



FALL 2010

NOVI NEWS



SCI
FIRST FOR HUNTERS



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Cover Image
Is a pair of Nyala,
in South Africa
by Jon B. Munger

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6th Annual SCI, Novi Golf Outing

By Jon B. Munger

Over 40 chapter members and guests gathered at The Fountains Golf Course on June 25, 2010 for the 6th Annual SCI, Novi Golf Outing. Eleven foursomes enjoyed a beautiful, sunny day out on the course, while supporting the chapter and its' educational programs. Golfers competed for prizes, enjoyed the hospitality of The Fountains for lunch and dinner, and bought tickets for the many raffle prizes. Thank you to The Fountains and to all of our golfers and sponsors for continuing to support this annual event!



In particular, we would like to thank the following individuals and companies for sponsoring a hole, a foursome, or donating a raffle prize for the event:

Chris Mayer/Halsted Place Apartments

John Thompson/Liquiforce

Cabela's

Mike Dudash/Creative Commercial Real Estate

Leonard Kruszewski/RF Connect



A Message from Our President

This is my inaugural message after being elected as President of SCI, Novi at the Annual Awards meeting in June. I am proud and honored to be able to continue to serve the chapter in this new role, and hope that all of us can continue to advance the chapter's education, conservation and humanitarian projects. I would like to first of all thank immediate Past President Chris Mayer, who put in untold hours of work on chapter projects during the past two years that he served as President, and without whose effort and leadership many of our chapter's accomplishments during that time would not have occurred. Thanks, Chris! Chris also had the unenviable task of attempting to educate me as Vice President, and I thank him for his patience and persistence in that task, as well. I look forward to continuing to work with Chris and the rest of our new Board of Directors as we head into the 2011 fiscal year and chapter fundraiser.

Speaking of our new Board, you will see some familiar faces, as well as a few new ones. Jon Gray and David Haney are back as our Secretary and Treasurer, respectively. They are joined by Nicholas Leon, as our new Vice President and Newsletter Editor, and by new Director Dr. David Sturtz. Continuing on as Directors are Leonard Kruszewski, Robert Iacovacci (also our Membership Chairman), and George Zervos. Past President Chris Mayer also remains a Director. Thank you, one and all, for continuing to serve! I say this despite (to paraphrase Woody Allen) having grave doubts about the collective wisdom of any group that would accept someone like me as a member, let alone elect me as its President. I will try not to disappoint!

On a sadder note, we say goodbye to Past President and longtime Director Bob Taylor, who has decided to step down as a Board member after many years of service. Bob will continue to be involved with both the chapter and the Board in an advisory capacity, for which we are all very grateful. Bob, your helping hands and wise counsel will be sorely missed. No one has given more to the chapter, over more years, than Bob.

This is the "off season" for us, both as hunters and as a chapter. I hope you all enjoy your summer. For those of you fortunate enough to have some hunting planned this summer, be it in Africa or elsewhere, please drop us a note about your adventures! We'd love to see pictures, hunt reports or an article for the newsletter. Watch your mailboxes in the coming months for information on our Fall Membership Meeting in September, and it will soon be time to begin work on our annual Chapter Fundraiser in February. As we draw closer to that, a list of donated auction items, vendors and raffle prizes will be posted on our chapter website at www.scinovi.com. We look forward to seeing all of you at our future events!

Sincerely,
Jon Munger, *President*

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UPCOMING EVENTS

September 13, 2010

*Board of Directors Meeting,
Multi-Lakes Conservation Club*

September 16, 2010

*Fall Membership Meeting
Leo's Sports Bar, Novi*

October 11, 2010

*Board of Directors Meeting,
Multi-Lakes Conservation Club*

Oct. 16, 2010

*Goose Hunt/Golf Outing,
Heather Highlands Golf Course,
Holly, MI*

November 8, 2010

*Board of Directors Meeting,
Multi-Lakes Conservation Club*

Dec. 5, 2010

*Chapter Christmas Party,
Place TBD*

December 13, 2010

*Board of Directors Meeting,
Multi-Lakes Conservation Club*



NOVI CHAPTER TO TOUR MSU SHOOTING CENTER



On September 9th at 3:00 P.M. the Novi chapter of SCI will be given a guided tour of the Demmer Shooting Sports Center at 3365 E. Jolly Rd in Lansing. This state of the art indoor facility is located on the campus of Michigan State university and houses Olympic archery ranges, air rifle range and hand gun range. This center is the result of efforts by Jordan Pusateri Burroughs (a former MSU graduate student who received wildlife scholarships through MIC) and donations by the Lansing Area Chapter of SCI and other generous donors.

If you plan to join us for the tour please call Bob Taylor at 248 625-2760.

After the tour we will observe a SCI MIC presentation at the Natural Resource Commission (NRC) meeting at the Lansing Center.

WANTED: Hunt Reports

SCI, Novi would like to solicit your opinions on any recent hunts you have taken. Have you recently had a great experience with a particular outfitter, or had someone whom you would really recommend to other members? Let us know about it. On our website is a blank "Hunt Report" form - just copy and fill it out. Send it in to SCI, Novi at the address on the form. We are building up a file that our members can use as a reference when considering booking a hunt of their own, and we may also publish selected reports in upcoming editions of our newsletter. So here's your chance to let everyone know about that hunt you just took!



visit our website



www.scinovi.com

NOVI Chapter Hosts Annual Big Buck Night

Members of the Novi Chapter and guests gathered at Leo's Sports Bar in Novi on March 25th for the annual Big Buck Night event. This was the chapter's first event at Leo's, and it was a great success. The food and service were top notch! President Chris Mayer welcomed the attendees and got the program underway.



Chapter sponsored graduate student Sarah Hamer presented a program based on her research on the spread of Lyme Disease between deer, deer ticks and humans. Her discussion was entertaining and engaging, even making deer ticks interesting. Thank you, Sarah!



Many excellent trophies were entered into the evening's competition, and the scorers were kept busy judging them all. Out of the dozens of entries, the winners in the various categories were as follows:

- Youth: Joseph Jones
- Shotgun: Ken Ryan
- Out-of-State: Frank Jones
- Rifle: Curt Engelman
- Enclosure: Dan Taylor
- Muzzleloader: David Haney
- Archery: George Zervos
- Crossbow: Ken Ryan



Each attendee bringing in a buck to be scored was given a raffle entry, and the prize winner who took home the scoped .270 deer rifle was Dan Taylor. Congratulations to all the award winners!

Reflections on a First African Safari

By Jon B. Munger

I have heard Craig Boddington speak about first time African safari hunters, and he warns about “Instant Expert” syndrome. Those who make that first trip are so enthused about the experience, they feel the need to expound on all subjects African, whether they know anything about the topic, or not. I am trying to avoid that particular personality defect, but I certainly understand the excitement that causes it. Having said that, I offer only my own thoughts and experiences from my first trip to Africa, for whatever they are worth. Below are my nightly journal entries describing my experiences hunting Kikuyu Lodge this past April, in the beautiful Eastern Cape province of South Africa.



Kikuyu Lodge, Eastern Cape Province, South Africa

April 17

Today was departure day! I drove down to Metro Airport about noon, running a little late because of road construction on I-275. I was a little worried about getting through security with my guns, but I made it in plenty of time. The first leg of the flight was short, an uneventful 2 hour hop to Atlanta. I then spent 4 hours waiting in Atlanta for my next flight.

The second flight was the long, ugly one. We left at 7:45 pm, and didn't arrive in Johannesburg until 5:05 PM the next night. Even with the time changes, that's a 15-1/2 hour flight.

April 18

A 15 hour flight is just unpleasant, no matter how you slice it. My legs get cramped, my back gets sore, I pace up and down the aisles. I never could sleep on planes, and I wasn't able to today, either. Actually, that may help with the jet lag – I'll be so tired when I get there I'll be able to sleep no matter what time my body clock is set on.

We had an enormous mess-up in Johannesburg. I got through passport control and customs with no problem, then went to claim my guns. No guns. After running circles in Johannesburg airport, I was able to find out that Delta had loaded my suitcases through just fine, but had left my gun case in Atlanta. I had to fill out claim forms and sign authorizations and generally go through the bureaucracy in Johannesburg. The upshot is that they say they will try to find the guns, and have them delivered to me at the lodge. We'll see.

After all the uproar, I had to sprint through Johannesburg airport to catch my connecting flight to Port Elizabeth, which I made by only minutes. That flight was calm, and Harry Fourie met me at the Port Elizabeth airport as planned. There had been thunderstorms on the flight in, and Harry said the lodge had gotten rain earlier in the evening. The lodge is about 90 minutes north of Port Elizabeth, up in the hills north of Alexandria, a small town of about 1,000 that is the nearest population center to the lodge. We drove up, with some mist and rain along the way.

As we drove up the driveway to the lodge, a bushbuck crossed in front of us, then we had to stop and let a small herd of Giraffes clear the road! One big bull wasn't interested in moving, and stared at us for several minutes before moving on. Hello, welcome to Africa!

The lodge itself is beautiful – very large, spacious and well built. It's like a nice resort at home, except, of course, for the Giraffes in the driveway! The guest chalets are very spacious and well maintained. Each has 2 double beds, a nice bathroom and shower area, and a patio facing onto the river valley. I stayed up long enough to log onto the internet and email Laura and the girls that I had arrived safe. It's funny that my cell phone doesn't work here, but the wireless internet connection works fine. Go figure.

April 19

Up this morning at 5:30 to shower and meet Harry for breakfast at 6. Yvonne, the cook and lodge manager, is very nice. The service here is impeccable. We had coffee, juice, toast and fresh fruit before heading out to hunt about 6:40. We drove to Harry's house about 3 miles away and picked up Elliott, our black African tracker/scout, and an apprentice Professional Hunter named Brett.

The property itself is about 15,000 acres, or 25 square miles. It is mostly high ridges and plateaus, with steep valleys between. There are some larger trees, but mostly heavy brush, 3-8 feet tall, much of it thorn brush. We drove the property until about 11 am before breaking for lunch. Despite some light rain and mist, I thought we saw a lot of game, although Harry and Brett thought it was very light, due to the weather. We saw numerous herds of Zebra, Impala, Springbok, Blesbok and Black Wildebeest. We saw scattered groups of Blue Wildebeest and Red Hartebeest, plus a few Eland and some Giraffes, and one Mountain Reedbuck. About 10 am Harry and our tracker, Elliott, spotted a nice Kudu (which I never did see), and we spent about an hour trying to stalk him, to no avail. We did see a nice, nearly mature Nyala buck in the pasture just below the lodge on the way back in. Nyala are very impressive looking, with their gray-brown coloring, huge neck ruff, and feathery hairs on their legs like a show dog.



We came back for lunch about 11, and rested for a while afterward, going back out about 2. While the morning had been cloudy and misty, the afternoon was clear and sunny, although the wind was quite gusty. Temperature peaked at about 72 degrees. We checked again for the Kudu we had seen, with no luck, then moved on to a new part of the ranch, a high plateau with a large field bordered by pine trees. The field is perhaps 120 acres. It was absolutely full of Black Wildebeest and Blesbok, literally hundreds of them. After a brief look at them, Elliott point out 3 nice Impala rams on the

left side of the field. We drove to within 200 yards of them, then used the pine wind break to stalk within 100. Harry quickly decided that one was a shooter, so he threw up the shooting sticks and waved me forward.

It was a perfect setup – the Impala were completely unaware of us, hidden back under the pines. They were grazing at about 85-90 yards away. I steadied Harry's Model 700 7 mm mag and fired the shot. The ram dropped on the spot. Walking up to him, we could see he was still thrashing a bit, but we waited a few minutes, and checked out the shot. I actually hit him quite nicely, through the rear edge of the shoulder, both lungs, and out the opposite shoulder. My first African animal was "in the salt"! He is a beautiful ram, with a golden colored hide in perfect condition, and nice heavy horns in the classic up-back-and-up pattern. I was thrilled to have taken my first animal, and with a good, solid shot, as well.

As the afternoon wore on, we saw more herds of both Blue and Black Wildebeest, tons of Blesbok, Impala, Zebra, and even a handful of Ostrich. We saw, but could not get a shot at, a very large Bushbuck. He was running across a field, and got into the thick bush before we could get set up. We also saw a group of 6 Kudu, including two nice, younger bucks, still a year or two from being shooters. We dropped Elliott and the Impala off at the skinning shed, and returned for a glorious dinner made by Yvonne. We had homemade coleslaw, biscuits, green beans, squash and a very tasty Kudu Stroganoff over noodles. We had a South African pudding dessert that was also wonderful. I won't be losing any weight here!

April 20

This morning turned out to be a perfect outing. We ate breakfast early, and set out hunting by 7. The sky was clear, the wind had died down some, and the temperature was probably in the upper 50's. For the first several hours, we saw little game – I expect most of the animals were hunkered down staying warm somewhere. We did see fair numbers of Impala, Springbok, Blesbok and Black Wildebeest, plus two nice Waterbuck bulls fighting. We saw a lone Common Reedbuck, as well as tons of the Green Vervet monkeys. They are quite spooky, and I have yet to get a picture of one. We spent most of the morning cruising the roads along the edges of the plateau's, glassing down into them and on the opposite valley slopes.

About 9:30, we pulled up to a new valley and stopped to glass. I immediately spotted a nice Kudu (which was rare, usually Harry or Elliott spot the game first). He was on the opposite valley edge, standing backed up to a giant aloe plant, while 4 kudu cows and young fed below him. He was just catching some sun and staying out of the wind. Within moments, Harry had spotted the Kudu, as well, and also 2 nice Bushbuck rams about 75 yards from the Kudu. We got out the rangefinder, and it was 401 yards across the valley to the big Kudu. We still could not see his horns, because they were hidden behind an aloe plant, but we knew it was a bull, and a big one, judging by body size. Harry worked out a plan to stalk down our side of the valley to a rock outcropping directly across from the Kudu.

Within 10 minutes, we had crept down to the rock pile. I ranged the Kudu at 228 yards, a do-able shot. We could see at least the lower part of the bull's horns by then, and knew he had good mass, and at least a curl and a half of length. He still hadn't moved from between the two 10 foot tall aloe plants. Harry lowered the sticks for a sitting shot, and I squeezed into a space on the rock pile where I was steady. I waited for a space between wind gusts, and triggered the shot. The big bull immediately humped up at the shot, and he and the four cows ran into a narrow strip of bush. Only the cows ran out the other side! We checked on the Bushbuck, but they had taken off at the shot. We drove around the valley, and walked down to the bush where the Kudu had fallen. We found him almost immediately, within 40 yards of where I had hit him. The shot had taken him perfectly, on the crease behind the shoulder, about 1/3rd of the way up the chest.



Harry whooped with joy and congratulated me on both the shot and the animal, which turned out to be a very nice bull! I was amazed at the sheer mass of the animal. They are as big as a small horse, much bigger than even a big bull elk. He probably weighed well over 600 lbs. The horns were perfect,

just shy of 46" per side, with 9-1/2" bases. The horns have a very symmetrical, tight double spiral, with good spread at the top. He was carrying some old scars on his nose and flanks, and an inch deep gash across his nose that was just beginning to heal. He was a scarred and crusty old veteran, with his neck swollen in the rut, and he is simply magnificent! It was all Harry, Brent, Elliott and I could do to drag him forward 10 feet into the sun for pictures.

Harry called up to the lodge and had 6 of the farm laborers come down to help haul it up to the truck. He backed the truck to within 75 yards of the animal, and it was still all that 6 guys could do to load him into the truck! I videotaped that phase of things, what a sight, watching those 6 or 7 guys haul that monster up the hill.

We dropped him off at the skinning shed, and also stopped and measured the Impala horns. They are 21" each side, with 6-1/2 inch bases. He'll definitely make the SCI book, and the Kudu will, as well. The Kudu is likely a silver medal animal, and the Impala a bronze.

Back at the lodge for lunch, we immediately got a call from the dog handler, saying that they had a Caracal up a tree, and to come quickly. This was almost too good to be true, but we hopped in the truck and sped off. Within 10 minutes, though, the dog handler called back to say that the cat had jumped out of the tree and the dogs had killed it. Back to the lodge we went. We had a nice Brunch and are resting until 3 before going back out.

We also checked in with Delta to see if my missing guns had turned up. No word yet, although they did report, ominously, that they had an unmarked gun case at their facility that appeared damaged. I hope it isn't mine!

Evening Post script: We hunted light this evening, going out about 3 and back right about dark. Some of the pressure is off now with the Kudu in the bag. We focused on Bushbuck, since that one may also need to be a long shot. We saw a few does, but no bucks. It got cold this evening, and much of the game was huddled in small clearings in the bush, very little was out walking around. Tomorrow, the plan is to hunt Bushbuck for a few hours, then drive to a nearby farm for Warthog.

My guns got here tonight, delivered by courier. My fears of damage proved unfounded, the police called back to say the damaged case was not mine. My guns are in perfect condition, so tomorrow I hope to be able to use the muzzleloader on something!

Another PS – I met Bucky tonight, an orphaned Bushbuck fawn adopted by Yvonne the cook. She apparently bottle fed him from the time he was a day or 2 old. He's now about 3 months old. He will walk up and let you pet him, and he wanders in and out of the lodge all day. Cute little guy!

April 21

Well, today was much colder in the morning, there was frost on the grass. It warmed up nicely as the day went on, up to a high of about 80, but the morning was cold. We had just eaten breakfast and gone out to look for Bushbuck when Harry's phone rang. It was Jeff, the dog pack manager, and he had a Caracal treed for us!

We took off to the location, about 30 miles from Kikuyu. By the time we got there, Jeff met us at the gate, and led us several miles across the property to the home of a native staff member on the ranch. We could hear the dogs baying treed behind the house. We ran about 150 yards along a path through the woods, low enough that at times we were almost crawling, eventually finding the dogs. The dog handler pointed out the Caracal treed in a large tree with wide-spread branches. Harry had already told the guys, with probably a roll of his eyes, that I planned to shoot the cat with a muzzleloader, instead of the shotgun they preferred. I'll take my Encore over a duct-taped together 20 gauge anytime!

At any rate, I was a bit nervous. The gun just got here last night, and I hadn't had time to check the zero at the range, to make sure it hadn't shifted during transport. I shifted around until I had a clear view of the cat, 20 feet up the tree, and held it as steady as I could shooting offhand. I needn't have worried. The shot took the cat behind the shoulder, and it fell like it had been struck by the hammer of God! A 300 grain Powerbelt does a mean job on a 35 lb. cat! Oddly, it made a big entrance wound, but only a tiny exit wound. Bob Taylor should have no problem repairing the one tear in the hide.

After that, we took photos, then returned with the cat to truck. The African couple that lived at the house came out and were extremely happy. They spoke only Corsa, but Jeff and Harry said that the old woman told them the cat had been eating her chickens for weeks, and she had been desperate to get rid of it. She clapped her hands and smiled and sang in Corsa. Very cool. We took more photos and headed back to the lodge.



After packing lunch in the cold box, we drove about 40 minutes away, near Grahamstown, to hunt a property owned by friend of Harry's for Warthog. We hunted all afternoon, in an area that is usually thick with hogs, but saw no more than 2 or 3 dozen, all females and piglets. At one point late in the day, Elliott had spotted a nice hog, which we could see had mediocre tusks. Elliott apparently thought it was a shooter, but Harry debated it. He finally worked around for a better view and said not to shoot, because it was a female. Elliott debated, but closer inspection clearly showed the absence of certain optional accessories in the plumbing area, so we left. We'll hunt there again Friday or Saturday.

Tomorrow is supposed to be cloudy, with scattered rain. We plan to leave later, about 7, and hunt Bushbuck at Kikuyu, with the possibility of taking a wildebeest or hartebeest with the muzzleloader as a backup plan.

April 22

Today was tough. I overslept a bit, and we didn't get out of the lodge until about 8. By 9 we had spotted 2 nice Bushbucks, but they were on the opposite side of a valley from us, the same valley where I shot the Kudu, but farther down. They were 450 yards away, with little chance of getting a closer shot. We decided the best bet was to climb down the valley through the heavy brush, and come up on them from below.

As we approached the valley bottom, we spotted a second nice buck only 30 yards from us in the thick bush. He spotted us at almost the same and took off. We continued on, and got to where the first buck had been, but he was gone. We never saw him again.

By that time it had clouded up heavily and the wind was blowing cold from the north. We looked at some herds of wildebeest, then quit for lunch.

The afternoon was a washout. We went out about 2, but the wind was blowing hard, and the game was skittish. We saw several hundred wildebeest, mostly Blues, in scattered groups. They were very skittish in the heavy wind, and we were unable to get close to any of them. We did see several very nice, shootable Blues, though. We put a stalk on a lone Black Wildebeest bull, also very skittish, but at closer range it was clear he wasn't a shooter. He lacked the heavy bosses that add up to a good score. By 4:30 it began to rain heavily, and we quit for the day. Tomorrow is supposed to be clearer and nice.

In the afternoon, while scouting wildebeest, we also located some snares set by African poachers. This is a major problem in South Africa, where the local people feel that they are entitled to take the game, regardless of whether it is behind a high fence on private property or not. Apparently the police do little to enforce trespassing laws, and lodge owners are constantly removing illegal snares on their property. My second day here we saw the result of many snares - a Black Wildebeest cow that had been snared, broke the snare cable and run off, but still choked to death hours or days later. The carcass was laying in the field being eaten by flies and birds, a complete waste of the animal.

The highlight of the day was Yvonne cooking my kudu fillets for dinner. She had them roasted nicely, with some broasted potatoes, vegetables, a shepherd's pie, and lemon meringue pie for dessert - very tasty. The food here is certainly the best I've had at a hunting camp!

April 23

We got steady rain all night, and it was wet and cold this morning. By breakfast at 7 am, it was starting to clear off. We went out about 8 looking for a Bushbuck, and went back to the valley where I shot my Kudu, and where we had seen the Bushbuck the last 2 days. When we first arrived, the sky was just clearing, so we sat for a while and glassed. After about 20 minutes, Elliott spotted a lone Bushbuck ram, just standing in a sunny spot in the bush trying to get warm. He was within about 75 yards of the spot where I shot the Kudu. It was sprinkling a bit, and much too far a shot for the Encore, so we grabbed the .270 and headed down to the same rock-pile where I shot the Kudu. We edged a bit farther out and down, and were able to get within 182 yards of the Bushbuck. I tried getting a steady rest on a rock, but it was too low. The Bushbuck remained unaware of us, so Harry took a moment to set up the sticks for a sitting shot, and I had a much better rest. I drew a bead on him, and fired the .270. The 130 grain Nosler Accubond hit him well, center of the chest, and he was down almost instantly. He kicked and rolled nearly 50 yards down the slope, but it was immediately apparent that he was done.

After hearty congratulations all around, Harry and I drove the truck around to the other slope, while Elliott hiked across the bottom. Elliott and I got to the buck at about the same time. He is a beautiful buck, with 12" horns and a nice spiral on both sides. His coat is nice and dark chocolate brown, with some white spots back on his hips. I had Elliott skin him for a full mount. I'm not sure I'll go to that expense, but I might!



We took the buck back to the farm, and waited while Elliott skinned him out. He is really a very thorough and skillful skinner - he skinned out the ears, split the lips and did a very thorough job of cleaning and salting the hide in a short span of time. After tagging the trophies, we came back to the lodge for another of the wonderful brunches (fruit salad, scrambled eggs, French toast, bacon, Kudu fillet and mush-

rooms, and croissants), after which we got to watch a truckload of newly bought Nyalas being offloaded. By the time that got taken care of, it was 2:30 and we went out hunting for Blue Wildebeest.

We cruised around the north end of the property for a while, and made a stalk on a batchelor group of bulls, but couldn't get close enough for a muzzleloader shot. After spooking them off several times, we switched to the .270. We made another long stalk as they kept feeding and walking along, and finally got in a decent position, about 170 yards away from them across a field. After Harry set up the sticks, I put my rifle up, wasn't able to get very steady. I was a bit out of breath from the long stalk, and in retrospect, probably should have waited to get a steadier shot. Nevertheless, they all took off at the shot, and we spent the evening trying to locate them, without success. We could see the group of bulls again, but none looked injured, and they were quite spooked after the shot.

After an hour or more of searching turned up nothing – no tracks, no blood and no wounded animal, we decided to try again in the morning, with some extra guys and the dog to help. I felt bad all evening, not knowing if I was leaving a wounded animal out there or not. After a quick dinner, we headed out to spotlight for duiker in the cold evening (about 48 degrees).

Elliott and I rode in the back of the truck with a spotlight while Harry drove. We saw a large amount of game – many, many Bushbuck, plus some Waterbuck, rabbits, Spring Hares and even two large Bushpigs, but no Duikers. After an hour or more, it began to rain, and we called it a night. Yvonne had the night off for her birthday, but we still had a nice meal of beef stew, rice and squash, with pie for dessert.

April 24

Well, we returned early this morning to the field where I had shot at the Wildebeest. Harry and I and Elliott, plus two other African staff members, took over an hour sweeping through the bush where the animals had been. We covered at least 500 yards in every direction from where the animals were when I shot. We found not a spot of blood, hair or any other sign, and we eventually concluded that I had completely missed. Shortly after that, before we even got the extra staff back to camp, we spotted a nice herd of Blue Wildebeest, with a large bull.

We drove to within 150 yards, and Harry got out and set up the sticks. There was a nice, old bull with heavy horns leading the group. I threw up my .270, blocked thoughts of bad shots from my mind and let fly. The bull immediately kicked like a rodeo bull and took off, with the herd following. They went about 100 yards to our right, to the head of a small valley. They dipped over a rise briefly, then the herd ran back into sight heading straight away from us, parallel to the valley. The trackers immediately said the bull was well hit, but they lost sight of him, as we did. We drove to the head of the valley to see if the bull had split off from the herd and gone down, as Harry figured he would do. We couldn't immediately spot him, so the trackers jumped off to search while we made a bit loop to see where the herd went. They were gone – out of sight. I began to get a sinking feeling – not again! But as we drove back to the trackers, we could see them waving and giving thumbs up. They had found the bull dead only 20 yards into the valley! As it turned out, he was perfectly hit – dead centered in the chest. He had simply turned down the valley to die.



He was a monster bull, too, with heavy, rough old horns, huge bosses and a nice spread. He'll score at, or very close to, the SCI gold medal level. Blue Wildebeest are another huge animal, probably 500 lbs., and as big as a barn door broadside. We arranged him and did the traditional photo shoot, then the 5 of us heaved and hauled him into the truck. We dropped him off at the skinning shed, then Harry, Elliott and I loaded up our lunch and headed down the road about an hour to a place called Fort D'Acre, another hunting ranch owned by a friend of Harry's. Fort D'Acre is a smaller hunting ranch, about 4,500 acres, and is located right on the Indian Ocean coast near Port Alfred. At several points on the property, we could see the ocean, with the enormously heavy surf leaving a hundred yard strip of whitecaps and foam along the shoreline. It is a gorgeous property.

We drove the farm from about 12:30 pm until nearly dark. We saw herds of Impala and Blesbok, many nice Nyala, some Waterbuck, Eland, Bushbuck and at least one Ostrich in addition to the Warthogs. We also saw a rare Oribi, a diminutive,

duiker sized antelope with small, straight horns and black circles around his eyes. While we saw many Warthogs, we saw only 3 shootable males, all three of which took off quickly as soon as we spotted them. These warthogs are becoming a major hurdle!

The highlights of the trip to Fort D'Acree, though, were seeing two of the "Big 5" – Buffalo and White Rhino. They have a herd of about 20 Cape Buffalo, including 3 or 4 big bulls. They are pretty impressive – enormously powerful looking animals. There were 5 rhinos, 2 adult females, a very young baby, a half-grown baby bull, and a young adult bull. The one adult cow was simply huge! She had a horn that was close to 3 feet long, and she probably weighed 2-1/2 tons! They are prehistoric looking, like a small bus walking around. The largest female had the very young baby, though, and she wasn't sticking around for pictures. The 3 middle sized ones stuck around and let us take some nice pictures. We gave up about dark and returned to the lodge for another great dinner, and getting ready for my last hunting day.

April 25

Well, my last day of hunting! We got out pretty early, about 7:30, and went up to the north end of the property to "sort out" a nice Blesbok. We were hoping to get one with the muzzle loader. We drove to the field where the Blesbok usually graze, and there were hundreds of them there. Harry and I snuck in on foot, and Elliott drove the truck around to push the herds towards us. As we were sneaking in along a tree-line, we had a small herd of about 15 on our left side at 140 yards, including a nice male. The Blesbok are very skittish, but we got nearly close enough for a shot before they saw us and spooked. We maneuvered around for nearly an hour trying to get into position, but the animals were, by then, clearly aware something was up in the trees, and they wouldn't come close. For the most part, they ran back and forth at about 300 – 400 yards out.

We finally got a nice bull to walk in at about 250 yards. We took out the .270 and just walked out towards them. At about 200 yards he started to walk a bit back, so we stopped, and I eventually took the shot at 193 yards. He ran only about 20 yards after the shot, and when we got up he was perfectly shot through the heart. He was a nice, mature bull with 15" horns, not a "Top Ten" animal, but solidly Silver Medal class. I was very pleased. We did the typical photo shoot, and then dropped Elliott and the bull off at the skinning shed while Harry and I got ready to go hunt Warthog again.



After packing a quick lunch, we picked Elliott up again, and drove down to Harry's friend's place outside Grahamstown. As we were driving up to the lodge, we saw two nice male Warthogs out feeding along the shoulder of the road. I joked to Harry that we should take one, and we even drove back to look at them. Harry was reluctant to shoot one on the road, and thought we could do better inside. As it turned out, those were the two best males we saw all afternoon!

We drove back to the field we had first hunted, and there was a fair sized male out feeding, along with about 6 females and piglets. We stalked to within 80 yards, and were just setting up for the shot when the hog spotted us and took off. We stalked them around for another hour, then hunted other areas of the farm. We saw females, piglets and a few very small males, but nothing worth shooting. The day was very hot, upper 80's with blistering sun. At one point, we took a long walk along the Great Fish River, but saw no Warthogs. I did find the bones of one that had died naturally, though, and salvaged a nice tusk. At least I got a souvenir! We were all hot and tired after that, so we called it a day about 4:00 pm and left to return to the lodge.

Back at camp, Harry and I scored all my trophies for the record book. I ended up with 1 bronze medal trophy, 4 silvers, and 1 Gold (the Caracal). As it turned out, I only shot one with the muzzle loader, and if I had it to do again, I would bring 2 centerfires, maybe the .257 and a .300 Win Mag. I'd leave the muzzle loader at home. It's just too hard to approach the herd animals on the open plains to get within 100 yards. There are too many eyes watching you! On the bush animals, in this area, anyway, you frequently see them while glassing across valleys, and there is no way to approach within muzzle loader range. Both my Kudu and Bushbuck were shot across valleys, one at over 200 yards and one just under 200. I could easily have taken the Impala with a muzzleloader, but Delta still had my gun case when that one went down.

Back at the lodge, dinner was served in the fire pit room. It's a large, enclosed dining space, with a huge log fired grill, and one whole side open to the firepit. Harry grilled T-Bone steaks, and we had steak, salad and vegetables, with grilled prawns, oysters and fried calamari as an appetizer. Very nice! I spent the rest of the evening organizing and packing my stuff for departure tomorrow. This has been a spectacular trip!

April 26

Departure day, always the saddest part of any nice hunting trip. Harry and I loaded up the truck after breakfast, and got ready to head in to Port Elizabeth. There were 3 new hunters in camp this morning, a mother and daughter from Texas, and a guy hunting for Blue Duiker, plus their assorted PH's and trackers. It was a full house! While we were heading in to P.E., Harry got a call that the guy had gotten his Blue Duiker, which made Harry happy. Apparently they are pretty rare, and it is hard to even get a permit, let alone an animal. They had pushed a nice male out of the bush on the first drive the dogs made, so that was a good success.

Seeing Port Elizabeth in the daylight was much different than my arrival day! What I thought was a smallish city is actually a metropolis of nearly 2 million people. It is right on the Indian Ocean, and parts are very nice, although parts are extremely squalid, and crime is apparently rampant. Surrounding the downtown area are shanty towns composed of literally thousands of one room shacks made from wood, sheets of tin and cinder blocks, jammed into fenced off areas. There must be tens of thousands of poor African natives living in conditions that defy description. There are also blocks and blocks of cheap apartments in areas that aren't much better. I compare these shanty towns to conditions in inner city Detroit or Pontiac, and there is not even a comparison. Even our ghetto's are vastly superior to how these people live.

We did some souvenir shopping downtown, Harry bought some needed parts for the hunting truck, and I got to the airport about noon, for a 3:20 pm flight to Johannesburg. I'm sitting in the terminal at the P.E. airport writing my notes. The airport here is remarkably small for a city of this size, but if a significant part of the populations can't even afford a decent place to live, I guess air travel is largely irrelevant.



View from the Lodge Porch, Kikuyu Lodge



Zebras, Kikuyu Lodge, South Africa



The cook Yvonne's pet Bushbuck fawn, Bucky, which she raised when he was orphaned. He wanders in and out of the lodge all day.



Mama White Rhino and her cute little 1/2 ton baby Near Port Alfred, South Africa

SCI-Novi Supports DNRE Academy



Kevin Frailey (right) from the DNRE accepts a check from Jon Gray, SCI-Novi Education Committee Co-Chair.

The SCI-Novi Chapter supported the recent 2010 Academy of Natural Resources (ANR), run by the Michigan Department of Natural Resources and Environment. The week-long teacher education workshop at the RAM Center on Higgins Lake featured three tracks that participants could choose from including Natural Resources Curricula Certification, Natural Resources Field Camp, and NatureQuest. Forty eight educators learned about Michigan's diverse natural resources, discovered current trends in their management, and experienced activities that will bring this knowledge to the classroom.

Our chapter had previously run a similar, shorter program for teachers at the RAM Center called the Michigan Wilderness Leadership School (MWLS). It was decided that we would support the DNRE's ANR program because it duplicated the efforts we were trying to accomplish in educating teachers and it was getting harder to draw the number of teachers needed to make MWLS worthwhile.

The \$10,000 the Novi chapter donated to the ANR program allowed teachers to attend at a reduced individual cost through scholarships available to all of the participants. The rest of the money went toward speakers and materials. Kevin Frailey, DNRE Education Director, presented an overview of the Academy at the August Board of Directors meeting and accepted a check on behalf of the DNRE. They were extremely thankful for the donation and look forward to working with our chapter as an ANR partner in the future.

Howell Conference and Nature Center Gets a Safari In A Box

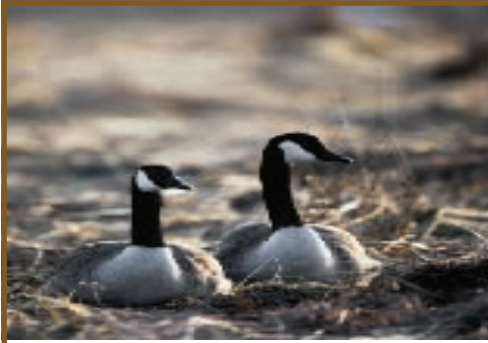


SCI-Novi Education Committee Co-Chair Jon Gray (left) presents a Safari In A Box to representatives of the Howell Conference and Nature Center.

The Howell Conference and Nature Center (HCNC) in Howell was the recent recipient of an SCI Safari In A Box (SIAB). The Novi chapter donated the box to the HCNC after a request was made for hides and skulls to use in their education programs. A quick look at the "wish list" made it apparent that the contents of a SIAB would more than satisfy their request for replacement items that had been worn out after years of use.

The Safari In A Box is a collection of North American animal hides, skulls, rubber repli-tracks and repli-scat along with education guides with suggested activities. The boxes are used by classroom teachers and nature centers to give children a "hands on" experience with real animal materials.

The donation came just in time for the HCNC to use the box at the Riley Wilderness Youth Camp held at the Center this summer. SCI-Novi Education Committee Co-Chairs Jon Gray and Leonard Kruszewski presented the SIAB to staff members of the HCNC in June. They were very happy to receive it and assured us that it will be put to good use, helping educate the more than 80,000 people that visit the HCNC each year.



1st Annual Goose Hunt, Golf & Steak Dinner

October 16th, 2010

Join us at the Heather Highlands Golf Club

11450 East Holly Rd, Holly, Michigan

\$235 per Hunter

Hunt – 6:00 a.m. - 10:00 a.m.

Golf – 2:00 p.m. Steak Dinner & Awards

18 Holes of Golf with Cart

50/50 Drawing

Awards for Closest to the Pin & Longest Drive

All deposits must be in by September 1st, 2010

· Must comply with Michigan Hunting License's and limits

Please call (248) 909-1512 or (248) 535-8595 for more information



SCI, Novi Member Trophy Gallery



Nicholas Zervos with his monster Turkey



George Zervos with his turkey



Nicholas Leon



David Haney and salmon taken with donor Fish Hunter Charters, Frankfort, MI



Triple that we caught at one time.



SCI, Novi Member Trophy Gallery is an opportunity to let all of our members know how you did on that latest hunt or fishing trip. If you have a photo you'd like to publish, please submit it by email to jmunger@jonmungerpllc.com, or by regular mail to: Jon Munger, 7152 Gateway Park Drive, Clarkston, MI 48346. Please include a few words describing the contents of the picture.

Safari Club International Novi Chapter

FALL MEMBERSHIP EVENT

Silent
Auction

50/50
Drawing

Thursday,
September 16, 2010

Location is Leo's Sports Bar,
40380 Grand River Avenue, Novi, MI 48375-2122, (248) 615-2102

Guest Speaker Elizabeth Roxberry

Elizabeth is from MUCC, and is a recent attendee of the AWLS program at SCI's Granite Creek Ranch. She will speak about her experience at AWLS and the importance of educating teachers on subjects like the outdoor sports, wildlife and conservation.

6:00pm Social hour,

6:45 dinner, program to follow.

Dinner is free to members and their guest who RSVP by September 11th, \$25 per person for reservation made after September 11th.

Contact Jon B. Munger at (248) 770-4991 to RSVP

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Bring a non-member, fellow outdoorsmen to the event and receive a \$50 gift certificate to Cabelas when they sign up for an annual membership to the Novi Chapter.

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May/June, 2010 –
Spring bear hunts (color phase)

4x4 Outfitters

September, 2010 –
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October 1-8, 2010 –
Three bull elk gun tags available.

Phone (208) 876-4487 – Evenings

Nov. 25-Dec. 10, 2010 –
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