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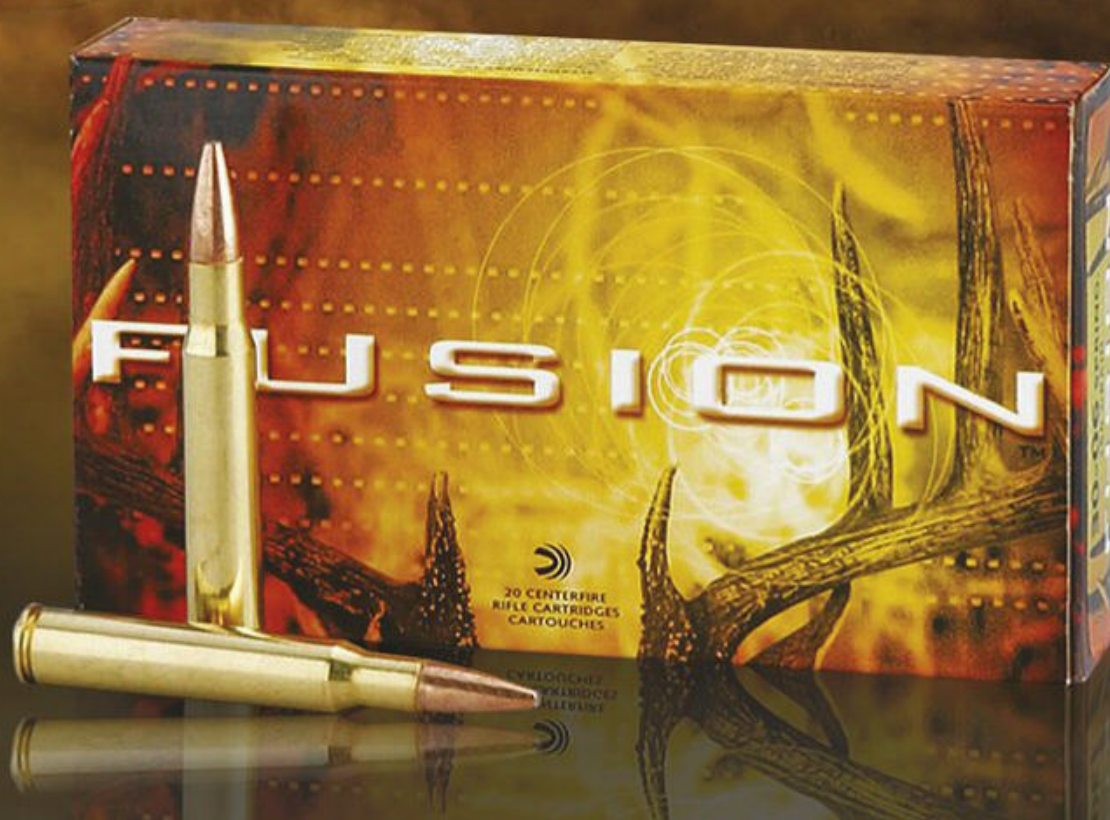
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DRUKKER:
Novus Print, 10 Freedom Way,
Marconi Beam, Milnerton, 7441.

UITGEGEE & VERSPREI:

Media24 (Reg. no. 05/038385/06),
Heerengracht 40, Posbus 2271,
Kaapstad, 8000



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GEWEER: Mossberg Patriot Revere met
Leupold VX-3i 4,5-14x40-teleskoop.
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JOHAN VAN WYK

Net soos die son soggens opkom en daarmee saam die belofte van 'n nuwe dag met nuwe dinge, het 2022 ook sy verskyning gemaak. Met 2021 wat, nes sy voorganger, om talle redes lank onthou sal word, hoop baie dat 2022 'n jaar met minder storms en kalmer waters sal wees.

Soos julle in hierdie uitgawe sal lees, het die SAPD besluit om die omstrede beoogde wysiging van die Wet op Vuurwapenbeheer gedurende laat 2021 te laat vaar. Dis vir vuurwapenhandelaars en -eienaars sowel as jagters en versamelaars baie goeie nuus aangesien die beoogde wysiging van hierdie wet die spreekwoordelike appelkar vir

ons almal sou omkeer. Die toekoms sal egter leer of dit die einde is van sulke pogings om die wet te wysig.

Met die hoop dat die virus wat ons almal se lewens die laaste paar jaar omvergewerp het, hopelik eersdaags sal wyk, hoop ek van harte ons vuurwapen- en jagindustrie sal in dié jaar opnuut 'n bloeitydperk beleef. Stories van jagondernemers wat berge moes versit om besoekende jagters, veral dié van buite Suid-Afrika, te akkommodeer, sowel as handelaars wat sukkel om voorraad in die hande te kry, is legio. Ek hoop werklik dat 2022 'n beter jaar in dié opsig sal wees. Op die ou end is daar 'n wedersydse afhanklikheid tussen jagters, jag-

ondernemers, plaaseienaars en die vuurwapenindustrie. Dit is dus in al hierdie rolspelers se belang dat dinge klopdisseelboom loop.

By die tydskrif beplan ons 'n hele rits interresanthede vir ons lesers vir hierdie jaar. Verskeie kompetisies met fantastiese pryse sal gehou word en soos gewoonlik sal ons voortgaan om eersteklas-leesstof en vermaak aan ons intekenare te voorsien. Hou gerus die tydskrif en ons sosiale media platforms dop!

Noudat die fees- en vakansieseisoen stadig maar seker ten einde loop, is dit tyd om die nuwe jaar vierkantig in die oë te kyk. Dat dié jaar sy uitdagings gaan bied, is nie te betwyfel nie. Hopelik sal dit egter nuwe uit-

dagings wees wat nuwe oplossings verg. Dit sal inderdaad 'n groot verligting wees om vir 'n verandering ander uitdagings te hê as dié waarvoor handreiniger en chirurgiese maskers vantevore die oplossing was.

Dis vroeg in die jaar, maar die 2022-jagseisoen is slegs 'n paar maande weg. Dis nou dus 'n goeie tyd om solank die spreekwoordelike vere te begin regskud, toerusting na te gaan en dalk voelers uit te steek om 'n nuwe jagbestemming of twee op te spoor!

Soos altyd, wees veilig!

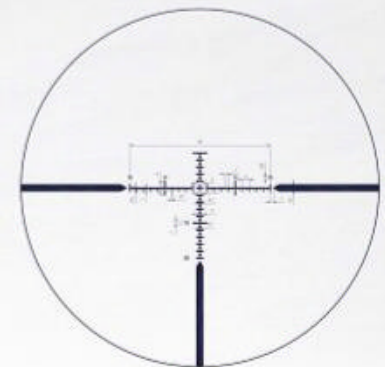
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BOSPOS

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WENBRIEF

SOOS NET 'N .300 KÁN

Met verwysing na SA JAGTER/HUNTER se hoofartikel, “.300 Holland & Holland – prins van die driehonderds” (Nov/Des 2021-uitgawe): As eienaar van 'n soortgelyke geweer, wil ek die skrywer, Francois van Emmenes, met die inhoud van sy skrywe komplimenteer.

My .300 Holland & Holland is 'n pre-'64 Winchester Model 70 in oorspronklike toestand, toegerus met 'n Nicol 6x-teleskoop.

Ek was bevoorreg om as kind op 'n koedoeplaas in die Uitenhage-distrik deur my vader, wyle kmdt. Antonie Claasen, as skut opgelei te word. Ek het op sewejarige ouderdom met 'n .22-enkel-skoot geleer hase skiet, later duikers en toe koedoes met 'n .303 P14 (lang loop vir akkuraatheid). Hierna het ek na 'n 7x57mm Mauser met Nicol 6x-teleskoop opgegradeer totdat ek in Januarie 1964 'n .300 H&H Model 70 kon koop by 'n geneesheer wat net drie skote daarmee afgevuur het. Dié geweer is steeds in my besit.

As plattelandse, praktiserende geneesheer kon ek later my eie twee wildplase in die Fort Beaufort-distrik aanskaf. Daar

het ek hoofsaaklik met die .300 H&H wild soos bosbokke, koe-does en elande gejag.

Ek is dikwels genooi om te help wild oes of uitdun. Hierdie wild het bestaan uit springbokke, bosbokke, blesbokke, ens. Ek het daarvoor 'n Musgrave .243 met 'n 26"-loop en 'n 6x Bushnell-teleskoop gebruik. Akkuraatheid was besonder belangrik omdat daar hoofsaaklik kopskote geneem is tot op 260 tree (afgetree deur die eienaar se voorman).

Maar nou eers meer oor die .300 H&H se vermoë. Die volgende twee ware gebeurtenisse is deur getuies bevestig:

Die eerste het plaasgevind toe wildplaaseienaar en boer, Willem Nel, gevra het of ek op dié spesifieke dag by 'n koedoejag wou aansluit. Die dominee sou kom en hy moes vir seker sy koedoebul kry, al sou iemand anders 'n bul skiet. Ek was bevoorreg om posisie in te neem in 'n gevestigde toring (in die bosveld) wat absolute dooierus vir akkurate skootplasing bied. Die ander jagers, dominee inkluis, was toe reeds minder suksesvol. Gelukkig het ek 'n “skelm” koedoebul gesien wat op 'n drafstap van die geraas wegvlug. Hy het reguit na my gekyk in gebroke veld. Al wat ek kon sien, was sy horings, kop en nek. Dit was my enigste kans voor hy oor die draad na die buurman sou spring.

Ek was gereed: absolute dooierus, geen wind nie en die middagson wat heerlijk op die bul skyn. Alles was in my guns, behalwe dat net die kop en nek in die gebroke bosveld sigbaar was. Sodra ek die sneller gedruk het, het die 180 grein Winchester Silvertip hom in die middel van sy nek reg van voor getref en hy het in sy spore neergesak. Toe die eienaar, dominee en ander skuts by die bul kom en hom ondersoek, was die ver-



baasde uitroep: “Kyk waar sit die .300 Magnum se skoot – nekskoot reg van voor in die middel van sy nek.” Ek glo net die .300 H&H Magnum kon dit doen. Die dominee het toe darem sy bul gekry.

Die tweede voorval was ook by Willem Nel, wat self 'n aktiewe jagter en skut was. Hy het my vertel van 'n groot koedoebul op sy plaas Rooikop wat hulle voortdurend ontwijk weens moeilike omstandighede en afstande. Willem het gevra dat ek kom help. Ek het die terrein besoek en nadat ek 'n stewige sitplek met dooierus-ondersteuning gemaak het, het ons 'n middag vir die moontlike jag bespreek. Met alles gereël, het ek tweeuur die middag 'n stewige dooierusposisie ingeneem. Dit was 'n pragtige sonskynwintermiddag. Willem en twee ander besoekers was saam. Die .300 H&H Winchester was met 150 grein Winchester Silvertips gelaaie omdat ek gewaarsku is dat ek ver sou moes skiet.

Willem het sy ervare plaas- en wildbestuurder Charlie afgestuur in die boskloof wat met noorsbome (Ngabome) oortrek was. Hy moes in die kloof die bul se spoor soek en hom opjaag, wat toe wel gebeur het. Omdat die bos langs die grensdraad weggekap was, kon ons

hoor en sien hoe die groot koedoebul alleen teen die grensdraad tot bo-op 'n koppie hardloop soos in die verlede. Hy sou oor die 4'6"-draad na die buurman se veld spring. Toe die bul bo kom, het hy gelukkig mooi dwars gaan staan en teruggekyk. Terwyl hulle deur hul verkykers kyk, het die ander my aangeraai om te skiet. Ek het die sneller gedruk en kon duidelik hoor hoe die koeël die bul tref. Hy het in sy spore neergesak en sowat 20 tree teruggerol tot in die pad langs die grensdraad. Van daar kon die manne hom met redelike gemak afsleep tot waar die bakkie hom kon laai. Die Silvertip het die bul effe hoog agter die blad getref, met relatief min vleisskade.

Ek het hierna gehoor Willem en sy buurman het elk 'n .300 Magnum aangeskaf. Ek glo dat net die .300 H&H Magnum hierdie twee uitstekende skote kon plaas. By elke geleentheid wat ek genooi is om deel te neem, het hierdie geweer sy kant gebring.

Normaalweg het ek die 180 grein Silvertip Winchester gebruik en my Magnum is akkuraat op 100 meter ingestel.

Lekker jag!
OOM KOBIE (DR. L.J. CLAASEN)
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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 ontluk nie! Ons sien uit na julle bydraes!

KONTROVERSIËLE WETSONTWERP VAN DIE TAFEL AF – VIR NOU...



Toe daar gedurende laat November 2021 aangekondig is dat die kontroversiële en veelbesproke beoogde wysiging van die Wet op Beheer van Vuurwapens vir eers van die tafel is, was daar groot verligting onder alle vuurwapenregtegroep en ander belanghebbendes, ingeslote die publiek.

Een van die vele beoogde wysigings was die skrap van selfverdediging as 'n geldige rede om 'n vuurwapen te besit. Wapenversamelaars, die herlaai van ammunisie en talle ander aspekte sou baie nadelig deur die beoogde wetsontwerp geraak word. Daar is geen twyfel

dat hierdie beoogde wetsontwerp die landskap vir nie net die wapen- en jagbedrywe ingrypend sou verander nie, maar ook vir lede van die publiek wat wettige vuurwapeneienaars is.

Die tyd sal leer of dit die einde van dié beoogde wetsontwerp is. Wat wel seker is, is dat die Minister van Polisie en ander besluitnemers 'n geweldige hoeveelheid besware teen die beoogde wetsontwerp ontvang het en dat verskeie jag- en vuurwapenorganisasies reeds hul tande begin slyp het vir die hofstryd wat die bekragtiging van die beoogde wetsontwerp sou ontken het.



DISASTER DOWN UNDER

On the morning of 23 November, disaster struck at the Woodleigh Bullets factory near the town of Murrabit in New South Wales, Australia. Due to rats gnawing through some electrical wiring, a fire erupted in the front part of the building. It soon spread, causing extensive damage to priceless manufacturing machinery, computers, sales records and existing stock.

Woodleigh has been the premier supplier of quality bullets in many scarce and hard-to-find calibres and had long-term contracts with well-known ammunition manufacturers such as Federal and Norma.

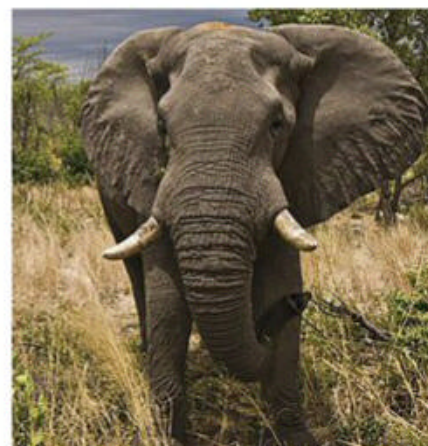
To make matters worse, the fire occurred on the 71st birthday of Geoff McDonald, the owner of Woodleigh. Geoff's wife, Shirley, suffered from



smoke inhalation and was briefly hospitalised after the incident.

At this stage, it is unclear what the total extent of the damage is and whether Woodleigh will ever resume production again. The result, however, is that the shooting world has lost a prime source of very fine hunting bullets. We wish Geoff and Shirley McDonald all the best in their efforts to get back on their feet again!

BOTSWANA MAAK GELD UIT OLIFANTJAG



Die *Voice of America* het onlangs berig dat die Botswana-regering gedurende die 2021-jagseisoen 'n totaal van 2,7 biljoen VS-dollar se broodnodige buitelandse valuta verdien het. 'n Groot gedeelte van hierdie geld word toegeskryf aan die feit dat dié land se regering olifantjag heropen het.

MOZAMBIQUE'S NIASA SPECIAL RESERVE UNDER THREAT

Islamic State (ISIS) insurgency in Mozambique's Cabo Delgado province constitutes a major threat to the economy and stability of the region. The African Union recently sent Rwandan troops to the area to help Mozambican authorities quell the threat. However, there are fears that ISIS started moving east and has begun to occu-

py the vast Niassa Special Reserve in Niassa province.

The Niassa Special Reserve is a remote area that covers more than 42 000 km² and the presence of ISIS inside the reserve is not only a potential humanitarian crisis but also a grave threat to the wildlife in the area. During Mozambique's civil war, Renamo rebels occupied the Gorongosa

National Park in central Mozambique and nearly decimated the wildlife in the park.

Niassa suffered heavily from elephant poaching during the past few years. It is thought that as many as 18 000 pachyderms were poached for their ivory during this period. Should ISIS move into the Niassa, the remote nature of the area as well as the thick bush will make it

impossible for security forces to dislodge them before the end of the summer rains in April 2022. In the meantime, it is feared that the area's wildlife population will suffer greatly at the hands of the insurgents. Many lodges and other tourist destinations in the area has already closed their doors as a result of the ISIS threat and the situation is being monitored.



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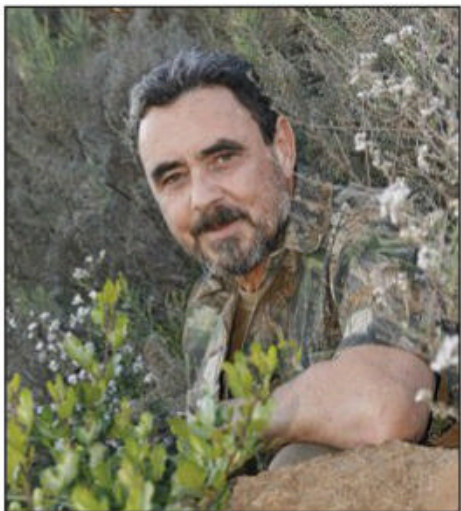
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- ⚙ **KAPPETIJN-MES:** PIERA RHEEDERS, BLOEMFONTEIN (Kontak Linita by 082-968-4242 vir jou prys.)
- ⚙ **PROMARK:** MARINA PIENAAR, ROODEKRANS

Die name van Januarie-Februarie 2022 se pryswenners sal in die volgende uitgawe van **SA JAGTER/HUNTER**-tydskrif verskyn en sal ook op ons webtuiste bekend gemaak word.



DAAR DOER IN DIE BOSVELD

Hoe weet jy wanneer jy in die Bosveld is?

Wanneer die meeste van die mense wat jy ontmoet, Van der Walt heet. Gewoonlik Andries, Johannes, Hendrik, Petrus of Tjaart.

Die Bosveld is deurtrek van Van der Walts. Agter die Soutpansberg is dit net mambas en mopanies wat meer volop is. Jy kry Van der Walt-boere en Van der Walt-wildvangers en -slagters en -dominees en -draadspanners – en natuurlik Van der Walt PH's.

Toe die eerste Andries van der Walt in 1727 van Friesland af hier aangekom het, was dit waarskynlik met 'n .375 en 'n Land-Cruiser met skiettralies.

Maar hierdie storie gaan nie oor die Van der Walts nie, eerder oor die Bosveld, want die Bosveld is hartswêreld vir enigeen wat lief is vir die natuur. “Daar doer in die Bosveld,” lui die ou liefdesliedjie, “daar's rus vir my. Daar doer in die Bosveld, daar wil ek bly.”

Die Bosveld kruip onder jou vel in, want hy raak jou aan soos 'n haak-en-steek. Eenkant gryp hy jou met sy sielvolle karakter, anderkant knyp hy jou met sy skurwe skatte. Hierdie wêreld van dorings, angels, kloue en tande is tegelyk rustig en opwindend.

Waar presies is die Bosveld?

Die Bosveld is nie 'n plek nie. Eerder 'n streek, vernoem na sy tipiese plantegroei. Dit strek van die Magaliesberge af noord oor die noordelike deel van die land. Wes gaan dit oor in Kalahari en oos loop dit in die Laeveld in.

Getrou aan sy naam, is dit bome wat aan die Bosveld sy unieke gevoel gee. 'n Eiesoortige versameling hardehout, van rooibos en kiereklapper tot tambotie en kiaat. En natuurlik ook myle en myle mopanie waar die omstandighede reg is. Koning onder die ryk verskeidenheid is seker die eeue-oue hardekool, met hout so dig dat dit in water sink. Ver noord is dit die ikoniese ou sagtehartkremetartreuse wat al vir duisend jaar en meer oor die eidelose bos troon.

Hierdie boomryke savanne is 'n paradys vir wilde diere en voëls, en daarom ook vir die jagter. Ek wil die stelling maak dat Suid-Afrika se Bosveld waarskynlik een van die rykste jaggebiede ter wêreld is, iets wat ons as *locals* nie altyd besef en na waarde skat nie.

Maar daar is ook nog plekke waar die Bosveld steeds sluimer soos hy al vir eeue doen. Plekke waar die eienaars edel harte het en die natuur in al sy vorme probeer spaar.

Gepraat van *locals*: Jy ken die Van der Walts en die ander Bosveldmense maklik uit. Hulle ry Land-Cruisers en dra *camo*-baadjies, met 'n kortbroek en bruin enkelstewels. En 'n bofbalkeppie op die kop as dit 'n PH is, of 'n breërandhoed as hy met duur wild boer. Dis heerlike mense hierdie met stoere harte. Maar pasop ook maar, veral vir dié met die balieborskaste wat met bak arms soos buffelhoringe loop. Die Bosveld is taai wêreld – nie 'n plek waar jy jou wil kom snaaks hou oor iets wat nie snaaks is nie.

Maar die Bosveld is nie meer

oral Bosveld nie. Mammon se stootskrapers stuit mos vir niks, veral nie vir die natuur nie.

Ellisras, byvoorbeeld, was 'n stowwerige pioniersdorpie daar doer in die krul van die Limpopo, met geharde beesboere wat kon vertel van leus onder die vee en mambas wat op die sitkamer-*pelmet* paar. Vandag is Lephalale 'n woelige myn- en Eskomdorp met winkelsentrums, kitskosplekke en dawerende vragmotors. Op die omliggende wildplase waag 'n leeu dit nie meer buite sy kampie nie uit vrees dat nóg van Medupi se kragopwekkers kan ontplof. Net die mambas is darem nog daar, al het die huise nou nie meer gordynkappe nie.

Oral kruip die stootskrapers

vir die loeries en die luiperds en die gryse ou bome, en totaal sonder respek vir die eeue-oue wysheid van natuurprosesse.

Naby Musina, vlak teen die lewensaar van die Limpopo, wil ons heersende plunderaars glad 'n hele stuk Bosveld vir die Chinese gee om as nywerheids- en handelsnodus te “ontwikkel”. Op talle ander plekke is daar ook sprake van nóg prospektering, nóg myne, nóg verwoesting. Ons leiers wil nie verstaan van bewaring en hernubare energiebronne nie, nie solank daar bakhand gestaan kan word by 'n oop gat nie.

En dan is daar ook nog al die ander “ontwikkelaars” wat deurlopend op die Bosveld toesak en die natuur omver kom gooi vir besproeiingsplase, gholflandgoedere, aftree- en leefstylorde, en versnipperde wild-“plase”.

Dis 'n hartseer situasie, veral vir natuurliefhebbers en jagters, dat daar so opportunisties omgegaan word met só 'n manjifieke stuk Afrika-erfenis. Dit is asof niks anders as geld saak maak nie!

Maar daar is ook nog plekke waar die Bosveld steeds sluimer soos hy al vir eeue doen. Plekke waar die eienaars edel harte het en die natuur in al sy vorme probeer spaar. Plekke waar al die spesies van vroeër miskien nie meer voorkom nie, maar waar die Bosveld steeds wild en natuurlik genoeg is om jou met sy karakter te betower.

Pak jou goed, laai jou kinders, en loop beleef daardie plekke terwyl jy kan. Luister na die bos se stemme, peil sy hart, eer sy gawes. Maar trap saggies: Die Bosveld is onder beleg. Ons rykste stuk natuur is besig om sy onskuld finaal te verloor. ☹

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QUALITY ON A BUDGET WITH MOSSBERG

Just because a rifle is reasonably priced, doesn't mean it has to be inferior.

MAIN PHOTO: The Mossberg Patriot Revere rifle was tested with a Leupold 4,5-14x40 VH-3 HD scope and Federal Fusion ammunition.



The Mossberg's detachable magazine has a capacity of five .308 Winchester rounds and can be reloaded, even if not removed from the rifle.



The bolt is fluted to save weight and ensure smooth travel.

With a company history dating back to 1919, the American firm of OF Mossberg & Sons, Inc, based in North Haven, Connecticut, is well known for producing shotguns for hunting, military, and law enforcement applications. As time went on, however, Mossberg branched out to produce and market other types of firearms as well. One of their forays into the hunting rifle world was the Patriot, introduced in 2015.

Formalito, Mossberg's South African agents, recently supplied SA JAGTER/HUNTER with a Patriot Revere test rifle chambered for the .308 Winchester, along with a Leupold 4,5-14x40 VX-3HD scope mounted in Leupold PRW2 rings, and Federal factory ammunition loaded with their excellent 180-grain Fusion bullets.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

When we unpacked the Mossberg rifle, the first thing that came to mind was that it was,

considering the price, quite a lot of rifle. The classically styled, grade 2 European walnut stock has a cheekpiece, rosewood grip cap and fore-end tip, and a black ventilated recoil pad. With a length of pull of 13,75", the rifle fitted me well enough, but it was slightly too short for our advertising consultant, Jacques Boshoff. This is not meant as a criticism, however. The Patriot is a factory-made rifle and was designed to suit as wide a range of physiques as possible. It is thus inevitable that the stock dimensions will not fit everybody across the board.

The stock is further adorned with two-panel chequering on the pistol grip and a wrap-around panel on the fore-end. The chequering was a bit sharp for my taste but still neat and practical.

The Patriot action features a spiral-fluted bolt and a removable bolt head (some Internet sources call it a floating bolt head). It uses a typical push-feed system with a recessed bolt head and a spring-loaded extractor and ejector, and locks up via twin opposed locking lugs, à la Remington 700. The trigger is Mossberg's Lightning Bolt-Action trigger with a small spring-loaded blade within the trigger itself that stands proud when the action is cocked, »



The bolt release button is situated on the left side of the bolt shroud.



The Mossberg features two-panel chequering on the pistol grip. Note the safety catch on the right side of the bolt shroud.

» therefore also doubling as a cocking indicator. The trigger pull was on the heavy side but with no creep, and the mechanism is adjustable for a trigger pull from 2 to 7 lbs. The bolt release and safety catch are located on the left and right side of the bolt shroud, respectively, and both worked as advertised.

The Patriot comes in two action lengths. The short-action

version, as tested, is available in .243 Winchester, 6,5 Creedmoor and .308 Winchester, all with 22" barrels. The long-action version is offered in .270 Winchester, .30-06 Springfield and .300 Winchester Magnum, with 24" barrels. The removable drop-box magazine is a standard feature (capacity: five rounds for the short-action version, three rounds for the long-action version). The test rifle also sported a recessed match crown, although threaded and fluted barrels are available with other Patriot models.

ON THE RANGE

As the test rifle was brand new, I ran a dry patch through the bore to remove any excess grease, oil or other potential

LEFT AND BELOW: The Mossberg's stock is finished off with a fore-end tip, as well as a grip cap of rosewood.



The Mossberg boasts a Lightning Bolt-Action trigger mechanism, which worked well after a bit of getting used to.

obstructions that can cause damage before settling down to fire a few groups with the Mossberg. The Patriot weighs in at 7 lbs without the scope, so it is on the light side, but the well-designed stock and soft recoil pad helped tame what recoil the .308 cartridge delivered.

I must admit that the trigger took a bit of getting used to, but it worked fine after dry-firing the rifle a few times. I then settled down to see what the rifle would do after bore-sighting the Leupold. It took but a handful of shots to get the scope on target, and I concentrated on firing a grouping to see what the Mossberg was capable of. Well, quite a bit, as it turned out, as the first three-shot string landed just about within an inch of each other at 100 m. Please bear in mind that this is factory ammunition from a brand-new rifle, the action of which is bedded directly into the stock. With a different diet and a chance to exercise the barrel a bit, I have no doubt that the Mossberg will be capable of even better accuracy. However, for a budget .308 with factory ammunition, I have no complaints about the rifle's accuracy.

The function was also good.

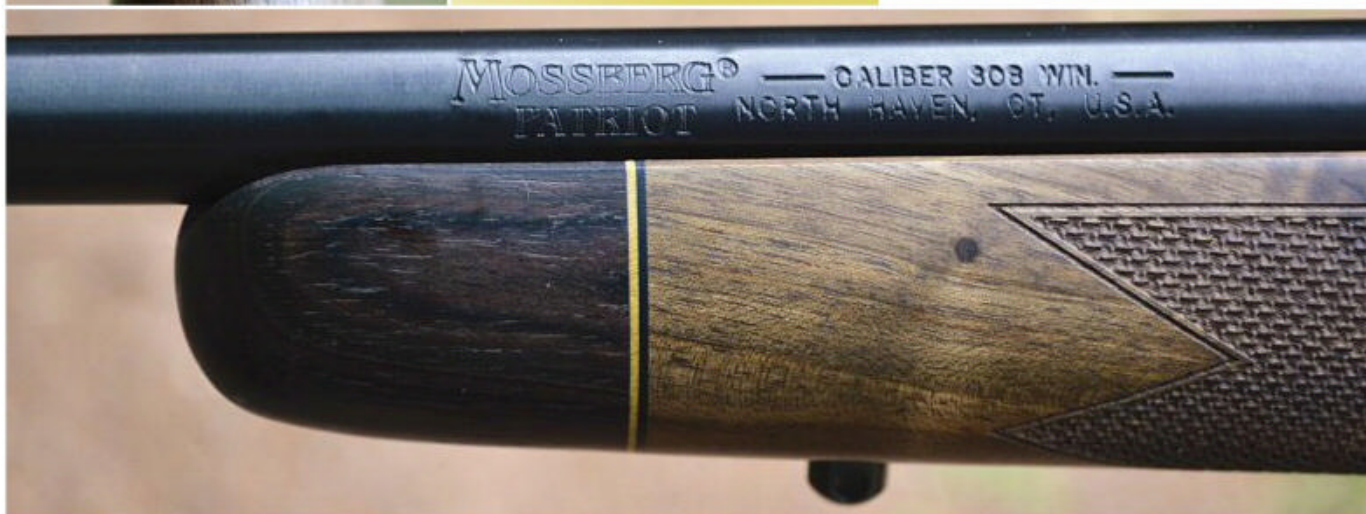
The Mossberg fed cartridges smoothly from the magazine into the chamber. The design allows cartridges to be loaded into the detachable magazine without physically having to remove the magazine from the rifle. In addition, the Patriot comes standard from the factory with a set of Weaver-style scope mount bases – a nice touch.

CONCLUSION

With regard to the Leupold scope and Federal ammunition, what is there to add? Both manufacturers have excellent reputations for quality built up over many years, and both continue to innovate and introduce new products to keep up with the times. Therefore, both the scope and the ammunition get a thumbs-up from me. The Leupold's suggested retail price is R12 850 and a box of 180-grain Federal Fusion .308 Winchester ammunition retails for approximately R770.

Considering the Patriot Revere's suggested retail price of R20 900, it is good value for money. It is a good choice for the occasional hunter who does not spend weeks on end in the hunting field every year, or as a first rifle for a young or beginner hunter. For the farmer looking for a working rifle to do duty on all sorts of pests, or perhaps the occasional springbuck, blesbuck or kudu for the larder, the Mossberg will fit the bill perfectly.

* Mossberg, Leupold and Federal products are imported into South Africa by Formalito in Pretoria. They can be contacted telephonically on 012-664-7793 or via the web at www.formalito.co.za



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- 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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MAIN PHOTO: The sheer number of birds sometimes present at one of my favourite venues is staggering. At times, the entire roof of this shed is covered with rock pigeons.

BOTTOM: The rock pigeon is a worthy adversary for the wing-shooter and will test both gun and ammunition to the limit.

THE ROCK PIGEON – AFRICA'S FERRARI OF GAME BIRDS

Flying at tremendous speed and with amazing agility, rockies can humble even the most experienced wingshooter.

The speckled pigeon (*Columba guinea*), or “rockies” as they are known amongst us hunters, must surely rate as the bread-and-butter game bird of Southern Africa. The alternative English name is “rock pigeon”. In Afrikaans, they are mostly called *bosduif*, although the correct name is *kransduif*. Whatever takes your fancy, I suppose...



Their numbers abound in most agricultural areas where grain crops are planted. In some areas, they are considered vermin due to the damage they cause to especially sunflower fields. It's not only the staggering number of seeds a single bird can eat that is of major concern, but also the number of seeds that fall on the ground and are wasted – these seeds are dislodged from the ripe sunflower head by the bird's feet when sitting on it. In some areas, farmers simply don't plant sunflowers anymore as the annual losses from these birds by far exceed the narrow profit margin on these crops.

Because of this, participating in a "rocky" shoot is normally not that difficult to organise, and most farmers welcome hunters to keep the bird numbers in check, thus reducing their losses. Organised shoots, both paid for and free, are held regularly by churches, schools and a few hunting organisations. So, even if you do not have a contact in the farming community, it is relatively easy to cut your teeth on rockies. Compared to most doves and other pigeons, rockies are much larger and have a wingspan of about 30-34 cm, which they put to good use (more on this and other differences later).

THE FIRST INTRODUCTION

My first introduction to rockies was in 1991 as a student in Potchefstroom. We had but one single-barrelled Baikal shotgun to share between friend Louis and I, as well as an open invitation from a local maize and sunflower farmer. In hindsight, our efforts were rather pathetic. After our first visit, we came back with about four birds, having expended a few boxes of ammo in the process. But we learned quickly, and our results improved dramatically over the next three years. Since then, I've been shooting rockies every year, and I'm still learning their cunning ways.

These birds have the ability to humble the most experienced wingshooter. They fly fast, are capable of erratic moves when danger is perceived, are exceptionally wary, and can duck and dive at lightning speed. On top of all that, they are tough to kill, requiring more of a punch than a common red-eyed dove, for instance.

HUNTING METHODS

There are a few ways to hunt them. In ripe mealie or sunflower fields, they can be "walked up" by moving between the rows or positioning oneself on the edge of the field and in the birds' flight path.

At this stage, an important aspect must be pointed out. Rock pigeons derive their name from the fact that they choose rock ledges and other suitable structures with hard surfaces to roost. Domestic buildings in cities and towns, grain silos, sheds

and other such structures offer an ideal environment for them to build nests and seek shelter. Consequently, they inhabit these areas in great numbers.

However, their food source may be as much as 60 kilometres away – a distance they cover easily in their search for food. Therefore, one will often see hundreds or even thousands of birds flying into a field from a certain direction (mostly in the morning), and the opposite way in the afternoon. I've learned that this isn't always the case, though, and that as far as rockies are concerned, there seems to be an exception for every rule!

Generally, though, this is good advice for the novice: Determine a flight path or two and go and sit below it. The birds may come in "high" or "low". I have learned that you can never predict their behaviour to any degree of certainty on a particular day. A flight path



Sunflower field.

that existed a week ago may now have changed as birds from a certain area now visit other fields, and new birds fly in from a new origin.

The wind direction and weather also play a role. Nevertheless, it is important to quickly adapt to the circumstances and take up a new position. For safety's sake, it is *imperative* that this is done with the knowledge and understanding of *all* shots present so that they know you have moved and where to. Still, on most shoots, changing position is not »



Savannah, Robbie Young's German short-haired pointer, after retrieving a rocky in a sunflower field about ten years ago.

» allowed unless it is done in an organised manner and with the knowledge of everyone present.

Walking up birds in a (dry) sunflower or mealie field takes its toll on a shotgun in the form of scratches from the hard stalks that almost always have stiff, thorny prickles. In this instance, your vintage Holland & Holland may thus be susceptible to abuse. Wearing a camo balaclava and gloves works for me when shooting in fields.

The walking and stalking of birds carry a major safety risk for several reasons. You may lose your way amongst the plants, and so may your buddies. As a result, one of the major safety rules of this type of shooting could easily get broken: Always know where your fellow shooters are.

Secondly, depending on the height of the stalks, you may only see a departing bird at close quarters. As they tend to fly off low at first, you may, in the heat of the moment, be tempted to take a shot at a low-flying bird – always a dangerous

manoeuvre and one that will break another important rule: Always shoot at blue sky!

If enough hunters are present, encircling a field with sufficient shooters works very well. You can hide amongst the outer edges of the plants all around the field and rely on birds that are “kept in the air” by other shooters. This way, there is little to gain by moving to another spot. Hunters can be placed, say 70-100 metres apart, each receiving his share of flying birds as well as added safety in distance. A comfortable camp chair, a cold drink and snacks, and – voila!

A third way of shooting, which makes up about 80% of the shoots I have done over the last ten years, involves feedlots. The fodder given to cattle contains maize, a prime food source for rockies, attracting them by the thousands in certain areas. One of my favourite feedlot spots hosts up to a few thousand rockies every day that fly in from virtually everywhere. In such circumstances, you can

seek shelter behind whatever takes your fancy and simply wait for a bird to fly over.

Being concealed behind a kraal pole or something similar yields definite dividends – rockies are super alert and will change direction and fly away from danger at the slightest movement from the shooter. Therefore, you should stay still and only close and shoulder your gun a split second before firing.

If they have spotted you and started jinking, your chance of hitting the bird is just about zero; my advice is to not even try. One thing I’ve also learnt is that it can be dead quiet the one minute, with hardly a bird in sight. The next minute, the sky can explode with rockies for a few minutes. Keep your shotgun ready for such an eventuality!

SUITABLE ARMAMENT

Which gun, which choke and which shot size? I consider the .410 too small for rockies. However, in capable hands, or if teaching a youngster, it may suffice when shots are chosen care-

fully. As mentioned, rockies are more difficult to kill than other doves and pigeons, so the 12-bore reigns supreme in my books. A 16- or 20-bore will also do, and when the shooting gets thick and fast, these minor bores will deliver less of a pounding on the shoulder over the course of the day.

Speaking of shot sizes, I believe in No 7½s, but 7s and 8s will also do. Some wingshooters even use 9s, but I consider them too light. Using the correct chokes for the specific day is important but not critical for success. For me, Improved Cylinder and Full-choke barrels work well, but it is very dependent on the pattern your gun delivers at about 35 yards. If you are serious about connecting with more birds, go to the trouble of testing your gun with different chokes and makes of ammo. You will be surprised at the results!

Rockies fly at tremendous speed and with amazing agility. Calculating the required lead and explaining this to a novice





Marinated rocky breast meat – simply delicious when covered in breadcrumbs and fried in oil over medium heat. Do not fry it too long as it will become tough.



Rock pigeon.

would take up a separate article altogether. *Wikipedia* lists their flying speed at up to 150 km/h – I can hardly believe this but have clocked them at 100 km/h, flying in front of my bakkie. A bird flying diagonally across your front at, say 100 km/h, will

travel about 2½ metres before your shot reaches it, so take ample lead!

Most shots are missed behind the bird. The best advice I can offer is to lead more than you think, pay attention to the results, and develop a feel for it. Besides instinct and feel, you also have to apply your mind – a bird flying with a tailwind of 20 km/h goes much faster than one flying into one, so more lead is required, and vice versa. Then there are also the combinations of height and direction, but I will not spoil your fun any further – half the fun is figuring out this one over a few decades!

SAFETY FIRST!

In hunting situations, I consider a rocky shoot with many participants one of the more potentially dangerous hunting scenarios. Both the danger and subsequent consequences of receiving a couple of hundred lead pellets in the body (or face!) are tremendous. No surgeon will ever be able to remove them all, and the recipient will almost certainly suffer from lead poisoning and its horrific effects. Moreover, I'm terrified at the prospect as heavy-metal poisoning has been positively linked to severe health

problems, including Alzheimer's disease.

Always wear quality shooting glasses when shooting rockies, no matter how safe a hunter your best hunting buddy is. Equally important, the number of shots fired during this type of endeavour demands proper hearing protection – I can attest to this, as can my wife! As mentioned before, *always* shoot at blue sky and be aware of where your fellow shooters are positioned. The best advice is to shoot in a certain field of view and not deviate from it.

Semi-automatic shotguns are not popular on rocky shoots. Always keep your gun open unless you are shooting at a bird, and break it open the moment you are done shooting. With the cost of shotgun ammunition nowadays, I'm choosing my shots and the ranges at which they are taken very carefully. Despite the colour differences between rockies and all the other doves, it is sometimes difficult to identify the different species in the air, especially in low light. Let the bird's size (they are bigger than red-eyes), speed (rockies normally fly faster than the other species) and the flock size (rockies normally fly in flocks when coming in to fields) guide you. Over time, you will learn to identify them positively and not waste ammunition on the non-target species.

UTILISATION

A bird killed with lead shot will certainly contain microscopic lead fragments, even after removing the pellets. Considering the health warning above, it is questionable whether we should

eat such birds at all. However, I do choose the odd bird with a single pellet or two through the head to eat. (I tell the novices on the shoot that I aimed for the head...) I pluck the feathers of these birds from the breast area only and cut along the breast-bone to sever the breast muscle from the bone. I then simply insert my thumb into the cut and pull out the breast muscle, which is the largest one in the bird. This muscle can be cut (with the grain) into long strips and marinated for a few hours in what my friend Robbie Young calls *moer-by-sous* – a mixture of Worcester sauce, olive oil, tomato sauce and spices. These strips are then covered in breadcrumbs and fried in shallow oil over medium heat – “*bosveld KFC*” at its best!

A last word – many a farmer has stopped hunters from shooting rockies on their properties due to poor behaviour. This is mostly related to not picking up empty cartridge cases and dead birds, as well as shooting at other species not sanctioned by the owner, such as francolin or guinea-fowl. Some even don't put out braai fires and leave litter behind. Responsible hunters don't behave in this manner.

A good hunting dog of the retrieving kind is a great asset to any rocky hunter to ensure the cleaning up of dead and wounded birds. Space does not permit a list of every province's hunting regulations for rockies, but they are unprotected in most provinces and some don't even prescribe bag limits. Familiarise yourself with your province's regulations and ensure you have the necessary bird hunting permit required for the province you are hunting in. These permits can be obtained from the SAHGCA head office.

Despite the absence of bag limits, rockies are a great hunting resource in Southern Africa. As hunters, it is up to us to make sure we utilise them sustainably and responsibly. I cannot wait for my next shoot! 🇿🇦



A good retrieving dog adds a special dimension to any rocky shoot. Savanah and Pointer after retrieving one of my birds.



H&H Royal double rifle in .375 Flanged 2½" Nitro-Express and H&H Mauser bolt-action magazine rifle in .375 H&H Magnum.

HOLLAND & HOLLAND THREE-SEVENTY-FIVES

One of the most famous dangerous-game rounds and its blue-blooded stablemates

Whenver shooters mention a “three-seven-five” calibre, one naturally assumes they are referring to the famous .375 Holland & Holland Magnum, also known as the .375 Magnum Rimless Nitro-Express. In 95% of all cases, this would be a correct assumption. The .375 H&H Magnum is the most popular .375-calibre cartridge ever invented and certainly Holland & Holland’s most successful cartridge. However, some people are unaware that Holland & Holland also built rifles in

other, more obscure .375 calibres. It is not particularly well known that the .375 H&H Magnum was neither Holland & Holland’s first attempt at a sporting cartridge in this calibre, nor was it their first belted cartridge. In this article, we take a closer look at this and examine some rifles.

.375 FLANGED 2½" NITRO-EXPRESS

The oldest amongst the .375 cartridges discussed here is the .375 Flanged 2½" Nitro-Express. Developed by Holland & Holland and Eley Bros. in 1899, it was based upon the .303 British case,

lengthened to 2,5" and opened up to accept a .375" round-nose bullet, resulting in a straight-tapered rimmed case. Two factory loads were available: The low-pressure version (12 tons per square inch) used 40 grains of cordite and a 270-grain bullet to produce about 2 000 fps muzzle velocity. The high-pressure factory load (15 tons per square inch) used 40 grains of cordite with a 320-grain bullet, producing approximately 1 900 fps muzzle velocity. The 270-grain load was adopted as the standard load (and is most frequently

encountered), with the 320-grain load offered to hunters who required more power. Interestingly, Kynoch is currently offering new loaded ammunition for this classic old calibre, now using a 270-grain bullet at 1 975 fps.

Holland intended this cartridge for use in double and single-shot rifles as well as magazine rifles. Because Rigby held the exclusive right to the Mauser action in Britain, Holland decided to use the Mannlicher action for their magazine rifles. However, the Mannlicher action



ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: .375 Flanged 2½" Nitro-Express (Kynoch), .400/375 Belted Nitro-Express (Eley), 9.5x57 Mannlicher-Schoenauer also known as the .375 Rimless Nitro-Express (Kynoch), .375 H&H Magnum (Kynoch).

restricted the overall length of its cartridge to a mere 3,07". The end result was that Holland spent an inordinate amount of time performing tests on the 320-grain load, trying to keep the pressures down in the small case (into which the 320-grain bullet had to be seated very deep, further increasing pressures). In some of these tests, the 320-grain load, when heated to 60 °C for two hours, gave pressures over 23 tons, exceeding the proof pressure by 2 tons! These pressure problems were only satisfactorily resolved around 1905, when newer, lower-pressure versions of cordite (such as Axite) became available.

The reason Holland went to these lengths is quite simple: They wanted to match the ballistics of Rigby's .400/350 Nitro-Express, which had been introduced in 1899 and propelled a 310-grain bullet at about 2 150 fps. Of course, Rigby didn't experience any pressure problems as he simply used a very big case and the long Mauser Magnum bolt-action to handle the .400/350 cartridge, which had an



Royal double rifle in .375 Flanged 2½" Nitro-Express in its factory oak-and-leather case.



Hand-detachable sidelock made by Joseph Brazier.

overall length of 3,68".

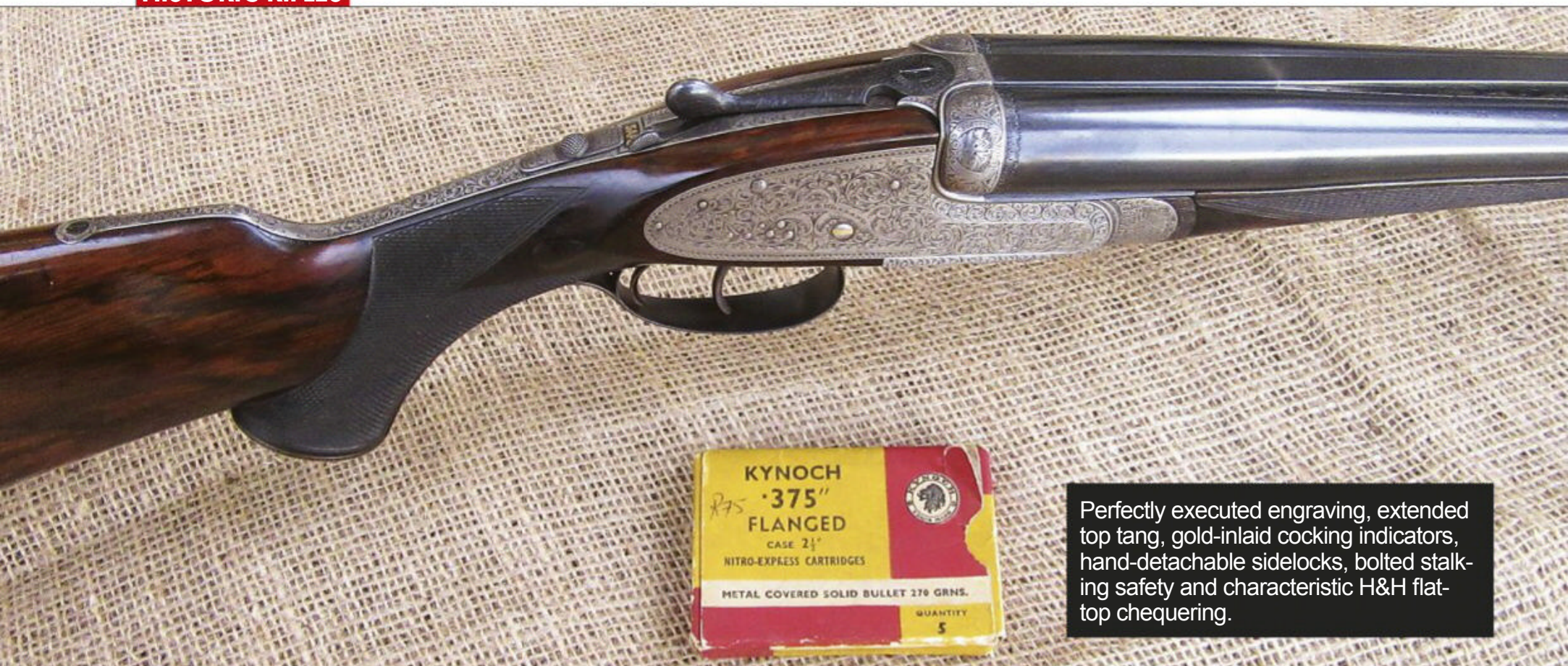
Try as they may, Holland could never get close to the Rigby's performance, always trailing by at least 200 fps with similar bullet weights.

Because the rim diameter and overall length of the .375 Flanged 2½" were approximately the same as that of the .303 British, it could be made to work in almost any rifle chambered for

the .303. BSA, Greener, Watson Brothers and a multitude of other companies made some handy bolt-action sporting magazine rifles in this calibre, using the Lee action – the so-called Lee-Speed rifles. (The Lee-Speed is the sporting version of the military Lee-Enfield rifle, named after James Paris Lee, the inventor of the action, and Joseph J. Speed, who was responsible for

later design improvements to the action). This gave the owner quite a bit more punch than the .303 Lee-Speed.

Holland & Holland built many double rifles in this calibre, especially pre-1912. The rifle featured here in calibre .375 Flanged 2½" Nitro-Express is a very early Royal-grade, hammerless, sidelock, non-ejector double rifle, made in September »



Perfectly executed engraving, extended top tang, gold-inlaid cocking indicators, hand-detachable sidelocks, bolted stalking safety and characteristic H&H flat-top chequering.

» 1909. It has 26" chopper-lump barrels with a file-cut quarter-rib ending in a spearpoint and holding a wide-V, 100-yard, fixed rear sight with two folding leaves for 200 and 300 yards. An engraved ramp holds the front sight with a removable sight insert, a spare insert being carried in the trapdoor of the fully engraved steel grip cap.

Like most Royals, lock-up of the action is by double underlugs and the characteristic Holland & Holland hidden third bite, located in the centre of the breech face in between the removable disc-set strikers. Holland called this type of action their "special treble grip".

Weighing in at only 9½ lbs, the rifle is built on a nice, compact, medium-sized action. The load of 40 grains cordite and 320-grain bullet is stamped on the barrel flats, indicating this rifle was regulated with the higher-pressure factory load. In fact, Holland advised customers that such double rifles had to be built to a heavier weight to resist the extra strain of the 320-grain bullet.

The hand-detachable sidelocks with gold-inlaid cocking indicators can be removed once the small thumb lever on the left sidelock plate is loosened and the threaded pin is withdrawn (i.e., no tools are required to remove the locks in the field). However, these are such a tight fit, even

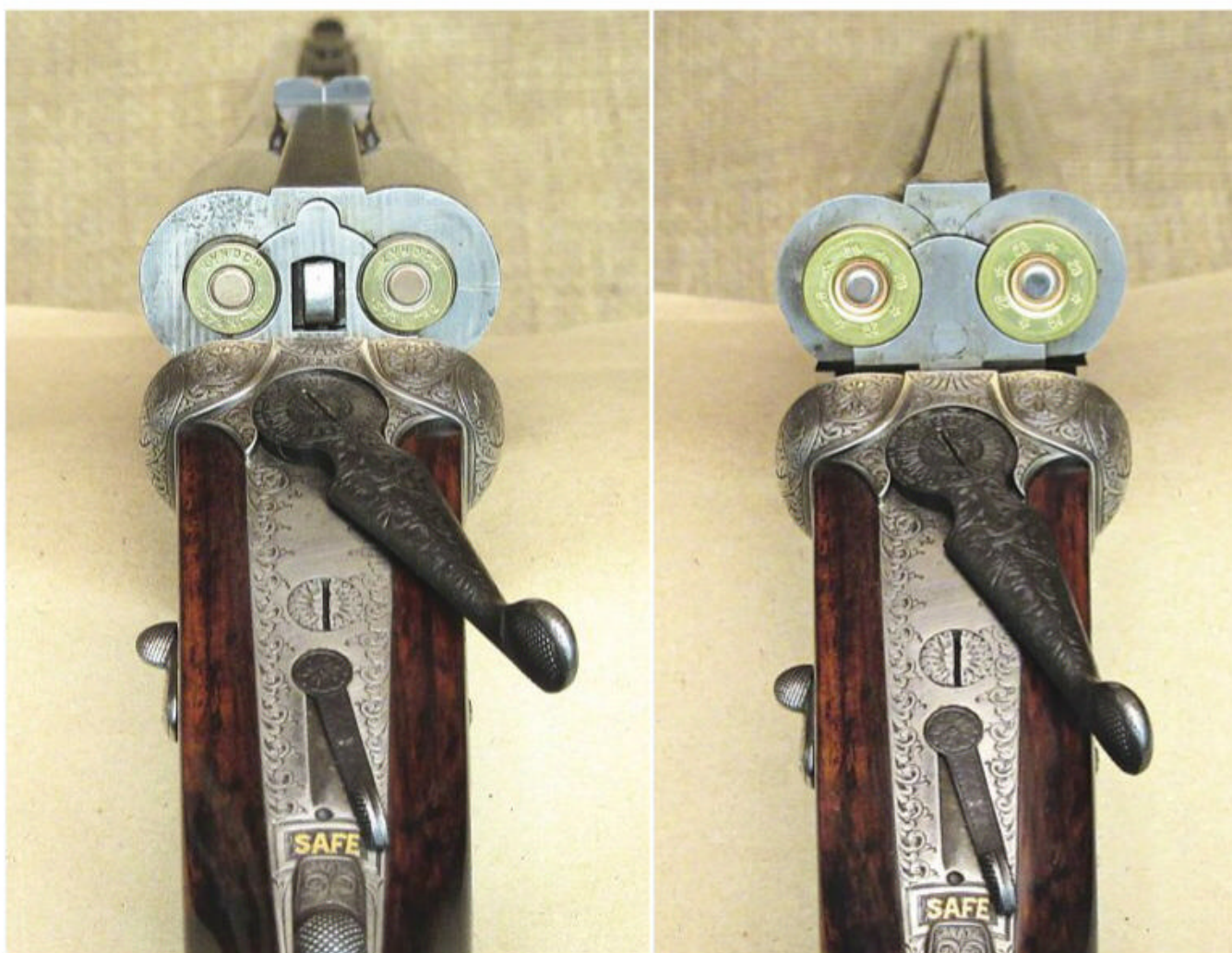
after 110 years, that the rifle has to be gently tapped to get the locks to slide out. On the inside, the locks are numbered to the rifle and marked "Joseph Brazier", a famous lock-maker from Wolverhampton, who made most of the locks for all the top-grade double rifle manufacturers.

Although the rifle's action is filed up and shaped to look like

a bar-action lock, it is actually a back-action lock, which is much stronger, as the action bar is left solid except for the cocking-lever slots. So, Holland managed to combine the classic look of the bar action with the greater strength of the back action. Other noticeable features are the automatic safety with gold inlay and the stalking safety

bolt, all located on the top tang, as well as the chequered face of the front trigger.

Bold foliate-scroll engraving completely covers the colour case-hardened action and sidelocks, as well as the trigger guard, top-lever and extended top tang. The extended top tang was a well-known Holland & Holland feature, fitted to most Royal rifles.



LEFT: Assembled with the rifle barrels and chambers loaded. **RIGHT:** Assembled with 28-bore shotgun barrels and chambers loaded.

It was intended to strengthen the stock in the critical area of the wrist and the comb. According to Holland, the extended top tang was developed upon special recommendation by Sir Samuel Baker himself.

On both sides of the action, it is marked "Holland & Holland" in the centre of the lock plates, while the bottom plate of the action is marked "The Royal – Hammerless". In addition, the words "Holland & Holland, 98 New Bond Street, London" are engraved on top of the right barrel, and "Winners of all the Field Rifle Trials, London" on the left barrel.

High-grade walnut with a nice grain was used for the stock, which features the classic Holland & Holland cheekpiece, complete with shadowline, and a red solid rubber Silvers butt pad. The flat-top chequering on the grip is also characteristic of the Holland style, with the rear chequering border curved in a concave fashion. This chequering pattern can be used to identify an original vintage Holland & Holland rifle from across a room. Interestingly, the rifle was ordered without any sling swivels.

At some time, the previous owner of this rifle had an extra set of 28" shotgun barrels in 28-bore fitted to the Royal's action. This was professionally done, and the shotgun barrels fit and lock up perfectly. Assembled, the shotgun weighs just under 7 lbs and handles beautifully. The third bite is not present on the shotgun barrels as the pressures are obviously so low that this is not needed. Shooting this shotgun certainly is a fantastic and fun way to hone one's skills and stay in practice with the double rifle. Just imagine how natural and easy it will be to point with the double rifle, which has exactly the same fit, after shooting many hundreds of rounds at fast-flying birds with the shotgun.

.400/375 BELTED NITRO-EXPRESS

When the Mannlicher action was improved in 1903 with the addition of the Schönauder rotary-spool magazine, Holland was

forced to develop a rimless .375 cartridge that could feed in this action. Almost completely unknown today, the .400/375 Belted Nitro-Express is of historical significance as it was the world's first commercially successful belted cartridge, introduced to the shooting world in 1905.

Although there were earlier patents for similar ideas, Holland applied and received a patent in 1904 (patent number 27912) for the true belted case as we know it today. This marked the beginning of a vast array of belted magnum cartridges. In the photo, it is interesting to note that the belt on the .400/375 case is, in fact, slightly wider than the belt used on the later .375 H&H Magnum case. Holland gained valuable experience with a belted case during the production of the .400/375. This experience was then used in the design of the .375 H&H Magnum.

Contrary to popular belief, the purpose of the belt on the cartridge case was not to create a magnum but to provide an alternate means of accurate headspacing. A rimmed cartridge was easy to headspace but gave feeding problems in a bolt-action and needed a special slanted magazine box. On the other hand, a rimless case resulted in excellent feeding but headspaced on the case shoulder, which meant that the chamber had to be very accurately machined. This was difficult to ensure with early hand-machining processes, especially if the cartridge case had a very gradual taper or only a slight shoulder (as does the .400/375 case). If the case had only a slight shoulder and the chamber was cut marginally oversized, the cartridge would move forward slightly when struck by the firing pin, often resulting in a mis-

fire. However, the belted case had the dual advantages of headspacing on the belt, which was easy to machine accurately, and reliable feeding in a bolt-action magazine rifle.

Holland built some really handy, lightweight repeating sporting rifles in this calibre, using mostly the Mannlicher-Schönauder action, with many of these rifles in takedown format. Initial loadings by Eley used a round-nose, 270-grain soft or solid bullet and a cordite charge of 43 grains to achieve a muzzle velocity of 2 175 fps. However, Holland also advertised their special Velopex ammunition at an astounding (for its day) muzzle velocity of 2 500 fps. Weighing just 200 grains, the Velopex bullet was much lighter and could be driven to a higher velocity, resulting in rapid expansion.

Patented by Holland in 1906 (patent 8848), the Velopex »

New .375-Bore, Holland - "Velopex" Magazine Sporting Rifle



As a Sporting Magazine Rifle, this weapon is the latest development of our well-known .375 bore, and is constructed to carry our NEW PATENT "VELOPEX" CARTRIDGE, giving a muzzle velocity of 2,500 feet per second, and striking energy of 2,583 foot lbs., with hollow point or solid bullets. It is a light, handy and well balanced rifle, carrying five cartridges without projecting magazine.

SOME OF ITS LEADING FEATURES.

VERY HIGH VELOCITY
(2,500 f.s.).
—
FLAT TRAJECTORY.
—
GREAT STRIKING ENERGY
(2,583 ft. lbs.).
—
A PERFECTLY BALANCED
WEAPON.
—
LIGHT AND HANDY.
—
THE PERFECTION OF A
MAGAZINE RIFLE.



Clip of five Cartridges (full size)

IMPROVED SYSTEM
OF DETACHABLE BARREL.
—
MAY, WITH ITS AMMUNITION,
BE IMPORTED INTO INDIA.
—
EQUALLY SERVICEABLE IN
THE JUNGLE OR ON THE HILLS.
—
FOR ELK, MOOSE AND
OTHER SOFT-SKINNED
ANIMALS.

Full-page advert from a 1910 Holland & Holland catalogue for a .400/375 Belted Nitro-Express rifle built on a Mannlicher-Schönauder action.



» bullet had a two-part core: The rear part was filled with conventional lead, but the front part contained a plug of lighter material (initially wood and later aluminium), and the entire bullet was encased in nickel. After the introduction of this bullet, the .400/375 cartridge became widely known as the .375 Velopex. Again, Kynoch is currently offering the .400/375 as new loaded ammunition, now using a modern 235-grain soft-nose spitzer bullet at 2 400 fps.

The .400/375 cartridge was still severely restricted by the Mannlicher-Schönaauer action, both in overall length and case diameter, with resultant limitations on its ballistic performance and was never a commercial success. A full-page advert from a 1910 Holland & Holland catalogue is given on page 23, showing a .400/375 Belted Nitro-Express take-down sporting rifle built on a Mannlicher-Schönaauer action, together with a clip of Velopex cartridges.

.375 RIMLESS NITRO-EXPRESS

For all practical purposes, the ballistics of the .400/375 was identical to that of the 9,5x57 Mannlicher-Schönaauer, which also launched a .375", 270-grain bullet at 2 150 fps. The British designation for the 9,5x57 was the .375 Rimless Nitro-Express. Many British gunmakers made rifles in this calibre, including Holland & Holland themselves.

In the literature, it is widely stated that the .400/375 was designed to compete with the 9,5x57. Be that as it may, this cannot be true as the .400/375

came out in 1905, and the 9,5x57 was only released five years later in 1910 by Steyr for the Mannlicher-Schönaauer model 1910 rifle! There is some evidence that the 9,5x57 was not invented by Steyr in Austria but rather by Westley Richards and Eley in Britain in 1908. Even so, this is still three years after the introduction of the .400/375.

Both these cartridges certainly competed for the title of best all-round medium-bore. However, unfortunately for them, another cartridge, also introduced in 1905, was distinctly superior to both – the 9,3x62. The 9,3x62 was a true all-round medium-bore indeed. Its abundant availability in Mauser rifles caused both the .400/375 and 9,5x57 to wane.

.375 H&H BELTED RIMLESS MAGNUM

With Rigby's sole distributorship of the Mauser action lifted in 1912, Holland finally abandoned the restrictive Mannlicher action. This time, they got it right by using a long, wide-bodied, large-volume case in

conjunction with the Mauser Magnum bolt-action. Introduced in 1912, the .375 H&H Magnum has been a brilliant success and has been in continuous production ever since. It has been lauded and praised by many and is undisputedly the king of the "all-round" rifles, leading to the demise of many other .375 bores such as the .400/375 and .375 Nitro-Express (both rimmed and rimless), and very nearly also the 9,3x62, which was firmly entrenched as an all-rounder by 1912.

With the release of the .375 H&H Belted Magnum, Holland was clever enough to immediately bring out a rimmed version of the same cartridge for use in double and single-shot rifles – the so-called .375 H&H Magnum Flanged.

No less an authority than John Taylor himself was lyrical in his praises of this cartridge (he classified it as a "medium-bore"). Taylor owned five rifles in this calibre and shot more than 5 000 rounds of .375 H&H Magnum ammunition with them at game animals, one rifle

Holland-Mauser bolt-action rifle in .375 H&H Magnum in its factory case.



alone accounting for more than 100 elephant and 411 buffalo.

In describing the .375 Magnum as “undoubtedly one of the deadliest weapons in existence”, he admits that its killing power is somehow disproportionately greater than his own “Taylor Knock-Out value” assigned to it. He writes, “There is no other weapon in existence with which such a wide variety of animals can be shot with an equal degree of certainty and satisfaction.” This phrase can surely be used as the definition of an all-round rifle.

Countless articles have been written about the .375 H&H Magnum, and it may well be the most written-about cartridge ever, with much praise and very little criticism. Even American writers have praised the .375 Magnum, despite the fact that it was never as popular in the USA as in Africa. Craig Boddington describes it as “the single most useful rifle any African hunter could carry”, and the late Jack Lott called it the “king of the medium magnums” and “World Champion most useful big game cartridge”.

The rifle featured here in calibre .375 H&H Magnum was made by Holland & Holland in January 1919, using an Oberndorf Mauser single square-bridge Magnum action manufactured in 1912. This was the No 18 Magnum action from Mauser with bolt face and magazine box specifically machined for the .375 H&H Magnum cartridge and sold commercially to other rifle manufacturers.

Stripping the stock from the barrelled action is easily done by loosening the slotted front-action screw with a screwdriver or a coin. Holland referred to this as their “detachable stock” takedown system. It has the advantage over other takedown systems in that the barrel and receiver junction cannot wear out and develop undesirable play.

Proof load markings on the barrel are for 56 grains of cordite and a 300-grain bullet. A medium-profile 24” barrel is used with a file-cut quarter-rib

ending in a spearpoint and holding the rear sight, which has one fixed leaf and one folding leaf. Most interestingly, the fixed leaf is marked “50-200” and the folding leaf “350”, indicating that the .375 Magnum was considered a very flat-shooting cartridge in its day.

The front sight is on a ramp and has a removable blade with a spare sight blade carried in the hidden trapdoor of the steel grip cap. Round sling eyes on the barrel band and the stock are meant for the use of a classic leather sling with hook swivels.

The words “Holland & Holland, 98 New Bond Street, London” are engraved on the barrel and “Holland’s Patent Cartridge .375 Magnum” on the chamber.

Weighing in at only 8½ lbs, the rifle is very light and handy. The stock has the classic H&H cheekpiece and characteristic flat-top chequering on the grip, which is concaved at the rear

and finished with a solid rubber Silvers pad. Holland did two modifications to the Mauser action when they built this rifle. Firstly (and easy to see), the bolt handle has been bent further inwards than on the normal Mauser action. This places the bolt knob closer to the stock, resulting in a slimmer rifle, and is exactly the same modification done on most Rigby-Mauser sporters. Secondly, to improve the trigger pull, a tiny leaf spring was added to the trigger to convert it to a single-stage type of trigger.

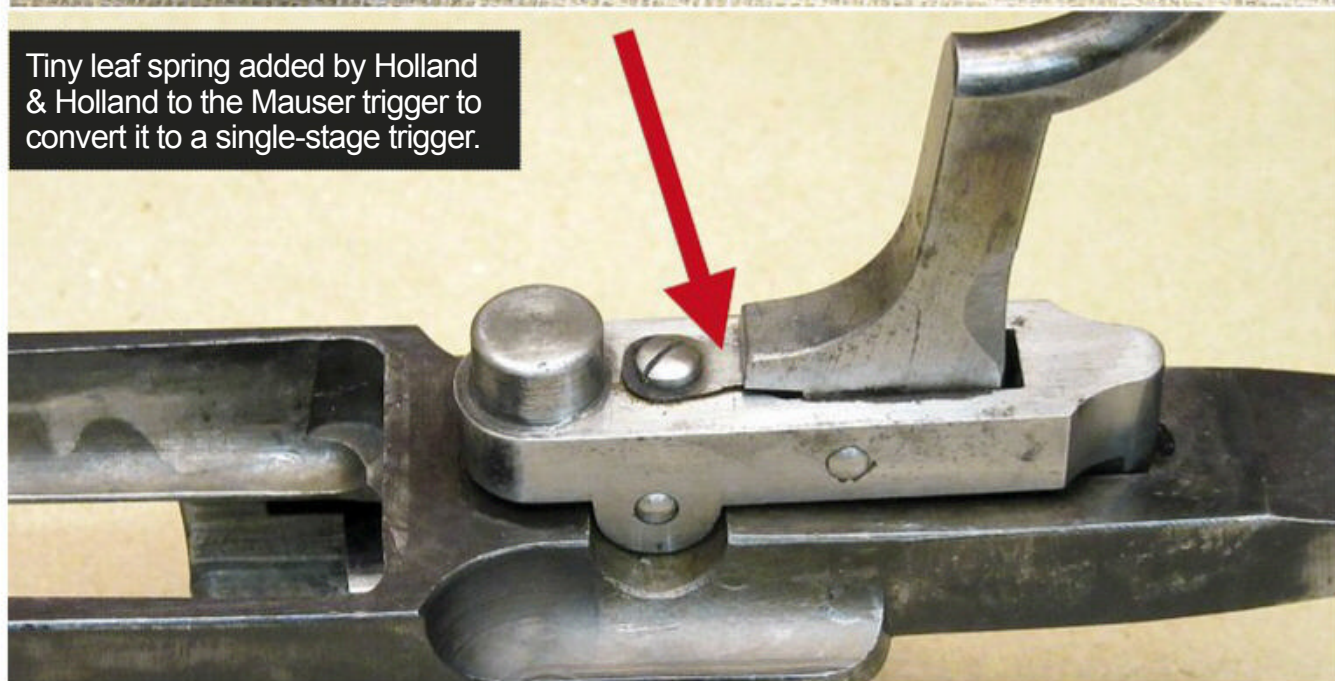
Due to its popularity, virtually every rifle manufacturer in the world has made rifles chambered for the .375 H&H Magnum. Some brands such as Winchester and CZ are favourites amongst hunters (including many professional hunters). However, in my opinion, the rifle featured here represents the ultimate rendition of the .375 Magnum bolt-action magazine

rifle. Being of the best quality, built by Holland & Holland themselves, using an original Oberndorf Mauser Magnum action, and completed just at the end of WWI, these credentials surely cannot be bettered?

The firm of Holland & Holland enjoyed a long, happy and prosperous relationship with .375-calibre cartridges in general. The legendary .375 H&H Magnum cartridge, in particular, has done for Holland & Holland what the 911 car has done for Porsche: It has forever immortalised the brand.

Sources and acknowledgements:

- *British Single Shot Rifles*, Volume 5 by Wal Winfer.
- *African Rifles and Cartridges* by John Taylor.
- *Safari Rifles* by Craig Boddington.
- .375 Flanged 2½” Nitro-Express double rifle, courtesy of the Paul Smit collection. 🇳🇱



SUKKELJAG OP 'N KOEDOEEBUL

Koedoejag is 'n uitdaging, selfs vir ervare jagers. As daar boonop 'n paar onbeplande "handlangers" opdaag, kan dit dinge lelik deurmekaarkrap.



Dit het my drie dae geneem om dié koedoe plat te trek.

Om 'n koedoebul met 'n geweer of boog te jag is gewis elke jagter se droom. Dié statige dier met sy pragtige horings is egter nie so maklik om met die boog te bekruip en op 'n kort afstand te skiet nie.

HAASTIGE KOEDOES

Tydens een van my eerste probeerslae om een van hierdie diere te jag, het ek 'n hele paar probleme gehad om te oorkom.

Probleem nommer een was dat ek eenvoudig nie te voet naby genoeg aan 'n koedoe kon kom om dit te skiet nie. Nadat ek bykans 'n hele dag van bos tot bos en skadukol tot skadukol gekruip het en nogtans elke keer die koedoes verwilder het, het die plaaseienaar Francois besluit om in te gryp.

Nadat hy besef het ek sal nie maklik te voet naby genoeg aan 'n koedoe kom om een plat te trek nie, het hy my by 'n boom-

platform afgelaai. Die platform was van die voorste deel van 'n ou kombuis kas gemaak – met deure en al. Om bo-op die houtplatform te kom, moes 'n mens teen die 4-5 meter hoë leer opklim en dan een van die deure oopmaak. Dan moes jy die deur na bo oopstoot, deurklim tot op die platform en die deur weer toemaak. Op die platform was 'n stoel om op te sit. Die platform was oop, met geen kamoefleernette voor, aan die

kante of agter nie.

Francois het gesê dié boom word gereeld deur rooibokke en koedoes besoek, asook deur William, 'n mak blouwildebees. Alles het vir my goed geklink. Ek was bly om vir my prooi te wag, aangesien dit baie makliker gelyk het as om te bekruip. Ek het egter 'n paar lesse gehad om te leer...

Drie koedoebulle wat saamloop, het twee keer dié dag ingekom – een keer vanuit een



Die blouaap sonder voorarms het my 'n koedoe gekos. Die plaasbestuurder het later verduidelik dat die aap nie gebrekklik was nie, maar dat sy arms deur kragdrade afgebrand is nadat hy teen 'n hoogspannings-toring opgeklim het.

rigting in die oggend en weer die laatmiddag vanuit die ander rigting. Dit het die volgende dag weer gebeur, asook die dag daarna. Die vraag op 'n mens se lippe is natuurlik: "Waarom het jy nie geskiet nie?"

ARENDSOË

Probleem nommer twee was dat die koedoes opgekyk het nadat hulle nader gestaan het en my in die boom gesien het – met my kamoefleerdrag en al. Om dié probleem te probeer oplos, moes ek 'n paar keer afklim om takke van bome in die omgewing af te sny en al om my in die boom te pak. Hopelik sou die uitgeslape koedoes my nie weer raaksien nie.

Ná hulle die middag teruggekeer het, het ek gereed gemaak om een te skiet. Die bokke het egter onthou hulle het daardie oggend iets verdags in die boom gewaar en om die beurt opgekyk na waar ek sit. Aanvanklik het hulle my nie raakgesien nie, maar die oomblik toe ek versigtig die boog probeer span om te skiet, het een my gewaar, gesnork en toe het al drie laat spaander.

Gelukkig het ek 'n kamoefleernet saamgeneem plaas toe. Ek het aanvanklik beplan om dit êrens in die veld te span en daaragter weg te kruip. Die volgende dag het ek die net saamgeneem na die platform en dit

só gespan dat dit die agterkant en sykante toemaak. Ek het ook takke teen die net vasgemaak. Ek het gehoop dat ek teen my agtergrond sou verdwyn, want ek het vermoed dat my silhoeët my weggee het. Met die net

en blare agter my, sou dit nie gebeur nie.

WILLIAM MAAK MOLES

Dit is toe dat ek met die derde probleem kennis maak – William, die mak blouwildebees.»



Met 'n volgende jag het ek dié mooi koedoe geskiet. Sy horings het drie draaie, maar het net 47" gemeet.

» Hy het net voor die koedoes ingestap. Toe die koedoes inkom, het hy hulle van die voer probeer weghou. Die koedoes het op die een punt aan die voer begin eet, maar het só gestaan dat ek nie 'n behoorlike skoot kon neem om een te skiet nie. Hulle het direk na my gekyk of effe skuins na voor. Vandag sal baie boogjagters 'n skoot na die bok se kuiltjie waag, maar daardie jare was dit gewis nie 'n skoot wat enigeen sou aanbeveel nie. Tot vandag toe sal ek nie sommer só 'n skoot neem nie. Kort voor lank het die koedoes geloop. Baie bitter en boos het ek van die platform afgeklim en klippe begin soek om William mee te peper. Hy het egter rustig weggedraf en hom nie veel aan my gesteur nie.

William het nog 'n paar keer teruggekom. Ek het hom telkemale verwilder deur 'n sissgeluid te maak en 'n klip na hom te slinger.

'N HORDE MOPANIEVLIEGIES

Die dag het al hoe warmer geword en ek het gou begin sweet. Toe begin die volgende probleem – 'n horde mopanievliegies wat op my gesig probeer sit om die sweet in die hande te kry. Dit was baie irriterend, maar gelukkig het ek aan 'n oplossing gedink. Ek het 'n handvol blare afgetrek van die takke wat ek afgekap het, dit in my handpalm met 'n bietjie water fyngedruk en daarna aan my gesig en nek gesmeer. Dié reuk het my mensreuk verdoes en die vliegies het my baie minder gepla.

Later die middag het die koedoes weer ingestap, maar William was kort op hulle hakke. Teen dié tyd was hy effe lugtig om té naby aan die boom te kom. Toe hy egter die koedoes sien nader stap, het hy moed geskep. Hy het seker gereken dat indien die koedoes niks by die boom opmerk nie, was die bosgees wat so in die takke gesis en klippe gegooi het, seker weg.

Hy het weer effe dominant by

die voer gaan staan en ek kon nie 'n goeie skoot op die koedoebulle kry nie. Daar was juis een met besonderse horings wat ek graag wou skiet, maar hy het van voor kom staan en begin eet. Die enigste dier wat ek maklik sou kon skiet, was William, maar Francois sou erg omgekrap wees daarvoor. Hy het William van sy kalfiedae af met die hand grootgemaak en hy was dus soos 'n troeteldier.

Om die situasie te probeer red, het ek sagte sissgeluide geuit om William skrik te maak met die hoop dat dit nie die koedoes sou afsit nie. Ongelukkig was William skynbaar ook effe hardhorend, want hy het hom nie aan my gesteur nie. Toe ek egter harder sis, het die koedoes soos 'n pyl uit 'n boog weggevlieg en net vir William agtergelaat. Hy het rustig verder geëet. Dit is toe dat ek uit die boom klim, klippe optel en bykans 500 meter agter William aanhardloop, hom met klippe gooi en allerlei dinge toesnou.

Dit was die einde van die tweede jagdag.

UITEINDELIK SUKSES

Die volgende oggend was die koedoes terug en dié keer was William nie saam nie. Dalk het hy sleg gevoel ná ek hom die vorige dag so uitgeskel het en het hy sy lot by die wildebeestrop gaan bekla. Die grootste koedoebul wou ongelukkig nie regstaan nie. Een van die bulle het egter plankdwars gestaan – sowat 20 meter van waar ek in die boom gesit het. Ek het die boog gespan, 'n koltjie op die dier se blad gesoek en die boonste visier daarop geplaas. Toe het ek versigtig die sneller begin druk en die pyl het uit die boog gevlieg. Dit het die bok getref presies waar ek gemik het. Dit het deur die koedoe getrek en aan die ander kant in die stof geplons. Al drie koedoes het weggehardloop.

Nadat ek 'n halfuur gewag het, het ek met die leer afgeklim om die plek waar die koedoe

gestaan het, te inspekteer. Nadat ek helderrooi bloed gekry het, het ek die bloedspoor begin volg. Ek het oor 'n oop stuk veld gestap totdat ek by 'n bosagtige deel uitgekom het. So 60 tree verder het ek die koedoe gewaar. Hy het onder 'n boom gelê en dit het gelyk of hy met sy kop omhoog na my staar. Dit was nogal ontstellend. Met die eerste oogopslag het ek verwag dat hy sou opspring en weghardloop. Hy het egter glad nie beweeg nie – hy was morsdood. By nadere ondersoek het ek ontdek dat sy horings in die boomtakke vasgevang was en dít was wat sy kop omhoog gehou het.

Toe ek nader stap, het die dooie koedoe my steeds beskuldigend aangestaar. Die opgewondenheid wat ek verwag het om te voel nadat ek my eerste koedoe platgetrek het, was net nie daar nie – net 'n skuldgevoel omdat ek so 'n pragtige dier doodgemaak het.

Francois, die wildboer, het egter gou opgedaag. Hy het my vriend Johan en sy seun Ivan, wat op daardie stadium nog 'n klein knapie was, saamgebring. Hulle het my baie entoesiasies gelukkiggewens, ons het foto's geneem en daarna die koedoe op die trok gelaai. Êrens in dié gewoel het die skuldgevoel bedaar en was ek gereed om weer te jag.

AAPSTREKE

Daar was ook 'n ander keer wat my gewete my opgekeil het toe ek 'n koedoe wou jag. 'n Hele klompie jare nadat ek my eerste koedoe geskiet het en al 'n hele paar koedoebulle en -koeie platgetrek het, het ek op 'n plaas naby Marble Hall in Limpopo gaan jag. My goeie vriend Pierre de Wet het die plaas bestuur. Hy het sy vriende genooi om te kom jag en diere met swak gene uit te skiet. Alles wat beseer was of nie op standaard was nie, was die teiken, waaronder koedoes met horings wat té naby gedraai het en dus nie trofeegehalte was nie.

Ek het nie te lank in 'n skuiling sit en wag nie toe ek iets baie snaaks opmerk. Dit het komplete gelyk asof daar 'n klein mannetjie voor die skuiling se opening verbyloop. Nadat ek mooi ondersoek ingestel het, het ek gesien dit is 'n klein blouapie wat nie voorarms het nie. Hoewel hy goed oor die weg kon kom op sy agterpote, kon ek sien hy was brandmaer en nie in so 'n goeie kondisie as die ander blouape wat kort op sy hakke by die skuiling opgedaag het nie.

Ek het 'n pyl in my Mathews Z7 gehaak. Daarna het ek gewag tot die aap stil op die soutlek sit, gemik na waar ek skat sy hart en longe is en die meganiese sneller gedruk. Die pyl het soos die spreekwoordelike warm mes deur botter deur die blouaap gevlieg. Hy het dadelik omgeval en stil langs die soutblok gelê.

Net toe het 'n koedoebul met drie draaie in sy horings nader gestap. Dit was juis een van die bulle met nou horings wat uitgeskiet moes word. Hy het egter net buite die hoek wat ek in kon skiet, gaan staan – effens te ver na regs. Op daardie tydstip het ek iets opgemerk waarvan ek glad nie gehou het nie – die blouaap het beweeg! Hy was nog nie dood nie en het sy kop opgelig. Dit was nogal ontstellend, want die hele doel van die skoot was om die aap 'n genadeskoot toe te dien en uit sy lyding te verlos, nie om hom meer te laat ly nie. Ek moes kies: Gee die aap 'n tweede skoot of wag totdat die koedoe besluit om nader te loop. Ek het nog 'n pyl ingehaak, gemik en die aap se lewe beëindig. Die koedoe het natuurlik soos blits weggehardloop.

Hoewel ek nie daardie naweek weer 'n skoot op 'n ander dier gekry het nie, het ek met die volgende besoek die kans gekry om 'n pragtige koedoe te skiet. Dit het meer as vergoed vir die katastrofe tydens die eerste jag. 🍀

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A CHALLENGING BLACK WILDEBEEST HUNT IN THE DRAKENSBERG

A different kind of hunt that requires both physical and mental stamina

At noon on the fourth day, halfway up a steep boulder, we stopped to catch our breath. Sifiso and I were both tired and the sun was scorching hot, but the black wildebeest couldn't be far now. Finally, we had them where we wanted them – trapped high up on the last ridge, bordered by a cliff on

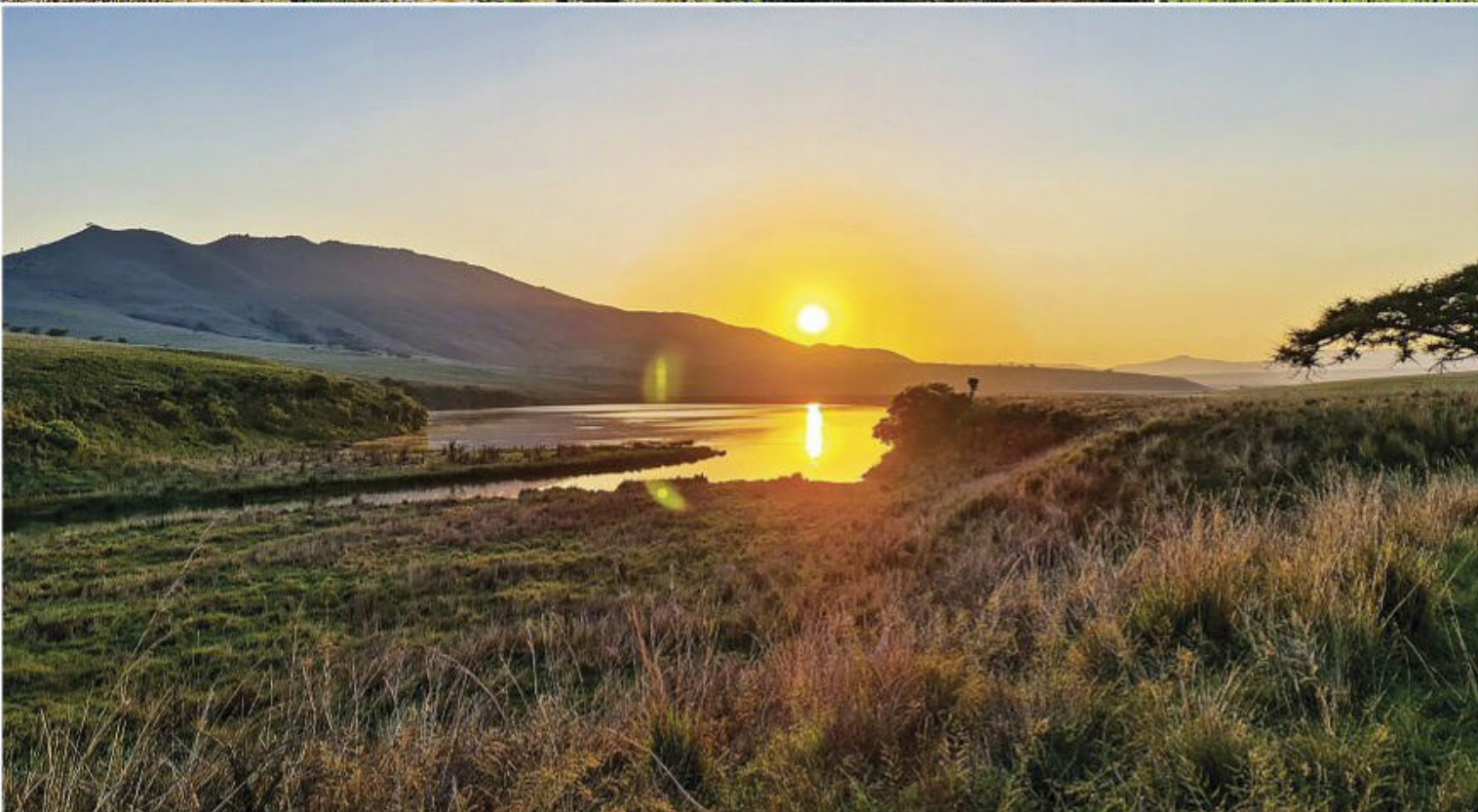
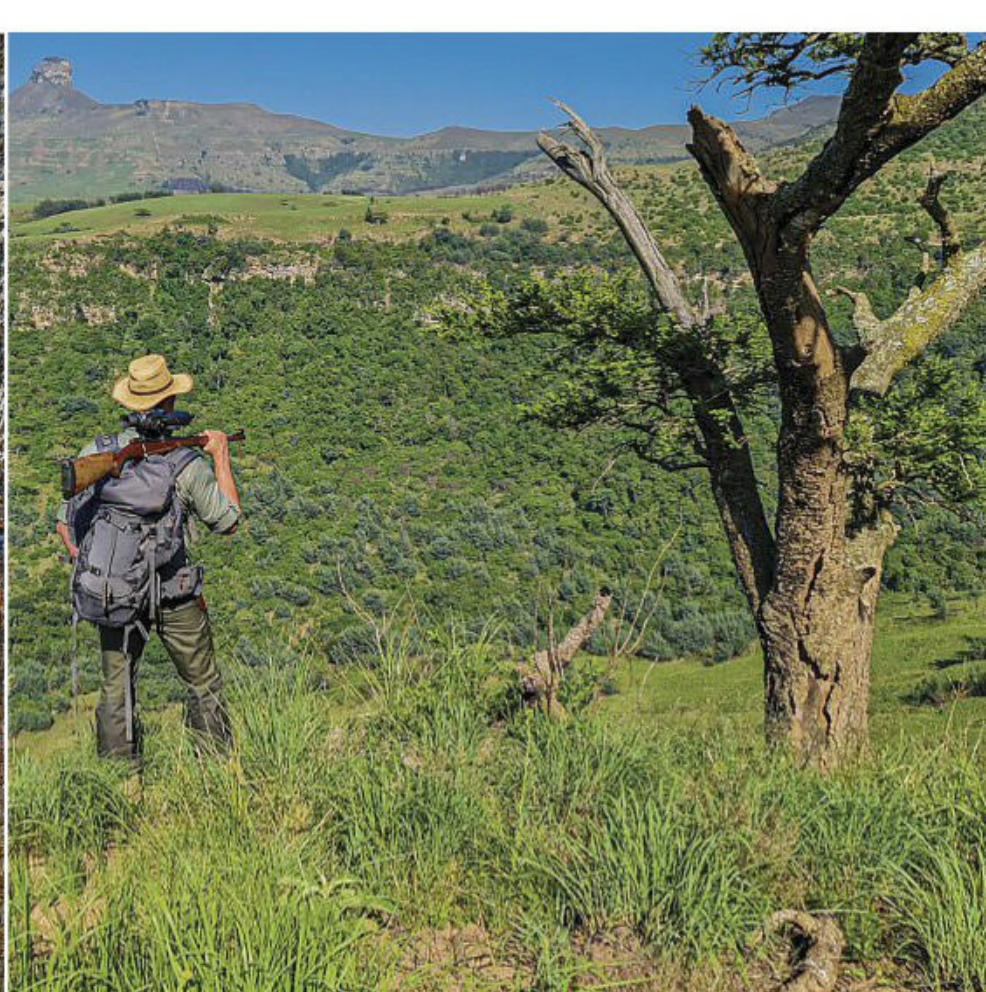
one side and a steep spur on the other. Their only escape route was past us. We summoned up what seemed to be the last bit of energy and climbed the final few metres. Then, as we peeked over the edge of the boulder, we unexpectedly met the gaze of almost a hundred curious eyes a mere 20 metres away. We were too close!

I was hunting at the pristine Kwaggashoek Game Farm in the foothills of the Klein Drakensberg near Bergville in KwaZulu-Natal. When thinking of Kwaggashoek with its rivers, savanna areas, mountain tops and different landscapes, a sense of sublimity comes to mind. Driving up to its gates, I was met by awe-inspiring scenery unfolding in front of

me – savanna grassland turning into rolling hills, ultimately met by the Drakensberg escarpment. Although this beautiful game farm boasts large numbers of huntable species, I was after the black wildebeest roaming high up in the mountains that are inaccessible by 4x4. It turned out to be a truly challenging but fulfilling hunt.



The conclusion of the hunt: a tired hunter with a well-earned trophy.



ON THIS PAGE: With the backdrop of the Drakensberg Mountains, spectacular scenery was a given throughout the hunt.

EXPLORING THE AWE-INSPIRING HEIGHTS

Richard guided me on the first day. As a local who grew up on the farm, he has a reputation of not tiring easily in these mountains. I sprained my left ankle two days earlier, so I could hardly put weight on it, which added to my misjudgement of the days to come. After checking my .30-06, we headed up the mountains. The idea was to first scout around for a promising bull and explore the farm, especially parts with the most recent black wildebeest activity. A few hours later, Richard suggested we climb up one mountain towards a ridge close to where the wildebeest are often seen.

On our way up, we spotted dif-

ferent species on the slopes and ridges in the distance – reedbuck, blesbuck, impala, red hartebeest, eland and waterbuck, but no black wildebeest. As we crossed a densely overgrown stream, we spooked four young kudu bulls a few metres off. One almost ran straight into us as they weren't sure where we were. A few metres away, he stopped and looked back at us, clearly startled. Then he disappeared down a steep slope I would not dare climb myself. It amazes me how swiftly these antelope can run down a slope that steep. A few moments later, we spotted him in the valley below.

Upon reaching the ridge, we glassed the nearby surroundings, disappointed that there were no

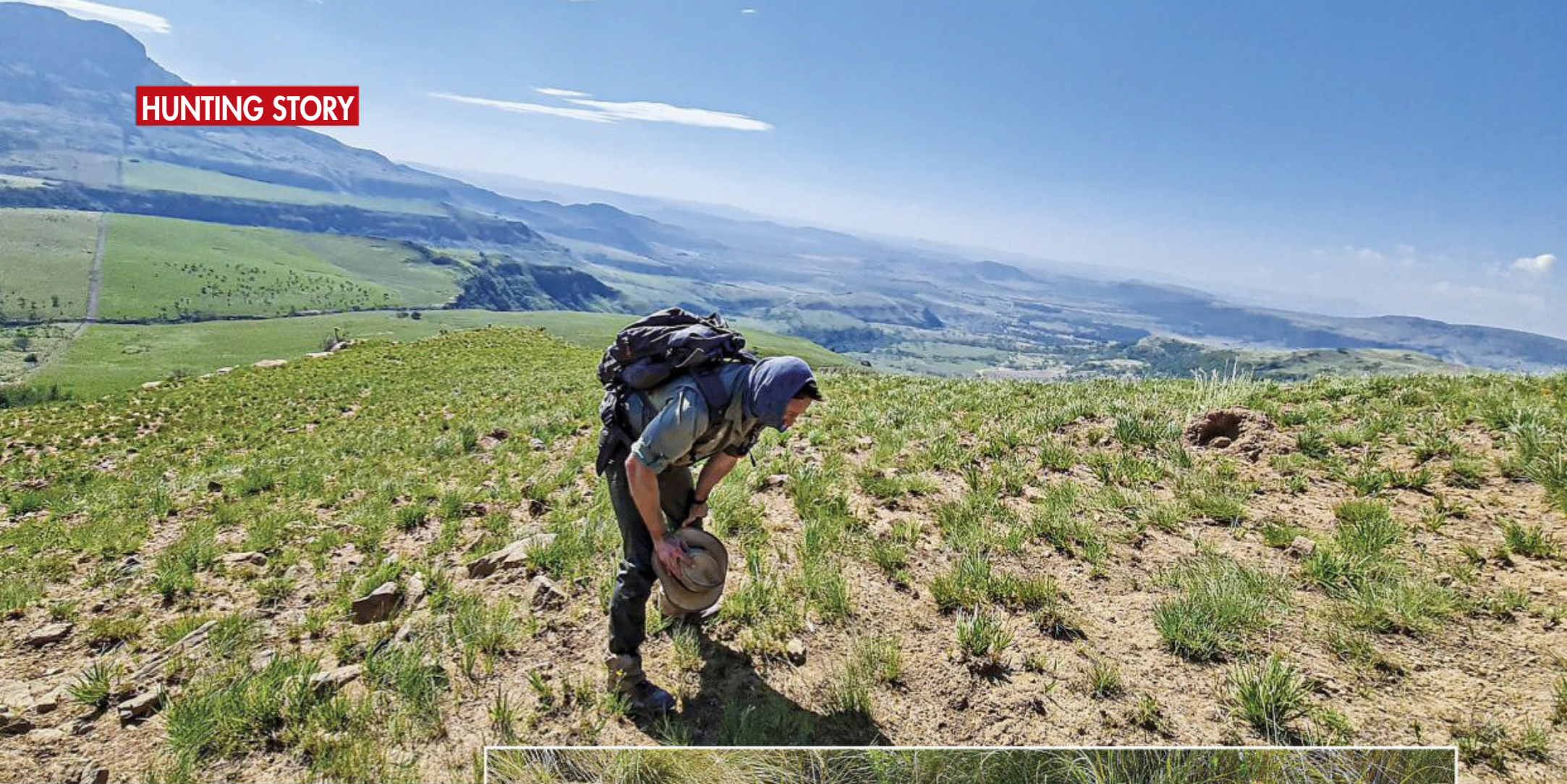
wildebeest. Richard hesitantly told me that the big bulls were higher up the mountains, usually on a ridge just below the spur of a mountain with an 800-metre elevation from the valley to the peak. Of course, that was exactly where I wanted to go and search for them. Giving me a perplexed look, he said we would have to leave very early in the morning if we wanted to head up there. With only an hour of daylight left, we turned around. Filled with renewed excitement at the prospect of hunting black wildebeest high up, the walk back was cheerful. I was blissfully unaware of what awaited me...

TRACKING THE WILY WILDEBEEST

Five o'clock the following morn-

ing, Richard and I ascended the mountain. We first drove to a point where we could go no further with the 4x4. I carried a backpack full of cameras, snacks, drinks and most essentials in case the hunt lasted longer than expected. Richard glanced at me disapprovingly. "I've packed some nice snacks and cold drinks for us," I said defensively. Unimpressed, he replied, "I don't want cold drink. I will drink water up top." Half an hour later, I knew exactly why he didn't want cold drink. However, as we would descend on a different side of the mountain, I couldn't leave the backpack somewhere on our way up.

High up on the edge of one of the ridges, two kudu bulls looked at us as we slowly gained altitude. I had underestimated the elevation and my fitness level, but even Richard had to stop every now and then to catch his breath. To my relief, we crossed a stream. We were very thirsty. Richard dropped flat on his stomach and started drinking, with me following his lead as not to stir up mud in the shallow water. The water was sweet and clear, draining from the mountain. It lifted our mood, with the mountain waiting patiently in the background. »



TOP: The tough terrain made for a challenging hunt!

RIGHT: Quenching one's thirst from a crystal-clear mountain stream is a special treat for any hunter.

» After what felt like an entire day, we finally arrived at the ridge. By now, I was exhausted. I couldn't help thinking that maybe the wildebeest weren't there, or that they might spot us first, ruining the opportunity to stalk them. But I soon discovered that, should we find them there, they would have no escape route except past us – the ridge was bordered by a cliff on one side and a steep spur going up towards cliffs on the other side. Suddenly, a shrill whistle stopped us in our tracks, drawing our attention to a nearby hill. Glassing the hill, we noticed a vaal rhebuck standing on top of it like a sentinel, announcing our presence. When scanning the surroundings, we also spotted a group of mountain reedbuck with an impressive ram among them. But I had my sights set on a different quarry this time...

Still, the wily wildebeest eluded us. Disappointed, we found a spot to rest before starting the descent. Scanning the opposite ridges and the valleys below, we saw two wildebeest approximately 7 kilometres away on a mountain slope, and another



five on another slope. However, they were too far to stalk the same day. I was glad I had my backpack after all. I took out a few snacks, sliced a piece of fatty beef biltong and offered Richard some. Looking at me, he quipped, "What, meat in the morning?" He nevertheless took it, tore the fat off and ate the rest. Then I offered him some dried fruit. "What is this?" he reluctantly asked. I explained and he pecked at it, not quite convinced. It was almost mid-day and very hot when we began the long climb down.

LOW ON LUCK

The next day, Sifiso guided me. He was younger and smaller in stature than Richard. "I know where to find them," he declared with contagious excitement and the utmost confidence. It turned out to be the same mountain that Richard and I had glassed the previous day, spotting the wildebeest. Sifiso explained that the climb would be shorter this time because the wildebeest would not be very high up. We only had to stalk over a small hill up in the mountain towards a flat ridge.

Sifiso proved to be right. We

caught sight of two wildebeest feeding on that ridge when we were still about 1½ kilometres away. It was the perfect scenario, with a hill 200 metres in front of them, and the wind blowing in our direction. It had to be two bachelor bulls. The wind was blustering towards us, with gusts sending our hats flying and causing us to take two steps instead of one. The animals were unaware of our presence. Unbelievably, the minute we slowly peeked over the top, they spotted us straight away. In clown-like fashion, they zig-

zagged away, bucking, their white tails flashing as if to mock us. Hastily, I ranged them at 400 metres, then at 600 when they came to a halt moments later. Only now could we thoroughly examine them. Luck was still not on our side, for they were two cows, probably the same ones Richard and I had seen the previous day.

"Where to now?" I asked Sifiso. "The bull herd is just at the top over there," he assured me, pointing to another ridge higher up. By the sound of it, it was just a short climb up another shoulder of the mountain, from where we would be able to glass the nearby ridges and slopes. This time, I didn't misjudge but rather misunderstood where we were headed. The higher we climbed, the stronger the wind became. Every time I thought we had reached the top, another part of the shoulder revealed itself. When we finally reached the level where we were supposed to find them, there were no wildebeest in sight...

With my heart in my boots, I flopped down on the spot. It was midday and very windy, but the sun was scorching hot. Frustrated, I asked, "Where are they?" I did not expect an answer, for I knew this was hunting. I had experienced it hundreds of times before. We just sat there in the sun. I opened my backpack, took out some snacks and something to drink, and offered Sifiso the same. Every now and then he would break the silence with, "Eish, they are here behind the mountain."

DOGGED DETERMINATION

We resumed our search, and after walking along the ridge for a while, we came across a stream. While sipping the cool mountain water, we noticed a group of ten mountain reedbuck close by, staring at us. A little way off we saw a herd of red hartebeest. And then, through an opening in a boulder, the silhouette of a wildebeest appeared in the distance... Our spirits soared and the adren-

aline started pumping in an instant! Crawling up to the boulder and sneaking a look through the opening, we found it was a cow with a calf. Again, she miraculously spotted us behind the boulder, fleeing a few hundred metres along the escarpment. I followed her with the binoculars until she disappeared almost 2 kilometres further.

Sifiso suggested we continue for a while, as there was a valley close by where the wildebeest might be found. Alas, no such luck. Sitting on the ridge, enjoying another snack and drinking from a stream that seemed to trickle from the last cliffs on the mountain top, we glassed the opposite mountains. Then we spotted a herd of approximately

50 metres ahead. Carrying several cameras and digital gear, we rushed back to find cover in the valley. Looking back, we saw the wildebeest running up into the mountains. It was four o'clock, and half an hour later the rain still hadn't subsided.

That evening in camp, I was sitting alone, listening to the nocturnal sounds while the crackling campfire created a soothing ambiance. But my thoughts were racing. Running out of time, I was contemplating different scenarios of how to hunt these cunning animals higher up in the mountains. That evening, I went to bed early as we would be heading out at five o'clock the following morning.

An astonishing hunt had finally drawn to an end. I wanted to bag a black wildebeest in mountains inaccessible to a 4x4, and I had fulfilled my dream.

50 wildebeest more than 5 kilometres off. Excited, Sifiso suggested we climb down and approach them. He reckoned we would be close to them by late afternoon. However, I knew I might not be able to scale another mountain like that the same day.

Exhausted, we reached the foot of the mountain. It was almost two o'clock, and warm and windy. Back at the camp, I prepared a quick lunch and then we drove to the mountain where we had seen the big wildebeest herd. We drove as close as possible to the slope where we had last observed them feeding. Leaving the vehicle, we walked the short distance, encountering a herd of bewildered buffalo on the way. When we got close, we spotted them, still feeding against the same slope. As we got within range and hid behind an anthill, a thunderstorm broke out. With almost no warning, we were drenched and could hardly see

LAST CHANCE

It was the fourth day, and when we set off, I could feel that my exhaustion from the previous three days had not lifted after the night's rest. We headed straight to the slope where we had last seen the wildebeest. To my relief, we encountered them just a few hundred metres higher up. While studying them from about 600 metres, they spotted us and started running up the mountains. We returned to the bakkie and drove up as high as we could. We killed the engine and gathered all our gear, just to see them on the next mountain, crossing the escarpment. While following them, Sifiso said, "I have another plan." He explained that he would continue cutting them off higher up, while I had to scale a nearby hill, waiting for them in the hope that they would back-track towards me.

Lying in the grass on the crest of the hill, I watched Sifiso

through my binoculars, climbing higher and higher until I couldn't see him anymore. The scenery in front of me was breathtaking. I was dog-tired, to say the least, and realised how the pursuit of one's endeavours can distort the beauty and serenity of the moment. A shrill whistle disrupted my daydreaming, drawing my attention to two mountain reedbuck ewes coming down the slope where I had last seen Sifiso. They ran down across the valley and right up to where I was.

About an hour later, Sifiso appeared on the ridge. According to him, the wildebeest were on their way to the ridge where Richard and I had searched for them two days ago. It was mid-morning, and I was contemplating whether we should head up that mountain again. However, there was no other alternative, and this might be my last chance. After every 10 metres we climbed vertically, we would stop to catch our breath.

We arrived at the ridge late morning, and as we came over the first hill, we spooked a herd of buffalo. They took off towards where the wildebeest might be. We walked straight into the gusting wind, which made climbing even more difficult. Reaching the crest of another hill, we spotted the wildebeest roughly 600 metres away. They had already seen us and were running, bucking, and then circling back, looking at us. There were close to 50 animals, most of them bulls.

We immediately took cover and began stalking. The ridge was nearly 400 metres wide, which meant that if we were to stalk them, moving in the middle, the furthest they could pass us was 200 metres away. Because of a stream running through the ridge, there were only a few places they could pass us. The stream was overgrown with dense black wattle trees, providing us with cover to stalk them. We had to go down a hill, through the stream and black wattle line, and »

» then up another hill with steep boulders to the flat area where we thought they would be.

We stopped frequently to rest. The last boulder was steep and hard to climb with the rifle, tripod and backpack. I had no idea how I was going to shoot over the edge of the boulder as it was so steep that I could hardly keep my balance. We were in for a big surprise... As we carefully peeped over the edge, we were staring into almost a hundred gazing eyes literally 20 metres away! They were waiting for us, and we didn't expect them to be this close – too close. They immediately took off running to our left without stopping once, passing on the edge of the ridge without allowing us a single shot opportunity. Discouraged, frustrated and a little agitated, we sat there. I was supposed to have left the previous day and already had extended my hunt. This might have been my only opportunity as the wildebeest were heading towards another mountain a few kilometres off.

On our way down, it felt like I had lost control over my legs. We often lost our footing while climbing down the steep slopes. At a small dam in one of the streams, we rested a while, ate and drank something. It was a long walk back and the scorching sun did not exactly lift our mood. In times like these, I think of one's character: A large part of

it is doing what you said you would during the initial excitement of an endeavour long after the excitement has worn off and all hope seems lost.

SUCCESS AT LAST

Finally, we saw the wildebeest moving on a ridge about 2 kilometres away. Sifiso said he would continue to follow them while I would climb down to the crest of the hill where I had waited for them that morning. He believed the animals would go down the same path they used to walk up that morning. While planning our walk, we spotted a wildebeest some 600 metres away in the valley below us. Upon closer examination, it turned out to be a solitary bull. Given our circumstances, we quickly decided to pursue him.

We stalked him on a cliff edge on the other side of the hill. When we finally reached the spot that we thought was closest to him, we saw him standing below us in the valley, 250 metres away, at an angle of about 30 degrees. Keeping the blustering crosswind in mind, I positioned my backpack on the cliff edge and made a quick calculation before taking the shot. The bullet hit him low on the shoulder, missing the vitals. As he ran off, I fired a follow-up shot. He only went a short distance before collapsing. It all happened so fast,

and it felt surreal, considering the amount of time we had spent walking and stalking over the last four days.

Climbing down the steep slope, we found the young, solitary bull on the edge of the next ridge. As there were no roads up there, Sifiso radioed for a tractor to drive to the closest valley below us. They would also bring some helpers to carry the bull down the steep slope. It was one o'clock, and we dragged him into some nearby shade on the edge of the ridge. Worn out, we lay down next to him, waiting for the team to arrive. "Are you tired,

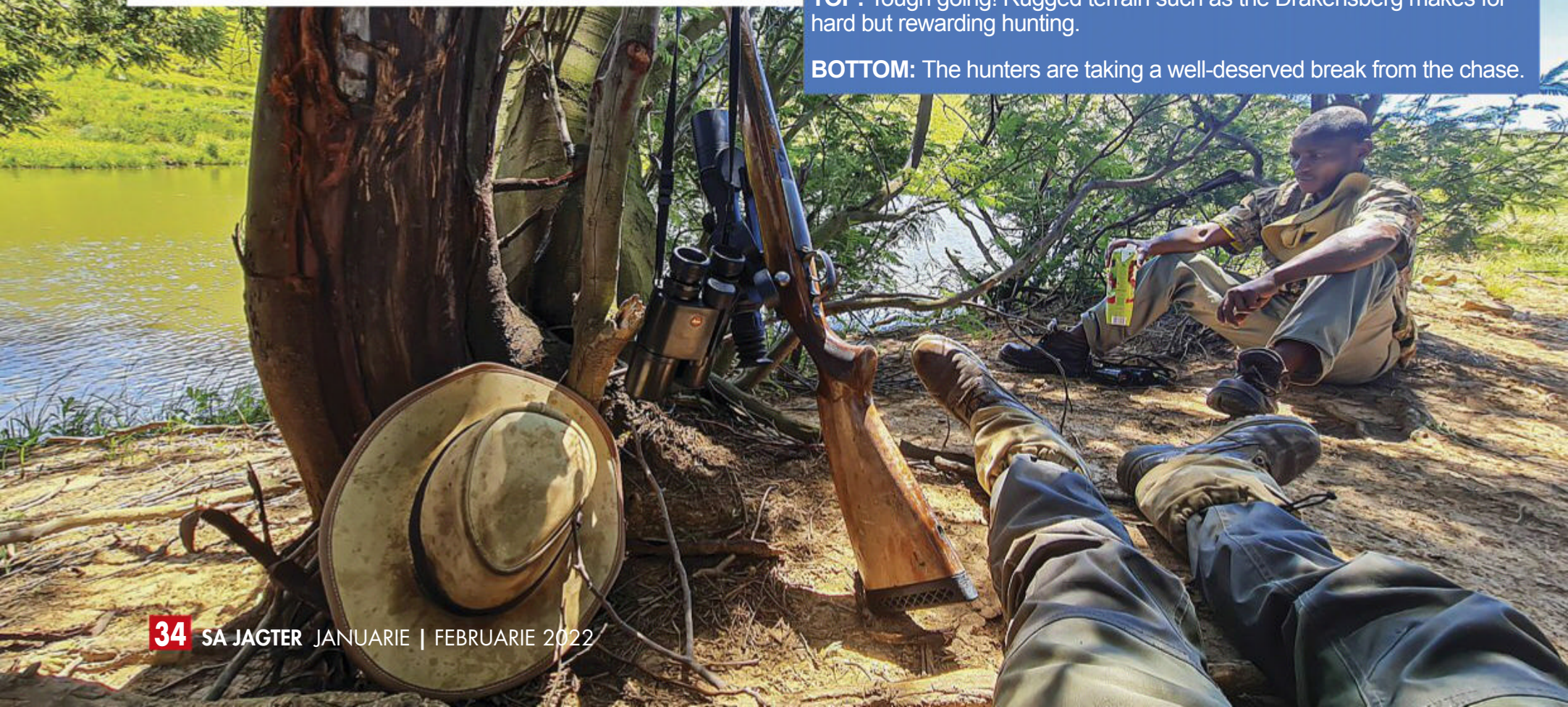
Sifiso?" I asked. "Eish, too much!" he replied.

An astonishing hunt had finally drawn to an end. I wanted to bag a black wildebeest in mountains inaccessible to a 4x4, and I had fulfilled my dream. It turned out to be a very rewarding hunt and an unforgettable adventure. Kwaggashoek exceeded all my expectations – from the beautiful lodge, professional staff and pristine area to the breathtaking scenery. I've hunted several beautiful black wildebeest in the past, but this one was the most memorable by far, conjuring up fond memories in my hunting journal. 🌿



TOP: Tough going! Rugged terrain such as the Drakensberg makes for hard but rewarding hunting.

BOTTOM: The hunters are taking a well-deserved break from the chase.



JAGTER HUNTER

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HOOFFOTO: 'n Mieliebrak bly 'n lekker ding! In eg Suid-Afrikaanse styl, word dit met 'n chakalaka-doopsous afgerond.

FOTO'S: Gerrie Janse van Vuuren

MAAK 'N MIELIEBRAKKIE MET JOU KOEDOEWORS

'n Boerewors-gereg met 'n kinkel

Die afgekoelde wors is gereed om in deeg gedoop en tot bros en goudbruin in olie gebraai te word.



Boerewors – is daar ’n meer ikoniese Suid-Afrikaanse skepping? Eie aan ons mense, is daar ook soveel opinies en resepte vir die maak van boerewors soos wat daar politieke partye is. Hierdie een sweer by koljander en daardie een by lamsvet. Ek het ’n bietjie met Suid-Afrika se bekendste braaier en passievolle boereworsmaker, Jan Braai, oor die geheime van ’n lekker wors gesels.

“Vir my is ’n uitstekende sersermengsel die sleutel tot sukses. En jy moet die verhouding van vleis tot sout regkry, anders het jy wors wat laf proe, of té sout,” sê hy. My plaaslike slagter, Braam Lintvelt van Coal Café Butcher Liquor in Honeydew (’n restaurant, slagter en drankwinkel ineen), maak ook heerlike wors en sê dis ’n baie persoonlike proses. “Elke slagter se wors proe anders. Ek hou daarvan om lam- of varkvet te gebruik en ’n skeut Worcester-sous is my geheime wapen.”

Om boerewors met wildsvleis te maak, bied slagters ’n hele nuwe uitdaging. “Wildsvleis kan natuurlik baie droog wees omdat dit so min natuurlike vet bevat, so jou keuse van en die hoeveelheid vet wat jy byvoeg, is baie belangrik. ’n Mens moet ook nie te veel geurmiddels byvoeg nie – jy wil steeds die vleis kans gee om die ster te wees,” meen Braam.

Jan Braai glo aan die 70-30-reël. “Ek sal, soos met my boere-

wors wat ek van beesvleis maak, 70% vleis hê en dan 30% vet. Ek weet die wildsworskenners hou van skaapvet en dit werk fantasties. Jy gaan nie wildswors op ’n groot kommersiële skaal met skaapvet maak nie, maar op die platteland werk dit fantasties. Wanneer ek jag, laat ek altyd die vleis verwerk deur die slagter in daardie omgewing wat die plaaslike mense aanbeveel. Só het ek die afgelope paar jaar uitsonderlike wildswors gehad van onder meer koedoes (Douglas), springbokke (Richmond), blesbokke (Excelsior) en mees onlangs, swartwitpens (Calitzdorp).”

Die lekker groot koedoewors in my vrieskas was die vonk wat hierdie nadink oor boerewors aan die gang gesit het. Die volgende logiese gedagte vir my as *foodie* is, buiten ’n boereworsrol, wat kan ek met dié wors maak? Die antwoord: koedoewors-mieliebrakke!

’n Mieliebrak (*corn dog*) is ’n redelik onlangse Amerikaanse skepping wat by die tonne verslind word by kermisse, pretparke en Amerikaanse voetbalwedstryde. Dit is basies ’n worsie (in hierdie geval gewoonlik ’n Weense worsie) op ’n stokkie, gedoop in ’n deeg gemaak met mieliemeel, en in olie gebraai tot bros en goudbruin. Dit word met tamatiesous en mosterd voorgesit en is die perfekte happie om aan te smul terwyl jy tussen stalletjies of tuimeltreine rondloop.

Niemand kan presies sê wie die eerste keer die blink idee gehad het om ’n wors op ’n stokkie in deeg te braai nie, maar die idee is beslis minder as 100 jaar oud. Party bronne meen dit is die eerste keer in 1942 by die Texas State Fair gemaak. Ander weer sê ene Stanley Jenkins van Buffalo, New York, het die eerste mielibrak in 1927 gemaak.

Hoe dit ook al sy, ’n mielibrak is ’n lekker ding, soveel te meer nog as dit met gebraaide koedoewors gemaak word! Die belangrikste stap is om die wors te braai tot net-net gaar sodat dit lekker sappig bly. Koel dit net behoorlik af voordat jy dit in die deeg doop. Om jou brakke mee af te rond het jy ’n smullekker doopsous nodig. En om sake trots Suid-Afrikaans te hou, het ek ’n chakalaka-styl doopsous geskep wat jy volgens jou smaak kan aanpas. As jy hou van ’n bietjie skop, voeg rissies na smaak by, of laat dit heeltemal weg as jy ’n kindervriendelike sous wil maak.

Jy kan groot brakke van sowat 10 cm lank maak, wat perfek is as ’n ligte middagete saam met ’n somerslaai. So nie, kan jy klein brakkies van sowat 5 cm maak en as peuselhappies by jou feestydkiuers voorsit. Mieliebrakke smaak op hul beste vars uit die olie, so maak net genoeg om dadelik aan weg te lê.

*Bykomende bronne:
www.bar-s.com; gmpopcorn.com»

» RESEP: KOEDOEWORS-MIELIEBRAKKIES (CORN DOGS)

JY BENODIG:

- 1 kg koedoewors
- 12 sosatiestokkies
- Sonneblomolie vir vlakbraai

VIR DIE DEEG:

- 1½ k fyn mieliemeel
- 1¼ k koekmeel
- ¼ k witsuiker
- 1 e bakpoeier
- ¼ t Spicegro FlavourBlast-geurmiddel (*all-purpose*)
- 1¾ k karringmelk
- 1 groot eier
- 1 e sonneblomolie
- 1 e heuning

SÓ MAAK 'N MENS:

Braai die koedoewors oor die kole tot gaar. As die wors in 'n spiraal opgerol is, rol dit oop en knyp worsies van omtrent 10 cm af. So nie, kan jy die wors in 'n toeknyprooster pak en oopsprei sodat jy reguit stukkies kan afsny. Laat die wors heeltemal afkoel (verkieslik oornag in die yskas) voordat jy dit in die deeg doop.

Gooi die olie in 'n groot pan (dit moet sowat 5-7 cm diep wees) en verhit tot 176 °C oor matige hitte (gebruik 'n digitale termometer om seker te maak die olie se temperatuur is reg).

Steek 'n stokkie in elke wors. Om seker te maak die wors en sy stokkie sal steeds in jou pan

pas, druk dit lekker diep in of sny die stokkie korter.

Klits die mieliemeel, meel, suiker, bakpoeier en sout saam. Meng dan die karringmelk, eier, olie en heuning. Roer die nat bestanddele by die droë bestanddele en klits deeglik tot goed gemeng.

Gooi die deeg in 'n lang glas- of maatbeker. Doop elke wors van bo af in die deeg. Draai dit in die rondte om seker te maak dis deeglik bedek en om te voorkom dat lugborrels vorm wat die deeg sal laat bars wanneer jy dit braai. Laat die oortollige deeg afdrup.

Hou elke wors teen 'n 45 °C-hoek in die warm olie vir 5-7 sekondes om te seël (dit sal help keer dat dit aan die pan se bodem vassit) en laat dit dan versigtig in die olie val.

Braai vir 'n totaal van drie minute tot goudbruin – draai soos nodig sodat dit eweredig bruin word. Braai net twee of drie op 'n slag sodat die temperatuur van die olie nie te veel val nie.

Skep uit en dreineer op kombuispapier. Sit voor saam met die chakalaka-styl doopsous as 'n ligte middagete of 'n peuselhappie. (*Deegreseps aangepas van natashaskitchen.com)



CHAKALAKA-STYL PIKANTE DOOPSOUS

JY BENODIG:

- 6 groot, ryp tamaties
- 2 e olie
- 1 e botter
- 2 uie, fyngekap
- 2 knoffelhuisies, fyngekap
- ½ t Spicegro FlavourBlast-swartpeper
- ½ t Spicegro FlavourBlast-paprika
- ½ t Spicegro FlavourBlast fyn koljander
- ½ t Spicegro FlavourBlast fyn komyn
- 1 e vars Italiaanse pietersielie, fyngekap
- Rissies, na smaak (opsioneel) – sade verwyder en baie fyngekap
- 1 groot wortel, gerasper
- 1 e vars koljanderblare, fyngekap
- Sout en varsgemaalde swartpeper

SÓ MAAK 'N MENS:

Sny kruise aan weerskante van die tamaties en dompel in kookwater. Spoel ná sowat vyf minute met koue water af en trek die skille af. Kap die tamaties in blokkies.

Braai die uie in die olie en botter in 'n groot pan oor matige hitte. Voeg die knoffel, speserye en rissies (indien verkies) by en braai nog 'n minuut of twee tot geurig. Roer aanhoudend sodat dit nie aanbrand nie.

Voeg die tamaties en gerasperde wortel by, verlaag die hitte en prut sowat 20 minute totdat die sous verdik. Roer elke nou en dan en voeg 'n bietjie water by as dit lyk of dit te dik word.

Proe en geur na smaak met sout en nog peper, indien verkies. Skep die helfte van die sous in jou voedselverwerker en meng tot glad. Roer dit by die res van die sous in die pan en verhit tot deurwarm. Roer die vars kruie by en sit voor saam met die mieliebrakke. 🍴



Die koedoewors word vooraf oor die kole gebraaai.





WEN 'N JAG IN DIE KLEIN KAROO @ R250/LOOTJIE

(Koop 4 kry een gratis) Ten bate van Laerskool Wesbank (Oudtshoorn) se Sportsentrum
Alle jagte sal in die 2022 seisoen plaasvind | Pryse ter waarde van R200 000.

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2 - Biltongjag vir 2 persone - 2 Nagte selfsorgverblyf - Alle jag- en slagfooie ingesluit - 1 x Koedoebul, 1 x Eland koel, 1 x springbok - Volstruisleer-geweerband - 2 Skedelmonterings by Spiral Horn taksidermie	Hazenjacht Karoo Lifestyle 072-666-5508 www.hazenjacht.co.za
3 - Biltongjag vir 2 persone - 2 Nagte verblyf en alle etes ingesluit - Alle jaggelede ingesluit - 1 x Eland, 1 x springbok - Volstruisleer-geweerband - 2 Skedelmonterings by Spiral Horn taksidermie	Chandelier Game Farm 072-742-4405 chandelier@wispnet.co.za
4 - Jaggeweer: HOWA .243 - Volstruisleer-geweerband	Klein Karoo Agri, Oudtshoorn
5 - 1 Koedoekarkas en 1 volstruiskarkas plus vleisbewerking - Volstruisleer geweerband	Vleizicht Game Reserve 082-327-1542
6 - 1 Koedoekarkas en 1 Volstruiskarkas plus vleisverwerking. - Volstruisleer geweerband	Ostriland Meats 022-921-2177
7 - Jaggeweer: .22 Bruno - Volstruisleer geweerband	Outfitters George 044-050-0480
8 - Rudolph Hi 4-12 x 50 T3 Teleskoop	Rudolph optics
9 - Rudolph toebehore: Skietstok (4 deadhold) en Mes	Rudolph optics
10 - 10 gelukkige deelnemers wen elk 1 Karoo-lam	Colyns Transport

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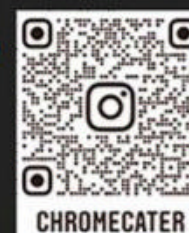
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BEWERK JOU EIE VLEIS MAKLIK EN GOEDKOOOP

DEEL 2

Hamburgers, worsstop en verpakking – alles in 'n japtrap



Die A100-hamburger-patty-pers ná ek die geheim ontdek het hoe om 'n lekker *patty* te maak. Hy is toe sommer gebraai om die speserye te toets.

In deel 1 in die Nov/Des 2021-uitgawe het ons die vleismaler en -menger getoets. Vandeemaand vertel ek meer oor die hamburger-*patty*-pers, worsstopper en vakuümseëlmasjien. Die hele pakket is teen 'n spesiale prys van slegs R11 495 aan SA

JAGTER/HUNTER-lesers beskikbaar by Soft-Ice Catering Equipment in Montana, Pretoria.

A100-HAMBURGER-PATTY-PERS

Eerste onder die vergrootglas was die A100-hamburger-*patty*-pers. Ek moes dit eers mooi be-

kyk aangesien ek maar gewoon is aan die normale Tupperware-produkte wat 'n mens gewoonlik by die huis gebruik. Die pers het 'n houer bo vir die papier of plastiekvelletjie wat jy aan beide kante van die hamburger-*patty* sit. Die pers maak *patties* van 100 mm in deursnee, en soos al die Soft-Ice-toerusting wat ek nou al getoets het, word alles wat nodig is om dit te gebruik, saam met die masjien verskaf. In dié geval kry jy 1 000 velletjies (100 mm in deursnee) om die *patties* mee te maak.

Die pers werk eintlik baie eenvoudig. Jy plaas die velletjie in die onderste houer, sit jou balletjie maalvleis in en 'n velletjie bo-op, en trek die handvastel af. Die masjien maak dan 'n klikgeluid, wat beteken die *patty* is gepers en reg. Met die oplig van die handvastel draai die boonste drukplaat weg en die onderste houer kom op sodat jy die *patty* maklik kan verwyder. Indien die masjien nie 'n klikgeluid maak nie, kom die onderste houer nie op nie en die boonste plaat skuif ook nie weg nie. Die rede hiervoor is om seker te maak dat al die *patties* dieselfde grootte is. Dit beteken ook dat jy vinnig moet vasstel hoeveel maalvleis min of meer nodig is, anders peul die vleis langs die kante uit of die *patty* is te dun. Ek het dit gelukkig vinnig uitgewerk en 'n sekere opskepel uit die kas was net die regte ding vir die werk. Daarna het ek die *patty*-makery aan een van my vriende oorhandig en dit het

toe só vinnig gegaan dat ek amper nie genoeg maalvleis vir wors oorgehad het nie.

CV-3-WORSSTOPPER

Soos reeds genoem, verskaf Soft-Ice altyd al die nodige saam met hul toerusting, wat ook die geval was met die worsstopper. Daar was plastiekstoppypies van 20 mm, 30 mm en 40 mm saam met die masjien in die boks. Hulle het soos 'n bom gewerk en dis glad nie nodig vir vlekvrystaal- of aluminiumpypies nie. Al kan die worsstopper ongelukkig net 3 kg vleis op 'n slag hanteer, moet ek bieg dat dit vir my baie beter gewerk het as ons eie groot stopper wat ons gewoonlik gebruik. Alles het seepglad verloop en dit was net 'n plesier om daarmee te werk.

ET-2500-VAKUÛMSEËLMASJIE

In 2019 het ek 'n volledige toetsverslag oor die ET-2500-vakuümseëlmasjien gedoen en was so beïndruk daarmee dat ek self een gekoop het. Ek weet van meer as tien mense wat ook al een aangeskaf het en baie tevrede is daarmee. As jy dalk in die mark is vir 'n vakuümseëlmasjien vir tuisgebruik en jou vleis self bewerk, is dit vir seker die perfekte oplossing. Dit is boonop bitter goedkoop. Ek glo dat enige naurse tuisblokman 'n vakuümseëlmasjien op sy persoonlike toerustinglysie het.

Hierdie masjien is nie noodwendig goedkoop nie; R10 000-plus val nie in almal se prysklas



LINKS: Die A100-hamburger-patty-pers. **MIDDEL:** Die CV-3-worsstopper, reg vir aksie. **REGS:** Die ET-2500-vakuumseëlmasjien. Dis uitstekende waarde vir geld en volgens my 'n móét in elke huis.

nie en die risiko om 'n tweede-handse een te koop is groot, want as dit breek, gaan jy heel moontlik sukkel om parte te kry en hulle is boonop skaars. Dit is kinderspeletjies om daarmee te werk. Tans kry 'n mens sakkies in twee breedtes (150 mm en 250 mm) en dit kom in 5 m-rolle. Binnekort sal daar ook sakkies van 280 mm breed in 10 m-rolle beskikbaar wees. Die rol sakkies kom binne-in die masjien; jy glip die punt van die rol onderdeur die snyer en maak die sakkie so lank as wat nodig is.

Hierdie proses het my 'n bietjie plastiek gekos totdat ek mooi uitgewerk het hoe om seker te maak die sakkie is groot genoeg vir dit wat ek wil seël. Dit was heel maklik: Plaas dit wat jy wil seël bo-op die sakkie en laat ongeveer 2 cm ekstra toe as die masjien se deksel toe is, dan weet jy jy is veilig en gaan nie onnodig sakkies mors nie. Maak dan die deksel toe, draai die knop aan die masjien se regterkant in plek en druk die *Seal*-knoppie. Daarna trek jy die snyer van links na regs en siedaar, jy het jou sakkie!

Indien jy dieselfde goed gaan verpak, kan jy vooraf sommer genoeg sakkies maak om die proses vinniger te laat verloop. Hier kom die geheim wat ek

sommer al ná die derde probeerslag ontdek het: Om die vakuumseëlmasjien die beste te laat werk, moet jy die sakkie se oop kant met jou wors of wat ook al daarin moet kom, mooi presies aan die verste kant van die vakuumgleuf binne-in die masjien sit, dan werk dit elke keer perfek. Sodra jy dit mooi op die vakuumgleuf het, maak weer die deksel toe, draai die knop regs wat die deksel sluit en kies dan die volgende: *Dry* of *Moist Food* en *Normal* of *Fast* vir die seëlproses. Druk dan *Vacuum & Seal*. Dis so maklik soos dit. Ek het elke keer die *Fast*-opsie gekies, want dan word die lug vinniger uit die sakkie gesuig en is die hele proses vinniger.

Ek het al wors, droëwors, biltong en pakkies vir die kinders se kosblikke met die masjien gemaak en dit het my nog nie teleurgestel nie. Die sakkies is baie sterk – jy sal dit nie maklik met die hand oopskeur nie en sal jou knipmes uit jou sak moet haal daarvoor. Vir die kinders se kosblikke knip ek met 'n skêr 'n keep aan albei kante sodat hulle die sakkie maklik kan oopskeur; baie soos die tamatiesous-sakkies wat jy saam met 'n wegneemete kry. Hulle is mal daaroor.

Ek moet eerlik wees: Hierdie

masjien is nie net 'n moet vir die jagter wat sy vleis self tuis bewerk nie, maar ook vir elke huis. Dit is taamlik klein (40 cm x 27 cm) en staan 12 cm hoog. Dit pas gemaklik in die meeste kombuise en die afwerking van vlekvrystaal laat dit boonop duursaam lyk. Saam met die masjien kry jy ook 'n kontrepsie waarmee jy jou wynbottel kan seël. Dis 'n pypie met 'n proppunt wat jy in die oop wynbottel se prop druk. Dit suig al die lug uit sodat jou wyn langer kan hou.

Ter opsomming van hierdie en die vorige artikel, kan ek hierdie stel masjiene met vrymoedigheid aan enige iemand aanbeveel. Die prys is reg, die toerusting is van topgehalte en 'n mens het nie nodig om een van jou motors buite te parkeer omdat jy nou 'n slaghuys by die huis het nie. Die toerusting han-

teer maklik genoeg om dit sommer in die kombuis te gebruik. Om jou eie vleis te bewerk gaan jou ure se genot verskaf en geld bespaar. As jy eers 'n paar suksesvolle resepte saamgeflans het, gaan vriende en familie dikwels uitvis of jy nie nog van daardie lekker wors het en of hulle dit nie by jou kan koop nie. Dis baie soos 'n geweer wat op 'n tiekie skiet met daardie selfgelaaiede patrone: Iets om op trots te wees en te geniet!

**Kontak gerus vir Soft-Ice Catering Equipment by enige van hierdie nommers:*

012-548-2745 / 012-548-0103 / 012-548-2136 / 012-548-4270 / 071-564-4285 of stuur 'n e-pos na sales@cateringequipment.co.za. Besoek gerus ook hul webwerf www.cateringequipment.co.za vir meer inligting. ☎

WEN! WEN! 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 CV-3-worsstopper, ET-2500-vakuumseëlmasjien en A100-hamburger-patty-pers te wen. Hou ons Facebook-bladsy dop om te sien hoe jy vir hierdie pryse in aanmerking kan kom.

REMINGTON'S .22s

THE MIGHTY LITTLE ONES

From a mediocre start in the 1880s, the centrefire .22s have fired their way up the ladder of success to become the world's most popular sporting cartridges and most widely used varmint and small-game cartridges.

Although the first .22-calibre centrefire cartridges made their appearance during the 1880s, the ballistic and calibre philosophies of the time were not particularly well suited to extract the utmost from mini-bore cartridges. Smokeless propellants were in their baby shoes, and the velocities and performance of .22s were therefore rather mediocre by current standards. As a result, the .22s were not taken seriously but only seen as point-blank rat, dog and bird dispatchers – gallery cartridges, at a stretch.

A BIT OF BACKGROUND

Among the first attempts at turning the .224" bore into something useful in the hunting field were those by the American attorney-inventor Charles Newton (1870-1932), also known as the "Father of High Velocity". In the winter of 1905-06, Newton tapered the straight-walled .25-35 Stevens rimmed case down to .22 calibre and experimented with it as a woodchuck cartridge. This project eventually evolved into the .22 Savage High-Power in 1909 and was eventually commercially introduced in 1911. Savage chambered its Savage M-99 lever-action for it from 1912 onwards. I owned one many years ago and duplicated the factory load of a 70-grain .228" bullet at 2 790 fps with my reloads. The cartridge has long fallen into obsolescence everywhere but in Europe, where it is



L-R: .22-250, .223, .222, and lastly, the .22 Hornet.

still loaded and known as the 5,6x52mmR.

In 1914, while mud-splattered and mutilated young men were still being carted from the obliterated trenches of Western Europe by horse-drawn ambulances, Newton created the .22 Newton: a rimless 7x57 case necked down to fire a 90-grain .228" bullet at 3 100 fps. Newton was at least 80 years ahead of his time, and his .22 Newton also floundered as the war ruined his company. Newton was only vindicated in 1935 when the Yanks created the .220 Swift firing a 45-grain .224" bullet at 4 175 fps and a 70-grain bullet at 3 500 fps. I own and love the .220 Swift and several family members use the .220 Swift extensively. It is technically inferior to the .22 Newton, and

even 1935 was too early an introduction for the Swift because its fame has come and gone. That, however, is another story. Newton's .22 was only "reinvented" in 1964 by RWS, with its 5,6x57 RWS – a cartridge rather popular in Central Europe.

In 1930, the .220 Swift was preceded by another favourite of mine, the diminutive, rimmed .22 Hornet. The latter followed the ballistic mindset of its 1885 ancestor: It fires a 55-grain .222" bullet at a sedate 2 400 fps, even when reloaded with modern propellants. These two cartridges basically set the parameters of .22"-calibre performance still prevailing today. In between, there have been some interesting design hits and misses. Remington has been the most suc-

cessful proponent of .224" cartridges. Its .222 Remington, .223 Remington and .22-250 Remington are effectively the only contenders remaining in the race as bolt-action hunting cartridges. The popularity of the AR-15 semi-automatic (or "modern sporting rifle", as they want it to be known) in the USA has spawned cartridges such as the .224 Valkyrie and .22 Nosler. However, I will be very surprised if these gain much market traction elsewhere.

The .22" calibre is both under- and overrated. The most inherently precise cartridge ever is most likely the .22 PPC. I admit that its precision potential is more closely linked to cartridge-to-chamber interface and low tolerances than to the calibre

itself, but there is no denying that it has fared better than the 6mm PPC. The .222 Remington has a long and impressive success record in competition and precision shooting. From a precision perspective, correctly designed .224" cartridges are without doubt very difficult to beat.

So, where do they fall short? They lack the cross-sectional area to induce sufficient tissue trauma and haemorrhaging when bullet placement is poor. They are susceptible to wind drift, more so in CIP/SAAMI configuration. The malleability of a metal cannot be scaled, so small-calibre monometal bullets are prone to unreliable expansion simply because they don't possess sufficient cross-section area for the deformation forces working on the projectile to guarantee consistent expansion.

CONTENDER HISTORIES

.222 Remington

The .222 Remington or "Trip-Two", as it is commonly known, originated as a wildcat designed by Remington's famous engineer, Mike Walker, during the 1940s. At the time of the Trip-Two's introduction, no popular commercial cartridge filled the gap between the Hornet and the .220 Swift. Walker designed the .222 to precisely do this. It was an immediate success, and most of the world's precision records were rewritten by it in the first years after its introduction. The longest-standing 100-yard National Benchrest Shooting Association world record consisted of a five-shot group measuring only 0.009" (0.2286 mm) centre to centre. It was fired on 23 September 1973 by one Mac McMillan, using a .222 Remington!

.223 Remington

About four years after the end of the Korean War, the USA's Continental Army Command requested the development of a new assault rifle and cartridge. Remington and Springfield Armory jointly participated in the

TABLE 1

CARTRIDGE	BASE	CAPACITY	CASE	COAL	PRESSURE
.222 Rem	.3780"	27,9	1,700"	2,130"	50,000
.223 Rem	.3780"	28,8	1,760"	2,260"	55,000
.22-250 Rem	.4730"	43,5	2,350"	2,350"	65,000

race and eventually submitted a cartridge that was tested by the US Air Force from 1960. The cartridge was finally adopted as "Cartridge, 5.56mm ball, M193" in September 1963. Naturally, Remington wanted to capitalise on their success by introducing the cartridge as the .223 Remington to the civilian market. It presently ranks among the five most popular sporting cartridges in the world.

.22-250 Remington

The "Trip-Two-Fifty" started life as a wildcat. Between 1934 and 1937, several Americans periodically experimented with necking the .250-3000 Savage case down to .22 calibre. All of these carried the generic ".22-250" designation. Gunwriters Jerry E. Gebby and J.B. Smith are commonly credited with finalising of the dimensions and specifications of what became Remington's .22-250 at around 1937. It became

one of the most widely used varmint and small-game cartridges.

COMPARISONS

Strictly speaking, the .222 and .223 do not fall in the same category as the .22-250. The .22-250 is a high-pressure, short-cased, standard-base diameter cartridge designed for use in full-size, standard-bolt diameter rifle actions. In contrast, the other two are moderate-pressure, miniature, small-base diameter cartridges best suited to miniature, small-bolt diameter actions. These details are provided in **Table 1** (see above).

What they have in common, though, is calibre and original intended application, namely problem small animal control (varminting). So, compare we must.

In **Table 2** (see below), I have compared the "vital statistics" of these three cartridges with the four most popular and suitable bullet weights for these cart-

ridges. Bullet length was derived from an average of several popular bullets in each different weight and then marginally manipulated to provide some dynamic linear length increments. Muzzle velocity parameters were derived from an average of ten pressure-tested handloads extracted from leading, current reloading manuals. I added 60- and 70-grain bullets for the .223 Remington because of its faster twist rate.

From **Table 2**, we can determine that the recoil (8 lb/3, 63 kg rifles) of the .22-250 is roughly double that of the two smaller cartridges. Muzzle velocities of the .22-250 are on average roughly 18%-19% higher than those of the .222, and 12%-13% higher than those of the .223. **Tables 3-6** show that the .22-250 offers 50-140 yards more optimum application (green band) than the .222, and 50-100 yards more than the .223. »

TABLE 2

CARTRIDGE	BULLET	TWIST	VELOCITY	ENERGY	RECOIL
.222 Rem	40	1:14"	3,600	1,151	2,3
.223 Rem	40	1:12"	3,800	1,283	2,7
.22-250 Rem	40	1:14"	4,300	1,643	5,8
.222 Rem	45	1:14"	3,450	1,190	2,5
.223 Rem	45	1:12"	3,625	1,313	2,9
.22-250 Rem	45	1:14"	4,050	1,639	5,9
.222 Rem	50	1:14"	3,325	1,228	2,7
.223 Rem	50	1:12"	3,500	1,360	3,1
.22-250 Rem	50	1:14"	3,925	1,711	6,2
.222 Rem	55	1:14"	3,150	1,212	2,9
.223 Rem	55	1:12"	3,350	1,371	3,3
.22-250 Rem	55	1:14"	3,800	1,764	6,4
.223 Rem	60	1:12"	3,225	1,386	3,5
.223 Rem	70	1:12"	3,025	1,422	3,9

The caracal is a typical varmint species that is hunted as a problem animal in many areas due to the damage it causes on game and stock farms.

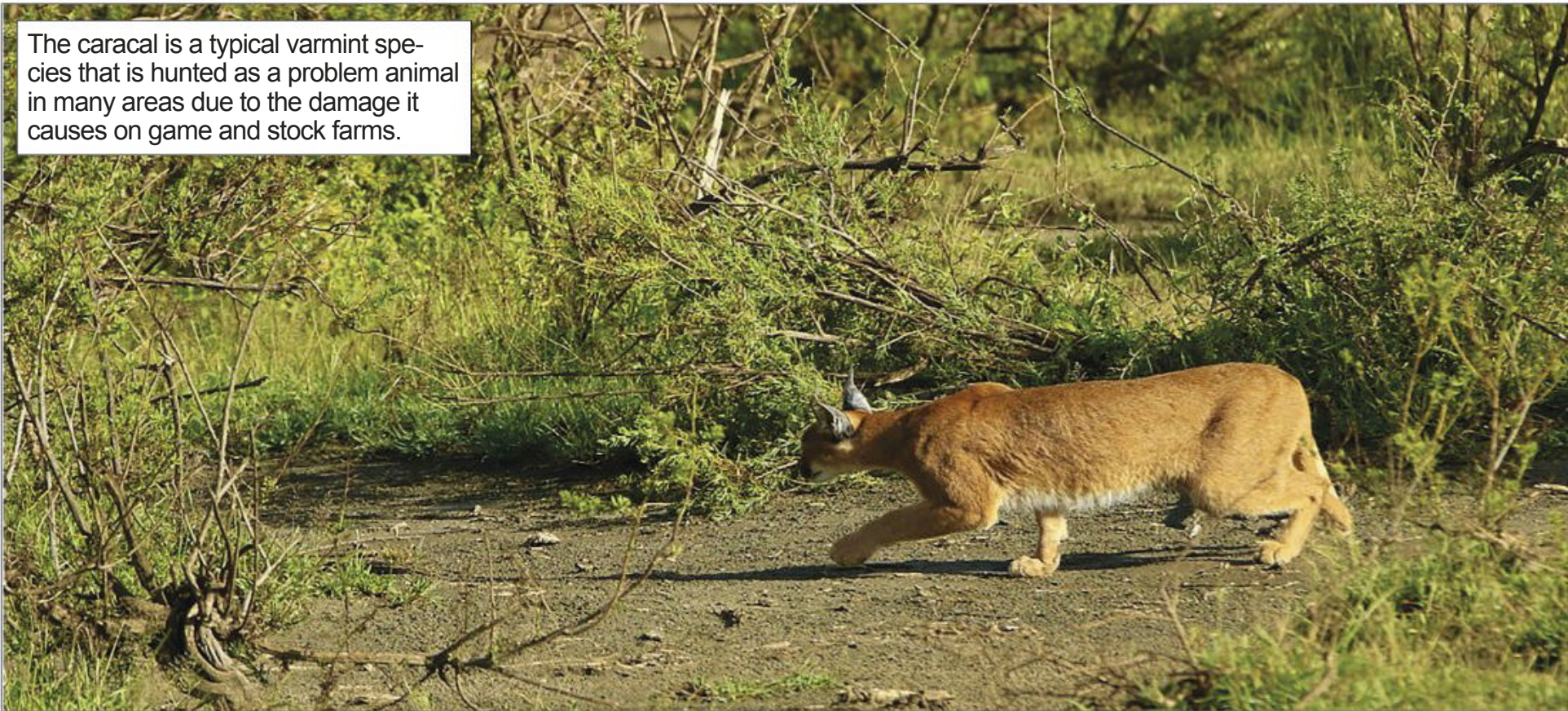


TABLE 3

OPTIMUM APPLICATION BAND 40-GRAIN BULLETS

24.0"	Range in yards																			
Barrel	0	25	50	75	100	125	150	175	200	225	250	275	300	325	350	375	400	425	450	
22-250 Remington																				
223 Remington																				
222 Remington																				

TABLE 4

OPTIMUM APPLICATION BAND 45-GRAIN BULLETS

24.0"	Range in yards																		
Barrel	0	25	50	75	100	125	150	175	200	225	250	275	300	325	350	375	400	425	450
22-250 Remington																			
223 Remington																			
222 Remington																			

TABLE 5

OPTIMUM APPLICATION BAND 50-GRAIN BULLETS

24.0"	Range in yards																		
Barrel	0	25	50	75	100	125	150	175	200	225	250	275	300	325	350	375	400	425	450
22-250 Remington																			
223 Remington																			
222 Remington																			

TABLE 6

OPTIMUM APPLICATION BAND 55-GRAIN BULLETS

24.0"	Range in yards																		
Barrel	0	25	50	75	100	125	150	175	200	225	250	275	300	325	350	375	400	425	450
22-250 Remington																			
223 Remington																			
222 Remington																			

TABLE 7

CARTRIDGE	BULLET WEIGHT	MUZZLE VELOCITY	DROP 200	DRIFT 200	DROP 300	DRIFT 300	DROP 400	DRIFT 400
.222 Rem	40	3 600	2,93"	12,68"	13,34"	32,57"	37,12"	66,97"
.223 Rem	40	3 800	2,44"	11,82"	11,48"	30,15"	32,15"	61,94"
.22-250 Rem	40	4 300	1,57"	10,18"	8,1"	25,57"	23,16"	51,98"
.222 Rem	55	3 150	3,20"	8,01"	12,47"	19,34"	31,02"	37,27"
.223 Rem	55	3 350	2,64"	7,37"	10,80"	17,72"	26,52"	34,02"
.22-250 Rem	55	3 800	1,68"	6,31"	7,57"	15,02"	19,12"	28,56"

Table 7 (see above) shows the trajectory comparisons between the cartridges, which should come as no surprise. The .22-250 is flatter-shooting and suffers less from wind drift (15 mph/24 km/h/90° crosswind) than its compatriots. In all fairness, one should not compare these cartridges beyond 250-300 yards, because none of them really are cartridges that should be applied beyond that, as is evident from Tables 3-6.

Whatever advantages the .22-250 has over its lesser brethren, are offset by recoil, much shorter barrel life, and the cost of components, cases and propellant in particular as detailed in Table 8. Having said that, I must add that when hunting small antelope across ranges beyond about 275 yards, the .22-250 clearly has an advantage over the .222 and .223 with regard to bullet drop and wind drift. On antelope such as springbuck, I consider the higher operation cost of the .22-250 an absolute non-issue. It is the best choice of the three, but there are many better springbuck cartridges for use

TABLE 8

CARTRIDGE	AVERAGE BARREL LIFE
.222 Rem	7 000
.223 Rem	6 000
.22-250 Rem	3 000

beyond that range. On problem animals, I have (despite the ballistics) really not experienced much of a difference between these three Remingtons.

I would like to draw the reader's attention to the fact that the .223 has a tighter twist and better external and terminal gyroscopic stability than its two competitors. I'm going to take flak, but out to 275 yards odd, I prefer the .223 over the .22-250 simply because it spoils less meat, assuming the same bullet is used.

However, this statement does not hold much water when frangible varmint bullets are used. It applies to hunting bullets and to rifle size and ease of carry, noise levels, recoil and handloading economics.



CONCLUSION

Given the lack of momentum and tempo at which .224" bullets (that are compatible with 1:12"-14" twist rates) lose velocity, and the expansion and fragmentation problems experienced with these bullets at low velocity, I

strongly believe they are best suited to sub-300-yard applications on species lighter than 40-45 kg. On such species, and within the stated range parameters, the performance differences between these cartridges actually are negligible. ☹

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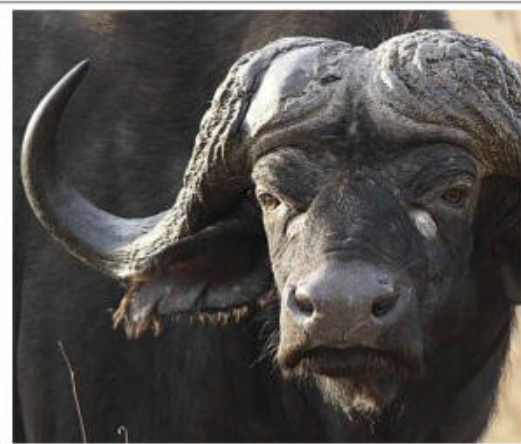
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SA Jagters- en Wildbewaringsvereniging
SA Hunters and Game Conservation Association



Inyathipark, Plot 3, Mountain Drive 7/Inyathi Park, Plot 3, 7 Mountain Drive, Derdepoort
Posbus/PO Box 1952, Montanapark, 0159
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SA JAGTERS-LEDE WEN EN MAAK 'N VERSKIL

“Buffeljag-loting: Buffelbuljag langs Sabie Game Park in Mosambiek, R50 per inskrywing”

Die meeste van SA Jagters se lede sou deur die loop van 2019 dié advertensie iewers teëgekom het, hetsy in die maandelikse nuusbrieff, die SA JAGTER/HUNTER-tydskrif of selfs by HuntEx. Twee van ons lede het wel die geluk aan hul kant gehad. Die gelukkige eerste trekking het 'n buffelbuljag langs die Sabie Game Park in Mosambiek gewen, asook die opstop van die trofee deur Custos Tak-sidermie (wilka@mweb.co.za) en 'n skildery van die jag deur die kunstenaar Michelle van Jaarsveldt (michellevjart@gmail.com). Die gelukkige wenner van die tweede prys het 'n geslypte diamant ter waarde van R28 000 ontvang.

So het ook ons nie die impak van die Covid-19-pandemie vrygespring nie en weens die sluiting van die landsgrense moes die buffeljag na 2021 oorstaan. Die wenner (wat verkies om anoniem te bly) het die geleentheid gehad om twee van sy jagmaats saam te neem sodat hulle

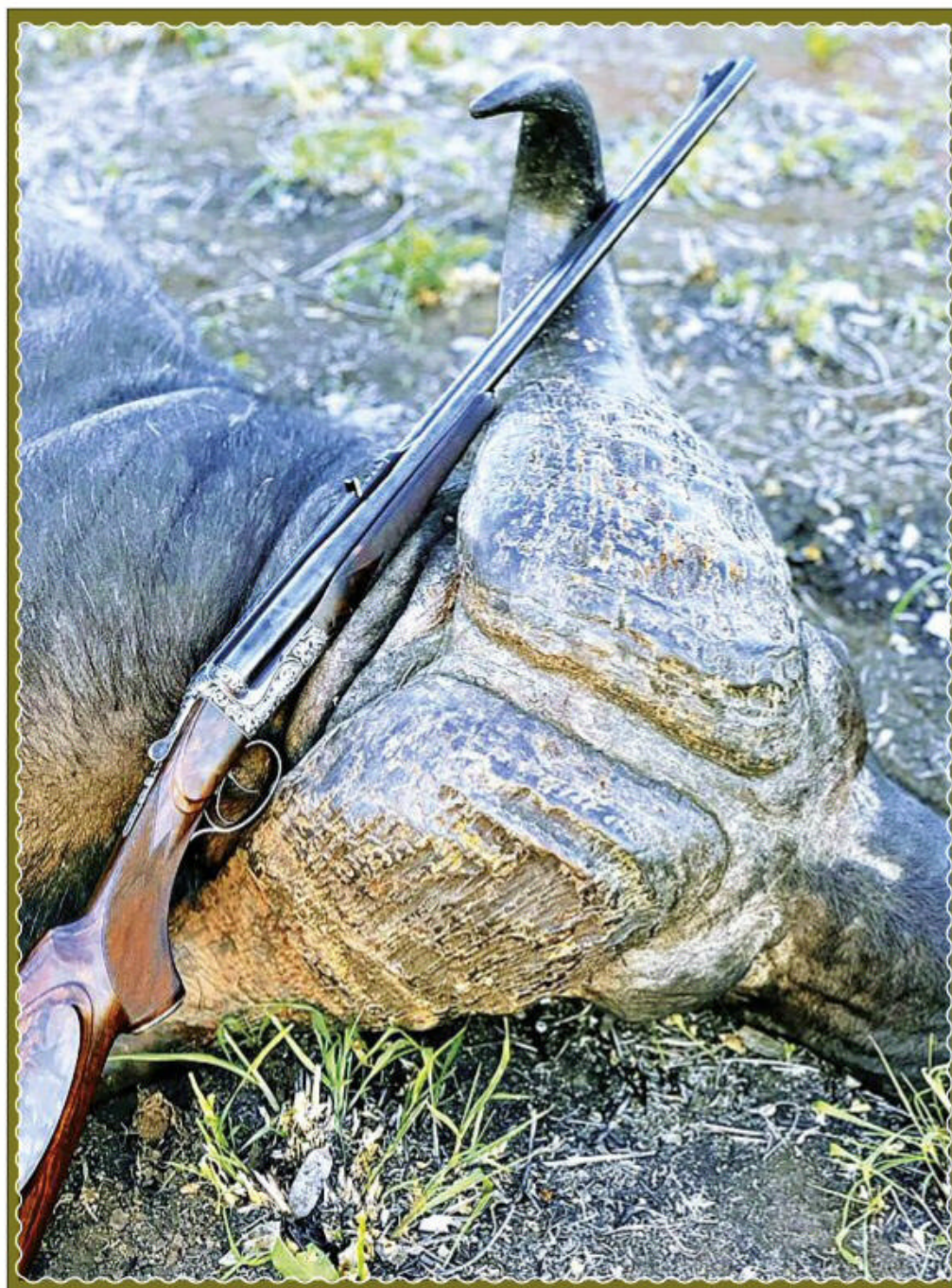
ook die voorreg kon ervaar om oor die grens te gaan jag.

Die jagooreenkoms het bepaal dat dit ten bate van die plaaslike Mangalana-gemeenskap sou plaasvind omdat die buffel op hul eiendom, aangrensend tot die Sabie Game Park, gejaag sou word.

Sandy McDonald, die amptelike verteenwoordiger van Sabie Park, het al die nodige reëlins aan die Mosambiek-kant getref en die jag het vlot verloop. Die gelukkige jagter het 'n baie mooi ou *dagha boy* gejaag. Sandy het die gemeenskap se behoefte aan SA Jagters oorgedra en twee projekte is geïdentifiseer, naamlik die skenking van 'n Belgiese malinois-hond vir teenstropingsoperasies en die opgradering van die Mangalana-gemeenskap se Ndindiza-skool. Sabie Game Park dien as buffergebied vir die Nasionale Krugerwildtuin en word dus ook geteiken deur onwettige wildstropers wat die landsgrense daar oorsteek.

BELGIESE MALINOIS-HOND VIR TEENSTROPINGSOPERASIES

Die soektog na 'n geskikte malinois-tefie was ook 'n taamlike avontuur op sigself. Die tefie



moes min of meer 'n jaar oud wees, uit goeie werkende bloedlyne afkomstig wees en net basiese gehoorsaamheidsopleiding ondergaan het. Só 'n tefie is by Fafa en Sonja Linde (sel: 078-912-1970) van Sharp Lines Malinois Breeders naby Groblersdal opgespoor. SA Jagters het die amptelike oorhandiging bygewoon en die pragtige tefie is aan Kevin Aron oorhandig. Die tefie gaan eersdaags by die Sabie Game Park-teenstropings-eenheid aansluit, waar sy spesialisopleiding sal ontvang en dan ontplooi sal word.

OPGRADERING VAN NDINDIZA-SKOOL

Wat die tweede projek betref het die infrastruktuur van die Mangalana-gemeenskap se Ndindiza-skool opgradering nodig, onder andere vensters, stopverf, deurhandvatsels en 'n laag verf. Daar is ook 'n behoefte aan skoolbanke, stoele, skryfborde, skryfbehoeftes en basiese sporttoerusting. Die Raad van SA Jagters het dit goedgevind om 'n bedrag uit die kompetisie se opbrengs vir die opgradering beskikbaar te stel. Die opknapping gaan vroeg in Januarie aangepak word en die Sabie Game Park-span gaan poog om die skool gereed te kry voor dit in 2022 heropen.

Die gelukkige wenner van die 2020 Jagpakket-kompetisie was Attie Nel van die Springbok-tak. Attie het 'n keuse tussen twee jagpakkette gehad. Pakket 1 het die volgende ingesluit: 1x koedoebul, 1x blouwildebees, 2x rooibokke en 1x vlakvark, asook 5 dae/4 nagte se verblyf naby Mbombela (voorheen Nelspruit). Aangesien Attie reeds 'n koedoebul gejaag het, het hy op pakket 2 besluit, wat uit die volgende bestaan: 1x gemsbok, 1x blouwildebees, 1x blesbok, 1x springbok en 1x vlakvark, asook 5 dae/4 nagte se verblyf. Die jag is deur Theuns en Erika Cloete van Tarentaalrand Safaris (sel: 083-230-4663) net buite Kimberley aangebied. Attie se terugvoer was dat die gasvry-



heid van die hele Cloete-gesin uit die boonste rakke was en dat hy en sy jagmaat die voorreg gehad het om op een van die mooiste kameeldoringplase in die land te jag. Die wild was volop en in goeie kondisie – vir seker een van sy beste jagte ooit.

Lede kan gerus uitkyk vir die jagpakket-kompetisies wat in 2022 geloods gaan word. Wie weet, dalk word jou R50-kaartjie met die jag van 'n leeftyd beloon. Enige jagbestemmings-eienaars wat aan so 'n projek wil deelneem, kan gerus vir Boetie Kirchner, SA Jagters se bestuurder van jagsake, kontak by boetiek@sahunt.co.za.

SA JAGTERS-DOKUMENTÊR

Gedurende 2021 is daar met verfilming van 'n dokumentêr oor SA Jagters begin. Die dokumentêr word deur Conservation Imperative vervaardig, wat bekend is vir die maak van dokumentêre programme oor bewaring en volhoubare benutting. Daar word veral op Afrika en Suider-Afrika gefokus. Zig

Macintosh is bekend vir sy video's oor aktuele sake, byvoorbeeld die situasie rondom renostropery in Suid-Afrika, olifantbestuur, bewaring en konflikbestuur in Botswana. Lizanne Nel (SA Jagters se bewaringsbestuurder) en Zig het oor die jare dikwels gesels oor die moontlikheid om die Vereniging se bewaringswerk uit te lig en vir die wêreld te vertel wie en wat SA Jagters is. Zig het die nodige befondsing bekom om die dokumentêr te verfilm en ook ingestem om as deel van die proses korter video's vir die Vereniging te maak wat ons saam met die dokumentêr vir ons eie doeleindes kan gebruik. Al die video's sal plaaslik en internasionaal aan relevante rolspelers beskikbaar gestel word.

Zig en Lizanne het te midde van Covid-uitdagings verskeie takke, geleenthede en projekte van SA Jagters landwyd besoek om opnames te maak. Hoewel die primêre fokus bewaring is, is alle fasette van die Vereniging in die dokumentêr ingesluit. Sowat

8 000 km is afgelê tydens besoeke aan spesifieke takke, lede en van ons vennote – van Tshipise in die noorde van Limpopo tot Caledon in die suide en die verre noordweste in Namakwaland. Zig is tans besig met die redigering van die videomateriaal om dit in die mees sinvolle formaat te verpak.

Intussen is daar reeds verskeie kort video's gemaak wat vir die Vereniging se werksaamhede gebruik gaan word. Daar is onder andere 'n kort bemarkingsvideo oor SA Jagters vervaardig wat by die internasionale "One With Nature"-jagtentoonstelling in Boedapest gebruik is. Dit kan deur lede en takke benut word.

'n Ander video vertoon SA Jagters se werk om bewaring en volhoubare benutting as 'n strategie vir landelike, ekonomiese groei te posisioneer deur stimulering van die wildlewe-ekonomie in biodiversiteitseconomie-nodusse. Die konsep van biodiversiteitseconomie-nodusse is die breinkind van SA Jagters en Ezemvelo KZN Wildlife en het sy oorsprong by 'n samewerkingsinisiatief tussen SA Jagters-lede in KwaZulu-Natal en die Kwasanguya-gemeenskap. Hierdie konsep is later opgeneem as 'n nasionale strategie vir inklusiewe groei van die wildlewesektor. Hier word geïllustreer hoe bewaring en ekonomiese groei gelyktydig deur konstruktiewe vennootskappe bevorder kan word.

Die volledige dokumentêr sal in 2022 vrygestel word. Intussen kan lede gerus YouTube besoek by hierdie skakel: https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLZB_BolmOvs7gscQ-zaSCLs-TllypamYNL. Daar kan hulle van die kort video's oor SA Jagters sien wat reeds voltooi is, asook bemarkingsvideo's van *Citizen Hunter – the Story of SA Hunters*. Alle video's van SA Jagters wat deur Conservation Imperative vervaardig is, sal hier geplaas word. Lede kan van tyd tot tyd hier gaan inloer vir die nuutste video's. 📺

BOKSPOG

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

WENFOTO



SANDRI MARX, WOLMARANSSTAD, NOORDWES. Rooibok, Howa 6,5 Creedmoor, 140 grein.



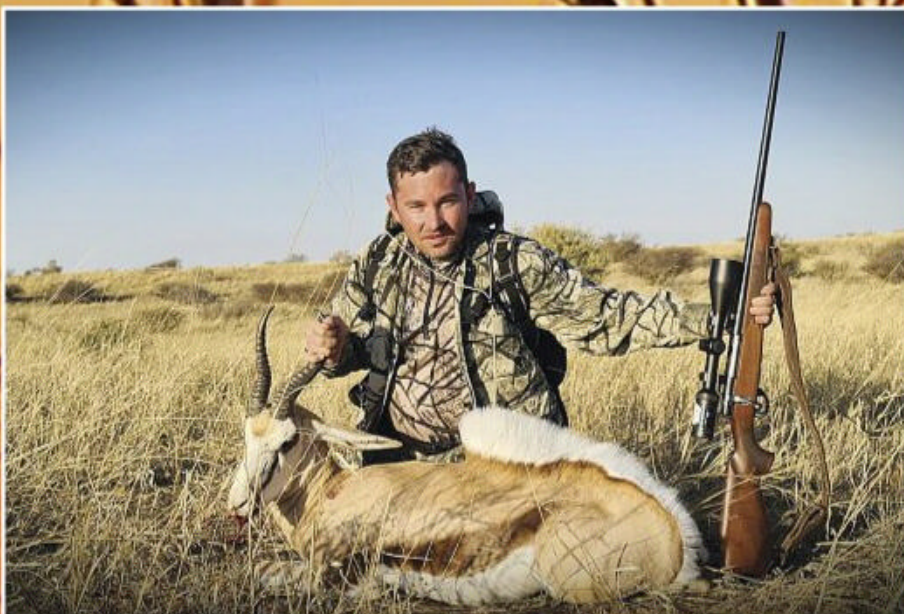
MARIUS OOSTHUYSEN, VAALWATER, LIMPOPO. Elandbul, Mauser .300 Winchester Magnum, 200 grein Swith A-Frame, 115 meter.



JONATHAN BIEWENGA, BULHOEK, NOORDWES. Rooibok, CZ .30-06, 180 grein Fusion, 50 meter.



EITALL BREDEKAMP, OPRAAP, NOORDWES, Blesbokram, Mauser M18 .308 Winchester, 167 grein Peregrine VLR4, 150 meter.



PIETER VAN WYK, VAN ZYLSRUS, NOORD-KAAP. Springbok, .300 Winchester Magnum, 180 grein Nosler AccuBond, 150 meter.

WENPRYS

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

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





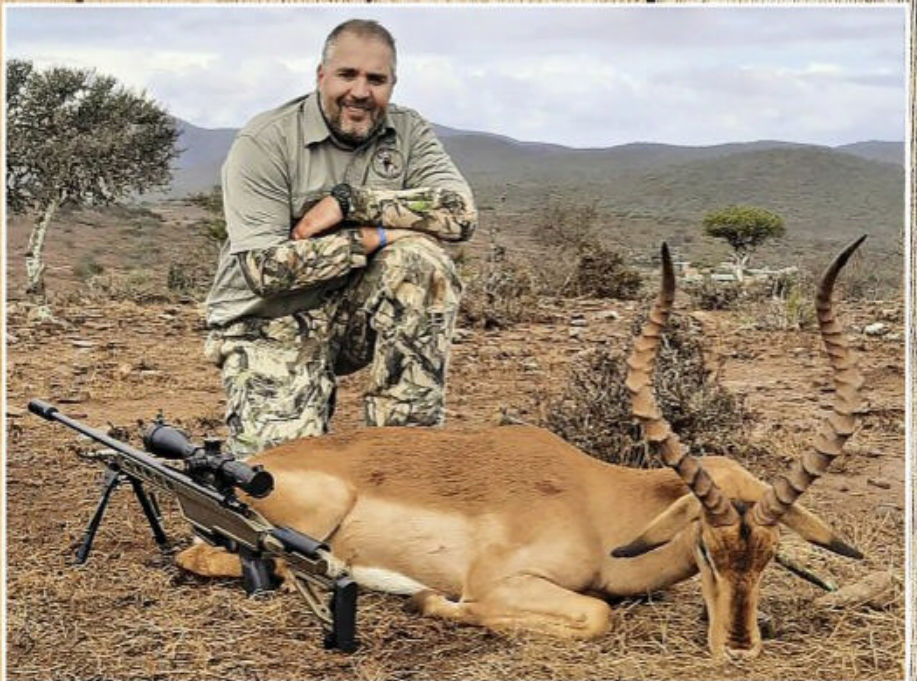
ARMAND STARBUCK, BANDELIERKOP, LIMPOPO. Koedoe, CZ .300 Win Mag, 90 meter.



GEORGE SMITH, PHILIPPOLIS, VRYSTAAT. Rooibok, .243, 100 grein Sierra Pro-Hunter, 150 meter.



LUANE VERMEULEN, STOCKPOORT, LIMPOPO. Rooihartbees, .243 Winchester, 80 meter.



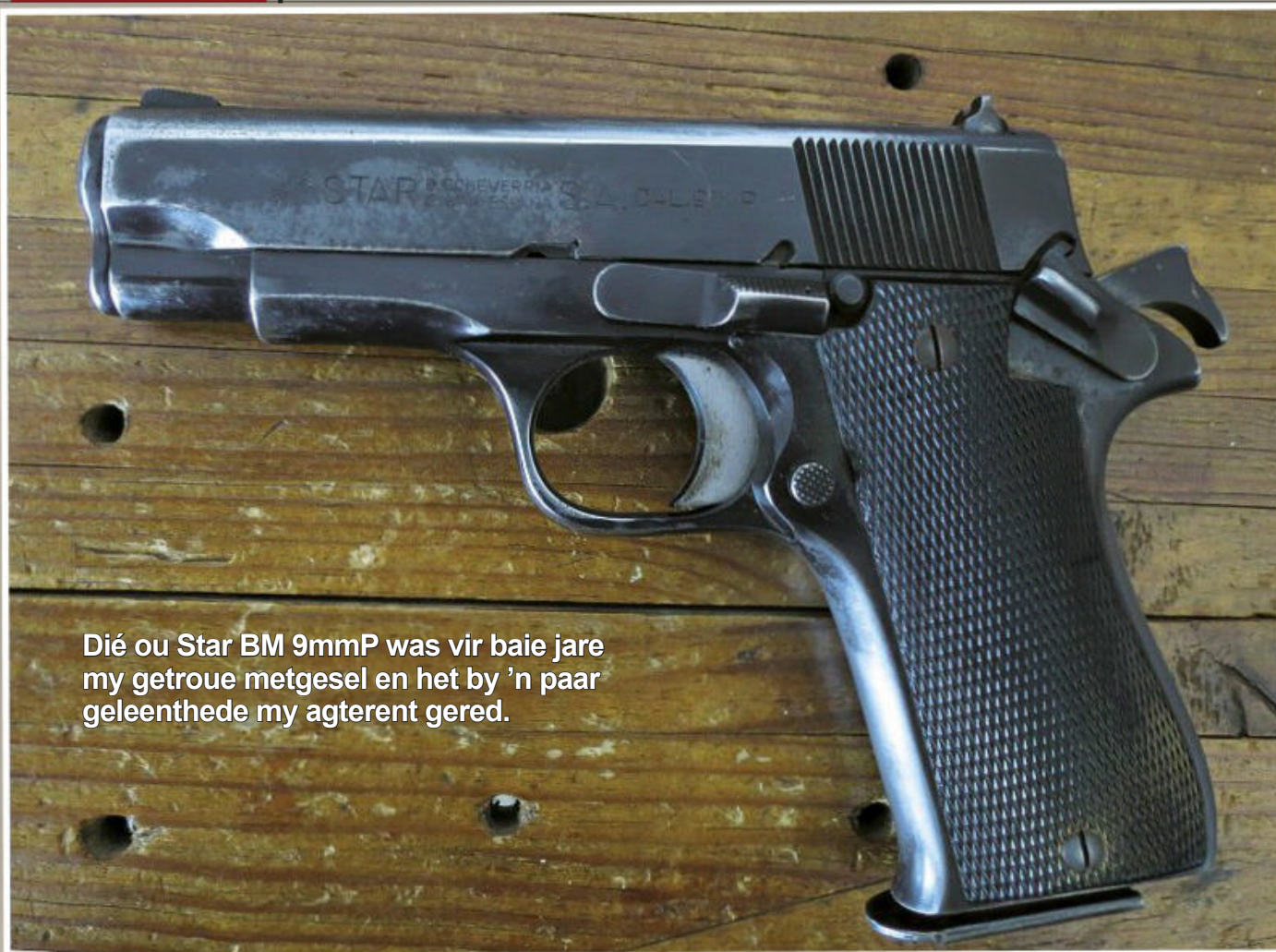
BEN BEZUIDENHOUT, JANSENVILLE, OOS-KAAP. Rooibok, .300 Win Mag, 200 grein Hornady.



KEEGAN RIVETT, MUSINA, LIMPOPO. Rooibok, Musgrave .30-06, 168 grein.



PIET DU PLESSIS, TOLWE, LIMPOPO. Buffel, SAKO .375 H&H, 300 grein Barnes TSX.



Dié ou Star BM 9mmP was vir baie jare my getroue metgesel en het by 'n paar geleenthede my agterent gered.

Hoekom jou handwapen saamdra in die jagveld?

Wanneer die meeste jagters aan handwapens dink om veld toe te neem, dink hulle aan jagwapens – iets soos 'n Ruger Super Blackhawk, 'n Thompson Contender of selfs een van daardie grendelaksie-handwapens wat eintlik maar 'n geamputeerde jaggeweër is. Hoewel dié soort handwapen wel 'n rol in die jagveld as 'n jagwapen speel, handel hierdie artikel oor minder indrukwekkende en meer draagbare pistole of rewolwers wat nie as 'n primêre jagwapen aangewend word nie, maar 'n aanvullende funksie het.

DIE ROL VAN HANDWAPENS IN DIE JAGVELD



'n Pasmaak-7mm Dakota-pistool – 'n indrukwekkende jagwapen, maar nie geskik as drawapen vir 'n jagter nie.



Twee Smith & Wesson .357 Magnum rewolwers: 'n Model 686 met 2½"-loop (**bo**) en 'n Model 19 met 4"-loop (**onder**). As jy met die gewig kan saamleef, maak 'n .357 Magnum sin as 'n drawapen vir 'n jagter.

MAAR HOEKOM?

Ek kyk soms na die pakkasie wat ek op 'n jagtog saamdra en verlang terug na 'n eenvoudiger tyd toe 'n gelaaiete geweer, 'n mes, ekstra patrone en miskien 'n waterbottel of lemoen al was wat ek saamgeneem het. Deesdae is daar ook 'n verkyker/afstandmeter, GPS, *multitool*, tweerigting-radio, selfoon, klein noodhulp-sakkie en 'n ammunisiehouer met addisionele patrone aan my persoon wanneer ek gaan jag. Nou hoekom sal 'n jagter homself nog meer wil straf deur boonop 'n handwapen saam te dra? Jy hét mos 'n geweer.

DAAR IS WEL 'N PAAR GELDIGE REDES OM 'N HANDWAPEN TYDENS 'N JAGTOG SAAM TE NEEM.

GENADESKOTE (*COUP DE GRÂCE*)

Hoewel ons as jagters poog om die dier wat ons jag vinnig en met een skoot te dood, werk dinge nie altyd presies uit soos wat ons wil hê dit moet nie.

Soms is 'n tweede skoot met 'n jaggeweer die enigste werkbare oplossing. Indien moontlik, wil 'n mens egter 'n geïmmobiliseerde, lewendige dier se lyding beëindig sonder om meer vleis te verloor of 'n trofee onherstelbaar te beskadig.

'n Mes kan in die meeste gevalle gebruik word om die nek-slagenaar af te sny of tussen die eerste nekwerwel (*atlas joint*) en skedel in te steek om die rugmurg af te sny. Laasgenoemde verg baie oefening om suksesvol uit te voer. Selfs eersgenoemde is nie altyd so maklik wanneer die dier hom nog kan teensit nie.

Jare gelede, tydens 'n gestoei met 'n takbokram wat nie so dood was as wat ek gedink het nie, het ek byna my eie duim geamputeer in 'n poging om die ram se eerste nekwerwel te ont-koppel.

Sommige wildsoorte wil jy in elk geval nie met 'n mes aanvat nie. Toe ek as beroepsjagter begin werk het, het my mentor

amper sleg daarvan afgekóm toe 'n "dooie" gemsbok besluit het om terug te steek. So ook het 'n kliënt van my hewige teenstand ondervind van 'n blouwildebees wat hy wou uitbloei. Hoewel hierdie situasies by nabetraging skreeusnaaks was, sou beide minder goed geëindig het as 'n persoon met 'n vuurwapen nie tussenbeide getree het nie.

'n Kennis was minder gelukkig. 'n "Dooie" vlakvark het sy arm oopgeskeur terwyl hy besig was om die vark aan die tand uit 'n bos te sleep. 'n Breinskoot voor die slepery sou hom 'n hospitaalbesoek en 'n reeks steke langer as 'n ritssluiters gespaar het.

'n Breinskoot met 'n handwapen op 'n kort maar veilige afstand is 'n menslike en veilige manier om 'n dier se lyding te beëindig. Dié soort skoot met 'n handwapen en 'n soliede koeël veroorsaak ook minimale skade aan 'n trofeedier se skedel en masker (*cape*). Indien jy dit verkies, kan jy steeds die nek-

slagaar sny nadat jy die skoot toegedien het.

SKOOTPLASING VIR 'N GENADESKOOT

'n Skoot van agter, daar waar die eerste nekwerwel en die skedel ontmoet, werk baie goed. Dit laat jou ook toe om die dier van agter te benader, soos jy moet.

'n Syaansigskoot tussen die oorholte en oog is doeltreffend en die enigste werkbare opsie vir groter bokke indien jy 'n marginale kaliber of koeël gebruik.

'n Frontale breinskoot is effektief met 'n kaliber- of koeël-kombinasie wat voldoende penetreer. Dit is egter nooit 'n goeie idee om 'n gekwete dier van voor te benader nie.

Onthou dat die hoek waarteen jy skiet, skootplasing gaan beïnvloed. Maak seker dat jou medejagters en/of gids agter jou is wanneer jy skiet.

AMMUNISIE VIR 'N GENADESKOOT

Soliede koeëls (gegote, FMJ of CMJ) werk die beste aangesien hulle beter as holpunt- of sagte-puntkoeëls penetreer.

SELFBESKERMING

Jagters wil uit die aard van die saak wegkom van hul daaglikse probleme en stres wanneer hulle gaan jag. Die realiteit is egter dat die kriminele element nie noodwendig wetsgehoorsame jagters se wense respekteer nie.

'n Versteekte handwapen aan jou persoon en die regte gesindheid en opleiding maak jou nie minder van 'n teiken nie. Dit maak jou egter 'n moeiliker teiken wanneer jy om die kampvuur ontspan, met jou jaggeweer veilig in die jaghuis se kluis toegesluit, asook tydens jou reis na en van die jagbestemming.

Gewelddadige misdaad is die laaste ding waarvoor ons wil dink wanneer ons tyd in die natuur deurbring, maar ongelukkig is dit 'n realiteit.

DIE ONVERWAGTE

Daar is nog 'n rede. Laat ek jou voorstel aan my vriend Murphy. Die wet, volgens Murphy, is dat indien iets kán skeefloop, sal dit. Laat my toe om dié wet met twee gevallestudies te illustreer.»

» Geval 1

'n Koue wintersoggend in die Suid-Vrystaat. Ek skiet 'n reuse-vlakvarkbeer met my 7x57 en laai hom met 'n groot gesukkel agterop die Land-Cruiser. Op pad na die slagplek ry ek by my huis verby en besluit om vir 'n beker boeretroos te stop. Ek loop agterom die Cruiser. Die beer staan op wankelrige bene agterop die bak en maak sulke mik-mik-bewegings in my rigting. Ek los dié onverwagte probleem met 'n 9mm-koeël tussen sy oë op. Ten spyte van die kort afstand (± 2 meter) voel ek dat dit een van die beste skote van my loopbaan was, hoofsaaklik vanweë die omstandighede.

Geval 2

'n Nat somersoggend in die Suid-Vrystaat. Weereens 'n vlakvarkbeer. Die 180 grein Barnes TSX-koeël uit 'n .300 Winchester Magnum tref die vark effe hoog op die blad en hy tuimel in 'n erosiesloot af. Ek benader die rand van die sloot versigtig en ontleed die situasie. Die vark lê op sy sy onderin die sloot. Hy lyk dood. Ek mik op sy kop maar trek nie die sneller nie. Hy is dood. Ek maak my skietstokke staan op die rand van die sloot, hang die gehawende ou Howa aan die geweerband aan die stokke, en klouter af om die vark teen die wal op te sleep.

Onderin die sloot bekyk ek hom weer en wonder hoe ek 'n vlakvark, wat ongeveer dieselfde as ek weeg, teen 'n modderige wal van 2 meter hoog gaan uitsleep. Ek weet sommer ek gaan 'n probleem hê en ek is toe reg...

Skielik knip die "dooie" vark sy oog. Hy is omtrent 5 meter van my af. Ek gryp na die ou Star BM op my heup. Die vark voel oënskynlik nou heelwat beter, spring op en hardloop – reguit in my rigting. Ek kan nie onthou dat ek gemik of geskiet het nie, maar ek móés, want toe ek weer tot verhaal kom, lê die dooie vark se modderige snoet 'n kort tree van my voete af. Ek skiet hom nog twee keer, net om seker te maak. Dan gaan sit ek in die modder totdat my bene ophou



My huidige handwapen wanneer ek jag: 'n Glock 43 9mmP, hier saam met 'n mes, *multitool* en ekstra ammunisie wat ook saamgedra word.

bewe. Ek sou graag wou sê dat dié een van die beste skote van my loopbaan was, maar ek ken 'n vloekskoot as ek een skiet.

GESKIKTE HANDWAPENS

Baie jagters wat handwapens koop om gedurende 'n jagtog te dra, glo dat groter beter is. 'n Massiewe langlooprewolwer in .454 Casull of .44 Magnum, of 'n .50 AE Desert Eagle-pistool lyk baie indrukwekkend, maar dié soort handwapen bly gewoonlik ná die eerste jagdag in die kluis by die jaghuis.

Indien jy reeds 'n handwapen vir selfverdediging dra, is die keuse vanselfsprekend: Bring die wapen waaraan jy gewoond is. Indien jy 'n wapen spesifiek vir dié doel koop, wees realisties. Jy soek 'n handwapen wat jy heeldag gemaklik kan dra – verkieslik sonder om aan die hele wêreld te verkondig dat jy wel gewapen is.

Jou handwapen moet akkuraat genoeg wees om breinskote betroubaar op 'n kort afstand (2-5 meter) te kan skiet. Dit moet 'n koeël lanseer wat voldoende penetreer om selfs 'n groot wildsbok se brein te bereik.

PISTOOL OF REWOLWER?

Wat pistole betref, is die 9mm Parabellum die minimumkaliber wat ek sal aanbeveel. Tans gebruik ek 'n Glock 43 9mmP-pistool met handgelaai 147 grein CMJ-koeëls. Voor ek die Glock aangeskaf het, het ek jare lank 'n Star BM 9mmP baie suksesvol gebruik. 'n Kompakte of subkompakte 9mmP-pistool is 'n praktiese keuse vir die jagter omdat dit gemaklik is om te dra en jou ook doeltreffend teen tweebeenroofdiere kan verdedig.

Goeie kwaliteit holpunt-ammunisie is egter 'n beter keuse vir selfverdediging. 9mmP-ammunisie en herlaaikomponente is relatief goedkoop en vrylik beskikbaar.

Volgens my ondervinding is die .22 LR en 9mmK (.380 ACP) nie kragtig genoeg vir genadeskote op wildebeeste en elande nie, maar werk goed op kleiner wild.

Die .40 Smith & Wesson (S&W), 10mm-oto en .45 ACP is almal goeie kaliberkeuses. Die enigste werklike nadeel van 'n pistool is dat jy heel waarskynlik 'n klompie doppe tydens die jagseisoen gaan verloor.

Is jy 'n rewolwerentoesias, is 'n .22 Magnum Randslag-rewolwer met 'n 4"-loop en soliede koeëls 'n goeie keuse. 'n .38 Special-rewolwer sal werk op voorwaarde dat jy 'n warmgelaai koeël van 150 grein of swaarder skiet.

'n .357 Magnum-rewolwer met 'n loop van 4" of korter is 'n puik keuse. Ek is baie lief vir .357 S&W-rewolwers en het lank 'n S&W Model 19 met 'n 4"-loop gedra.

Tans gebruik ek soms 'n S&W 686 met 'n 2½"-loop. Gelaai met 158 grein-, gegote platpuntkoeëls, lewer dié kaliber puik akkuraatheid en meer as voldoende penetrasie. Die enigste nadeel van hierdie rewolwers is dat hulle bonkig en swaar is. Groter kaliber rewolwers (.41 Magnum, .44 Magnum, .45 Colt en .454 Casull) is nóg groter en swaarder.

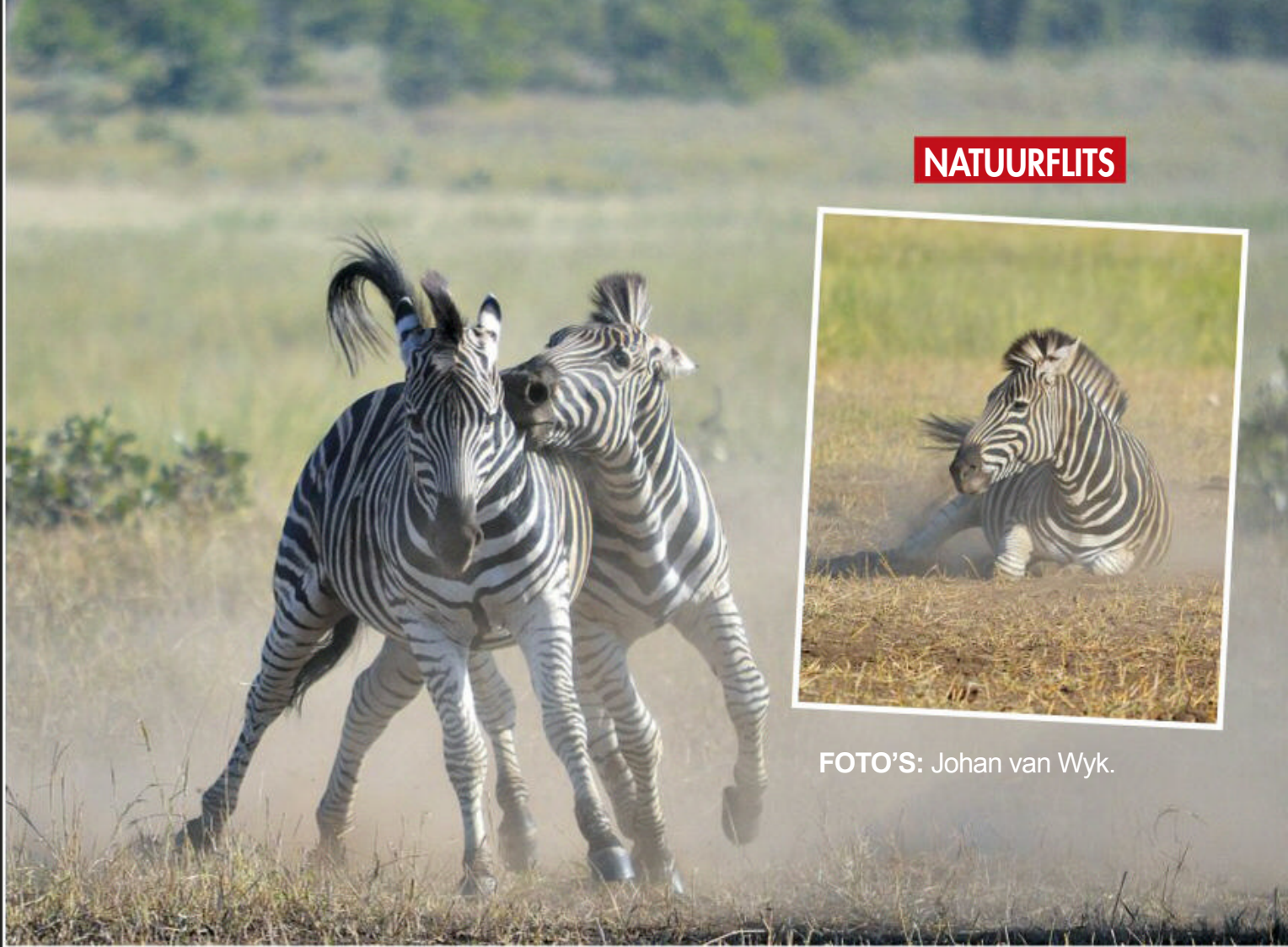
Soos met enige vuurwapen, is jou vermoë om dit akkuraat aan te wend, uiters belangrik. Gelukkig is handwapenammunisie relatief goedkoop, veral as jy herlaai. Oefen gereeld en raak vertrouwd met jou handwapen voor jy veld toe gaan. ☘

Die sebra (*Equus burchelli*) is een van Afrika se mees kenmerkende diere en kom in groot getalle in verskeie lande in suidelike, Sentraal- en Oos-Afrika voor. Benewens ander sebraspesies soos Grévy se sebra, Hartmann se bergsebra en die Kaapse bergsebra, word die vlaksebra deur natuurkundiges in vier subspesies opgedeel. Die onderskeid lê in klein verskille in die streeppatroon van die onderskeie subspesies, asook waar in Afrika hulle aangetref word.

Hulle is by uitstek grasvreters en in plekke soos die Masai Mara in Kenia en Tanzanië kom hulle in baie groot troppe voor. Die hings te is bekend daarvoor dat hulle aggressief onder mekaar baklei vir die merries se aandag. Dit is dus nie vreemd om 'n sebrahings met bytmerke op sy vel raak te loop nie.

Sebras is taai diere en 'n leeu of ander roofdiere takel hulle met moeite. Hulle is bekend vir hul uithouvermoë wanneer hulle gekwes word en goeie skootplasing is dus belangrik wanneer dié spesie gejag word.

Sebravleis is heel smaaklik as al die kenmerkende geel vet afgesny en dit reg voorberei word. Die meeste sebras word egter vir hul pragtige velle gejag. 'n Groot hings kan tot 350 kilogram of meer weeg. Dit verg dus gewoonlik taamlik moeite en manekrag om hierdie dier te laai en na die slagpale te vervoer. 🏹



FOTO'S: Johan van Wyk.

AFRIKA SE EIE WILDE PERD





Stephan Jacobs and his roan. The roan is one of Africa's exceptional trophies. Rare, regal and elusive, this horse-like antelope is the second largest on the continent. It has characteristic long ears, curved sable-like horns, and facial markings resembling those of the oryx. Where it ranges free, it presents a formidable challenge for the hunter.

ROAN IN THE RAIN

A pro team's hunt in the wilds of Namibia turns into a trial of tracking endurance.

The Nyae Nyae Conservancy, part of an area traditionally known as Bushmanland, is one of the wild-life jewels of arid Namibia. It is

the haunt of giant tuskers as well as the rest of the Big Five and a range of plains game. The limited quota set out for trophy hunting – especially the legend-

ary elephant bulls – is in high demand internationally, for here Africa is still wild, free and unfenced.

We were standing around the

morning fire, watching the dawn over mugs of coffee with some trepidation. It was an overcast and drizzly morning, with the temperature down to



MAIN PHOTO: On the roan trail. Almost all hunting in the vast Nyae Nyae Conservancy is done by tracking on foot. The tracking skills of the San people, whose ancestral home this is, are legendary, and it is a great experience to hunt with these masters of bushcraft as trackers.

28 degrees after weeks of murderous days measuring 41 degrees-plus. This was our last day in camp and it would be Stephan's last chance to shoot a roan before the licence expired.

A great, ominous wall of angry sky had rolled in from the north the previous evening. It had dumped heavy rain over the wild and unfenced Khau-dum National Park directly to our north, and random showers were also quenching the 792 000 hectares of wilderness on which we were hunting. The rain was bringing welcome relief from the fierce drought that had parched the sandy savannah for more than two years, but now it spelt trouble for the day's hunt.

Stephan Jacobs's company, SMJ Safaris, holds the hunting concession for the Nyae Nyae. The season had come to an end and the quotas had been taken by clients. However, this year Stephan reserved a roan antelope licence for himself. He had guided hunts for this graceful antelope many times but had never taken one for his own trophy wall. Roan are often spotted here, but lately, they had been scarce. The drought and increased predation from lion and packs of African wild dog had scattered them, but whereto?

After a hurried breakfast, Stephan and fellow PH, Ben van Wyk, left to scout the pans that dot the landscape to the south. There was an air of urgency about the team as they drove off.

THE HUNT IS ON!

About 48 kilometres out of camp, the trackers on the back of the truck spotted the spoor of a big roan bull that had crossed the sandy road. The hunt was on!

The hunting team filled their water bottles and set out on foot, heading straight into the morning sun. The first few miles produced five kudu bulls, a herd of blue wildebeest and a duiker, but the spoor they were on showed the roan bull wasn't hanging about. He was purposefully head-



Roan down. The roan is capable of remarkable speed and endurance. With their long, sweeping horns and protective nature, the bulls can also be dangerous. This one measured 28½".

ing east, all by himself.

After an hour on the trail, a light drizzle fell and then let up again. When the team subsequently saw the bull's tracks over those of the raindrops, they knew it could be no more than ten minutes old. At a mudhole, they found sign that the bull had joined a group of females and horned the mud. Was he flirting?

When they glassed about, they spotted the cows and stalked them, but there was no bull with them. Back at the mudhole, they analysed the tracks and found the bull had chosen not to linger but had continued on his way.

The spoor led them into a thicket of *mushara* bush, usually a favoured hideout. Would this be where he'd chosen to rest up?

FRUITLESS PURSUIT

Stephan swapped his .308 for

Ben's less brush-sensitive .416 Taylor and approached the thicket very carefully. Slowly they picked their way through, but the roan had not bedded down. The clearing beyond also showed nothing and they hurried across it to make up time.

In the bushy fringe on the other side, they found the spot where the wily bull had paused to watch his backtrail. He had spotted his pursuers and had run off.

They got close to him two more times, but he had turned downwind now, and, on both occasions, he smelled them and fled. It was clear the game had changed. The bull now knew he was being followed and he was using all his guile and instinct to avoid his pursuers.

Things didn't look good for the hunters. When the trail crossed a vehicle track – one of

very few in this vast wilderness – they conceded defeat and radioed in the hunting car. After four hours on a 16-kilometre trail, they still had not even laid eyes on the wily old bull. They sat down by the roadside to wait for the vehicle, just as the rain started coming down again, soon soaking them to the skin.

A SECOND BULL

Back in camp, I had been catching a late lie-in while waiting for the soft patter on my tent to stop. When it eventually did, I set out on a two-hour drive to the northwest to go and take down a hide that had been set up to bowhunt hyena from. Since this was the last day of the season, there would be no further use for it.

At Dobe waterhole, I stopped to check for roan tracks, although I didn't expect to find »



Loading the bull for the long trip back to camp. Amongst the African antelope, only the eland is bigger than the roan.

» much sign of activity under the conditions. Yet, there they were – the pointed prints of a roan bull and cow that had come in from the north and headed back out the same way. There had been some light rain since, but the tracks were clearly made that very morning.

I scanned the clouded heavens. Was it worth it to try and call in the hunters, or would the rain come down again and obliterate the spoor?

Since I didn't have a radio, I had no idea where the guys were and what they might be on to. Still, I thought I should let them know what I'd found. I managed to get a faint phone signal from the top of an anthill and left a message on Stephan's unanswered phone: Roan!

Continuing on my way, I drove slowly in the hope of finding the outgoing spoor crossing the road somewhere. Such a lead might give the hunters a

jump-start on the trail since time was running out.

The damp bush hid its secrets well, however. At the next waterhole, normally a well-used one, there was no sign of the usual elephant herds or the lions we'd spotted there on three occasions over the preced-

then turned east with an uneasy wind from behind. The rained-over tracks initially led them to believe they were far adrift, but after only 45 minutes, they suddenly caught up.

The news printed in the sand wasn't good. It showed where the two roans had been grazing

Ahead of them, silver raindrops were now falling steadily in the glare of the headlights.

ing days. The coming of the rains had changed everything in this thirsty land.

Stephan and his wet team – back on wheels and heading further south again – had not driven far when his phone beeped. My message turned them in their tracks.

They reached Dobe an hour later and set out on the roan spoor. It took them north and

and then bolted when the wind brought the smell of the unseen enemy to them.

The valuable element of surprise had again been lost, but at least it was a hot trail now. Anything could happen.

Indeed, after half an hour on the spoor, Ben spotted a roan looking straight at them from about 250 metres off. Was it a bull, though?

However, as he raised his binos, it took off.

The men moved forward and took up the trail again. When they passed a giant anthill, Ben scaled it to scan ahead and saw two bulls moving at about 450 metres. He discovered it wasn't a bull and a cow they'd been following, but an old bull and a younger one. The pair were heading south towards an open section to the hunters' right.

The team moved fast to intercept the bulls, but it proved futile. They found the spoor where the animals had passed, now clearly in a hurry.

The hunters also picked up the pace in order not to lose ground. Unfortunately, the chance for a discreet stalk had pretty much been blown by now. The hunt had changed into a hot pursuit, with the odds stacked heavily against them.

Some distance further, one of the trackers spotted the bulls



The roan antelope leaves distinctive pointed tracks.

again when they crossed a low dune on the other side of a large clearing. Once the bulls were out of sight, the team charged forward – this could be their chance!

Indeed, it was! Ben caught sight of the two roans as he got to the high ground and immediately set up the shooting sticks. Stephan laid his Savage .308 over them, shoved the safety off the tail of a 150-grain Barnes TSX, and took aim.

It was far, about 300 metres, but before Ben could give an accurate range, the bulls ran off again. Not only that, a drizzle set in once more as if to further dampen the hunters' spirits.

It was a frustrated Stephan who hung his rifled upside down on a yellowwood tree and called a break. The chase was simply too hurried – despite the time pressure, they had to give the buck a chance to settle.

Once the rain fizzled out, the weary hunters moved on to pick up the tracks where they'd last seen the animals. After 15 minutes on the trail, the two bulls suddenly broke out of thick bush where they'd been hiding and took off, again at a run. They were now heading for a large, grassy clearing, which would reveal their pursuers to them.

The hunters used cover to run forward to the last brush on the nearside of the clearing. Out on the plain, the bulls had stop-

ped. Stephan immediately got his rifle onto the sticks. "293 metres," Ben read out.

Through the crosshair of the Schmidt & Bender, Stephan was looking at the big bull perfectly side-on. But directly behind it stood the other one, almost unseen. Seconds ticked by as he waited for one of them to move, with the trigger burning into his finger. Still, the two bulls stood firm. Then, just as the furthest one stepped forward, they again took off at a run. For the next hour, the hunters found themselves following a running spoor, drawing them to track at a fast pace.

At one stage, another roan, much younger, broke cover, but the spoor of the two bulls just went on and on, not stopping, running all the time.

WORTH IT TO CONTINUE?

They came to where it had crossed a jeep track. The men were deadbeat by now, and this landmark tempted them to give up. Ben had already been without water for the last hour, and Stephan's had now also run out. They conferred with the trackers. Was this to be it – the end of the hunt?

But these men of the Kalahari – every one of them hunters to the bone – decided they weren't done yet. They started off on the spoor again, across an open pan, the bulls still at a run.

On and on the trail went, until, 40 minutes later, another break was called. With soft sand underfoot and thorny branches a constant impedance, the pace had been murderous.

They rose again on stiff legs and set off with dry tongues. Then, at last, there came a change in the pattern of the running tracks. They now headed off into thick *mushara* bush.

In the dim underworld of the thicket, the hunters found a lair littered with roan dung and prints. This was clearly a hang-out of the great curve-horns, but the bulls in question hadn't booked a room. Their trail led right through and out the other side, now heading west.

Again, the team faltered. The men were tired and desperately thirsty. The bulls had led them in a great big circle and there was still no sign of the trail coming to an end. The hunt was now down to the last two hours of light on the last day. Was there still a chance?

There was, they decided.

The trail took them into a park-like landscape of smaller clearings surrounded by strips of bush. It weaved through this labyrinth for some distance, and then they came to where the two roans had finally slowed to a walking pace.

SLOWLY DOES IT

Stephan realised the odds were

slim. With luck – a good load of it – they might get one more chance at best. He instructed the lead tracker to slow the pace right down. Careful was what he gambled on now.

Some way further, the tracker peeked over an anthill and immediately dropped back. Adrenaline surged through the others when they saw it. They knew it was now or never.

Ben crept to where a dead tree gave some cover. Peering through the branches, he saw the big bull at 150 yards, stopping and turning, once again looking back on his trail.

In the fading daylight, Stephan oozed onto the sticks, laid his crosshair on the base of the animal's neck, and took up the trigger. At the bark of the shot, the great bull spun around three times and then crashed down. His tracks had finally come to an end.

By the time the recovery truck had been navigated in, it had started raining again. Exhausted after a 37-kilometre day on foot, the men loaded the tall beast and then set off on the hour-long drive back to camp along a winding bush track.

Behind them, the bull's blood dripped a faint trail in the wet sand. Ahead of them, silver raindrops were now falling steadily in the glare of the headlights. They were bringing new life to this wild land and its magnificent animals. 🌍

A BUM SHOT

History tends to repeat itself, and wingshooting over dogs is no exception...



TOP: Two gunners in the forest. Illustration from *Hautot and his Son – Great Short Stories of the World*. Readers Digest compilation, 1974.

Regular readers of my stories are probably well aware of my penchant for books. I'm forever scouring bric-a-brac and second-hand shops in the hope of finding something special. That discarded book, worthless to its previous owner but a jewel to me, and if at a "please take it away" price, so much the better.

THE POACHER AND THE SQUIRE

And you find them in the strangest places. Just recently, I discovered *The Poacher and the Squire* in my sister-in-law's very extensive book collection, of all places. Now, I don't think she has ever handled a gun in all of her 80 years on earth, and apart from her brother-in-law being a fanatical wingshooter, I guess she doesn't care much about hunting either. Neither do I think she harbours a secret wish of handling a gun in heaven. I'll wager that she never even read the book. How and why she ended up with the book in her possession is a mystery. As she loves history, I can only surmise that it was perhaps the historical aspect that attracted her. Therefore, I had no qualms about relieving her of said book.

Written by Charles Chenevix Trench, *The Poacher and the Squire* is a historical account of poaching and game preservation in England. Right from the very beginning in medieval times to 1967, when the book was published, it gives an interesting and very humorous account of the development of current game

laws and conservation.

I really had to work hard through all those old English quotes, pages and pages long, but I learned a lot. Medieval England was harsh on animals and humans alike. Ever heard of the practice of "lawing" a dog? Around 1066, in the time of William the Conqueror, no dog capable of chasing and killing game was allowed near his forests. Those forests were for his exclusive use. Dogs were made "lawful" by lopping off three toes on one front foot, crippling them and thus rendering them incapable of chasing anything. The king's envoys would do the job every three years, ensuring that any newcomers did not slip through their lawing "net". An interesting way in which poachers managed to dodge this law was by training pigs to point and retrieve! Sounds rather hard to believe, but yes, there is a picture of Slut the retrieving pig in the book, and they do say pigs are very intelligent.

SHOTGUNS AND WINGSHOOTING

But to me, the book really got interesting when shotguns and wingshooting came to the fore: "*The gamekeeper became a man of great importance in the country. He had to look not merely after his employers' game, but his employers too; for many sportsmen were inexperienced and nervous with firearms, and an error in loading a gun – putting in too heavy a charge, or leaving the ramrod in the barrel or in withdrawing the charge might*



Slut, the retrieving pig from the New Forest. Illustration from *The Poacher and the Squire*, 1967.

result in a nasty accident, such as when Charles Foxe's gun barrel burst, severely injuring his hand. Out shooting, he must carry all the paraphernalia his masters might have forgotten – powder, charges, shot, wadding, cleaning rod, oil, tow, lock brush, screwdriver and aqua laudanum in case of insect and dog-bites.”

I have some experience of this. I played around for a while with black powder shotguns, and unless you have tried it yourself, you have no idea how complicated things can get. Especially out in the field when the geese come over, I found it almost impossible to quickly load the 10-bore I was testing. My wife found this extremely funny. Her husband's idiotic fumbling with powder, over-powder wad, shot and over-shot wad, furious work with the ramrod and percussion caps over nipples falling on the ground, had her crawling with laughter. All whilst the geese kept coming

over in the last light of day. She was not helpful at all. It did nothing to calm my nerves.

“Do not forget, the gamekeeper was advised, the sandwich case and a flask of brandy for when their nerves are a little affected. Assist them in reloading, during which time let them stand as still as possible till they are quite cool and collected. The trembling being quite off, proceed very deliberately.” (Ja, well, thank you, my darling!)

The sportsman was further advised: “If you feel to flinch, take a sandwich and a glass of brandy; after which, stand as still as possible for at least five minutes, and then proceed.”

A SMALL MISHAP

Stirling stuff! Those were the very early days of black powder fowling pieces, sometime before the turn of the 18th century. In the chapter on “qualified” and “unqualified” persons (the game laws were very complicated

back then), the story continues as follows: “There was more reason for trembling because of the risk of a double discharge or an untimely explosion. Safety precautions were widely neglected, and some distinguished sportsmen were notoriously unsafe. The Duke of Wellington, for instance, was unlucky at Wherstead: he peppered Lord Granville's face with nine shot. The Prince of Wales himself had the misfortune to shoot a friend in the rump, an incident reported by The Times in hilarious detail. Lord Clermont, having had too hearty a breakfast, sat in a resting position behind a furze bush [better known as gorse today]. Two of the Prince's dogs scented the noble peer and came to a point. His Royal Highness let fly at the bush, wounding Lord Clermont in the defenceless portion of his body. The Prince's gun hung fire [fortunately, the second barrel would not discharge] or the ‘snipe’ would »

» *have received the full charge. Twenty three and a half grains [approximately 16 grams] of number 4 shot were extracted from his lordship's bum.*»

I pondered this incident for some time. Was it at all true or just another richly embellished report by an overeager journalist? Why would a dog point at a human resting behind a bush? Unless it was the prince's excuse, for I am sure the "snipe" was mere poetic licence from the journalist. Perhaps a tight-sitting partridge or a pheasant did induce the dogs to point? But then why did the prince fire blindly into the bush before making any attempt to flush whatever may have been there? And what was Lord Clermont doing in front of the prince? What happened to walking in line?

Well, besides royalty being able to do whatever they like, and mostly being considered innocent for their deeds, one must consider that it was very early days. Firearms were generally unsafe, and safety per se was still of minimal importance. I mean, the prince had to get his bird, right? And then my friend Ossie said he thought a load of 4s would really mess up the lord's bum, let alone retrieving all those pellets with the primitive tools they had in those days. I countered that perhaps the prince was a "safe" distance off? Today, a good English field load is approximately 30 grams, so the load had already lost about half its volume by the time it patterned on Lord Clermont's bum. A good ballistics expert should be able to do the maths and work out approximately how far the prince was when he took aim. Remember, black powder did not have the punch of our modern smokeless stuff. Maybe he wore good-quality Scottish tweed? Thick, almost bulletproof double layers of Scottish wool, the shooting jacket over his already plus-4-covered aristocratic bottom.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF...

All this sounds rather implausi-

ble, or rather far-fetched, until a few weeks ago when I heard about a similar incident on home soil on a very "modern" shoot in the Tuinplaas area. This incident could go a long way to explain what happened above. To protect the innocent, I have changed the names of those involved.

Let's call the main actor in the drama "Lord Oom Piet" after the character in the 1962 movie. The lord was a tall, thin fellow with a large Adam's apple that visibly bobbed up and down when he got anxious. He was a type of *Oom Kooitjie* Emmer character (1977 film) – another famous Andre P. Brink character from *Witgatworteldraai*. The lord had political aspirations. Taking his key from all the shooting and hunting

never fire directly over a dog or at anything you have not positively identified. Walk in line and shoot to the front, never directly to your left or to the right, where your buddies ought to be. Once the dog is on point, slowly walk up to it and kick the bird out, etc. It went on and on, and the lord's Adam's apple started jerking up and down. Perhaps the instructor overdid it a bit, revelling in his own importance. After all, Lord Oom Piet was an important man, or so he was told anyway.

It was slow going in the morning. The big spit braai of the previous evening did not help either and *Oom Piet* struggled to keep up. A few shots went off to his left and right, which kept his enthusiasm showing in his Adam's apple.

The damage to Stoffel's bum was minimal. A local vet attending the shoot managed to extract the four pellets lodged in his left buttock with little difficulty.

that went on during political *bosberade* so common in the pre-1994 era, *Oom Piet* wangled an invitation to a bird shoot on the Springbok Flats towards Tuinplaas in the west. He wanted to learn about hunting, he said. Now, Lord *Oom Piet* knew nothing about shotguns and pointers and shooting on the wing, let alone something as simple as the differences between a guinea-fowl and a Swainson's spurfowl. And besides, he was a rather unhandy, awkward type of person – more thumbs for fingers than anything else.

Sounds impossible, but it's true: The lord was from the "city". Being very much the celebrity attendee at the shoot, the lord was fully briefed on all safety aspects of handling the gun and shooting over pointers. Always carry the gun open and

The dogs worked hard but found few birds. Scenting was poor – as it was too hot and dusty, the birds left little scent behind.

Meanwhile, Stoffel (walking to *Oom Piet's* right) felt a sudden urge, no doubt as a result of the fatty sheep he ate the previous evening. He urgently had to drop his pants behind a *sprinkaanbos*, the best cover he could find in his moment of greatest panic. And of course, a dog did point at him (so much for me doubting the story of the prince and Lord Clermont!). Or so the lord emphatically told everybody afterwards... As in the first rule of management, he protected himself by immediately shifting the blame.

By that time, the line was staggered, with Stoffel some distance in front of the struggling lord. Some guys in the line

shouted, "Mark!" This drew the lord's attention to the static dog pointing in front of him. Then the lord fumbled everything. Closing the gun and pushing the safety off and walking up to the animal became one muddled affair of fumbling fingers and a jumping Adam's apple. When the shot went off, a Swainson's did flush from another bush, honouring the dog to some extent, even though it was somewhat to the left of where the dog indicated the bird to be, obviously confused by the complexity of smells in front of him.

Fortunately, Lord *Oom Piet* did not really aim anywhere. It was purely accidental that a small quantity of Eley number 5 pellets found Stoffel's bum, for as you know, a *sprinkaanbos* does not afford nearly the same protection as a gorse bush. Neither did he have thick layers of woollen tweed to protect his bottom.

The damage to Stoffel's bum was minimal. A local vet attending the shoot managed to extract the four pellets lodged in his left buttock with little difficulty. A good shot of brandy (internal and external) and a sharp pocketknife were all that was needed for the job. A couple of young farmers pinned Stoffel down on a table and the job was done in minutes. For years afterwards, Stoffel proudly showed his wounds to anybody who was interested. He was famous for his pants-dropping act in the Roedtan pub, a favourite that girls from the surrounds travelled for miles to see.

Lord *Oom Piet* was not so fortunate. His reputation followed him, and as he got a somewhat unreliable status, he was never invited again. To his credit, he dropped all further attempts at politics, which is more than most current politicians can claim. Some of our modern parliamentarians seem to have no self-respect at all. A little thing like filling a mate's bum with lead would not deter them from their main business of thieving and corruption. ☒

JAGTER HUNTER

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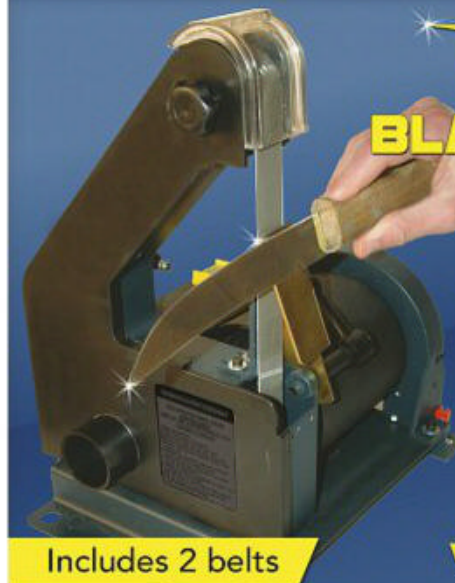
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Die wêreld van versamelbare vuurwapens is meermale amper met 'n doolhof vergelykbaar. Versamelbaarheid, aldan nie, hang in baie gevalle van verskeie faktore af wat nie aldag baie mooi deur almal verstaan word

nie. Dit lei dikwels tot misverstande en meningsverskille, veral tussen diegene wat wil verkoop en dié wat wil koop.

Ten einde 'n bietjie duidelikeid te bring, is dit dalk nou 'n goeie tyd om ietwat meer indringend te kyk na wat 'n bepaalde

vuurwapen versamelbaar maak, of dalk net die teenoorgestelde tot gevolg kan hê.

DIE TIPE VUURWAPEN

Wêreldwyd is daar 'n magdom vuurwapenversamelaars met geweldig uiteenlopende belang-

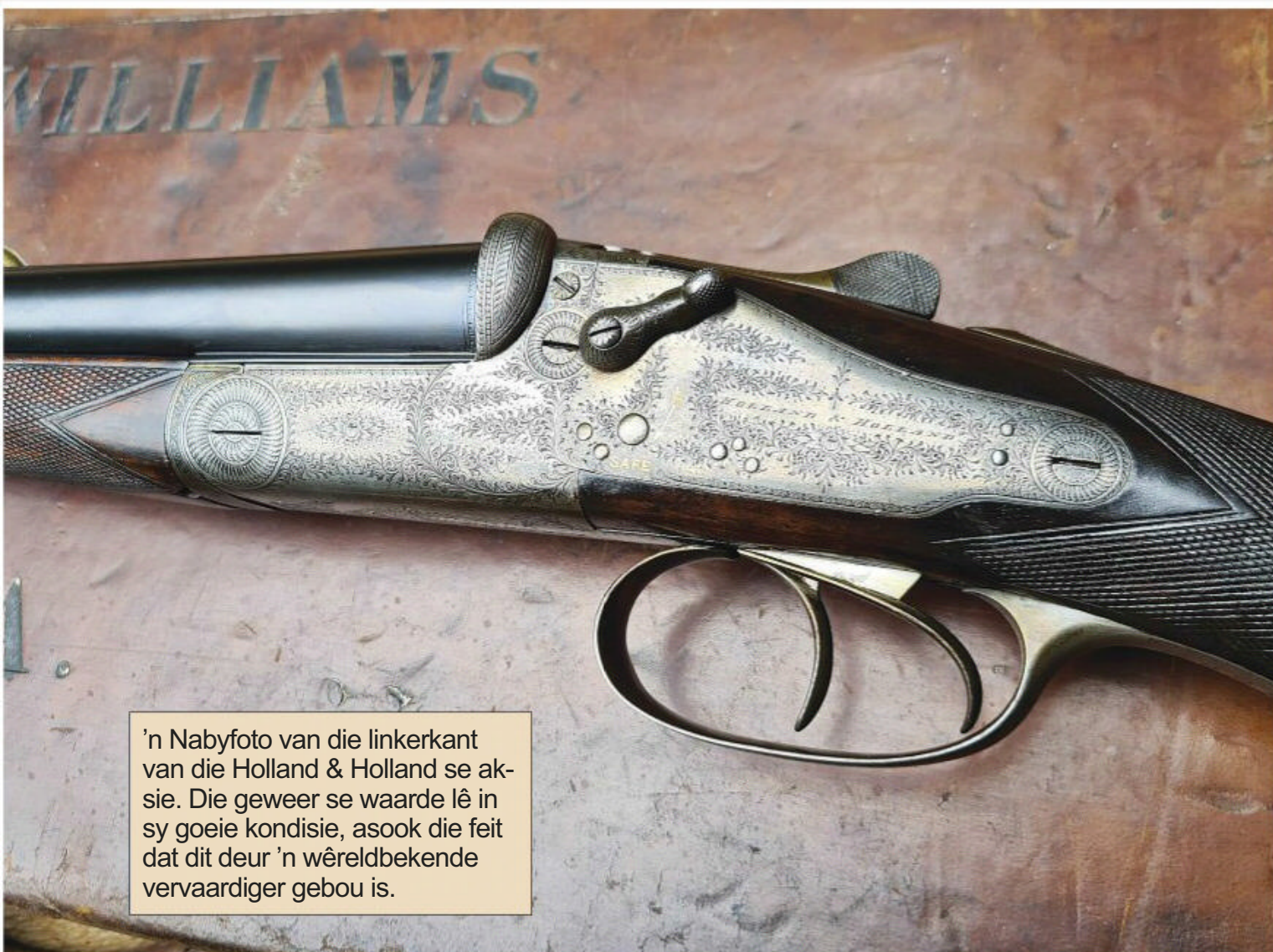
stellingsvelde. In die VSA is dit groot mode om Winchester-, Colt- en Smith & Wesson-wapens te versamel en die Amerikaners het in baie gevalle amper 'n patriotiese streep as dit by dié tipe wapens kom. Aangesien Winchester, Colt en Smith &

VERSAMELSTUK OF NIE?

Wat maak 'n vuurwapen versamelbaar, of dalk nie?



Kol. A.H.W. Williams se Holland & Holland-dubbelloopgeweer wat uit 1884 dateer. Let op hoe beide sy naam en die afkorting van sy regiment, die Royal Horse Artillery, op die geweer se kas aangebring is.



'n Nabyfoto van die linkerkant van die Holland & Holland se aksie. Die geweer se waarde lê in sy goeie kondisie, asook die feit dat dit deur 'n wêreldbekende vervaardiger gebou is.

Wesson amper sonder uitsondering fabriekswapens is, is daar 'n paar goue reëls wat hardebaard-versamelaars van dié vuurwapens volg.

Eerstens is dit belangrik dat die wapen nog in oorspronklike kondisie moet wees. Dit moet dus nie oorgeblou wees nie, die kolf moet nog in die oorspronklike toestand wees en daar moenie iewers in die verlede enige veranderinge aan die vuurwapen aangebring gewees het nie. Die oorspronklike kondisie is veral in die geval van ou handwapens soos die bekende 1873 Colt Peacemaker van kardinale belang. Skaars rewolwers wat op die oog af in redelik gehawende kondisie is, het al op veilings vir

astronomiese bedrae verkoop om die eenvoudige rede dat die wapen steeds in die oorspronklike toestand was.

Dieselfde beginsels geld ook vir ander fabrieksvervaardigde vuurwapens wat vir versamelaars van belang is. Vanuit 'n Suid-Afrikaanse oogpunt is die beste voorbeeld waarskynlik Oberndorf Mauser-sportgewere wat voor die Tweede Wêreldoorlog vervaardig is. Net soos antieke Colt-rewolwers, hou die Mauser vir baie Suid-Afrikaners 'n bekoring van sy eie in vanweë die diep spore wat dié gewere in Afrika se jagvelde getrap het. Die gevolg is dat daar 'n hele klompie ywerige Mauser-versamelaars in Suid-Afrika is.

Dis egter ook so dat daar van die sowat 120 000 Mausergewere wat vervaardig is, betreklik min oor is wat in goeie, oorspronklike kondisie is en dus steeds versamelaars interesseer. Van die meer algemene "opknappings" wat ek al met Mausers teëgekom het, is aksies wat geboor en getap is vir teleskoopmonterings (dit gaan gewoonlik ook gepaard met 'n ander veiligheidsknip, slothandvatsel wat afgebuig word en 'n gleuf vir die gebuigde slothandvatsel wat in die kolf ingesny moet word), staal wat swak oorgeblou is, ander skopkusings en nog 'n paar ander veranderinge wat versamelaars se moed in hul skoene laat sak.

Ten spyte daarvan dat sommige onder die indruk is dat sulke veranderinge 'n verbetering of opknapping daarstel, is die teendeel ongelukkig waar. 'n Mauser wat oorgeblou of geboor en getap vir teleskoopmonterings is, verloor onmiddellik ten minste die helfte van sy waarde en is vanuit 'n versamelaarsoogpunt van geen belang meer nie. Dieselfde beginsels geld ook vir ander fabrieksgewere wat onder versamelaars in aanvraag is, soos pre-'64-Winchesters, ouer Brno's, en so meer.

UITSONDERINGS

'n Ander kategorie vuurwapens wat uiters gewild is onder versamelaars oor die wêreld heen, is kwaliteit- Britse gewere en haelgewere. Topkwaliteit wapens deur bekende makers soos Rigby, Holland & Holland, Purdey en Woodward, om maar 'n paar voorbeelde te noem, is bykans altyd in aanvraag en dikwels ook 'n uitstekende belegging.

Iets wat almal nie altyd in ag neem nie, is dat wapens soos dié bykans almal pasmaakvuurwapens is wat oorspronklik vir 'n individuele kliënt volgens sy persoonlike spesifikasies vervaardig is. Die implikasie hiervan is dat bykans geen twee kwaliteit- Britse wapens dieselfde kolf- of loopafmetings het nie, die graverings verskil, en so ook vele ander aspekte.

Net soos met fabriekswapens, is goeie kondisie hier ook van wesenlike belang. Die duurste Purdey wat swak oorgedoen is, is betreklik min werd, ongeag wie die oorspronklike eienaar was. Oorspronklike kondisie »

Hierdie pre-'64-Winchester in .270 Winchester wat uit die vroeë 1950's dateer, is in uitstekende, oorspronklike kondisie en dus van groot belang vir Winchester-versamelaars.



Hierdie Tipe-A Oberndorf Mauser in 9,3x62 uit die middel 1930's is op 'n skaars en gesogte enkelvierkantbrug-M98 Mauser-aksie gebou. Ongelukkig is die geweer iewers in die verlede oorgeblou, wat die waarde daarvan uiters negatief beïnvloed het.

» is met dié soort wapens egter ietwat minder belangrik, hoewel dit vir sommige versamelaars steeds 'n ernstige oorweging is.

Vroeër jare was dit algemene praktyk vir Britse vuurwapeneienaars om hul vuurwapens aan die einde van die jag- en skietseisoen na die vervaardigers of dalk selfs 'n ander vervaardiger of geweer-smid te stuur vir 'n opknapp- en herstellingssessie. So 'n sessie kon enigiets insluit, van 'n goeie skoonmaak tot 'n nuwe kolf, of selfs nuwe lope in geval van 'n katastrofe. Hier kan daar dus geen sprake

wees van oorspronklike kondisie nie omdat daar waarskynlik verskeie kere aan die vuurwapen gewerk is gedurende sy lewyd. Daar is egter 'n baie belangrike oorweging in dié verband: Die werk moes volgens dieselfde standaard gedoen word as waarvolgens die wapen aanvanklik vervaardig is!

Hierdie is 'n toets wat baie opknappers van versamelbare Britse wapens gereeld dop. Die selfde prosesse word nie gevolg nie en die wapens is derhalwe so ooglopend swak oorgedoen dat hul waarde weens die swak vakmanskap baie negatief beïnvloed word.

Iets anders wat baie Britse vervaardigers gedoen het, was om verskillende grade vuurwapens te vervaardig. Twee sprekende voorbeelde hiervan is Greener en Westley Richards. Die beste wapens wat deur dié twee vervaardigers gemaak is, was so goed en so mooi soos enige ander topklas-vervaardiger se wapens. Sommige van die Westley Richards- en Greenerwapens van 'n laer graad is egter spesifiek vir uitvoer na die verskeie destydse Britse kolonies soos Indië en Suid-Afrika vervaardig. Van dié wapens se kwa-

liteit en afwerking laat ongelukkig soms veel te wense oor, en ondanks die bekende naam wat dalk op die loop of die aksie gegraveer mag wees, is sulke wapens dus nie noodwendig versamelaarsitems nie.

Om op te som, is kwaliteit en goeie kondisie (nie noodwendig oorspronklike kondisie nie) dus die twee belangrikste faktore wat in ag geneem moet word wat Britse vuurwapens met potensiele versamelaarswaarde betref.

NUWE VUURWAPENS

Ek word gereeld gevra om my opinie oor die versamelaarswaarde (aldan nie) van nuutvervaardigde wapens te gee. In hierdie kategorie praat ek van die duurder produkte van meer bekende vervaardigers met 'n goeie reputasie vir hul kwaliteit-vuurwapens. Met 'n paar uitsonderings, is sulke vuurwapens egter nie noodwendig versamelstukke nie. Die rede hiervoor is bloot dat 'n vuurwapen nie noodgedwonge 'n versamelstuk is bloot omdat dit duur is nie, asook dat iemand anders 'n soortgelyke nuwe vuurwapen vir sy eie genot kan aanskaf omdat dié wapen steeds in produksie is en dus beskikbaar is.



Hierdie .360 No 2 deur George Gibbs is in uitstekende toestand en dus van groot belang vir diegene wat van sulke wapens hou.

PROVENANCE EN SENTIMENT

Die herkoms van 'n vuurwapen is iets wat baie mense misverstaan. Dis wel so dat vuurwapens wat in die verlede deur baie bekende individue soos F.C. Selous en Winston Churchill besit is, meer werd is vanweë sulke persone se beroemdheid. Die feit dat 'n wapen voorheen deur 'n bekende persoon besit is, is egter oor die algemeen nie 'n bydraende faktor tot daardie wapen se waarde nie.

'n Goeie voorbeeld hiervan is die pragtige ou Holland & Holland .450 BPE-geweer in die foto's by hierdie artikel. Holland & Holland het dié ou dubbelloopgeweer in 1884 vervaardig vir 'n kolonel A.H.W. Williams van die *Royal Horse Artillery*, 'n regiment in die Britse leër. Williams is later in sy lewe tot generaal bevorder en tot ridder geslaan. Hy het uiteindelik bevelvoerder van die *Royal Horse Artillery* geword en daar is 'n standbeeld van hom in Londen opgerig. Daar word vermoed dat die Holland & Holland in Suid-Afrika beland het tydens Williams se diens hier gedurende die Tweede Anglo-Boereoorlog.

Al hierdie geskiedenis is interessant, maar dit maak helaas die geweer nie duurder nie en sy waarde lê steeds daarin dat dit deur 'n baie bekende maker vervaardig is en in uitstekende kondisie is.

Sentiment is 'n ander faktor wat baie persone insgelyks misverstaan. Die feit dat iemand se pa of oupa vir jare met 'n bepaalde geweer gejag het, koppel ongelukkig nie 'n verhoogde monetêre waarde aan so 'n wapen nie, veral nie as dit nie meer in wafferse toestand is nie.

VERMY SLAGGATE

Hoe gemaak as jy gekonfronteer word met 'n situasie waar 'n vuurwapen, wat moontlik 'n versamelaarsitem is, te koop aangebied word? In so 'n geval is dit raadsaam om 'n kenner te raadpleeg. In dié verband is die lede van die klompie versamelaarsver-

enigings in Suid-Afrika, sowel as die handjievol handelaars wat in versamelbare wapens spesialiseer, gewoonlik meer as bereid om 'n eerlike opinie te verskaf. Dis ook baie wys om so 'n persoon of instansie te raadpleeg alvorens enige restourasie- of opknappingswerk aan 'n vuurwapen gedoen word.

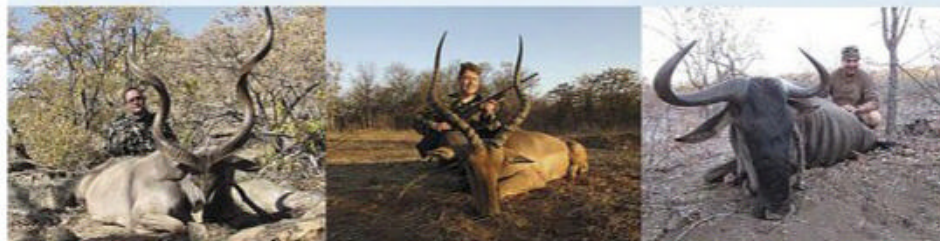
Verder is dit nogal handig om 'n bietjie kennis in te win oor die betrokke wapen waarin jy belangstel. Hier wil ek vlugtig terugkeer na die onderwerp van Oberndorf Mausers. Gedurende die tydperk waarin hulle geproduseer is, het die Mauser-fabriek verskillende prosesse tydens die vervaardigingsproses gebruik. So is dit byvoorbeeld redelik algemeen om 'n geweer uit die laat-dertigerjare (toe oorlogproduksie voorkeur gekry het) raak te loop waarvan die aksie en loop deur middel van twee verskillende prosesse oorgeblou is. Mauser het aanvanklik hul sportgewere se staal met die sogenaamde koudblou- of roesblouproses geblou. Dit het goeie resultate opgelewer en was duursaam, maar ook tydrowend.

Soos die oorlogswolke in Europa saamgepak het, het Mauser later van die sogenaamde warmblouproses begin gebruik maak vir onder meer die aksies van hul gewere. Dié blouproses was beide vinniger en goedkoper om aan te wend en was bedoel om kostes te bespaar. 'n Klein bietjie kennis soos dié kan handig te pas kom om te oordeel of daar dalk iewers in die verlede aan 'n bepaalde geweer gewerk was of nie.

Vuurwapenversameling is 'n interessante vakgebied om te bestudeer. Ondanks die etlike miskonsepsies wat oor die jare by baie posgevat het, het dit 'n groot klomp interessante vertakkinge en steek daar dikwels veel meer agter die ontwerp en vervaardiging van 'n betrokke vuurwapen as wat 'n mens dalk met die eerste oogopslag mag dink. Geniet dus die navorsingsproses en koop met oordeel! 📍

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Vraag: Wat is die grenspos by Musina se naam?

Sluitingsdatum: 8 Maart 2022

Trekking: 20 Maart 2022 na Erediens

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6. Gekwete bokke wat nie gevind word nie, sal die pryswenner se verlies wees. Die PH en gidse sal als in hul vermoë doen om gekwete diere te probeer kry.
7. Slegs drie jagters op 'n slag sal in die jagveld toegelaat word.
8. Die plaas lê 30km oos van Musina. Die noordelike grens lê vir 6km teen die Limpopo en die suid-oostelike grens is die Njelele-rivier waarlangs die kamp geleë is.
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KOORSBOK

'n Koorsbok het niks met bokkoors te make nie – dis 'n bok wat 'n jagter se jagkoors kan breek nadat hy weens Covid-inperkings 'n lang tyd nie met sy roer in die jagveld kon kom nie.

Bokkoors is iets wat menige jagter al oorgekom het. Dit is nie net beperk tot nuwe of jong jagters nie. Selfs die meer ervare jagters kry soms 'n adrenaliëaanval wat gepaard gaan met vlak, onweredige asemhaling, sweetdruppels wat op die voorkop, onder die arms en op die rug uitslaan en erge bewerasie. Dit word gewoonlik veroorsaak wanneer jy onverwags op kort afstand in daardie 60"-koedoe-bul vasloop en hy salig onbewus is van jou bestaan. Of wanneer jy die perfekte skoot op daardie trofeedier skiet waarna jy al so lank op soek is, net om agter te kom daar was nooit 'n patroon in jou geweer se loop nie.

Gedurende 2020 het ons jagters egter 'n ander soort koors tydens die wêreldwye Covid-19-pandemie ervaar, veral toe ons hoor dat geen jag tydens vlak 5 van die landwye inperking moontlik sou wees nie. Dít terwyl die jagseisoen net om die draai was! Hoe lank sou die vlak 5-inperking duur? Sou ons vanaf 1 Mei na vlak 4 beweeg en dan toegelaat word om te jag? Mag ons oorslaap op die jagplase en oor provinsiale grense reis? Hierdie en talle ander vrae het 'n ongekende koors onder jagters veroorsaak wat tot kortasemigheid, erge benoudheid, hoë koors en veral slape-loosheid gelei het.

Net toe dit lyk of my jagkoors in erge depressie gaan omskakel, veral toe ek hoor dat my matriekseun weer op 1 Junie moet terug skool en koshuis toe, het ek besluit dat ek as plaas-eienaar seker geregtig is om van my eie wild vir die pot te jag. So is ek en Pietman een Saterdag in Mei te voet die rante in op soek na 'n koorsbok – net die regte medisyne om die ergste jagkoors te breek.

JAGVELD TOE

Oom Ron met sy 69 winters agter die blad het ook die Saterdagoggend by ons aangesluit. Hy was besig om hoë jagkoors op te doen ná twee maande se inperking tuis in Bloemfontein. Die uitstappie in die jagveld en 'n moontlike koorsbok sou hom die wêreld se goed doen. Hy het egter sy aandag van die koors probeer aflei deur sy Musgrave .243 te restoureer. Die kolf is afgeskuur en geolie, alle merkie op die aksie is verwyder en die loop is met 'n ligte staalwolkletjie afgeskuur en gepoleer sodat oom Ron met 'n spiksplinternuwe geweer op die plaas opgedaag het. Miskien het die werkies aan die geweer nie sy koors afgebring nie, maar dit eerder opgejaag!

OP SOEK NA KOEDOES

Ons was eintlik op soek na koedoes wat vroegoggend teen die

Pietman op pad na die digte olienhoutkloof.



BO: Die beeshond Rex, oom Ron en Pietman by die koersbok ná afloop van die jag.

REGS: Koedoemis was volop in die kloof waar die jag plaasgevind het.



noordelike helling van die ysterklipprante 'n sonkolletjie opgesoek het. Die digbegroeide olienhoutklowe en soetdoringbosveld langs die rivieroewers het ideale skuilplek vir dié statige diere gebied. Troppies rooibrbokke het ook natuurlik op die plaas voorgekom en dié fynproewer-biltongdraers het die Vrystaatse ranteveld en sonkolletjies met die koedoes gedeel. Die jagkamp was ook die tuiste van 'n klompie uitgeslape takbokke wat 'n mens se jagvernuf en waaksaamheid tot die uiterste beproef het.

Rex, oom Ron se jaaroue beeshond, moes by die bakkie wag

toe ons drie elkeen 'n ander koers ingeslaan het. Vanweë sy ouderdom sou oom Ron hom aan die voet van die groot olienhoutkloof verskuil terwyl ek en Pietman die steil rant aan die bopunt van die kloof behoedzaam vanuit twee verskillende rigtings nader. Ons het gehoop om self 'n kans op een van die

koersbokke te kry of hulle haastig in oom Ron se rigting te laat spore maak.

Dit was 'n lieflike, windstil, wolklose herfsdag en ons sou mooi moes kyk waar ons trap. Geen takkie mag kraak of klip-pie knars onder ons voete in die soektog na 'n koersbok nie, want die ribbok se skril fluit, die

koedoe se blaf of die takbokke se wipstert sou die koers wat ons reeds onder lede gehad het, net vererger.

Om ongehoord en ongesiens in die digbegroeide kloof af te sak, was geen maklike taak nie. Olienhoue, karees en hier en daar 'n witstinkhout of wag-'n-bietjie het so dig opmekaar gestaan dat jy jou maklik kon verbeel jy was iewers in die Knysnabos. Die rooigras wat danksy die goeie reënjaar heuphoogte gestaan het, het dit ook nie makliker gemaak om die los klippe raak te sien nie en 'n rollende klip in die kloof af was die laaste ding wat ons nodig gehad het.

Stadig maar seker het ons elkeen 'n pad ondertoe gevind, onsigbaar vir mekaar en ongeveer 200 tree uitmekaar. Behalwe 'n vlakvarkbeer wat halfpad na onder besig was om die grond om te dolwe, het ek geen teken van wild gewaar nie. Spore was »

» volop, mis het oral rondgelê, blare was van die fyn takkies gestroop, maar van 'n magiese koorsbok was daar geen teken nie.

Uitasem, natgesweet en met 'n koors wat net nie wou breek nie, het ek by oom Ron aangekom waar hy in die skadu van 'n groot karee lekker dooierus oor 'n grondwallekie gelê het. Hy het nie goeie nuus gehad nie: "Julle het twee mooi koedobulle opgejaag, Pieta, maar hulle was te ver. Hulle het dadelik weggeswaai uit die kloof en is tussen ons deur." Op daardie oomblik het 'n gewerskoot in Pietman se rigting geklap. Ek het dadelik die oorkantste rant van die kloof deur my verkyker bespied. Skielik het ek 'n pragtige takbokhart halfpad teen die oorkantste rant in 'n sonkol gewaar. Hy het 'n oomblik of twee stilgestaan en toe stadig onder die laaghangende takke van 'n olienhoutboom ingestap.

Dit het gelyk of hy swaar gekwes was.

'n Hele ent agter die bok het Pietman in die verkyker se lense verskyn. Ek het hom vinnig op sy selfoon gebel en verduidelik waar die bok tussen die bome weggeraak het. Daarna het ek en oom Ron haastig in sy rigting koersgevat. Terwyl die bok teen die hellingrant was, het ons 'n realistiese kans gehad om hom in te haal. Sou hy egter oor die kruin van die rant verdwyn, sou dit maar moeilik gaan. Die grootste deel van die jagkamp het anderkant die rant uitgestrek gelê. Afsien van die plato bo-op die kruin, was dit digte boswêreld. Dit sou selfs moeilik wees om 'n bloedspoor suksesvol te volg.

Die soektog na die bok teen die helling het niks opgelewer nie, nie eens 'n bloedkolletjie nie. Die onsekerheid het aan my begin knaag en ek het Pietman

deeglik uitgevra: Waar het die bok gestaan toe jy hom die eerste keer gesien het? Waar was hy toe jy geskiet het? Wat was die afstand? Na watter deel van die bok het jy gemik? Het jy dooierus gevat? Wat was die bok se reaksie toe die skoot klap? Vir my hét die skoot geklap, maar ek weet hoe 'n mens jou daarmee kan misgis. Die feit dat ons egter nie bloed of selfs net 'n spoor kon kry nie, het met my kop gesmokkel. Vir my het die takbok nou regtig 'n koorsbok geword.

DIE SON TREK WATER

Dit was ongeveer 12:00 en die dag het aangestap. Ons het besluit om vir eers die soektog te laat vaar en later met Rex terug te keer om die bok te probeer opspoor. Terug by die bakkie het ons sowat 'n uur en 'n half in die skadu van 'n wag-'n-bietjie vertoef, wors gebraai, koffie gedrink en planne beraam om die koorsbok op te spoor en nie met leë hande huiswaarts te keer nie.

Oom Ron en Pietman sou terugstap tot waar laasgenoemde die skoot geskiet het en ons die laaste keer die bok in die digte skadu van die olienhout sien verdwyn het. Rex sou dié keer saamgaan om te kyk of hy nie 'n bloedspoor kon uitsnuffel nie. Ek sou dieselfde rant van die teenoorgestelde kant af nader en in oom Ron-hulle se rigting werk. Die swaar gekwete koorsbok het dalk net-net die kruin van die rant oorgesteek en lê tien teen een nou dood teen die rant se oorkantste helling.

Met die volkolf-6,5x54 Mannlicher-Schönauer oor my skouer, my oë wawyd oop en my sintuie skerp ingestel, het ek die ranthelling voor my uitgeklim. Dit was die warmste tyd van die dag en ons soeke na die magiese koorsbok het ook my temperatuur in die warm son laat styg, want van die koorsbok was daar geen teken nie. Bo-op die rant se kruin het die plato voor en weerskante van my uitgestrek.

DIE RAAKSKOOT

Skielik het 'n sesde sintuig my na regs laat kyk. Ongeveer 120

tree van my af het die koorsbok plankdwaars in al sy glorie gestaan. Die fier, trotse houding van die bok wat reguit en uitdagend vir my kyk, die dik nek, die gewei met talle blink punte in die middagson en die feit dat hy nie laat spaander het nie, het my effens lighoofdig gelaat. Ek het in een beweging op my knie afgesak, die geweerband oor my skouer geglip, oorgehaal en op die bok aangelê.

Asof êrens in 'n koorsdroom het ek die geweer in my hande voel bokspring en vaagweg die skoot hoor afaan. Ek kon hoor en sien dit was raak, maar die bok het nie geval nie. Hy het blitsig omgeswaai en in 'n digte boskaas 50 tree verderaan verdwyn.

Pietman, oom Ron en Rex het min of meer dieselfde tyd ook bo-op die rant verskyn. Oom Ron se "Daai skoot was raak!" is opgevolg deur Pietman se "Waar lê hy?" "Hy's daardie kant toe," het ek in die rigting van die boskaas beduie. Oom Ron het Rex se lei-band losgemaak en hy het soos 'n pyl uit 'n boog rieme neergelê in die rigting waar die bok weggeraak het. Ons is haastig agterna en ek het so in die stilligheid gewonder of hierdie koorsdroom dan nooit einde gaan kry nie. Tog, 50 tree verder was my hoë koors gebreek met die koorsbok wat net anderkant die digte boskaas in 'n effense ooptjie gelê het.

Dit was 'n bykans perfekte hartschoot en ook die enigste skoot op die bok. Pietman het bevestig dat dit die bok was waarna hy geskiet het en só het die koorsdroom 'n gelukkige einde gehad. Daar was geen gekwete bok nie en die ergste koors in die drie jagters was gebreek deur die pragtige trofee-dier wat aan ons voete gelê het.

"Wat mis ons jagters nie alles wanneer ons tydens die greneltyd nie in die jagveld kan wees nie?" het ek gedink. Die voorreg om in die natuur te wees, die kameraadskap van jarelange jagmaats, die gevoel van jou hartsgeveer in jou hande, vroegoggend se spore in die voetpad en die blaf van 'n koedobul in digte ruigtes – dít jaag ons koors op! 🐾

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With a proud history of manufacturing quality optics for various purposes for over a century, the German optics manufacturer Leica recently introduced two new products that are certainly worth a good look.

AMPLUS SCOPE

The first product, the Amplus 6 scope, is aimed at the entry-level, premium scope market. As the magnification range suggests, it is intended for a wide variety of applications.

The Amplus 6's body is machined from aircraft-grade aluminium. In a somewhat surprising move for a German-manufactured scope, it is not available in a rail-mounted model. It has a 30 mm maintube, and each click from the open adjustment turrets shifts the point of impact by 1 cm at 100 m.

The illuminated L-Ballistic BDC reticle in the scope's second focal plane was a touch too busy for my liking and featured numerous markers for hold-over and windage. Unfortunately, I only had the scope for a

limited amount of time, but with some more time on the range, I'm confident I would have been able to clear up some of its mysteries. It surely worked as advertised, though, and it features ten levels of illumination to boot for use in various circumstances, thanks to a CR 2032 battery.

Parallax adjustment, together with reticle adjustment, is situated in the usual spot on the left side of the turret housing. The elevation turret is an open but lockable design that audibly went "click" every time I adjusted it. Positive adjustment is something

I'm starting to appreciate more and more as I grow older and my shooter's ears struggle to keep up, so good marks from me there. A total of 80 MOA of adjustment is available, so it should satisfy most requirements.

The Amplus offers generous eye relief at 3,5", and at a weight of just over 16 ounces, it is quite a neat package, considering the magnification and other features on offer.

Optically, the scope was superb. I had it on the shooting range on a bright sunshine day but after that spent quite a bit of »

A DYNAMIC DUO FROM LEICA

Two quality products that will light up both day and night



TOP INSERT: Leica's Amplus 6 scope, as tested. (Photo: Leica)

MAIN PHOTO: Johan van Wyk on the range with the Amplus 6 scope mounted on the test rifle.

» time looking through it in the twilight. Light gathering was excellent, so another thumbs-up from me for the Amplus in this regard.

With a suggested retail price of approximately R26 000, the Amplus 6 scope, as tested, is priced to compare favourably with other scopes of similar quality in the premium optics category. It is covered by a comprehensive manufacturer's warranty of 30 years.

If you are on the lookout for

a premium scope that can cover a very wide range of hunting and shooting requirements, the Amplus 6 should certainly be on your short list of scopes to check out!

LEICA CALONOX

It is a fact that anything from the Leica stable will be of exceptional quality, and with the Leica history behind it, performance will be undeniably good. Leica recently launched the Calonox Sight, designed to be

attached to a riflescope for hunting. However, it can also be used as a thermal camera for observation purposes. The other available model is the Calonox View that is more intended for thermal observation. Again, one can see that Leica really catered for a wider audience. Both products are not only perfect but over-delivers when it comes to their designated uses.

Both the Calonox View and Sight have what Leica calls Leica Image Optimisation (LIO).

LIO improves the image with special algorithms, thus achieving particularly detailed colour gradations, excellent contrast and high-detail resolution.

The Calonox View and Sight have their own respective applications for your smart device: One connects with Wireless LAN and the other with Bluetooth, enabling you to easily change settings via your smart device without going into the menus and settings on the actual Calonox.

The Calonox View and Sight both have four colour modes: White Hot, Black Hot, Red Hot and Rainbow, with exceptionally high contrast and detail recognition. The Calonox View has a field of view of 18,3 m x 14,6 m/100 m, which is incredible with the detection range of 3 000 m. To be honest, I didn't believe this as it just sounded impossible, but I was proven wrong earlier this year on a farm near Musina. In fact, I think it might even be more than 3 000 m.

According to Leica, the View has a recognition range of 1 000 m and an identification range of 500 m. As I had already said, I truly think this should be

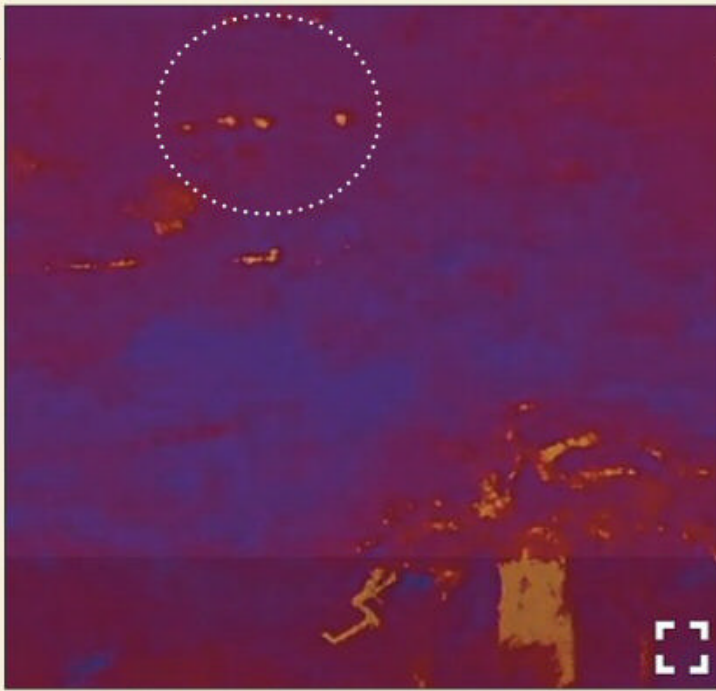


TOP: The Calonox Sight mounted on the test rifle by means of the adapter ring.

CENTRE: Removing the Calonox is easy: Just turn a lever on the adapter ring and the unit is easily removed.

BELOW: The Calonox is a handy tool for shooting at night.





TOP: A herd of antelope spotted at long distance through the Calonox View. Note the baobab tree in the foreground.

BELOW: A herd of antelope spotted at night using different viewing modes.

more. The Leica Sight has a field of view of 15,5 m x 11,7 m/100 m. According to Leica, it boasts a detection range of 2 000 m, a recognition range of 700 m and an identification range 350 m. With these kinds of products, battery life is always crucial as you don't want them to die on you when you most need them. The Calonox View has a battery life of approximately 4-5 hours, while the battery of the Calonox Sight will last about 8-11 hours, which is again perfect for hunting conditions. This is again testimony to Leica's excellent planning and research.

Both the Calonox View and Sight only weigh 685 g, battery included. Some suppressors weigh more than that. The Sight is slightly heavier when you include the adapter rings. The Calonox View has a digital zoom of 1x/2x/3x/4x, whereas the Sight only has an optical basic magnification of 1x, which is not an issue when connected to a telescope.

After experiencing the capabilities of both these products, I must confess that I would not like to be the problem jackal or any other critter that appears in the crosshair on this hunt! The image quality is spectacular, to say the least. The Calonox Sight needs to be sighted in. From past experience with similar products, this can sometimes be a nightmare, but not with the Calonox View. It is as easy as sighting in your rifle without the Calonox View attached at 100 m. Once done, attach the Calonox Sight to the telescope and make sure it's mounted straight; it must not tilt in any

direction. Then shoot at the bull again at 100 m. If the shot does not hit the bull, the Calonox Sight needs to be adjusted and not your telescope.

The Calonox Sight's display needs adjusting as this means that the thermal cameras are not centred to your telescope's reticle. Click the centre menu button until you find the list menu. Look for "Reticle Correction" and enter the adjustment mode. Do the corrections as required and save the setting. Fire another couple of shots at the target to make sure it's zeroed. Then remove the Calonox, shoot a couple of shots, mount it again and fire another couple of shots to ensure that everything is perfect. The Calonox View and Sight retail for approximately R99 000 and R79 000, respectively.

To say that I was pleasantly surprised with the performance of both the Calonox View and Sight is an understatement! Why? Because there is often some kind of shortcoming with regard to the specifications or capabilities of a particular product. However, in this instance, Leica certainly didn't get anything wrong as these products performed exactly according to expectations. Well done, Leica. It will certainly be difficult to improve on the Calonox!

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THE ZEISS V4 6-24X50 RIFLESCOPE

A cut above the ordinary!

When the editor of this magazine recently asked if I was available to test a riflescope made by Zeiss, I had absolutely no hesitation in agreeing. This is based on the premise that anything carrying the Zeiss logo is automatically considered superior. The company was started in 1846 by optician Carl Zeiss in Jena, Germany, and has become synonymous with high-quality optics. My easy acquiescence was also spurred on by the fact that I have always enjoyed fiddling around with high-end optics, so the Zeiss was up my alley, so to speak.

The box duly arrived with the V4 6-24x50 Zeiss scope, and initial inspection showed that it was equipped with the Zeiss ZBI reticle. I immediately noticed that the scope was made in Japan. Nothing wrong with Japanese optics, but I was expecting something *aus Deutschland!* However, further sleuthing showed the V4 series to be a Zeiss product specifically designed and manufactured to be more affordable. Costing in the region of R16 000 (retail), it certainly is competitively priced.

My inspection further showed a robust yet relatively lightweight scope at 692 grams. What was important, though, was the 30mm tube – an indicator of good light transmission. It has a 50mm front lens and is fairly compact (for this magnification) at 40,64 cm in length. The magnification ring is situated just in front of the rear bell and twisted with just enough resistance, with tension consistent throughout the range.



TOP: The Zeiss Conquest V4 6-24x50 as mounted on the test rifle in .223 Remington.



BOTTOM: The magnification ring is situated in the usual spot in front of the ocular lens.

RETICLE

The reticle was one of three on offer for this model: The first had a standard crosshair with illumination and unmarked dots on the vertical and horizontal. The second also had a crosshair with MOA marked both vertically and horizontally. The third one, which was tested, was the so-called “Christmas Tree” arrangement, also marked in MOA. The crosshair thickness computed to 0,14 MOA at 24x. These reticles

allow for hold-off and hold-over at long ranges without reverting to twisting elevation and windage knobs. The mental arithmetic required can often be beyond the average hunting Joe in the heat of the moment because MOAs on the reticle are a function of the magnification, hence at 12x (half that quoted on the reticle), but I guess for the range something one can get used to quite quickly.

The reticle focusing worked beautifully, allowing for rapid

and accurate focus. Parallax adjustment is on the left side inboard of the illumination switch. Initially, I had some difficulty here, but I think this had more to do with my multifocal specs than the scope! Light gathering was stunning, to say the least. Of course, the Europeans design their scopes specifically for low-light conditions, and the Zeiss is no exception. A white target in sunlight was almost too bright, but I’m sure



The turrets are clearly marked for easy adjustments. The zero-stop function worked perfectly and was a joy to use.

this will be a major asset in the hunting field.

The reticle is in the second focal plane and thus appears to be consistent in size through the magnification range. The outer left-hand adjuster switches on the crosshair illumination with brightness settings. I have found

these illuminated reticles useful on a blesbuck or black wildebeest target at rifle competitions. They are nice to have but require batteries – something else to forget in my old age.

The elevation adjustment is exposed and marked in MOA and 1/4 MOA per click. Clicks

are audible, positive and consistent throughout the range of 80 MOA, with a fantastic zero stop that can only be adjusted by lifting the adjuster off and tackling the T8 Torx set screw internally in the turret to reset the zero – lovely! Previous models of this scope had the windage setting capped. However, it has been changed on this model, and exposed numbers, again in MOA, are easily visible and adjusted from the driver's seat.

OFF TO THE RANGE

My Japanese-induced trepidation was starting to wear off and I looked forward to the range test. I have a .223 that has been misbehaving and just recently had a very expensive makeover – an ideal candidate for some testing, especially since I had found two loads that showed major promise. I duly purchased a set of Lynx 30mm rings (I found two sets a week later in my reloading room) and got to work. I carefully lined the rings with tape so as not to damage

the scope in any way.

Having roughly bore-sighted the Zeiss at the workbench, the vertical was close to spot-on on the range, but it shot very low, requiring shimming of the rear ring to get it zeroed. Once zeroed, the scope was a pleasure to use – target acquisition was quick, and a very clear image imbued confidence in the shooter. The box test was performed at 100 metres with six clicks right, six down, six left and six up, bringing it back to the same hole in the target.

SUMMARY

In summary, this is an excellent scope for hunting and a bit of long-range competition or messing about with. Although coming in at a slightly above-average price range, financially, the Zeiss is not in the realm of the unachievable. It is a scope that's certainly a cut above the ordinary and will grow on you. I wish I had one and may have to start bargaining with the devil – again! 🍀

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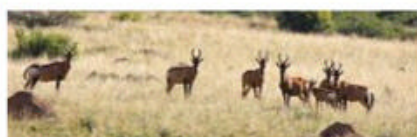
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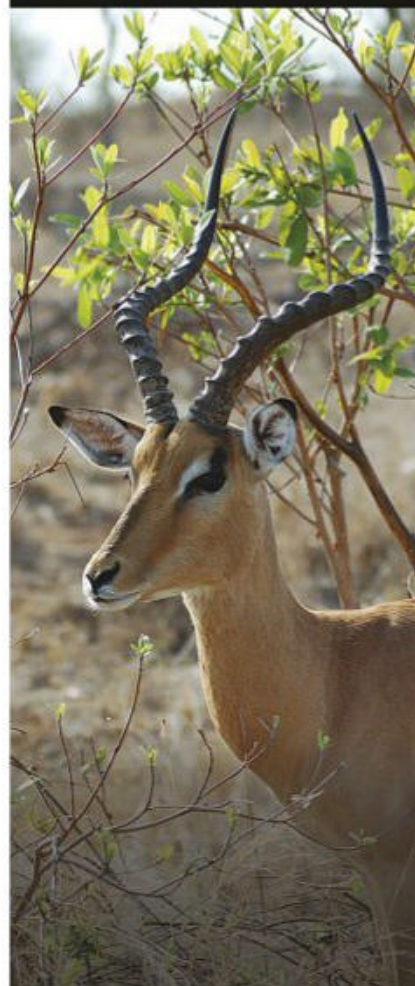


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