

FRONT SIGHT



Mid-Michigan Chapter Safari Club International

October - December 2023, Issue 64



Baobab tree near the border of Kruger National Park

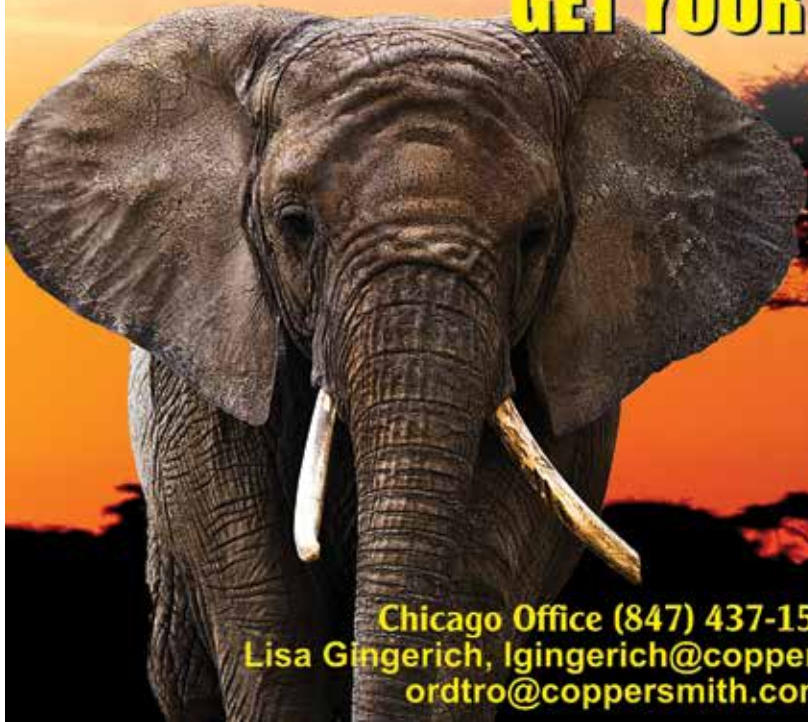
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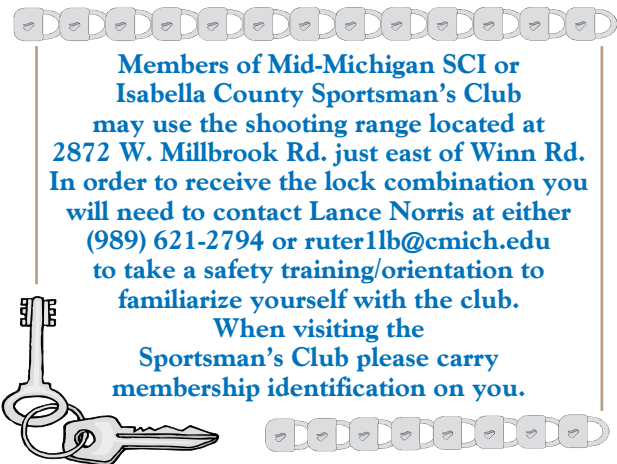
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Chairmen are listed first

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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 Rd. just east of Winn Rd. In order to receive the lock combination you will need to contact Lance Norris at either (989) 621-2794 or ruter1lb@cmich.edu to take a safety training/orientation to familiarize yourself with the club. When visiting the Sportsman's Club please carry membership identification on you.

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 www.midmichigansci.org for copies of the Front Sight, listing of events, and fundraiser auction items. Please support our sponsors! Call or write them for catalogs and information on their products and services. Make sure you tell them you saw their information in **The Front Sight**.

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President's Message

Editor's Message

Greetings Mid-Michigan SCI Members,

It is hard to believe that our summer has gone by so quickly – soon the children will be back in school and fall hunting will be on everyone's mind! I'm sure that many of you are working on food plots, setting up hunting stands, and taking inventory of your equipment.



Abbe with a lingcod she caught while fishing in Alaska

We have 2 incredible Membership Meetings left on our schedule!! On September 11th, we'll be hosting Ellens Equipment (Chapter Diamond Sponsor) and Justin Morgan to talk about food plot planting, equipment, and deer management. On October 2nd, we have Colby and Skipper Bettis introducing their new Shooting School Venture at 3 Hats Ranch. Watch our website & FB sites for registration information!

We have also started planning for our 45th Annual Chapter Fundraiser Gala. We're early in the planning stages, but have a lot of cool, great ideas to work into this year's event. Save the DATE – February 23rd and 24th – you don't want to miss the FUN at the Soaring Eagle Casino & Resort. Tickets will be going on sale in December!!!

As always, We welcome suggestions and comments regarding our programming, website, and Facebook postings! Take the time to check out our Chapter and GET INVOLVED!!

The website is midmichigansci.org. You can also visit our Facebook Page <https://www.facebook.com/MidMichiganSCI/> (Mid-Michigan Safari Club International). We'll continue to have some giveaways and raffles in the coming months -- so stay tuned!!!

Here's to a beautiful Fall 2023,

Abbe M. Mulders

Abbe Mulders

President
(989) 450-8744 • abbemulders@gmail.com

Where has this summer gone? It seems the older my sons get the quicker each summer with them moves along. With the passing of another summer comes the very busy season for us all. Fall will guide many of us into the beautiful wilderness in search of our favorite game. Whether you are in search of the abundance of small game Michigan has to offer or that elusive big buck you have been dreaming of all summer be careful and enjoy your time in the great outdoors.



Ivan and I at Horseshoe Harbor in the Copper Harbor region of the U.P.

Maybe you will be traveling to an out of state or out of country location for a different species, if so, be sure you are up on their local laws. Speaking of other hunts, if you are considering taking a hunt somewhere, but not quite sure where yet I hope as you flip through the pages of our magazine you might be intrigued enough by one of the stories to consider one of the destinations written about. Another excellent place to look for and book your next great adventure would be our annual convention/fundraiser at the Soaring Eagle Casino and Resort on February 23rd and 24th.

As always we are looking for articles to publish in our magazine. There are three formats we use, pictorial essays, journals, and written articles. The pictorial essay format is for those who don't necessarily want to write an entire story but still want to relive their adventure through pictures with captions (this is similar to a Facebook post format). The journal entry format is when people send me a copy of their journal along with pictures (if you don't usually keep a journal on your hunting trips I recommend you give it a try on your next adventure). And of course, we have the normal article format. We all take pleasure in going on hunts, but there's nothing like sharing your stories in print for all to enjoy. Please consider sharing with us.

Happy Hunting!

Joshua W. Christensen

Josh Christensen

Editor
(989) 329-4911 • jchappyfish@gmail.com

SCI Mid-Michigan Chapter Schedule of Events

* SUBJECT TO CHANGE

Date	Event	Time	Location
Oct. 2, 2023	Board/Membership Meeting	6:00 pm	Buck's Run Golf Course
Nov. 5 2023	Crooked Foot Veterans Hunt	TBA	Crooked Foot Hunting Club
Jan. 13, 2024	Big Buck Night	TBA	Comfort Inn
Jan. 31-Feb. 3, 2024	Annual National Convention	TBA	Nashville, Tennessee
Feb. 23 & 24	Mid-Michigan Convention/Fundraiser	TBA	Soaring Eagle Casino and Resort

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: The Education of Little Tree

Original Copyright: 1976

Author: Forrest Carter

List Price: \$19.95

Publisher: University of New Mexico Press

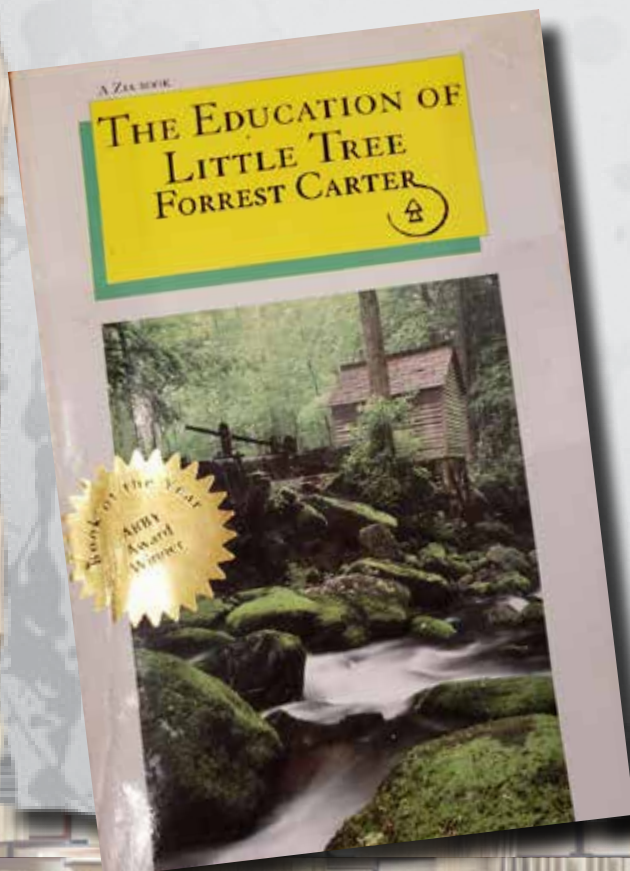
The Education of Little Tree is an autobiography written by Forrest Carter about his childhood living with his Cherokee grandparents during the depression. Little Tree, as Carter is referred to in the book, was orphaned at a very young age and as the title suggests to book takes us through his upbringing and what he learned while living with his grandparents.

One of the many things I found interesting about this book was it was written from the perspective of a four to nine year old Little Tree and not the adult who was putting pen to paper. This perspective was almost Forrest Gump like in that the world isn't always what it appears to be. Little Tree would often take things said or done at face value, where as an adult we can see the true meaning behind the words or actions.

The Education of Little Tree will take the reader through a roller-coaster of emotions. Although most of the time I found the book showed humor, it also displayed sadness, triumph, unyielding love, and selflessness.

Within the pages of this book the reader is exposed to how people were perceived in the 1930's as well as how life was for people of the mountains, including an interesting way to go after turkeys for your dinner plate.

This is an enjoyable quick read that I highly recommend



This book gets 10 out of 10 bullseyes



BUY, SELL, or TRADE

The following are the terms and conditions for the Buy, Sell or Trade section of our magazine.

- It is **FREE** to all members of our Mid-Michigan SCI Chapter.
- One photo per item will be used in this section. This photo will be displayed in a small size (about 2"x2").
- You may have up to four ads per issue. (You must renew each ad each issue.)
- Beyond the description of the item, each ad will need your name, e-mail and/or phone number
- Each ad should be limited to 25 words plus your name and e-mail and/or phone number unless otherwise discussed with the editor.
- **The Mid-Michigan Chapter is not responsible for items sold.**

Send listings and questions to Josh Christensen at jchappyfish@gmail.com



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The Great White Continent, Antarctica – *Our Last Continent*

by Mary Harter

We had booked a cruise to Antarctica several years ago because we had seen every other continent while hunting but never been on this one. And probably because no hunting is available. Well, our first planned cruise was cancelled due to Covid and we started spending time in Florida. In September of 2022, a hurricane hit Ft. Myers Beach where we like to stay and in early October, the people we were going to rent from emailed saying their place probably couldn't be rented in January when we wanted it. The elevators didn't work, the pool was full of sand, restaurants and other businesses were closed and the beach that was left wasn't very safe to walk on. A flyer came from Holland America that same day so we called and rebooked our Antarctic cruise.

On January 9, 2023, we flew to Santiago, Chile, to board the Oosterdam. After an overnight, we boarded and took off on our adventure which followed the path of early explorers in 1616. First stop at Puerto Montt was cancelled due to high seas. Second stop was Puerto Chacabuco and we took a tour to see a private park with

the beautiful, Barba del Viejo waterfall, the virgin forests of Patagonia, and native dancers. We cruised Chilean fjords, saw Amalia and Brujo Glaciers, and then the Sarmiento Channel. On to Magellan Channel and Punta Arenas. We took an excursion to visit a mansion and cemetery and had snacks in the old warehouse district.

We sailed through the Cockburn and Beagle Channel. The Beagle Channel is named for the first ship to sail there, later made more famous as being the one of Charles Darwin.

We cruised Glacier Alley with its many beautiful glaciers that we could view right from our balcony beginning very early in the morning.

On to Ushuaia, Argentina, the southernmost town in the world where we cruised more of the Beagle Channel on a catamaran seeing many albatross, cormorants, and other birds, sea lions, and seals. This was on January 18, Don's birthday, and he sure was celebrated with cupcakes, cake, special decorations,

origami, flowers, cards, and much singing by staff, waiters, and our dinner neighbors on the ship. Our dinner neighbors were leaving a tender to the dock as we were waiting to get on one and they sang to Don right on the dock with hundreds of people watching.

The next day we cruised to Cape Horn and around the famous lighthouse at the southernmost point of the continent and the Drake Passage. We were at sea for two days before arriving at Deception Island in the Shetland Islands of Antarctica and then Palmer Station in the Lemaire Channel. We went through Neumayer Channel and Gerlache Strait in the evening. We saw many penguins, some walking up trails to rocky areas where they raise their young and many swimming right next to the ship plus numerous seals.

Every day in the Antarctic there are recaps and highlights of what we will see or have seen by the Antarctica Expeditions Team, Jim McParland and/or Dr. Neil Gilbert on the Main Stage. We see most of the sights from the balcony of our stateroom or sometimes hurry to the front



deck on main deck or higher to see something on the other side of our ship. Sometimes it was very windy and you couldn't go out on deck. The doors would be blocked. We sighted penguin families on the ice floes. We saw blue eyed Adelie, chin strap, gentoo, and king penguins, humpback and minke whales feeding on the krill. We also visited Paradise Harbor, Neko Harbor, Cuverville Island, and more of the Gerlache Strait covering a lot of the peninsula. We saw a huge rookery of penguins with a path to the shore and some red coated people were visiting them. Many boats and ships in this area. There are 40 places around Antarctica where you can land in small boats and go ashore with proper permits.

On to Errera Channel, Puerto Orne, Wilhelmina Bay and Charlotte Bay. It snowed a little everyday while in



the glaciers. Most of our service workers are Filipinos and, if they are new, have never seen snow. They have to keep shoveling off the front bow so it doesn't get slippery and they have fun doing it. They even made a snowman. When the ship gets close to an ice berg they use the thrusters to stay far enough away. An ice berg has to be at least 10 feet tall to be classed as an ice berg and usually 89 percent is underwater. Some ice bergs are much larger than houses and some glaciers are larger than states. Antarctica is larger than the United States. 70 percent of the fresh water in the world is here. There are many classifications of ice



like brush ice, pack ice, growler ice, pancake ice, bergy bits, nilas, and ice bergs. It never got dark while we were here, only twilight for a short time. They have southern lights like the northern lights but they only show during the dark time of the year. And, believe it or not, there is no sign of global warming.

We drove past Elephant Island but couldn't go in the bays because it was too rough and too many ice bergs. This is where Ernest Shackleton sank the Endurance





while trying to cross Antarctica over 100 years ago. Shackleton was very successful with many other discoveries on the continent but had trouble around Elephant Island and got caught in the ice and his ship was too damaged and sank. His whole crew survived in life boats on the island for many months until they could travel for help to South Georgia. In 2019, the Weddell Sea Expedition searched for the Endurance, and again searching in 2022, found the ship in the same condition as when it sank after being submerged for 107 years. Our speaker, Dr. Gilbert was part of the search team. Shackleton's motto was, "Better to be a live donkey than a dead lion".



On to the Falkland Islands and Port Stanley which we heard about in 1982 when Argentina and Britain were fighting for it. Our tour guide was 9th generation on the island and we learned they have very few inhabitants with over seven sheep per person. Besides the many sheep ranches, it has moorlands, pubs, and red phone booths. It is really just a stopping off point before traveling on to Antarctica. Several ships were sunk in the cove during the war and they have an extensive museum. The island governs itself now but the British protect it.

We were at sea a day and then on to Puerto Madryn, Argentina where we toured the whole day driving to the Punta Tombo Reserve located on the Atlantic Ocean where Magellanic penguins come to raise their young. We walked about a mile and a half along the ocean on gravel and a boardwalk seeing penguins nesting in burrows all over. The young are almost to the adult stage and many penguins walked right on our path. We also saw wild guanaco, llama like native animals. Whales come to this area to raise their young but not at this time of the year.



We had many presentations on stage telling us what we would see, information of the history of Holland America, several presentations from the British Broadcasting Company, Blue Planet in Concert, piano presentations, a magician, tango and gaucho dancing, a presentation of the solar system and 10 pm meetings on the back deck to view the southern sky, especially the southern cross, alpha centauri and beta centauri. The southern cross is featured on the flag of several countries.

On to Punta Del Este and Montevideo in Uruguay and then our last port, Buenos Aires, Argentina, the Paris of South America. We took a tour of the highlights.

Great time, made many friends and memories, certainly glad we did this trip! Now we have seen every continent.

Don and Mary



TROPHY AWARDS PROGRAM

By Autumn Gonda, 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. The sheets are categorized by country and species. Animals are also separated by method of take.

The following awards are voted upon by the Award Committee.

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 using a multitude of factors including which animal scores closest, numerically, to the top of the International Record Book, where it ranks in our chapter record book, difficulty of harvesting the animal, terrain taken, and choice of weapon.

Other Major Awards are for the method used. These include Crossbow, Muzzleloader, Handgun and Bow. These awards are determined by the committee based on animal species harvested, difficulty and terrain.

The last categories are Men's Hunter of the Year and Women's Hunter of the Year. This decision is also made by committee based on hunting achievements for the specific period of time, participation in conservation, and ambassador of Safari Club. This award can only be won once in a lifetime.

The period for score sheets this year is: December of 2021 TO November 30, 2023

Send your score sheets to: Autumn Gonda, 2391 E. Farrand Rd., Clio, MI 48420
You may contact me at 810-625-6985, or email at arose6985@yahoo.com

All entries must be postmarked no later than December 1, 2023

Please remember to send pictures and to notify me if some score sheets are youth entries. Children and grandchildren (17 years of age or younger) of members are eligible for youth awards.

ZIMBABWE SAFARI

1984
Harry Koss

I met Frank McCourt, a professional hunter who operates Lowveld Safaris Zimbabwe through an invitation from Gale Hixson in late January 1984. Gale called to invite me to come to Canadian Lakes to meet Bud Westerfelder, president elect of the Detroit Chapter SCI who was visiting to arrange for taxidermy work on a leopard he had taken with Frank McCourt in December of 1983. Frank was bringing films of Bud's last hunt.

We were all favorably impressed with Frank's presentation. I wanted Cape Buffalo as my primary objective and a variety of plains game. Frank returned for a Mid Michigan Chapter SCI meeting in February 1984 and I booked a hunt for August 30th through September 14th. I decided that since I was hunting alone that I would take my wife, Catherine, along as a vacation. Catherine and I departed for Zimbabwe on August 27, 1984 for what proved to be a most enjoyable safari. The 16½ hour flight between New York and Johannesburg, South Africa and another 1½ hours to Harare left us both tired. We arrived in Harare at 8:30 PM August 28th and were met at customs by Frank and his wife Sue. With baggage and rifles collected, we cleared customs and went to Frank's residence where we had a day and a half to get acclimated before departing for the bush.



Frank and Sue McCourt

We departed Harare about noon August 30th by small plane for the Zambezi Valley located in the northernmost part of Zimbabwe along the Zambezi River, which forms the boundary line between Zimbabwe and Zambia, to hunt Cape Buffalo. An hour and one half flight over rugged terrain of the Zambezi escarpment brought us to the bush camp of Ian D. Piercy who operates a safari business known as Zambezi Hunters in the Dande Safari Area. Frank McCourt had arranged a four day Cape Buffalo hunt in this area since buffalo are quite numerous and the area offers good trophy heads. Upon arrival we had lunch, unpacked and got our gear organized and went outside camp to check the zero on the rifles. Both rifles were firing dead center as zeroed prior to my departure from Mt. Pleasant. The rifles had apparently endured the airline baggage handlers unscathed. We went back to

camp to get acquainted and discuss the forthcoming hunt strategy. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we left camp to conduct a tour of the general area by landrover and to look for movement of the herds. We saw plenty of signs where small to medium groups of several to an estimated one hundred had crossed the trail we followed. It looked as though we would have good luck in locating them come tomorrow, so we returned to camp to make ready for some serious hunting.

After a night of sleep interrupted by hyenas roaming about camp and carrying on continuous conversation, the camp came to life at 5 AM and we departed for the bush by 6 AM. About 25-30 miles from camp the tracker cut buffalo signs and we took the spore. It was a small group of eight old bull buffalo and they were covering a great deal of ground, so we set out at a fast, tiring pace for about a mile or two, when the tracker motioned that "buff" were near. We worked into position approximately 85 to 100 yards from them. As we peered around the brush cover, all eight of the buffalo were standing looking in our direction. Makoni, the black hunter, instructed me on which head was the best trophy and estimated it at 46" tip to tip. I got into the kneeling position and brought the 460 Weatherby Magnum (WM) to bear on his chest. Just as I was about to fire, Makoni tapped me on the head and motioned for me to stand up and lay the rifle across his shoulder which I did. However, I was certain that I would injure him, so I shoved the rifle forward as much as possible to keep the muzzle blast from hitting him. Makoni thought he was too high when I did that and dropped his right shoulder slightly just as I squeezed the trigger. I registered a clean miss and the buffalo left the country.

We held a "confab" on the spot to discuss what went wrong. The hunters weren't used to anyone being too accurate in the kneeling position, which is about as good for me as prone, hence Makoni's decision to have me shoot from his shoulder. I assured them that I was very comfortable in the kneeling position and demonstrated with several shots later to quiet any doubts they might still have. We agreed that on future shots I would pick the situation that I felt most secure with. The missed trophy was an impressive size and had the classic slope and curve to the horns. I was not to see its equal again. Roughly a mile from this event we picked up another trail and followed what appeared to be a group of about 15-20 head for four or five miles, but the wind kept shifting and finally the tracker called the stalk off and we headed back for the landrover. On the way past a waterhole that was located in a ravine among the rocks, I spotted a leopard coming up a path from the water, but he was out of sight in several bounds, no chance for a shot. The sight of all the game and the leopard had me charged up and when we got to camp, the other tracker told us they had placed a half of a zebra out for lion bait. There were several lions and leopard working the area. The next morning, Saturday, September 1, found us up at 5 AM and ready to hunt buffalo. Shortly after daylight, which comes about 6:30 AM, we came upon a herd of about 85 to 100 buffalo. After a careful stalk, we got to within about 85 yards. The animals were not aware of our presence, but picking the bull from among the milling herd was somewhat frustrating. Finally, Makoni directed my attention to a good looking bull that had turned and was looking in our direction. I rested the

460 WM across the top of a low hanging limb and hit him in the left front shoulder with a 500 gr. solid point. The bull turned and joined the departing herd. The only sign of being hit was the manner in which he ran, kind of "humped up" and a little stiff.

We followed the tracks and picked up blood spore which we followed for about a quarter of a mile. The tracks showed where the bull had left the herd and circled to the left, heading for thick bush. While we were standing there discussing our next move, I glanced to my left even further and saw a head sticking up over a small ridge line. I pointed the animal out to Frank and Makoni and they said to get ready quickly, that he was going to charge. I was to shoot at the first available opportunity which came as he approached the top of the ridge. I hit the bull in the middle of the chest with another 500 gr. solid at about 75 yards, but he was still on his feet. He started to run toward us, stumbled after several steps, but regained his feet. I fired three more rounds hitting him each time before he fell. After 15 to 20 minutes, he gave a final moanful bawl and was dead. The two bullets fired frontally went completely through the bull lengthwise. They sure can pack a load of lead. At last I had my Cape Buffalo.



Cape Buffalo Bull

We left a party of natives to get the buffalo back to camp and proceeded to hunt since it was still only about 8:45 AM. Within an hour we came upon another small herd and I took a cow buffalo. The female has different shaped horns with no boss. Makoni designated a good trophy and I eased the 460 WM over the top of an anthill and caught her back of the right shoulder. The 500 gr. soft point I was using didn't knock her off her feet, and she moved out with the rest of the herd. After about four or five hundred yards, the blood spore indicated that she had left the herd and was heading for thick brush. We set off at a rapid pace in an attempt to intercept her before she reached the heavy brush. As we came into view, she decided to charge at Frank whereupon Makoni hit her in the left shoulder at about 40 yards with a 458 WIN. magnum 500 gr. solid. She turned to go after Makoni and Frank shot her in the right shoulder also with a 458 WIN. magnum 500 gr. solid. This was repeated twice. By this time I was positioned where I could see her and Frank and Makoni were out of the line of fire. I hit her at the base of the neck and she went down. We totaled up the shots. Frank had 3

with his 458, Makoni had 2 with his 458 and I had 2 with my 460 WM, all 500 gr. bullets. Excitement was running high and after we got the natives rounded up from behind trees and anthills, we took pictures, loaded the buffalo and headed for camp.



Cape Buffalo Cow

We were back in camp by 11 AM, tired, hot and dusty, but elated with our luck. My shoulder was starting to get stiff from the brutal pounding of the 460 WM. It was black and blue for about a week.

While the trophies were being tended, we went to check the bait that had been set. It had been hit by leopard and very little remained so we returned to camp. If time permitted we would sit on it that evening. That afternoon we left camp about 3:30 PM to hunt Bush Buck in an area about 25-30 miles from camp. The temperature was 95 degrees. After parking the landrover, we took the water bag and my 270 Weatherby Magnum and walked about two miles into Bush Buck country. The area was in the bottom land along a dried up river bed from the four year drought. The brush and briars were dense with narrow trails winding throughout. We worked further into the dense brush and came upon a small herd of six cow elephants with several calves. Since quarters were rather tight, we withdrew and proceeded along another path. The sun was getting low on the horizon and we had to start back to the truck in 15 to 20 minutes. Fortunately, we spotted a Bush Buck standing on a ridgeline with the sun behind him. Makoni said he looked to be about 13 inches and thought I should take him. After several attempts to get a sight picture while looking into the sun, I finally shot and hit him. He rolled into a ravine, but was only wounded. We tracked him for about a half mile before I got another shot which finished the job. By this time, we had travelled further from the truck and were running out of daylight. The natives quickly fashioned a pole to carry the Buck and we set a grueling pace for the truck. We made the truck just as it was dark, another 10 minutes and we would have been hunting it in total darkness, not a very pleasant thought after a long hot day and hungry as a bear. We did not have an opportunity to visit the leopard bait that evening.



Bush Buck

The hyenas were in full concert that night as they circled camp and fed on the offals from the day's hunt. The trophy room was about 40 yards from our tent and the sound of the hyenas cracking bones could be heard all night. What weird sounds in a pitch black night.

The next day, Sunday September 2nd, we were up at 5 AM as usual. Today we would hunt Water Buck, and try for a lion. After miles of walking and trailing four lions, we called it a day and returned to camp empty-handed. The plane was scheduled to pick us up Monday the 3rd at about 4 PM for the return trip to Harare. That morning we took a trip north to the Zambezi River, to deliver some meat to the natives living in that area and to hunt if an opportunity presented itself. The trip was about forty miles over terrible roads, the going was slow and hot. The tsetse flies were out in full force. This was the first really bad day for flies we encountered, but they came at us in continuous swarms. While traveling on the better road at a speed of 35 mph, the flies would swarm around and bite just as though you were standing still. Fortunately, I had Muskol and it did a great job of repelling them. During the trip up and back, we saw many elephant, zebra, giraffe, wart hogs, baboons, rhinoceros, hippopotamus and numerous birds native to that area. It was a delightful and interesting trip except for the flies.

We repacked, and prepared for the return flight to Harare. It was a pleasant flight and we were back at Frank McCourt's house by 5:30 PM, getting ready for the trip to Mateke Hills where we would conduct the rest of the hunt.

Tuesday, September 4th, we were up at 5 AM, packing the landrovers with gear for the long trip to the southern part of Zimbabwe, Mateke Hills, a distance of about 575 kilometers. The drive through the flatlands referred to as the lowveld was interesting but tiring. The temperature reached about 105 degrees and I was beginning to doubt the wisdom of this hunt. Frank kept assuring me that it would be 10 to 15 degrees cooler in the Mateke Hills which lie at an elevation of 1800 to 2200 feet above the plains. As it turned out, he was right and the climate was most enjoyable there. Upon arrival at the Mateke Hills camp at about 5 PM, we unpacked, set up camp, showered, had dinner and discussed the hunt plans for the rest of the hunt. I still had 9 days to hunt.

Wednesday, September 5th, we were in the bush at 5:30 AM cutting for signs. After about three miles we picked up zebra tracks, followed them for about one half mile and stalked to within two hundred yards. I took a nice stallion with 2 shots.



Zebra

Later in the afternoon, after several miles of tracking Eland, we came upon two Kudu bulls at a distance of close to three hundred yards. Frank told me the one on the left was a good trophy, so I rested the 270 WM across a tree limb and fired. The designated bull collapsed. He measured 50-1/2" horns and looks like he may make the record book.



Kudu

The natives expressed surprise that I hit at that distance. It made me feel kind of good. A large lion had been working the area, so we put a hind quarter of the zebra out as bait, and settled down for the evening. A good dinner of fresh Kudu liver, bacon and onions topped off a perfect first day. The following day, September 6th, we checked the lion bait but it hadn't been bothered, so we made a wide circle in the bush cutting for sign. We tracked more Eland for several miles, but no luck. That evening on our way back to camp, I spotted a Klipspringer standing on a large rock about 100 yards away. Frank gassed him and said he was a worthwhile trophy, so with about 15 minutes of daylight left, I shot my Klipspringer with 4-1/2" spikes. Frank felt he would make the book. By the time we recovered the Klipspringer from among the rocks where he fell we walked the remaining mile to camp in the dark. After a good shower, clean clothes, a stiff drink of scotch and a fine meal of buffalo meat, it seemed a perfect end of another day of hunting.

The next morning, Friday September 7th, after several miles of walking, I missed a nice Eland. I once again shot from Frank's shoulder and recorded my second miss on what was an otherwise easy shot. I hit the Eland in the dewlap and he left little blood spore. We followed him for about 10 miles, but finally gave up. Frank felt that he wasn't hurt and that we might run across him again. We walked back to camp and arrived about 11:30 AM, hot dusty, thirsty and dog tired. We hadn't taken any water with us and the temperature was about 95 degrees. It's amazing what a couple cool beers do for a body in a situation like that. Partaking of beverage, a lunch of roast wart hog and a couple of hours of rest and we were ready to hunt again by 2:30 PM. As it turned out, when we drove out to the bush again, the truck was over 8 miles from camp. We checked the lion bait again, no sign of being bothered by lion and proceeded to make a circle cutting for game sign. No fresh tracks were encountered, so we decided to work back toward camp. At dusk, the tracker pointed out a Nyala bull feeding on a densely wooded ridge line. I only had a few seconds to shoot because he was moving over the ridge line and it was getting too dark to shoot. I couldn't find a rest to shoot from so I decided to try my luck offhand. The Nyala was about 150 yards and I connected with a killing shot. He measured out 25-1/2 inches.



Klipspringer



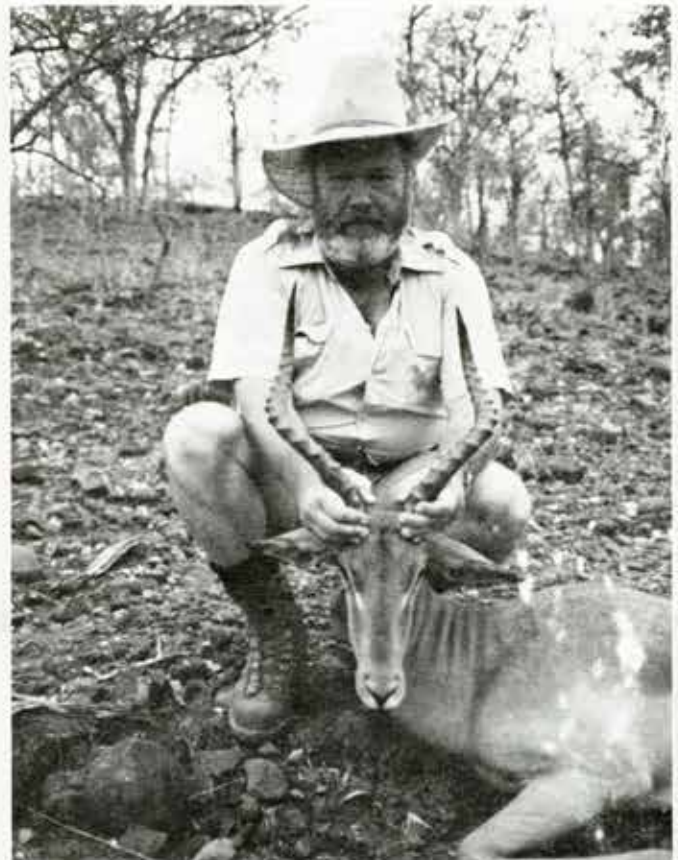
Nyala

Again we returned to camp after dark, got a truck and retrieved the Nyala. A superb dinner of Kudu kebobs, cold beer and a good hot shower topped off the day.

During the night, the wind picked up and it got quite cool. By morning on Saturday, September 8th, it was overcast, cold and misting a little rain. No sign of game today except a nice 4-3/4" Klipspringer which Frank so graciously told me to shoot in place of the one I had already taken.

The weather warmed up during the night and we got up at 4:30 AM Sunday, September 9th, to try for Eland again. We spent the entire day staking out two water holes to no avail and on the way back to camp, I shot an Impala.

The wind had died and the temperature was stifling hot by evening. That night the wind picked up again and blew quite hard. We got up about 5:30 AM, but didn't expect much luck. The weather remained cool and windy until well into the evening. We arose



Impala

at 4 AM, Tuesday, September 11th. The wind had died down, but it was still cool. It warmed up during the day but even with all the walking we didn't see any sign of Eland, so we returned to camp about 5:45 PM. The next morning Wednesday, September 12th, was our last full day of hunting and still no Eland. We took to the bush about 5:30 AM full of optimism. The weather was good and it looked like it was going to be

good hunting. We picked up Eland tracks and followed them about six miles, but the zebra were everywhere and between them bolting and the wind shifting constantly, we spent the day in the bush without seeing any Eland. Finally, we returned to camp about 6:30 PM. I was beginning to think that I was not going to get an Eland. We still had a half day left to hunt on the morning of the 13th before we returned to Harare. Our flight left Harare for the return trip at 12 noon on Friday the 14th. That night Frank and I talked about the prospects for Eland in the time remaining. We decided to arise earlier on Thursday morning than usual and get well into the bush before daylight in the hopes of catching a herd moving from the water hole. Frank decided that I should take the 460 WM with solids so that we could take advantage of any shot we might get regardless of how thick the brush might be. The next morning, Thursday the 13th, we got up at 4 AM, had a cup of black coffee and headed for the bush. By daylight, we were deep in the bush. We cut Eland sign about daybreak, a lone bull with a lion on its trail. Occasionally we spotted blood spots and the tracker said it was the same bull I had shot through the dewlap several days before. We followed the trail for about five miles in the hopes of coming upon the lion feeding, but apparently the Eland proved too strong for the lion and after about four miles the lion gave up the hunt and took off in another direction. We also changed our course and after about a mile cut Eland sign, a small herd of about 30 animals. The Eland traveled at a steady pace, grazing as they went. We followed for about an hour before we came upon them. The wind was starting to get gusty and shifting, plus a small herd of zebra and giraffe were in close proximity so we had to be exceptionally quiet. We began a long, arduous stalk down ravines and through dense thorn bush for what appeared to be about a half mile. Frank and I crept and crawled up out of an old river bed and I got my first glimpse of the herd. I couldn't make out a bull and remained perfectly motionless while Frank studied the areas with his binoculars. After some time, Frank whispered that a large bull was ahead and slightly to our right through dense bush. I tried for what seemed like an eternity, but couldn't identify the animal. Finally the bull moved and I caught sight of the movement about 110 yards away, but had trouble discerning if I had the right animal or at what part of the animal I was looking. The herd was moving along, grazing, and Frank whispered that if I didn't shoot soon, the bull would be in the river bed and we would lose him. I took careful aim and fired. The dust was so thick I couldn't see if I hit the Eland or not, but Frank grabbed me by the sleeve and said, "You hit him - run like hell," which we did as well as can

be expected through the rocks and thornbrush. By the time we covered the distance from where I fired, to the Eland, he had regained his feet and was trotting away at a wobbly gait. I had chambered another round somewhere during the run and delivered another shot through the lungs into the left front shoulder just in time to prevent his escape. What a beauty with 35-1/2" horns and weight at about 1900 lbs.



Eland

It was 9 AM and we were about 6 miles from the landrover and 11 miles from camp. We still had to process the trophy before our departure for Harare. The Eland was field dressed and transported to camp. After packing the trucks and loading meat, we departed Mateke Hills about 4 PM and arrived in Harare about 1 AM Friday morning. No one needed much encouragement to go to bed.

September 14th, our last day in Harare, saw us up and about at 7 AM while Catherine and I packed for the return trip, Sue prepared a lunch of Eland steak, which was tender and delicious, a perfect ending! Then off to the airport. We arrived in Mt Pleasant the evening of September 16th, dog tired, as it was nearly 60 hours since we got up at Frank's with only the little sleep we got on the plane. I collected nine trophies, most of which I'm sure will place in the Safari Club International Record Book.





Conservation Affairs

Compiled and submitted by Autumn Gonda



MICHIGAN DEPARTMENT OF
NATURAL RESOURCES

Lead Bullets and Venison

If you use high-velocity lead bullets, here are some ways to remove or reduce lead fragments:

- Place your shots carefully. Shots that go through large bones, like the hindquarters of a deer, elk, or bear, will cause more fragmentation.
- Fragments are often found farther from the wound channel than expected. This makes it impossible to recommend a safe distance for trimming. However, liberally trimming around the wound channel should remove some fragments.
- Do not rinse the carcass. Rinsing the meat will not necessarily remove lead fragments. It may spread lead fragments to other parts of the animal, causing more of the meat to have lead.
- Ground venison has been found to have more lead fragments. Venison steaks and chops usually contain less lead. • Some commercial processors combine several deer. Venison that contains lead fragments could be mixed into venison that you receive. Ask the processor not to combine meat from other deer with yours.
- Acids make it easier for the human body to absorb lead. Avoid using acidic substances (like vinegar or wine) when cooking venison.

Who is most at risk of health problems from lead?

- Women who are pregnant or can become pregnant
- Children ages 6 and under In pregnant women, lead can cause low birth-weight babies, premature births, miscarriages, and stillbirths. In young children, lead can cause learning disabilities, lower IQs, and stunted growth. Even the smallest amount of lead can harm children and babies.

Public Health Advice If you harvest deer, elk, or bear with high-velocity lead bullets, women

of childbearing age and children ages 6 and under should avoid eating that venison. Older children and adults should use caution when eating ground venison shot with lead bullets. It's best not to eat the organs from any wild game because lead and other chemicals collect in the organs.

Who is at greatest risk from lead in wild game?

Older children and adults also can have health problems caused by lead, but it takes much more lead to cause problems in these people. Eating a few meals of lead-shot ground venison will not harm older children and adults. However, if they eat lead-shot ground venison every week, that may be harmful.

- Older children and adults should use caution when eating ground venison that was shot with lead bullets.



PRIME RIB – OR – HAIR SOUP???

“Your Choice – Eat Well & Hunt WELL”

By Robert C. Mills, Owner-Pine Hill Club

Over my many years of hunting, I have read and written numerous articles regarding deer hunting. Scent control, rifle and bullet selection, tracking skills, do's and don'ts, etc., etc. **NEVER HAVE I READ AN ARTICLE EXCLUSIVELY DEVOTED TO HUNTING CAMP COOKING AND MEAL PREPARATION FOR HUNGRY HUNTERS.**

This article will showcase how we handle food at our Isabella County hunting camp. Our family has owned and operated the Pine Hill Club for 50 years and we have learned a great deal about cooking and preparing meals for hungry hunters. I have always believed that having good food in a hunting camp is the cornerstone for camp enjoyment and results in happy hunters.



This article will showcase how we handle food at our Isabella County hunting camp. Our family has owned and operated the Pine Hill Club for 50 years and we have learned a great deal about cooking and preparing meals for hungry hunters. I have always believed that having good food in a hunting camp is the cornerstone for camp enjoyment and results in happy hunters.

I believe the first step in eating well is making a list of food needed for a well-planned menu. At our camp we establish a menu for each day of hunting season with a large breakfast, lunch and dinner. Our camp consists of 22 hunters for the first week of season with successful hunters tagging out and often leaving camp after day two or three. Weekends are usually our busiest time and experience, over the years with meal preparation, has helped us gain knowledge about what to buy and stock up on, to fill the cupboards, refrigerators and freezers with needed supplies.

Each year we budget about \$2,500-\$3,000 for food. Eating well requires that we have a quality stockpile of good food. With 22 hunters to feed you need large quantities of food.

We are very fortunate that one of our members is a supervisor for a wholesale food company. He is also a professional cook and helps with meal selection and preparation. He has a truck deliver the bulk of the food in early November for the upcoming hunting season.

Because daily meals are planned, we have a good idea on what supplies we need to purchase. I will not list all the supplies we purchase but share some of the goodies we buy.

Specifically, the key is planning for each meal. Years of experience has helped us hone our menu. Planning the daily menu allows us to know what to buy and prepare and is a “ROADMAP” to great meals for our hunters.

BREAKFAST EACH MORNING:

I get up at 3:30 opening morning and get the coffee started. We have five large coffee makers and have them filled the night before, ready to plug in. Our members are very helpful in getting the coffee ready.

Breakfast consists of 4 dozen eggs, 5 pounds of bacon or ham and large stacks of pancakes. We also have orange juice donuts, syrup, and toast with peanut butter and jam/jelly. We use sturdy paper plates and plastic cups for juice. Lots of paper towel, salt/pepper, and the usual condiments are provided. Hot sauce, catchup, mustard, butter, etc., etc. No one leaves the camp hungry. Most are “super stuffed” but all enjoy the fellowship of a large breakfast.

The routine is repeated each morning of hunting season with various changes to our breakfast menu, i.e., French toast, sausage, ham, scramble eggs, fruit, bagels, etc., etc. Always toast, coffee/tea, peanut butter and jam/jelly.

LUNCH:

On November 14th (night before opener) our members prepare a sack lunch. We provide roast beef, turkey and ham for sandwiches, apples/oranges, candy bars/hard candy, cookies, cupcakes, etc. Members write names on their lunch sack and fill their thermos on opening morning before going to their hunting blind. **Again, well fed hunters are happy hunters.**

Every blind has windows and a stove. Members stay all day on the first two days of hunting season. After the first two days many hunters return to camp for lunch before returning for the evening hunt. (By the second day of season, half of our hunters have shot at least one buck.)

When hunters return for lunch, on day three, we have burgers



with cheese, pickles, potato chips, chili, vegetable beef soup, etc. No one leaves the camp hungry.

DINNER:

We always plan for a big dinner. After sitting in the woods from daylight to dark, you build up an appetite. Dinner the first evening is roast beef with potatoes, onions, carrots, etc. We prepare two large roasters, the night before season, and plug them in before we leave for the woods. Dinner is cooked and ready whenever the hunters return from their blind. We usually have pie, cake, ice-cream, cookies, etc., for dessert. **No one leaves hungry.**

Because we plan our menu for hunting season our members always know what is for dinner, when they return. One night is Italian – spaghetti with meat balls, etc. One night is Mexican – taco salad with all the trimmings. One night is Chicken Alfredo. One night is roast turkey. One night is lasagna, etc. Often, we have chicken wings, salsa/chips, etc., as appetizers. By planning a menu, you know what to buy and have ready to prepare.

We buy large quantities of half/half, milk, cheese, beef burger, lettuce and tomatoes, potatoes, onions, eggs, spaghetti, sauce, canned vegetables, corn, green beans, baked beans, butter, pickles, catsup/mustard, hot sauce, salt/pepper, spices, olive oil and other cooking oils, chips, pretzels, popcorn, etc. In addition, we use large quantities of paper towel, paper plates, napkins and other paper products.

Our camp has four refrigerators, two freezers and a store room for food. When we get low on a needed item, we go to the local grocery store for more.

Well fed hunters are happy hunters. After the meals, members pitch in to do dishes, clean-up, etc. Then the euchre games begin with three tables going at a time. We only play for \$1.00/game and \$1.00 for euchres that are paid

by losers. No one gets hurt and all enjoy the camaraderie.

For the past 50 years we have always eaten well. It seems like good food and quality hunting keeps our members coming back, many for over 35 years straight. We seldom have an opening and I don't know if it is because of the good food or good hunting. We all leave smiling!

On the night before season (November 14th) we have a large dinner catered to camp. We meet at 5:30pm in our pole-barn and sit at tables and have a short meeting to review camp rules, deer sightings, big bucks harvested, etc. We acknowledge member successes such as birthdays, marriages, etc. Awards are given to the "Hunter of the year", "Tidy blind", etc.

We invite the DNR Officers to this meeting to review any new rules, etc. The meal consists of roast chicken, pork, beef, mashed potatoes/gravy, baked beans, pickled beets, salad, home made pies, etc. All you can eat and no one leaves hungry. (Some take the left-overs to reheat in their hunting blind.)

We furnish no alcohol at camp but members BYO. We do have coffee/tea/soda and bottled water. Great fellowship and full stomachs prepare all for opening morning. Lights out by 9pm with breakfast at 5am on opening day. We usually harvest 10 plus bucks on opening day with most being 8 point or bigger. (We don't shoot small bucks, but let them grow.)

I believe that well fed hunters are happy hunters. This article is intended to share how we eat at the Pine Hill Club. Every camp can scale down or up depending on numbers. We believe that if you **EAT WELL, YOU HUNT WELL**. After 50 years of successful hunting at the camp, the proof is in the "**pudding**" – **no pun intended! Good eating and hunting to all...**

Scholastic 3D Archery (S3DA) -



Editor's note: This is one of the many youth programs our chapter supports throughout the year. Your membership dues and attending the fundraiser helps make youth programs such as this a reality for these young people.

By Marney Ryan

What's the latest buzz in archery around Michigan? It's S3DA of course. S3DA stands for Scholastic 3D Archery. It's a national organization associated with ASA Archery, NFAA, and USA Archery as their parent organizations.

Michigan supports 7 different teams: Central Michigan Goldstars, West Michigan Soaring Falcons, Mid-Michiee, Jackson, Archer-On, Rising Phoenix and Aim to Achieve.

The Central Michigan Goldstars are the largest club in Michigan. Their roster has between 65 and 75 archers each season. They have 12 certified coaches who help develop each archer's mental and archery games. They practice out of the Central Michigan Sportsman's Club in Stanton, Mi.

Archers range in age from 6-18. Archers are divided into groups based on age and bow set up. We have archers who shoot in the pin classes, this would be a hunter set up. We also have archers who

shoot an open set up. This allows them to have adjustable sights, long stabilizers, lenses, etc. Archers are then divided by age into: Junior Eagles, Eagles, Youth and Young Adult.

S3DA consists of three different disciplines. In the winter months, they participate in Indoor Target. This discipline is made of a 5 spot or single spot paper target. Each archer shoots six ends (rounds) of 5 arrows. A perfect score for this is a 150. Our archers have always seemed to enjoy the outdoor 3D target season more, but this year, they came on strong in Indoor target.

A month is taken off and then we hit the outdoor ranges with outdoor 3D and Outdoor Target. Outdoor 3D consists of 20 3D targets set up through a wooded course. Archers shoot at deer, javelina, turkeys, black panthers and many more. Archers shoot at animal vitals for 5, 8, 10 or 12 points.

During the 3D season, archers also compete in Outdoor target. This resembles what you might see in the



One of SCI's many sponsorships



Olympics when you watch archery. The archers shoot six ends (rounds) of six.

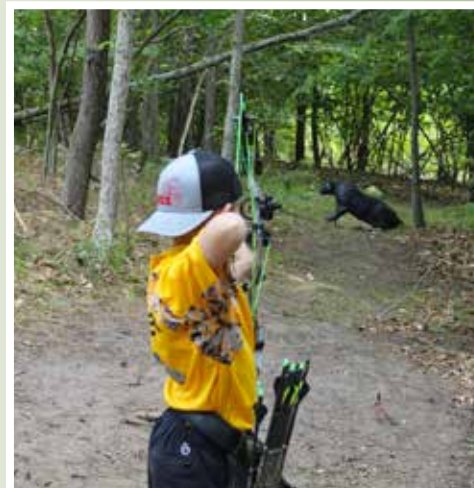
Each discipline requires qualifying regional shoots. The archers then qualify for the state shoot, which qualifies them for the national shoot.

Another component of S3DA is our conservation component. Not only are archers taught the skills involved in archery, but the conversation of our natural resources are reinforced. Each year at our state event, a program is provided that supports a different component of the outdoors. The DNR has presented to our archers and families. We've had a local trapper provide hands-on experiences and the art of trapping with our archers. One of our many motto's is "Always leave a range better than you found it."

The Central Michigan Goldstars have had phenomenal seasons. Just last year, the 2022 season, they brought national titles home. This outdoor 3D season, they brought home four teams who are nationally ranked! Amazing!

This program not only develops the skill of archery, it builds mental endurance, confidence, discipline and friendship. The entire Michigan team is one big group of friends.

You can follow us on facebook at Central Michigan Goldstars, or Michigan S3DA. Please reach out with any questions you have, or if you'd like to help our program grow and develop.





CHRISTENSEN FAMILY AFRICAN HUNTING VACATION

Part Four of a Four Part Series

by Josh Christensen

Editor's Note: In the previous three issues we have followed the Christensen family as they experienced different hunts and South African culture on their family vacation with Marupa Safaris. We pick up their vacation on day eight of the trip..



Elijah with blesbok

After another half hour of driving around we came to a stop as Reinardt was able to locate a bachelor group of sable. As I looked to see where the animals were I was lost. I couldn't see any sable, and certainly not a group of them. That's when I was told I was looking too close. I was eyeing the bushes all around us, but the group of sable were up on a koppie some 400 yards away. We got down from the truck and started our stalk toward the animals.



Sara with waterbuck



Family with springbok

The following morning we were up earlier than usually to go to a neighboring property in pursuit of sable antelope. This is an animal Sara and I both thought was attractive and wanted the opportunity to hunt. When we first entered the property we noticed the topography was a bit different, having many rolling hills and valleys with many trees/bushes blanketing the hillsides. About a mile into our driving we stopped on the top of a hill and spied a lone sable on the opposite hillside grazing around 600 yards away. As we glassed the jet black sable he looked amazing and we started to make a plan for a stalk. That was when he picked up his head and looked in our direction and we noticed this nice looking animal had only one horn. It was great seeing the sable and glassing it and preparing for a stalk helped calm me down for when we would come across a sable with two horns.



Josh with sable



Sara with sable



Josh with blesbok

We used the bushes and trees as cover as we worked our way closer and closer, but at 250 yards from the group I felt the wind shift from the side of my face to the back of my neck. The next time we stopped to look at the sable most of the members of the herd were looking in our direction. They might not have seen us, but they knew we were there. Moments later the herd moved over the koppie and out of sight. They weren't running, but they weren't walking at a leisurely pace either.

Once back at the truck, we loaded up and started along a road that best matched the path the sable were taking. When we came to a fork in the road Reinardt chose for us to take the path to the left because he thought the cover looked like something the sable would like. He chose wisely, because five minutes later found us quickly parking the truck behind a big bush and Reinardt and I stalking the herd.

We continued toward them, using the vegetation as cover until we were 150 yards out. The shooting sticks were set up as we watched the sable as they milled around behind some vegetation of their own. I set up on the sticks and waited for the sable Reinardt picked out as "The One" to step out from behind a bush. After a thirty second wait, we adjusted the sticks to allow me to get a clear shot at the animal. He was quartering hard towards me, but I felt steady and was confident I could make the shot. Reinardt reconfirmed I was on the right animal and then I squeezed the trigger and watched as the bullet struck him and he dropped. I asked Reinardt if that was the one he was taking about and with a smile on his face he replied with a yes. I had gotten my opportunity to connect on a nice sable, now it was Sara's turn.

After pictures and loading up my sable we were off again to look for more sable. Thirty minutes later found us locating a nice sable bull. Reinardt was able to get

Sara to within 170 yards, but once again the animal wouldn't provide Sara with a broadside shot, so like I did, Sara would have to take a quartering to shot. At the report of the rifle the impact of the bullet was heard very clearly, but the animal took off over the koppie he was on and out of our sight. When we reached the top of the koppie we spotted him going into some thicker brush. After a follow-up shot Sara had claimed her Sable as well. Her sable was a jet black color with a very unique mane that appeared to have three horizontal strips. A black stripe attached to his neck followed by a brown strip and finished off with another black stripe.

That afternoon found us back on Marupa's concession looking for the elusive waterbuck. We drove to the area we knew they liked to hang out, but weren't able to locate them. We drove up and over a koppie where we saw many red hartebeest, but not our intended target of waterbuck. We



Family at Kruger



Family with big hole



Lilac-breasted Roller



Kilpspringer

continued on a route of a big loop around the area. When we were to an area of vegetation I figured no waterbuck would be, Reinardt stopped the truck and said he saw some waterbuck. I looked and looked and couldn't see them. When I asked, "Where?" Reinardt replied I was looking too close again, and to look out about 400 yards.

There, standing under some trees blending in with their surroundings were multiple waterbuck, including a good bull. The stalk was on. When Reinardt got Sara to within 170 yards we couldn't go any further without risking the animals running into thicker cover. Sara set up for the shot and squeezed the trigger. We heard the bullet hit the intended target, but he took off. He only went about 50 yards before stopping. That is when Sara put another round in him, braking his shoulder. He didn't go much further. Sara had her waterbuck and finished her hunting on this trip.

The next day, July 6th, marked Sara and my 20th wedding anniversary. This was one of the reasons we chose the dates we did for hunting in South Africa. Fifteen years earlier we spent our fifth wedding anniversary in the Eastern Cape of South Africa and we thought it would be fitting to celebrate our 20th on another safari.

This morning was extra cold due to all the moisture in the air. The fog this morning was very thick and several times when we drove around it felt as if it were sprinkling. It must have been the fog, the lack of any wind, the cold or a combination of all of those things that made the animals very calm on that morning. While driving around we came across a group of blesbok

who didn't seem to mind us. This was unusual because the blesbok would usually take off running if we got within 300 yards of them. But on this morning Elijah was able to get within 150 yards. We probably could have gotten closer, but Elijah felt comfortable to take the shot at that distance.

The intended blesbok jumped like it was a good shot at the crack of the rifle and we watched the herd run off 100 yards before stopping. As we continued to watch, Elijah's blesbok dropped and he had his last animal of the trip. After pictures and loading the blesbok, it was my turn for either a springbok or a blesbok.

As we drove around the vast open grasslands on the south side of the property we spotted a different herd of blesbok. As we came to the top of a hill they were feeding in the valley below moving from our right to our left. The herd was ranging in distance from 250 to 300 yards. I set up for

a shot as the blesbok were unaware of, or unconcerned with, our presence. Reinardt looked over the herd. We both observed the three at the back of the herd were males and as Reinardt looked them over he told me they were all good trophies and take the one that presented the best shot opportunity.

The second to last blesbok stopped and I moved my crosshairs over to his shoulder and a little high because of the distance they were from us. I took a breath in and squeezed the trigger. I heard the shot go off and after what seemed like a full second, but it was probably much less, I heard the thump of the bullet connecting with the animal. The result of the shot was



Big Hole sign





Cape Buffalo



Sara setting up for the shot



Big Hole

observed quickly as the blesbok ran only 50 yards before he dropped.

That afternoon we relaxed at the lodge with our boys, playing card games, writing in our journals and just enjoying Africa from the many seating areas on the porch of the lodge. For dinner that evening Pieter and Marupa Safaris surprised Sara and I by taking us into Kimberly for a candle lit dinner to celebrate our twenty years of marriage. We had a table for two in the nice restaurant and had excellent meals to conclude our evening.

The next day we decided to take a break from hunting and relax by doing a little sightseeing. The guys from Marupa took us on an excursion to "The Big Hole" in Kimberly. This is the site of the largest man-made hole in the world. It was started when diamonds were discovered in the early 1870's. Today it is an interesting part of South Africa's history and a worthwhile tourist destination. We were able to take a tour of the old mine and see some beautiful diamonds. This is the mine that started the well-known De Beer Company.

The rest of that day consisted of our family playing cards together, writing in our journals and enjoying the sights around the lodge. Even though it wasn't hot, the sun was out and Ivan decided he wanted to venture into the pool. He didn't swim long, but he braved the water and is now able to boast that he swam while in South Africa.

The following day, July 8th, I was going to try my luck in locating the last animal on my list for this trip, a springbok. The entire family piled into the truck for this hunt

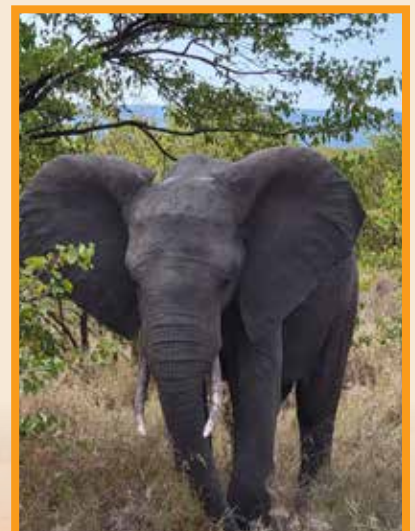
and Pieter drove us around the property in pursuit of a mature ram. We found many different herds of springbok along our journey, but Pieter continued to say we could do better. There were several rams I thought were good, but Pieter explained how they were just a little too young and not mature enough. Pieter takes his game management seriously and is constantly monitoring his game numbers.

After several hours of driving around and glassing different animals we came across a herd of springbok with a good mature ram. The only problem was the herd was out in a large open area and a stalk was near impossible. Pieter was able to get me to within 310 yards. By now I was getting more confident in shooting close to that distance, at the beginning of the trip I would have passed on this opportunity.

As I set up for the shot, I felt comfortable and steady. Then I did something I shouldn't have. I placed the crosshairs of the rifle right on the shoulder of the springbok, took a breath and squeezed the trigger. The shot was at a distance in which I should have adjusted my crosshairs higher. The shot didn't sound like it connected and the springbok ram



Elephants crossing the river



Elephant



Zebras



Hyana



Jackel

ran about 50 yards before stopping. I quickly chambered another round and adjusted for the distance by placing the crosshairs above the shoulder on the line of the back before squeezing the trigger. This time we heard the impact of the shot and watched the springbok go another 75 yards before going down. We found my first shot had connected on the ram, but it was a flesh wound on his front leg below my aiming point. The bullet dropped about 12 inches at that distance.

The next day consisted of relaxing, playing card games, measuring our animals and packing for our trip to Kruger National Park, which we did the following day. GC, another PH with Marupa would take us around the tourist sites near Kruger. We stayed at a "tent" camp while visiting Kruger and the surrounding area. This "tent" camp consisted of canvas tents with all the amenities of a hotel. We had electricity, a heating/cooling system, a bedroom and a bathroom with both a shower and a bathtub.

During our time near Kruger we visited the park and were able to see many different species of animals including some I had never seen before on my previous trips to Africa. These included hyena, caracal, klipspringer, leopard and multiple species of birds. We were also taken to visit Jessica the Hippo and were able to learn about her, a totally free ranging hippo, and feed her.

Over these last few days in Africa we were able to take many pictures of the different animals the African continent has to offer, both on our drives through Kruger and on the property we used as our base camp for our travels in the Limpopo area. This was an enjoyable trip with Marupa Safaris, and one our family will treasure for all of our days.



Hippo



Jess the hippo



Tent Camp



Family playing cards



Sharing Some Good Cookin'!



Rolo/M&M Pretzel Delights

by Sara Christensen

Place parchment paper on a cookie sheet.

Lay pretzel twists on the parchment paper.

Place a Rolo candy on each pretzel.

Bake in the oven at 250 degrees for three to five minutes

Lightly press a M&M (or pecan) onto the Rolo then let cool.



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- Quarterly Issue of *FRONT SIGHT MAGAZINE*
- Online Record Book
- Michigan conservation efforts (example: chronic wasting disease)
- Protect Michigan hunting rights

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Michigan Chapters met with our Representatives in Washington DC

by Mary Harter

A group of SCI members from several different Michigan chapters met with our representatives in Washington DC in May. The different representatives we met with were Elissa Slotkin, John Moolenaar, John Bergman, Tim Walberg, John James, Bill Huizenga, and Senator Debbie Stabenow. Not all of us met with all of them, instead we split up to be sure we were able discuss policies and current happenings with all of the representatives. Some meetings took place in their offices and some were out in the hall. Some meetings were just with their aids as they were busy.

We discussed our opposition to Trophy Bans and Predator Control Restrictions, some anti conservation legislation to repeal the 1937 Pittman Robertson Act, and lead ammo bans (there is no scientific evidence that it does harm). We supported the No Net Loss for conserving current access to hunting areas. We want modernization of the Endangered Species Act. Once a species is classified as endangered, it is almost impossible to get it taken off the list.

It was nice being able to discuss these issue with our representatives and it was good for them to put faces with our SCI organization as we continually advocate for hunters rights.



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"Perhaps our eyes need to be washed by our tears once in a while, so that we can see life with a clearer view again." - Alex Tan




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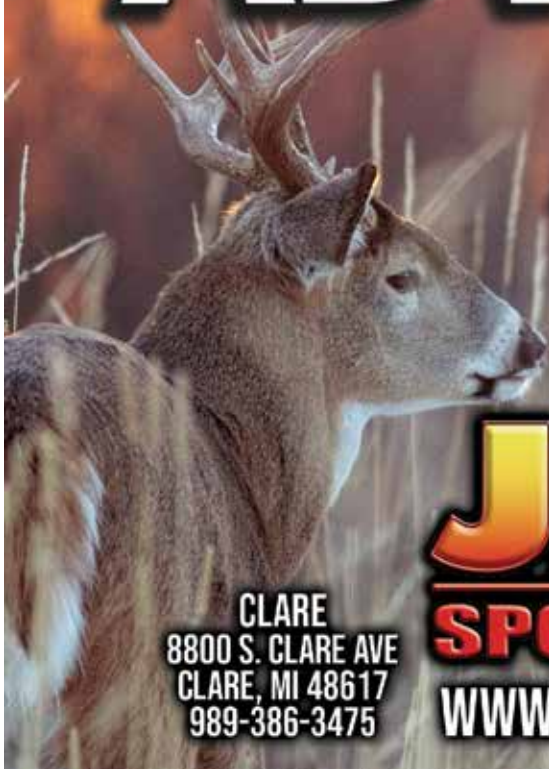
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