad LaPoe from Clare, Michigan
Bearskin Creek Guiding Service
Ronald Lind, Guide
Wind and rain for seven days.
Moose hunting – poor
Fishing – great!!

Recipes from, Cyndi Chadd

Cyndi Chadd is sharing some of her delicious recipes which use wild meat. She and her husband, Jeff, own and operate Majestic Mountain Outfitters where Jeff guides in Alaska and Montana. Maybe you have some fresh venison you can use.



Chili Cheese Steak

I got this recipe from Cooking Alaskan

Ingredients

- 2 Lb Game Meat
- 1/4 Cup Flour
- 2 tsp Chili powder
- 1 tsp Salt
- 1 Dash Pepper
- 1/4 Cup Shortening or oil
- 2 Cups Sliced onion
- 1 Can Diced tomatoes
- 1 Cup Shredded cheese

Directions

Cut meat into serving sized pieces (@ 1 inch thick). Combine flour and seasonings and pound into meat on both sides using a meat mallet or tenderizer. Brown the meat well in hot skillet and oil. Remove from pan and brown onions in the drippings. Spoon onions into casserole and arrange meat on top, then put undrained tomatoes on top. Cover and bake at 350 for about 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Sprinkle with cheese and heat 5 minutes longer to melt.

Steak Supreme

I got this recipe from Cooking Alaskan

Ingredients

- 2 Lb Game Meat
- 1/2 Cup Flour
- 1 tsp Poultry Seasoning
- 1 tsp Celery Seed
- 1 tsp Salt
- 1/2 tsp Pepper
- 3 Tbsp Olive Oil

Directions

Cut meat into strips about 1 1/2 inches wide. Mix the flour and seasonings. Pound strips with a meat mallet or use a tenderizer, then roll them in the flour mix. When thickly coated, drop into the hot skillet. Using medium heat, fry slowly; turning often. Pour more flour mixture on the steaks as you cook them. Fry for about 30 minutes or put into 350 degree oven for that time.

Argentina Dove Hunt

By Don Harter



I've had a desire to go on a Dove Hunt for several years so when Ivan Carter put this trip together to hunt with Los Chanares out of Cordova, Argentina, owned by David Perez, I was delighted to be invited. We booked the whole camp, 12 people, with Ivan going as a hunter/friend, not as a guide. It was a four day hunt and I was told that I would probably be shooting at least 2,000 rounds per day. The hunt cost \$2,100 plus \$11.75 per box for shells, plus \$180 to rent a shot gun, which I did. Of course, when it comes to shooting you can shoot as few or as many boxes of shells as you wish.

In their advertisement they boast having over 32,000,000 doves with the property managed just for dove hunting. The property is rolling hills and valleys with sunflowers planted in the valleys. The hunting, camp, food, and service exceeded all of my expectations. I personally shot 5,750 shells and 4,535 doves. Our group of 12 shot 63,900 shells, 53,405 doves, and we didn't make a dent in the dove population. We hunted mornings from 7:00

a.m. to 11:00 a.m., then afternoons from 4:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. We went back to the lodge for cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, then dinner. They gave us dove breasts for hors d'oeuvres several times which were delicious.

After dinner anyone who wanted could have a massage which really felt good after all of that shooting. We could not believe how sore our arms were from just lifting a 20 gauge shot gun after the first afternoon of hunting. On the second morning, I could hardly lift my cup of coffee.

We had six hunts in total, three mornings and three afternoons, and they do not hunt the same areas. When we go out to our hunting location our Bird Boys are already there with our shot gun and lots of shells. They load your gun for you, keep track with a counter your hits, pick up birds, and all the empties at the end of the hunt.

We all had such a great time we booked another hunt for January 20 – 23, 2012. This time Mary is going along with me.

Our most unusual Small Cat Hunt

By Joanne witte

Larry and I hunted small cats in South Africa with Johan Pieterse from Aug. 24 to Sept. 5, 2011. We had talked with Johan on several occasions about hunting with him. We were favorably influenced by the fact that several of our friends had hunted with him and had a great time. At our annual Hunter's Convention in February 2011 at the Soaring Eagle Casino in Mt. Pleasant we spent more time with Johan discussing hunting small cats and realized he was very proficient with cats. On the spur of the moment we decided to make our 7th trip to Africa—this time for small cats—in August of this year (2011). There are five small cats in South Africa—Civet, Caracal, African Wildcat, Serval, and Genet. Larry already had a Civet and a Wildcat. We both shot Genets on previous trips but we never got a skin we could mount. This time we wanted Genets we could mount.

Our trip began when we flew from Grand Rapids to Atlanta on August 23. We arrived in Atlanta on time and left for Johannesburg at 7:20PM. The plane was only about half full so I found 3 seats in the last row and was able to lie down to sleep most of the night. What luxury! Larry had two seats and tried to stretch out but he still wasn't very comfortable.

We arrived in Joburg on time at 5:30PM Aug. 24. Johan met us and carted our bags to his truck. It was about a 3 hour drive to his camp in the Limpopo region which was about an hour drive from Thabazimbi and 8 miles from a little town called Northam.



Outside our chalet

We met the camp staff and my PH whose name was Nicky Janse Van Rensburg after which we got settled in our chalet and had a very nice dinner. Larry's PH was Johan with Bushman and Hann as trackers. Francisco was the chef and he prepared delicious meals. Bruce was the waiter and responded to our every need.

The next morning we checked our rifles, and shot our PH's shotguns which we would need for Genet. I shot Nicky's .338 in case I saw a spectacular blue wildebeest. We were both shooting Savage .223's. Mine was a standard rifle and Larry's was a varmit rifle with a thumbhole stock. We used 60 grain Federal Nosler Partition ammunition except for the Wildcats for which we used 62 grain full metal jackets.

Later that morning Nicky and I and our trackers, John and Boy, went looking for impala for bait and for camp food. We soon found one suitable for camp food and I dispatched it quickly.

Larry and Johan sat by a waterhole where they saw lots of game. Johan complimented Larry on how well he knows how to sit at a waterhole without moving. Larry said that becomes natural after so many years of hunting turkey, whitetail deer and leopard from blinds. Our daily routine was to go out from about 10:00AM to noon, then back to camp for a delicious lunch and a rest. After that we went out from about 4:30PM until dark. Then back to camp for dinner. After dinner we suited up in warm clothes and went spotlighting. We wore wool long underwear, wool shirts, wool hooded sweatshirts, down jackets, and our rain suits over everything. We also had warm watch caps and



Bruce, the waiter, in our dining room

heavy gloves. The temperature got down to the mid-40's F.

The first night Larry shot a jackal using the spotlight. There were many jackals on the property and Johan wanted us to shoot all we could because they prey on his baby animals. Johan has about 6,000 fenced acres surrounding his camp. We each took about half of it to look for cats.

I didn't see anything until we were on the way back to camp. Nicky spotted a Duiker that I shot at about 50 yards. We got to bed about 2:30AM that night.

The next morning Nicky and I went out looking for whatever turned up. Nicky shot several doves, cut off the wings and strung them up over a trail where he had seen a caracal cross the road on more than one occasion. The wings were supposed to entice the caracal into stopping on the road so we could get a shot.

There is a big dry riverbed and waterhole in front of the camp. Johan feeds alfalfa to the animals at noon during the hot dry weather. It was great fun to watch the animals come for food. There was a huge Kudu and some smaller ones, lots of Nyala including mothers and babies, Rhino of all sizes and ages including a month old baby, many warthogs, and lots of guinea fowl.

Larry and Johan sat by a waterhole again looking for large bushbuck and bushpig. They saw many animals but no bushbuck or bushpig.

That afternoon Joanne, Nicky, John, and Boy waited in the truck to see if the Caracal was interested in the bird wings Nicky hung up. It was not.

After dinner Joanne and Nicky with John and Boy drove to a place about an hour away to look for Civet. The first farm was horribly muddy due to the irrigation system. Nicky drove the truck and we barely made it out of the field. So much for that farm!.

The second farm consisted of huge wheat and alfalfa fields. There was an enormous dam with rushing water so loud we could hear it from a great distance. Boy was driving and almost did not stop in time at the top of the berm. After that Nicky drove much to my relief. We tried a predator call but no luck.

On the way out of the field Nicky spotted two Civets and I shot the smaller of the two. In fact I did not even see the bigger one.

As we approached the gate we saw a Porcupine. It scuttled into a huge bush and thought it was hidden. Nicky gave me the shotgun and I shot it. While dragging it out of the bush it bit Boy's coat. Nicky had to hit it over



Joanne with her civet and first porcupine

the head with a stick to kill it. Those things are tough. Unfortunately I messed it up pretty good and there was not enough left to mount. We got back to camp about 2:30AM.

Larry and Johan spotlighted after supper. Larry was on the back of the truck with Bushman and Hann. They spotted eyes several times. The eyes turned out to be Genets that quickly slipped away into the bush. The next time they spotted eyes Larry grabbed the shotgun to be ready. As Bushman turned saying, "Caracal" Larry saw it in the light moving away. It was too late to get the rifle so he took the shot with the shotgun. Unfortunately even though there was good blood they did not find the cat. Several Caracal were spotted during the hunt but this was the only shot opportunity.

Night hunting is hard. It is cold and windy on the back of the truck. The spotlight goes for more than 100 yards. The trackers see eyes and then have to figure out



Joanne and Larry's chalet



Larry and his bushbuck

what it is. Half the time we did not even know what they were looking at. In a flash the animal was gone.

The next day Larry and Johan sat by a waterhole during the middle of the day. Larry shot two two-year old impala rams for bait for bushpig. His Savage .223 with a 60 grain Federal Nosler Partitions did the job handily.

There were many trees with 2 inch long thorns. Nicky said they were acacia sweet thorn, acacia buffalo thorn, and monkey thorn trees. One got me in the arm while I was stalking a wildebeest.

After dinner we were out again. I shot at a Genet that was in a tree from the truck. I missed. Larry shot a large Genet with the shotgun.

On Sunday Nicky and I saw two adorable baby gemsbok- about a week old- on our midmorning drive. We also saw more female steenbok. Over the course of the hunt we saw dozens of female steenbok but no males. Where were the males?

That afternoon Larry, Johan, Joanne, Nicky and Bushman went to Nicky's house near Rustenburg to hunt some fields that surround his property. It was a 2 ½ hour drive. We met Nicky's wife and son and his huge Boer bulldog. We learned that Nicky's basset pup was missing and had probably been taken by the neighborhood leopard. We donned our warm clothes and headed out.

We spotted a big Genet in a tree. I got out of the truck and took a bead on the Genet with Nicky's shotgun. When I pulled the trigger the shell went plop. The Genet got away. Nicky and Johan decided that because it was an old shell and was damp it was defective. I did shoot a big Porcupine with the .223. This time I shot it low so as not to ruin the quills but I

did shoot one leg off. Larry shot another jackal.

We ate sandwiches and boiled eggs in the field for supper.

Monday morning we went to visit a taxidermist—Theo Pohl—close to Johan's camp. The place was chock full of animals waiting to be shipped out. We have never seen so many mounts in one place. We took both my porcupines so that Theo could piece a leg off one on to the least shot up animal. He said he was very good at surgery. Johan advised us to have the porcupine mount done in South Africa because the belly skin is so fragile that it would probably not make it through the tanning process if we sent the dried skin to the US. For lunch we had a delicious meat pie similar to Larry's mother's pasties. About 4:30 we went out again and spotlighted until dark. After another delicious meal—this time impala—we went out again about 9:00PM.

This is the night our hunt became unusual. Nicky and I with Boy and John went to a farm a few miles away where they raise coriander. Around 9:30PM I became violently sick and vomited from the truck several times. Nicky rushed me back to camp and called Johan and Larry. I continued to be sick with cramps, vomiting, and diarrhea. I was also losing large amounts of blood from my colon. That was the most frightening part. About 4:00AM I told Larry I needed to get to a hospital.

About 6:00AM on Tuesday, August 30 we arrived at a hospital in Thabazimbi where they started IV's of saline, an antibiotic called cipro and several other antibiotics. This was a private hospital but they did not have a bed available so the doctor there called a friend at another hospital and they took me to that hospital.



The mom and baby rhino



Joanne and her second porcupine



Joanne and her steenbok

The second hospital was in a town called Swartklip (meaning black rock) and was named Platinum Health. It seems that there are several huge gold and platinum mines in this area and the hospital is for the workers. The whole town is owned by the mining company and is gated. I got good care. Dr. DuPreez, my doctor, was very attentive and the nurses kept a close watch on me and checked my IV's regularly. In addition to being very competent the staff was very upbeat and cheerful.

Johan knew the hospital would want a cash deposit. They would not take US dollars, credit card, or check. Johan made a deposit of 6000 Rand at the hospital and

covered all the doctor and hospital expenses at both locations. We reimbursed him later.

Larry and Johan went back to camp to get some sleep. They came back at 7:00PM to see me, and after that went out hunting.

When Larry woke up on Wednesday he was greeted by about a dozen African bees. He killed as many as he could. Bruce found the nest outside the chalet and killed the rest of them.

I was still in hospital. They took X-rays to rule out a bowel obstruction or twist in the intestines. Annele, Johan's partner, and Nicky came to see me.

Larry and Johan visited another property to look for Bushbuck. They built a brushy blind and were hunting by 11:00AM. Bushbuck, eland, and Impala came in for water. The bushbuck Johan had seen before came to the water-hole and Larry shot it with the .223. They were back at camp for lunch.

Larry and Johan came to see me the hospital about 5:00PM. I was not eating anything but I was drinking water and was no longer severely dehydrated.

That night Larry, Johan, Bushman, and Han went spotlighting. At 11:00PM they saw eyes on the opposite side of the 10 foot high electric fence but still on Johan's property. Johan used his binoculars and saw ears in the grass. He said it was a Serval lying down. Larry couldn't see the ears while he was sitting down so he stood up and saw the ears in the rifle scope. Johan said to shoot about 6 inches below the top of the ears. Larry stood, shot offhand and got it. To retrieve the Serval Bushman had to climb the 10 foot fence that had three strands of electric wire. He found it and then had to climb that fence again. They came back to camp and celebrated the large Serval.

The next day Larry made preliminary arrangements with Med-Jet Assist to air lift me home if I needed surgery or specialized treatment. The Med-Jet doctors and Dr. DuPreez agreed to talk Friday morning to see if they thought I could make the trip home on Monday on the commercial Delta flight. The next day they took more X-rays. The doctor said I had to get up and walk so Larry and I went down the hall with the IV apparatus.

That night Larry was getting ready to go spotlighting after dinner when Johan came running in to say that something caught one of his baby Nyala. They could hear it screaming. Johan thought it was a Caracal that got the Nyala. Johan spotted the cat's eyes but it slipped away. Larry and Johan went into the bush with a flashlight and a rifle. They found the tiny Nyala with its throat crushed. They waited in the dark to see if the cat would return and agreed to back off if it was a leopard. They finally gave up



Larry and his genet

as the moon light silhouetted them in the bush for the cat to easily see.

I told Larry to shoot an African Wildcat for me if he saw one. He saw three that night and shot a large cat with the full metal jacket .223.

On Friday September 2 the doctors decided I could be released from the hospital and could make the flight home on Monday. The IV was removed and I was told to eat what I could. I hadn't eaten more than a few bites since this started. I was the first foreign patient they had ever had at Platinum Health. In US dollars the cost for 4 days was a little over \$1200.

Dr. DuPreez sent me back to camp with 5 prescriptions. At one point he said he had pills that could stop the diarrhea but he didn't want to start them until the "bugs" were out of my system. I asked what the pills were and he said, "I don't know what you call it in the US, but here we call it Imodium". I said, "Great, that's what we call it in the US, too." I lazed around in camp the rest of the day with no hunting.

That evening while sitting around the fire before dinner, we were visited by 5 bushbabies. Johan feeds them caramel which they lick it off his fingers. They act like our flying squirrels. Very cute!

On Saturday I felt a little better. I was eating malt-o-bella (a kind of wheat porridge) along with eggs, yogurt and tea.

I went out on the truck for two hours before dinner and from 9:00 to 11:00 PM after dinner. I saw a bushpig and a brown hyena cross the road. I was very tired and weak.

On Sunday Nicky and I and John had an early supper and then went to the fields with Koepe, a young fellow who worked at the taxidermist shop. This was the infamous field where I became sick. I shot a nice steenbok and did not ruin the cape. We went back to Johan's farm and spotted a Genet near the wings we had hung up earlier but I could not get a shot.

On September 5 we were scheduled to go home. Johan took us to a very nice gift shop on the way to the airport where we purchased several small items. When we got to the airport we had a sandwich because we could not check in yet.

Larry's right foot had been bothering him a lot. He could barely walk. He had a painful callus and a fluid filled huge blister on the bottom of his foot so Johan got us two wheelchairs as I was too weak to manage on my own.

Two nice young ladies pushed us to the holding area for invalids and came to get us when our plane was ready to depart. We had bulkhead seats but the plane was full so there was no place to lie down.

There was a lady behind us who screeched when she got on the plane, "My whole trip is ruined! There is no place for my bag in the overhead compartment." Of course, our bags were there.

Later on in the flight I was awakened by the same lady yelling at the flight attendant, "You spilled orange juice all over me. My pants are wet and sticky and my shirt is wet. Do you have clean clothes for me?" She hurled her wet blanket into the first class section and continued to rage on and on while the flight attendant tried to quiet her. I thought we might have an incident that required air marshals on our



Larry and his African wildcat



Larry, Bushman, and his serval

hands but she finally calmed down. She also wanted a first class seat so she could dry out. They told her there were no first class seats available.

When we got to Atlanta there were two wheelchairs waiting for us. Again two nice young ladies got our luggage, helped us get our rifles, and guided us through Customs. Checking in the rifles went very slowly. There appeared to be only one agent working. The routine was to put an envelope with passports and customs forms in a rack and wait to be called to the counter by an agent. One fellow thought he had waited long enough and he moved his envelope to first place. One of our girls said, "Excuse me, sir, excuse me. You can't do that" and she promptly returned his envelope to its rightful place.

We got to Grand Rapids in good time with more wheelchairs and a skycap to handle the luggage. By about noon we were home whereupon Joanne slept the rest of the day. Larry spent 2 days on crutches before being seen by his podiatrist. He removed the offending callus and drained the large blister allowing Larry to leave the office walking on two feet without crutches and smiling.

After almost a month at home I am starting to recover, but I lost 10 pounds and will have to start eating big time to regain some weight. They never did pin down the cause of my illness.

We were very grateful to Johan for taking such good care of us. He had bigger plans for more places to hunt but

under the circumstances that did not work out. We highly recommend Johan Pieterse Safaris. Not only is he a good hunter but he is also a good caregiver. We were the first clients Johan has had who had to go to the hospital and who left in two wheelchairs.



Joanne, Larry, and Dr. Du Preez



Theo Pohl's taxidermy shop



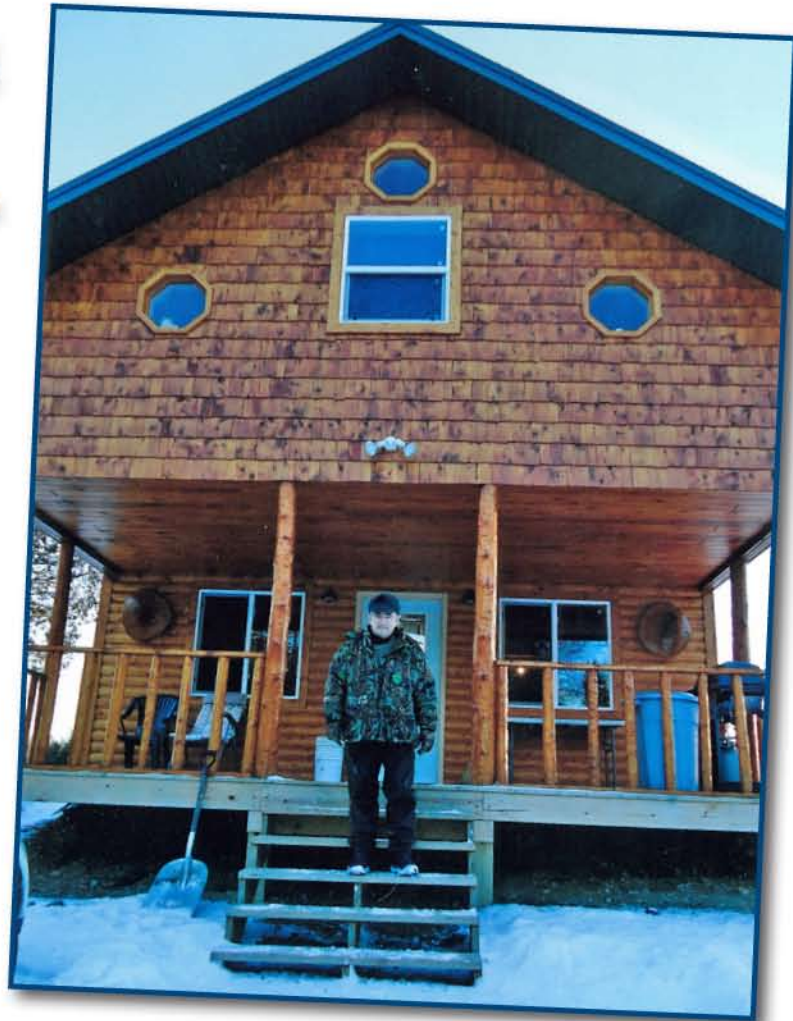
Nicky and John hanging dove wings

Upper Peninsula Bobcat

by Mary Harter

In 2009, we attended the Michigan Chapter Fund-raiser in Hudson and purchased Dan Kirschner's donation, a bobcat hunt. Dan owns Wild Spirit Guide Service in Powers, just outside of Escanaba. We also arranged for a second hunter. Dan was to call us in 2010 when the snow was right for hunting and after a few phone calls and discussions, we were off for the upper peninsula.

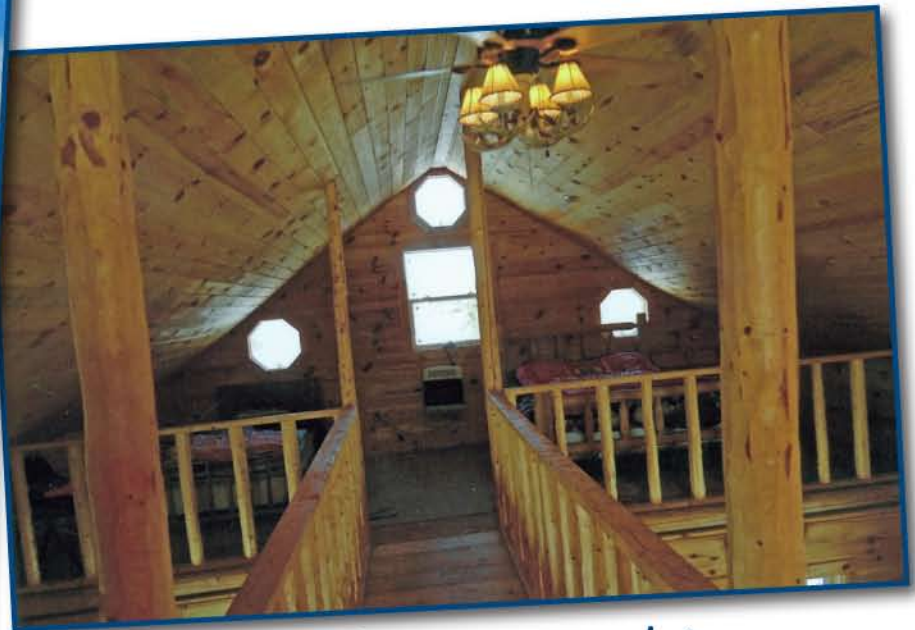
We stayed at Dan's cabin about five miles out of Powers. It was knotty pine inside with a living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, and two large bunkrooms upstairs. One room had five single beds and the other had one double and one single. There was a separate cabin and a travel trailer to accommodate more. The cabin was located just behind a cedar swamp and overlooked a little lake. Hunters for bears, boars, and deer also used this cabin. Several hunters after us stayed in Escanaba at the casino and Dan picked them up there each morning.



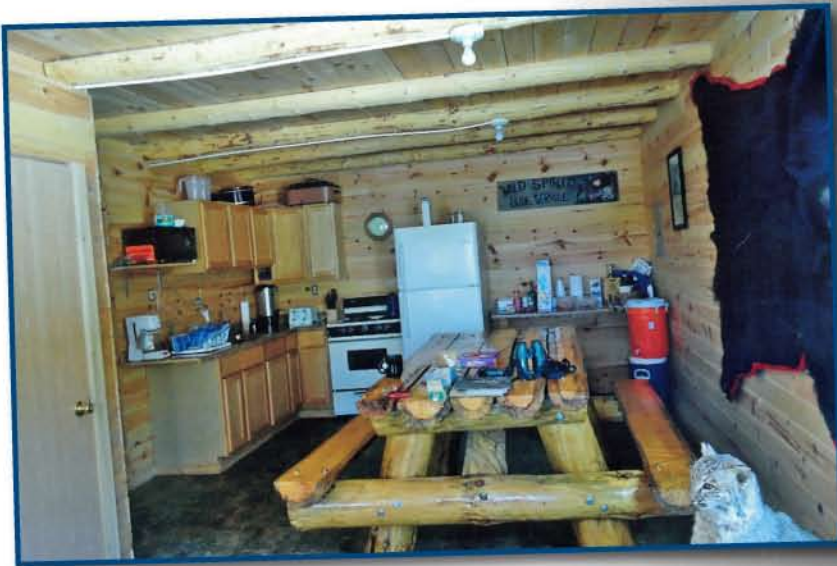
Don in front of Kirschner's cabin



A bobcat track



Beautiful knotty pine upstairs



The kitchen in the cabin

On our first day of hunting Dan picked us up at 6 a.m. It was snowing lightly. Don met up with John Ray and his dog, Moose, and they hunted together. With Dan was his two female blue ticks, Smokey and Cricket. They wore GPS tracking collars and at about 10 a.m. we hit a good trail of a male bobcat that had been dominating the area. Dan really wanted this bobcat taken. Surprisingly taking the dominant male from an area saves the kittens and the area will have more cats. The dominant male will kill a whole litter so the female will come in heat again sooner. I was certainly hoping that we could make this happen. The dogs would run the cat, loose him, get him again and then loose him. This happened four times until the cat ran into some blow downs and couldn't be found again.

It was fun to watch the dogs on the GPS. The screen showed the dogs running, circling, stopping, everything they did.

There had been a lot of logging in the area and a swamp area had been left. The trees there had blown down and the cat found a place of refuge. Dan took me back to camp about 3 p.m. It was snowing huge flakes that covered any tracks in the area.

Don and John had covered a lot of miles but never hit a track to put the dog on.

We ate dinner at the local tavern in Powers where we became regulars. They had great sweet potato fries but that was about their only vegetable. They had lettuce and tomatoes for a hamburger but could not make a salad. We



*Don Harter
with his bobcat*



Dan Kirschner with two of his dogs

enjoyed the local flavor but did go in to Escanaba one night for a different meal.

On the second day, Dan's son, Jonathan, accompanied us as it was Saturday and there was no school. Jonathan really enjoys the dogs and hunting as you could tell in his eyes whenever he would talk about them. We put the dogs on a cat and were soon joined by Don, John, and Brian Maule who was scouting in a third pickup. Brian had a Plott and two English hounds. The dogs ran great and at one point I was out ready to shoot but the cat ran between the pickup and snowmobile behind me. It was just a blur followed by the dogs so I couldn't shoot. Eventually that smart cat led the dogs near the highway and we had to go out and collar the dogs before they hit the road and could have been hurt. We corralled and collared five dogs and the hunt was over for that day.

On the third day it was just Dan and me in one pickup and Don and John in the other. John found a good track and eventually they were successful but had a hard time getting the dogs back. Don picked up subs on the way back to the cabin for dinner as he didn't get back until after 10 p.m.. John didn't get the dogs until very late. You can't leave dogs out or they could be killed by wolves. Dan wouldn't even put his dogs on a trail near wolf tracks.

Don hunted with me on the next two days and on that second day we were excited to cut a track made by the largest cat track Dan had ever seen. He cold trailed it with his dogs for two miles but it never got hot so we had to give up. Our hunt was over and only Don had been successful but we had a great time and will just have to go back and try again. As Brian Maule said, "The best hunt is the next one."



Dogs just waiting to be let loose





*Maryanne and Glen Belyea,
Don and Mary Harter,
Mary and Ron Johnson at the
Escanaba casino*

When we went in to Escanaba we met Mary and Ron Johnson and Mary Ann and Glenn Belyea at the casino. They had come in a day early and we told them of our hunting experiences with Dan and John. They were all successful. Glenn did not hunt and was along with Mary Ann for moral support. Following them the next week was Peter Bucklin and his son. Peter shot a huge 40 pound bobcat.



Frozen waves on Lake Michigan

My Awesome Australian Adventure

By Cindy Cotter

My adventure actually started with an Alaskan bear hunt in April of 2010, that was rather unexpected, but successful. As a result of that hunt my husband and I attended the Mid Michigan Safari Club dinner and fundraiser in Mt. Pleasant in February of 2011.

While at the dinner, an auction, consisting of hunting related items and hunting trips, was held to raise funds for the club. During the auction I had a call come in on my cell phone, but had a poor connection in the hall, so I excused myself and went outside to complete the call. While busy making my call, my husband decided to open the bidding on an Australian hunt at less than half of the listed value, and to his surprise found there were no contending bidders! On my return to the hall I was met by a woman I had never met before who wrapped her arms around me and said something like "Hello Darlin', I understand you're coming to visit me." I had met Debbie Dieckmann! A charming woman, who with her husband Jim own and operate Havago Outfitters in Queensland, Australia. We visited and settled on a date in July for my hunt. They only accomodate one hunting party at a time, and provide excellent service.

Upon returning home that evening my husband booked flights for the agreed upon dates and acquired an electronic visa for my trip. All we had to do now was wait for July. It had been arranged that I could use Debbie's 7mm rifle for the hunt, as she and I are about the same size, not very big, and that would preclude any problems with shipping my rifle and any customs difficulties.

The day of my departure arrived, my husband left me at the airport three hours before flight time. I accused him of being anxious to get rid of me, but it was well that I was early. There was no record of my visa in the computer for my passport. A quick call to my husband, who was waiting outside of the airport, and he went to a U-Haul center in Grand Rapids where he used the computer to pull up his Cabela's account record and got the receipt number for the visa. With that information I was allowed to board the plane in Grand Rapids, but was told I may have trouble in Los Angeles! Well, I had trouble in LA, but it was not because of the visa, my flight from Minneapolis was delayed by over four hours because of a mechanical problem, and consequently I missed the Virgin Australia flight.



Delta put me up in a hotel for the night and assured me they would straighten everything out in the morning. First thing next morning I went to the Delta counter and explained to the ticket agent what had happened, and she assured me they would route me to Brisbane by way of Tokyo to Sydney and then on to Brisbane, but there would be a fee of over \$1000, for changing my itinerary. I called my husband who called Delta customer service and explained the situation to the clerk there, who verified everything that had happened on her computer terminal, and said there would be no extra charge for the changes. But in the meantime one of the connecting flights booked up! The customer service clerk made arrangements to get me on a Qantas flight direct to Brisbane, and I arrived 4 hours



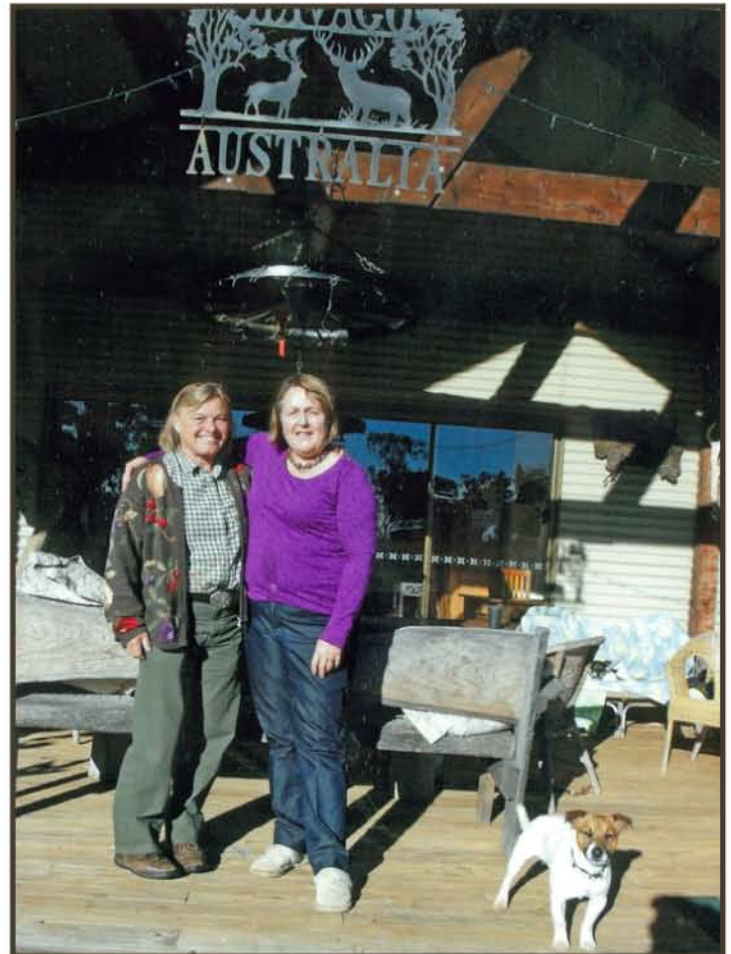
Lodge at Havago, Australia

before I would have on the Tokyo route. All these changes made for a flurry of e-mail messages from my husband to Debbie, who was half way to Brisbane to pick me up when the first hiccup occurred. She turned around and picked me up the following day.

Havago is located about 100 miles west of Brisbane, and it is over a three hour drive. I was amazed at the number of kangaroos running wild there, we must have seen over a hundred on the trip from Brisbane. The first afternoon, I sighted in Debbie's rifle and settled in. It had been quite a trip so far!

The following morning I set out with Debbie's husband Jim, who proved out to be an excellent guide and was very familiar with the area. We saw many animals, and settled on a mature buck who was due to be culled from the herd. Jim said he had been trying to get him for a couple of years, but he was always too wary. He came out for me, and I managed to take a couple of pictures, before Jim asked if I was going to be hunting or photographing. After taking my pictures I took him with a shot from a little over 100 yards, 132 according to Jim and his rangefinder, and a second shot at 158 yards. He didn't go far, and Jim's tracking dog "Ruger", a Jack Russell terrier who was very well behaved in the bush, found him quickly.

As I still had a couple of days before my return flight, I spent time with Jim and Debbie and met many of their very pleasant friends and neighbors. I observed that outback Australia is very much like the western U.S. Everything is



Cindy, Debbie Dieckmann, and "Ruger" the tracking dog



Cindy, her Rusa stag, and "Ruger"

miles from where you are! We travelled to pick up hay for their animals from one farm, and visited another to pick up grain.

The last day of my stay was Debbie's birthday, so we visited some of the local wineries and tasted, We visited some of the local shops and shopped and then dined out. What a wonderful way to end a magnificent stay, wining, dining and shopping!

Debbie dropped me off in Brisbane the night before my return flight and I stayed at a local hotel, as my flight departed bright and early.

Clearing customs was a hoot, the agent questioned whether I was old enough to have liquor in my baggage. I could have/should have kissed him. I asked him to check my passport, I have children older than he was! Next was my encounter with the equivilant of TSA where they questioned an antler from a fallow deer that I had purchased. It had a painting on it, but they were concerned that it could be used as a weapon! After convincing them that I had no terrorist intentions, they relented and allowed me to carry it on.

In summary, I had a wonderful time, met many great people, saw some beautiful country and would do it again in a heartbeat!

That was my awesome Australian adventure.

Cindy Cotter



Wonderful Memories

by Tim Torpey

Well, it is November 15th 2011 and I, like 1 million other Michigan deer hunters, am sitting in my blind waiting for that elusive trophy buck to go walking by. The day is beautiful but the action has been slow, so my mind has been wondering back to the hunts I have been part of over the last year.

December 4, 2010

I was hunting with Jack Schular south of Indianola Iowa. I was the only hunter on a farm that had some very good bucks on it. After 4 days of hunting I had passed on several bucks between 120 and 150 inches. This may sound crazy but I was told there were 3 bucks on the farm that were over 170 inches. On the afternoon of day four I see a doe being chased right to me by a huge buck. I quickly grab my gun and get ready for the shot only to have the doe change direction no more than 40 yds in front of me. As she ran through the brush and I found a hole to shoot through, another buck jumped in front of the big buck and I shot. My tag was filled but not with the buck I thought I was shooting at. I was sick. It took 3 years to draw the tag and 4 days of hunting to shoot a deer I could have killed the first morning. I have learned a lot from this experience and I still have a decent buck to show for my effort.

December 16, 2010

It was a cold snowy night, and I was in this very same blind I am sitting in now. The deer had been pouring into my 2 acre standing corn field since around 4pm. I had



Tim Torpey with his 2010 Iowa Whitetail

seen at least 50 deer, 8 of them bucks. Just before dark several more deer started to move out of the wooded hills and down into the food plot. One was a nice 8pt. buck. I waited until he got broad side at about 90yds and my muzzleloader did the rest. It was a good way to end the Michigan deer season.

May 1, 2011

As the bush wheels from Sam's super cub hit the boggy airstrip I knew my next adventure had started. I am in Alaska hunting brown bear with Sam Fejes. Every time I have hunted with Sam it rains, rains and rains some more. This time would prove to be no different, but I was prepared. I was dressed in hip waders, a ¾ length rubber coat and rubber gloves. We were ready to hunt.

The first four days was spent glassing for bears until one was spotted, then we would stalk up for a closer inspection of hide quality and size. This camp did not produce what we were looking for so Sam moved our tent camp to another location. The following days were more of the same until day seven. Guide, Mark East, spotted a boar with a sow. The stalk was on but as we were trying to get into position for the shot, the bears ran into the heavy cover and were gone.



Tim Torpey with his 2010 Michigan Whitetail



Tim with his Alaskan Brown Bear

The next day we headed back to the same valley and found the two bears still there. We quickly made plans for a stalk that took us right through a beaver pond. It is a good thing I am not any shorter than I am. Once through the water we sat up the shooting sticks, and I shot the bear with my .375 Ruger at 225yds. Two shots and it was picture time. Since it was late in the day and we were several miles from camp we had to finish skinning it the next day. Day nine started with a clear sky, what a change. While we were skinning the bear Sam flew over. He said he could land right next to the bear and fly the hide out. This was great; no one likes to pack a brown bear hide several miles over swamp and bog. I still had a black bear tag to fill!

As we hiked back to camp we stopped often to glass for black bears. We had been seeing them regularly. Soon Marcus spotted a black bear along the meadow edge feeding on grass. After a short stalk I took a 215yd shot and had my second trophy of the hunt. We quickly skinned



Tim with his Alaskan Coastal Black Bear

and butchered the meat and packed everything back to our tent. We were picked up and flown back to the Tsiu lodge for a real meal and a hot shower.

July 29, 2011

After two unsuccessful stone sheep hunts, this year I hunted with Gundahoo River Outfitters in Muncho Lake, British Columbia. Art Thompson, owner of Gundahoo, flew me into the back country where my guide A.J. Wamstecker had a base camp set up and horses ready to go. The sheep season did not start until August 1st.

That gave us a few days to find a ram for opening day. The first few days were spent trying to locate rams close to our base camp. We would ride out early in the morning on horseback then tie the horses up and climb to the top for a better glassing perspective. After several days and no rams spotted we decided to spike out to an area that had always produced rams in the past. After many days of hard hunting we still had not found a legal ram. It was very easy to get discouraged thinking I may never kill a stone sheep. After day nine A.J. decided to break our base camp down and move to a totally new location. This move took all of day ten. With a new spot I was filled with anticipation for what lay before us.

The next few days were more of the same, long horseback rides and steep climbs with lots of glassing added in. On the third day in our new location A.J. spotted three sheep about five miles away. By the size of the bodies we knew they were rams. The next day started early with only a short horseback ride. There was not a horse trail up this drainage so it was all on foot. As we hiked we stopped often to glass but could not find the rams. After 7 hours of climbing we had reached the head of the draw and still no rams.

Once on the top we started down the ridge line into some very steep cliff like shale. This is when A.J. spotted the three rams. They had already seen us. I quickly took my gun off my pack as the rams started running down the shale. A.J. told me to shoot the lead ram when they stopped. I got ready for the shot while A.J. ranged them at 460yds. I held for 400yds because of the steep angle. The ram stopped and I fired. The shot was true and the ram was down.

It is truly amazing how fast discouragement, disappointment and sore muscles disappear when you are finally successful. This was a hard hunt both physically and mentally. Staying focused day after day has its rewards.

August 29, 2011

After three days and several flights the long journey to hunt Arctic Island Caribou and Muskox is finally over. I



Tim with his Arctic Island Caribou

am on the north shore of Victoria Island, Nunavut Canada hunting with Fred Hamilton's High Arctic Lodge. These are typically short hunts. I spend the first three days looking over a lot of caribou. Most bulls are all still in the velvet. I am looking for one that has already shed out. We hunt from a boat motoring from island to island. When we see a bull we disembark and stalk in for a closer look. My Inuit guide Gibson Kasoni had spotted a bull and we look him over. He is not the biggest bull but he has a little of everything and is hard horned. I shoot the bull at 277 yds in a very strong cross wind. We finish the day caping, butchering and packing the caribou back to the boat.

The next morning we were off to find the muskox. This would not be a problem because we had seen hun-



Tim with his 2011 Michigan Whitetail

dreds of them while looking for caribou. After stalking up to several different herds I selected the herd bull from a group of 18 muskox. Their long hair and prehistoric appearance make them a truly unique trophy.

My experience in the Arctic is one I will never forget. Fred's camp and food were first class and the hospitality of the Inuit people was genuine.

October 23, 2011

Bow hunting whitetails here in Michigan is something I really enjoy doing. This year we had been getting several photos of a nice 8pt on our trail cameras. This buck would come by the camera like clockwork but our schedules never met until Sunday Oct 23, 2011 at 9:10am. He walked past with two other bucks. When he stopped, one well placed arrow took out both lungs. It is nice to see them fall from the stand.

Well, it has been a great year of hunting. I don't know what lies in store for the following 365 days. Maybe next year on November 15, 2012 I will have some more memories to think about while I am inside this little deer blind.



Tim with his British Columbian Stone Sheep



Tim with his Greenland Muskox taken in Nunavut

Looking Ahead -

In our next issue -

My First Estate Deer Hunt

by Joanne Witte

Sitatunga Double in Tanzania

by Mary Harter

Black Bear in the Upper Peninsula

by Tim Hauck and Kevin Unger

*And more articles, recipes, poems,
and jokes yet to be submitted.*



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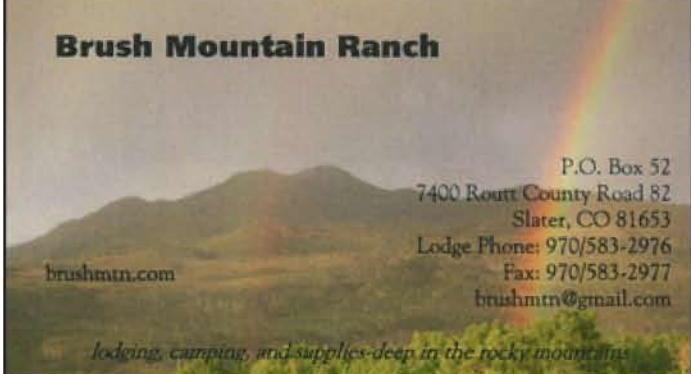
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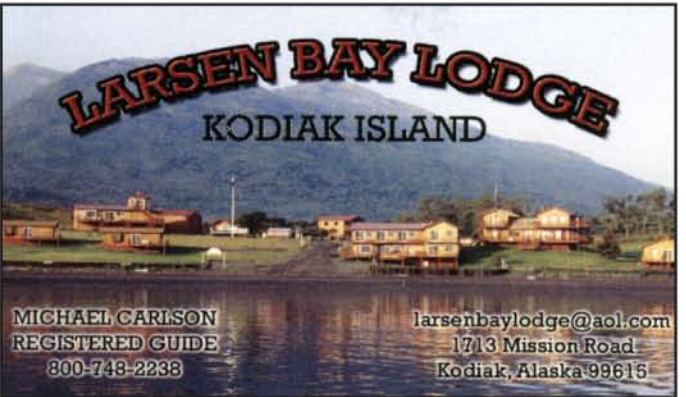


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