KOSRUBRIEK
RAAK KREATIEF MET WATERBOK-MAALVLEIS

BOOGJAG
HOE GESOND IS DIE BOOG-JAGBEDRYF?

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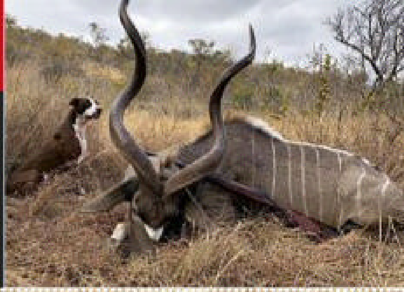
HUNTING THE SPIRAL-HORNED ANTELOPE WITH OPEN SIGHTS



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NOVEMBER/DESEMBER 2021

INHOUD

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'n Oorspronklike Holland & Holland-geweer in .300 H&H Magnum wat in die 1990's vir 'n Franse sakeman vervaardig is.
FOTO: Thinus Wolmarans

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OM DIE EINDE VAN DIE JAAR IN DIE OË TE KYK

JOHAN VAN WYK

Die jaar 2021 was, net soos sy voorganger, een wat om baie redes onthou (of is dit dalk vergeet?) sal word. Die virus waarteen ons nou al bykans twee jaar baklei, het weereens alte gereeld opgeduik en nie net lewens nie, maar ook besighede en reisplanne deurmekaargekrap. Deur dit alles moes ons ook jagplanne maak, aanpas, en soms nóg 'n keer aanpas. Met die einde van 2021 wat ons in die gesig staar, wonder ek onwillekeurig wat alles in 2022 op ons wag.

Aan politiek steur ek my min – daar is immers baie ander, aangenamer dinge om aan te dink en tyd aan te bestee. Die voorgestelde wysigings aan die Wet op Beheer van Vuurwapens is egter waarskynlik een van die slange wat weer in 2022 kop sal probeer uitsteek. Ek kan net hoop dat logika sal seëvier en dat hierdie netelige aangeleentheid wat almal van ons as jagters en vuurwapeneienaars baie naby aan die hart lê, koelkop beredeneer en hanteer sal word.

Hier by die tydskrif was 2021 vir ons sommer lekker besig ten spyte van die siklus van agt tydskrifte per jaar in plaas van twaalf. Min mense besef dit, maar soos een van ons kollegas onlangs tereg opgemerk het, daar is bykans nooit nié iets wat ons aandag verg of gedoen moet word nie! Met die tydskrif wat nou 76 bladsye is in stede van 68 soos voorheen, het ons lesers ook nou meer om na uit te sien in elke uitgawe. Ons sal in 2022 voortgaan om leesstof en vermaak van topgehalte aan julle te voorsien. Wees verseker dat ons innig dankbaar is vir elke leser van SA JAGTER/HUNTER!

Wat skietsake betref, was ek bevoorreg om die laaste maand of wat aan 'n paar skietkompetisies te kon deelneem. Dit was opmerklik dat daar telkens 'n gees van opgewondenheid en entoesiasme onder die deelnemers, oud en jonk, geheers het. Sportskiet is voorwaar in goeie hande in Suid-Afrika danksy organisasies soos SA Jagters.

Met die feesseisoen wat op hande is en die gebruiklike toestroming van verkeer na verskillende vakansiebestemmings, wens ek julle graag 'n geseënde Kersfees toe. My wens is dat julle saam met jul gesinne en ander geliefdes ook 'n behoorlike ruskans in hierdie tyd sal kry.

Volgende jaar met sy uitdagings lê vir ons voor, maar ek is seker ons sal mekaar eersdaags weer om die kampvuur ontmoet!

Soos altyd, wees veilig!

J.v.W

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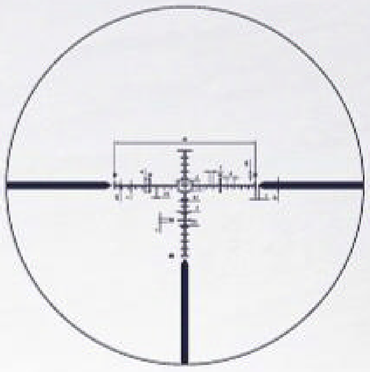

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SNELVUUR

THOUSANDS OF CAPE FUR SEALS WASH UP ON CAPE COAST

In a development that has many people scratching their heads, thousands of Cape fur seals have recently washed up on the Cape West Coast. Most of the affected seals are emaciated and include subadults and even premature pups.

Autopsies on some of the dead seals have revealed that they were starving, with very low reserves of body fat. Scientists are baffled by the seal die-offs, and various NGOs and charities are scrambling to find enough food to keep rescued seals alive.

A similar phenomenon occurred in Namibia a year ago when thousands of Cape fur seals died in what was termed an "abortion storm". The reason for the Namibian die-off was traced to nutritional deficiencies in female Cape fur seals. One possible reason given for the seal die-offs is a lack of food due to overfishing by big trawlers. *(Source: Mail & Guardian)*

DIE TOERISMEBEDRYF IN AFRIKA OP SY KNIEË AS GEVOLG VAN COVID-19

Aldus 'n onlangse berig deur die *Daily Maverick* het die toerismebedryf wêreldwyd $4,5 triljoen verloor sedert die Covid-19-pandemie sy kloue ongeveer 20 maande terug ingeslaan het.

Veral Afrika se toerismebedryf is sleg getref en ongeveer die helfte van almal wat in dié bedryf werksaam was, het hul werk verloor. Aangesien toerisme 'n belangrike bron van inkomste vir baie bewaringsareas en nasionale parke is, het bewaring ook swaar deurgeloop weens die pandemie.

In die areas onder SANParke se bestuur, het toerismegetalle tydens die grendeltydperk met tot soveel as 96% gedaal, wat op sy beurt tot 'n inkomsteverlies van 90% gelei het. In Botswana is feitlik almal wat in die toerismesektor werksaam was, óf tydelik óf permanent sonder werk en derhalwe 'n inkomste.

Verliese as gevolg van gekanselleerde jagte, die feit dat veilings van lewendige wild nie gehou kon word nie, sowel as die verbod op die verkoop van wildsvleisprodukte, het tussen Maart en Mei 2020 ongeveer $406 miljoen beloop.

Die Verenigde Nasies se Wêreld Toerisme Organisasie het in 'n onlangse studie tot die gevolgtrekking gekom dat toerisme in Afrika nie voor 2023 of 2024 weer op 'n pre-pandemievlak sal wees nie.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION AT THE RHEINMETALL DENEL MUNITIONS FACTORY

During the night of 1 November, a massive explosion rocked the Rheinmetall Denel munitions factory near Somerset West in the Western Cape.

No fatalities were reported, but the blast follows another massive, fatal explosion in 2018, resulting in the death of eight people.

At this stage, the cause of the latest explosion has not yet been disclosed.

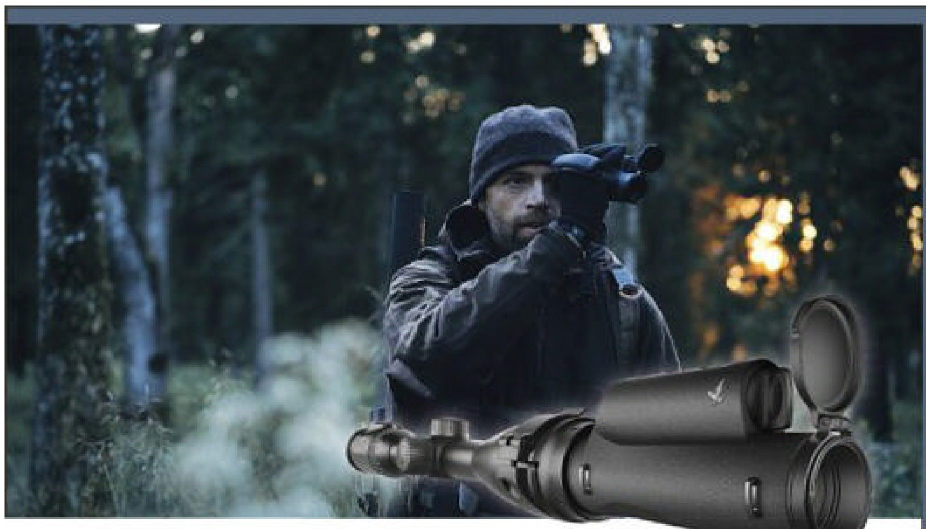
The 2018 explosion curtailed the manufacture of propellants for local ammunition manufacturers and reloaders. The second explosion is in all probability more bad news for the embattled propellant and explosives manufacturer, as well as South African consumers.

We have reached out to Rheinmetall Denel for more information about the future manufacture and distribution of propellant, and will keep you abreast of any news we receive in this regard.

NAMIBIA'S ELEPHANT POPULATION STEADILY ON THE RISE

Namibia's Minister for the Environment, Pohamba Shifeta, recently announced a new National Elephant Conservation and Management Plan to provide guidelines and a framework for conserving the Southern African country's burgeoning elephant population.

During the launch of the new programme, the minister also announced that Namibia's elephant population had grown to nearly 24 000 animals from approximately 7 000 at the time the country's independence in 1990. In some areas of Namibia, elephants once again occur where they have been locally extinct for up to 70 years. *(Source: allafrica.com)*



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Dis algemene kennis dat enigiets uit die Swarovski-stal van uiters hoë gehalte is. Swarovski het onlangs bekendgemaak dat hulle 'n nagsigtoestel, die tM35, na die mark toe bring. Soos alle Swarovski-produkte, beloof die tM35 om ook van uitstaande gehalte te wees. Dis vir seker iets om na te kyk indien jy in die mark vir so 'n produk is.

Die termiese beelding- (of soos dit dalk meer bekend is in Engels, *thermal imaging*) tM35 kan as 'n handtoestel gebruik word vir alledaagse take soos byvoorbeeld plaasveiligheid. Die eenheid het 'n 4x-vergroting en met die lang batterylewe van sewe ure gaan dit jou nie sommer in die steek laat nie.

Jy kan die tM35 ook op jou geweerteleskoop monteer; dit kan op enige Swarovski Z8i, Z6i, Z5(i) en Z3, asook die Kahles Helia-reeks geweerteleskope aangebring word. Indien dit op 'n geweer gemonteer word, het jy net 1x-vergroting, maar jou teleskoop se vergroting vergoed darem vir die res.

Om batterylewe te spaar, skakel die tM35 net aan indien jy op die teiken aanlê. Dit verstel outomaties die beligting volgens die toestande waarin jy jou bevind om vir jou die beste prentjie te wys. Jy kan ook kies of jy "White Hot"- of "Black Hot"- beelde wil sien.

Die tM35 weeg skaars 495 gram, wat minder is as sommige knaldempers. Ons kan nie wag om een van die dae vir julle 'n volledige verslag oor dié nuwe produk te publiseer nie. Vir enige ander navrae, kontak gerus vir Whylo Distributors by 0861-005-903 of 031-584-8088 of besoek hul webblad: *www.whylo.co.za*

SKRYF VIR SA JAGTER/HUNTER

Dit is vir ons by SA JAGTER/HUNTER altyd 'n plesier om bydraes van nuwe vryskutskrywers te ontvang. Ons wil graag ons lesers aanmoedig om die pen op te neem en hul ondervindings in die jagveld of tegniese kennis met ons te deel.

Wees asseblief so vrymoedig om enige materiaal of selfs net idees vir moontlike artikels aan die redakteur te e-pos by: *johan.vanwyk@media24.com*

'n Mens weet nooit wanneer die volgende groot skrywer dalk in ons tydskrif gaan ontluik nie! Ons sien uit na julle bydraes!

WEN

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Die sluitingsdatum vir hierdie maand se kompetisie is 15 Desember 2021.

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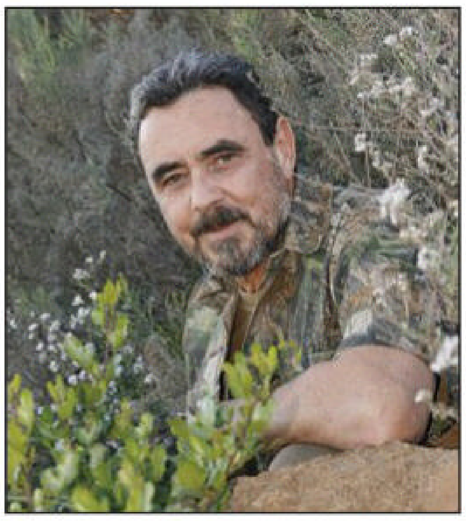
Die name van November/Desember se pryswenners sal in die volgende uitgawe van SA JAGTER/HUNTER-tydskrif verskyn en sal ook op ons webtuiste bekend gemaak word.



HOOP VIR ONS KINDERS

Daar's hoop, broeders en susters, daar's hoop.

Ek staan vanoggend voor die supermarkkassier met my mandjie kruideniersgoedjies. Vleis koop ek mos nou nie juis by die winkel nie, maar op my lysie is daar melk en rolletjies en vrugtesap en versterkdruppels en waspoeier en Rennies en gerookte salm (waarvoor ek van my goudaandele moes verkoop). Voor my in die tou staan 'n mollige dogtertjie met 'n hand vol pakkies ballonne van alle kleure. Sy tel hulle hardop uit op die toonbank: "Een, twee, drie, vier, vyf!"

"O, verjaar iemand?" probeer ek vriendelik wees. "Hou julle partytjie?"

Sy gee my 'n vuil kyk, soos wat dogtertjies maak ná hul ma's hulle gewaarsku het teen vreemde omies wat geselsies probeer aanknoop. "Nee. Dis vir my boetie," sê sy met oordrewe beslistheid. "Hy skiet hulle. Met sy *BB gun*."

Wraggies, dink ek. Daar's hoop vir ons kinders!

Daardie dogtertjie lei jy nie sommer aan die neus nie; dít kan 'n mens sommer dadelik sien. Moenie haar beursie probeer gryp of haar laat sukkel met swak diens by die Departement van Ballonsake nie. Moet ook nie dink jy gaan eendag haar dorp of straat se naam sommer net kom verander sonder teenstand nie. Met haar selfvertroue skort daar duidelik niks.

Vir 'n boetie wat só ernstig oor sy skietery is dat hy só 'n hardegat sussie kon oortuig om vir hom winkel toe te gaan, het ek eweneens baie hoop. Nie elektroniese speletjies vir hom nie, nee. Hy soek die ware Jakob: 'n skoot wat klap en koeëls wat trek.

Maar hoekom het dié dogtertjie en haar boetie se ballonne my dag gemaak?

Omdat sulke kinders deesdae die uitsondering eerder as die reël raak. Dis 'n feit: Die wêreld van kindwees het binne 'n enkele generasie van buite na binne verskuif. Vandag se kinders spandeer minder tyd buite in die natuur as enige ander geslag voor hulle.

Volgens 'n artikel in die *Washington Post* sit Amerikaanse kinders gemiddeld vyf tot agt ure per dag voor elektroniese skerms, terwyl hulle slegs enkele minute aan informele buitespeletjies afstaan.

Hier by ons, glo ek, volg dinge waarskynlik 'n soortgelyke patroon indien 'n mens na gemiddeldes sou kyk. Plaaskinders leef darem seker nog merendeels buite, maar wat doen ons dorps-, stads- en townshipkinders? En wat is die gevolge van so 'n sitlewe?

Dieet speel sekerlik 'n rol, maar meer kinders is deesdae oorgewig as ooit tevore. Dit het op sy beurt weer 'n invloed op hul gesondheid, lewensverwagting en moontlik selfs hul vermoëns, aangesien studies beweer dat kinders wat meer tyd in die buitelug deurbring, 'n wyer aandagspan ontwikkel as kinders wat hul dae met televisie of elektroniese speletjies omkry.

So 'n passiewe leefstyl en verwydering van die natuur word waarskynlik ook deurgedra na die grootmenslewe, wat niks goeds vir die toekoms voorspel nie. En dít is wat my kwel. Elkeen het seker die reg om sy leefstyl en lewensuitkyk te kies, maar dit is ons kollektiewe verhouding met die natuur wat my bekommer.

Ons sien reeds by townshipkinders 'n groot onkunde omtrent die natuur en sy prosesse bloot omdat hulle geen kontak meer daarmee het nie. En nou beweeg kinders uit gunstiger omstandighede ook stelselmatig verder weg van die buitewêreld en sy kardinale lewenslesse. Maar hoekom is dit kommerwekkend?

Omdat – soos ons jagters al geleer het – mense wat weinig van die natuur verstaan, minder respek vir die natuurlike omgewing het, en uiteindelik minder geneë is om dit te probeer bewaar en beskerm. (Hoewel dit hulle natuurlik nie stuit om allerhande onbesonne uitlatings in die media te maak nie.)

In die vroeë 1980's het 'n Harvard-bioloog, Edward Wilson, vorendag gekom met 'n teorie wat hy *biophilia* genoem het: die verskynsel dat die mens instinktief tot die natuur aangetrokke voel. Wilson se teorie het seker egter nie voorsien watter invloed die elektroniese revolusie op menslike gedrag sou hê nie. Ons het vandag steeds *biophiles*, maar in die breër wêreldbevolking het ons eerder te doen met 'n toestand wat, hoewel nie wetenskaplik erken nie, al gedoop is tot *nature deficit disorder.*

Ek moet my seker nie oor sulke hogere dinge uitlaat nie, want ek is eintlik maar net 'n ou kampvuurdromer, maar dit is net logies dat kinders wat in 'n omgewing grootword waar hulle aan natuurlike prosesse blootgestel is, gebalanseerde lewensvaardighede sal leer, of dit nou fisies, sosiaal, emosioneel, konstruktief, kreatief of logies is. Die veld se leerskool van mensword is immers 'n oeroue een met 'n beproefde sillabus. Al is daar nie Wi-Fi nie, is die veld 'n deeglike skool vir oorlewing.

Ja, ons kan maar net hoop, broeders en susters.

Vanoggend toe ek uit die winkel kom, loop ek buite in die parkeerterrein verby 'n silwer Corsa. Die ruit aan die passasierskant is oop en 'n outjie van seker so 12 lê verveeld op die sitplek met al twee sy duime druk besig op 'n foon se knoppies. Hy kyk nie eens op toe ek langs hom verbyloop nie.

Twee karre verder steek ek vas en draai om. (Skuus, ek kon dit nie help nie.) Ek vis 'n twintigrandnoot uit my sak en gaan gooi dit op sy skoot. "Hier, gaan koop vir jou ballonne of *pellets* of iets," sê ek vir hom voor ek weer aanloop.

Natuurlik het hy my nie verstaan nie. En ek hóm natuurlik ook nie. Maar dit maak nie saak nie. Op die ingewing van die oomblik moes ek dit sommer net doen. Sommer uit hoop vir ons kinders.

Die veld se leerskool van mensword is immers 'n oeroue een met 'n beproefde sillabus. Al is daar nie Wi-Fi nie, is die veld 'n deeglike skool vir oorlewing.

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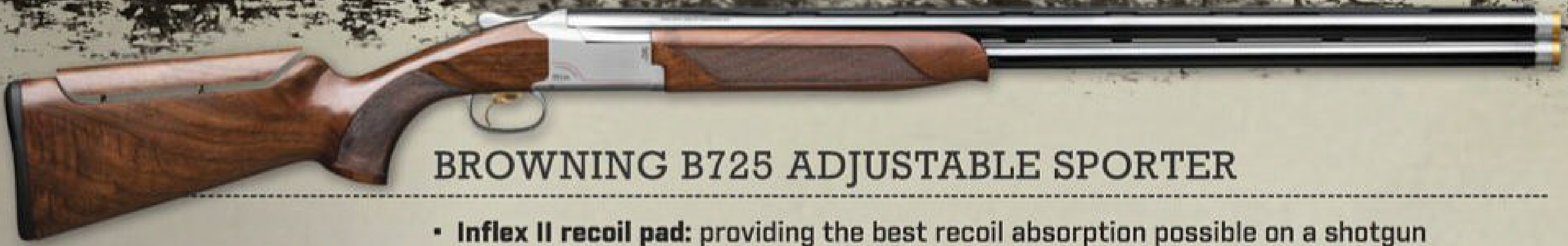

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My pre-64 Winchester Model 70 met sy Reinhart Fajen-kolf saam met die swartwildebeesbul se horings. Die teleskoop is 'n Leupold 4,5-14x40 – volgens my 'n uitstekende kombinasie.

DIE .300 HOLLAND & HOLLAND – PRINS VAN DIE "DRIEHONDERDS"

Vir my en duisende ander .300 H&H-eienaars is die nostalgie wat dié veelsydige kaliber omgewe voldoende rede om dit tot die dood te verdedig.

Net 'n paar jaar nadat die ikoniese .375 Holland & Holland (H&H) die lig gesien het, het H&H in 1925 die "Super .30" bekendgestel, gebaseer op die .375 H&H se dop, afgenek na .308". Met uitsondering van die .375, was Holland & Holland nog nooit bekend vir ander *kommersiële*, suksesvolle kalibers nie en die meeste van hul eie kalibers is eintlik maar vergete. Verskeie bronne gee die bekendstellingsdatum van die "Super .30" aan as 1925 en ander weer as 1920.

Holland & Holland se eie rekords dui daarop dat die eerste .300 H&H op 1 Oktober 1926 finaal getoets was. Verskeie bronne meld ook dat die Western Cartridge Company (WCC) reeds in 1925 fabrieksammunisie in Amerika geproduseer het. Hoe was dit moontlik, wonder ek? Ongeag die datums, was die Amerikaners baie vinnig om op die golf van die .375 H&H se sukses te ry. Hulle het so te sê onmiddellik die Super .30 se naam verander na .300 Holland & Holland – 'n baie slim skuif op die jag- en skiet-skaakbord.

EERSTE SUKSES OP DIE SKIETBAAN

Die .300 H&H, soos dit vandag bekendstaan, het egter 'n lekker vastrapplek gekry. Alhoewel nie so bekend soos die .375 nie, is dit 'n veertjie in H&H se hoed. In 1935 het WCC (destyds die eienaar van Winchester Repeating Arms) die ammunisie verskaf waarmee Ben Comfort die Wimbledon Cup gewen het. Sy telling was die beste (meeste V-kolle; sommige bronne sê 14, ander 17) van die agt skuts wat op daardie dag 'n voltal geskiet het. Daar is 100 skote oor 'n

Ons voorbladnooi in haar kas met alles wat gewoonlik saam met 'n Holland & Holland-geweer van topgehalte verskaf word. Hierdie .300 H&H is in die vroeë 1990's vir 'n Franse sakeman gebou, een van 'n stel van drie identiese .300's wat bestel is.

afstand van 1 000 jaarts gevuur. Hy was 'n onbekende buiteperd en het 812 ander skuts uitgestof.

Die waarde van hierdie prestasie moenie onderskat word nie. Die geweer is deur Griffin & Howe gebou en het na bewering 'n Enfield M1917-aksie en Winchester 28"-*bull barrel*-loop gehad. Winchester was vinnig om hul sukses in bemarkingsmateriaal te gebruik en het in 1937 reeds begin om hul fantastiese Model 70 (wat ons nou ken as die pre-64) in dié kaliber te bemark. Foto's van Comfort met sy trofee is in pamflette gepubliseer en 'n mens kan jou goed voorstel dat Winchester hul sukses wyd en syd verkondig het.

DANKIE, WINCHESTER!

Dis interessant dat Winchester die .300 H&H gekies het as een van die slegs nege kalibers wat vir die eerste vier jaar van die Model 70 se produksie beskikbaar was voordat die res van die 18 verskillende kalibers verskyn het. Hulle het duidelik hul bemarkingsfondse aan dié kaliber bestee en voet by stuk gehou, al was daar toe reeds ander kalibers op die mark waarmee die Amerikaanse publiek baie beter vertroud was. Comfort se sukses met die .300 het ander skuts laat notisie neem en dit het die kaliber geword wat die kompetisie vir jare daarna gedomineer het.

> Die .300 H&H is jare gelede as 'n "warm .30-06" bestempel, maar die konteks van hierdie stelling moet verstaan word.

Die .300 H&H was die eerste Magnum-kaliber wat in die Wimbledon Cup gebruik is. Ammunisie wat oorspronklik beskikbaar was, was 'n 180 grein-platpunt-bootstert teen 3 060 vps, 'n 180 grein-holpunt teen 3 060 vps en 'n 220 grein-sagtepunt teen 2 730 vps. Nog variante het later bygekom. Die .300 H&H was een van slegs vyf van die 18 kalibers wat tussen 1936 en 1963 vir die volle tydperk in produksie was (die 1937-verkope was geskoei op produksie wat reeds in 1936 plaasgevind het). Oor die jare sou Winchester uiteindelik 37 186 *produksie*-.300 H&H's verkoop, met 'n onbekende getal "spesiale" gewere uit hul *Custom Shop* daarby. Dit verteenwoordig 6,40% van die totale pre-64-produksiegewere en word slegs oorskry deur die .308 Winchester, .243 Winchester, .270 Winchester en die .30-06 – laat mens dink, nè! Die lysprys vir 'n nuwe Winchester .300 H&H in 1937 was 'n allemintige $74,25.

Hoekom al die Winchester-inligting? Ek is van mening dat Winchester/Western die .300 H&H bekendheid laat verwerf het – sekerlik danksy Ben Comfort se bydrae. Winchester het »

Let op dié Holland & Holland se mooi gravering op die magasynplaat.

» daarin geslaag om 'n bekostigbare produksiegeweer (in teenstelling met 'n duur, egte Holland & Holland-pasmaakgeweer) in elke Amerikaner se hand te plaas. Sover ek weet, het geen ander vervaardiger so vroeg begin om die .300 H&H as 'n produksiegeweer te maak nie. As dit nie daarvoor was nie, sou die .300 ook seker 'n stille dood gesterf het, soos heelwat van Holland & Holland se breinkinders.

Verskeie vervaardigers het oor die jare op die .300 Magnum-lawaaiwa *(bandwagon)* geklim. Voorbeelde is die .300 Remington Short Ultra Magnum (2001), .300 Remington Ultra Magnum (1999), .300 Weatherby Magnum (1948), .308 Norma Magnum (1960) en .300 WSM (2001); daar is egter ander ook. Teen 1963 het Winchester die nou beroemde .300 Winchester Magnum die lig laat sien om met hul eie kaliber in hierdie mark mee te ding. Produksie van die .300 H&H is dus gestaak om wedywering met hul eie .300-kaliber te voorkom, wat ook saamgeval het met die staking van die pre-64 Model 70 se produksie in 1963.

Soos 'n mens kan verwag, het die .300 H&H nou effe aan die agterspeen begin suig, veral omdat baie van die nuwe kalibers standaardlengte-aksies benodig het (en dus baie goedkoper gebou kon word). In 1963, die enigste jaar wat Winchester die .300 Winchester Magnum in die pre-64 Model 70 gebou het, het hulle 'n volle 4 916 produksiegewere vervaardig. Die nuwe kaliber was duidelik gewild.

Teen dié tyd was Amerika goed vasgevang in die "spoednajaag-era" en die geringe spoedvoordeel wat die .300 Winchester Magnum bo die H&H het, het duidelik 'n verskil in die gewildheid veroorsaak. Dit het

'n Prag-swartwildebeesbul wat ek met die .300 H&H gejag het. Hierdie kaliber leen hom by uitstek tot hierdie soort toepassing waar 'n langerige skoot oor die vlaktes soms nodig is.

Die gegraveerde greepkap van die .300 H&H is 'n sogenaamde *trapdoor grip cap*. Dit het 'n klein kompartement vir die stoor van 'n spaarkorrel.

Hier verskyn die .300 H&H (links) langs die .300 Weatherby Magnum, .308 Norma Magnum en, laastens, die .30-06.

gesorg dat die .300 Winchester Magnum die H&H met etlike baanlengtes in die gewildheidsklas gewen het. Ballisties gesproke is daar baie min te kies tussen die meeste van die .300 Magnums van daardie era.

DOPONTWERP

In die 1920's was kordiet die standaarddryfmiddel vir byna alle kalibers. Die .375 en .300 H&H se dopontwerp is grotendeels te danke aan die produksieproses van destyds. Die kordietstokkies is met dun toutjies aan mekaar vasgemaak en in 'n reguit dop geplaas. Die nek en skouer is eers daarna gevorm, anders sou hulle nooit die nodige kordietlading in die dop kry nie. Dié ontwerp word vandag as argaïes beskou, soveel te meer oor die belt wat deesdae amper 'n vloekwoord geword het.

As gevolg van kopspasiëring *(head spacing)* wat plaasvind op die belt, nie die skouer nie (die skouer, teen slegs sowat 17 grade, word as onvoldoende beskou vir spasiëringsdoeleindes), is dopkop-skeiding (*case head separation*) 'n groter oorweging as in die meeste ander kalibers. Ek skiet al omtrent 12 jaar met dieselfde doppe en gloei hulle gereeld uit, en het nog nooit skeiding in my Winchester- of PMP-doppe gekry nie. Iets waaroor niemand ooit sal stry nie, is dat die lang, slanke dopontwerp en sagte *taps* hul leen tot 'n patroon wat soos 'n mes deur warm botter in 'n kamer ingly. Dit geld veral in tropiese klimate (soos in Indië en Afrika, waar die .300 H&H gereeld diens gedoen het), waar oormatige hitte groter druk kan veroorsaak sodat doppe aan die kamer bind. Die .300 H&H se ontwerp maak dit baie doeltreffend om hierdie soort probleme te oorkom. My persoonlike opinie, asook dié van die meeste ander .300 H&H-eienaars wat ek ken, is dat dit die mooiste patroon is wat bestaan!

Is die .300 H&H vandag nog iets om te oorweeg? As ek eer-»

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- .375 HeH flanged mag. Royal ejector, cased, c. 1939
- .375 HeH flanged mag. Royal ejector, cased, scoped. c. 1925
- .30 Super Rimmed Royal ejector, c. 1950
- .240 Rimmed HeH Royal ejector, c. 1920
- .333 W.J. Jeffery Mauser, peep sight
- .375 HeH W.J. Jeffery Mauser, 5-shot mag
- .375 HeH Holland & Holland magnum Mauser, scoped & cased
- .375 HeH Holland & Holland Mauser, cased, never scoped
- 350 Rigby magnum J. Rigby square bridge magnum Mauser. Never scoped

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» lik moet wees, is dit vir seker so dat daar meer moderne kalibers met 'n beter dopontwerp is wat alles én nog meer as die .300 H&H kan doen, maar dit is nie vir my belangrik nie. Vir my en duisende ander .300 H&H-eienaars is die nostalgie wat dié veelsydige kaliber omgewe voldoende rede om dit tot die dood te verdedig.

'N KYKIE NA DIE .300 H&H SE BALLISTIESE VERMOËNS

Ballisties gesproke het die .300 Winchester Magnum maar 'n klein voordeel bo die .300 H&H – so klein, trouens, dat dit byna weglaatbaar is onder praktiese jagomstandighede. Die .300 H&H se terugskop is vir seker ook aansienlik minder as dié van die ander .300's. Dit is 'n groot oorweging vir die meeste skuts, die uwe ingesluit, wat gereeld vanuit 'n sittende posisie op die baan en in die veld skiet.

Die .300 H&H is jare gelede as 'n "warm .30-06" bestempel, maar die konteks van hierdie stelling moet verstaan word. In die jare voor die Tweede Wêreldoorlog was die (stadiger) dryfmiddels wat hierdie soort Magnums in 'n ander ballistiese klas geplaas het, nog nie vrylik beskikbaar nie. Moderne dryfmiddels het hierdie kaliber en vele ander Magnums egter tot hul reg laat kom.

Baie eienaars probeer van hul .300's warm .30-06'e maak, maar ek stem nie saam met hierdie benadering nie. Myns insiens moet die .300 H&H gebruik word waarvoor hy ontwerp was – om die swaarder .308"-koeëls te lanseer teen sowat 2 750 vps vir die 220 grein-koeël, tot so hoog as 2 900 vps vir die 200 grein-koeël en selfs 3 100 vps vir die 180 grein-koeël.

Zero-afstand is van kardinale belang om hierdie ballistiese eienskappe ten volle te benut. In hierdie geval is 300 meter 'n goeie zero-afstand, soos die volgende voorbeeld sal toon: 'n Hornady 180 grein Interbond-koeël, gelanseer teen 3 050 vps met 'n 300-meter zero, styg maar 5,6" by sowat 175 meter en sak tot slegs 5,35" op 350 meter. Hierdie kombinasie kan dus goed aangewend word op die hart/long-area van medium tot groot bokke op afstande tot 300 meter. Indien jy daardie ver skoot op 350 meter moet skiet op 'n kwesbok wat dalk gaan wegkom, kan jy net die kruishaar 'n paar duim lig. Die verskillende moontlike toepassings is legio en sal afhang van die jagter se ammunisie en voorkeure, maar die voorbeeld toon die veelsydige aanwending daarvan.

My eie .300 Holland & Holland is ook 'n pre-64 Winchester Model 70 en sy reeksnommer dateer dit terug na 'n 1953-model. Ek het die geweer ongeveer 13 jaar gelede gekoop nadat ons redakteur my laat weet het dat Gregor Woods van *Magnum*-tydskrif s'n in die mark was. Die geld is dieselfde dag oorbetaal en ek was nog nie een oomblik spyt nie. (Ek skuld ons redakteur nog 'n goeie bottel *single malt* hiervoor! – *Ek neem kennis! –Red)*

Die geweer skiet op 'n tiekie met 'n voorkeur vir koeëls wat 200 grein weeg. Ek het al so laag as 165 grein teen 3 200 vps gegaan, maar akkuraatheid het afgeneem, tesame met 'n toename in vleisskade, natuurlik. Ek wou dié kombinasie as 'n springbokgeweer gebruik as die wind dit noodsaak, maar spoed sonder akkuraatheid beteken onder sulke omstandighede niks nie. Gevolglik is ek terug na die 200- en 220-greiners en het hierdie kombinasie al dikwels op die groter bokke soos koedoes, gemsbokke, blouwildebeeste en njalas gebruik.

Persoonlik dink ek die grootste bok wat 'n jagter met vertroue kan aandurf met hierdie kaliber is 'n elandkoei, maar nie die groot bulle nie. Sekere lesers sal sekerlik van my verskil. Ten spyte van vele aanbiedinge om my .300 H&H te koop, sal ek nie van hom afstand doen nie. Ek geniet dié kaliber se veelsydige aanwending in die jagveld gans te veel!

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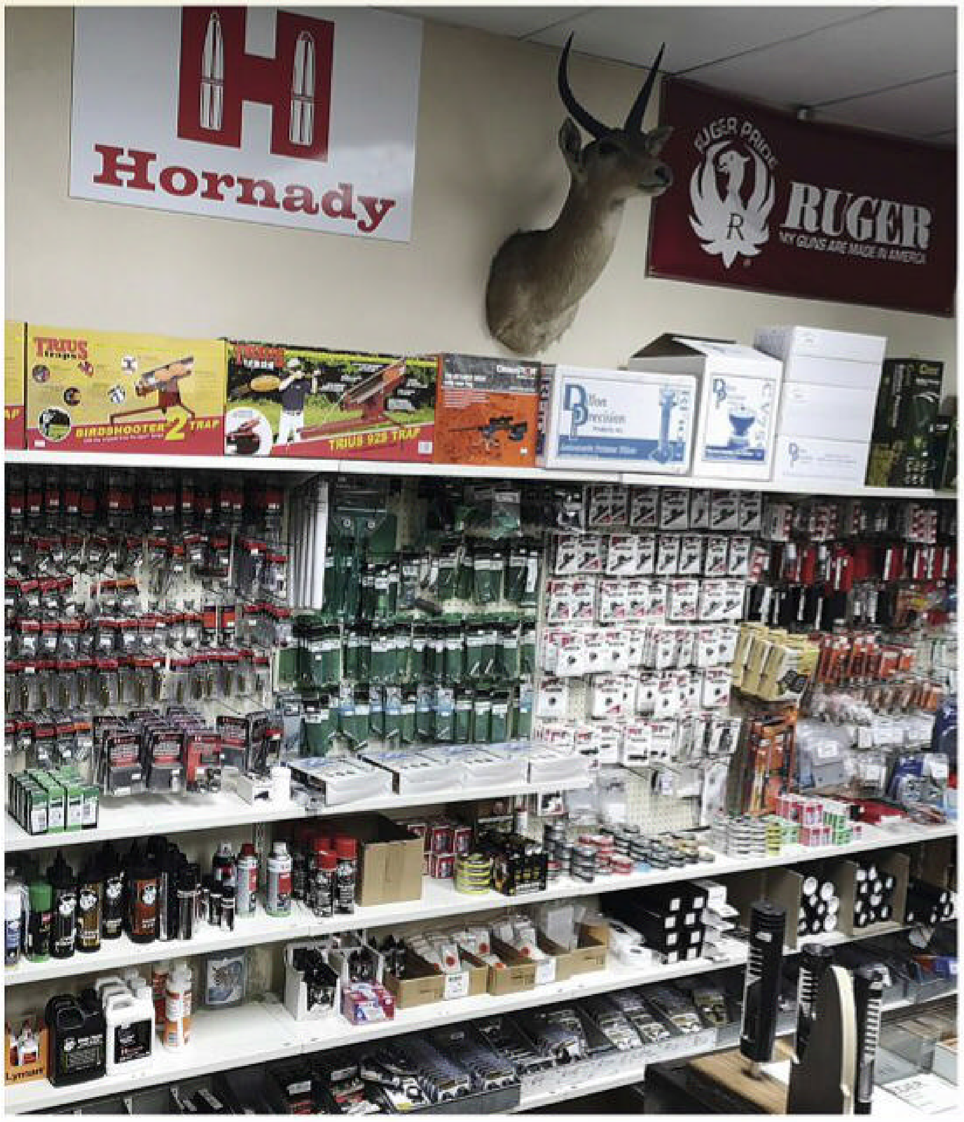

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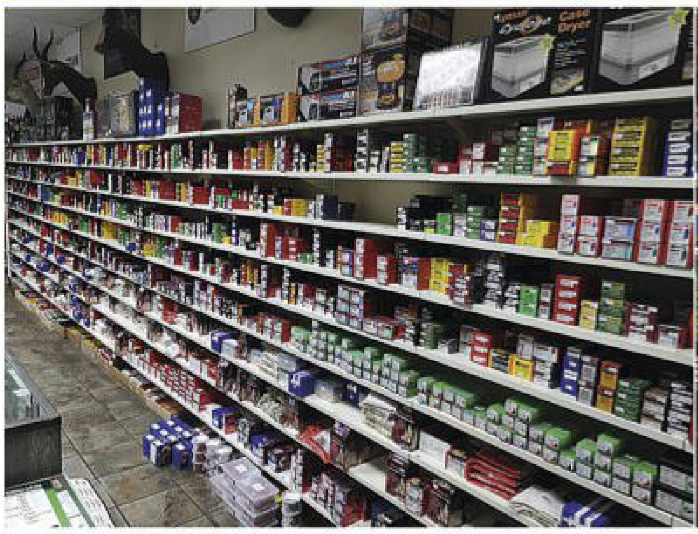

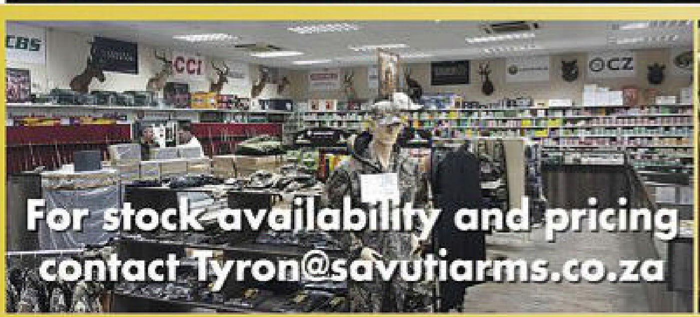

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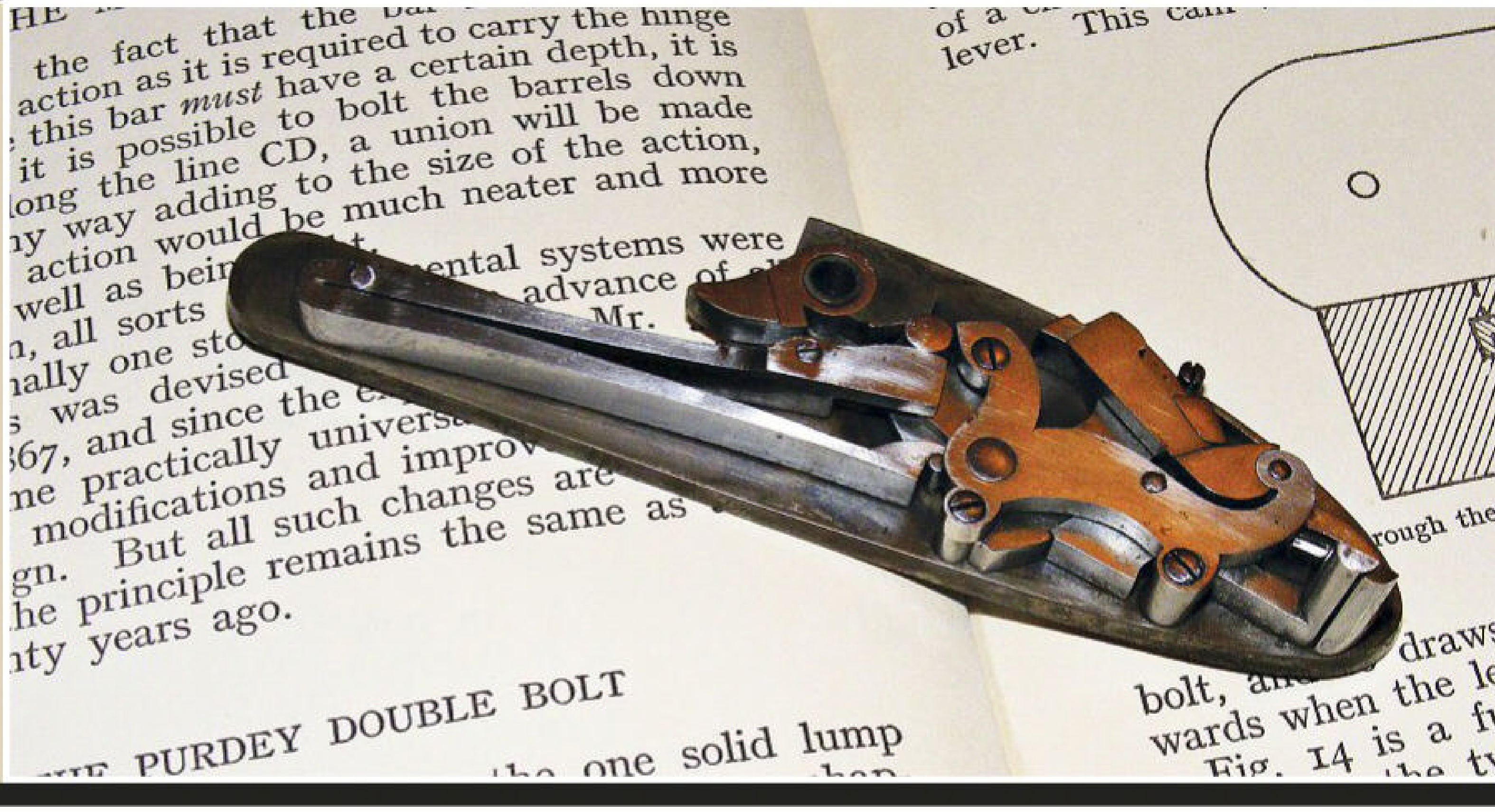
THE BRITISH SHOTGUN – REVERED FOR A REASON

Few things in life come close to spending a day in the field with a good British shotgun.

The image of the classic British shotgun is almost without fail that of a dainty, well-made side-by-side in the hands of a nattily attired hunter in the game field. Sometimes, the gent carrying the gun may have been accompanied by a second, slightly more humbly dressed individual, also carrying a gun with a cartridge bag slung over his shoulder. This was the loader with the gentleman shooter's second gun, and in many instances, the guns were a matching pair by one of the famous London gunmakers.

The British shotgun has another side to it as well, though. Not every shotgun to have left the showroom in England

MAIN PHOTO LEFT: A Blanch 16-bore back-action sidelock. Note that the bar of the action is solid as the mainspring is situated behind the tumbler. Also, note the shape of the lockplates.



RIGHT: The right-hand lock of a Purdey bar-action sidelock removed. Note how the mainspring, which is housed in the bar of the action, must be kept in place by means of a pin through the action bar.

and Scotland in bygone times was a best-quality sidelock. In fact, many were decidedly humbler in appearance and decoration, and over the years, the British catered to virtually every taste and budget. To put this in perspective, let's look at what the British made and how they did it.

ACTIONS

We have already mentioned the sidelock action. Gunmaking-wise, it was the top of the pyramid for the British. With very few exceptions, these were usually the finest and most expensive models produced by the various makers. Fine wood and extensive engraving were hallmarks of the sidelock. The well-to-do and the cream of British society preferred the sidelock-actioned gun as it was very much the thing to do and to have during times gone by.

Sidelock actions can be divided into two categories: bar-action and back-action sidelocks. The difference lies in the positioning of the mainsprings within the action. In the bar-action sidelock, the mainspring is positioned in front of the tumbler, better known to the rest of the gunmaking world as the "hammer". In the back-action, the mainspring can be found behind the tumbler.

Both have their advantages. Bar-action locks generally boast a more elegant, rounded shape. In contrast, back-action locks sometimes have a more elongated shape to accommodate the moving parts on the inside. However, back-action locks are usually somewhat stronger because there is no need to drill a hole through the bar of the action (the part of the action that supports the underside of the barrels, just below the chambers) to support the mainspring. For this reason, sidelock double-barrelled rifles were often made on back-action sidelock actions, but this was by no means the case universally. Sidelock-actioned shotguns, especially best-quality guns, were generally made on bar-action sidelock actions as the more elegant shape of the locks lends itself to even engraving patterns.

A Westley Richards 12-bore detachable-lock (or droplock) boxlock shotgun with the bottom plate open to allow inspection of the locks.

The boxlock action was the invention of William Anson and John Deeley in 1877. Anson and Deeley were, respectively, a gunmaker and the managing director of Westley Richards & Co in Birmingham at the time. The boxlock action was devel- »

A James Woodward & Sons 12-bore bar-action sidelock shotgun. The retaining pin for the mainspring through the action bar can be seen clearly.

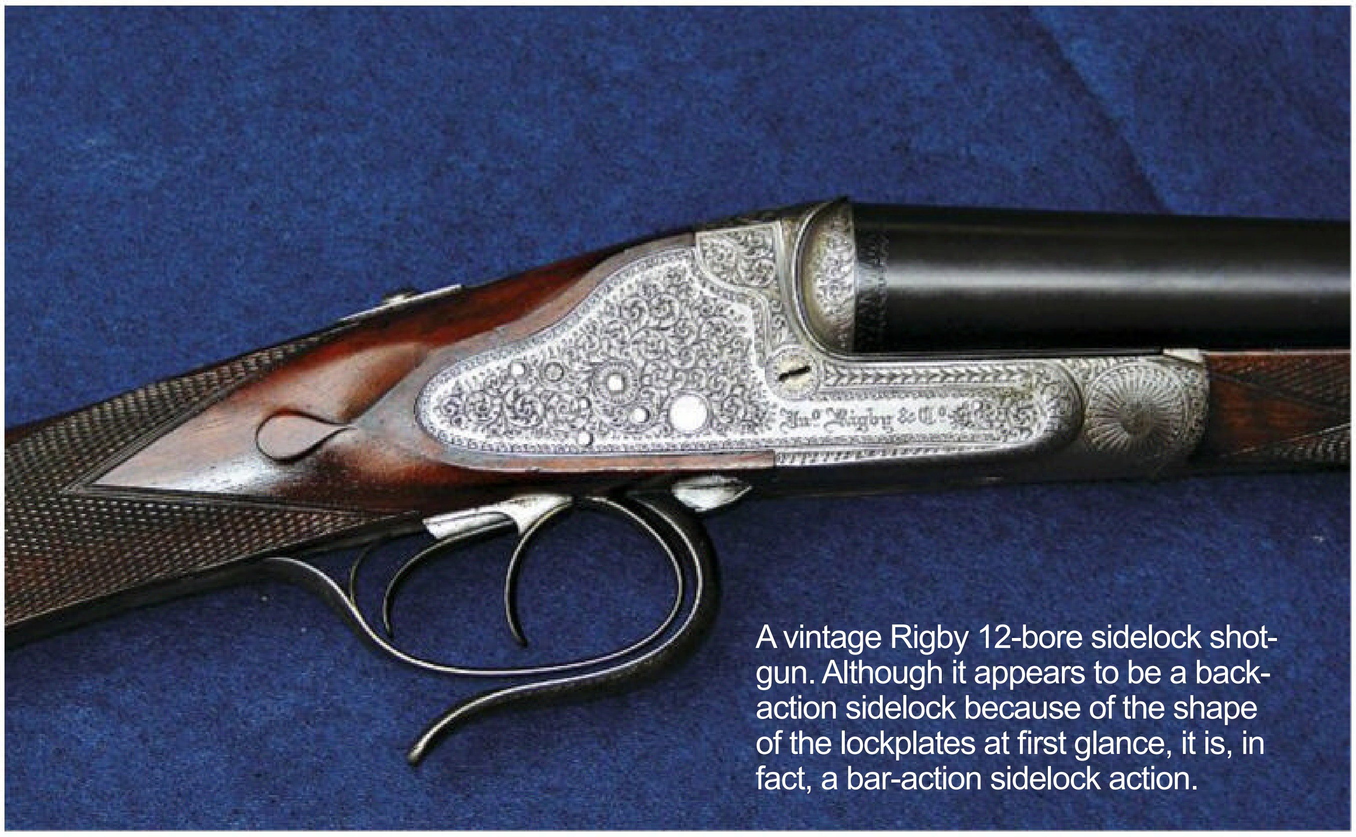
» oped to meet the demand for a double gun action that was not only cheaper than the sidelock action but also easier to produce. In this, the action's two inventors succeeded admirably.

The boxlock became an accepted staple throughout the British gun trade. In addition to Westley Richards, firms like WW Greener and Webley & Scott churned them out by the bundle. Boxlock-actioned guns can be found in a bewildering variety of styles and finishes. The majority were well-made working guns with or without ejectors and stocked in decent, strong wood.

Guns like these were aimed at the less well-heeled and were also exported to the various colonies in countries such as Canada, South Africa and Australia. They were used not only for bird hunting but were also called upon for troublesome leopards, snakes, native insurrections, and a whole host of other problems where a shotgun may come in handy.

On the very lowest rung of the scale, rough, poorly finished guns were supplied in large numbers to places like India and Africa. With these guns, quality was of no concern, just the fact that they would go bang when the trigger was pulled. Many such guns (not only box-lock-actioned guns but also a great many hammer guns) were produced by makers such as Greener and Westley Richards or even imported from Belgium. They were then engraved with a name and put back on a ship bound for Ceylon or wherever there was a demand for cheap shooting irons.

One often encounters guns such as these in South Africa. In many instances, the lack of quality, fit and finish is readily apparent, as is the fact that the gun in question has been shot off the face by a steady diet of stout 12-bore loads.



A vintage Rigby 12-bore sidelock shotgun. Although it appears to be a back-action sidelock because of the shape of the lockplates at first glance, it is, in fact, a bar-action sidelock action.

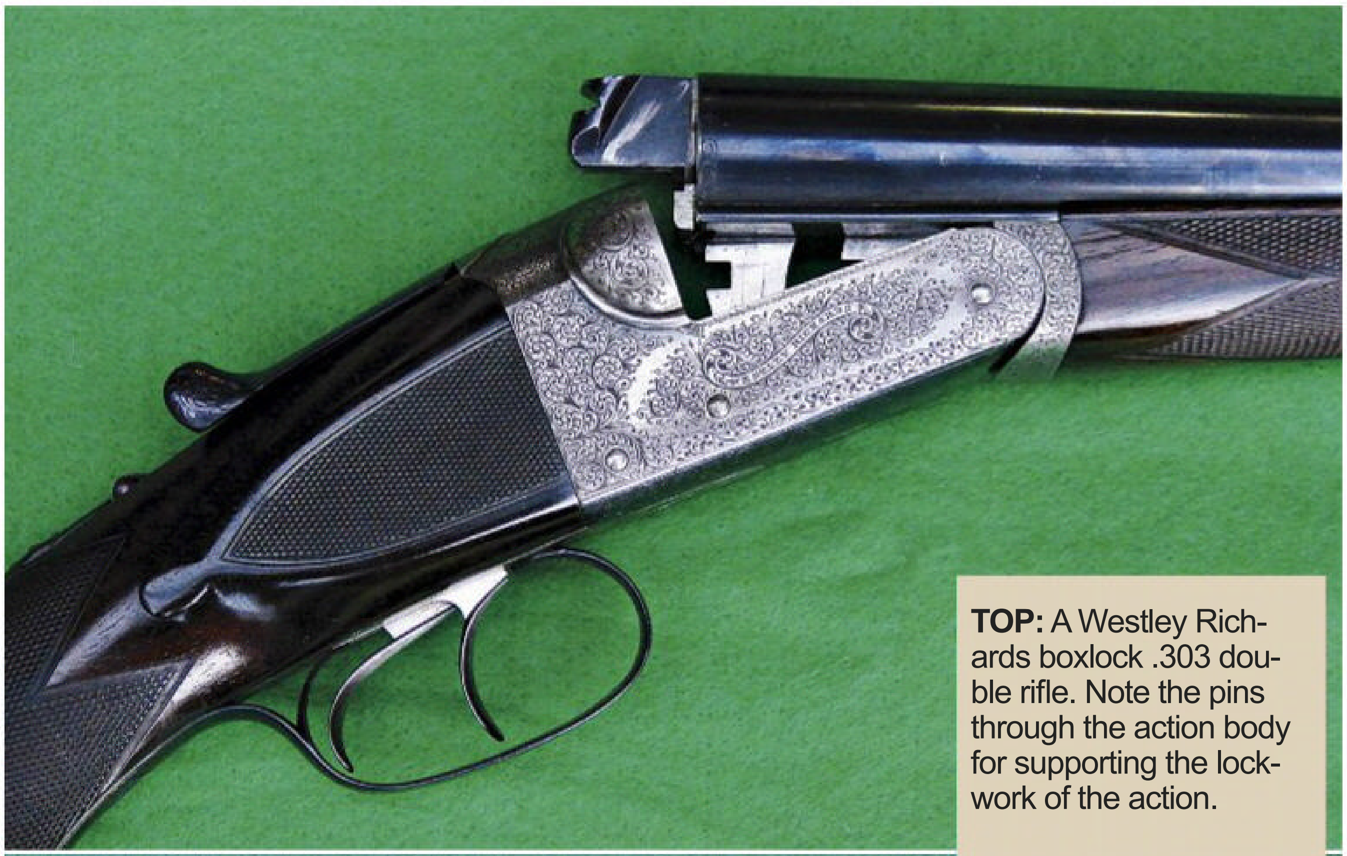
The upper end of the boxlock stable was a different proposition, though. Of all the various British makers, Greener and Westley Richards made a speciality of best-grade boxlocks (both firms made a variety of guns, from the cheapest to the most expensive). Greener guns were exported to South Africa in quantity and therefore have an almost cult-like following here. However, the very best Greener guns were never made in huge quantities. Hence, they are not frequently encountered and are quite sought-after by collectors. These guns, called G-Grade guns by Greener, were all slightly unique in their own way and very lavishly engraved indeed. They were made by a special team of workers in the Greener factory. When these workers passed on, G-Grade guns became increasingly difficult to manufacture as the skills required to build them were no longer available. Best-quality Greener boxlocks were every bit as well made and required just as much time as the finest sidelocks. Whenever one shows up for sale, it causes quite a flurry amongst collectors.

Westley Richards, inventors of the boxlock, went out on a different design limb with their own best-grade boxlocks. In 1895, Leslie B Taylor (a brilliant inventor and the Westley Richards manager at the time, who became its managing director in 1899) instructed one of the skilled actioners at the company to look into removing the friction-bearing pins through the boxlock action's body. Removing these pins is no laughing matter because they support the action's lockwork and are crucial to the gun's operation. What the unknown actioner came up with in 1897, however, was nothing short of genius.

The actioner suggested that lockparts be fitted onto the bottom-plate of the action, thus making it unnecessary to have pins through the action body. As a bonus, the new design was also somewhat stronger than a "normal" boxlock because the holes through the action body inevitably created a weak spot. To this day, the Westley Richards hand-detachable lock boxlock action, as it became known (alias the "droplock" in the US and elsewhere), is the gun Westley Richards is best known for. Even today, it is still made in both shotgun and rifle form and is an icon in its own right.

Aside from the boxlock and sidelock, the third action type that may be encountered on a British-made gun has Scottish origins. It is called the trigger-plate action because the lockwork is mounted on the trigger plate of the action. It was designed by James MacNaughton of Edinburgh in 1879. MacNaughton's original design featured a very long top-lever that served not only to open the gun but to cock the locks as well. Another well-known Scottish maker, John Dickson, took MacNaughton's design and refined it, creating an action that was not only extraordinarily beautiful but also very strong. He called it the "round" action because of the beautifully rounded action bar.

As a rule, round-action guns are beautifully crafted and highly sought after because of their relative rarity. Some were made with decorative sideplates, others with elegant side-levers. A few (a very few!) were even made as three- and four-barrelled guns, but not many people have seen »



TOP: A Westley Richards boxlock .303 double rifle. Note the pins through the action body for supporting the lockwork of the action.

BOTTOM: The classic Purdey 12-bore bar-action sidelock game gun, made on a self-opening action designed by Frederick Beesley.

From top to bottom: a Dickson round-action game gun, followed by a Westley Richards hand-detachable lock game gun, and, finally, a Purdey bar-action sidelock on Purdey's self-opening action, designed by Frederick Beesley. All three are in 12-bore.

» one of these rarities, much less owned or shot one.

MATCHING THE GUN TO THE GAME

Aside from superior workmanship, British guns were also tailor-made for different purposes. So-called duck guns were aimed at the waterfowling market and were made on heftier actions with long chambers that could handle stouter loads. Some firms made a speciality of producing duck guns, and they are certainly a conversation piece if you know what you are looking at. I briefly owned a boxlock 12-bore duck gun. Although it was beautifully made, it was just too much of a good thing for me. I sold this heavy, very tightly choked gun to a British dealer after a short while. If you hunted ducks and the other larger waterfowl for a living, though, a duck gun was just the ticket, and many are still in use.

Whereas the various clay target shooting disciplines are dominated by over/under guns today, the situation was slightly different a century ago. The side-by-side was the gun of choice for almost everybody, and even though a few over/under guns were available, they were not in widespread use at the time and were prohibitively expensive. Pigeon guns (so called because of the live-pigeon shooting competitions that were popular before the clay target became the norm) were generally made to shoot ammunition with 70 mm cases ($1^1/_4$ oz loads) and were heavier as well: 7-$7^1/_2$ lbs for a 12-bore. Pigeon guns were made in fair numbers and are quite sought after today for both clay target shooting and high birds. They also make good game guns, but keep in mind that they tend to have a bit of choke.

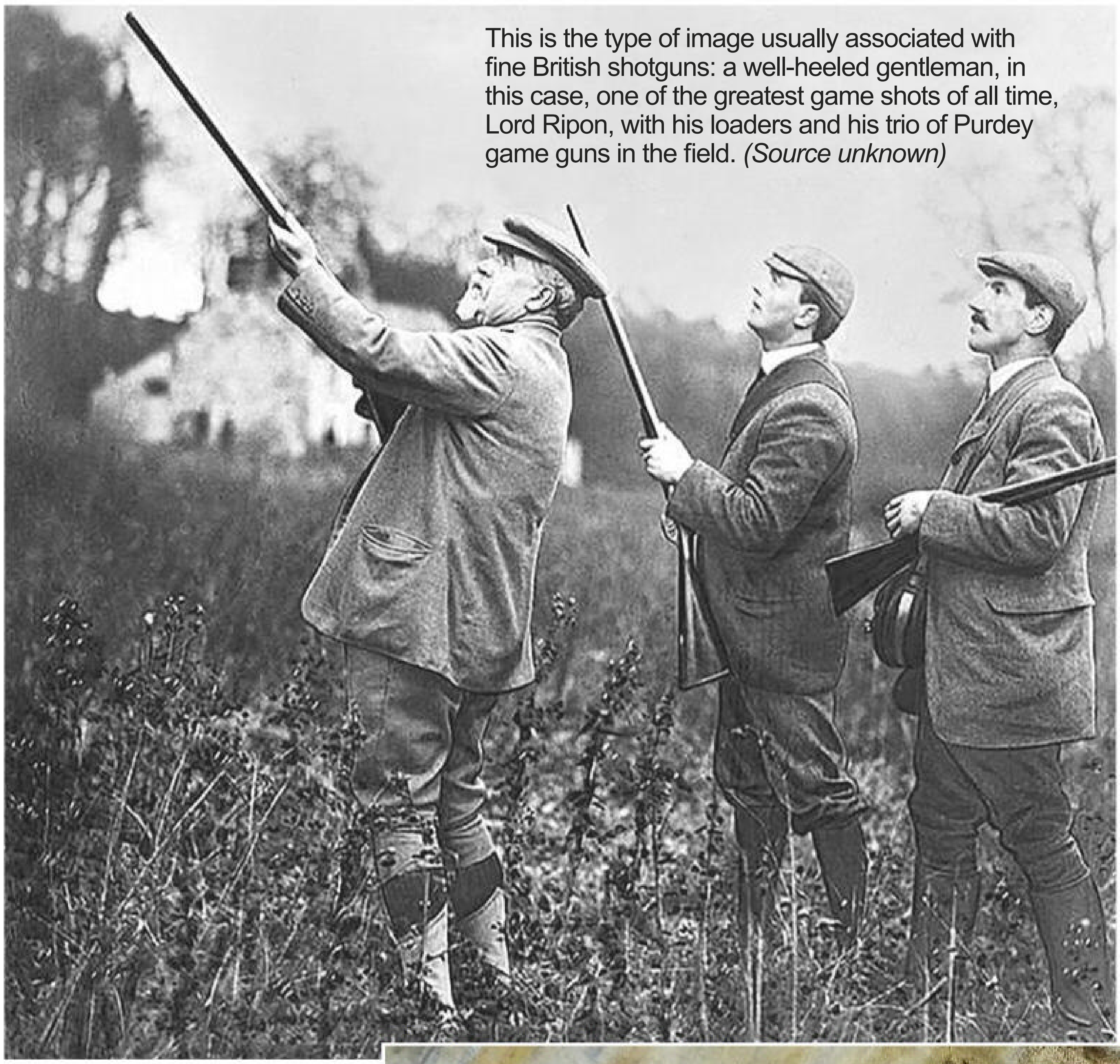
The most numerous configuration of British shotgun produced by far, however, is the game gun. Built for driven shooting, this gun was generally proofed for a load of $1^1/_8$ oz of shot from $2^1/_2$" chambers and made to weigh somewhere between 6 and 7 lbs. Literally thousands of game guns were built, and they are frequently encountered.

WHY THE ENGLISH GUN?

Over the years, I have owned a number of very nice English guns, including a London "best" or two, and I willingly admit to having a huge soft spot for English guns. As far as I'm concerned, they have a certain something about them that sets them apart, as I shall attempt to explain.

Firstly, the better grade British guns were handcrafted from the best materials available at the time by some of the finest craftsmen, with the benefit of generations of experience behind them. This is the reason for the English gun's longevity: fine materials and workmanship, which, in turn, are partly responsible for the price of some of the better British guns. Skilled time at the workbench has always been a rare, expensive and hard-to-find commodity.

Another aspect that sets the English gun apart lies in the details, which is not readily apparent. Action bodies were colour case-hardened to ensure the longevity of the steel used for the action – a vital step in the finishing process. Internal parts on good-grade guns were highly pol-



This is the type of image usually associated with fine British shotguns: a well-heeled gentleman, in this case, one of the greatest game shots of all time, Lord Ripon, with his loaders and his trio of Purdey game guns in the field. *(Source unknown)*

ished to ensure they were free of tooling marks and fitted and functioned together properly. It also went a long way towards corrosion protection. On some of the best guns, the internal parts of the action were even gold-washed to provide an extra layer of protection against rust.

Something else to keep in mind is that good British guns are noted for their longevity. A good gun in excellent condition that is well maintained will give a couple of lifetimes of trouble-free service. I know of quite a few British guns that are nearing the 150-year-old benchmark despite very regular use. This in itself is a testament to the workmanship that went into these guns and the quality of the materials used in their construction. I'm not suggesting for one moment that the quality and workmanship lavished on some of the guns made in Europe and elsewhere today are inferior. Still, they have yet to withstand the acid test of time, whereas the British gun has already passed this test with flying colours.

To be sure, breakages can and will occur, and setting things right can sometimes be a pain, especially in South Africa. Fortunately, there are several skilled people out there who can make replacement parts such as springs and firing pins, so barring a total catastrophe of sorts, an ailing gun can be mended.

Lastly, and this is a purely personal consideration, I think a good British shotgun is one of the most beautiful things on the planet. Generally, they have balance and handling characteristics like nothing else, and a good, well-fitting gun literally comes alive in the hand. When stocked to good dimensions with fine wood and sound barrels, owning and using such a gun is truly a joy. I get enormous enjoyment out of spending a day in the field with a British gun cradled in my arms.

Not the best photograph, but a good illustration of a 12-bore Dickson round-action game gun's action. Note how the action's working parts are mounted on the trigger plate. The round action is one of the strongest double actions out there.

Hierdie foto van die leeu is met behulp van 'n spoorkamera en nagsig-toerusting geneem.

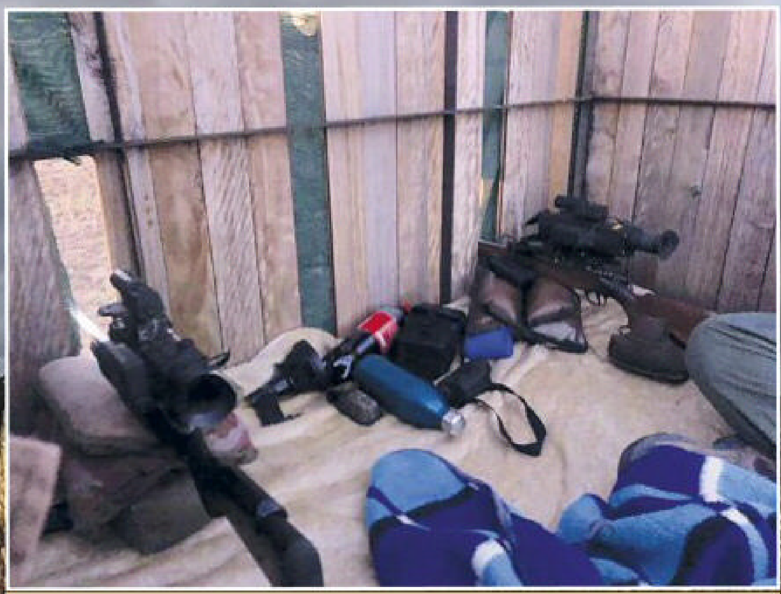
'N ANDER SOORT LEEUJAG

Die droewige einde van 'n leeumannetjie bied stof tot diep nadenke.

Dit is nou al meer as 'n jaar later, maar min het ons destyds geweet dat die drie maande wat ons afgestaan het om 'n leeumannetjie uit sy "verknorsing" te red, ons lewens onherroeplik sou verander. Dit het soveel vrae ontketen oor waar hy vandaan gekom het en waarom die natuurbewaringsbeamptes nie opgelet dat hy uitgebreek het nie. Hierdie verhaal kon 'n beter einde gehad het, maar mense het weereens die natuur in die steek gelaat en ons moes noodgedwonge die situasie beredder.

VUILBAARD VEROORSAAK KONSTERNASIE

Ek dink met heimwee terug aan daardie dag wat ek die eerste oproep ontvang het om ons van die gevreesde vuilbaard te verwittig. Vroegoggend op 3 Februarie het 'n leeuspoor op 'n nat grondpad 'n totale ommeswaai in 'n paar manne se waarnemingsvermoë teweeggebring. Die oproep van 'n benoude buurvrou wie se veewagters tydens hul normale roetine op 'n beeskarkas afgekom het, het almal in rep en roer gehad. Die karkas het glo gelyk soos 'n ge-



BO: Die binnekant van ons leeuskuiling. Dit het by tye behoorlik koud geword.

HOOFFOTO: Ons skuiling wat 70 m van die aas opgeslaan was. Dit was met opset hoog gebou om 'n hoogtevoordeel bo die leeu te bied.

Vars leeuspore laat altyd die hart vinniger klop!

skenk wat op Oukersaand oopgeskeur is. By verdere ondersoek het die spoor van ou vuilbaard soos 'n fossiel op sandsteen in die Karoo gelê – so lank en breed soos 'n Parker-pen in 'n boer se hempsak. Die eerste gedagte van 'n kat met kolle het in my agterkop opgekom.

Onder al ons kontakte wat jakkalse jag en "tweebeenjakkalse" monitor, het ons 'n spoorkamera (of *trail camera*, soos die Engelse sê) gekry, asook 'n handleiding wat alles stap vir stap in al die Babiloniese tale verduidelik. Ons het die apparaatjie naby genoeg aan die vorige aand se slagtingstoneel opgestel waar die Brahmaanbeeskruising aan sy einde gekom het. Die Land-Cruiser was 50 m weg, en hoe laer die son gesak het, hoe vinniger het die adrenalien in hoendervleis verander. Terwyl ons na die Cruiser teruggestap het, het die idee van

Hierdie vlakvark was een van die leeu se prooidiere.

iets goeds wat die goeie Vader geskep en in die natuur geplaas het om wanbalans en swak genetika hok te slaan, in my kop bly spook.

'N GESAMENTLIKE SOEKPOGING

Die volgende oggend vyfuur toe Moeder Natuur haar gordyne oopskuif, het die bevestiging gekom, amper soos 'n swart-en-wit ID-foto – dit was 'n groot leeumannetjie. Die hele noordelike KwaZulu-Natal het betrokke geraak: die SAPD, Natuurbewaring, boere en selfs personeel van 'n nabygeleë wildreservaat, asook veeartse met pylgewere en die korrekte verdowingsmiddels. Die dreuning van 'n helikopter wat die gebied fynkam, het heeldag opgeklink. Almal was gereed om te help, maar van die vuilbaard het daar net ou spore agtergebly. Almal het bespiegel oor die waar en die hoe en aan wie die kat behoort het.

Met die uurglas wat leegloop, het die kat in die volgende drie maande die omgewing behoorlik kruis en dwars verken. Hy het oral slegs sy spore agtergelaat, soms net effe té naby aan wat 'n mens jou *comfort zone* sou noem. Die plaaslike koerant het 'n voorbladstorie gepubliseer en Natuurbewaring het 'n verwyderingspermit uitgereik.

Omtrent elke dag het ons 'n oproep uit die gemeenskap gekry dat die kat iewers gewaar is. Dit het outomaties 'n onmiddellike reaksie veroorsaak wat geen resultate opgelewer het nie. 'n Vriend wat katte jag, moes sy trop spoorsnyhonde onverrigtersake huiswaarts laat keer. Hy het voorgestel ons maak 'n opname van waar die leeu elke keer opgemerk word; só het ons 'n patroon gekry van die halfmaanroete wat hy volg. Die buurman het daagliks hare aan die doringdraad gekry in 'n 10 km-radius in die vlei-area. Met tamboekiegras en riete as skuiling, meer as genoeg vlakvarke, rietbokke en 'n standhoudende spruit, het vuilbaard baie gerieflik so onder die radar geleef.

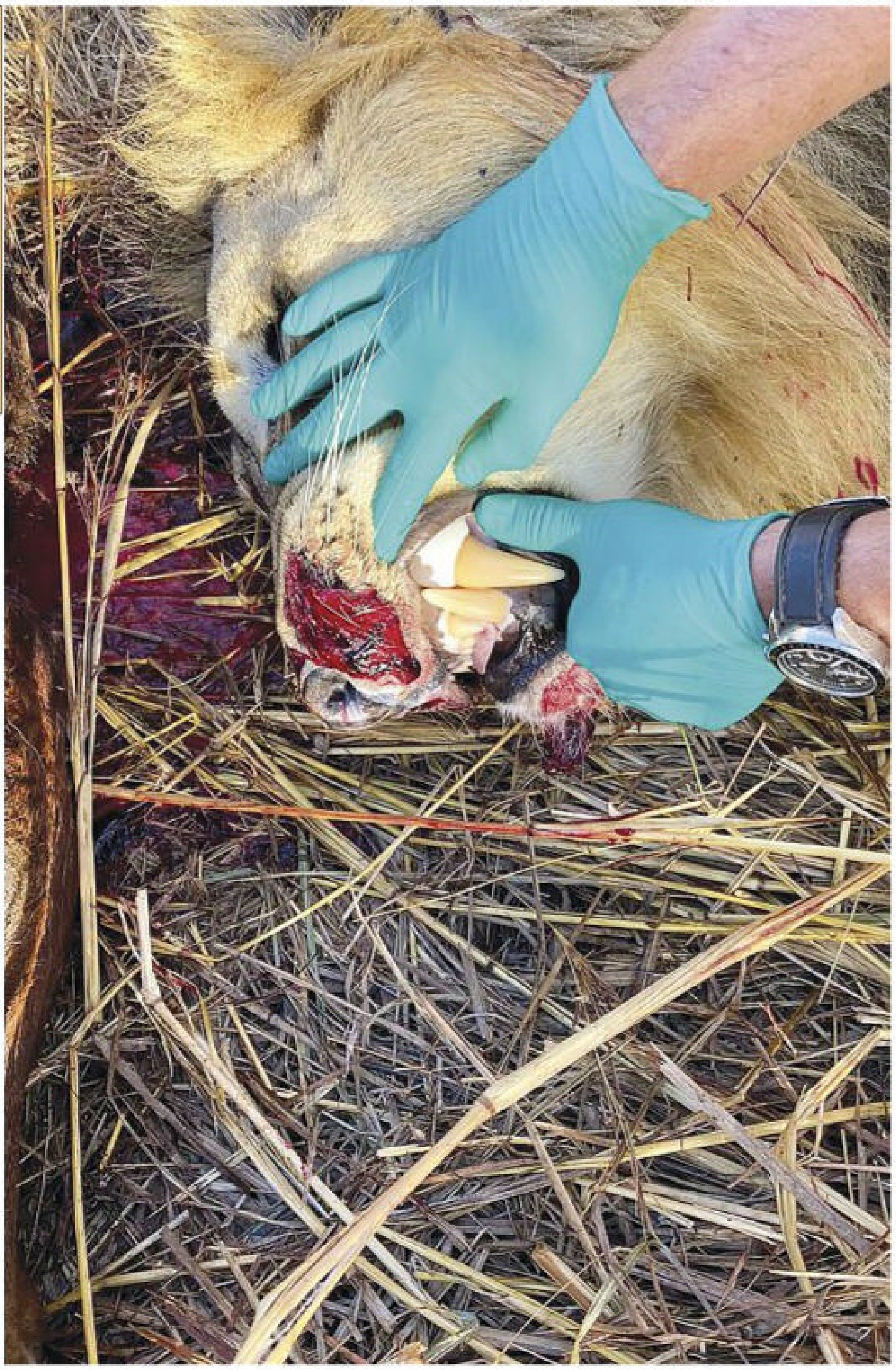
'N KAT-EN-MUIS-SPELETJIE

Ons het 'n spoorkamera aangeskaf, wat direk met 'n basiese sein 'n foto na jou selfoon kan stuur. Daarna het ons aas uitgesit. Die aand van 11 Mei het die kamera bevestig dat die leeu daar is. Hoe nou gemaak? Hy het laat snags beweeg tussen gras wat bykans 2 m hoog staan. Selfs die gesoute jagters het geweier om hul honde daar in te stuur; dit sou selfmoord wees! Die hoogloopspruit was op 'n stadium 'n opsie, maar dalk nie 'n wyse een nie, siende dat ons te voet in daardie lang gras sou wees met 'n uitgeslape leeu in die omtrek. Wat ons wel geweet het, was dat ons 'n hoogtevoordeel moes kry. Derhalwe het ons 'n jagskuiling aangeskaf; dit was meer soos 'n oop *Wendy house* wat ongeveer 6 m hoog op 'n soort windpomp staan. Ons het die affêre so 70 tree van waar ons aas uitgesit het, staangemaak.

Met al ons toerusting, van nagsigteleskope tot koffie, was ons oorgehaal om die punt aan die einde van hierdie verhaal neer te pen en die boek toe »

Dikwels was klossies leeuhare aan doringdraad die enigste teken dat ou vuilbaard nog in die omtrek was.

'n Outopsie nadat die leeu geskiet is, het getoon dat hy 'n longkwaal gehad het en dus nie hervestig kon word nie. Sy tande was egter in goeie kondisie.



» te klap. Die aas was uitgesit en die bloed gegooi om dit vir die leeu soos 'n bakkery te laat ruik wat sy smaak- en reuksintuie prikkel. Die lang wag het begin, maar tevergeefs. Gedurende die laat oggendure, nadat ons al in die kooi gelê het, het nog 'n foto op die selfoon deurgekom – vuilbaard was daar! Ons het besef hy kon ons die hele tyd sien, want die skuiling se oop kant was in die aas se rigting gedraai. Hierdie leeu was slim! Dié stelling dra meer gewig as wat ek op daardie stadium besef het, maar wel later sou uitvind...

Die volgende nag, met die skuiling omgedraai en slegs twee skrefies oop vir die geweerloop, het ons lê en wag. Met 'n voorgevoel dat die leeu daar is, het ons die bakkie laat kom en by die plek waar die karkas geplaas was, verbygery. Die kat het die karkas so pas omtrent tien tree verder geskuif! Terwyl ons 300 m verder gery het om weer om te draai, het hy die karkas nóg verder gesleep. Ek het hoendervleis gekry toe ek die soveelste keer besef hoe uitgeslape hierdie kat is...

Die volgende aand voor sononder, warmer aangetrek en met nóg meer koffie, het die reën ons huis toe gejaag toe 'n bliksemstraal 'n hoogspanningskraglyn bitter naby aan ons tref. Ons het die daaropvolgende aand dieselfde roetine gevolg, maar met 'n klein temperatuurverskilletjie – dit was ysig koud. Ons het geduldig gewag en dié keer het die kamera gewaarsku dat ou vuilbaard op pad was. Toe ons hom gewaar, was ons gereed. Hy was massief en grasieus en het baie skepties begin vreet. 'n Mens kon elke geluid hoor soos hy die vleis en vel skeur.

Glo dit of nie, maar vir die volgende vyf patrone wat gelaai is, het die slagpen nie die ontsteker geslaan nie. Leeu se kind het omgedraai en in die donker verdwyn. Het ek nie van beter geweet nie, sou ek kon sweer daar was 'n grinnik op sy gevreet! Hierdie leeu het kat-en-muis met ons gespeel en só sy gesag op ons afgedwing.

Dit was asof 'n alarm in my kop afgaan toe ek besef dat die kat nog nie een keer gebrul het om sy dominansie te toon in al die tyd wat ons sit en wag het nie. Hy vreet "vrot" vleis eerder as om self te jag…iets was anders omtrent hierdie leeu. Of dalk het sy gedrag bloot bewys dat mense eintlik minderwaardig is vergeleke met die aanpasbaarheid en oorlewingsvernuf van die natuur se skepsels. Dit het my ook nederig laat besef dat hy met goeie rede die "koning van die oerwoud" genoem word. Ons sal nooit opgewasse genoeg wees om met hom mee te ding nie. Al voordeel wat ons bo hom het, is die koue staalsneller van 'n geweer, en dit is die lafhartige uitweg – dit is mos hoe die mens-

dom sulke probleme uitsorteer. Ons het hom gefaal die dag wat hy uitgebreek het en niemand 'n poging aangewend het om hom op te spoor nie. Vir 'n oomblik kon ek nie help om te wonder of die stukkende geweer nie dalk 'n rede was om ons meer tyd te gee om hierdie manjifieke dier beter te leer ken en te bewonder nie. Ongelukkig het daardie swaar taak steeds op ons skouers gerus en ons moes voortgaan...

Die knellende vrae het vir die soveelste keer by ons opgekom: Waarom, hoekom, wanneer is dit tyd dat ons die einde bereik? Die geweersmid het die slot uitmekaargehaal en skoongemaak. Sy bevinding was dat die koue weersomstandighede en jare se aanpaksel die veergedeelte beskadig het; dit het verhoed dat dit die slagdop hard genoeg kon tref of die projektiel lanseer. Wat kon nóg skeefloop? Ons het nou byna drie maande lank elke dag na die leeu gesoek.

Die volgende aand het ons met nuwe moed en geduld, warm klere en beproefde toerusting teruggekeer. Maar helaas, die geluk was steeds nie aan ons kant nie. Ons het weer baie bloed op die grond gegooi. Die aand van 16 Mei kry ons weer teenspoed – die spoorkamera het opgepak. Wat nog? Ons het beurte gemaak met die nagsigtoerusting en kon in die verte die kenmerkende geroep van hadidas in die vallei hoor. Kort daarna het ons 'n koedoekoei gewaar wat uit dieselfde rigting beweeg.

VAARWEL OU VUILBAARD...

Ons was gereed toe die magiese katoë vanuit die donker verskyn. Ek het verwonderd gekyk hoe hy sagkens, tree vir tree, geluidloos deur die grasse beweeg. Hy het weer begin vreet en met 'n trotse houding opgekyk, reguit in ons rigting. Dit was asof hy geweet het wat gaan volg, en gelate sy lot aanvaar het. Twee kort, opeenvolgende knalgeluide het meer as net die voël- en wildbevolking in die vlei gesteur – vir 'n kortstondige oomblik het dit ook my menswees ontwrig. Dis verby! Met 'n oorweldigende gevoel van respek en hartseer, maar ook verligting, het ons ou vuilbaard gaan groet. Terwyl ek geboë staan en afkyk na die slim, vernuftige en eens trotse dier, het die trane onwillekeurig oor my wange gebiggel. Dit was asof ek my sondes aan hom wou bely, aan hom wou verduidelik en by hom pleit dat omstandighede ons geen ander keuse gelaat het nie. Ek kon die woorde nie op my lippe vorm nie, maar het in my hart vir hom gesê: "Ek is jammer dat my spesie jou in die steek gelaat het…"

Op daardie oomblik het ek besef dat indien ons nie natuurbewaring begin toepas en ons bekommernisse daaroor aan die wêreld uitbasuin nie, daar niks vir ons nageslag gaan oorbly nie.

'N NUWE BEGIN

Die nag van 16 Mei het nie 'n einde aan hierdie verhaal gebring nie, maar eerder 'n nuwe begin. Ter ere aan die "skim" wat so 'n integrale deel van ons lewens geword het, het ons 'n skietbaan gebou naby aan waar die noodlottige verhaal afgespeel het. Ons het dit "Leeugat" gedoop. Die doel daarmee is nie net om teikenskiet te bevorder en nog 'n SAJWV-geakkrediteerde baan daar te stel nie, maar ook om as tasbare en konstante herinnering te dien dat natuurbewaring aktief toegepas moet word; dit maak nie saak op watter skaal nie, want elke bietjie dra tot die einddoel by. Natuurlik is dit ook vir my 'n spesiale herinnering dat ek die voorreg gehad het om nader kennis te maak met die vaardigste, mees gerespekteerde dier in die natuur. Vaarwel, ou grote...

Ter nagedagtenis haal ek 'n vriend aan: *"It's been a year since my journey with him ended, and I will never know where he came from or why he chose my backyard to live in when he had thousands of hectares of cattle farms around him. Often, the only evidence we had that he was there was the hair in the barbed-wire fences and footprints in the sand, often to the most recent cattle calf he had preyed upon. Sadly, after months of him avoiding live capture, we made the difficult decision to put him down. However difficult, our biopsy from the post mortem came back showing chronic lung disease, hence nullifying the option of relocating, had he been captured. Respect to my two fellow farmers, who at our own expense made every attempt to change this outcome but were eventually left with no choice but to end it. Apart from paperwork, the authorities could do nothing due to financial constraints, while their infrastructure and fences surrounding Big 5 reserves continue to fall into ever worse disrepair as a result of corruption and greed. This magnificent animal's end will not be the first and definitely not the last."*

> Natuurlik is dit ook vir my 'n spesiale herinnering dat ek die voorreg gehad het om nader kennis te maak met die vaardigste, mees gerespekteerde dier in die natuur.

SUKSES OP DIE SPRING-BOKVLAKTE

Die Springbokvlakte se boere wéét hoe om 'n goeie voëljag aan te bied!

Die pandemie het weereens ons skietplanne vir die jaar gesaboteer, en soos die derde Covid-golf stoom opgebou het, is een voëljag ná die ander eers uitgestel en later afgestel. Die seisoen het einde se kant toe gesnel en al skietgeleentheid wat ek tot dusver vir die jaar bygewoon het, was 'n tarentaaljag begin Mei.

Ek het Jaco, my jare lange skietvriend, gekontak en gevra om by sy neef Maritz, wat in die Settlers-omgewing boer, te hoor of ons nie 'n bepaalde Saterdag op sy plaas kon kom skiet nie. Ons was egter baie teleurgesteld om te hoor dat die Springbokvlakte-boerevereniging se tarentaaljag op dieselfde Saterdag sou plaasvind. Die jag was vir vroeër die jaar geskeduleer, maar is weens die Covid-pandemie uitgestel. Jaco se neef dien as gids vir dié jag en sy dienste sowel as sy plaas was dus dié dag vir ons ontoeganklik.

Jaco kon egter met 'n paar oproepe die jagorganiseerder kontak en hy het ons goedgunstig genooi om aan die skietbyeenkoms deel te neem. Die Springbokvlakte-boerevereniging se tarentaaljag is 'n jaarlikse instelling wat in 2021 al vir die 29ste keer gehou is. Dit is die boerevereniging se grootste fondsinsameling vir die jaar en begin gewoonlik met 'n groot ontbyt waartydens al die jagters byeenkom en hul gidse vir die dag ontmoet.

Die omgewing se boere dien as gidse en die voëljag vind op die plase in die gebied plaas. Die jag word afgesluit met 'n braai

BO: Francois met die dag se eerste twee fisante.

HOOFFOTO: Sonsopkoms oor die Springbokvlakte.

BO: Die bosveldfisant – 'n baie lekker spesie om te jag.

REGS: Wouter, Jaco en Francois met die dag se oes.

waar al die jagters bymekaarkom en 'n prysuitdeling gehou word. Aangesien die boere ook die gidse is, ken hulle die plase baie goed en weet waar die voëls wegkruip.

'N BEKENDE JAGPLEK

Die Springbokvlakte is 'n welbekende voëljagbestemming waar gewasse soos sonneblomme, mielies en koring verbou word. Die landerye word met digte areas natuurlike bos afgewissel en dit is juis hierdie kombinasie wat voëls soos fisante en tarentale in rekordgetalle daarheen lok. Die jagters wat aan die skietbyeenkoms deelneem, deel hulself gewoonlik in spanne van vier tot ses in.

Met minder as 'n week oor voor die jag, sou ons span net uit drie lede bestaan omdat ek, Jaco en Wouter nie op kort kennisgewing nog iemand kon kry om ons te vergesel nie. Al het ons span uit minder as die voorgeskrewe minimum aantal lede bestaan, het die skietorganiseerders ons weereens verwelkom.

Om te verseker dat die Covidreëls nagekom word en al die jagters veilig bly, is die skietreëlings effens aangepas. In plaas daarvan dat al die jagters vir ontbyt en aandete byeenkom, het elke span sy gids op die individuele plase ontmoet. Ontbyt en middagete is voorsien en in die veld geniet.

Ons het die GPS met groot opgewondenheid gevolg en op die plaas aangekom net toe die son sy kop bo die horison uitsteek. Dit was egter 'n koue, winderige oggend en weerligstrale het onheilspellend oor die noordelike horison geflits toe ons vir Wian Dykema en Wian Sullwalt ontmoet. Dié twee jong boere se families boer al vir geslagte saam in die omgewing en hulle ken die area goed. Hulle sou sorg vir 'n onvergeetlike dag vir ons drie jagters.

IN DIE VELD

Die eerste area waar ons gejag het, was 'n driehoekige stuk veld wat aan albei kante deur gestroopte lande omring is. Ons het in 'n ry gestap met omtrent 5-10 meter tussen ons. Ons het by die breë basis begin en soos ons gevorder het, het die veld al smaller na sy punt toe geloop. Aanvanklik het die veld uit doringbome en bosse bestaan, met klein dele digte gras. Soos ons gevorder het, het die veld in digte grasveld verander. In die reënseisoen sou hierdie area 'n vlei vorm.

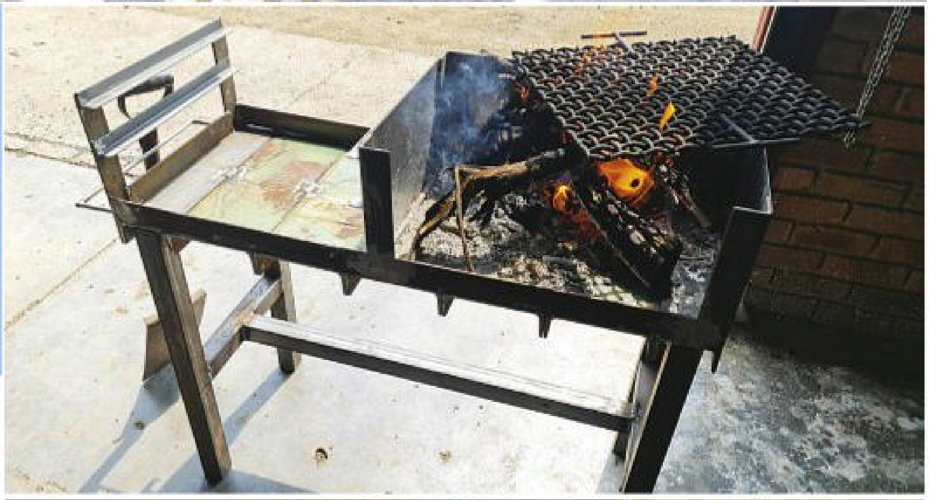
Ons helder oranje hoede het dit makliker gemaak vir almal om teen dieselfde tempo te loop en het verseker dat almal weet waar die jagters hul bevind. Ervaring het ons geleer dat meer voëls opgejaag word as die jagters stadig en rustig deur die veld stap. Om met tye stil te staan lei ook dikwels tot sukses.

Die eerste fisant wat byna reg onder my voete opgestyg het, het ek met albei lope gemis. Aan die begin van 'n voëljag is ek dikwels senuweeagtig; dis eers as ek effens ontspan dat ek sukses behaal. Ek was dus nie te bekommerd oor my aanvanklike swak skote nie.

Daar was skote van Jaco se kant af hoorbaar en skielik het 'n paar fisante voor my uit die gras gepeul. Ek het die naaste een met die loop gelei en toe die skoot klap, het die voël morsdood uit die lug neergestort. Ek het aangehou met die deurswaai en my tweede skoot het die tweede fisant ook gedood. Dis altyd 'n hoogtepunt om 'n dubbel te skiet!

Wouter het kom help om die voëls te herwin en namate die veld nouer geraak het, het al hoe meer fisante uit die gras opgevlieg. Al die voëls wat ons geskiet het, het die helder rooi kele en bruin vere van die bosveldfisant getoon *(Swainson's spurfowl – Pternistis swainsonii).*

Jaco se skietbaadjie het ook reeds 'n paar voëls getoon toe »



BO: Wouter wonder wat op die spyskaart is.

MIDDEL REGS: Daar is niks soos 'n vuurtjie in die jagveld nie…

ONDER REGS: Wian, Wouter en Jaco kuier lekker saam oor middagete.

» ons vir ontbyt vergader. Dit was 'n vrolike, honger groep jagters wat die ontbytpakkies geniet het wat voorsien is.

Ná ontbyt het ons die tweede veld aangedurf. Halfpad het 'n enkele fisant uit die bos ontplof. Wouter en Jaco se skote het soos een geklink en die voël het uit die lug getuimel.

'N ONVERWAGTE REËNBUI

Skielik het die wind egter kouer geraak en sterker begin waai, en groot druppels het begin val. Wian was gou daar met die bakkie en ons het in 'n stoor op die plaas gaan skuiling soek. Gelukkig het die reën gou opgehou en ons kon binnekort weer veld toe.

Dié keer het ons in 'n smal, droë vlei gejag wat in 'n dam geëindig het. Die damwal was van grond gebou en met lang gras oorgroei. Teen die tyd dat ons by die damwal was, het ek en Wouter reeds weer 'n fisant elk geskiet. Ons het dus nou versigtig met die damwal langs geloop. Skielik het 'n swerm van vyf fisante voor Jaco opgevlieg. Ek was bo-op die wal en het 'n goeie uitsig gehad om die aksie te sien ontvou. Die hele swerm het oor die dam gevlieg om te ontsnap. Wouter se skoot was dodelik akkuraat en die voël het amper grasieus na benede gestort. Jaco het 'n fisant op die periferie gelei en ook sy skoot het 'n fisant morsdood in die water laat plons. Jaco het met baie geduld en die hulp van twee stokke die fisante uit die water gevis.

Middagete het aangebreek en daar was spoedig 'n knetterende vuur in Wian se nuwe braaier wat hy onlangs gebou het. Die braaier is sommer in die stoor staangemaak uit die wind uit. Ons het heerlik gekuier terwyl die twee Wians gebraai het en het aan die biefstuk, varktjops, slaaie en knoffelbrood gesmul – 'n ware feesmaal!

Die middagsessie was weer uiters suksesvol en ek was in verwondering oor Jaco se akkurate skote op die voëls wat verder opgestyg het. Die digte gras het egter ons energie getap. Ons het reeds ons volle kwota fisante geskiet wat die owerhede toelaat en het dus met gelukkige harte huiswaarts gekeer.

Ongelukkig kon nie een van ons vriende met honde ons op hierdie voëljag vergesel nie. Baie mense meen dis verkeerd om sonder honde te skiet en ek stem definitief saam dat dit nie ideaal is nie. Om seker te maak dat die voëls opgetel word, moet al die skuts saamwerk. Ná 'n skoot moet die skut stilstaan en die plek waar die voël geval het, stip dophou. Die ander manne volg dan sy instruksies om die voël te herwin. As hulle nie dadelik die dooie voël kry nie, moet hulle stadig in sirkels vanaf die gemerkte punt soek. Op dié manier sal min voëls verlore gaan.

Ek was altyd een van die ouens wat gelag het vir die Amerikaners se helder oranje jagklere, maar tydens 'n fisantjag in digte bosse maak dit baie sin. Almal weet waar die gewere is en dis makliker om die lyn reguit te hou.

Dit was 'n voorreg om die Springbokvlakte-boerevereniging se jaarlikse tarentaaljag by te woon. Dit het die jaar se voëljagseisoen op 'n hoogtepunt afgesluit en is beslis iets om volgende jaar na uit te sien.

Kontak gerus vir Rassie van Vuuren by 082-312-9112 of Estelle Paul by 079-516-6269 as julle volgende jaar se jag wil bywoon.

JOU GIDS VIR

JAG EN SKIET

Propvol interessanthede vir die beginner sowel as die ervare jagter.

- Wenke oor waarna om uit te kyk met die koop van 'n tweedehandse haelgeweer.
- Advies oor jag op die vlaktes sowel as in die Bosveld.
- Hoe om jou kinders te leer skiet.
- Die wonder van pasmaakgewere.

Indien jy dit nie in die winkel kry nie, bestel só:

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HOE GESOND IS DIE BOOGJAGBEDRYF?

Boogjag is gewis nie meer so gewild in Suid-Afrika as tien jaar gelede nie. Tog verkies baie jagters steeds hul boog bo ’n geweer en is boogjaggeleenthede nog volop.

HOOGTE- EN LAAGTEPUNTE

Toe ek 21 jaar gelede oor boogjag begin skryf het, was dit duidelik dat die pyl en boog besig was om al hoe gewilder as jagwapen te word. In die daaropvolgende jare het baie wildplase hul deure vir boogjag begin oopmaak en talle jagters het hul gewere vir boë verruil.

In 2000 was daar net twee boogskietwinkels in Pretoria, naamlik Jack’s Archery en SA Bowhunter, een in Johannesburg (Sharp Edge) en nog een in Kaapstad. Kort voor lank het boogwinkels oral in die land begin oopmaak – selfs in kleiner dorpe soos Ellisras en Vaalwater. Boogjag was gewis die nuwe

HOOFFOTO: ’n Boogjagter met laaste lig.

mode in die jagbedryf.

Dié belangstelling in boogjag het bly toeneem, veral weens die streng vuurwapenwette in die land wat dit moeilik gemaak het om jaggewere aan te koop. Omdat kragboë jaar ná jaar verbeter het, het baie boogjagters gereeld hul ou boog vir 'n nuwe een ingeruil. Dit het baie gehelp om die boogjagbedryf te laat groei en boogwinkels te laat floreer.

Toe die wapenwette rondom 2004 verander is, het dit weer makliker geword om gewere te koop. Dit het egter baie lank geneem om 'n nuwe lisensie goedgekeur te kry. Dus was dit nog makliker om 'n boog van die rak af te koop, aangesien 'n mens nie 'n lisensie nodig gehad het (en steeds nie nodig het nie) om 'n boog te besit of daarmee te gaan jag nie.

Omstreeks 2013 het sake verander. Nuwe wetgewing het die SA Polisiediens verplig om binne drie maande nuwe lisensie-aansoeke te verwerk. Geweerwinkels het dié nuwe geleentheid gebruik deur goedkoper gewere soos Howa en Marlin in te voer. 'n Jagter kon 'n nuwe .308 koop vir die helfte van die prys van 'n nuwe boog.

Boogjag (en jag in die algemeen) is ook 'n knou toegedien weens die teel van sogenaamde kleurvariant-wild én die rand wat waarde verloor het teenoor die Amerikaanse dollar en ander geldeenhede. Wild het duurder geword omdat wildplaaseienaars op daardie stadium meer geld kon verdien deur hul wild op veilings te verkoop as om hul diere te laat jag.

Ek onthou dat ek in 2017 geskryf het dat boogjag 'n baie moeilike bedryf geword het om in te floreer. Pryse van boë het die hoogte ingeskiet en baie jagters, wat boogjag begin doen het omdat hulle nie geweerlisensies kon kry nie, het 'n jaggeweer in plaas van 'n nuwe boog aangeskaf.

Dit het ook gelyk asof boë 'n tegnologiese hoogtepunt bereik het. Boogskutters en boogjagters het nie meer so gereeld »

Die voordeel van 'n kruisboog is dat die hele gesin met dieselfde wapen kan jag.

» 'n nuwe boog gekoop nie, maar langer met die ou boog bly skiet. Omdat nuwe boë nie meer veel van die ouer boë verskil het nie, was die aansporing om baie vir 'n nuwe boog te betaal nie genoeg nie. Boogjagters het besef dat as 'n boog 'n dier een keer effektief kan doodmaak, dit nie sal ophou om dit te doen net omdat 'n nuwe boogmodel bekendgestel is nie. Talle boogwinkels het hul deure gesluit en slegs 'n paar groot boogwinkels het oorgebly.

KLEURVARIANTE

Die teel van kleurvariant-wild in die hoop dat jagters baie meer sou betaal om dié diere te skiet, het op 'n skouspelagtige manier platgeval. As gevolg hiervan is baie wildplase wat weens die teelprogramme vir jag gesluit was, nou weer oop vir jag.

Moselesele, 'n boogjagplaas waarop ek sedert 2006 elke jaar gejag het, het byvoorbeeld sy deure omstreeks 2012 gesluit vir jag toe die eienaars begin fokus op die teel van buffels, swartwitpense en kleurvariante. Ongeveer drie jaar gelede het dié wildplaas weer sy deure geopen, maar slegs vir een of twee groot jaggroepe. Verlede jaar het hulle besluit om die hele jagseisoen vir alle jagters oop te bly. Alles is weer normaal en gewone wild kan teen bekostigbare pryse met die boog gejag word.

'n Boog soos die Carbon RX4 Ultra gaan 'n jagter R31 750 uit die sak jaag. Dan moet daar nog 'n visier, loervisier, pylrus, stabiliseerder, pyle, koker en 'n paar ander items aangeskaf word.

KRUISBOË AL HOE GEWILDER

Daar is weer meer druk op die lisensiëring van wapens omdat die verwerking van aansoeke ver agter geraak het en jagters baie lank moet wag voor die lisensie van 'n nuwe jaggeweer goedgekeur word. Die regering dring ook weer aan op strenger wapenregulasies. Dit is baie jammer en behoort so gou doenlik reggestel te word. Dit is egter ook waar dat die situasie veroorsaak dat meer jagters dit weer oorweeg om 'n boog te koop. Ons sien ook 'n groter belangstelling in kruisboë. Talle geweerjagters kies deesdae eerder 'n kruisboog as 'n kragboog.

Vyftien jaar gelede was kruisboë baie ongewild en sou geen boogjagter dit oorweeg het om een aan te skaf nie. Sedertdien het menings egter verander. Kruisboë is nou toegerus met dieselfde nokke en ander tegnologie wat ontwikkel is vir kragboë, skiet vinniger as kragboë en is uiters akkuraat. Een van die voordele van 'n kruisboog is dat een so 'n boog 'n hele gesin kan bedien. Almal kan daarmee skiet en jag, selfs 'n jong kind. Kruisboë verg minder oefening om akkuraat mee te skiet en dit is makliker vir geweerjagters om van geweerjag na kruisboogjag te migreer as na 'n kragboog.

Ravin se kruisboë is baie populêr.

Kruisboë kan in baie kleiner ruimtes gebruik word en vereis minder beweging om mee te skiet. Ek het drie dogters en twee van hulle het hul eerste diere op die ouderdom van ongeveer 11 met 'n kruisboog platgetrek.

Alhoewel die bloeitydperk in die boogjagbedryf tot 'n mate verby is, is daar gewis nog belangstelling in dié jagvorm en kom baie oorsese boogjagters op ons jagplase jag.

PRYSE: BOË VS GEWERE

Ek het onlangs met 'n wapenhandelaar gepraat wat gewere én boë verkoop. Hy sê die goedkoper boë soos Mission en Diamond se pryse is min of meer dieselfde as dié van die goedkoper gewere en die duurder boë vergelyk goed met effe duurder gewere. Hy meen ook dat baie mense in die verlede boë gekoop het omdat dit goedkoper as gewere was en dit moeilik was om 'n geweerlisensie te bekom. Deesdae is boë egter net so duur soos gewere en vuurwapenlisensies is maklik om te kry. Volgens hom is daar deesdae min jagplase oor wat net vir boogjagters regstaan. Die meeste laat nou ook geweerjag toe.

Ek het ook onlangs met Fritz Rabé, 'n bekende Suid-Afrikaanse professionele jagter, oor die huidige situasie van die boogjagbedryf in die land gepraat. Fritz sê: "Die baie hoë pryse vir boë veroorsaak dat baie mense nie

'n Jagter kan by dieselfde boogwinkel, in stede van duur boë, ook heelwat goedkoper boë kies, byvoorbeeld die Bear Cruizer G2-pakket vir slegs R7 999,99. Dit sluit nie net die boog in nie, maar ook 'n pylrus, visier, stabiliseerder, koker, loervisier en so meer. Vir elke jagter is daar dus 'n boog wat sy sak pas.

hul kinders aanmoedig om aan boogskiet deel te neem nie, aangesien kinders wat groei, elke paar jaar 'n nuwe boog moet koop. 'n Gesin wat met 'n geweer jag, kan een geweer koop en die hele gesin kan daarmee skiet. Met boogjag moet elke lid van die gesin sy of haar eie boog hê. Om dié rede verkoop so baie kruisboë!

Fritz sê ook: "Aangesien kliënte stadigaan begin terugkeer, het ons baie hoop vir die toekoms. In 2018 en 2019 was 35% van my kliënte boogjagters. Hulle het almal buffels en vlaktewild kom jag. Ek dink ook dat die oorsese boogjagbedryf redelik gesond is."

Fritz Rabé by 'n kliënt wat 'n buffel gejag het. Fritz vergesel kliënte wat met 'n boog of geweer jag.

COVID-19

Natuurlik het Covid-19 'n uitwerking op die jagbedryf in 2020 en 2021 gehad. 'n Mens kan egter seker wees dat jag oor die algemeen weer na normaal sal terugkeer sodra die pandemie en inperkings verby is. Ek ken ook 'n hele paar jagters wat vir enkele jare ophou boogjag het en wat nou weer hul boë van die rak afhaal en begin oefen. Só het ek net onlangs saam met 'n goeie vriend gaan jag wat lank ophou boogjag het, maar wat tydens die jagnaweek sy tweelingseuns hul eerste bokke met dié boog laat skiet het.

'N UNIEKE SPORT EN JAGMETODE

Dit is dalk weer nodig om die redes waarom boogjag so 'n unieke sport en jagmetode is, te noem, en te verduidelik waarom dit in die verlede soveel byval by jagters en wildplase gevind het.

Boogskiet is 'n veelsydige aktiwiteit wat deur bykans almal beoefen kan word – mans, vrouens, kinders, bejaardes en selfs gestremde persone. Daar is mense wat albei arms verloor het en steeds boogskiet en dit geniet.

Daar is geen lisensie nodig om 'n boog te koop nie, geen toets om te slaag nie, geen vorms om in te vul en in te handig nie en geen wagtyd voor die wapen in jou hand is en jy daarmee kan begin oefen nie.

Jy koop een stel pyle en jy kan baie lank daarmee skiet. Jy kan dieselfde pyle waarmee jy oefen, gebruik om later mee te jag. Jy hoef net 'n ander punt vooraan in te skroef.

Wat boogskiet besonders maak, is dat skuts by die huis kan oefen en nie altyd na 'n skietbaan hoef te ry nie. Dit is ook 'n aktiwiteit waaraan die hele gesin kan meedoen en dit help dus om die gesinsbande te versterk. Ek het nog nooit 'n jong seun raakgeloop wie se oë nie vonkel wanneer hy 'n boog sien nie – en nog net 'n paar meisies wat min belangstelling getoon het. Bykans alle kinders wil graag met die pyl en boog skiet en sodra hulle 'n boog en pyle in die hand het, kan hulle hulself ure lank vermaak. Boogskiet is nou maar eenmaal deel van die mens se bestaan.

'n Boog is gewis nie 'n beter jagwapen as 'n geweer nie; dit is bloot 'n ander wapen. In die VSA jag baie jagters met albei wapens omdat dit hulle jagseisoen verleng. In die geweerseisoen jag hulle met die geweer, in die boogseisoen met die boog. Sommige jag ook met 'n voorlaaier omdat daar vir dié wapen ook 'n jagtydperk opsygesit is. In Suid-Afrika is ons bevoorreg om die hele jagseisoen met die geweer én die boog te kan jag. Ons kan inderwaarheid heeljaar deur jag indien ons net die jagwerk op 'n geakkrediteerde jagplaas doen.

In sekere omstandighede is dit egter wel "beter" om met 'n boog te jag en in ander omstandighede weer "beter" met die geweer. In baie gevalle het "beter" niks daarmee te doen nie; die jagter verkies bloot om tydens 'n spesifieke jag, weens een of ander rede, eerder met 'n boog of eerder met 'n geweer sy prooi te jag.

Een van die voordele van boogjag op 'n jagplaas is natuurlik die feit dat 'n boog stil is en dat wild meestal makker is op plase waar daar net met die boog gejag word. Dit maak dit dan ook vir die jagplaaseienaar moontlik om ander ekotoerisme-aktiwiteite op die plaas te bedryf. 'n Pyl uit 'n moderne boog trek net 'n paar honderd tree ver indien dit teen 'n hoek van 45 grade geskiet word. Die pyl haal meestal veel minder as 100 meter nadat dit na 'n bok geskiet word omdat dit teen 'n effens afwaartse hoek geskiet word. 'n Koeël uit 'n geweer kan kilometers ver trek. Omdat die boog dus stil is en die pyl nie 'n groot gevaar inhou nie, kan besoekers elders op 'n jagplaas steeds wild besigtig, stap, fietsry of watter aktiwiteit ook al aangebied word.

Boogjag vind gewis nie byval by alle jagters nie en die roer het 'n baie spesiale plekkie in die meeste jagters se harte. Dit is ook reg so. Wanneer iemand begin boogjag, beteken dit egter nie hulle moet hul geweer eenkant toe skuif nie. Die meeste boogjagters wat ek ken, jag ook graag met 'n geweer. Dit is egter ook waar dat indien die boogjag-gogga iemand byt, dit vir hulle 'n nuwe wêreld oopmaak en boogjag bykans 'n lewenswyse word.

HUNTING A MAGNIFICENT SABLE IN THE LIMPOPO VALLEY

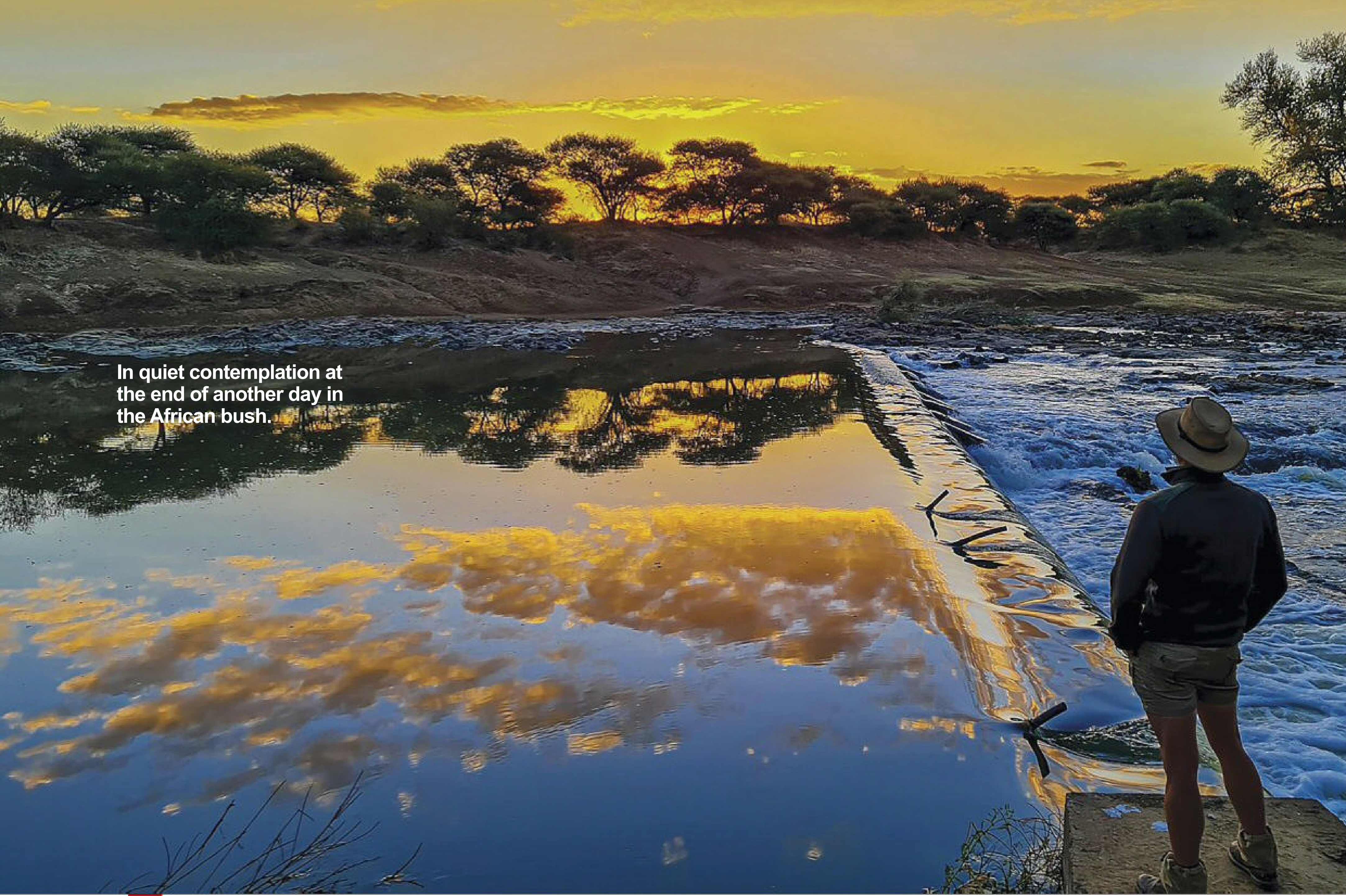
Hunting one of nature's most regal antelope is a privilege indeed.

I awoke in pitch-darkness from the noise of something sizeable running on my chalet's roof. A moment later, the shrill call of a crested francolin outside the door spurred me on, announcing the birth of a new day in the Bushveld.

It is 05:00 on the first hunting morning on a large game farm in the northwestern part of Limpopo Province. Gert Stols invited me on a special sable antelope hunt on his beautiful game farm, bordered by the Limpopo River to the west and the Matlabas River to the east.

The hunt would be special in more than one way: I had the prospect of hunting a sable. What is more, I would hunt this majestic animal on this magnificent farm spanning close to 10 000 ha between the two rivers, a mere 30 km upstream from the farm where I grew up. This area undoubtedly is my favourite hunting ground!

The hunting camp is nestled in the middle of the Bushveld among red bushwillows and marula trees. Thanks to the



In quiet contemplation at the end of another day in the African bush.

Relaxing in the bush with a *potjie* gently simmering is a special treat.

thriving ecosystem, we were surrounded by the sounds of nature – from black-backed jackal yapping, francolin and fish eagle calling, buffalo grunting and baboon barking, to all the nocturnal sounds one could imagine. This Bushveld melody set the theme for the next seven hunting days. This is a place where you feel free and alive, and your mood is lifted from whatever your busy lifestyle enslaved it to.

OUR TRACKER DANIEL

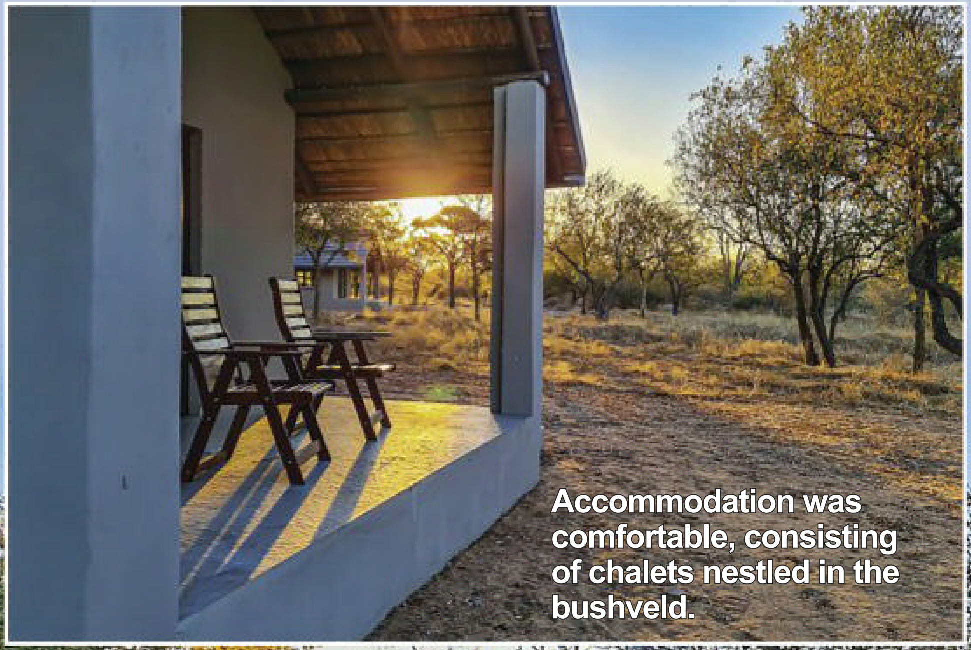
Daniel, a friend of mine, came along to film the hunt and hunt an impala and a warthog if the opportunity presented itself. Our tracker was also called Daniel. An elderly and respected fellow, he is not a man of many words. However, when he does speak, he really means it, so we took heed when he firmly warned us on the first morning: "*Maar ons moet mooi loop dié kant. Die beffol hulle es, en hulle es stout, daai beffol!*"

It was the beginning of June, and a cold front had just moved in unexpectedly over the golden-brownish bushveld. The first morning at sunrise, the mercury had dropped to -2 ºC. Daniel suggested we walk in the woodlands next to the Limpopo River. The air was clean and crisp as a jackal broke the silence close by next to the river. I watched Daniel scooping a handful of sand and testing the wind unpretentiously – we did not want those "*stout beffol*" to smell us. However, there was a story behind Daniel's immense respect for these animals!

Nico with his trophy sable bull after the conclusion of the hunt. The opportunity to hunt such a regal antelope doesn't come along frequently.

Daniel is small in stature, and when I saw with how much patience he cautiously moved through the bush, I immediately realised he was a fine tracker. Soon, we spotted a solitary sable bull through the bushes. As we were studying him, he stared at us and snorted. He was mature but had very narrow horns. Hundreds of sables roamed this large farm, and we had seven days to find a suitable bull. In the hunting field, you are always faced with the decision whether to take an animal once you see it or come back for it later. In my experience, always take the opportunity because there may not be a second chance. The bull snorted once more, turned around and disappeared into the sweet thorns. Slowly, we continued walking, zigzagging to and from the river; we had about 12 km of Limpopo River frontage available for hunting. However, once we reached the other side, we still had to walk back again to fetch the bakkie. »

Daniel, the tracker, checking the wind direction.



Accommodation was comfortable, consisting of chalets nestled in the bushveld.

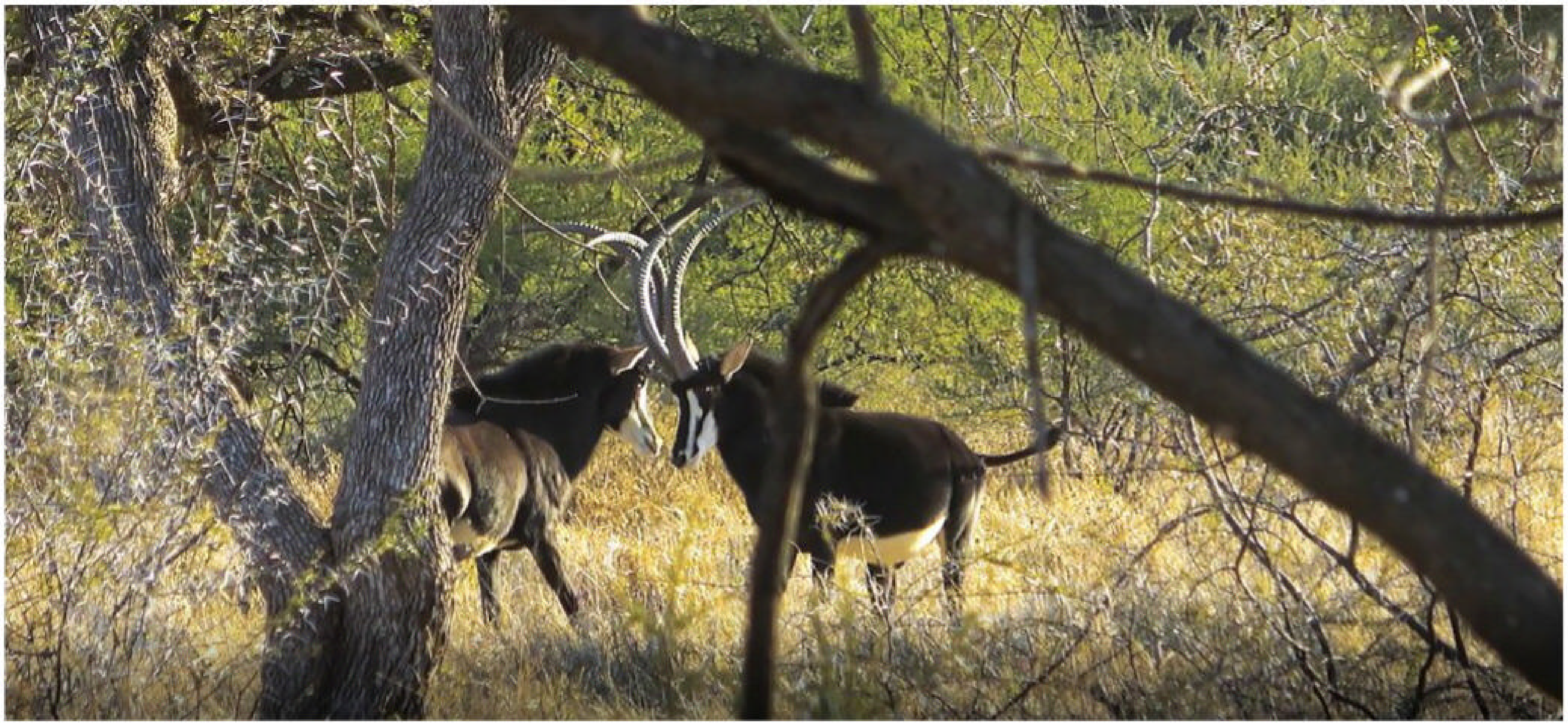
» Given his stealthy, silent approach, Daniel would only use gestures to imitate the horns of a particular animal every time he spotted something. His imitation of an impala ram or a "*beffol*" bull still eludes me. We saw impala, eland, wildebeest, blesbuck, warthog and several other antelope species. There was life everywhere; we even stumbled upon a python basking in the sun, trying to regain energy after the cold morning.

FOLLOWING SABLE SPOOR

We came across quite a few sable bulls. The idea was to harvest a solitary bull or one in a bachelor herd. Late morning, we spotted a big bull from a distance. He had all the features I was looking for and carried long horns forming a complete curve and opening on top. However, he disappeared quickly, and we pursued him for a while but eventually lost him as all the grass and dry turf made tracking very difficult. He certainly was special, but the sudden excitement dissipated as it dawned on me that I may not see him again. Later, we spotted two more bulls. One must have been close to 47"-48", but his horns did not have the same curve as the bull I had seen earlier. He was still impressive, nonetheless.

We then came to a few hundred metres of thick thorn scrub. Struggling through it, we noticed signs of bachelor buffalo bulls everywhere… Armed

Waterpoints were good for looking for sable tracks.



Two beautiful sable bulls locking horns.

with only the .30-06, different scenarios played out in my head, should we accidentally provoke one!

THE WONDERS OF AND THREATS TO NATURE

Every now and then, we reached a vlei that was connected to the river and still had a lot of water after the heavy rains earlier that year. In each vlei, we caught a glimpse of crocodile. While enjoying a snack on the bank of one of these vleis, we watched a crocodile keeping a lookout about 10 m away. A water thick-knee stood on the bank close to the croc and called to him. This clever bird lays her eggs near the crocodile's eggs, and if an intruder approaches, she'll call to the croc, who will then come and save their eggs. In this instance, we were the intruders, and she made this clear to the crocodile. What a strange yet wonderful symbiotic relationship. As I watched the croc, I thought of one of our tracker Daniel's fellow farmworkers caught by one of these reptiles while trying to save his dog a few years ago.

Unfortunately, we also found a few snares set by the local people from across the border. Some of these snares hadn't been checked for months, so you can imagine how many animals were lost. Next, we bumped into a bachelor herd of impala and decided to pursue them so that Daniel could take one. Silently and slowly, we stalked them, glassing them at every opportunity. There was one big ram, but we didn't manage to get a shot at him. Suddenly, a warthog boar ran off to our right. Daniel quickly signalled for us to pursue him. It appeared as if something was twisted around his head. Despite losing him, we continued walking slowly in the direction he was heading. Within a few minutes, I spotted the pig feeding in the thorn scrub. I rested against a sweet-thorn trunk, and as he lifted his head, I saw the wire that was wound across his face. Instinctively, I took the shot.

Approaching the warthog boar, we were astonished. The poor pig must have been caught in a snare a while back. The wire had cut into his head and skull, and the skin around his jaw had grown completely closed around the wire and healed. By the look of it, he must have walked with this snare for about a year or two. This revolting, sad sight once again reminded me of the importance of placing a monetary value on wild animals and utilising them in a responsible, sustainable manner. Hunting plays a crucial part in this and in our duty as custodians of our wildlife.

> As the crosshair steadily found the bull's vitals, I slowly squeezed the trigger. He only went 50 m before expiring.

SABLE, A BIG OLD BOAR AND A HISSING SURPRISE

The rest of the day, we bumped several good, shootable sable bulls. Unfortunately, it was not exactly what I was looking for, especially after seeing that big bull earlier on. And so, an eventful day in the Bushveld drew to an end. Arriving in camp just after sunset, we were welcomed by a cosy campfire warming up the chilly air. To our surprise, two African wildcat kittens were curled up next to the fire. The air was filled with all kinds of night sounds. Sitting there, tired but content, my thoughts wandered to the early African big-game hunting days of the nineteenth century. Every so often, we are blessed to experience a fleeting glimpse of those untamed moments. Filled with gratitude, we retired for the day in anticipation of what the next day might hold.

The following day at sunrise, we were already in the veld. The air was crisp and cold again, filled with the calls of crested francolin and guinea-fowl. To walk silently was almost impossible – as far as we walked, the birds announced our presence. This time, we decided to head to a sandveld area. We soon spotted many species ranging from gemsbuck, impala, eland, giraffe, wildebeest, sable and warthog to red hartebeest. I was also keen to hunt a red hartebeest. We found several herds but left the breeding groups and followed a few bulls in a bachelor herd. We stalked them for a while, but they never allowed me a clear shot. Shortly after, we bumped into a huge warthog boar in tall grass. He must have been close to 14" but was already running when we spot- »

» ted him and disappeared in the long grass as we tried to follow him. I love hunting warthog, but I guess in this case the familiar Afrikaans saying, *"Elke dag is jagdag, maar nie elke dag is slagdag nie"* applied.

Late morning, while walking back to the bakkie a few kilometres off, my thoughts again drifted, and I paid scant attention to my surroundings. Then, as I put my right foot down, the unmistakable hiss of a puff adder rudely interrupted my daydreaming. A few seconds later, I found myself metres away from the reptile! Standing there, I wondered how on earth I managed to leap like that. Those who have had a similar experience will know exactly what I am talking about.

SWEET SUCCESS AT LAST

The third morning, we returned to the area where we had seen the lone bull on the first day. My rational thoughts kept on telling me he could be anywhere. However, given our circumstances, this would be the best place to start searching for him. Our only option was to slowly walk through the area, trying to spot him. Because of the grass and dry turf, tracking wasn't really an alternative.

After a while, a black form moving in dense thorn bush drew our attention. Stalking closer, I caught a glimpse of the horns – it was him! He was watching us, snorting, from the safe cover of the thickets that concealed his vitals. I could not take the shot. Quietly, we knelt behind some cover, waiting for him to move into an opening. But instead, he walked off, keeping some bush between us. Carefully, we moved closer, concentrating on every step to prevent any noise or sudden movements that would spook him.

But the cunning bull outsmarted us time and again. At times we were a mere 20 m away from him, where he stood completely hidden in some thickets, snorting at us. Then he would run off again for a few hundred metres, just to find another hiding place. Frustrated, we hastily followed him as not to lose sight of him again. This continued for the better part of two hours until we finally lost him.

While searching for the bull, we bumped into another one and tracked him for a while until I realised it wasn't our bull. We might have lost him for good this time but kept walking in the general direction we had last seen him running. A short while later, I saw a solitary bull in the distance. He was joining four other bulls in a bachelor herd in a clearing. It was him!

His behaviour had changed, though. He wasn't fleeing anymore but had a dominant, fighting posture as he smelled and circled the other bulls. Although it was easier to stalk him now, it still took us about half an hour to get into a good position for a possible shot.

He and another bull were standing broadside to us, facing each other in a spectacular display of dominance and pride, measuring each other's strength. This was the opportunity I had been waiting for. As the crosshair steadily found the bull's vitals, I very slowly squeezed the trigger. He only went 50 m before expiring.

Over the years, I've hunted many animals. And with each one I take, my respect for them grows. I'm not sure why. Maybe it is because one becomes more mature as a hunter, or perhaps you better understand your responsibility as a custodian of our wildlife. Or maybe it is their genuineness as animals. Harvesting a majestic animal with such striking beauty as a sable bull certainly adds to that. He was beautiful in every sense of the word, stretching the tape well into Rowland Ward's record book with beautifully curved horns that open at the top.

We carried on hunting for another few days, with Daniel also taking a warthog and an impala. Then we prepared some of the sable's brisket and ribs with oxtail and enjoyed a fantastic *potjie* on the banks of the Limpopo to conclude a very special hunt indeed.

Sunset over a tributary of the Limpopo River.

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BEWERK JOU EIE VLEIS MAKLIK EN GOEDKOOP

Niks proe so lekker soos jou eie bewerkte vleis nie.

Die 6 mm- en 8 mm-maal-plaatjies, asook die spaarlem wat saam met die vleismeule verskaf word.

BO: Die TK-12-vleismeule nadat ek dit vinnig aanmekaargesit het. Dit is lekker klein en kompak en oortref homself behoorlik vir sy grootte.

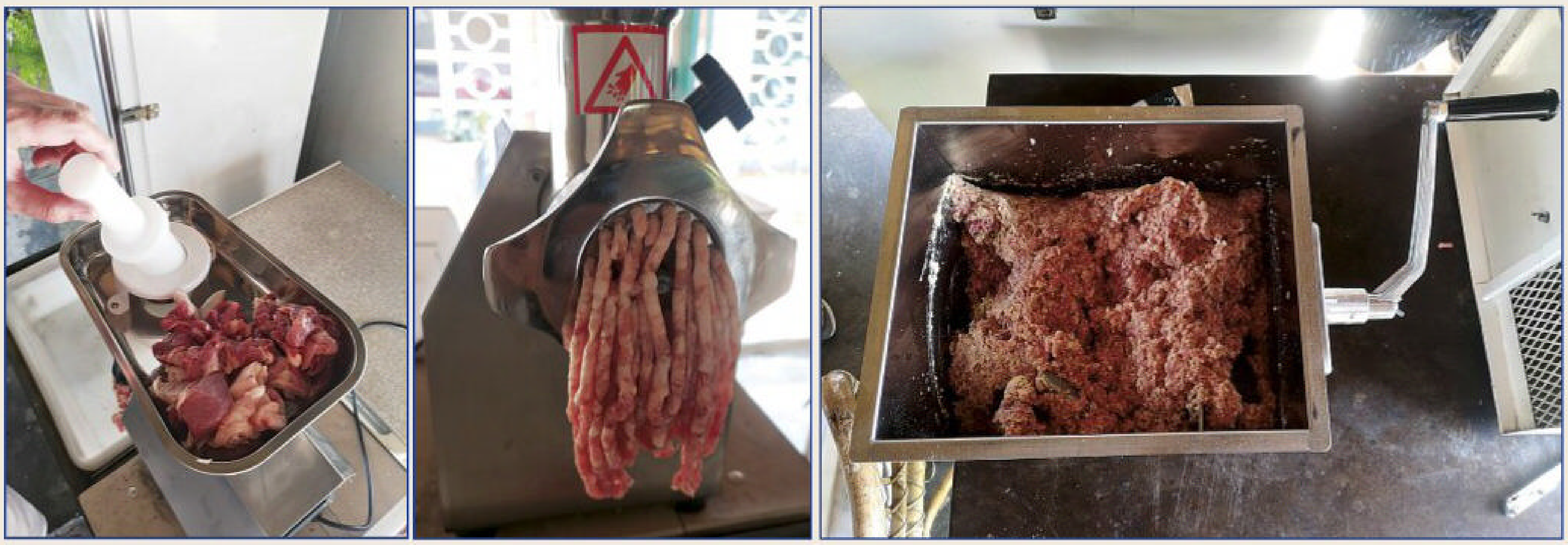
LINKS: Die FME-20-vleismenger met 'n kapasiteit van 20 liter of ±13 kg het goed saam met die spe-serye gewerk. Let op die lemme binne-in wat die vleis en speserye uitstekend meng.

Dis geen geheim dat jag lankal nie meer goedkoop is nie, maar ongelukkig het min van ons 'n oom Johan met 'n plaas waar ons nou en dan verniet 'n bokkie kan gaan skiet. Al wat jy terugbring huis toe van 'n jagtog af, is goeie herinneringe en hopelik 'n paar kilogram vleis.

Indien jy of jou eggenoot baie analities is, sal jy (en hopelik nie sy nie!) gou besef dat al die kostes verbonde aan 'n jagtog daardie paar kilogram vleis wat terugkom, eintlik baie duur maak. As jy egter só daaraan dink, moet jy liewer nie weer gaan jag nie. Ek reken almal wat al hul wildsvleis vir 'n slaghuis gegee het om te bewerk, het ongelukkig 'n stelletjie of twee afgetrap met óf die gehalte van die vleis wat hulle terugkry óf die hoeveelheid daarvan. Dis waarom ek altyd verkies om my eie vleis te bewerk, hoewel daar ongelukkig nie altyd tyd voor is nie.

Soft-Ice Catering Equipment in Montana, Pretoria, het onlangs 'n paar pakkette in verskillende prysreekse saamgestel met spesiale afslag net vir SA JAGTER/HUNTER-lesers. My eerste gedagte rondom hierdie pakkette was dat dit my baie aan herlaaitoerusting herinner. Dit is toerusting wat aanvanklik 'n taamlike gat in jou sak maak, maar jy verhaal vinnig die koste daarmee en dan het jy dit vir die toekoms.

Die rooibokpakket wat R11 495 kos, het in my skoot geval en ek kon dit dus gaan toets en kyk hoe alles werk. Die pakket bestaan uit 'n hamburger-



LINKS: Ek het die blokkies vleis redelik klein gesny omdat ek skepties was. Die TK-12 het dit egter gemaal asof dit kinderspeletjies was. MIDDEL: Die maalvleis beweeg gemaklik deur die 6 mm-maalplaatjie. **REGS:** Die FME-20 gooi die vleis aan die buitenste wande mooi terug na die middel toe om te verseker dat alles goed deurmeng.

Klaar gemaal, was dit tyd om die speserye te meng.

patty-pers, worsstopper, vleismeule, vleismenger en vakuumseëlmasjien. Ek moet brutaal eerlik wees: Met die eerste oogopslag het ek gedink ek gaan sukkel met die klein meuletjie en worsstoppertjie. My oorlede pa het 'n slaghuis besit toe ek 'n kind was. Ek is dus taamlik gewoond aan hierdie soort toerusting en ons gebruik tans op ons plaas ook self baie ou maar werkende industriële toerusting. Om dit dalk mooier te stel: Ek was baie skepties oor die rooibokpakket.

Soos gewoonlik het ons met die ontbening van die karkas begin. Die TK-12-vleismeule is eerste onder die vergrootglas geplaas. Ons eie groot vleismeule, waarvoor 'n mens omtrent 'n vurkhyser nodig het om dit te verskuif, was op bystand. Met die oopmaak van die verpakking was ek egter reeds beïndruk met die TK-12-vleismeule omdat 6 mm- en 8 mm-maalplaatjies, asook twee lemmetjies daarby ingesluit is. Verder word 'n plastiekvoerderstok van presies die regte lengte ook verskaf, tesame met 'n plastiekveiligheidsraam wat verhoed dat die voerderstok te ver ingaan.

Diegene wat meules ken, sal weet hoe belangrik dit is om 'n ekstra skerp lemmetjie byderhand te hê. Ek het dit uitgehaal en was sommer tjoeftjaf gereed om die eerste blokkies vleis te probeer maal. Met 'n gewig van sowat 25 kg, skuif en plaas jy die meule gemaklik waar dit vir jou gaan werk. Ons het die blokkies vleis klein gesny (±5-7 cm). Die eerste tien blokkies vleis en vet se snyery het goed verloop en ek het gou besef dat ek die ou meule wat op bystand was, nie nodig sou kry nie.

Die TK-12-meule het soos 'n bom gewerk en my ongelooflik beïndruk. Ons het in totaal meer as 40 kg vleis sonder enige probleme gemaal en dít met die 6 mm-plaatjie. Volgens Soft-Ice se webblad kan die TK-12-vleismeule tot en met 150 kg vleis per uur maal. Nadat ek dit self gebruik het, kan ek dit goed glo.

Klaar gemaal, was dit tyd vir die vleismenger en die speserye wat ek by Spicegro gekry het. Dit was vir my iets nuuts omdat ek maar altyd die vleis en speserye self met die hand in vleisbakke gemeng het. Die FME-20-vleismenger kan 20 liter of (ongeveer 13 kg) se vleis op een slag hou. Dit het perfek vir my gewerk aangesien die speserye onderskeidelik 13,5 kg en 15 kg was. Die vleismenger is van hoëgehalte-vlekvryestaal en het 'n deksel om te verseker dat alles nie rondvlieg sodra jy die handvatsel begin draai nie.

Die vleismenger het vier lemme aan die binnekant. Die lemme aan weerskante is ontwerp om die maalvleis na die middel van die menger te gooi en die middelste twee lemme is gemaak om die vleis en speserye goed te meng. Die menger het uitstekend gewerk en dit was veel makliker as om met die hand te meng. Daarbenewens was die mengsel van speserye en vleis mooi egalig.

Die worsstopper, hamburger-*patty*-pers en vakuumseëlmasjien sal in die volgende artikel deeglik beskryf word.

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WEN!

Die goeie mense by Soft-Ice Catering Equipment het ons toestemming gegee om al die produkte wat getoets is, as pryse weg te gee. Jy staan dus 'n kans om hierdie TK-12-vleismeule sowel as die FME-20-vleismenger te wen. Hou ons Facebook-blad dop om te sien hoe jy vir hierdie pryse in aanmerking kan kom.

RAAK KREATIEF MET WATERBOK MAALVLEIS

Niemand sal ooit weer hul neus vir waterbokvleis optrek nie!

(Foto's deur Gerrie Janse van Vuuren)

HOOFFOTO: Die eindproduk – 'n regte feesmaal!

Die waterbokpasteitjies word in 'n muffinpan in die oond gebak tot die blaardeeg bros en gaar is.

Gemaalde vleis is 'n staatmaker-bestanddeel in die meeste huise – of jy nou in Italië is en 'n geurige spaghetti bolognese maak, in Amerika 'n monsterhamburger bou, of in Suid-Afrika 'n basaargunsteling soos kerrie-en-rys aanmekaarslaan. Ek het altyd 'n pakkie bevrore maalvleis in my vrieskas, en dit is handig om in die week vinnig iets vir aandete mee te maak.

Gewoonlik maak ek 'n lekker pasta met tamatie en kaas, frikkadelle en kapokaartappels of 'n herderspastei. Dit is ook lekker as 'n mens hoender-, lam- of varkmaalvleis in die hande kan kry vir 'n bietjie afwisseling. Lamsmaalvleis is 'n groot gunsteling en maak 'n wonderlike kofta ('n geurige Mediterreense frikkadel), maar ongelukkig is dit nie 'n produk wat ek gereeld op my plaaslike supermark se vleisrakke aantref nie.

'N ONGEWONE SOORT MAALVLEIS

Nog iets wat jy nie sommer tydens jou draai om brood en melk te koop by die supermark sal kry nie, is waterbokmaalvleis. Toe ek egter onlangs 'n pakkie hiervan gekry het om mee kreatief te raak, het die wiele behoorlik begin draai en wou ek 'n bietjie iets anders daarmee maak.

Waterbokmaalvleis is beslis nie die soort maalvleis wat ek gewoonlik tot my beskikking het nie. Ek het dus by my plaaslike slagter Braam Lintvelt van Coal Café Butcher Liquor in Honeydew ('n restaurant, slaghuis en drankwinkel ineen) gaan inloer om 'n bietjie meer oor dié vleis uit te vind.

Voor my besoek het ek vir vriende en familie vertel van my waterbokmaalvleis en die doel wat ek myself gestel het om iets smullekker daarmee te maak. Die woord "waterbokmaalvleis" het die oë laat rek en daarmee saam is die meeste neuse ook opgetrek. Dit was beslis duidelik dat hierdie soort maalvleis nie 'n gewildheidskompetisie onder my kennisse sou wen nie. "'n Waterbok se vleis is mos nie lekker nie – het dit nie 'n vreemde, bitter smaak nie?" wonder een van my vriende. Aikona, sê Johan Opperman van die restaurant langs Lintvelt se slaghuis. "Waterbok wat reg geslag en voorberei is, het 'n baie neutrale smaak, amper soos eland. Dit het nie daardie tipiese 'wilde' smaak van ander boksoorte nie." Dit is vir my goeie nuus, want 'n liefhebber van 'n lekker stukkie eland is ek beslis.

Maar wat dan van al die bangmaakstories wat ek gehoor het oor die vel en die vleis en die vreemde smaak? "Dit is waar dat daar olies in die waterbok se vel is wat waterdigtheid verskaf wanneer die bok in die water boer. As die olie in die vel aan die vleis raak, kan dit 'n onaangename smaak daaraan gee. As dit gebeur, was die vleis baie deeglik af en hou dit vir 'n week in die yskas. Die smaak behoort dan weg te wees," is Opperman se raad.

DIE GEHEIM VAN LEKKER WATERBOKVLEIS

Opperman vertel waterbokvleis is 'n ligter soort vleis wat baie gewild onder jagters is. "Die filet en *sirloin* is heerlik oor die kole en ons maak ook fantastiese maalvleis daarmee wat dan gebruik word vir wors en ham- »

» burgers. Lekker biltong kan ook uit die agterkwart gesny word." Lintvelt beklemtoon dat 'n waterbok nie gekwes moet word nie om te verseker dat die vleis lekker is. "As hy rustig is wanneer hy geskiet word, sal die vleis ook lekker wees. Ek dink jagprosesse in die verlede was van so 'n aard dat die dier baie rondgejaag is en teen die tyd wat hy geskiet word, is hy so gestres dat die vleis onaangenaam proe."

Hy noem dat dit belangrik is dat die slagter weet wat hy doen wanneer hy met waterbokvleis werk. "Vir my is dit ook 'n baie mooi karkas om mee te werk. Dis soos 'n blouwildebees; die dier self is nie die aantreklikste nie, maar die vleis net fantasties." Omdat alle wildsvleis 'n lae vetinhoud het, is dit belangrik om vet by wildsmaalvleis te voeg, anders gaan dit maar 'n droë spul wees. Opperman beveel aan ek voeg 'n bietjie skaapvet by my waterbokmaalvleis om dit ekstra sappig te maak. "Skaapvet gaan beter werk as vark- of beesvet. Dit gee 'n lekker geur aan die vleis." So gesê, so gedaan, en ek groet met 'n pakkie skaapvet in die hand, gereed om by die waterbokmaalvleis te voeg.

Ná 'n vreeslike gewroeg waar ek nie kon kies tussen gevulde pannekoek, 'n pasta of 'n pastei nie, het ek uiteindelik besluit om een van my gesin se gunstelingmaaltye 'n nuwe kinkel te gee met die waterbokmaalvleis.

Pasteitjies, gemaak met blaardeeg en gevul met 'n geurige vleismengsel, voorgesit saam met 'n kraakvars slaaitjie, is die perfekte maaltyd vir 'n weeksaand. Die pasteitjies lyk spoggerig genoeg om vir jou kuiergaste voor te sit. Dit is ook die perfekte padkos vir die langpad. Gewoonlik maak ek hierdie gereg met beesvleis, maar die waterbok werk net so goed. Nou wil ek al die ongelowige Tomasse bymekaarkry, dié gereg vir hulle maak en dan eers daarna vir hulle sê dit is waterbok waaraan hulle so gesmul het!

RESEP: WATERBOKMAALVLEIS-PASTEITJIES MET 'N TAMATIE-EN-ROKETSLAAI

JY BENODIG:

VIR DIE PASTEITJIES (GENOEG VIR 4-6 MENSE):

- 30 ml sonneblomolie
- 500 g waterbokmaalvleis, gemeng met 100 g skaapvet
- 1 middelgroot ui, fyngekap
- 2 ml Spicegro FlavourBlast-knoffelpoeier
- 2 wortels, geskil en gerasper
- 5 ml Spicegro FlavourBlast Italiaanse kruie
- 5 ml Spicegro FlavourBlast fyn swartpeper
- 5 ml (of na smaak) Spicegro FlavourBlast-geurmiddel *(all purpose)*
- 1 eier, geklits
- 100 g pecorino-kaas, gerasper
- 1 vel bevrore blaardeeg *(puff pastry)*, ontdooi

VIR DIE SLAAI:

- 1 pakkie roket (nog beter as dit vars uit jou tuin kom)
- 'n hand vol baba-spinasieblare
- kersietamaties, middeldeur gesny
- 'n handvol grasuie *(chives)*, gesnipper
- Ekstrasuiwer olyfolie, appel- of balsemasyn, sout en peper na smaak

SO MAAK 'N MENS:

- Voorverhit die oond tot 200 °C en maak seker die oondrak is in die middel van die oond.
- Rol die ontdooide blaardeeg uit en sny dit in ses ewe groot vierkante. Bespuit 'n groot muffinpan (die soort met plek vir net ses muffins) met kleefwerende kossproei. Voer die holtes elk met 'n deegvierkant uit. Die vier kante van die vierkant moet verby die kante van die muffinholte steek sodat 'n bakkie gevorm word. Druk liggies vas maar oppas om nie die deeg te skeur nie.
- Verhit die olie in 'n groot swaarboompan en braai die ui tot deursigtig. Roer die knoffelpoeier by en roerbraai nog 'n minuut.
- Roer die waterbokmaalvleismengsel by en roerbraai tot bruin en gaar.
- Voeg die wortels en kruie by en roerbraai 'n paar minute. Geur na smaak met die Spicegro FlavourBlast-geurmiddel en peper. Verwyder van die hitte.
- Meng die geklitste eier en pecorino en voeg dit by die maalvleismengsel. Meng vinnig en deeglik sodat die eier nie begin gaar word nie.
- Skep die maalvleis in die voorbereide muffinholtes en plaas die pan in die warm oond. Bak vir sowat 20 minute tot die deeg bros is en die vulsel gaar.
- Maak die slaai deur die roket, spinasie, tamaties en grasuie liggies te meng. Drup die olie en asyn na smaak oor die slaai en geur met sout en peper.

(*Pasteiresep aangepas van 'n resep wat oorspronklik in die tydskrif *Sarie* verskyn het.)

Die basiese bestanddele wat vir die waterbokpasteitjies benodig word.

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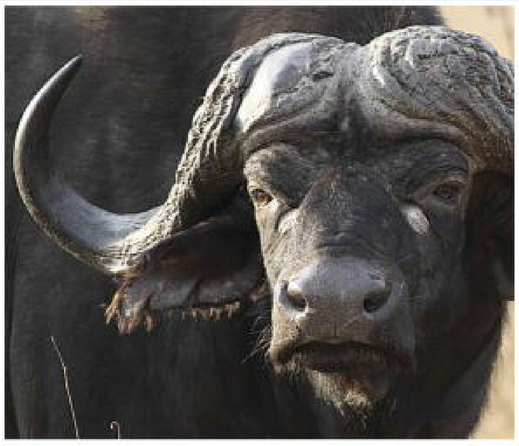


SAFARI OUTDOOR/SAJWV SE NASIONALE INTERTAK-SPAN- EN PRESIDENTSKIETKOMPETISIE 2021

Weens die beperkings en onsekerheid rakende Covid-19-regulasies is besluit om dié twee skietkompetisies later as gewoonlik in die jaar aan te bied, naamlik op 24 en 25 September 2021 op die Meerkatgat-skietbaan. Hierdie twee kompetisies verskil van mekaar aangesien die Intertakspanskietkompetisie uit 30 vyfmanspanne (150 skuts) bestaan en die Presidentskietkompetisie uit 150 individue wat teen mekaar kompeteer.

Skiettoestande: Gedurende die twee dae was die wind baie wisselvallig en het by tye tot 20 km/h gewaai. Dit was baie warm teen die middel van die dag en lugspieëling *(mirage)* het ook 'n taamlike rol gespeel. Die skuts het hulle egter nie daardeur laat ontsenu nie en die skietstandaard was baie hoog, soos die tellings getuig.

Baanoffisiere: Corne Swart van die Riemland-tak was die hoofbaanoffisier. Hy en sy span baanbeamptes het die twee dae uiters professioneel aangebied en alles seepglad laat verloop. Corne het by Basie Bergh oorgeneem, wat tot en met 2019 oor 'n vierjaarperiode 'n baie hoë standaard by dié twee nasionale skietkompetisies gestel het en baie gewild onder die skuts was. Corne kwyt hom egter uitstekend van sy taak en niemand kon enige fout met dié professionele hoofbaanoffisier vind nie! Baie geluk en hartlike dank aan Corne en sy span wat oor hierdie twee dae in snikhete, winderige toestande moes werk om die kompetisies vir die skuts moontlik te maak. Ons is trots op julle!

Borg: Safari Outdoor het beide dae met 'n reuseborgskap ondersteun en was teenwoordig met 'n uitstalling, gazebo's en baniere waarmee hulle die hele terrein versier het. SA Jagters bedank graag vir Safari Outdoor vir hul besondere ondersteuning van dié twee skietkompetisies. Die reëlings vir medaljes en pryse wat gewen is, sal gedurende Okt/Nov 2021 aan deelnemers bekendgemaak word.

INTERTAK-SPANSKIETKOMPETISIE 2021

Op Vrydag 24 September 2021 het Vrystaat Sandveld-tak Safari Oudoor/SAJWV se Nasionale Intertak-spanskietkompetisie op die Meerkatgat-skietbaan aangebied. Baie geluk en hartlike dank vir jul gasvryheid en 'n uiters suksesvolle skietkompetisie!

Ons gelukwense ook aan die Marico Bosveld-tak se Mambaspan wat die dag se wenners was, met Riemland-tak se Riemland-A-span in die tweede plek en Edelvalk-tak se Swartwildebeestespan derde.

TOP-10-PLEKKE

NR	SPAN	TAK
1	Mambas	Marico Bosveld
2	Riemland-A	Riemland
3	Swartwildebeeste	Edelvalk
4	Buffels	Baviaanspoort
5	Zebras	Vrystaat Sandveld
6	Blou klippies	Diamant
7	Swartwitpense	Pretoria-Oos
8	Savanna	Suikerbosrand
9	Duiker ramme	Duiker
10	1914 Rebelle	Genl De la Rey

Wildehonde-spantoekenning: Die kwalifiserende standaard vir die Wildehonde-toekenning is 'n minimum van 3 240 (90%) uit die totaal van 3 600 vir die span en 'n minimum van 1 530 (85%) uit die totaal van 1 800 vir elk van die skietoefeninge.

Hierdie toekenning word op streeks- en nasionale vlak toegeken en elke lid van die kwalifiserende span kry individueel erkenning daarvoor. Baie geluk aan die Marico Bosveld-tak se Mambaspan wat hierdie toekenning in die Nasionale Intertakspanskietkompetisie van 2021 verwerf het.

Op streeksvlak het vyf spanne gedurende 2021vir die Wildehonde-toekenning gekwalifiseer.

PRESIDENTSKIETKOMPETISIE 2021

Op Saterdag 25 September 2021 het Bloemfontein-tak Safari Oudoor/SAJWV se Nasionale Presidentskietkompetisie op die Meerkatgat-skietbaan aangebied. Veels geluk en baie dankie vir jul gasvryheid en 'n baie geslaagde kompetisie!

Gedurende 2019 het 1 299 skuts op streeksvlak meegeding om na die Nasionale Presidentskietkompetisie uitgenooi te word. Ondanks die Covid-19-uitdagings in 2021 het daar steeds 1 114 skuts op streeksvlak gekompeteer vir 'n uitnodiging vir 2021.

Baie geluk aan die wenners in die verskillende klasse:

- Ope klas en kampioenskut: Brent Collie, Riemland-tak
- Junior klas: Xander van Eck, Bosbok-tak
- Damesklas: Karien Lubbe, Diamant-tak
- Senior klas: Dolf du Preez, Marico Bosveld-tak

TOP 20

NR			TAK	KLAS
1	B	Collie	Riemland	Ope
2	GL	Strydom	Sterland	Ope
3	JH	Lubbe	Diamant	Ope
4	AP	Conradie	Marico Bosveld	Ope
5	SE	Janse van Rensburg	Pretoria-Oos	Ope
6	HS	Steyn	Diamant	Ope
7	AD	van Eck	Bosbok	Junior
8	CP	de Jager	Riemland	Ope
9	AJ	Steyn	Cheetah	Ope
10	R	Mostert	Mpungini	Ope
11	PSJ	Botha	Duiker	Ope
12	WF	Strydom	Witrenoster	Ope
13	HJ	Louw	Pretoria-Oos	Ope
14	PJ	Cronje	Duiker	Ope
15	WJA	Kriel	Genl De la Rey	Ope
16	NJ	Lotter	Genl De la Rey	Ope
17	H	Viljoen	Bloemfontein	Ope
18	CCJ	Bester	Edelvalk	Ope
19	JDJ	Taljaard	Baviaanspoort	Ope
20	JP	van der Walt	Hartbees	Ope

JUNIORS

NR			TAK	KLAS
1	AD	van Eck	Bosbok	Junior
2	CL	Swart	Riemland	Junior
3	X	Bailey	Edelvalk	Junior

DAMES

NR			TAK	KLAS
1	CAJ	Lubbe	Diamant	Dames
2	RM	Fourie	Riemland	Dames
3	CM	Kriel	Genl De la Rey	Dames

SENIORS

NR			TAK	KLAS
1	RC	du Preez	Marico Bosveld	Seniors
2	EJD	Genis	Edelvalk	Seniors
3	GJ	Hattingh	Centurion	Seniors

Marico Bosveld se Mambaspan (v.l.n.r.): Johan Coetzee, Alewyn Conradie, Gawie Hugo, Rainier Hugo en Dolf du Preez.

OPE KLAS EN KAMPIOENSKUT: Brent Collie (Riemland-tak).

DAMES KLAS: Karien Lubbe (Diamanttak).

JUNIOR KLAS: Xander van Eck (Bosbok-tak).

SENIOR KLAS: Dolf du Preez, (Marico Bosveld-tak).

PLATINUM-TOEKENNINGS:
Die totale puntetelling vir die vlakte- en bosveldskietoefeninge (24 skote in totaal) is 720 punte. Die minimum vir die Platinum-balkie/toekenning wat slegs tydens die Presidentskietkompetisies deur individue verwerf kan word, is 'n totaal van minstens 610 punte (85%) uit die totaal van 720 punte vir die twee skietoefeninge tesame. Verder moet die skut ook minstens 290 punte (80%) uit 360 vir elke skietoefening afsonderlik behaal.

Tydens die Nasionale Presidentskietkompetisie van 2021 het 59 skuts, waaronder drie juniors en drie dames, die Platinum-toekenning verwerf. Baie geluk aan al die skuts – dit is 'n besonderse prestasie vir elkeen wat dit behaal!

BOKSPOG

Stuur jou jagfoto's na: *bokspog@sahunter.org*

WENFOTO

ARNO RADEMAN, CUMBERLAND, LIMPOPO. Vlakvark, Hoyt Helix, 70 lb, 554 grein Carbon Core-pyl, 23 meter.

WENPRYS

GEBORG DEUR:

Stevenson Hamilton

Die wenner van hierdie maand se *Bokspog*, Arno Rademan, wen 'n produk beskikbaar op Stevenson Hamilton se webtuiste, *www.stevensonhamilton.co.za* ter waarde van R800.

Baie geluk, Arno! Om jou prys te eis, stuur 'n e-pos aan: *admin@promark.co.za*

ETHAN HECHTER, MOLOPO-DISTRIK, NOORDWES. Blouwildebeesbul, .30-06, 165 grein Sierra GameKing, 151 meter.

LIZA DU TOIT, ROOIBERG, LIMPOPO. Sebra, CZ 550 .30-06, 180 grein Woodleigh, 110 meter.

GABBI PRETORIUS, DOUGLAS, NOORD-KAAP. Springbokram, Sako .223, 50 grein Nosler BT, 100 meter.

JENÉ VAN RENSBURG, NABOOMSPRUIT, LIMPOPO. Njala, Howa .308, 167 grein Peregrine VRG4, 55 meter.

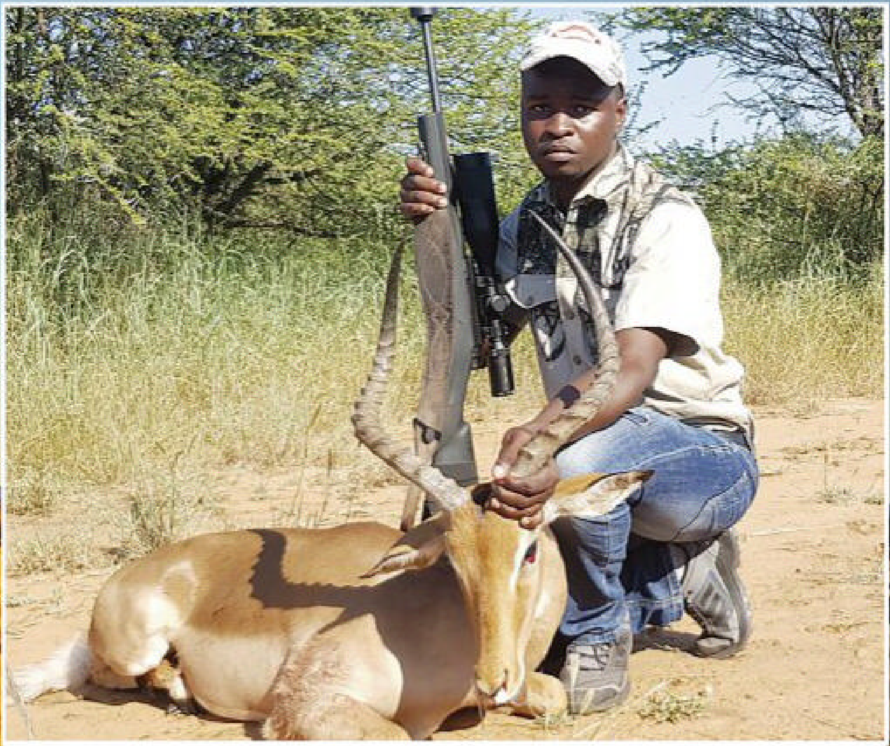
TOMMIE VELDMAN, STEYNSBURG, OOS-KAAP. Rooiribbokram, Weatherby Vanguard .25-06 Remington, 110 grein Hornady InterBond.

CORNÉ COERTZE, POLOKWANE, LIMPOPO. Blesbok, CZ 550 .308 Win, 180 grein Federal Fusion.

STIÁN COERTZE, POLOKWANE, LIMPOPO. Sebra, CZ 550 .308 Win, 180 grein Federal Fusion, 107 meter.

JACQUES OCKHUYS, ASKHAM, NOORD-KAAP. Springbokram, Howa 6,5 Creedmoor, 143 grein Hornady ELD-X, 230 meter.

CONRAD BEZUIDENHOUT, MODIMOLLE, LIMPOPO. Buffel, SAKO .375 H&H, 300 grein, 70 meter.



STEVE BABILE, ROEDTAN, LIMPOPO. Rooibok, Howa .308, 180 grein, 70 meter.

A PROMISE OF THE LION KIND… 40 YEARS ON

Sometimes persistence, mixed with high adventure, pays off.

Success! Bruce Dorn with his hard-won lion.

Out of the blue, I received an e-mail from 60-year-old Texan Bruce Dorn. A total of 40 years had passed since he came to hunt with me, accompanied by his parents.

In the interim, his parents had passed away, his father being the last to go. While clearing out his father's personal effects, he came across my book titled *Hunting for Trouble*, a gift from his brother Mac to his father. My name rang a bell, and guilt gnawed at him: the family had not kept their promise to send me the photos of our hunt in Zambia's Luangwa Valley.

GOING BACK 40 YEARS…

At 75 years of age, I only have a vague memory of their 21-day hunt. If my memory serves me right, there is only one place to start, namely at the airstrip hacked out of mopane woodland. The local Chewa people named it Baka-Baka after the call of a yellow-billed duck.

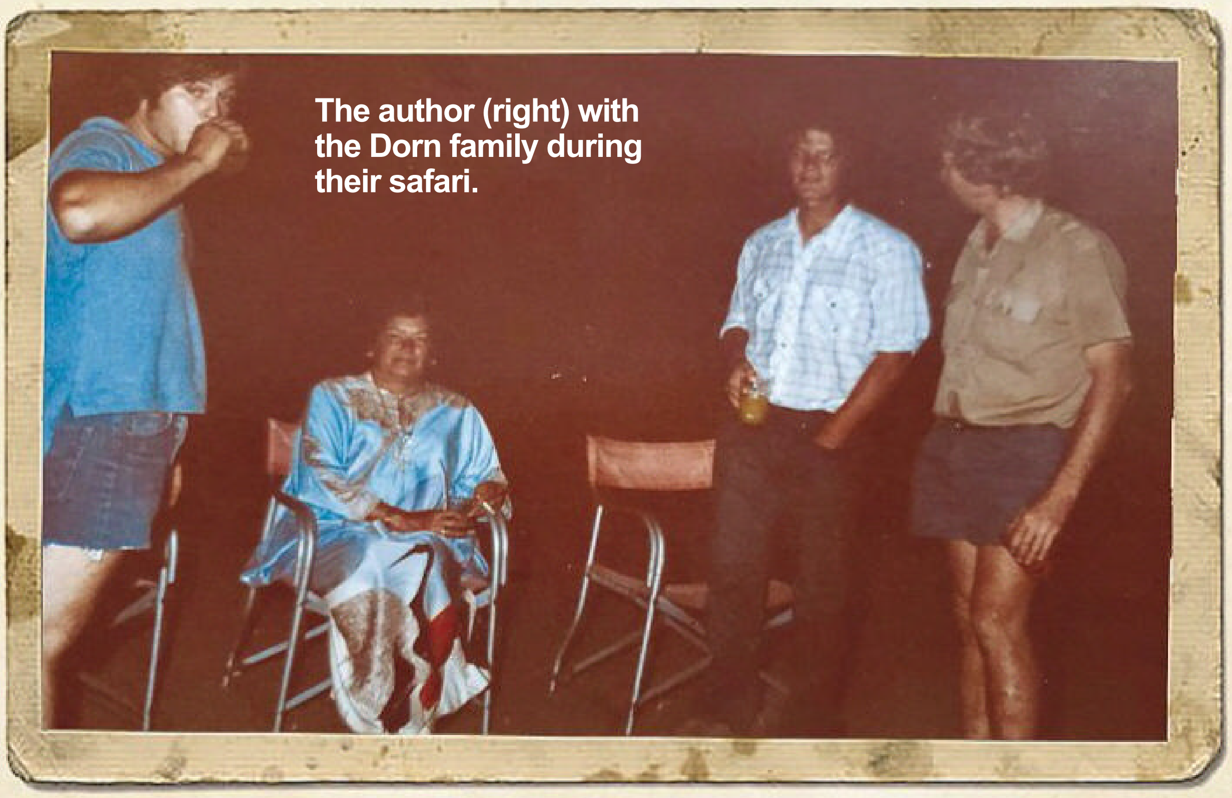
It must've been almost midday. There wasn't a breeze, and the windsock was hanging limp. My routine when expecting clients by charter was to check the airstrip before they arrived to chase puku, impala and zebra away and look for freshly dug antbear holes.

With this done, I would leave and return later. On Bruce's safari, I was joined by legendary hunter Boetie Bothma and our leader, Franz Coupé. We were all employed by Zambia Safaris as professional hunters. Also in attendance on every hunt was a government game scout named Banda. It was his job to spy on our safari and make sure we adhered to the rules.

We'd parked our vehicles under a shady tree. Our hunting crews were on the back, chatting to themselves – a mix of Kunda, Awisa and Senga tribesmen, all skilled hunters, trackers and skinners. My tracker, no taller than a jockey, was named Imbala (peanut). He cupped his hand to his ear and pointed to the horizon. His companions fell silent, and we listened, but nothing. The windsock suddenly came alive with the drone of an aircraft in the air. We raised our binoculars to our eyes and spotted a black dot against the blue sky. It grew in size, with the hum of the plane getting louder by the minute. The pilot was Jack Uys, accompanied by our clients from Texas, Bruce's family.

The twin-engine Beechcraft Barron swept in low and roared overhead. We watched as it gained height before Jack put it into a tight turn, levelled it out and landed. As Jack cut the engines, we went forward to introduce ourselves. Boetie was to hunt with Mac, I with his brother, Bruce, and Franz with their parents.

Our staff consisted of my driver Sakala, our skinner Labkin, the tracker Imbala, and the



The author (right) with the Dorn family during their safari.

game scout Banda. With the clients' luggage and some fresh supplies loaded onto our trucks, we left Jack to fly back to Lusaka. On the way to camp, where a herd of buffalo had crossed over our track, we were attacked by blood-sucking tsetse flies that welcomed the Dorns to Africa.

Franz was in the lead, and we followed the bank of the Luangwa River, finally reaching a typical Zambian-style safari camp named Cembembie. It was built by the local villagers and not a single nail was used; only string made from bark, elephant grass and mopane poles. The *Chitenje* (dining room) had a magnificent view over a beach of white sand down to the water's edge as the setting sun behind the Muchinga Escarpment provided a magnificent backdrop.

After breakfast the following morning, things got underway. Bruce placed his rifles, a .458 Winchester and .375, alongside my Holland & Holland in our Land Cruiser's gun rack. Then, with our crews on board, the three vehicles all went their separate ways. I chose to go inland to hunt in the hills, away from the others. We followed a well-worn track until it turned off into open scrubland. Bruce asked me where the main track led to. I told him it went to the town of Lundazi, where the long-gone district governor had built a British castle out of boredom during the colonial era to accommodate visitors. He smiled at the story.

ELEPHANT ENCOUNTER

Bruce's top trophies on his list were a good lion and leopard. The rolling hills around us sloped down into sand rivers.

> "Shoot the biggest one," I whispered. The next moment, his .375 recoiled into his shoulder as if a mule had kicked him.

We stopped and left Sakala to guard the truck. Carrying water bags and shooting sticks, we searched the dry riverbeds for cat tracks. There were high banks on both sides, and as we rounded a corner, we were confronted by a herd of elephant.

What happened next is still etched on my memory. We turned round to retreat but suddenly found ourselves trapped between two herds and nowhere to go! The elephant population at that time was estimated to be close to 100 000 animals, then the largest concentration in Africa.

With the tension running high and our backs up against the bank, we held our loaded rifles in front of us in the riverbed that was no wider than 50 metres. The herds met right in front of us, and we were trapped in the middle of a least 60 animals. Some cows with calves passed within spitting range of us, while others paused to greet one another. We were so close that we could smell them and hear their laboured breathing and rumbling guts.

Suddenly, a tuskless cow with a calf at her side raised her trunk. She tasted the air, then screamed. With ears spread out in a mock charge, she rushed at us. Panicking, we fired some shots over her head. She wheeled about, tail in the air, and hurried back into the herd. Chaos had set in as the animals milled about, trumpeting and barging each other. They finally shambled off in a big cloud of dust.

We laughed to break the tension and had a drink from our water bags before continuing to search for tracks. At one of the holes where the elephant had dug away the sand to reach water, we found trophy-sized leopard and lion tracks. We marked the spot, but with our water bags drained, we returned to camp. There we found that Mac and Boetie had shot a zebra and a puku. Like us, Franz and Mr and Mrs Dorn had returned empty-handed. However, our elephant encounter had been more than enough for our first day.

The hunt dragged on, but late one afternoon, we spotted a sable antelope while returning to camp. After a long stalk in the miombo forest, Bruce's luck held, and he collected a fine sable. As the hunting days progressed and a variety of trophies were hunted, all the Dorns' licences were almost filled except for trophy lion and leopard.

OFF TO THE FLY CAMP

By day 15, our party was still commuting between the camp and the hills. Franz mentioned that he had a fly camp in the area where we were hunting. When he asked whether we would like to use it, we jumped at the chance. With our Land Cruisers packed with supplies and crates of beer, we left the main camp the next morning, accompanied by Boetie and Mac.

The brothers sounded relieved to be on their own to smoke their hand-rolled cigarettes without being criticised by their parents. Finally, after a two-hour drive, we arrived at the fly camp. It was like a small oasis with palm trees, two neatly thatched huts, and a long-drop toilet nestling below a grove of evergreen *Trichilia* trees. A deep pool of crystal-clear water glistened between the rocks. Guarded by a baobab tree, it was within walking distance.

HIPPO HUNT

While the cook prepared our camp, the brothers wished each other luck. We left on foot, »

» returning to where we had hunted previously. Bruce's .375 was slung over his shoulder. While searching for cat tracks on the bank of a dry riverbed, we stumbled across a hippo hiding in a leaf-covered thicket. The bull was camouflaged in a patchwork of different-coloured greys. Bruce wasn't one to pass up an opportunity to shoot a hippo on land, and my tracker Imbala put up the shooting sticks.

Bruce's iron-sighted .458 rested on the sticks, but as he squeezed the trigger, the hippo suddenly moved. The solid bullet hit slightly high, over the hippo's heart, and the animal crashed away into the thicket and vanished. Tracking him, the trail of aerated blood indicated that the shot had penetrated the lungs. However, with the light fading fast, we were forced to call off the pursuit for the day. Banda also pointed to the setting sun, suggesting it was time to stop hunting.

This beautiful sable antelope was another of the prizes for Bruce Dorn on this safari.

Boetie and Mac greeted us in camp, and we chatted late into the night before retiring to the comfort of our beds. Late that night, we were suddenly shocked awake by the roar of a lion close by. Our crews that had slept in the open hastily piled more wood onto the fire. But we were unable to sleep after the commotion and sipped some coffee around the fire. Later, we found the tracks of two male lion close to camp; they had even padded between our huts!

We left camp in the gloom of early morning. Our timing was perfect, and we reached the spot where we had left the wounded hippo's tracks at first light. We tracked the hippo into a native garden, where the plot owner welcomed us. With a smile on his face, he led us to the bull lying dead in his crop of marijuana. The illegal crop had been hidden from the eyes of local authorities by head-high millet, the main ingredient for making beer. The plot owner pleaded with Banda to stay tight-lipped about his destroyed crops. As Bruce wanted only the trophy, we gave the meat to the farmer and took the skull and skin. That night, as we sat around the fire, we heard the beating of drums as the plot owner and his village feasted on the hippo meat and some beer.

LION AND LEOPARD AT LAST!

Early the next morning, we left to collect Bruce's trophy. We had stashed the hippo's remains high in a tree to keep scavengers away. As we approached, I heard a leopard cough and a lion growl. I climbed the closest tree, sat on a branch and raised my binoculars to my eyes. I saw our two camp lion standing underneath the "hippo tree", looking up at the hippo's head.

"Lion," I urgently whispered to Bruce down below. His rifle slung over his back, he climbed up and joined me. "Shoot the biggest one," I whispered. The next moment, his .375 recoiled into his shoulder as if a mule had kicked him. The soft-nose bullet's impact made the big cat buck into the air, growling and trying to bite the entry wound. At the same time, a big leopard sprang out of the tree into the undergrowth and disappeared. We heard the lion breathing in staggered, cough-like grunts. Then silence descended... Bruce had gotten his lion!

Our luck had changed at last. With the lion brought to bag, we stood a good chance of getting the leopard as well. Banda, Imbala and Labkin quickly built a leopard blind within shooting distance of the tree. A day later, Bruce shot his leopard out of the very same tree. We heard the "thump" as it hit the ground. In its death throes and grunting loudly, it charged towards us and crashed into our blind.

Luckily, we were protected by the grass wall between us. The cat's gut-wrenching growls faded as its life ebbed away, followed by a deathly silence. Both Bruce and I were elated that he had some success at last. Not to be outdone, Boetie and Mac bagged their cats by the end of the safari as well.

Bruce's e-mail to me with the images of the hunt had turned the key that opened the door for me – a door of memories that had been shut against me for more than 40 years.

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HUNTING THE SPIRAL-HORNED ANTELOPE WITH OPEN SIGHTS

The horned ungulates (Bovidae) are represented by the oxen (Bovini) and the spiral-horned bovines (Tragelaphini). The spiral-horned bovines are medium- to large-sized animals with a deep body and a narrow head, as described in *The Kingdon Field Guide to African Mammals* (1997).

When to take the shot, and when not to, becomes significantly more important when using open sights.

EVOLUTIONARY HISTORY

I find the development of the spiral-horned bovines from earlier, more ancient forms most intriguing. Today, geologists and palaeontologists are using modern science to unravel the earth's history in a way similar to forensic scientists investigating a crime scene. For example, in a recent study on the molecular evolution of the spiral-horned antelopes, Sandi Willows-Munro (MSc thesis, 2003, University of Stellenbosch) shows that the evolutionary history of the African tribe Tragelaphini is in fact more complicated than initial studies

Rugged hunting terrain on a mountain top.

Ausführung Nr. 70* mit Stecher, rundem Lauf, MAUSER-Kurvenvisier bis 1000 m.
Kaliber: 7×57 mm 8×60 mm 9×57 mm 9,3×62 mm 10,75×68 mm
Codewort: wypap wyojm wyorv wyovz wyowb

Nr. 70

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Ausführung Nr. 90 mit Stecher, rundem Lauf, MAUSER-Kurvenvisier bis 1000 m und aufmontiertem erstklassigem Zielfernrohr.
Kaliber: 7×57 mm 8×60 mm 9×57 mm 9,3×62 mm 10,75×68 mm
Codewort: wytev wyset wyste wysux wyswo

Nr. 110

Ausführung Nr. 110 mit Druckpunktabzug, rundem Lauf, Standvisier auf 100 m, 2 Klappen für 200 m und 300 m.
Kaliber: 7×57 mm 8×60 mm 9×57 mm 9,3×62 mm 10,75×68 mm
Codewort: wyusy wytve wyufk wyuhm wyuju

TOP: Two of my Mauser rifles, a 9,3x62 (above) and a 10,75x68 (below). Both have original octagonal Mauser barrels and were made on standard-length, M98 actions.

LEFT: A snapshot from a 1937 Mauser catalogue showing some of the larger Mauser calibres available at the time.

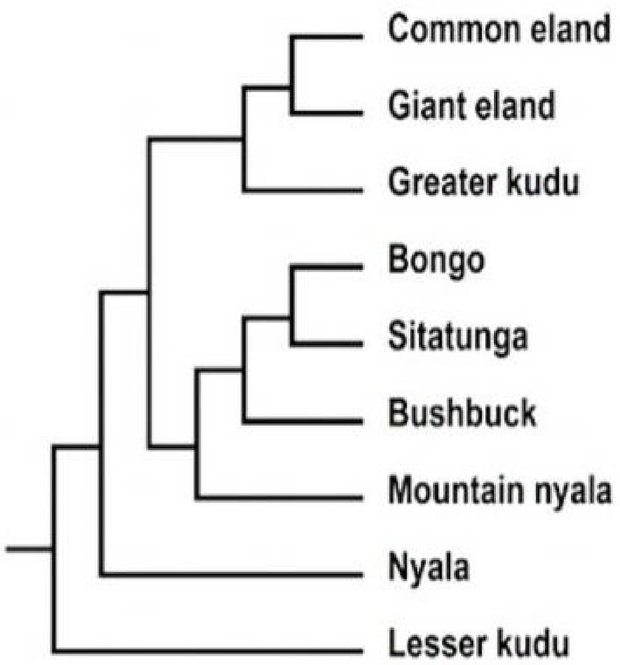
indicated. In her study, nuclear DNA sequence data shows that the evolutionary path of the early members of Tragelaphini separated from the other bovids during the mid-Miocene approximately 15,7 million years ago.

Fossil research has shown that the common nyala *(Tragelaphus angasi)* and lesser kudu *(T. imberbis)* represent the most basal (original) species that separated from the other tragelaphids approximately 7,1 million years ago. This was followed by the separation of two groups of species: The first group adapted to a more tropical environment (now Central Africa) and included the mountain nyala, bongo, sitatunga and bushbuck. The second group adapted to a more arid environment (Southern Africa) and consisted of the giant eland, common eland and greater kudu.

It is thought that this split occurred at the Miocene-Pliocene geological boundary approximately 5.4 million years before present (YBP). Climate changes and resultant biotic shifts were the major driving forces directing the formation of new species within the tribe Tragelaphini. The distribution of the different spiral-horned antelope throughout the various African biomes is, therefore, confirmed by the scientific work. This brings to the fore our impact as humans on global warming and what bearing that will have on speciation changes in future.

As all hunters have experienced, the spiral-horned antelope are highly visual and alert animals. Their visual signals are both subtle and highly structured. As a geologist and amateur conservationist, I find the detail in nature fascinating. I can only guess at the detail that we humans are unable to detect during our sporadic interactions with Mother Nature.

The Kingdon Field Guide shows that all spiral-horned antelope are striped and blotched when born and that they "freeze" or hide to escape detection. They have prominent white flashes on the ears, muzzle and lips. It is fascinating that these features play a significant role when the mothers approach their concealed young. During this time, they bob or flag their heads up and down while sometimes calling very softly. The spiral horns have various functions but are particularly well suited to what scientists call defensive horn-wrestling (Kingdon, 1997). »



Results from the mitochondrial study of the nine *Tragelaphus* species from Willows-Munro et al (2005). All other spiral-horned antelope are derived from the lesser kudu and nyala.

The narrow-horned kudu bull and the Mauser. Note the white facial markings.

» Variations are common within individuals in some species, but the trajectory of spirals remains highly species-specific. Kingdon (1997) further mentions that prominent manes, crests, black-and-white markings and long-legged, flat-sided figures all serve to boost male displays during courtship, but more specifically in rank challenges.

BACK TO HUNTING

Let's get back to hunting. Our more recent South African ancestors never had the variety of modern-day telescopic sights to choose from. Their bullet selection options were also very limited. However, they always managed to keep the pot on the fire with a steady supply of game meat sourced from the veld. This was often accomplished with old and well-known rifles such as the Martini-Henry with heavy, paper-patched bullets, and in later years with .303 British and 7mm Mauser rifles, often using ex-military ammunition. In addition, the old-timers achieved success with standard, factory-fitted open sights.

Today, most hunters have evolved towards a variety of expensive optics such as binoculars, riflescopes and rangefinders. There is obvious merit in hunting this way in a market where high-end prices are being paid to put some venison or biltong on the table. Quality telescopes have often helped me in poor light conditions. Nonetheless, sometimes we may find ourselves in situations that are fortunately more favourable towards open-sighted hunting.

The year 2021 was exactly such a year. In the midst of the Covid-19 global pandemic, we received some excellent, very welcome late summer rains over large parts of the northern Bushveld. As a result, the vegetation remained very dense deep into the winter months. This created a great opportunity for open-sighted hunting with large-calibre rifles. I had already experienced this manner of hunting a few years ago during a bushbuck hunt with my open-sighted 9,3x62 Mauser. My first shot totally missed the target because I misjudged the bushbuck's orientation in poor light conditions. My second shot found the target a few minutes later as the buck moved out of the shadows.

A recent article by Johan van Wyk in this magazine describes the complexities of open-sighted hunting in detail, the most important of which is light conditions and limited shooting distance. I must mention that I find offhand, full-frontal shots the most difficult at distances over 50-60 metres, with or without a telescope. However, during my preparation for the hunt, I found that shooting the SA Hunters' big-bore discipline with open sights rather than telescopic sights assisted me greatly in this regard.

TAKE LIMITING FACTORS INTO ACCOUNT

Acknowledgement of the limiting factors of open-sighted hunting forms an important part of a hunter's mindset during such a hunt. Taking all this into account, I found myself back in the Bushveld with my 10,75x68 Mauser. I was using a load of 56,5 grains of Norma-202 powder and 350-grain, soft-nose Claw bullets. I could manage a pretty good grouping from shooting sticks at 50 metres with a muzzle velocity of around 2 120 fps. Brendan, my hunting companion, joined me with his 9,3x64 Brenneke Mauser. Removing the scopes from both rifles made them much lighter and easier to handle in the dense and difficult, mountainous terrain.

Hunting eland, kudu or bushbuck in thick vegetation is not a simple matter. I'm sure that most hunters have experienced the great quest to move quietly through such difficult terrain. The dense grass and shrubs associated with good late rains make this virtually impossible. Therefore, my usual approach is to keep within the dirt tracks or larger game trails as far as possible.

TROUBLE IN THE VELD

During the afternoon session on the first day, we followed a dirt track that ran in a southerly direction through the property. Within a short distance, we noticed dry blood drops on the road. Somewhat perplexed, we took a closer look and found two different shoe prints and some dog tracks that all appeared to be fairly fresh.

We surmised that the tracks belonged to poachers. They obviously had some success and were probably carrying some meat in the opposite direction earlier that same morning. Disconcerted, we kept following the dirt track into the wind, stopping every now and then to study the blood trail left by the unwelcome visitors.

With our focus a bit distracted from hunting, we bumped a beautiful bushbuck ram about 30 metres from the track. It was a prime trophy animal, probably very close to Rowland Ward-size. As he never gave us a shot opportunity, we continued further down the track, now even more unsettled.

Eventually, we arrived at a T-junction and turned in a more southwesterly direction towards a very densely vegetated part of the property. Situated at the foot of a large mountain from which a stream flows during the wet season, this area has a variety of large trees with dense undergrowth, as well as a large ravine on the mountain slope. There is

also a cattle kraal to one side with a trough that holds water throughout the dry season. Therefore, kudu often frequent the kraal due to its isolated position and dense vegetation. This area has always been a paradise for big trophy kudu bulls that come down the mountain during the rut.

Getting closer to the kraal, we spotted some movement in the dense vegetation – a small group of kudu cows. We stayed dead still, our eyes piercing the vegetation to find any sign of a large-bodied bull. Slowly, the cows started to retreat deeper into the valley. We remained in the same position, not wanting to spook them. The dense vegetation made it nearly impossible to see if there was a bull with them, even though they were only about 40 metres away.

In the end, the cows got wind of us and took off higher up the mountain slope while displaying their upright white tails. A follow-up would have been fruitless due to the challenging, rugged terrain.

Disappointed, we turned back with the wind on our backs in the direction where we had left the Land Cruiser. Driving back quietly, we noticed another group of kudu cows near the eastern side of the property. We drove past them to get the wind in our favour and then started following them through the dense vegetation on foot. They were accompanied by a big, mature bull with large, narrow-shaped horns.

The kudu were about 80 metres ahead of us, much too far for a comfortable, open-sighted shot. There were five cows of varying ages with the bull, making an undetected approach very difficult. Although my Mauser's tangent sights were well made, I just had to get closer to be sure of my shot placement.

We waited in the dirt road for quite a while, not wanting to startle the animals unnecessarily. Moments later, the bull stepped into an opening at around 60 metres. The 350-grain Claw bullet found its mark behind the shoulder in a second. We heard him go down about 30 metres further away in some dense vegetation. Thanks to the larger-than-calibre exit wound caused by the Claw bullet, we had a clear blood trail to follow. It was a beautiful old bull, and we could finally admire his narrow-set horns from an arm's length.

A SECOND HUNT

About a month later, I found myself in the veld again, searching for eland or bushbuck with the open-sighted Mauser. We had to contend with some terrible veld fires during most of that week. On top of that, the rugged terrain of the Buffelshoek Mountains did not make things easier, especially at night. However, assistance from neighbouring farms and a Working On Fires team allowed us to extinguish the fire by early Thursday morning.

On Friday, we bumped two large, lone eland bulls high up on the mountain about mid-morning. I had a quartering-away shot on the biggest bull »

An open-sighted Mauser and an old 52" warrior.

A large eland bull shot some years ago with a quartering-away shot that went wrong due to bullet deflection off a mopane branch.

» but passed it up as we would have really struggled to recover such a large animal in this broken, rugged terrain. Some years back, I had a similar shot opportunity on a big eland bull in the mopane bushveld north of Tshipise. That bull ran about 36 metres before going down. However, I was fortunate enough to find him because I used a Barnes bullet. If it was anything else, I probably would've had a very long follow-up.

The spiral-horned antelope remained quite elusive for the rest of the day. We only caught a glimpse of two big bushbuck rams late in the afternoon while exploring the southernmost part of the large property to ensure there were no smouldering embers on the adjacent properties.

Early Saturday morning, we saw a big kudu cow near the base of one of the hills. It was odd to see a lonely cow at this time of the year as we assumed that there would also be a big bull in close attendance. We bumped the cow during our approach, and it was only then that the bull revealed himself. They ran straight up the hill and out of sight through the dense vegetation. Disappointed, we returned to an area where we had previously noticed a big trophy bushbuck ram. However, he once again managed to avoid detection.

After a healthy brunch with the family, we decided to go back to where we had encountered the kudu cow and bull earlier that morning. We reached it at about twelve o'clock. It didn't take long to find the kudu. By this time, another cow had joined the party. They immediately saw us as we moved behind some thick vegetation. Unfortunately, at that moment, one of the cows stepped right in front of the bull, obscuring a classic heart shot. A neck shot at about 50 metres was now the only option. With time running out and shooting with open sights, I realised I had to make a tough decision right there and then. Fortunately, the heavy 350-grain Claw bullet found its mark, dropping the bull in his tracks. I was ready for an immediate follow-up shot if needed. Once again, it was a fine-looking old bull with many battle scars.

Reflecting on the opportunity to hunt these elusive, spiral-horned antelope with open sights makes me rather nostalgic. In the first place, it is only by the grace of God that I still have good eyesight. I vividly remember my father's disappointment when he realised that he could no longer hunt because of poor eyesight. Secondly, I dearly appreciate the fact that I can hunt in this manner as many farm owners are reluctant to allow open-sighted hunting. Thirdly, we are extremely fortunate that the spiral-horned antelope have advanced into such a magnificent and challenging group of game animals in Africa.

A hunter's adherence to responsible hunting practices will always pay dividends. When to take the shot, and when not to, becomes significantly more important when using open sights. Most old hunters have learned through their mistakes. I, however, am still learning every day.

Foto: Solette Lubbinge

DIE SJARMANTE HEER VAN DIE BOSVELD

Die koedoe *(Tragelaphus strepsiceros)* is heel bo-aan die lys van talle trofeejagters. 'n Volwasse koedoebul se spiraalhorings met kenmerkende ivoorpunte is een van Afrika se gesogste trofeë en 'n waardige prys vir enige jagter. In 'n goeie jaar kan 'n groot koedoebul tot 300 kg weeg en hul lewensduur is ongeveer agt tot tien jaar. Koeie is maklik om van die bulle te onderskei aangesien hulle nie horings het nie.

In Suid-Afrika is die koedoe een van die mees wydverspreide bokspesies. Hulle is ook stadig maar seker besig om in gebiede in te beweeg waar hulle vantevore óf glad nie voorgekom het nie óf slegs in klein getalle.

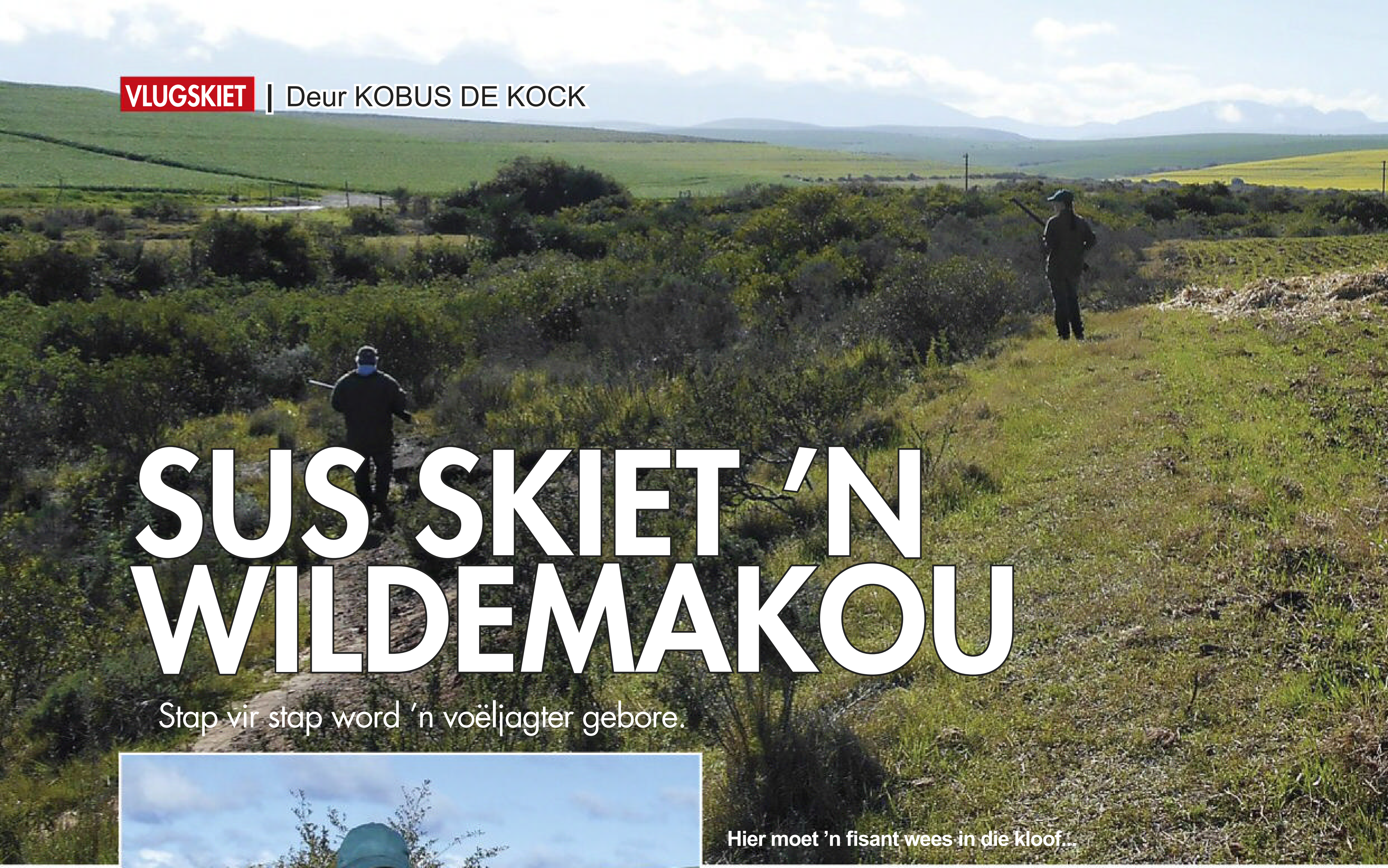
Hierdie bok is by uitstek 'n blaarvreter en koedoes uit KwaZulu-Natal, Limpopo, Mpumalanga en Noordwes word oor die algemeen groter as dié wat in die droër streke van die Noord- en Oos-Kaap voorkom.

Verskillende subspesies van die koedoe (buiten die *lesser* koedoe *Tragelaphus imberbus* wat slegs in Kenia, Tanzanië, Somalië en Ethiopië voorkom), word in Oos- en Sentraal-Afrika aangetref in lande soos die Soedan, Suid-Soedan, Sentraal-Afrikaanse Republiek, Chad, Kenia en Tanzanië. Hierdie koedoesubspesie word hoofsaaklik deur trofeejagters gejag as gevolg van relatiewe lae getalle asook die afgeleë gebiede waar hulle gejag word.

VLUGSKIET | Deur KOBUS DE KOCK

SUS SKIET 'N WILDEMAKOU

Stap vir stap word 'n voëljagter gebore.



Hier moet 'n fisant wees in die kloof...

Sus se eerste kolgans.

Sus wou leer voëls jag en die voorreg was myne.

Hemingway het geskryf: *"All you have to do is write one true sentence. Write the truest sentence that you know. So finally I would write one true sentence, and then go on from there."* Dit was sy metode.

'n Ware sin. Sus wou leer voëls jag. Maar wat het Hemingway bedoel met *"one true sentence"*? *"Something believable,"* sê Google, *"an accurate retelling of something known or believed, using the most important and precise words"*. Eerlike sinne en eerlike stories, sonder pretensie en geite, verduidelik Dana Snyman. Skoongestroopte sinne en stories, klink dit vir my.

Sy het by die plaas aangekom met 'n kapmes vir skoonpa. "Sal Pa asseblief vir my leer om voëls te jag?" Ek kon my opgewondenheid kwalik onderdruk. Ons het tot laat die nag gesels en voëljag tot by sy derms uitgeryg.

HOOFSTUK EEN

Sy kon met my ou SKB begin en eers kyk of sy daarvan hou, was my eerlikste begin. Met 'n 12-boor kan jy jou skouer lelik verniel, maar ek sien sy het klaar besluit. Sy wóú skiet. "Uiteindelik sal ons vir jou 'n geweer moet kry." "Maar daar ís 'n geweer," het Sus geantwoord; haar pa se geweer. 'n Feitlik ongebruikte Beretta staan in haar broer se kluis. Hy het gesê sy kan hom vat, en dieselfde aand nog vir ons foto's gestuur. Ek was heimlik groen oor die blink wapen en groot naam.

Is daar meer eerlike stories en boekies as *Sus en Daan*? "Ek is Sus," het ons leer lees. En "Ek is Daan." Gestroop van alle pretensie, skoon, netjies en afgerond. Sonder geite. Sus en Daan is skietbaan toe om te voel wat kleiduiwe skiet met haar skouer maak. En die Beretta het sy blouskouermerk gelos. "Kry hom mooi in die skouer in, Sus, moenie spasies los nie." Maar Sus was nie bang nie. Sus het nie geskrik nie. Sus wou steeds leer voëls jag.

Met al die vooraf-fieterjasies agter die rug, moes ons gaan jag. Ek het geweet van 'n dammetjie waar die ganse en eende teen skemer laag inkom, teen die wind. Dit was 'n goeie plek om te begin, want dit is belangrik om goed te begin. Sukses met jou eerste probeerslag is beter as 'n ellelange, moedelose gesukkel. Die kopereendjies het lekker laag en naby ingekom. Wat is die kode, Sus? *"Bum, belly, beak, bam!"* sê sy outomaties. Volg deur en knyp die skoot af op sy neus. Moenie stop nie; hou aan beweeg.

Agter haar het ek sit en duim

BO: Die span bymekaar: Holly, Simon, Sus, skoonpa en Polka.

REGS ONDER: Besig met 'n anatomieles op 'n fisant.

vashou. Twee eende het dié aand geval en Polka het hulle gaan haal. Haar eerste voëls was in die sak, en dít nogal twee kopereende! Verbeel jou, wat 'n voorreg, het ek gedink en die lang gesoek na myne weer onthou.

DIE VOLGENDE STAP

Met hoofstuk een van *Trap der Jeugd* – "die sit langs water en wag vir eende" – agter die rug, is ons agter tarentale en fisante aan. Dis iets heeltemal anders. Ek het my vriend Simon met sy Engelse springerspanjoeltjie Holly gevra om vir my en Polka te kom help. Ma is ook saam om foto's te neem. Maar Sus het nie 'n fisant of 'n tarentaal gekry nie. Miskien was die instinktiewe skietery nog te vinnig vir haar. As 'n laaste poging is ons in 'n ruie klofie af waar ons voorheen al uiters suksesvol was.

Ons weet die fisante is daar. Iewers sou ons tog in 'n dammetjie vasloop, het ek myself probeer oortuig, en net daar klap die skoot. "Ek het hom!" het Sus verder af in die kloof geskree. "Ek het hom, maar ek weet nie waar hy is nie!" Toe ek by Sus kom, kon ek sien die trane lê vlak. Trots en twyfel het deurmekaar geloop. "Toemaar, toemaar," het ek probeer troos, "Polka sal hom kry. Waar lê hy?" Die beste wat sy kon doen, was om in 'n vae algemene rigting te wys. Hoofstuk twee uit *Trap der Jeugd* waar Sus en Daan mooi die val moet merk, was nog nie behandel nie.

Ek het nie eers getwyfel ons soek na 'n Kaapse fisant nie en toe Polka met 'n kolgans uit die bossies kom, was ek stomgeslaan. Toe loop Sus se dammetjie oor. Van blydskap. Heel op haar eie, sonder enige voorskryf, en met net een skoot. Verstommend. Sus het haar eerste kolgans soos 'n baba liefderyk in haar arms kar toe gedra. Skoonpa moes elke nou en dan onthou om sy mond toe te maak. Daar is altyd vlieë op 'n beesplaas. Dit was 'n groot dag.

Die volgende hoofstuk was skuiling bou en lokkers uitsit. Dit was droog en die enigste dammetjie wat nog water ingehou het, is dik deur die kolganse besoek. Ons kanse was goed. Die lokkers se funksie was om hulle na ons kant van die dammetjie toe te lok. Die skat van skietafstand was nou belangrik. Jy kan 'n groot klomp ammunisie mors deur hopelose lang skote te maak. Kollies kan mors met jou voorraad ammunisie.

Maar Sus het nie gesukkel nie. Sommer die eerste ou wat durf waag het om in te vlieg en te kom kyk watse nuwe vriende nou hier sit, is uitgeknikker vir Polka om die optelwerk te doen. Dit was Sus se tweede kolgans.

Die groot trofee, beide haar en haar man s'n, was egter nog 'n droom. Sy wou 'n wildemakou skiet. Nie sommer enige een nie – 'n groot monster van ten minste 6 kg. 'n Koedoebul van 58 duim, 'n 100-pond-perkant-olifantbul, het ek gedink. Skoonpa moes met 'n nuwe strategie vorendag kom, vars oor die groot saak dink. So, met die volgende kuier is ons Riviersonderend toe, daar waar ek weet die ou grotes altyd vlieg.

Om kolganse en wildemakoue suksesvol te jag is nie 'n kwessie van korrelgrootte of ladings of hoe ver jou geweer kan skiet nie, maar van veldkuns. Hoe naby kan jy aan hulle kom. Die ou grootvoete is dikwels baie nuuskierig. Kruip mooi weg en wag tot hulle op jou lope wil kom sit. Dan skiet jy hulle morsdood met nommer 5's. Soos die slag toe ons kwartels »

18+

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» gejag het en 'n verdwaalde tarentaal tussen ons kom deurneuk het. Hy was dooier as dood met een skoot 24-gram nommer 9-donshael. Dis 'n moeilike hoofstuk om onder die knie te kry, veral as jy soms sukkel om somme te maak, soos skoonpa wat glo praktiese ondervinding is eintlik die ding. Skiet en vra vrae later. Hoekom, wat, waar, wat het hier gebeur, hoe werk dit?

Dit was steeds droog. Die hele kloof en al sy pannetjies was nog net stof. Maar daar was nog twee klein dammetjies met water in oorkant die pad. "Gaan probeer daar," het Salmon gesê. "Die wildemakoue vlieg heen en weer tussen die twee." Ons het gaan sit en Sus het geskiet – en geskiet en geskiet, en ons het donkeraand met leë hande bakkie toe geloop. Nie eers 'n veertjie het geval nie. Haar skouer was weer blou. Ons sou maar elders weer probeer.

Maar 'n baba het intussen aangekom, Polka is dood en skoonpa het afgetree en weggetrek van die plaas af om langs die see te gaan "rus" – en die droom het net 'n droom gebly. Tot nou die dag toe ons kleinkind vir ons kom kuier en ouma kon help oppas terwyl pa en Sus weer kon gaan probeer.

Weer was dit ek en Sus en Simon en sy twee spanjoeltjies. Dit was 'n mislike namiddag. 'n Sterk wind het yskoud suidoos in die kloof opgetrek en reën het uit alle rigtings gedreig. Ek het Sus mooi laat verstaan dis nie doodsake nie. Kop uittrek maak nie van jou 'n banggat nie, net 'n wyser jagter, 'n slimmer mens. Maar Sus was vasberade. In die kloof het haar wildemakou gewag. "Pa het mos gesê daar is baie," het sy die druk ongemerk op my gelaai.

Hoofstuk ses sê dit gaan oor die reis, en die resultaat is maar net die eindbestemming. Maar tog, die reis raak lank en sê nou maar die makoue is nie daar nie, soos die vorige keer met my en Simon toe hulle elders loop draai het – seker met al die water, want dis 'n baie nat jaar. So nat soos ek hom nog nie gesien het nie. En moedverloor is 'n lelike ding.

Ek het my warm en dig aangetrek en knus in die biesies gaan sit waar ek die spulletjie kon dophou. Kon raad gee soos dit nodig is. Dalk meer moed kon inpraat as enigiets anders en na die ondergaande son kon loer, die lug skoon en koud sonder 'n enkele gans iewers te siene. 'n Paar eendjies het kom kyk wie dan nou hier op hulle plek kom vroetel. So ook die skoorsteenvere en die bloukrane en 'n lepelaar. Maar niks makoue nie. Ek moes myself begin moed inpraat. Wag maar, hulle sou nog kom, móét kom, het ervaring vir my wou vertel. Geduld lê nog voor in hoofstuk sewe.

Met haar jong oë het Sus hulle lank voor skoonpa sien kom. Ek wou nog bevestig van *"bum, belly, beak, bam!"* en deurvolg en nie doodruk nie, toe skiet sy klaar en die makou val morsdood anderkant die stroompie. Klein Skollie het gaan wys waar hy tussen die biesies lê, want vir uitsleep en dra was die makou heeltemal te groot. Sus het haar wildemakou gehad. Daar was jubelende vreugde alkant toe, dalk meer nog vir my as vir haar. En toe skiet sy boonop 'n kolgans wat Skollie ook loop wys het en Kaspaas ook loop haal het, want hy loop toe reeds hoog in die wolke en het werk gesoek.

En om die aand mee af te rond en die herinneringe te bevestig, val Simon se Subaru All-Wheel Drive vas tot amper op sy pens. Die kar is onnodig swaar en vastrap in die gladde modder is onmoontlik, so stoot was uit. Teen swartnag was Sus en ek van kop tot tone bevuil en die Subaru só van die modder dat dit die Gansbaaise karwasdienste die hele volgende oggend gevat het om uit te vind watse kar dit is. Sus sal haar eerste wildemakou lank onthou.

DIE LAASTE HOOFSTUK

Sy het haar makou en kolgans self uit die vlei gedra en die volgende oggend afgeslag en die vleis bewerk. Soos dit hoort. Die laaste hoofstuk in *Trap der Jeugd*: Jy moet jou buit gebruik. Jy mag nie mors nie; wat jy doodmaak, moet jy eet.

Sus wou leer voëls jag en sy het. Sus kán skiet. Sy kan 'n 12-boor in die skouer druk en 'n gans morsdood skiet. Sus is 'n voëljagter – dis nou behalwe tarentale en fisante wat iewers tussen die hoofstukke deurgeval het.

Hierdie is 'n eenvoudige, eerlike storietjie. 'n Hart-se-puntstorietjie vir 'n pa wat nooit dogters gehad het nie. Nou wag oupa vir die kleinkinders om ook saam deur *Trap der Jeugd* te werk.

Trap der Jeugd en *Sus en Daan* – aanvangsleesreekse van my kleintyd met Koeloe, Duif, Kiet en Kees en vele ander karakters.

BO: Sus met haar wildemakou.
ONDER: Soms was dit maar nat.

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BIPODS BY ACCU-TAC

A handy accessory to help you hit your target

Until just a few short years ago, a rifle fitted with a bipod in the hunting field was a rarity. Most hunters considered them unnecessary and cumbersome accessories. Still, as time went by, more and more hunters and shooters realised that a quality bipod could come in very handy indeed in certain circumstances.

I was recently supplied with an Accu-Tac BR-4 G2 bipod by Freeborn Arms in Pretoria for testing purposes. At first glance, it was apparent that this was a quality product. It is machined from solid aircraft-grade aluminium and is anodised.

The bipod attaches to the rifle, Picatinny-style, via a sling stud rail adapter that is attached to the forward sling stud on the rifle. Attaching and detaching the bipod is easy: just tighten the lever on the right side of the bipod, and the unit is secured. If the shooter needs to cant the bipod, a throw lever in the front of the bipod makes things easy. Simply loosen the throw lever, level the rifle by canting it in either direction, and tighten the throw lever again.

The bipod's legs can be adjusted to a width of either 45° or 90°, and the legs

INSERT: The Accu-Tac BR4 G2 bipod, as tested. (Photo: Accu-Tac).

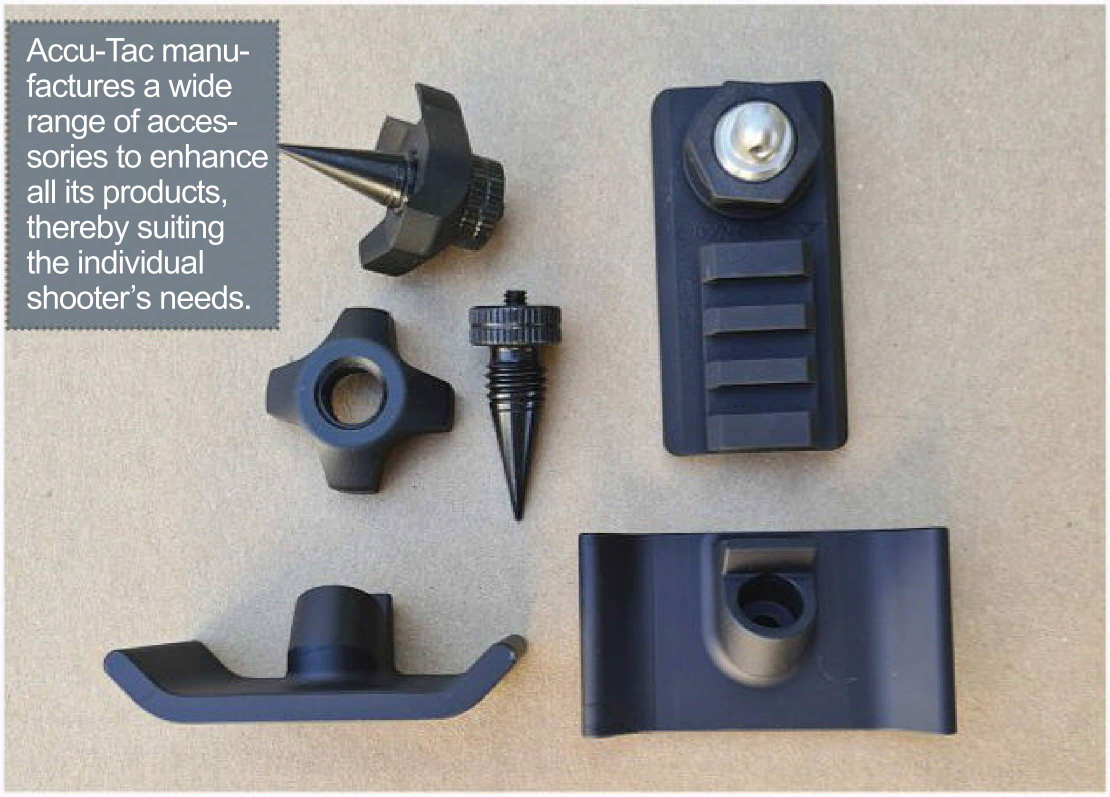
BELOW: The Accu-Tac bipod was steady to use from the bench as well as in the field.

The bipod attached to the rifle. To remove the bipod, simply press the lever forward.

ABOVE: The sling stud adapter attaches to the fore-end of the stock. The bipod is simply clipped onto the adapter for use.

FAR LEFT: The legs have five notches for height adjustment.

LEFT: To retract the legs is easy: simply push down on the lever and the spring-loaded legs retract by themselves.



Accu-Tac manufactures a wide range of accessories to enhance all its products, thereby suiting the individual shooter's needs.

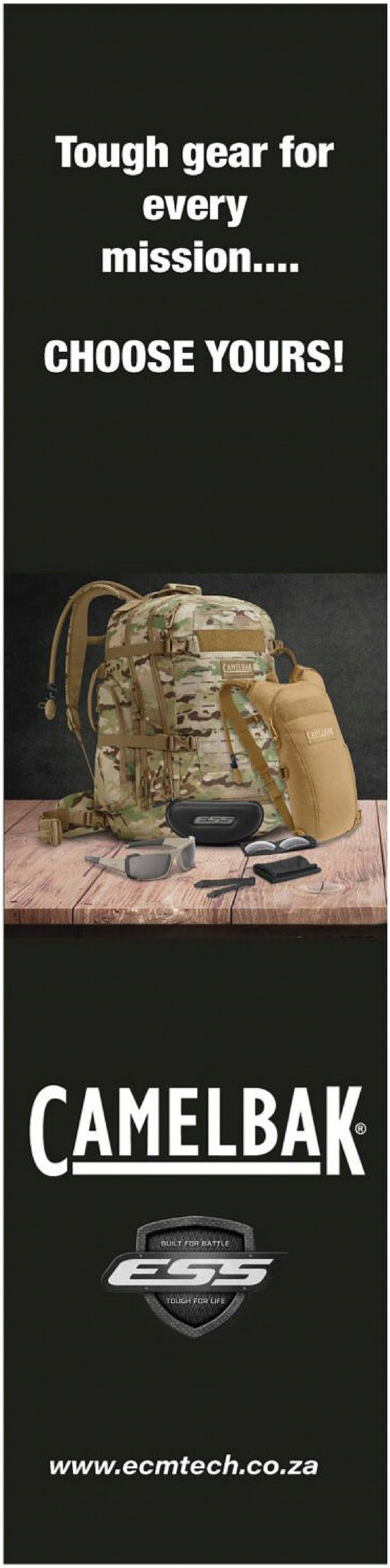
have five different notches for height, either together or individually, depending on the circumstances. The legs can be adjusted by simply pulling them out. Retracting them is easy: simply push down on the lever above the legs and the spring-loaded legs spring back in place. The feet have rubber pads to avoid the bipod sliding around on wet or slippery surfaces.

Dimension-wise, the legs can be extended to a maximum height of 21 cm with the legs extended at 90º, and to 14 cm with the legs extended at 45º. Due to its solid construction, the bipod is on the heavy side at almost 600 grams without the adapter. However, as it is unlikely to be used on a rifle for walk-and-stalk hunting, this is of no consequence.

To test the bipod, I mounted it on my heavy-barrel .243 Winchester. From the bench, I found the bipod steady enough to use for sighting-in purposes if the underside of the stock in front of the recoil pad was also supported. During a springbuck hunt in the Karoo earlier this year, the .243, with the bipod in place, worked very well. Resting the rifle on a flat rock, I shot two springbuck rams at distances of 234 and 253 metres, respectively. It was easy to take the shots, and the bipod certainly made life easier.

The Accu-Tac bipod, as tested, is a quality product that will doubtlessly provide many years of reliable service. I intend to use it again in future in situations where slightly longer shots are sometimes required, such as when hunting springbuck in the Karoo and the like. I have no hesitation in recommending it as a sturdy, well-made product well worth a good look.

** Accu-Tac products are imported into South Africa by Freeborn Arms in Pretoria. The model, as tested, retails for R5 800. Freeborn Arms can be contacted telephonically on 081-321-4433 or via e-mail at* FINEGUNS@LANTIC.NET



The completed rifle, chambered for the 7mm RUM, with the Swarovski scope fitted as well.

A SPECIAL RIFLE FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

A one-off rifle to be remembered

I'm a gun nut, and I have also been married for 36 years. These two statuses sometimes tend to conflict because my wife has often felt I need to practise "more sensible" spending habits than buying guns. It took me some time to come up with a practical solution to resolve these conflicting "responsibilities" – I began buying only special guns for special occasions.

As it turned out, coming up with special occasions was not that difficult. So, my family were gifted a new rifle on as many occasions as I could conjure up. My wife, for example, received rifles when she graduated, fell pregnant, delivered a child, and on every milestone of marital bliss. Consequently, she has many "occasion-justified" rifles. Fortunately, she uses them skilfully – on prey other than me! However, this article is about one of the special-occasion rifles for my son.

A SPECIAL OCCASION INDEED

In 2014, just after completing his diploma in Sport Coaching, my son walked into my reloading room one day and announced he was leaving South Africa to pursue a career in the French Foreign Legion. That surely put the cat among the pigeons in our household! The long and the short of it was that he totally disappeared for a year and a bit before we got news that he was now one of a very select few to qualify as a Legion paratrooper. This was an occasion that warranted another rifle, a very special one!

I consulted my son about what he would want in a rifle without telling him what the plan was. His thoughts were largely similar to mine, but he had a few different ideas. He is part of the mountain warfare company at 2 REP. Spending lots of time on Alpine slopes in horrific weather had gained some appeal with him, and his ideas leaned towards hunting in those conditions.

As a gun nut, I've been keeping tabs on firearm and related technological developments around the world since the 1980s. I also religiously follow the activities of custom gunmakers, new and old, and communicate with many of them on a regular basis. These artists and trendsetters are fascinating people with insights into concepts that simply blow my mind!

CHOICE OF ACTION

Anyhow, I encountered a few

problems along the way when planning my son's rifle. The gift had to be left-handed, and it had to be one of a kind. My friend Michael Roden of Granite Mountain Arms makes fantastic left-handed Mauser actions, but they are not one of a kind. So does Gottfried Prechtl in Germany. Sako, Weatherby and other left-hand actions were not unique either, and CZ did not offer a left-hand rifle in either 550 or ZKK configuration.

Although I don't necessarily believe that controlled-feed actions are superior to push-feed designs in the context of modern hunting and definitely not from a precision perspective, I know that controlled-feed actions will soon be a relic of the past due to cost. I wanted to create something that would represent the romance and the values of the time – it had to be controlled-feed. At the time, no one made pre-'64 Winchester M70 actions, Mannlicher-Schönauer actions or Newton actions, and definitely not left-handed versions.

As a result, I turned to Matthew Nathan Roberts of MNR Custom, a young gunmaker in Springfield, Vermont, in the USA, who had impressed me on every level. Matt fears no challenge, and I asked him if he would create one of the most unique bolt-action rifles in the world for my son. For some or other unknown reason, he agreed.

Despite its shortcomings, I prefer the pre-'64 M70 action to the Mauser M98, but that is not the topic of this article. Anyhow, Matt and I sat down and hammered out some details for a rifle that would be totally unique and absolutely one of a kind. They were as follows:

- all-weather, long range (desert and mountain)
- left-handed Winchester M70 pre-'64-type action
- full .375 H&H length
- double square bridges
- equipped with a .404-diameter bolt face
- bench-rest blueprinted for precision
- equipped with a 1:9" twist stainless-steel barrel
- my son's paratrooper wings number as serial number

Now THAT was a tall order!

Matt had no issue creating this unique action with a magazine box configured to the unusual 7mm Remington Ultra Magnum (RUM) cartridge. I do not consider the 7mm RUM cartridge the ultimate or best 7mm cartridge. Still, it's an uncommon cartridge, and the action was configured to be convertible to another .404 Jeffery case-based cartridge once the barrel was shot out.

Other deviations from the original Winchester M70 design were the creation of a solid, one-piece, two-screw trigger guard assembly. The magazine box was chosen as a separate item to accommodate future cartridge changes, and a dedicated 7mm RUM magazine follower was created. This was done because the two-piece, three-screw design of the original Winchester can be problematic.

We considered all sorts of aftermarket triggers: Blackburn, Jewell, Timney and others, but in the end, I settled on the simple, original Winchester factory trigger but kept the option to later refit an aftermarket Jewell trigger. For all its unusualness, it had to remain a very robust, hard-working hunting rifle.

This principle also guided the final specifications of the two action bridges and the choice of scope ring assembly. I toyed with Recknagel or EAW mounts but settled on 30mm Alaska Arms quick-detachable rings. The action bridges were machined with short dovetails that did not extend the full length of the bridge. Only, recessing short slots rather than rails was not simply an aesthetical touch. Although the system has a Brno ZG47-style side lug to prevent move- »

The gunmaker, Matthew Roberts, with one of the rifles he crafted.

The barrelled action after the scope mounts had been fitted.

» ment under recoil, the recessed dovetails contributed to solidity and positioned the rings where they worked best with the Z6 Swarovski 3-18x50mm BT riflescope I was going to install.

I opted for this particular riflescope for several reasons. It is a lightweight scope for lugging up and down mountains in Europe, where my son will mostly use it. The magnification range is big and 18x is more than what is needed on a long-range (up to 300 metres) hunting rifle. The optical clarity is excellent, while the 50mm objective lens provides all the light needed for antelope hunting conditions.

Another big consideration was the different range zero settings offered by the Swarovksi BT 3-ring zero system. I like uncluttered reticles and having a plain reticle, but the benefit of different range zero settings works well for longer-range shooting. However, there was yet another consideration: ZniкiZ makes a 10-ring aftermarket zero system that permits 5 different zero ranges at a time! It is a truly useful enhancement of the Swarovski 3-ring concept.

There are several great barrel makers in the USA, and everybody is entitled to his preference. I have a habit of collecting craftsmanship, and for that rea-

The underside of the magazine, showing the substantial magazine floorplate.

The action after it was machined, still in the white.

son I do not necessarily stick to a single artisan for everything. One of the top barrel makers in the USA is Dan Lilja of Lilja Riflebarrels, Inc. in Plains, Montana. Dan not only makes barrels but is a highly successful, competitive precision shooter as well, and his barrels are inspected for rifling twist consistency with custom machinery. Therefore, consistency is a hallmark of his barrels.

Dan advised me to opt for 3-R rifling. R-rifling has sloped sides to the rifling, and the absence of sharp corners reduces copper fouling in such corners between rifling and grooves. The uneven number of lands does not exert opposing pressure on the bullet when engraving it, while the low number of grooves reduces the engraving on the bullet. Dan felt that by opting for 3-R rifling, we could squeeze a bit more life from the barrel, given the destructive nature of the cartridge chosen. That settled it.

The barrel was specified at 26" with an extra-long Knox form extending beyond the point where the bullet would be when the pressure peaks. To reduce weight yet retain rigidity, the barrel was fluted. Increasing the external surface of the barrel accelerates the barrel cooling tempo. With the 7mm RUM cartridge being a bit of a barrel destroyer, every bit helps. For this same reason, I coated the bore surface with a ceramic bore coating. The coating makes the barrel slower to foul, easier to clean and fills the metal pores that provide edges for the combustion flame to attack. It also absorbs heat better than bare metal. I've had great success with bore coatings in my rifles and swear by it.

The metalwork, rings included, was coated with a graphite black Cerakote finish to endure rough handling and extreme weather.

The stock had to be synthetic to endure European hunting weather, be robust, lightweight and quiet. There are very few synthetic stocks that have the same elegant lines as good, custom-made wooden stocks, but there are exceptions: Bansner & Company in Adamstown, Pennsylvania. More importantly, Mark Bansner's stocks are made from a carbon fibre/fibreglass hybrid composite material and are extremely strong and stable. Since the stock could be made a perfect fit, no cheekpiece was required, but a nice, 30 mm-thick, black Limbsaver recoil pad and a crossbolt behind the action lug were added. The stock finish is a practical grey, latte and black.

Someday, an additional walnut stock in the classical style will also be constructed for this rifle. However, that lies in the future as we still have to find the "occasion" to justify that!

When I eventually took possession of the rifle, it looked exactly like I wanted. Matt Roberts not only understood just what I wanted but executed it to perfection. The fit and finish were top-class and on par with a custom wooden stock. It was way better than I expected!

It is important for a rifle to look good because we look at it much more than shoot it. But a rifle is useless unless it shoots well too. Most half-decent rifles can be made to shoot well with highly tuned reloads, but that is not the true test. Nosler Partition factory loads were used to test the rifle's inherent precision potential. Nosler Partitions are great hunting bullets, but no precision records have ever been achieved with them. Be that as it may, the brand-new barrel delivered 0.652" three-shot groups at 100 yards with the Partitions. That is no world record, but it is very fine, given the limitations of the test, and it is actually sufficiently precise, even for long-range hunting.

I haven't had the opportunity to develop any loads yet, but a great deal of selectivity went into the primer and propellant diets that will be tried. I acquired several hundred Nosler Custom cases and inspected them for case wall uniformity and case weight. The cases that passed both inspections were hydraulically expanded in a custom Hornady expansion die mated to the rifle's chamber. These were then checked for water capacity consistency and deviant capacity cases were again culled. I have great hopes that we will end up with sub-half-MOA groups, especially when the barrel has fired a few more shots, but that will just be a nice bonus.

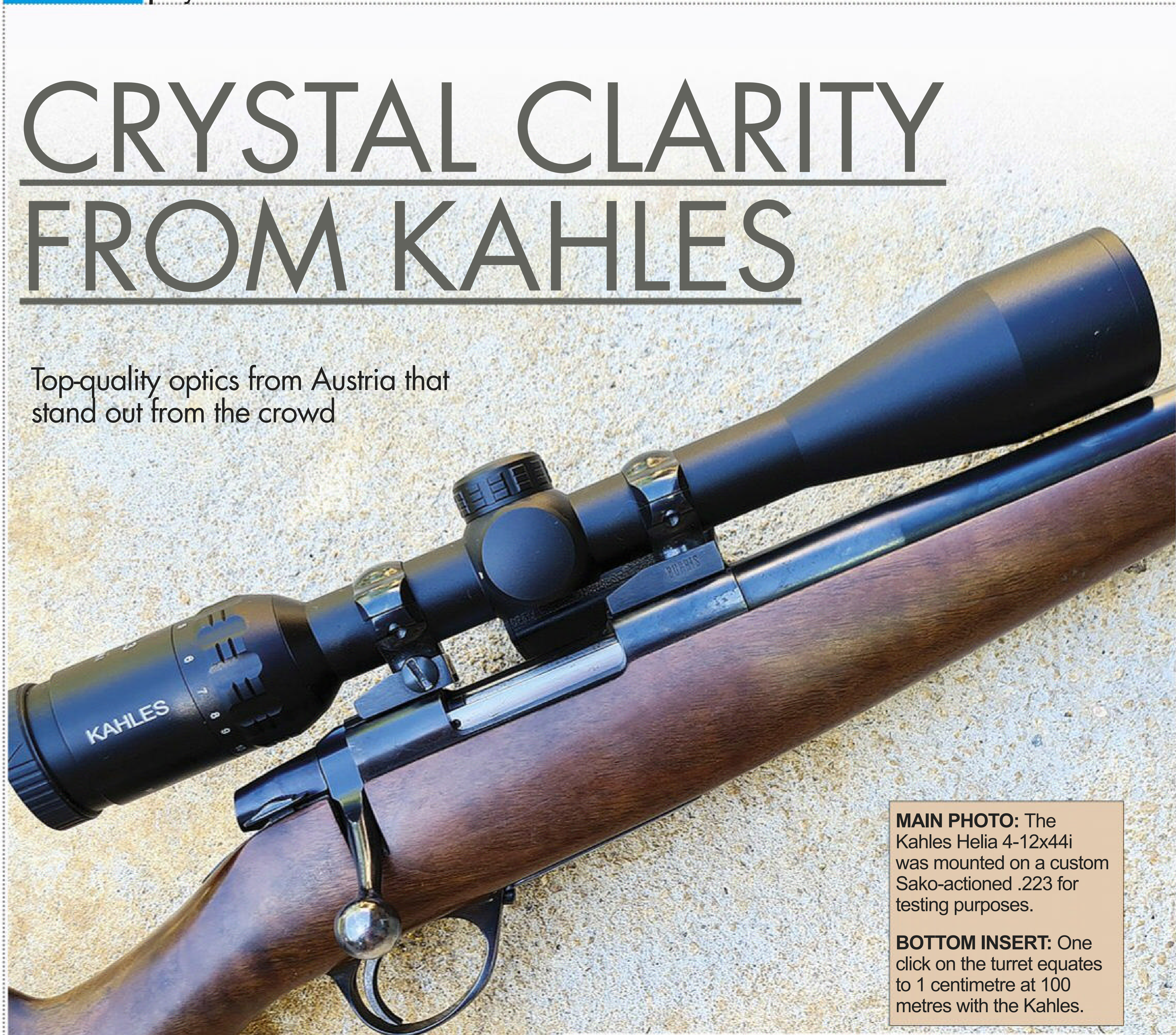
The moral of this story is that you can have great fun adding another rifle to your battery. Also, just try the special-occasion justification. It works for me, and my wife still speaks to me… occasionally!

The ZnikiZ turret rings for the Swarovski scope's target turrets.

TEST REPORT | By JOHAN VAN WYK

CRYSTAL CLARITY FROM KAHLES

Top-quality optics from Austria that stand out from the crowd



MAIN PHOTO: The Kahles Helia 4-12x44i was mounted on a custom Sako-actioned .223 for testing purposes.

BOTTOM INSERT: One click on the turret equates to 1 centimetre at 100 metres with the Kahles.

The illuminated reticle's adjustment knob is situated on the left side of the turret housing.

The focus is adjusted by twisting the rubber eyepiece.

Kahles, the world-renowned optics manufacturer from Austria, was established in 1898 by Karl Robert Kahles in Vienna by merging the Simon Plössl Company and the Opto-Mechanical Workshop of Karl Fritsch. Since then, the company has established an enviable reputation for their superb optics. These days, Kahles is a subsidiary of Swarovski Optik, and, as can be imagined, the finest quality optics are still a hallmark of today's Kahles.

Kahles optics are imported into South Africa by Whylo Distributors (Pty) Ltd in Durban. Whylo's Andrew Whysall recently sent SA JAGTER/HUNTER a Kahles Helia 4-12x44i riflescope for testing purposes.

TECHNICAL SPECIFICATIONS

At first glance, the Kahles appeared to live up to the brand's sterling reputation. The 1" maintube from anodised aluminium has an attractive, practical matte black scratch-resistant finish. At 485 grams, the scope is also not too heavy.

The reticle is in the second focal plane, which means it appears to remain the same size throughout the scope's magnification range. The test scope was fitted with Kahles's 4-Dot reticle, although the G4D reticle with additional aiming lines is also available. Ballistic drop compensation is a further option. A tiny dot in the centre of the crosshair can be illuminated by means of the illuminated reticle knob on the left side of the scope, opposite the horizontal adjustment turret.

Field of view ranges from 9,2 metres at 100 metres at the lowest magnification setting (4x) to 3,3 metres at the highest (12x). Eye relief is a generous 90 mm.

Click adjustments were positive and audible, which I like very much, and every click equates to 10 mm of adjustment at 100 metres. The illuminated reticle features what Kahles calls "intelligent automatic switch-off", so battery life will not be wasted unnecessarily. Day/night settings are standard.

With an overall length of 351 mm, the Kahles is on the longish side, which necessitated a switch in testing platforms (more about this later). Nevertheless, the 44mm objective lens diameter gives the scope a very streamlined, sleek look, another big plus for me.

Company literature describes the scope's optics as "superb" and "premium", and I heartily agree. The Kahles is blessed with superb glass. When I compared the Kahles on the shooting range with another scope by a well-known manufacturer, the difference was easy to see. With the Kahles, I had no trouble spotting tiny bullet holes through the target at 100 metres. With the other scope, it was a different matter altogether. Therefore, the Kahles gets another "A" from me in this regard.

ON THE RANGE

The initial plan was to mount the Kahles on a particular .300 Magnum rifle for testing purposes, but this turned out to be impossible due to a combination of the scope's length and the rifle's fixed open sights. Instead, the Kahles was mounted on a neat little custom-made Sako .223 for range testing purposes.

As was to be expected from such a high-end product, everything on the range went smoothly and sighting in was quick and painless after bore-sighting the mounted scope first.

I fired the rifle numerous times at various distances to get a feel for the scope, and it performed without any hiccups. It also returned to zero perfectly after a box test (zero the rifle, adjust six clicks up, six to the right, six down, six to the left, and check zero again).

CONCLUSION

Kahles describes their thinking behind the 4-12x44i as "for stalking and the mountains", and I reckon they may just have gotten it right in this instance. I would be hard-pressed to find a more suitable candidate for an all-round scope for general open plains and bushveld hunting. The superb optics, positive adjustment and relatively light weight all add up on the positive side of the ledger. In fact, it would be difficult for me to find anything negative to say about the Kahles in the context of a scope for general hunting in South Africa. This is a high-end product that I can recommend without hesitation. It is also supplied with a Neoprene cover for protection.

At a suggested retail price of approximately R35 000, the Kahles Helia 4-12x44i is not for everybody's budget. However, it unquestionably is a high-quality product and is backed up by a ten-year warranty.

** Kahles products are imported by Whylo Distributors (Pty) Ltd in Durban. Contact them on 031-584-8088 or via the web at* www.whylo.co.za

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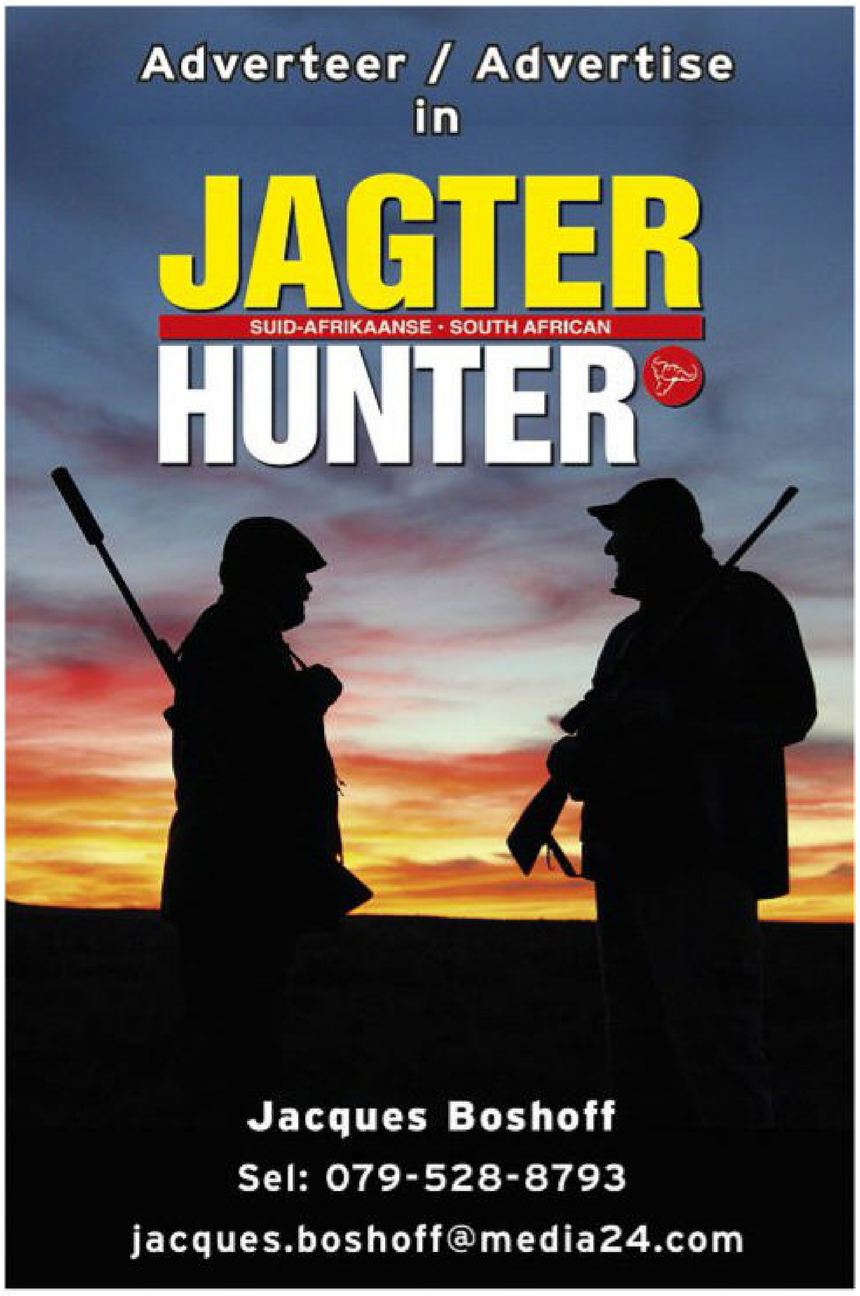

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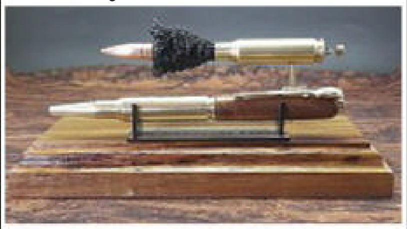

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Prys: R220 plus posgeld.

Die boek kan bestel word via my e-pos-adres:
moperi@ntelecom.co.za

.38 SPECIAL-REWOLWER

Maak: Arminius
Prys: R700
Johan: 082-451-8693

EXECUTIVE GUNS FOR SALE

.375 Sauer 90 Swing-off
Zeiss scope 1.5-6x42
R33 000
Miroku 12-bore over & under variable chokes.
Foam-line travel box
R19 500
Both excellent condition.
Andre: 082-339-5651

GESOEK | WANTED

EGPAAR SOEK BETREKKING OP PLAAS/WILDPLAAS

Jong egpaar Ivan en Crystal verlang betrekking op plaas of wildplaas. Bereid om na enige plek in Suid-Afrika of buurlande te verhuis.

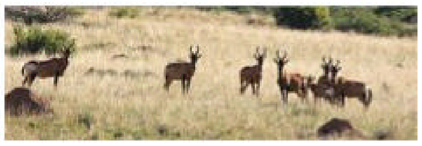
Ivan:
- 7 jaar militêre ondervinding
- werksondervinding op mielieplaas, wildplaas en by vyfster-lodge
- goeie dierekennis
- kan algemene werk op plaas verrig (sweis, instandhouding van voertuie, trekkers, paaie, heinings)
- Geldige bestuurslisensie (PDP & kode 14)

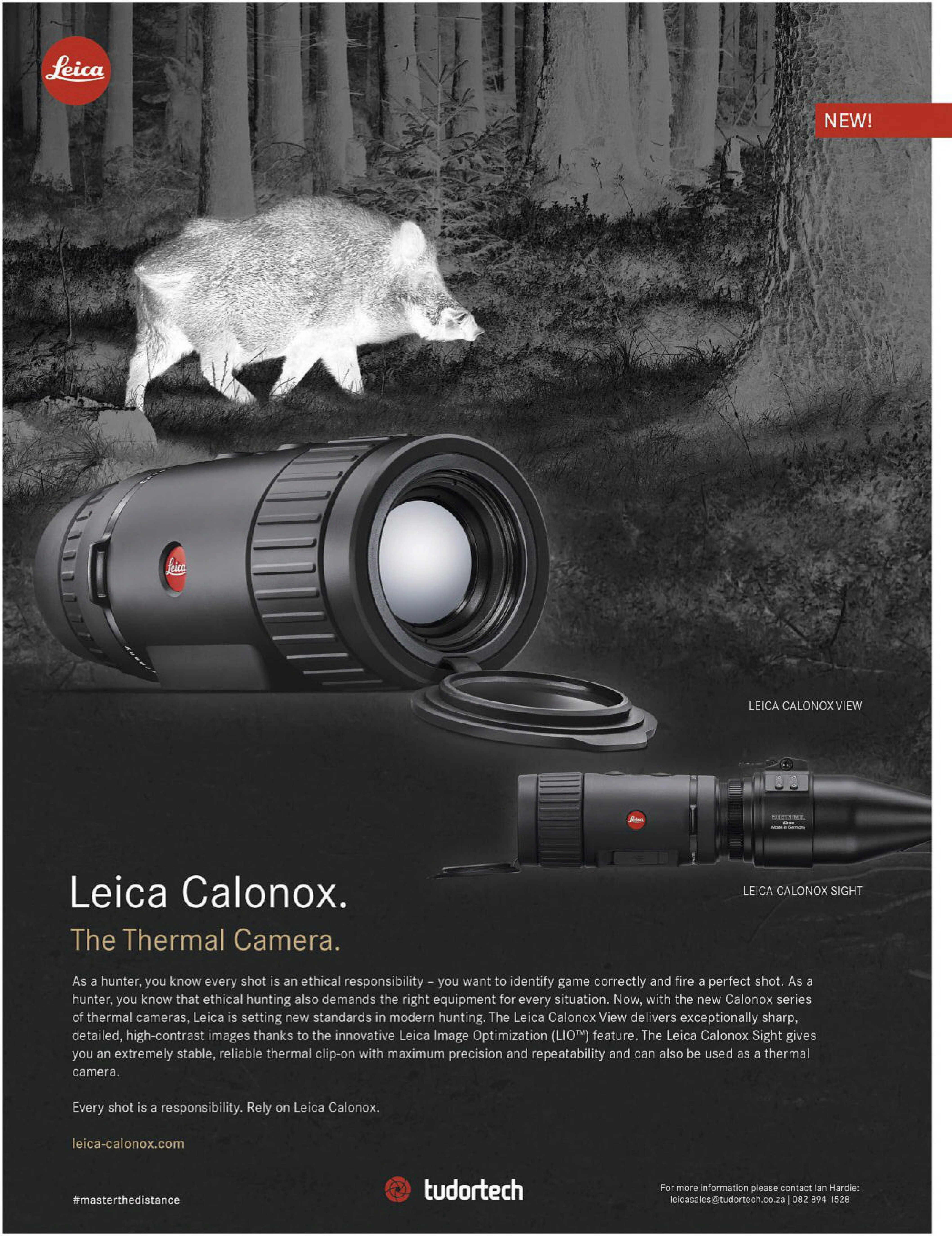
Crystal:
- 3 jaar ondervinding as gasvrou in vyfster-omgewing
- algemene bestuur van gastehuis/lodge
- ontvangsdame
- voorraadbeheer, administrasie
- rekenaargeletterd
- goeie gasteverhoudings

CV met goeie verwysings beskikbaar. Kontak
ivansafrica88@gmail.com

WANTED: USED CARTRIDGE CASES *(DOPPIES)*

Reloading dies *(matryse)* and reloading equipment.
All common rifle calibres.
Trevor: 082-897-6899

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