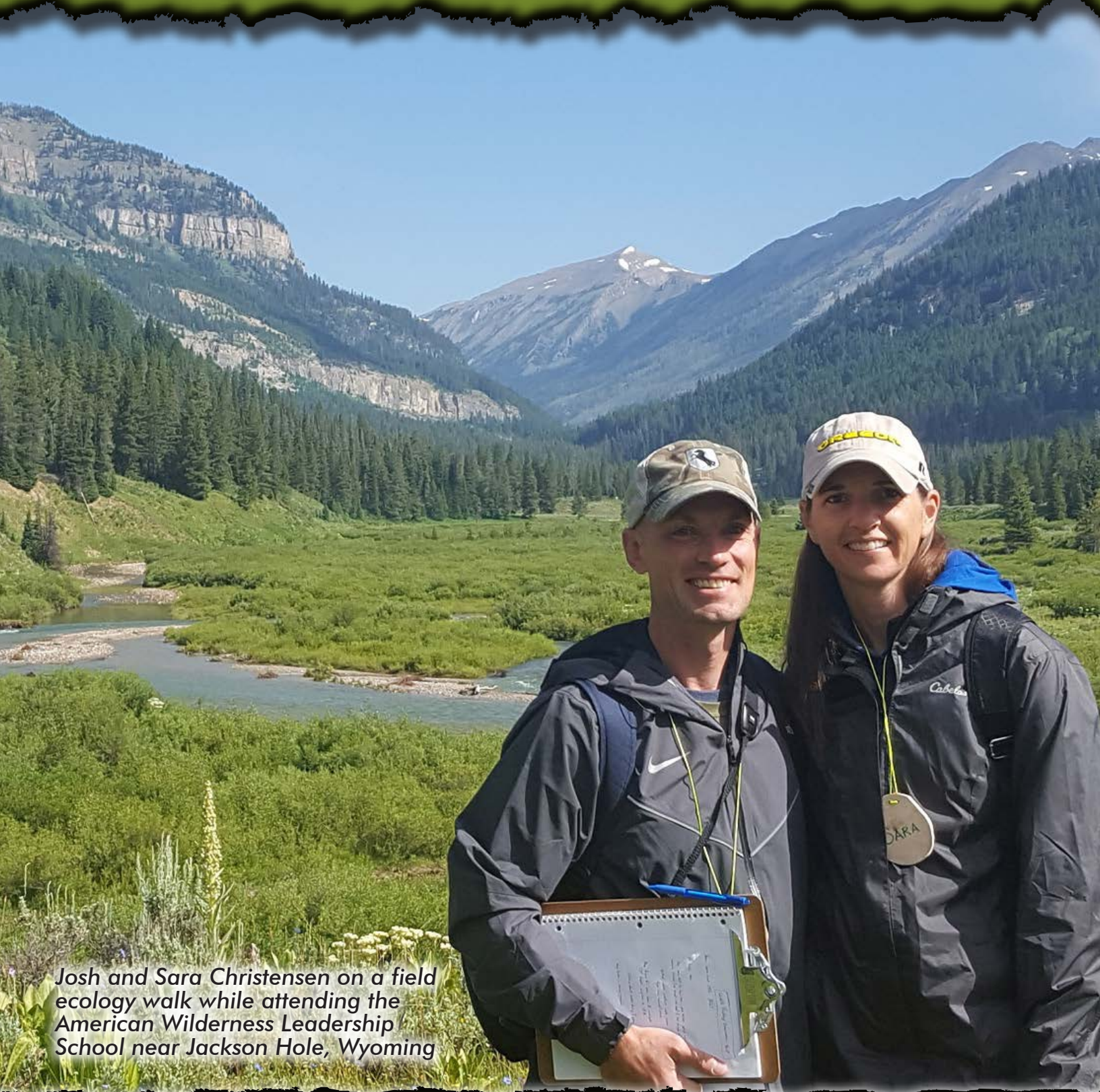


FRONT SIGHT



Mid-Michigan Chapter Safari Club International

October - December 2018, Issue 44



Josh and Sara Christensen on a field ecology walk while attending the American Wilderness Leadership School near Jackson Hole, Wyoming



JOHAN PIETERSE SAFARIS



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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 3220 and changes yearly on February 15th. Please carry membership identification on you when you visit the range.



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Chairmen are listed first

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 - Sportsman Against Hunger - Mike Strobe
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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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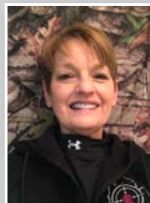
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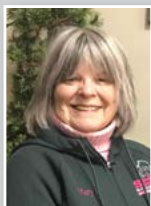
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Sid Smith	1983 - 1985	Jerel Konwinski	1997 - 1999	Kevin Unger	2011 - 2014
Dr. E.H. Kowaleski	1985 - 1986	Doug Heeter	1999 - 2001	Joe Mulders	2014 - 2017
Robert Doerr	1986 - 1988	David Petrella	2001 - 2002		

President's Message

Hello Everyone,

I had the opportunity once again to attend the Board of Directors meeting in Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

Our Chapter had two Board Members, Kevin Chamberlain and Suzette Howard, attend the American Wilderness Leadership School (A.S.W.L.S.) located at Granite Ranch near Jackson Hole. It is in the Teton Mountains, truly a beautiful place. The program is taught by the SCI staff and everything is covered from Bylaws to IRS issues on what to do and what not to do for our Chapter.

Granite Ranch recently built two new cabins and did a lot of remodeling and updating for a total cost of \$850,000. At the ribbon cutting ceremony that I also attended, SCIF President Warren Sackman asked for pledges to raise \$17,000 which is the amount of funding they were short. They raised \$37,000 and the remaining funds will help with the removal of the old cabins.

When we arrived in Jackson Hole, the smoke from the California Wildfires was very evident. You could barely see the beautiful mountains. The locals told us it had been that way for at least two weeks. Overall, we had a good week of meetings.

There was a lot of discussion at the conservation meeting, regarding the CWD in the Mid-Michigan deer herd. Several changes have been made to Michigan deer hunting this year. Make sure you follow up with all rules, either on line or at any licensed dealer.

Remember to mark your calendars for the Skeet Shoot on September 15th at the Isabella County Sportsman's Club. We will be sending out an email with all information regarding the Skeet Shoot.

*Small game season opens September 15, 2018

*Bow season opens October 1, 2018

You may contact me for any questions or concerns.

Best Regards,



Kevin Unger, President
(989) 560-7288

Kevinunger1@frontier.com



Editor's Message

We just got back from Jackson Hole, Wyoming where we attended the SCI Board Meeting. Kevin Unger, our president, also attended as well as Suzie Howard and Kevin Chamberlain who came from their training sessions at Granite Ranch. We also attended the cabin dedication ceremonies and cocktail reception at Granite Ranch. What great improvements have been made with several new cabins. Be sure to read Josh Christensen's story about their training sessions and experience at the ranch earlier this year.

At our meetings we learned that there will be a new Hunter Information Service coming soon to be done by Barbara Crown who had been doing the Hunt Report. Also, a Chapter Network Group will be available regarding a Chapter Newsletter. By the end of September, the website will be changed and much easier to navigate.

There were numerous meetings spread over four days and I attended as many as I could including the Executive Committee Meeting, the Foundation Board Meeting, the Finance Committee Meeting, the Revenue Task Force Meeting, the Chapter Presidents' Forum, the President's Cocktail Reception, and the Board of Director's Meeting.

It is good to reconnect with other SCI members from all over the world.

Keep hunting, Keep writing,

Mary J. Harter
Mary Harter
Editor

SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Meeting Schedule

* SUBJECT TO CHANGE

<u>Date</u>	<u>Meeting Type</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Location</u>
Oct. 8, 2018	Board	5:00 p.m.	Cheers
Dec. 3, 2018	Board	5:00 p.m.	Cheers
Jan. 9/12, 2019	National Convention		Reno
Jan. 26, 2019	Big Buck Night		Comfort Inn
Feb. 22/23, 2019	Convention		Soaring Eagle

All board meetings are open to our membership. Reservations required.
Please call and leave a message at 989-560-1061 or email Suzette Howard at suzettejhoward@yahoo.com



Book Review

by Josh Christensen

Title: HUNTING ADVENTURE
WORLDWIDE

Author: Jack Atcheson

Publisher: Stoneydale Press
Publishing Company

Copyright: 1995

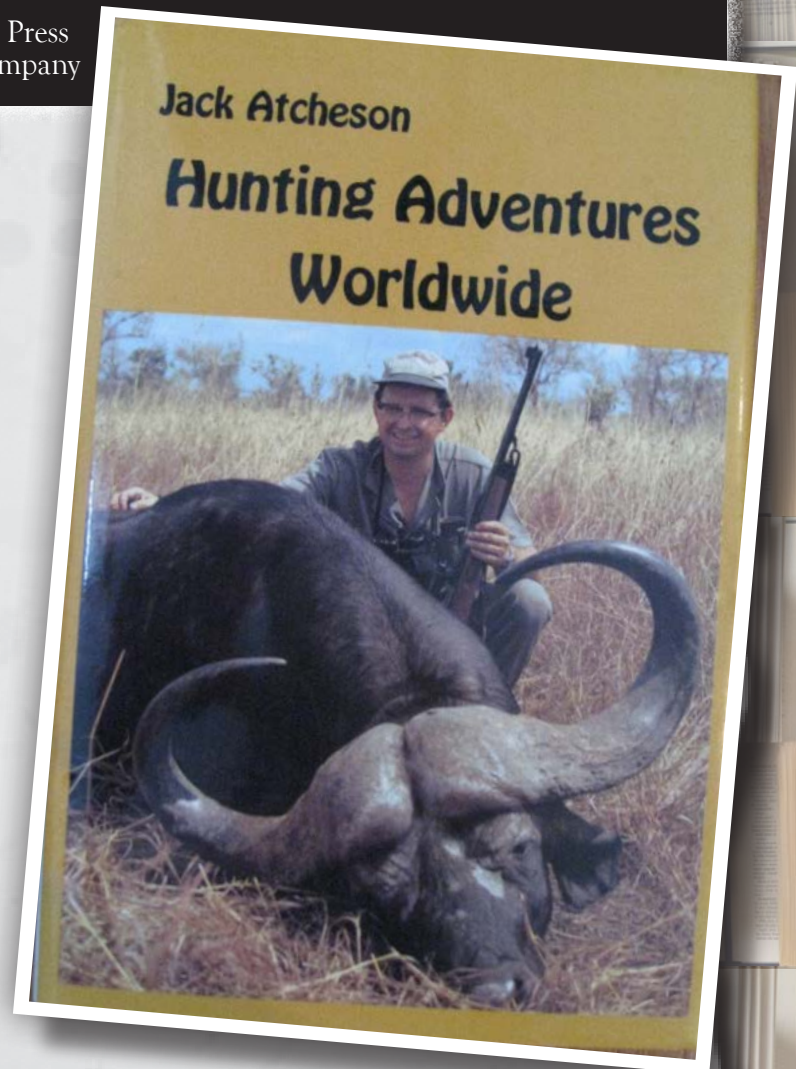
List Price: No longer in print, but
can be found on amazon.com

Hunting Adventures Worldwide is a book filled with a lifetime of hunting stories from all over the planet. Jack Atcheson brings the reader along on many of his most memorable adventures, including Jack O'Connors final hunt.

Atcheson refers to his time of being a field as the golden age of hunting and mentions several times some of his hunts couldn't or wouldn't have happened today for a multitude of reasons. Some would be too expensive, some too difficult to draw a tag and still others where the animals are unable to be hunted.

Jack had many opportunities to hunt animals around the world. Many of these hunts were made possible because he was a booking agent who liked to hunt all of his areas before he sent clients there. He wanted to be able to give his clients first hand experiences of each place they would go.

This book is set up like many other hunting adventures/experiences books, with each chapter giving the reader a new hunt. Some of these adventures include a 16 foot crocodile coming back to life after being loaded into a 16 foot boat with multiple people riding back to camp with him, hunting a tiger while in an active combat zone during the Korean War (this one almost cost him his life), and hunting bongo in the Congo with cannibals.



This book gets 9 out of 10 bullseyes

Thank You



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July 16, 2018

Chad Stearns,
Mid-MI Chapter of Safari Club International
4131 Cruz Dr.
Midland, MI 48642

Dear Mr. Stearns,

The students and coaches of the Midland High School Trap Team and Dow High School Trap Shooting Teams wish to thank you again for your generous donation of \$2000.00 to our teams.

Because the trap teams are not affiliated with the Michigan High School Athletic Association, they are considered clubs. Therefore, there is no funding available for our teams through the school district.

Your generous donation allowed every athlete on both teams to compete at the State meet at the Michigan Trap Association fields in Mason, MI on June 16th, covering the per athlete costs of a \$30 entry fee, \$30 jersey cost, and ammunition costs.

Last weekend, Midland High School had a team of five students who qualified and participated in the 2018 USA High School Clay Target League (first) National Tournament. The team ended a fantastic season, finishing #62 in the USA High School Clay Target 2018 Nationals. 175 Teams from all over the U.S.A. participated in the 4-day event in Mason, Michigan. In Individual competition, Aaron Garcia placed #295 out of 1370 shooters. Nate Müller shot a 50 (out of 50) in one round, and Aaron Garcia, Dale Johnson, Allie McMillan and Joe Pastula all shot a 25 (out of 25).

Without your generosity, these young men and women would not have been able to compete at either high level competition. Thank you again.

Sincerely,
Lori J. Kennemer
Midland High School Trap Shooting Team Coach
Ph: 989-773-3234
KennemerLJ@midlandps.org





Jackson Airport

AWLS - American Wilderness Leadership School

By Josh Christensen

While attending our annual Mid-Michigan chapter fundraiser at the Soaring Eagle this past February, our Front Sight editor and very active SCI member Mary Harter told me my wife Sara and I needed to check into the "AWLS" program. The American Wilderness Leadership School (AWLS) was a program I knew of and had contemplated attending for years, but couldn't seem to find the time or didn't see how it would fit into my classroom. I logged Mary's suggestion in my mind, but wasn't sure it would work this year either, because I was planning to take my oldest son on safari to South Africa.

Within the next month I changed my mind. When we received our issue of Safari Times, the monthly publication for members of SCI, there was a story about AWLS and the benefits it had for hundreds of teachers each year. After Sara and I read through the article we decided we needed to investigate the program further. Within a week we contacted Mary who got us in touch with Doug Chapin, the head of the education committee for our Mid-Michigan Chapter. Doug was very helpful in getting us all the information we needed to submit an application and prepare for our trip to Wyoming.

When we told people of our upcoming trip some assumed it would only be a vacation, almost like a working holiday. Let me assure you it was not. Don't get me wrong we truly enjoyed every aspect of the school, but our days were on a schedule from seven in the morning until nine in the evening. We were exposed to a multitude of classroom and outdoor experiences. We discussed things from wildlife ecology

to conservation and everything in-between.

As is usually the case most people took a day or two to get to know each other and open up. And as usual, people with common interests gravitated toward one another, but rest assured we all mingled every day. In all, we had 36 teachers from all over the country converging along Granite Creek to explore how we could incorporate conservation into our classrooms. There were teachers from as far west as Alaska and California, as far south as Florida and as far east as Rhode Island.

It was an awesome experience to see all these educators come to this training with open minds. Many of the members of our class did not hunt (only six of us did), some didn't agree with hunting and others questioned why people hunt and hang animals on their walls. Some of the subjects we touched on divided the class while others brought us together, but throughout it all people were civil and open minded.



Sign leading to AWLS



Josh and Sara Christensen

I felt, as a hunter, I was acting as an ambassador to hunting. During a break one day in the commons area while having a conversation about my recent trip to South Africa with a classmate another classmate asked why I felt the need to have animals mounted on my walls and what happened to the rest of the animals I hunted. I was taken by surprise with this question, because coming from the community I do these questions are never asked. I found this a great opportunity to explain why I hunt and the importance of hunting to the communities of South Africa as well as my own family at home.

After explaining my respect for the animals and wanting to share their majesty as well as my hunting memories through the mounts on my wall I was able to show this person a different perspective on us as hunters. I also explained all of the animals we hunted in South Africa as well as the ones my family hunts at home were used for food, for either us on our trip or the workers on the farms we were hunting. This also allowed us to discuss the differences between hunters and poachers. Unfortunately, up to this point in this persons mind hunters and poachers were in the same category.

Stemming from this conversation was a question from another individual who agreed with people owning guns and hunting, but couldn't understand how people could call it hunting when hunting animals in fenced areas. I used an analogy I read years ago about fishing. I explained that some fish are caught out of very large lakes and it's called fishing, while others are caught out of stocked ponds and it's called fishing as well. Then I went on to explain the ranch we hunted in South Africa had 20,000 acres of fenced in property and very few animals were impacted by the fences. A few days later I received a video from the safari company we hunted with of a kudu bull effortlessly jumping over an eight foot plus fence which I showed to this individual.

In both cases these people had legitimate questions and I felt I answered them adequately. That doesn't mean these people agreed with me when we were done talking, but they at least had a new angle to look at. I applaud these teachers for coming to this training with the questions they had and having the willingness to listen to other people's perspectives with open minds.



Front of the AWLS school building

During the duration of the week we also had many enjoyable field experiences including outdoor survival, visiting gas fields, going to the elk refuge and rafting down the Snake River to mention a few. One of our more enjoyable experiences was rafting the Snake River. By the time we did this we were all very comfortable with each other and our raft guide was awesome; even abandoning the raft at one point to show up all of us jumping into the river by doing a twisting 360 back flip. We also had many people ride on the front of the raft (like a hood ornament) through the rapids. This was called "riding the bull."

Everyone going through the training were also able to shoot skeet, .22 pistols and long rifles as well as bows. In fact, we all became certified instructors of the National Archery in the Schools Program, which I am

trying to implement into the school I teach in my new exploratory class.

The AWLS program had perfect timing for me. I was informed before leaving for summer vacation I would be teaching a new class in the fall. A class I had a great deal of leniency in what I wanted to teach. The Monday after we returned from our training I went in to speak to my principal about making my class an outdoor education class, where I would apply many of the lessons learned in Wyoming, including archery, stream ecology and outdoor survival.

Sara and I both found multiple other lessons we will be able to incorporate into our current classes as well, me in my geography class and Sara in her science class. We are both excited to implement what we learned and to expose as many young people as possible to the many wonders the great outdoors offers us all.

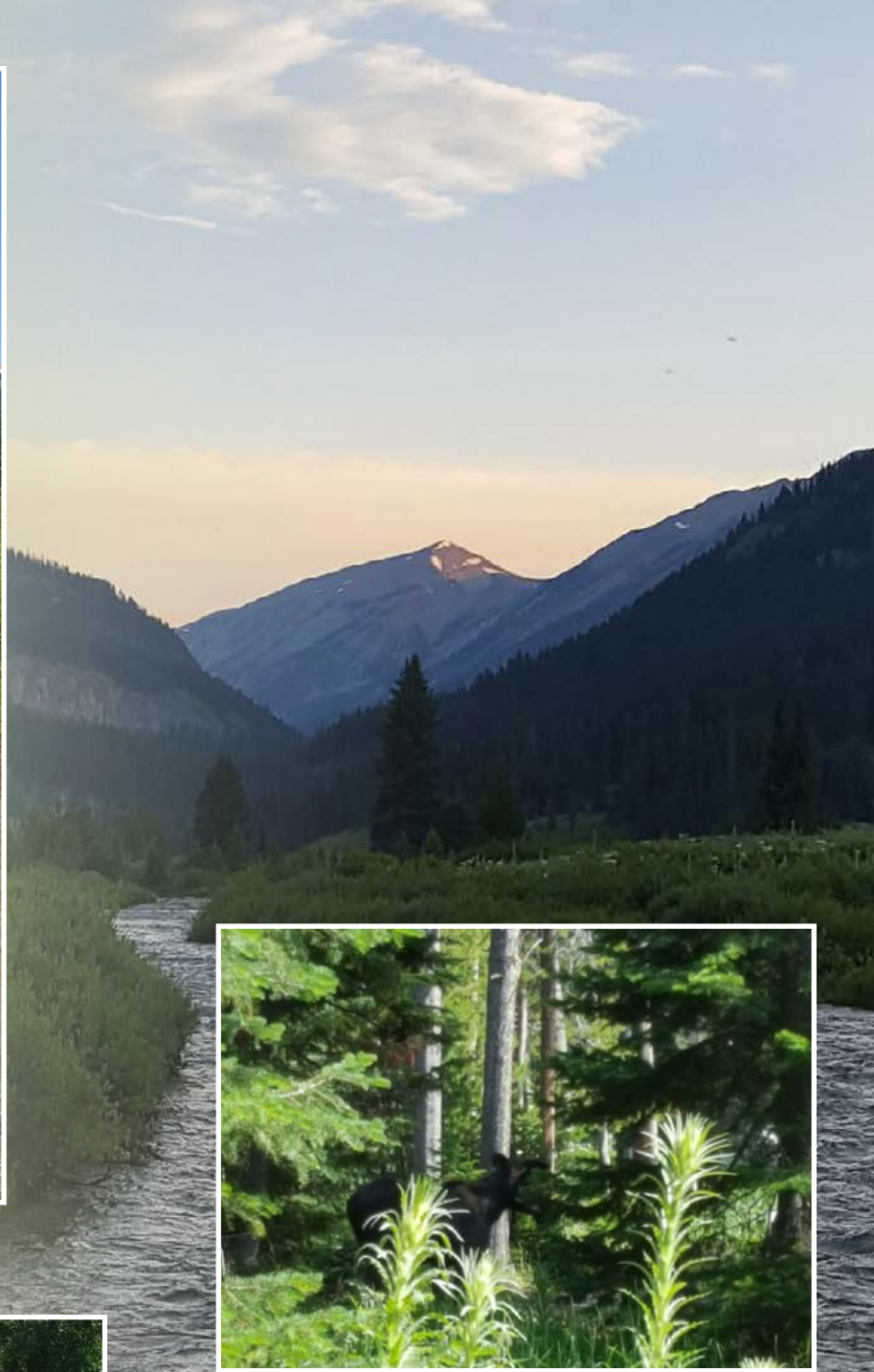
Sara and I would like to thank everyone within our Mid-Michigan Chapter who made it possible for us to attend this spectacular program. It's through efforts like these that we will be able to continue educating young people about conservation, the importance of nature, and the value hunting has in preserving the great outdoors we currently experience.



Our lodging



Stream ecology day 2



Shiris Moose



Town Square - Jackson Hole



Rafting on the Snake River

Lord Derby in Cameroon

by Mary Harter

We booked a trip to the Central African Republic (CAR) several years ago with Northern Operations, but it seemed to no longer be a safe place to visit so we transferred our trip to Cameroon. We had wanted both the Lord Derby Eland and a Bongo, but this trip was to the northern Savannah area with just the Lord Derby Eland available.

We left Detroit at 6 p.m. on January 10, arriving in Paris at 8 a.m. on January 11 with a six-hour time difference. Then we flew to Douala leaving Paris at 1 p.m. and arriving at 11:30 p.m. We were an hour and a half late but were supposed to go to a hotel, stay the night, and be back at the airport at 5 a.m. to fly on to N'Gaoundere. We had a wonderful greeter to help us through the airport and security checks for our guns but when you are in a third world country, you never know how long it will take. There were three groups who had guns to be checked. The first couple, Russell and Jacqueline, were from California and hunting with Mayo Oldiri. His paperwork for his .375 was one digit off so they made him leave that gun and pick it up on the way back. He knew they had a .375 in camp so wanted to at least take in his ammo, but they wouldn't allow that. This took a lot of time and by the time our guns were checked, it was 2:30 a.m. Needless to say, we did not go to our hotel, just stayed in the airport with our greeter guarding us.

Third world countries were recently described as "Shit-holes" and that would be a compliment to this airport. You wouldn't believe the way they handled our rifles. The woman checking in the guns was very rude and even dumped all the ammo out of the boxes and checked each bullet individually. Then the police had to check them and do exactly the same thing. Guns were put back in cases upside down, dropped, picked up by the scopes, plastic see-through ammo boxes broken trying to get the ammo out, labels torn off, etc. I had to leave so I wouldn't say anything.

Our greeter, Bakari, found us a safe place near the ticket counter to sit and wait until they opened. He left Simon with us until he returned about 4:30 a.m. to help us check in our guns that had to be rechecked, this time in the basement, even checking all of the ammo again. The lights even went out at



Red Flanked Duiker



Lord Derby Eland

about 6:30 a.m. while we were in line to board. Thank goodness I always keep a flashlight in my carry on.

Finally, we boarded the plane for N'Gaoundere at 7 a.m. after not sleeping for two nights. On the way, they discovered something wrong outside of the plane, so we had to go back to Douala, have it checked out, and then we finally arrived at N'Gaoundere at 10:30 a.m.

Now for a three-hour drive to camp. The roads were very rough with some paved and some just dirt but many, many huge potholes which you usually had to drive around. This at least gave us time to see the countryside. Many people had motor bikes, but all lived in handmade adobe brick huts/homes, most with thatched roofs. Children wore uniforms to school. People had gardens and sold extra produce along the road.

When we arrived at camp, we sighted in our guns which had to be adjusted. Don's guide was Peter Wood and mine was Thierry Labat. Both were from Zimbabwe. Peter had lived in Montana for a few years and had been the PH when Tim Hauck and Ed Peters hunted in Zimbabwe and Ed was stomped by a cape buffalo. We had met Peter years ago when he was at our convention and stayed at Camp Misery.

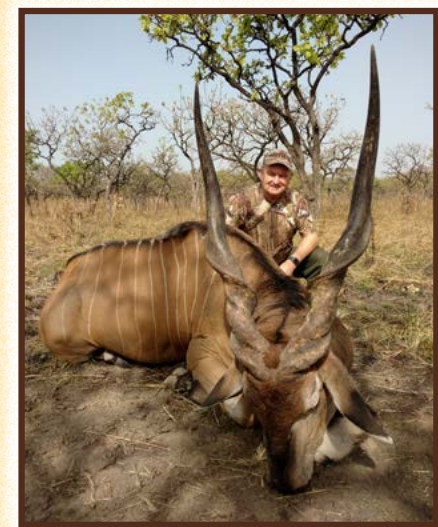
There were about 30 workers in camp. They were French speaking Muslims but ate pork. The country's currency is FCFA and one Euro equaled 6.5 FCFA. The block where we were going to hunt was Faro East, Block 5, and about 220,000 acres. The nearest village was Gamba. Up the road was a little settlement where some of our workers lived. They just walked back and forth. These homes were all made of woven grasses. Our camp had a good water well, so we could drink the water and brush our teeth with it. There were lots of fruit trees on the property, oranges, and lemons. We put fresh lemon juice in

our water which we drank. Flowers were everywhere, and many beautiful birds sang every morning. We slept in a white rondel, a round building made of adobe bricks with thatching over a metal roof but with windows and a wooden door. We had a toilet, double sinks, and a shower. Our king size bed had netting over it, but we only had a couple of bugs during our whole stay. We had solar lights which are very dim and some other lights that worked when the generator was running which was seldom. The room was clean with white walls and a green non-slip floor. Someone lives at this camp year around to guard it. Hunting

season is only three months and they take six eland and other animals to go with the hunting packages.

We had free range chicken for dinner.

Saturday, January 13, we were up at 5:30 a.m., breakfast at 6 a.m. and out hunting by 6:30. We saw many animals, reedbuck, warthog, cob, roan, hartebeest, small Lord Derby Eland, and heard elephants. We tracked a



Lord Derby Eland

Lord Derby Eland for about three hours, but he was going faster than we were and hadn't stopped so we gave up on him. Don set up on a red flanked duiker but when we could get a good look at him, he only had one horn, so he passed. These little animals are very beautiful, and we got a close look at him. A few tsetse flies were out but we were wearing our Avon Skin So Soft repellent. Don and I were hunting together because Thierry was sick with malaria that he had before coming to camp. We all hoped we wouldn't catch whatever he had. Our head tracker was Gadal and the others were Ferno and Raphael. The driver was Joseph.

Dinner was roast leg of duiker which was much better than the chicken.



Harnessed Bush Buck

On Sunday, January 14, we were up and out by 6:30 a.m. Again, I hunted with Don and Peter, but Thierry was much better and out with me in the afternoon. We walked in for a waterbuck, but he wouldn't give me a shot, he just walked away. Little did I know I should have tried the Texas heart shot as he was the biggest we saw the whole trip. These were the Sing-Sing Waterbucks and very few mature ones were on the property. We checked out lots of tracks, but none were large enough to follow. The trackers set many fires along the way to burn down the high grasses making it easier to see and leaving places where new, edible grasses will regrow in about a week. Thierry's head tracker was Aman and the others were Isa and JijiWa. Amado was our driver.

Once while out setting fires, the trackers saw a lion. We also saw a few anti-poachers who were working the area. Also a few people walking or riding mopeds.



Cob

We saw a civet on the way back to camp. I have shot one, but Don hasn't. That is the only one of the smaller cats he doesn't have.

Monday, January 15, out again by 6:30 a.m. We saw cob, hartebeest, eland, roan, warthogs, and duikers. This property has 180 miles of trails. They are well maintained, and the sides well cut. We don't get slapped in the face with branches very often.

The trackers with Don got a python which they love to eat. They cut off the head with a machete.

We always go back to camp for lunch. When Don went back out, within 20 minutes he shot his Lord Derby Eland. The trackers had been following him since 7 a.m. and finally he was where Don could get to him.

The ground is covered with little piles of hardened clay brought up by worms during the rainy season which makes for very uneven walking. It's much like walking on golf balls. We try to walk on animal trails which are much easier. The land is very dry this time of the year and dusty when you walk. It is hard to see running animals through the dust they make. Termite mounds partially wash away in the rainy season making them look like mushrooms. There are lots of water holes and valleys with water for the animals.

Thank goodness for Toyota trucks. They are great for climbing all the steep hills and slowly going down in the valleys. It is very stony in the valleys and the sides.

We saw many animals plus three buffalo for the first time. We also saw two giraffes. I tried to shoot a red flanked duiker, but they are fast.



Tuesday, January 16 we were up and out by 6:30 a.m. Before 7 a.m. we found a group of cobs which had a nice buck in it and I got him. Thierry even taped it. He ran a short way and then piled up.

We saw lots of tracks. We saw buffalo and reedbuck but only females. We checked a camera in a valley and several salt licks. Back for lunch and I showed Don my cob in the

skinning shed. They were cutting up the meat and dividing it among the workers. They even saved the tripe.

Back out and saw lots of red flanked duikers. Saw many running and a few still long enough to tell if they were a male or female. Finally, I got a shot at one through brush. He was hit but ran. We followed him, and I shot again. He still ran. I had used solids thinking I would blow him up too much with softs but probably should have used the softs to have more shocking power. We looked and looked for him. Will just have to check here again tomorrow as it was getting too dark to see.

Back at camp Don had a beautiful red flanked duiker. He had also tracked several red river hogs through very rough terrain. There is a lot of dust in the air and we were surprised that it didn't bother Don's contacts. There is usually a haze over the mountains which is fine sand from the Saharas. Usually there is so much we can't even see the farthest mountains. We have a few tsetse flies, but their occasional bite doesn't make me swell in hives as they did in Tanzania. They are a smaller fly here.

We celebrated Don's eland tonight with the staff. Everyone had something to drink which were a few beers, but most had a Coke. Muslims do not drink alcohol. Lots of my cob was hanging to make biltong which is just air dried.

Wednesday, January 17, we went out again, this time to look for my duiker with hopes that a hyena hadn't eaten him.

We dropped off our trackers and then drove around while they looked. We saw a lot of Guinea fowl which we had some for dinner one night. It is excellent. We have been eating a lot of wild game. Can't wait to eat some of Don's eland. We saw lots of Franklin, vervet monkeys, olive baboons, and colobus monkeys.

We returned to where the trackers were looking, and they had found my duiker, or what was left of him. All they could find was the horns and part of the hide. They thought a civet had eaten him. We were glad it wasn't something that would have taken him away or up a tree. Don had shot a nice duiker and we were only going to mount one so all I needed was the horns.

We went on a new road looking for eland. We saw tracks from the day before. Several people were looking for us. The plan was to find fresh tracks and then follow them until they laid down and sneak up on them. Three herds were on the property but there were also a lot of lone bulls. Thierry said eland like to eat gardenias and would point out gardenia bushes. I said they needed to plant more of them. We spotted a lioness who just sat looking at us.

We found tracks and the trackers began their task. We went back for lunch and to wait for their call. After five hours searching, our trackers called to say they found the herd. We drove closer planning to walk in to them. They called again and said the herd was on the move again and in our direction. We got closer and waited. We set up to shoot a couple of times. Soon they came. I aimed between a couple of trees which was about a 185-yard shot. The large bull was very visible and coming. When he entered the opening, I shot. You could see him flinch. He was definitely larger than the rest of the herd.

Off we went looking for him. It was about 5 p.m. and gets dark about 6 p.m. Up the hill went the trackers on a light blood trail. We tried to keep up with them, but they are very fast. Eventually the herd passed through tall grasses that hadn't yet been burned. The herd split. We went back to the truck and watched part of the herd pass. Some of the trackers saw the rest of the

herd and the bull was not with any of them.

We decided to go back to camp and come back the next morning. I was not happy with myself and didn't sleep much thinking something was going to ruin my eland.

Thursday, January 18, was Don's birthday. After a sleepless night we are out earlier than usual to search for my eland. Don's truck and all the trackers came with us. We drove to near where I shot, and we walked in to where they found last blood and the search began.

Eventually they found where one track separated from



the herd. The bull must still be in the high grass. Some kept following footprints and some just walked searching. Soon Peter found more blood and we all joined him in his area. Then there was a lot of hollering and excitement as they found my eland down at the edge of a small creek.

The bull hadn't been damaged during the night. It was a miracle because jackal tracks had been spotted on the road as we drove to this area. We took pictures and then the butchering began. All the animal had to be carried out. The truck could not drive off the trail to help retrieve an animal. Branches were cut on which to place the meat. Some were skinning, and some were cutting off sections of meat. Everything was taken, even the stomach and intestines.

On the way to camp we stopped and branches were used to decorate the truck. Everyone congratulated us and danced when we got back to camp.

We had lunch, rested, and were back out hunting at 3:00. We saw a cob, roan, then about 4:30, a herd of buffalo. We snuck up on them. Thierry would glass and then we would sneak closer. Glass and sneak, glass and sneak. There were about 20 in the herd. We passed several and then Thierry saw a nice, black one



that he thoroughly checked out. We got to about 60 yards from him. They were feeding and one of the females would look at us, we would freeze, and then she would return to eating the newly grown grass from a previous burn. The bull would raise his head occasionally so Thierry could get a good look. Finally, he set up the sticks and I shot. He stumbled. I reloaded and shot again, this time from the opposite side. I reloaded but he fell. The dust rose, and he was finished. He had two .375 270 grain bullets through his lungs, one from one side and one from the other. He was definitely secured.

Another welcome celebration back at camp with all the staff greeting us with singing. A special celebration for Don's birthday during dinner.

The meat is divided between the staff and they are grateful. They take everything, even the feet, skin, intestines, stomach, lungs, etc. They left the stomach contents only.

January 19, Friday, and we are out for hogs, duikers, and/or waterbucks. We walked into a bedding area for hogs and found where they had slept previously. The trackers followed many



tracks but none to new bedding areas. In the afternoon we walked in to try for a duiker, but he was too quick.

Don got a nice buffalo in the afternoon.

January 20, Saturday, and we were out for hogs, duiker, waterbuck or bushbuck. The word is out that we don't need a roan or buffalo as we saw many. We drove, drove, checked for tracks, and drove again for about 50 miles.

Don shot a cob in the morning. Lots of tsetse flies.

We are eating a variety of our game for dinner and eating a lot of fresh fruit from the citrus groves on the property. They serve us mixed citrus slices, papaya with lime, lots of lemon



juice in our water and drinks. They also have a garden with lettuce and cilantro for fresh salads daily.

January 21, Sunday, and we were out looking again. Saw several female duikers but no males. Cut some fresh hog tracks and the trackers were out trying to see if they could find where they bedded down. Don's group found where they bedded and after lunch, that was where they went. Don got a nice one but there was only one boar in the group.

We saw a few hartebeests and I shot at one but at a distance and in the heat, it shimmered like a mirage. No blood. Saw a bush duiker but he was lucky as I shot over him.

January 22, Monday, and out checking cameras and tracks.

Saw a nice roan but others are scarce. Saw a few wart hogs. Lots of miles with few animals. We drove to a new territory we hadn't seen before.

On our way back, we saw a man who started running when he saw us. There were three more men that threw down what they were carrying and ran. Our trackers ran after them. Our trackers didn't catch them but came back with the items they were carrying. They were poachers with snares and oils to put on the traps. They also had pans for gold.

January 23, Tuesday, and we got up a little later to visit the local school. We took our Blue Bag full of school supplies to Gamba School. They were expecting us and greeted us very warmly. The headmaster had the school yard cleaned up for us and chairs for us to sit in. They brought us two tables on which we placed the school items of paper, pencils and sharpeners, crayons, chalk, markers, colored pencils, glue, rulers, paper punches, many t-shirts, balls, and a pump, balloons, sewing kits, hair ties, toothbrushes and 18 pairs of reading glasses, plus assorted cloth bags. We could only bring 50 pounds, but they can use anything. Over 700 children attend this school and it was amazing the number in little school rooms. Some sit four to a desk.

The children all came out and stood as my PH explained in French where we were from and why we were there. He explained how important the wild animals were and to take good care of them, so hunters could come. The children sang and thanked us. Even the police chief came to welcome us.

Donating a blue bag to the local school or medical clinic is such a rewarding experience. I encourage everyone to do it. The bags are easily available and a list of content suggestions for anyone interested. I wish we had started this earlier. You get into the town and area where you are hunting to really see how they live and you can appreciate the area much more. If only our children could see now others live and are very happy with what they have.

When we got back to camp about 9:30 a.m., we went back out hunting. After sighting our daily cob family, some baboons and a warthog, we spotted a lone hartebeest and went after him. He was in high grass and Thierry could see that he was a nice male. All we could see was the head, but Thierry said his body was on the left and to shoot him in the rear, which I did. He went down right there but got up and fell again behind a termite mound. As we got closer, his head was still up so I gave him an insurance shot and down went his head. What a thrilling morning!

I had decided to take a hartebeest as one of my animals as they are

larger than my other options and would give the camp staff more meat. Again, they took out everything but the stomach contents, which was the fresh, new grass that comes up after a burn. This animal was on his own but in very good shape.

Back out after lunch we saw many animals, but nothing to shoot. We saw a duiker, but he didn't stand still. Many females.

January 24, Wednesday, and Don went out for birds as he was done hunting the larger game and I was still hoping for a duiker, bush buck, or water buck. Lots of females again and others I already have plus giraffes, herds of buffalo, some roan, etc. Don got three Franklins and three guinea fowl. We had oxtail soup for dinner with guinea fowl and Franklin in a mustard sauce.

January 25, Thursday, our last day to hunt. We were out looking for a duiker, bushbuck, etc. Don's truck spotted red river hog tracks, so they marked them, and we found them and followed them to a riverbed where it was dark and cool for their nap. We looked and looked, and the trackers looked and looked but we found nothing. It was interesting walking in a dry river bed, but nothing materialized. We drove and drove. Finally, we saw a duiker. The trackers shook their heads because the wind was blowing wrong, but Thierry and I walked around to approach the animal from the other side where the wind was blowing in our favor. The duiker kept running and then would stop and finally he stopped while looking at a red flanked duiker. We got a little closer without him seeing us. He was hiding behind some greenery and Thierry pointed him out to me. All I could see was his little head, so I just shot a little lower, through all the greenery, and down he went. Finally, I had gotten all my animals on license and our hunt was over.



We had a little celebration that night and thanked all the workers in camp with a little gift. Everyone is so appreciative. We packed up and left the next day to go through the grueling process of the Cameroon airports. Even though we had much less baggage, we had to pay excess baggage fees. Planes were late. Airports were hot and crowded but finally we were on our way to Paris and then to the United States. It was a great trip and successful but as always, it was good to be home.

Mid-Michigan Chapter of Safari Club International

Golf Outing

at
The Pines at Lake Isabella

August 4, 2018



We had 48 golfers with three teams from other chapters. Thank so much for joining us. The winning team was Chad and Kevin Unger, Wendell Lee and Bob Lackey who shot 15 under par. The outing raised \$1,750.



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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MEMBERSHIP DUES (PLEASE CIRCLE ONE)

18 +

1 Year

\$ 65 National Dues

\$ 25 Local Dues

= \$ 90

3 Years

\$ 150 National Dues

\$ 75 Local Dues

= \$ 225

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\$1500 National Dues

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SOUTH OF THE BORDER

Part Two

by Brad Eldred

.....so I'm still in Mexico with a great desert mule deer in the salt and I have had an absolute blast. I never imagined this hunt would give me an opportunity to hunt the desert sheep but I am going to do just that, needless to say I am excited!

The rooster crowed and we started the day with a great breakfast as always. Lots of water in our packs and a few snacks and Dan Catlin and myself climb in the jeep with our guides and spotters, and we are off to the mountain side to look for rams. After looking for deer on the desert floor, glassing the hills was a whole new ballgame as these sheep can blend into the rocks and mountain brush easily, making them tough to spot.



After glassing several mountain sides we spot our first sheep, and small group of ewes and lambs, still exciting and beautiful to see as they effortlessly climb and jump from rock to rock in the steep terrain. That never ceases to amaze me. As we watch the sheep climb my mind starts to remember what will come next when we find a ram to chase. It's been 12 years since I climbed the mountains after game and I'm asking myself if I'm still agile enough to go up after these guys? Of course I tell myself heck yes I am, one way or another I will get there!

A couple of hours pass and we are now glassing a group of rams. Unlike judging deer antlers this is a new ball game for me as we talk about which ram is biggest and if he is big enough and old enough to be taken. We talk about length and how far the horn drops, and how long the rams carries his mass out as the horn curls away from the base. After adding all that up our guide says the ram we want is not to be

found in this group and we turn away continue on down the mountain side to look for a more mature ram to chase.

The sun has risen above the hill top and the temperature is now almost 80 degrees. The sun screen is out which still seems odd to me sheep hunting until I remember we are in the desert. Cold nights and hot days! I am loving this challenge all the more as the day goes on.



Just before 11 am now and we have found a ram we really like. He is tucked into a group of sheep in the high rocks. The rocks and sheep both are sheltering him. We have decided to make a move up the mountain on this big guy and get a better look. Boots tight, water in packs and optics ready Dan, the guide Horhay and myself make our way up the backside of a ridge trying to get with in rifle range of the sheep. Steep, dusty and muddy the group is a bit slippery and tough to get quiet footing in as we dodge cactus and thorn bushes on our ascent. We have managed to stay out of sight. We have closed the distance to 285 yards with a canyon between us and this group of sheep. The ram we are looking to judge is of course in the back of the other sheep and tucked into the rocks a bit with only his neck and head in our sight path.

After a lot of talking and looking we have decided that this ram was a beauty and that if I have the chance I will try and take him.



So, now Horhay is laying under a bush on his side among cactus in the dirt to my right and he is glassing the ram and really judging him hard.

Danno is below me tucked in slowly peeking around the giant boulder he is pressed against glassing as well.

I have slipped my rifle carefully on top of the giant boulder so as to not be detected by these sheep as their eye sight is unbelievably good. My left hand fingers are holding onto the top of the boulder which is about my height, while my right hand is balancing the rifle on the same rock as I place the cross hairs where I believe the shot will be if the ram steps out, up or over and if the remaining sheep also cooperate and clear a path for the shot.

My left leg and foot are tucked into the side of the rock 2 feet above my right foot which is trying to steady my body as I lean into the rock on this hillside. I am also trying not to slide down the hill we are standing, crouching and laying on as the dry dirt tends to give way. The wait has begun as the sun starts to bear down on us.



As the sweat beads start to roll the sheep of course are in no hurry to move. They seem to be quite comfortable just to stand in the rocks and enjoy the view of the desert below. This is where we spend the next 45 minutes. I have to move my feet from place to place to keep them from falling to sleep. My hands and arms follow suit. We whisper back and forth as the sheep slowly step from side to side in this game of chess it seems. This went on for a few more minutes and what happened to me next was a first and hopefully last, as I will never forget it. As the sheep stepped into the clear and gave me the shot I had been waiting for, my gun would not fire. I tried pulling harder on the trigger which is not what you do. Nothing happened. In my excitement and frustration I rocked the bolt and chambered another round making more noise

than I could keep the sheep from hearing and they headed up the mountain giving me a quick shot. When the rifle went off I was sure I had hit the mark? What really happened was my right hand and fingers had fallen asleep from lack of movement and I thought I was pulling the trigger but my body wouldn't respond. First time I had ever had that happen.

After a couple of hours of climbing and looking for the dead sheep, we found absolutely nothing. No hair, no blood no nothing. I could not believe that I had missed, but indeed I had. Later that day after a much needed lunch and water break we actually spotted the ram I missed and he was healthy and completely missed by my round. However he was out of range and going over the top of the mountain. Not enough daylight left for a chase.

I was at this point we were mentally tired. We had gone from a long wait to total excitement and right into dread of maybe having a wounded animal out there to elation that he was still alive, and finally frustration that yes I had missed clean. Thats hunting sometimes. So we were going to regroup for tomorrows hunt. As we came around the hill side on our way back to camp a small group of rams appeared on the hillside. One quick look and



we knew the lead ram was a beauty. I steadied the crosshairs on the sheep and the shot felt good. Once we climbed to where the sheep stood when I shot we immediately found blood and lots of it. A short 150 yard hike later laid a truly special trophy, one I never thought I'd have the chance to harvest!

Thank you to my hunting partners, Big Jim Hall and Dan Catlin. We made memories that will all cherished forever! Thank you to Oscar Molina or host!

Mexico is a special place! I will be returning to San Jose Trophy Hunts. Oscar provides a first class experience!!

South Africa

Part One

By Josh Christensen

It had been eleven years since I last drew in the air of Africa. I thought this day would never come. I felt I would only take one trip to the Dark Continent and would never return. My hunting/traveling goal is to hunt every hutable continent and Africa was to be my third on this journey. Our professional hunter on our first trip guaranteed I'd be back, when my wife, Sara, and I were departing South Africa in July of 2007. I assured him I had other continents to hunt before I would even consider a return trip. And at that time, and for that matter up until February of 2016, I was going to concentrate on achieving my goal of hunting the different continents of this planet. That is, until a good friend, Ray Erickson, and I came across a deal that another friend, Ron Gower, shared with us. A base African safari including three animals; impala, warthog, and blue wildebeest for \$1,000.

Ray was the first to bring it up to me at the Michigan Chapter of SCI's fundraiser. It was a simple statement, but one that stuck in my mind until I sent in the deposit to Pieter Viviers of Marupa Safaris to claim our dates. This phrase that I stewed on for two months? "We should take our oldest boys on that \$1,000 safari." That got the gears turning in my brain. If he would have simply said the two of us should do the safari, I would have shot it down and reiterated my plan/goal of hunting on six continents first, but when he added in our boys, that's what did it for me.

Growing up in Michigan, in a rural town with a father who worked as a factory worker and a mother that was a stay at home mom until I was ten, we never ventured far. The furthest I traveled from my home town in West Michigan was the Keweenaw Peninsula in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. I had traveled out of state twice before I was eighteen, both times to Sandusky, Ohio to go to Cedar Point (an amusement park).

Don't get me wrong I had an enjoyable



childhood with cousins that lived on the same country block, although that is one square mile. I also had my grandparent's farm to run around and enjoy everything nature had to offer.

But alas, my desire to show my oldest son the world won out. You can always learn about the world through television shows and National Geographic magazines, but to get the opportunity to experience Africa, to breathe in her dust and see the flora and fauna of this exotic land first hand has no equal. So after a short talk with Sara, Pieter received a down payment for Elijah and me.

As the hunt date came nearer Ray and his son had to withdraw from the safari, however we had added three more people that would accompany Elijah and me to Africa. My cousin Lance, Uncle Lonnie and their friend John. The hunt dates were scheduled for June 13th through the 25th and we decided to fly from Grand Rapids, through Atlanta to Johannesburg. For this hunt we would be using the rifles at Marupa,

so that was one less thing we had to worry about.

The anticipation and planning for a hunt like this are part of the excitement for me. And as this was my second trip to South Africa and everyone else's first, I was our "resident expert". I would field many questions from the guys going on the trip over the course of the next two years and most of their questions I knew the answers to. For those questions I couldn't answer I contacted Pieter and Tom through Whatsapp and relayed the messages.

When June 12th finally arrived, Elijah and I set out for Grand Rapids and the airport. We would be taking the short two hour flight to Atlanta, followed by the not so short fifteen hour flight to Johannesburg, South Africa. When Sara and I flew to South Africa the first time our flight went from Newark to Senegal for refueling and then to Johannesburg. We weren't allowed to leave the plane in Senegal and we ended up staying on it for over 22 hours!

Knowing that, I made sure we had the direct flight this time.

Even with the "shorter" flight, my 41 year old body let me know sitting for that long wasn't good for me. My legs ached by the time we were ten hours into the flight and no amount of walking around or stretching helped. I tried to take my mind off it by watching several movies on the touch pad monitor provided for each passenger on the seat ahead of me, and by taking several short naps throughout the flight. As we got closer to Johannesburg I also messaged Pieter we were almost there and he replied with he would be there ready to go. Having wifi on the airplane was also a nice way to keep my mind off the flight.

When we arrived in Johannesburg it was around 6:00 pm and since it is there winter it was dark outside. Passing through customs was a breeze and after we picked up our luggage and exchanged some U.S. dollars into South African rand we purchased a carton of cigarettes and four

lighters for our trackers. This was the first time I ever purchased cigarettes, but when I inquired about doing so for the trackers, Pieter said they would appreciate them.

From there we left the customs area and walked out into the reception area where Pieter and Dolf, another of the PH's with Marupa, met us. We quickly made our way out of the airport and into the PH's quad cab Toyota trucks to begin our four hour drive to the lodge. About half way to the lodge we stopped at a restaurant for dinner and had eland steaks. Everyone was impressed with the food and spirits were high with anticipation for our upcoming adventure.

On the second half of the drive to the lodge we stopped once to stretch our legs. When we did we noticed there was no moon and the stars danced in the sky. I don't think I have ever seen the Milky Way so bright in all my life. We were also able to easily identify the Southern Cross (Crux) in the night sky. This is a constellation of stars that can only be seen from the southern hemisphere and many of the kids south of the equator are taught to look for it, similar to us showing our kids the big and little dipper in the northern hemisphere.

That night I didn't get a good night's sleep. It could have been the time difference, they are six hours ahead of us in the Eastern Time zone, or it could have been the anticipation of the upcoming day and hunt. At any rate, I woke up around 4 am and didn't sleep much more until our wake-up call at 6:30. The morning was cool with a temperature of about 50 degrees Fahrenheit and I decided to wear pants on

this day. This would be the only time I wore hunting pants on a day hunt the rest of the trip. The afternoon temperatures would often rise to about 70 degrees.

Breakfast, like all the meals we had at Marupa, was fabulous. We had made to order eggs, with bacon, sausage, a slice of tomato and toast. Marupa employees a full time chef, Felix, who cooked every meal for us in camp. I can honestly say all five of us put weight on from the delicious dishes Felix prepared for us.

After breakfast, we all drove to the shooting range and confirmed the zeros of the rifles we would be using. Elijah and I would be using Pieter's Sig Sauer



chambered in 6.5x55 shooting 156 grain bullets. We all shot well and started out for our hunt. Elijah and I would be hunting with Pieter, Lance and Lon would be hunting with Dolf and John would be hunting with Reinardt.

Pieter took Elijah and I to a place he called "The Field". As we drove toward the field we saw several groups of Impala, a good start to the first day. The field was an area with less vegetation than most of the area in Limpopo. The bush veld is very thick and visibility was much less than when Sara and I hunted in the Eastern Cape. When we reached the field we left the vehicle and started walking around the edge of this open area. We saw impalas and giraffes as we went, and even had a quick glimpse of a black backed jackal, but not long enough to get a shot.

Our "walk about" ended when we reached a dam with a waterhole. We would call their dams berms, where they have placed a great deal of dirt around an area of water to keep as much as possible in during the rainy season; their

summer. We stealthily maneuvered our way to the dam and glassed the area. We saw several female warthogs, a herd of impala and a small crocodile near the water. The impala were at the tail end of the rut, but we still heard many rams making a roaring sound and chasing the females around.

While glassing, Pieter located a nice impala ram straight out in front of us with a harem of females. He asked me if Elijah could shoot from the prone position. I said, "He hasn't before, but we can see if he feels comfortable with it." Elijah and I practiced shooting almost entirely from shooting sticks, because that's what Sara and I used in the Eastern Cape. After shooting hundreds of rounds standing up we both felt very comfortable from this position.

Elijah crawled up next to Pieter and I handed the rifle up to them. Pieter took his binoculars and wrapped his vest around them to make a bipod for Elijah to rest the rifle on. As Elijah got settled in to take a shot from the berm, I was able to stand behind him and look through my binos to witness the shot. The ram moved multiple times before offering a good broadside opportunity standing under a shade tree. Elijah squeezed off a round and the impala jumped like it was a good shot and then ran behind some bushes and out of sight.

We all thought it was a good shot and were excited to go see the impala. After ranging the distance to where the impala stood we saw it was a 170 yard shot! A little farther than what I was hoping for, but it looked like the bullet hit the mark.

When we walked to the area of the shade tree we found the impala laying only 40 yards away. As soon as he hit the cover of the bushes he fell over. Handshakes were exchanged and pictures were taken. I also presented Elijah with his first pocket knife; a Benchmade griptilian that I had laser engraved with "South Africa 2018." He thought the knife was nice, but he was really excited about his ram.

We took the impala to the skinner's building and then headed back to the lodge for lunch. At lunch we learned Lance had shot an impala and John had collected a warthog. A good start for our first morning.

Around 2:30 we headed back out for the evening hunt. We drove back towards the big field, stopping about a half mile away and walking in to see what might be around.



This area of the property, a property that is over 20,000 acres, is known to have the three animals we had in our package. As we approached the field we saw impala all around. We quietly made our way to the edge of the field when we spotted a big warthog boar moving from our left to right. The field still had many bushes in it, but had more spacing than most places on the property. Once Pieter identified the pig as a shooter, the shooting sticks were set up. Elijah got settled in behind the rifle on the sticks aiming at the next clearing the warthog should go through. As soon as the pig stepped into the clearing he stopped and looked around. Elijah put the crosshairs on his shoulder and squeezed the trigger. The warthog dropped right there. Two shots, two animals on the first day of his hunt.

The rest of the afternoon we maneuvered around the field looking for a good impala for me to take a crack at, but they eluded us time and again. As the sun was beginning to set we set up where two two-tracks came together and with the field on one side and the thick bush on the other in hopes an impala might move its way into the field. We didn't see any impala, but we did see a black backed jackal move across the road on my left at about 50 yards. I quickly swung the rifle around and found the still moving jackal in the scope. I then squeezed off a round which caught it in the hind quarters. I had my first animal of the trip down now as well.

The next morning we were up at five to get an early start on the day. After breakfast we were off to another part of the property. This area was very rocky and mountainous. The method of hunting this morning would be driving around looking for animals. If we were able to get a shot from the truck we would do that or after locating animals we would try to stalk them. The sun was cresting the horizon when we came around a corner and spotted two impala. Both rams looked good and Pieter stopped the truck. He guided me to the ram he thought I should shoot and I placed the crosshairs on the animal's shoulder. This is where things went wrong. Apparently I got a bit of "buck fever" because I thought I made a good shot on the standing impala, but when talking with Elijah, Pieter and Jack, our tracker, I learned the impala wasn't standing, but still walking.



When we reached the area the impala was we found blood, but not a lot. My gut started to roll as I tried to replay the shot over in my mind. We spent multiple hours that day looking for the ram, but to no avail. I had wounded the ram, and we weren't likely to find it. Needless to say I was pretty dejected about the situation and Elijah could see this. He tried to pull me out of my funk by saying, "It's alright, everyone has that happen to them at some point." My spirits began to rise thinking about how my eleven year old son was consoling me over the situation. Sometimes it takes a young person to put things in perspective.

The rest of the day we weren't able to get on any good impala or warthog, although we saw many of each species they weren't shooters. As the sun was beginning to set, Pieter told me he thought we should do a little night hunting after dinner. This excited me because who knows what you will come across at night.

That evening at dinner my uncle relived the story of his impala hunt. When they spotted an impala Lon made the shot, but it was a little low and although they had good blood, his PH decided to go back to the lodge and get the tracking dog, Jock. When Jock got on the trail he took off running and it wasn't long before he was barking and in a confrontation with the wounded ram. My uncle ran to the sound of Jock and when he arrived he saw Jock had the impala's nose in his mouth as they were both pulling. The impala broke free of Jock's grip and proceeded to use his horns to pick Jock up

and through him into a thorn bush. Lon made a good shot and dispatched the impala, but Jock wasn't done going after the impala until it stopped moving.

The conditions for our evening were ideal. There was no moon in the clear sky and the temperatures were already dipping into the 40's. The first animal we saw that evening was a bush duiker. This was followed by a genet about five minutes later. When the genet was spotted by Pieter and Reinardt, I saw nothing. The grassy area it was in made it very difficult to see and I didn't see it until it started to move. It didn't help that it was about 60 yards away either, these animals are not the biggest. At this point I tried to find it in the scope, which was difficult, but when I did I aimed at the middle of body as not to damage the hide. I squeezed the trigger and in a short time claimed my second animal of the hunt.

The next morning we were concentrating our efforts on blue wildebeest and about twenty minutes in our hunt a herd of about ten was spotted on a two-track about 800 yards away. The situation was ideal as we had the sun at our back and the wind in our face. Pieter quickly drove the truck out of view of the animals and our stalk began. We parallel the road they were on walking through the thick cover to conceal our movement. Periodically Pieter would peak out to see if the wildebeest were still there, which they were.

When we got to a spot Pieter thought was good he set up the shooting sticks and called me forward. When I placed the rifle on the shooting sticks I could see this was going to be a decently long shot (about 200 yards). It took some time before the wildebeest I was looking to shoot presented a shot, which gave me a lot of time to look them over and get my adrenaline going. When he did finally present a broadside shot I squeezed off a round making what appeared to be a good shot as the bull jumped up and we could see his left leg wasn't working correctly.

We gave the wildebeest about twenty minutes and then proceeded to where they were when I shot. We followed their tracks to find the herd only went about 60 yards into the bush. We tried to look through the thick cover to see if we could see the bull I shot, but couldn't identify him. The herd either saw us or smelled us and made their escape. When examining the area they

were standing we found two decent pools of blood, but Pieter thought it would be best if we got Jock to put on the track.

When Jack returned with Jock it didn't take long for the tracking dog to pick up the trail. Pieter explained that Jock picks up the scent of the animal and tries to bay them for us. Pieter, Elijah and I followed Jock as he followed the tracks while Jack tried following the blood. About ten minutes after we started following Jock we heard him barking and rushed up to get a look. He was darting in and out of the herd of wildebeest keeping their attention. As he did we tried to find the wounded animal, but weren't able to identify him. When the wildebeest had enough of Jock they trotted off. Pieter and I thoroughly looked over the area the wildebeest were to see if we could find blood, but we couldn't see any. Pieter deduced that when we first jumped the herd the bull I shot left the group.

We went back to the find Jack, who was still on the blood trail. The tracking was slow going with Elijah and me following Jack and Pieter on the trail, when all of a sudden Jock took off and within a minute was barking. Pieter and I ran to Jock to find him with the wounded wildebeest. When the

character, as Pieter called it.

After pictures, Elijah and I were able to witness how Marupa loads very large animals into the trucks to transport them to the skinning building. They use the winch on the front of the vehicle and a pulley on a bar that attaches to the back of the cab of the truck which keeps the cable from scratching the truck. They throw the cable up over the hood, through the pulley and to the back of the truck, then attach the cable to the back legs of the animal and guide it up onto the truck.

As we were taking pictures and loading the wildebeest I ask Pieter about Jock's name. I ask him if he was named after "Jock of the Bushveld", the book authored by Percy Fitzpatrick about a man and his dog traveling through thick areas, like we were hunting in, transporting goods for the mining industry in the late 1800's. Pieter looked at me with a smile and surprised expression, as if wondering how an American knew of this classic South African novel. He replied with yes and asked me if I read the book or watched the movie. I told him I read the book and he recommended I also watch the movie, one of his favorites.

By the time we dropped off the wildebeest at the skinning building it was only 11:30 and Pieter decided we should go to a different water hole and sit until about 1:00. We parked the truck about three quarters of a mile from the water hole and began to walk in to sit on the dam, with Pieter in the lead followed by myself then Elijah.

About half way into the walk I noticed Elijah had stopped behind us. I motioned for him to get moving and he mouthed/whispered something. It took me about three times to figure out what he said as he was pointing to our right. As this whispering conversation was taking place Pieter took notice and looked where Elijah was pointing. When I finally figured out Elijah was saying impala, Pieter waved me forward and had the shooting sticks up for me.

I quickly moved to his position and placed the 6.5 on the sticks. I saw a lone impala ram standing broadside and looking in our direction. Pieter told me shoot him and he was a good one. That's all I needed

to hear. I place the crosshairs on the impala's shoulder and pulled the trigger a little bit. I ended up hitting him right behind the shoulder, but it was a double lung shot. He was standing around 80 yards away, and even with the double lung shot he still walked about 100 yards before expiring. We only saw him walk the first 50 yards before he was out of sight.

Pieter knew it was a good shot, but thought we should give the impala some time, so we proceeded on to the water hole

where in the heat of the day we only saw a herd of impala. We did have several good conversations about Marupa and the hunting industry in general. We stayed at the water hole until 12:30 and decided to go find

the impala. When we walked up to the ram, Pieter told me I was very lucky to get a ram this big. He said I could make many trips back to South Africa and I was not likely to see a ram this big again. You know if your PH is truly impressed with the animal like Pieter was, it has to be good.

That evening we were going in search of nyala. We drove to several water holes and examined the tracks around them to see if nyala had be visiting them. As it was getting closer to sunset we set up on a water hole, but unfortunately the wind began to shift on us so we headed back to the truck to drive back to the lodge, looking for wildebeest and nyala along the way.

When we were about five minutes from camp we passed an area with a clearing. Standing in this clearing eating grass was a herd of nyala, with one bull carrying a nice set of horns. Pieter stopped the truck and we examined the herd. He said the bull was nice and asked if I could get a shot at him. After some maneuvering I had the nyala in my crosshairs. I waited for him to turn broadside before letting the bullet fly. He lurched forward, and then ran into the bush about twenty yards from where he stood. We gave him some time and then went after him finding him about 50 yards from where he entered the bush.

You could say this was a very good day for our group. I connected on a blue wildebeest, impala and nyala, Lance collected his wildebeest, John shot a baboon and an impala, and my Uncle Lon shot a wildebeest and a giant tusked warthog.

...to be continued



wildebeest saw us he began to run off, but after another shot he dropped midstride. He turned out to be a very nice and wide old bull. Pieter explained that wildebeest horns grow outward for the first three years of their life, after that they begin to get their

THE Jungle Fowl SLAM



CAMPECHE, MEXICO • MAY, 2018

Roger Card & Rod Merchant

On previous hunts in Mexico, I have taken both the red and gray brocket deer, plus a beautiful ocellated turkey, but somehow when it came time to hunt other birds, for one reason or another it just never happened. My hunting partner, Rod Merchant, and I cured this situation by booking a hunt with Tankab Outfitters, out of Campeche, hunting nothing but birds. A coatimundi would definitely have been a bonus, but our main focus was the great curassow, crested guan and chachalaca.

We were met at our hotel in Campeche by our outfitter, Javier, who drove us the four hours out to the Nuevo Becal Camp. Although quite rustic, it was clean, had a bathroom and the food was great. You could organize a hot shower if you wished, an unexpected bonus.

We understood this would be extremely hot, high humidity jungle hunting, very similar to Africa, and brought appropriate clothing and gear for those conditions. We were fooled a little—the day we arrived an extremely unusual cold front went through and the temps dropped into the high forties. The beds were made up with only a sheet for a cover and there wasn't a single blanket in the camp. At different intervals in the night we each got up, rummaged through our duffles and kept putting on

clothing until we had enough to stay warm. In the morning it was funny to see how we had dressed in the dark night.

Once the cool front passed, the temp returned to 100 degrees and each day the hunt was hot, sticky, sweaty, and bug infested, just like we had expected.

The hunting mode consisted of taking four wheelers out to little blinds, built near fruit trees. Occasionally the guides would spot something on the trip in



or out, but mostly we simply sat and waited, hoping the birds would come in for feeding.

As you can see by the pictures, I was successful and am looking forward to having my trophies on display at the Card Wildlife Center at Ferris State University. I include a picture of an unusual mount that inspired me to complete this collection of Mexican birds. Hopefully, my version will be on display soon.

Foot note:

Rod and I played unwilling hosts to several "pepper ticks." Not only did they leave nasty welts, but both of us struggled with some type of tick fever, after we returned home. If anyone is interested in going down there for a hunt, they need to be aware of these pests and do everything possible for protection. They are a lot smaller than our Michigan ticks, however should be taken very seriously.

Although we were never stung, we each had several close encounters with scorpions and, being from Michigan, it is something you never really get used to.

Happy hunting

Roger Card



Mid-Michigan SCI Members,

Please join us this hunting season in supporting our SCI Sportsman Against Hunger program. Shagana's Meat Processing in Clare has teamed up with us again this year by processing the first 25 deer donated to the program at half price, \$47.50. The SCI Sportsman Against Hunger program does have limited funds that would allow us to cover the cost of 15 deer. Anyone donating a deer is welcome to help out by covering some of the costs themselves. For example, you could cover the \$47.50 yourself or split the cost with us putting your cost at \$23.75. This generosity would help us stretch out our funds and reach our goal of 25 deer.

Remember both meat and money are a tax deduction. If you can't help cover any cost and want to donate a deer, we will cover the cost up to 15 deer.

Also, anyone cleaning out freezers for this year's hunting season can donate meat that has been processed in the last year. All meat you give to us, fresh or frozen, will be donated to soup kitchens and pantries in our own community.

Currently we donate to the Isabella Community Soup Kitchen, Love, Inc., God's Helping Hands and Isabella County Womens Shelters. As the program grow we would like to add more entities.

You do not have to be a SCI member to donate to this program. Please tell your friends and family.

Shagana's is located at 11285 Schoolcrest Ave., Clare, MI 48617. If you are coming from Mt. Pleasant, you will take 127 north to Clare exit 156. Continue north on McEwan until you see Witbeck's grocery store. Turn right on Schoolcrest Ave. and head east until it dead ends into expressway. Shagana's will be on your left.

If you have any trouble getting the deer there yourself, they can be dropped off to me, Mike Strobe, and I will make sure they get there. When you drop off your deer at Shagana's, specify that it is for the SCI Sportsman Against Hunger program and we will take care of everything from there. I am very passionate about this program and look forward to doing bigger and better things with the program.

This year we have teamed up with NAC Taxidermy and Burch Tank & Truck who believe in this program as much as I do. Together we hope to make this program bigger and better. They also can be contacted for information about the program, Nick Giuliani from NAC Taxidermy at (989) 644-6289 or Matt Veale from Burch Tank & Truck at (989) 400-9536.

For those of you located nearer to the Big Rapids area, you can take your deer in to Colin Kelly at Kelly's Deer Processing located at 19077 13 Mile Road who offers a 24-hour deer drop-off during the deer season. You can contact Colin at 231-796-5414 or colin@cks-place.com. He will process your deer for free under the Sportsman Against Hunger program and donate it himself to one of 25 different locations to which he donates. He is also the one that makes jerky from venison and sends it to our troops. You can check out his ad nearer the back of this magazine.

If you have any questions, please contact Mike Strobe at 989-506-1113 or by email mstrobecustombuilder@gmail.com

Thank you for your support and happy hunting,

Mike Strobe

SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter
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TROPHY AWARDS PROGRAM



BY Mary Browning, CHAIR

To refresh your memory, trophy awards for our Mid-Michigan Chapter of SCI are decided as follows: Score sheets are collected for a two year period. Before our Hunter's Convention in February, the sheets are categorized by country and species. The top entry for each species receives a gold award, the number two animal receives a silver award and the number three animal receives a bronze award. Animals are also separated by method of take so there could be two gold awards in one category if one animal is taken by rifle and one by bow.

The continents of North America and Africa receive numbers one, two, and three awards each; the other continents receive one award. The winners are decided by which animal scores closest, numerically, to the top in the International Record Book. To find this score the rank of the entered animal is divided by the total number of ranks in the International Record Book. Estate deer and turkeys are in categories of their own and are not eligible for the top awards in North America. Exceptional Estate deer, Estate Elk and all species of turkeys will receive their own awards only if they score in the top 10% according to the International Record Book.

Other Major Awards are for the Crossbow Hunter of the Year, Muzzleloader Hunter of the Year, Handgun Hunter of the Year, Bow Hunter of the Year, Men's Hunter of the Year, and Women's Hunter of the Year. These awards are voted upon by the Awards committee. This decision is made on the basis of which hunter had the greatest achievements during the past two years. We do not consider more than the past two years of activity. For the Women's Hunter of the Year, she must have taken at least three animals. Because we have so few women submitting score sheets often we do not have a winner in this category. We have not had a Handgun Hunter of the Year for many years either.

The Men's and Women's Hunter of the Year can only be won once in a lifetime. This allows more hunters to get a chance to win this award.

The period for score sheets this year is:

DECEMBER 1, 2016

TO

November 30, 2018

Send your score sheets to me, Mary Browning, 6030 Madeira Drive, Lansing, MI 48917 You may contact me at 517-886-3639, or email at ltc05@att.net. All entries must be postmarked no later than December 1, 2018 Please remember to send pictures and to notify me if some score sheets are youth entries. Children and grandchildren of members under age 17 are eligible for youth awards.

Looking Ahead

In Our Next Issue



FLORIDA ALIGATORS
by Mary Harter



SOUTH AFRICA - PART TWO
by Josh Christensen



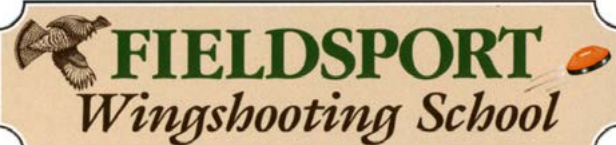
EXTREME HUNTING FOR POLAR BEAR
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