

öThe bar has officially been raised. You and the staff could not have been better.
Thanks!ö

*Keith Warren of "Keith Warren's Outdoor Adventures"
The Outdoor Channel*

öWe had a great time at ECS with Grant and the family. Covey and I talked it over on the way back and agreed that everything was just perfect. We enjoyed the hunt. The food was great and the people were terrific. We saw hundreds of animals everyday and finished out our package early. Still, Grant entertained us and made the trip an adventure of a lifetime. Thank you for your part in making our experience successful.

Covey and I will see you and Grant in Harrisburg in February and will talk up ECS every chance we get.ö

Larry Horseman

Dear Rod,

Attached and above is for your information.

In the past you have made enquiries , via me , regarding hunts for your friends and associates. Look no further !

As you know, I have had my own Safari operation, and took my P H (professional hunter's) licence back in '92. Since then I have hunted many places with a variety of clientele, and can say without fear of contradiction, that Grant runs the best plains-game operation I have come across. Coupled with that, his facilities , professionalism, hunting/guiding ability, and concern for his clients' well-being and enjoyment, are of the highest standard.

What I also appreciate , is his exclusivity . He doesn't mix groups.

I first hunted with Grant in 2002, when I took Ray , a Grand Junction , Colorado , gun-smith client there. Since then, Ray has been back on two more occasions, and each year I include a visit to Grant on my hunting calendar.

I sent you Grant's contact details, and can re-send if you wish. I can also give you Ray's contact details in Colorado , if you or any of your friends would like to contact him for a reference.

Bruce Stewart

"Dear Grant, Serine, Anthony and Abigail:

We had a fabulous time. Brandon will not stop talking about the experience. I am sure it is something he will remember for his whole life. You and your staff, and family, outdid every expectation I had. Your facilities are superb; your staff was excellent; your family and your hospitality were without equal in my experience. The quality and quantity of your game was beyond words. My first concern was how a PH would respond to a 12-year-old client but I could tell immediately that you were not going to be condescending or brusque. You made Brandon feel like a true sportsman. I just got back to my desk after making the rounds of town to show my friends the photos. My first stop was to my friend the taxidermist who was amazed at Brandon 's animals. He has been to Africa and does quite a bit of African game. Brandon went

to sleep at 6 PM last night and got up at 10 AM this morning. I forced myself to stay up until 9PM last night and got up at my regular 6 AM time this morning and even now, at 2 PM, I feel great. It was very nice of you to include the Addo trip in with your package and it was especially friendly of you to have us dine with your father and mother. That was indeed an honor and a pleasure. I would be happy to serve as a reference for your hunting operation. My phone numbers are: Office 570-785-3800; Home 570-785-5670; Cell 570-960-1085. There is not even one small detail that I could think of which would be a negative to your services. Brandon talks about Anthony and Abigail, and I truly feel that their association together made it even more special to Brandon. I was as thrilled as Brandon to be able to have this experience. It is the first of my hunting career not to be behind the gun and I wondered how it would be. It was great!! The experience with my grandson was equal to, if not better than, my past 32 years of hunting.

My best wishes to all of you and my God bless the Abrahamson Clan now and in the future.
John and Brandon “

John P. Kameen

Dear Grant and Sarine,

We are home safe and sound. A nights sleep and I'm ready to start working for more Kudu!

We listened to other hunters talk about their experiences while waiting at the Tombo airport in Johannesburg. Hunters from Nebraska, Tennessee, and elsewhere. I asked questions and listened. Some stayed in tin buildings and tents. Some had to move every few days to get to the next area to hunt. Many had to travel a bit to get to where they were to hunt each day. Most of them only hunted, and their wives toured. They enjoyed their stays but had no idea about how good their total experience could have been with you. One chap was in the Bedford area. Another was in the Limpopo district. A few just didn't know. I am extremely grateful that Barbara and I both had the chance to not only hunt, but meet your family and experience the community in which you live. It is one of the few places on earth that I truly felt that I could fit in!

Please thank David, Mishak, Chrisy and Tina for their support. You have a great staff that provided us all that one could hope for and more.

Barbara and I want to thank you, Sarine, Anthony and Abigail for the time of our lives. You are correct in saying that you arrive a client and leave as friends. Barbara and I feel more like we left family behind in South Africa. That is most definitely heartfelt on our part. Time will pass far too slowly until we meet again.

May God Bless and look over you and your family+
Mike and Barb Leibhart

“Thanks for providing Sherri and myself with one of the most memorable vacations we have had. The hunting was great and making new friend such as yourself and the rest of your family was exceptional. We too look forward to seeing you again soon.”

Scott Albertson

öJust a note to thank you for your gracious good care and adventures while we were with you on safari. we really did hate to leave , not only your beautiful country, but mostly you as individuals. You will always remain very dear to us and we hope to visit with you soon again, if not next year the following one. We will see you Grant when you are in for the Sportsmans Show -and I will bring you lunch. Our love and best wishes to all of you. I will be sending a goodie in the near future.ö

Sharon Roat

April Davis here, we met on the plane last night going home to Boise. I am sending you some pictures and info about my safari experience near Somerset East, South Africa. I'll send another email with a few more pics as well.

My dad and sister had the 10-day, 26 animals of 9 different species package. But once my dad and sister got there and saw the gemsbucks they upgraded (they each got one) and my sister upgraded for a zebra and Kudu Bull. I went along as an observer for the last four hunting days and two sight-seeing days. When I got there, my dad and sister had saved me some animals to shoot from their cull package: three springbucks, a warthog, and a female kudu, plus Grant let me shoot a monkey and a porcupine just for fun (brought home some nice big porcupine quills).

Grant Abrahamson is the safari proprietor (ranch and land owner) and Andrew Harvey was our professional hunter (PH) and let me tell you, if it wasn't for Andrew's dog "Hunter" it would've been extremely hard to find the kudu bull my sister shot down when we were hunting in very thick brush. Both Grant and Andrew are professional hunters, they ensured that we got every single animal on our package list plus any others we wanted to upgrade. All you have to do is wait for them to tell you which animal to shoot and when to shoot, they do all the rest. They find the animals for you, they do everything to ensure that you get a clear shot at the animals, the animals are packed-out and loaded in the truck for you, they set up all of your photo opportunities, and prepare the animals for the taxidermist if you want mounts and skins.

When they say all inclusive, they mean it. They picked us up from the airport (if you get in to Port Elizabeth really late or have an early morning departure back home they have an apartment 10 minutes from the airport). We stayed in the beautiful lodge on their ranch near Somerset East during our entire trip. Every evening when we returned from our hunts the staff had our rooms cleaned and any clothes we left in the dirty clothes hampers were laundered and folded (anti-theft lock boxes provided in all the rooms too). Grant's wife, Sarine, prepared breakfast for us in the mornings, packed lunches for our hunts every day, and made wonderful, home-cooked, traditional South African meals every night that we ate on the covered outdoor patio by the fire.

It has a family-friendly atmosphere, Grant and Sarine's children (Anthony and Abbey) helped out with the meals and helped wait on us during social hours and dinner times. We planned for two extra days on the tail-end of our trip (non-hunting days for only the cost of the daily lodging rate) to visit Addo National Park, had some leisure down-time sit in the hides to take close-up pictures of plains game, and because we grew fond of Grant's kids we even decided to attend Anthony's rugby game (a nice cultural experience). You truly become part of the family while you're there, including a wonderful, farewell dinner during the last evening at Grant's parents, Anthony Sr. and Beverly's beautiful home.

My dad discovered East Cape Safaris watching Keith Warren's Outdoor Adventures, East Cape Safaris has been featured on the show twice. Matt Yablonski, owner of Inner Circle Hunts, has a video of his family's experience at East Cape Safaris at this link: http://www.huntich.com/south_africa The video shows you the lodge where we stayed,

Grant barbecuing on the fire at the patio where we ate dinner every night, and all the same wildlife we got to see while we were there.

I hope you don't mind that I gave Grant your email address to inform him that you might be contacting him. Grant's email address is grant@eastcapesafaris.co.za

Here is the East Cape Safaris website: <http://www.eastcapesafaris.co.za/index.htm>

If you do decide to go, please let me know. My dad and I can answer any questions you might have and offer some suggestions about preparing for your safari: flights, paperwork for taking your guns, what to pack, etc. My dad planned our whole trip, so feel free to also email him with questions you might have: Mike Hancock zmilksmail@yahoo.com

It was nice meeting you. I hope you do decide to take this trip, it is something every hunter must experience at least once in their lifetime.ö

April Davis

My name is Mike Hancock. A long time ago and far, far away (at least from California), I played tight end for the 1973-76 Washington Redskins football team, back when George Allen was the head coach. My career ended when I broke my left foot against the Dallas Cowboys. (You can look me up online, I'm on the team roster for those years.)

I then went to work in the Insurance Industry and just recently retired, but still work part time in my own small business for Insurance Agents, doing safety inspections and taking photos for them of their commercial accounts.

So we're in the same boat so to speak...retired, yet still working at less demanding and less stressful jobs. Anyway, I'm writing to tell you that my two daughter and I just returned from a hunt with East Cape Safaris (yesterday in fact).

While there, Grant mentioned that he had received an e-mail from you and the concerns you had about booking a "package hunt!" **I ask him** to send me your e-mail and told him I would contact you to verify that everything that Keith Warren said on his show was correct. I too saw the first show he did at Grant's and somehow just knew that it was true! Only two months later, my daughters sitting were there at East Cape Safari's lodge for a father/daughter hunt of a lifetime.

We booked the 9-species, 26 animal cull hunt Grant offers, the whole idea being that we would "ALL" get several shots at various animals on the trip.

BECAUSE, in 2004 I did book one of those "Safari Package Hunts" in Zimbabwe, your mentioned you were concerned about. I only got shots at three of the six animals I went for! So I understand your concerns! Based on that hunt package alone, I would have said you are correct by being cautious about African package hunts.

However, once we arrived at Grant's East Cape Safaris, and after seeing all the beautiful trophy class animals on the first and second days of our hunt, we started adding animals to our 26 animal package, and also upgrading to trophy class, some of the cull animals that were in our package as well.

We simply couldn't believe the quality and numbers of animals we saw on Grant's own properties as well as on those he has permission to hunt all with-in from 15 minutes to at most a 1-1/2 hour drives from the lodge. (So you'll be back at the lodge in the evenings for the wonderful meals they serve.)

I can tell you, because I have seen with my own eyes, that YOU WILL get every animal on your list! Because WE tried to beg-off shooting some of the females that were included in our cull package and Grant and our PH would have "none-of-it!"

They both said (and I now can testify that it's true) that their reputations are on the line to complete *the entire package* a client books for, AND THEY WILL DO IT! And they did exactly that too! Anyway...this is my first day back...from yesterdays 34-hours of travel. I'm still a bit jet-lagged and also 9-hours behind in clock time from South Africa time, so I'm a bit tired! But let me just say this; my daughters and I will be happy to answer any and all the questions or concerns you may have about a hunt at East Cape Safari's. (I cc'd them above so you'll have their e-mails addresses as well).

Not only that, but we'll answer with words, photos and even short video clips. We'll share with you our photos and video's of the game we saw while driving the properties, the beautiful animals we collected, the lodge, the meals and most importantly, this FACT:

"You DO BECOME a member of the Abrahamson Family when you book with East Cape Safari's. That is not a sales slogan. It's a fact!

In closing, let me just wish you the best of luck in whatever African Hunt of a Lifetime you choose, but if you do choose East Cape Safari's...you won't be disappointed! (There's still a 38-inch male Gems Buck Bull out there with massive bases we couldn't find again after seeing him the first day of our hunt, and deciding to ADD Gems buck our list--we had to settle for piddling little 39-3/4 inch (me) and 38-1/2 inch (my daughter) females...a real bummer---ha-ha).

Mike Hancock

õWe have been able to talk about nothing but our trip since we got back. So many folks are calling or coming buy to see how it went. They are simply blown away by the pictures. Everything is so amazing. Short of Alston being born, this was the most precious time of my life. I think he agreed. He was absolutely overwhelmed. He and I needed this more than you can ever know. He and Danie bonded so well, and Andrew and I had some real quality time too. But I must say, the Kudu hunt with you in "Keith's blind" and getting a bull "bigger than Keith's" was simply incredible. After all, he's largely the reason we found out about you in the first place. We will never forget the time spent with you as long as we live.õ

Buddy Alsbrook

My African Adventure (Part 1) - by Larry Horseman

10th Edition

February 01, 2009

My closest friends have heard all about my African hunt. They have probably heard enough and hope I do something different so I will stop talking about it. Truth is, it was spectacular in everyway. When I was a small child, after we finally got a television, I watched Frank Buck, Jungle Jim and of course Tarzan. For those who don't know who Frank Buck was, he had a show in which he caught African animals and brought them back to zoos in the good old USA. The show was called, "Frank Buck-Bring Them Back Alive". At least, that's the way I remember it. That was a long time ago and I had given up all hope of ever going on safari in Africa. I mean, after all, it's

terribly expensive and I don't have that kind of money. So, when Covey called me and said that we should go, I said, "Yeah Right". He said that the cost wasn't as bad as I thought and that we could book a hunt at the Eastern Sportsman's Show in Harrisburg, PA. I agreed to go and talk to the outfitters. Still, I didn't think it would happen, but I had heard the show was worth seeing, so in February 2007, away we went.

The Eastern Sportsmans Show is huge. There's something there for everyone. One section is dedicated to fishing. There are boats and fresh and salt water gear as well as guides and outfitters. There are too many items to mention. The hunting section is even bigger and features vendors that sell all sorts of hunting equipment. There are also over 100 outfitters. I didn't counted them but there was a bunch. If interested you can go on-line and check out the show to see what's featured.

Covey and I started talking to African outfitters at about 10:15 am, and finished at about 3:00 pm. Most were very interesting and had lots of pictures on display. Many were booked solid for 2007 so we continued our search. Eventually, we met Matt Yablonski of Inner-Circle Hunts and began to question him about East Cape Safaris near Sommerset East, RSA. After we told him that we were not interested in bring back any trophies, due to the cost, he told us about a management hunt that East Cape Safaris offered. It included a package of 26 animals and 10 days of hunting. Over half of the package consisted of adult males and the rest females. I requested two Kudu bulls and the outfitter agreed. Since Covey and I would share the cost of the package, the hunt was becoming very manageable at \$2700 each. All of a sudden, an African hunt began to sound possible. Still, we didn't confirm the hunt. We wanted some references. Matt gave us a list.

When I got home I called a couple in Colorado and discussed their past hunts at East Cape Safaris. Luckily, I got both the wife and husband on separate lines and was able to have a three-way conversation. To make it short, they were highly complimentary of Grant Abrahamson (Outfitter) and his hunting operation. Based on their recommendation I told Covey that I was willing to take a chance if he was. We paid the deposit and confirmed the hunt. That is how I got to go to Africa on a plains game safari.

There were other costs to be sure. The airfare was the single biggest expense, except for the hunt. There were tips to the PH (professional hunter), but he earned it. The trackers and skinners received tips as did the housekeepers. And, to reduce baggage and eliminate any issues we rented firearms from the Grant. We also paid for bullets. In all, we spent less than \$5900 each for the entire 10 day hunting trip. Remember, we were on a hunt for a possible 26 animals. Before it was over we shot more than that. To put the cost in perspective, at the same time I saw elk hunts for over \$3900 and up, and several high dollar Texas deer hunts from \$2000 up to \$20,000. And, they were just for a chance to take one animal. The African hunt was a great bargain.

Covey and I flew out of Dulles International Airport near Washington, DC and in eight hours we were in Africa. I should say, rather, that we were over Africa. It took another seven hours to get to Johannesburg, RSA and after a two hour layover, another hour and 45 minutes to get to Port Elizabeth (PE). Grant was waiting for us and after loading our luggage started for the hunting camp near Sommerset East. Covey didn't eat on the plane; said he couldn't stand the food. He asked Grant if we could stop for dinner before we left Port Elizabeth. Grant agreed and in a few minutes turned

onto a street heading into PE. Covey and I looked at each other as we were heading straight for a McDonalds. We couldn't believe it. We had just flown for over 17 hours, were in Africa, and were going to eat at McDonalds. The road Grant took went straight into a McDonald's parking lot, but just when we were resigned to a Big Mac, Grant turned and took us to a really nice local restaurant at the top of a hill overlooking much of PE and the Indian Ocean. The food was good.

I kept a daily log of our hunting adventures and will share them with you over the next few articles. All I can say is that it was great. We saw hundreds of animals everyday and ate very well over the next few days. Accommodations were wonderful. I don't know how it could have been any better. If you are interested in seeing what East Cape Safaris has to offer, check out www.EastCapeSafaris.co.za on the web. See ya next month!

African (Day - 1) - by Larry Horseman
11th Edition

March 01, 2009

I have heard some of the TV hunters complain about Jet Lag. This morning I felt great. Even though the flight to Port Elizabeth took 17 hours there were no problems with Jet Lag. All I wanted to do was hunt. I awoke at 6:45 am and walked over to the main lodge. Grant introduced me and Covey to Johann and we all sat down to a quick breakfast. The food during our 10 day hunt was great. Rather than take rifles with us, and to avoid any issues with customs, we rented them from Grant and Johann. I hunted mostly with Johann and used his Sako 75 in .270 cal. It had a factory built Sako sound suppressor. (Check out pictures 181 - 195) Although it was left handed it shot great and I soon adapted to the bolt on the wrong side. Covey used Grants .270. We also had a .243 and .223 which we used later. These rifles were plenty adequate for the game we would be hunting. **FIRST BLOOD** - After shooting the rifles, Covey and Grant separated from Johann and me. We drove to separate sections of an 8000 acre farm and began our hunt for impala. Since we were on a management hunt, we were taking does and rams. Johann wanted me to hold out for a trophy ram. I was impressed with Johann. He is fifth generation South African and has a large farm of his own. He was very mild mannered and knowledgeable about the native animals. His eyesight was adapted to the countryside and he could spot an animal long before me. Even after he pointed out the animal, I usually needed a landmark to finally spot it. After arriving at a large group of acacias and with our tracker David we started a spot and stalk hunt. We had gone only a couple hundred yards when we were introduced to the "Ha-Ha" birds. Johann said they were Ibis, but I named them according to the loud sounds they made when they flew out of the trees. It sounded like a loud crow with a sound like, Ha-Haaa, Ha, Ha. Johann said they would spook game and I saw no reason to doubt it. Everything in the area surely heard them. Breaking through the trees we came to a large area of open plains. There was game as far as I could see. They were in little groups, mostly by species. There were Wildebeast, Gemsbuck, Springbuck, Impala and others that we couldn't see. We settled down behind a termite hill and decided to wait to see what direction the Impala were going. After awhile, I looked over to my left and spotted a beautiful Red Lechewe ram. Being the first I had ever seen I had to ask Johann it's name. It wasn't part of our hunt package so all I could do was look. It was a beautiful animal. The red coloration gave it its name and the horns were long and heavy. Oh well, maybe some other hunt. Johann sent David on a long walk around the large group of Impala. He eventually began to

move them in a slow drive that, if we were lucky, would bring them within a couple hundred yards of our hide. After several minutes we had Impala nearing rifle range. Naturally, the first ram I saw looked great, but Johann said he wasn't big enough and wanted me to take a doe. There was one head high bush beside us and Johann set the shooting sticks and told me to get ready. I eased a cartridge into chamber and rested the .270 on the sticks and waited for him to give me the go-ahead for the shot. A point of interest, the PH always tells the client which animal to shoot. Johann selected a mature doe and ranged it at 248 yards. The herd was angling nearer to us and at 200 yards he said to take the shot. I made the mistake of shooting too far back behind the shoulder. Quickly, I shot again and hit about two inches from the initial shot. The herd ran about 200 yards, stopped and ran again. My doe faltered and stayed behind. She laid down and looked like she was done but Johann said to shoot again. I moved up to 50 yards and shot her in the neck. My first African hunt was successful. This was definitely a learning experience for me and I think Johann wanted to see how I would act in a hunting situation. Covey shot a nice Impala ram, but like me shot it too far back. The kill spot for most of these animals is right at the top of the front leg, about 1/3 of the way up the body. When I started shooting farther forward, I made several one shot kills. Like I said, a learning experience. **SPRINGBUCK** - The Springbuck is a beautiful animal. The tan back and white belly is separated by a dark brown stripe. It is also the national animal of South Africa. Johann said that his father told him to aim up the leg into the brown stripe for a sure kill. I saw the Springbuck in the morning hunt but it was a doe and I was ready for some horns. After lunch we drove toward Somerset East and hunted another of Grants concessions. Again, Covey and Grant hunted one area and Johann, David and I another. Before long we saw small groups of animals which included Springbuck and Fallow Deer. Fallow Deer are not native to Africa but were transplanted with great success. They blend right in with the native animals and don't appear to be a detriment to the habitat. Everyone liked them. One highlight was seeing my first Aardwolf. Johann related it to a hyena and didn't care for it much. He did say that they were not dangerous and ate mostly insects. It was pretty exotic with its tan coat and dark verticle stripes. After awhile, we spotted a Springbuck and began a stalk. It was grazing slightly toward us and Johann motioned for me to stay low and follow him. Carefully we crawled down hill from thorn bush to thorn bush, using them for cover. We approached to about 100 yards and Johann motioned me forward. During our stalk, the Springbuck had laid down but was now on its feet again and continuing to graze. I fired from the prone position, a welcome relief from the sticks and dropped him in his tracks. He was an old ram and he was beautiful. **FALLOW DEER** - Later in the afternoon Grant drove us to a wooded valley and as always we saw lots of animals. We spotted a small herd of Fallow Deer. Grant asked me if I wanted to hunt one. I gave him a, "you don't have to ask" look and the hunt was on. Johann and I started a short stalk to get into shooting position. Shortly he set up the sticks and gave me the OK on a nice buck. At the shot we heard the impact and the animal almost went down. But, it collected itself and ran down the valley with the herd which included other bucks. Soon they were out of sight. Johann called Grant on a portable radio and before long we were all searching for the buck. Grant drove down one side of the valley and Johann, David and I walked the other. We were actually climbing a hill to get around where we could see around the other side. Darvid (another tracker) went down the bottom of the valley tracking blood and occasionally spotting the buck. Johann told me to come along as fast as I could. He ran to the top of the mountain, now a distance of 300 yards, to try to catch sight of the Fallow Deer. I was huffing and puffing when I reached the top. He wasn't even breathing hard after running the whole way. Johann and Grant kept in contact by radio and determined that the buck was on our side of the valley. Covey finally spotted the buck from the road and got off a shot. It hit a little far back but served to separate the bucks and

caused mine to lay down. Johann spotted the buck and told me to finish it off. I got on the sticks and just as I shot it jumped up and ran. My bullet cut it along the side. I ran down hill and spotted the buck standing and my next shot was true. The first shot had hit high in the leg. If it had been an inch higher it would have resulted in a one shot kill. His horns were high and wide. It was trophy buck that I especially wanted. Another African dream come true. We returned to the camp and took the animals to the skinning shed. After washing we joined Grant and his family for a great dinner. Serine and the cooks put on a great spread. After a drink or two around an open fire, I bid everyone goodnight and retired to my cabin to write down notes from the days events. As excited as I was, it wasn't hard to get to sleep.

African (Day - 2) - by Larry Horseman

12th Edition
April 01, 2009

BLESBOCK

On day two we took a short ride to another of Grant's concessions. I thought I saw a lot of game yesterday, but today was spectacular. I saw Kudu, Gemsbock, Zebra, Wildebeast, Springbuck, Blesbock, Impala and even some Guinea Fowl. Covey, Johan, David and I walked to a distant hilltop. It was completely open with sparse vegetation around the edges. We spotted a herd of Wildebeast. Covey had selected one of these for a hunt but the herd bolted and made a mad dash of several hundred yards and were soon out of sight. We couldn't determine why they had run but then a small group of Blesbock came running into the field. Johan said that they had probably caused the normally spooky Wildebeast to run. Who knows? Over the 10 day hunt we often saw Wildebeast run for no apparent reason. I think they just like to run. The herd of Blesbock consisted of four white and three brown animals. Covey picked out the brown ram in the lead and fired. The hit was low in the front leg and the herd ran off like nothing had happened. Johan sent David (his personal tracker of 5 years) to try to locate the animals. Covey, Johan and I sat down on the side of the hill and soon spotted the herd of Blesbock. Only six animals were visible. One of the brown antelope was missing. While we were contemplating what had happened to the animal Covey shot, we heard rocks tumbling down the hillside about 50 yard below us. The wounded animal had bedded down and was spooked when David jumped him. It tried to go down the mountain to the other animals but as luck would have it, it stopped and offered Covey a shot. He took deliberate aim with Grant's .243 and soon we gave it a ride in the back of the truck.

SPRINGBUCK Grant joined us and took Covey to see if they could locate the Wildebeast we had seen earlier in the morning. Johan and I went in search of a Springbuck. We shot Springbuck almost everyday. They are the national animal of South Africa and were plentiful in all the property we hunted. Johan should come to the US and sign up for the Boston Marathon. He can cover more ground with less effort than anyone I know. Old Bob might have give him a run for his money a few years ago. Anyway, we started down the mountain and walked into a nice Springbuck ram. He ran. About a half hour later we spotted more of the little animals and had only to stalk about 100 yards to get into shooting position. During the stalk we jumped an Impala doe which immediately gave an alarm call. A second call alarmed all of the Springbuck which vacated the area. Johan let it be known that he wasn't very pleased with Impala does right at that moment. The doe had alerted every animal in the area. We walked a long way around the mountain and after awhile Johan spotted more Springbuck. They were probably a mile away. I don't think I would have spotted them if Johan hadn't pointed them out. All African animals blend in with the habitat.

On the adjoining hillside we saw Zebra, Gemsbok and Wildebeest. We could have probably made successful stalks on any of them but they were not in my part of the hunt package. We continued to stalk the Springbuck, moving from thornbush to thornbush. At 150 yards the .270 found the mark on a very pretty ram. During the stalk Johan had spotted another excellent ram. We changed directions and were soon in range of the animal. I was becoming more comfortable on the shooting sticks and made a perfect shot. I made a couple sets of sticks when I got home. I didn't know it at the time, but Grant and Covey had been successful in his Wildebeest hunt and were sitting on top of the hill watching us stalk and shoot both Springbuck.

WILDEBEAST

While Johan and I hunted Springbuck, Grant and Covey had relocated the herd of Wildebeest. They made a stalk and Covey dropped a cow (part of the management package) on his first shot. The animal tried to get up and two members of the herd attacked it and knocked it back down. Covey said it was something to see. As soon as they presented an opening Covey fired the finishing shot. Don't think a cow is not a real trophy, especially for a management hunt. They have good horns but Grant did say the males horns were heavier. That concluded Day 2 of our 10 day hunt. It kept getting better and better. More next month. Now go out and get a gobbler!

African (Day - 3) - by Larry Horseman

13th Edition
May 01, 2009

Africa-Day 3

WARTHOG

After an early breakfast we took an hour drive to Uncle J.C.'s property, an area noted for warthogs. It was about an hour drive and Grant wanted arrive near daybreak in an effort to catch the hogs out sunning. The first warthog I saw I shot. It was a real nice male with large tusk. We spotted the boar and a sow from the truck and made a stalk to within 240 yards as determined by Johan's rangefinder. He set up the short sticks which allowed me to shoot from a sitting position which increased my stability and improved aiming. The first shot on the shoulder knocked the hog down and I thought it was done. Johan was congratulating me for a good shot when the hog got up and tried to get away. "Hit him again.", he yelled and I made another shot dropping him to his knees, the slap of the .270 echoing back to us. As he tried to get up I fired the third and final shot ending the hunt. The boys joined us, congratulated me with hand shakes and back slaps and we walked over to the warthog and took pictures. I made sure to include the boys in my pictures. After all, they were a part of the hunt. When we checked out the shot placement, I was surprised that the hog got up at all. The boys had the unpleasant task of carrying the boar down the farside and up the near side of a deep ravine and then an additional 400 yards of rough, rocky terrain to the truck. They smiled, talked and laughed the whole distance. These guys were always happy it seemed, even though they would sometimes give us a look when we missed. Back at the truck Grant and Covey had watched the whole hunt. Grant also pointed out that the area we were hunting had been used in filming part of the most recent "King Solomon's Mines". That was pretty cool.

We searched for more warthogs but after awhile took a lunchbreak. Sarine (Grants lovely wife) had made sure we had good lunches packed for the daylong hunt. Grant created a small fireplace from some of the many natural rocks in the area. He produced a small hand grill and cooked burgers and sausage over the coals. While we were eating and rehashing the hunt,

Darvid one of the trackers brought over three pieces of warthog liver, blood still dripping and layed it on the grill. I really missed a good opportunity for a picture because, he was cooking the liver and had blood up to his elbows from dressing the boar. The fire wasn't hot enough for Darvid so he laid the grill down directly in the coals. After only couple minutes on each side the meat was cooked to his satisfaction, black covered with ashes and some blood running. He took it to the other boys and enjoyed what they said was the better of the two available lunches.

MOUNTAIN REEDBUCK

After lunch we took the trucks and drove up the mountain. After a mile or so we spotted my first Mountain Reedbuck. Grant stopped the truck and Johan and I got down from the back and he gestured for me to load my rifle. We moved to a position to make a shot and he set up the tall sticks. I tried to get steady on the sticks but never could settle down and when I shot it went wide. The Mountain Reedbuck ran, of course, and Johan and I ran further up and around the mountainside and he set the sticks again. Now, here I was out of breath and trying to make a good shot at even greater distance. I wouldn't have bet a dime. But, the Sako cracked and we heard the slap of the bullet. For some reason, I was able to settle the crosshairs in the shoulder and knew I made a good shot when I pulled the trigger. The boys were smiling again. I don't know how I could be so good on the sticks for one shot and so bad for another. This had been my second clean miss for the first three days of hunting. Not to worry, there would be more.

African (Day - 4 - by Larry Horseman

14th Edition

June 01, 2009

Africa-Day 4

Day 4 of our hunt was truly outstanding. I shot three trophy animals, even though our hunt was considered a management hunt. I can't thank or recommend East Cape Safaris and Grant Abrahamson enough.

STEENBOK

You can hunt a lifetime for a record book animal or you can get one on your next hunt. My Steenbok exceeded the minimum for Rowland-Ward (Record book for African animals) by over an inch and was taken 15 minutes from the lodge. After a big breakfast, Johan hurried us out to the bush to try for a Steenbok. Covey had shot a Duiker yesterday and it was my turn to hunt. We were driving and spotting from the truck when a Steenbok doe was spotted. Johan and the boys started scanning the area for a ram. We left the truck and began a walk in search of the ram that Johan was sure was in the area. Suddenly he set the tall sticks and motioned for me to put a bullet in the chamber of the .270. As soon as I settled in on the sticks I could see the little ram at about 100 yards. The shot was perfect and as we admired the animal Johan said that it was a very good ram. Later that night, Grant said that the ram would qualify for the record book. The minimum for Roland-Ward is 4.5" and mine was 5.75". The record as I write this article is 7". So I had a very respectable ram. Remember, I was on a management hunt, not a trophy hunt. Pretty good deal. This was a very pretty little animal. Check out picture 185 on www.goodhunts.com.

IMPALA

This was a beautiful antelope (See picture 181). After the hunt for Steenbok Johan said I should try for my Impala. Covey had shot his on Day 1. Again we were trying for a Trophy animal. I thought I would be shooting a small ram, but again Grant showed his generosity by insuring I have a chance at a trophy. We moved to one of Grant's properties consisting of

12000 acres of Karoo on the veld and interspersed with Acacia trees in the valleys. The open areas are vast and animals spend most of the day browsing on the Karoo. This appears to be a staple of most of the plains game in the area. Johan, David, Covey and I drove to an area of Acacia and left the truck to began stalking through the country. On the way there we saw a nice Nyala, a new species for me. He was not a full grown trophy but had good horns and would be a trophy next year. From the bushveld we entered a large Karoo field and spotted a large herd of Springbuck, Impala and Wildebeast. Wildebeast was not on my part of the package so all we could do was watch them. They stayed out in the middle of a huge field and ran back and forth for no apparent reason. They looked pretty cool. An old story goes that when God created the animals of the earth he had a lot of parts left over and from them he created the Wildebeast. I began to understand the legend. We watched the Impala for a long while. It was apparent that they were not going to come in our direction and the openness of the terrain left no doubt that stalking was out of the question. Johan decided to send David out on a long track around the area in an attempt to drive the game toward us. About a half hour later we spotted the game moving our way. We took cover in the thorn trees and waited for the plan to come together. Johan decided that the herd was moving to within gunshot range and set the sticks. I settled the .270 in the fork of the sticks and waited for my opportunity. Before long a couple rams were within 90 yards and Johan told me to shoot the second from the left. The crosshairs settled down and I squeezed the trigger. The ram buckled but caught himself and started running across the field. Fortunately, he ran closer to me and I kneeled down, resting my elbow on my knee and swung the rifle ahead of his shoulder and began to squeeze the trigger. The ram collapsed on the spot. Upon closer examination, the second shot wasn't really needed, the first shot had done its damage. We checked out the ram and took pictures. I shook Johan's hand and gave him a big, "Thank you".

KUDU

The Gray Ghost of Africa is the name given to this big beautiful animal. If you watch the hunting shows on TV you have seen this spiraled horn antelope. It is on many of the African shows. I think the Gray Ghost name was given by non-African hunters. The Africans can see them with the naked eye, while it is difficult for us to see them with 10X binoculars. It was even hard to see when Johan or Grant pointed them out. Imagine, if you will, a gray animal standing in the shade at long distance and scarcely moving an ear. It perfectly matches its habitat and will stand for long periods of time. I think I can see whitetail deer as well as most anyone, but the African game was different. It was tough. Grant said that once you know what to look for, it becomes easier. Grant has several hunting concessions available to him. This afternoon we drove a few miles toward Sommerset East and turned into a mostly wooded area. He said there were lots of Kudu in this area and we should be able to have a good hunt. While driving in we saw an Aardwolf, a dog like animal with verticle black stripes. Fortunately it eats insects and termites and not people. It looked pretty neat. The trackers soon spotted Kudu cows and a bull. We started a stalk and soon Johan was setting up the sticks. I still had not seen the bull and, in fact, never did see this bull. He stood around waiting to get shot and I didn't even spot him. Eventually, he tired and left the area. I think Johan was disappointed that I didn't see the bull but he said we would make a move and go to an area where he and Grant thought he may have gone. They keep in contact with radios and stay on top of the hunt. We went back to the trucks and circled around the hills to the valley where they thought we could locate the animals. In true safari fashion we started moving through the countryside searching. We were walking in line. Johan was leading while the "great white hunter", (me) was second and David followed along carrying the .270. I couldn't help but think of all the African movies I had watched as a child. After 5 or 10 minutes I took the rifle back. I always hunt better with the rifle in my hands. And, I felt a little guilty letting

David carry my burden. We had moved up on a ridgeline and about halfway down the ridge David nodded forward that he had heard something. Johan picked up the sound also and we stopped and listened for a few minutes. Since I can't hear very well, this was their game. I just waited for instructions. We continued our stalk very slowly taking care not to make any noise. I paid strict attention to my PH and walked when he walked and stopped when he stopped. Suddenly he stopped and I immediately started seeing Kudu. I worked the bolt (Johan never lets his hunter put in a bullet until it is time to shoot) forward, injecting a cartridge. Johan motioned to take out the shell, they were only cows. I soon saw the legs of another Kudu under the thorn trees. But, it turned out to be a young bull. He looked big to me at 25 yards, but he only had one curl in the horns and we were trying for an older animal. After another few minutes we came to a spot where the ridge dropped into the valley below. Johan put out his hand as a signal to stop. About 250 yards away was a Kudu cow. Behind her on a hilltop stood a bull. He was skylined but even then he was behind an acacia and had to move before I spotted him. I finally spotted the curls of his horns. Johan set the sticks and told me to put in a cartridge. He then tried to tell me where the bull was standing. I saw the tree and put up the rifle. All this time, the sun had been setting and it was getting late. I couldn't see the bull through the scope, even though I had been able to spot him with binoculars. Here I was, close enough to shoot a big bull and couldn't see him. I was almost in a panic. I didn't want to blow it on two Kudu in the same day. Then, I remembered that I often take my glasses off when it gets late while I'm hunting deer back home. The last 10 minutes are often two dark for my tinted lens. I put the glasses in my shirt pocket and looked for the bull again. I told Johan that I could see it. Johan said the animals were beginning to move. Fortunately they were moving down the valley which brought them to within 200 yards. The cow ran out of our line of sight but the bull stopped and looked at us. Even though I moved slightly, I still put the bullet just in front of the right shoulder. It exited behind the left and cut a deadly path through the heart. Johan took about five steps and looked beneath an acacia with his binoculars and turned to me and said, "He's dead". I almost ran the 200 yards to the beautiful bull. I couldn't believe he was mine until I put my hand on him. He had double spiraled horns and the longest measured 46". In size he looked like a horse laying there on the ground (See Picture 188). I was truly overjoyed because this was one animal that I wanted on my African hunt. Johan shook my hand and we took pictures in the little light that remained. After the hunt, I discovered that Grant and Covey had been watching the whole hunt. Covey could have shot the bull at one point but watched as I collected my animal. It took six people to load the big bull in the pickup. We returned to camp and celebrated the very successful day. My two drinks that night went down especially well. Another great day at East Cape Safaris had come to a close.

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South Africa Safari

What did you do this summer? That is a question a teacher might ask as students came back to school. One sixth grader who had quite a story was Brandon Striefsky, Flat Rock Road, Forest City, who spent 10 days in the Republic of South Africa. Brandon went with his grandfather, John Kameen, on a game viewing and hunting safari in East Cape Province, RSA.

After spending months practicing on the Browndale Sportsman's Club rifle range, his steady hand and sharp eye allowed him to get nine African animals including Zebra, gemsbuck, black wildebeest, two impala, blesbuck, two springbok, and a mountain reedbuck. He used a Remington Model 600 in .243 caliber for two

animals, and a 7MM-08 Weatherby Youth rifle for the other seven game animals. His mother and father, Brian and Patricia Striefsky, had some concerns about their son, who just got his Pennsylvania Hunter's Safety Card, going 8,000 miles away to hunt his first big game animals. The fact that grandfather and grandson would have a satellite phone to keep in contact with home, somewhat relieved their concerns. The phone allows you to call from anywhere in the world as long as you are outside and can see the sky.

They flew from JFK Airport, New York City, on South African Airlines for a 17 hour flight which stopped in Dakar, Senegal. The SAA planes have individual entertainment centers in each seat to play a variety of movies, TV programs, documentary films and games. This surely shortened the flight for Brandon. After landing in Johannesburg, South Africa, they flew about two more hours to Port Elizabeth, SA, which is located on the Indian Ocean. Brandon remarked that he had never seen such a color as was the Indian Ocean. Picked up at the airport by ranch owner Grant Abrahamson, they had another 120 mile drive to his 16,000 acre ranch near Somerset East, SA, in the game-rich East Cape Province. Grant, a Professional Hunter (PH), and his brother-in-law, last year purchased a neighboring 20,000 acre ranch. In addition they have hunting rights on another contiguous 12,000 acre ranch. The area covered would stretch from Forest City to Scranton.

It is the end of winter in South Africa now, with temperatures in the 40's in the morning rising to the 60's during the day. Traveling to a different area each morning, Brandon and his grandfather, along with the PH and a tracker and skinner, sought out various game animals indigenous to that area by scanning with binoculars. When an animal which fulfilled the PH's trophy requirements was spotted, a stalk was setup. Not all stalks work out, in fact, almost an entire day, involving eight different stalks, was required to bag Brandon's blesbuck.

Brandon's most sought after trophy, the one he determined months ago was to be his principal goal, was a Burchell's zebra, a huge and wary African game animal. It was not until the fourth day that a trophy was spotted and a stalk ensued. The animal has great eyesight and acute smell and hearing. Wind direction and silence were absolutely required. He was able to get within 160 yards to make the shot which was successful. The zebra weighed over 800 pounds.

All meat from game animals is returned to the ranch and cut up in a meat processing facility as large as is found in any area meat market. The meat feeds the ranch owner and his family along with his 26 employees. Brandon got to eat kudu, impala, eland, blesbuck and springbok, as well as Karoo lamb, the most delicious tasting lamb found anywhere in the world. Several large sheep herds and beef cattle are also pastured on a section of the ranch.

All meals were eaten with the Abrahamson Family which includes a son, Anthony, the same age as Brandon, and a daughter, Abigail, age 10. After every day's hunt, Brandon and the two children got together with the family's many pets including dogs, cats, pigs, chickens, even two pet springboks and a pet kudu. Brandon also got to learn about school as it is in South Africa.

Brandon and his grandfather will have lasting memories of that summer vacation which took them 8,167 miles (by GPS) from their homes in Forest City. Brandon got to learn that children in South Africa have the same joys and interests as those here in the states, plus they have all those animals surrounding them every day.

John P Kameen