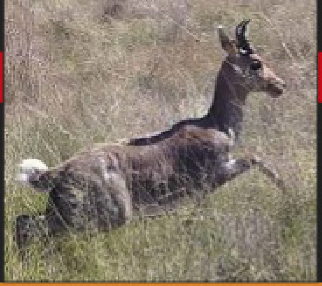
MYLPALE

ELKEEN VAN ONS HET HOOGTEPUNTE IN ONS JAGLOOPBANE

UIT MY PA SE DAGBOEK

HEIMWEE NA GISTER – RIBBOKHERINNERINGE



KOSRUBRIEK

'N ITALIAANSE FEES VAN GNOCCHI EN ELAND-FRIKKADELLE

Die tydskrif vir die jagter en bewaarder / The magazine for the hunter and conservationist

JAGTER

SUID-AFRIKAANSE • SOUTH AFRICAN

HUNTER

HUNTING ADVENTURE

MY GOOD FRIEND AND THE "BLACK DEATH"

BOOGJAG

BLOUWILDEBEES MET 'N PYL EN BOOG

CONSERVATION

ELEPHANTS – WHO SHOULD SIT AT THE TABLE?

WINGSHOOTING

OLD DOGS DON'T ALWAYS SMELL SO BAD

JAGVERHAAL

HOE TWEE SAL-VLIEËNIERS 'N 100-PONDER "MISGEVLIEG" HET

JAGTOERUSTING

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THE WINCHESTER "PRE-'64" MODEL 70 "THE RIFLEMAN'S RIFLE"

UITGAWE • EDITION
JULIE/JULY 2022
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JULIE/JULY 2022

INHOUD

COVER:

Impala photo: Hennie Lacock
Rifle photo: A "pre-'64" Model 70 Winchester, .30-06 Springfield, manufactured in 1957. (*Property of the editor*).

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Deur FRANCOIS VAN EMMENES

DROME...

Drome – daardie geheimsinnige verskynsel waar die menslike brein homself afskakel van die dag se talle dinge en ontvlug na 'n verbeeldingswêreld waar amper alles moontlik is… 'n Kritieke element van menswees. Die medici sê dit hou ons verstandig deurdat die brein, terwyl ons slaap, die dag se ervaringe prosesseer en in die regte kompartemente bêre. Drome hoef egter nie noodwendig 'n onwillekeurige breinfunksie te wees nie. Dit staan elke mens vry om sommer bedags ook te droom en die verbeelding vrye teuels te gee.

Far from being a "dreamer" in the sense of having my head in the clouds all day long, I enjoy dreaming about the next hunt, or finally being able to fetch and use a new firearm after the long wait for the licence. Mostly, I dream of hunting a new species or experiencing a different type of hunt or a new environment. I also dream about hunting the Kalahari, even though I have done so many times before. The red dunes, the cold, the absolute deafening silence and majestic camel-thorn trees, spotting a pygmy falcon and eating freshly braaied springbuck liver…

My list is long, and paging through my photo albums of past hunts takes me back to a dream world and enables me to relive those adventures and hunts. I dream of one day being able to finally have a successful elephant bull hunt. I dream of hunting a moose, elk or grizzly bear in Alaska and catching monster-sized salmon that I can fry in an old pan over the flames... These things are what keep the passion alive for me – that striving to broaden my own hunting and shooting horizons. I am glad to say that for the past 44 years or so, since the day I picked up my dad's old Falke Model 70 "pellet" gun at the age of six, the passion and associated dreams have not faded.

Drome sonder aksie bly egter maar net drome wat nooit waar sal word nie. Soos alles in die lewe, is dít wat die moeite werd is om te hê ook dít waarvoor mens soms hard moet werk, beplan, oefen en spaar. Met die brandstofpryse wat die hoogte ingeskiet het, moes ek ook mooi besin of al my beplande jagte kan realiseer. Ek het dus my fokus verskuif om party van die jagte waaroor ek al lankal droom, eers in 2023 te verwesenlik.

Wat die tydskrif betref, droom ek (en ons span gaan hard daaraan werk!) dat dit van krag tot krag sal gaan en vir jou, die leser, op ons jag- en skietreise saamneem. Waaroor droom jy en wat is in jou beplanning om dit te verwesenlik? 'n Buffeljag, seekoei, swartwitpens? Dalk 'n voorsitjag in die Karoo saam met jou jagspan of familie, of om jou seun of dogter op hul eerste jag te neem? Ek hoop dat ons jóú kan inspireer om na nuwe jagvelde en ondervindinge te streef en nuwe horisonne op jou jag- en skietpaadjie aan te pak.

Tot volgende keer…

Francois

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BOSPOS

WENBRIEF

WINTERTYD BETEKEN JAGTYD IN DIE KAROO

Ek was bevoorreg om op 'n plaas groot te word. My pa was 'n boer in murg en been en op sy gelukkigste in die natuur met die hemelse stilte om hom. Dit was altyd vir my lekker om saam met hom veld toe te gaan. Kleintyd het ek ook al saamgeboer, maar die hoogtepunt van die jaar was áltyd jagtyd.

Pa het hom so ingeleef – vir hom was dit soos om 'n sprokie te leef. Daar was sekere plekke waar hy gaan sit het; soms in 'n boom en ander kere agter 'n blaarskerm. Die plaasmense het deur die kamp gestap en gepraat of klippe op mekaar gekap. Dit het beteken dat koedoes meestal in die hardloop en op ver afstande geskiet is.

Daar was die keer toe hy 'n perfekte langafstandskoot geskiet het. Hy het dadelik my broer om die lyf gegryp en hulle het saamgejuig. Later het dit geblyk dat die skoot die horing getref het. Terwyl hulle gesing en gedans het, het die bok sy balans herwin, opgespring en weggehardloop. Die vreugde het in verbasing en later in trane oorgesit, iets waaroor ons later jare lekker kon lag.

Pa het lank gespaar om sy gewere te kon koop. Eers het hy met oupa se ou .303 Mauser geskiet. Mettertyd het hy dit na 'n 7x57 Mauser verander wat vandag myne is. Hy het ook 'n .308 Musgrave gehad. Ek onthou die dag toe hy sy .30-06 Musgrave gekoop het – sy spogstuk.

Pa het die lewe geniet en sy liefde vir die natuur ook aan ons oorgedra. Wintertyd het hy geleef vir die stories en dit vir ons almal so aangenaam gemaak dat ons daardie herinneringe nooit sal vergeet nie. Daar was 'n uniekheid aan elke kamp; hoeveel tyd gegee is om op ons sitplekke te kom voordat die mans aanjaag. Ek wou altyd saamjag, maar moes my eers bewys – eers voëls in ma se vrugteboord skiet en daarna dassies in die garingbome. Dit was belangrik dat ons nie kwes nie. Volgens pa moes jy deur die teleskoop sien waar jou skoot tref, ingeval die dier gekwes is.

Ek het in standerd 4 vir pa se jagveld gekwalifiseer. My heel eerste skoot op 'n koedoe was op 150 tree. Toe ons by die koedoe kom, het daar twee gelê – al twee met 'n nekskoot. Pa het die foto en berig in die plaaslike koerant laat plaas.

Hy het jagtyd so interessant moontlik gemaak. Soms het ons vroegoggend sommer 'n worsie in die veld gebraai. Daar was altyd droëwors en lemoene as padkos wanneer ons vêr gestap het. Ek en pa het baie saamgejag. Later het ons allerhande tekens begin uitdink. Wanneer een koedoes gewaar, moes hy sy hoed afhaal of sy geweerloop in die bokke se rigting wys. Sodra 'n koedoe geskiet is, het ons planne beraam hoe om hom te dra en te kyk of ons hom naby kon oplaai. En as hy agterop die bak was, het pa altyd met sy sagte stem gesê: "Nou ja, manne, vertel nou weer van voor af wat julle gehoor en gesien het."

Daardie aand sou ons lekker moerkoffie op die houtstoof maak terwyl hy die hele jagstorie in sy boek skryf: hoeveel skote, waar getref, die afstand – al die inligting wat nodig was om dit aan te teken. Vir 'n paar seisoene was daar 'n groot koedoebul met die bynaam King wat al die bure ontwyk het en 'n legende was. Een oggend nadat die mis gelig het, het pa hom vanuit die pruimboom waarin hy gesit het, gewaar. Hy het hom op 300 tree 'n netjiese nekskoot met sy .30-06 Musgrave toegedien. Uit respek het pa sy vel laat brei en sy horings gemonteer.

Dit was die lekkerste lekker om so saam met pa in die veld te kuier. Hy was trots op elke koedoe wat ek geskiet het, maar die kosbaarste is die liefde vir die natuur wat hy my geleer het en die mooi stories en herinneringe wat hy nagelaat het.

Pa was 'n *smart* man en 'n nóg *smarter* jagter.

LYNETTE STRYDOM

** Lynette wen die R1 000-geskenkbewys van Safari Outdoor. Baie geluk!*

UITSTEKENDE PRYS

Ek het onlangs vir 'n kompetisie in SA JAGTER/HUNTER ingeskryf en was een van die gelukkige wenners van 'n Dovetail-ammunisiekissie, geborg deur Dovetail Wooden Boxes.

Ek het vir Lizelle gekontak – wat 'n aangename, vriendelike en behulpsame mens. Sy het baie flinke diens gegee en dis 'n kwaliteitprodukt! Binne drie dae nadat ons die detail afgehandel het oor die ontwerp en inskripsies wat op die boksie moes verskyn, is dit reg by my voordeur afgelewer!

Baie dankie aan Lizelle en Rudi Louw! Ek kan hierdie kissie beslis aanbeveel om ammunisie te berg en te vervoer.

ANITA MARITZ

DOVETAIL-AMMUNISIEKISSIE

SÊ JOU SÊ...

Stuur jou brief aan ***marisa@sahunter.org***. en staan 'n kans om die maand se R1 000-geskenkbewys van ***Safari Outdoor*** te wen. Ons wil graag van jou hoor – verkieslik minder as 300 woorde, en gee asseblief jou voornaam, van en kontakbesonderhede. ***SA JAGTER/HUNTER*** behou die reg voor om briewe te redigeer en verkort.

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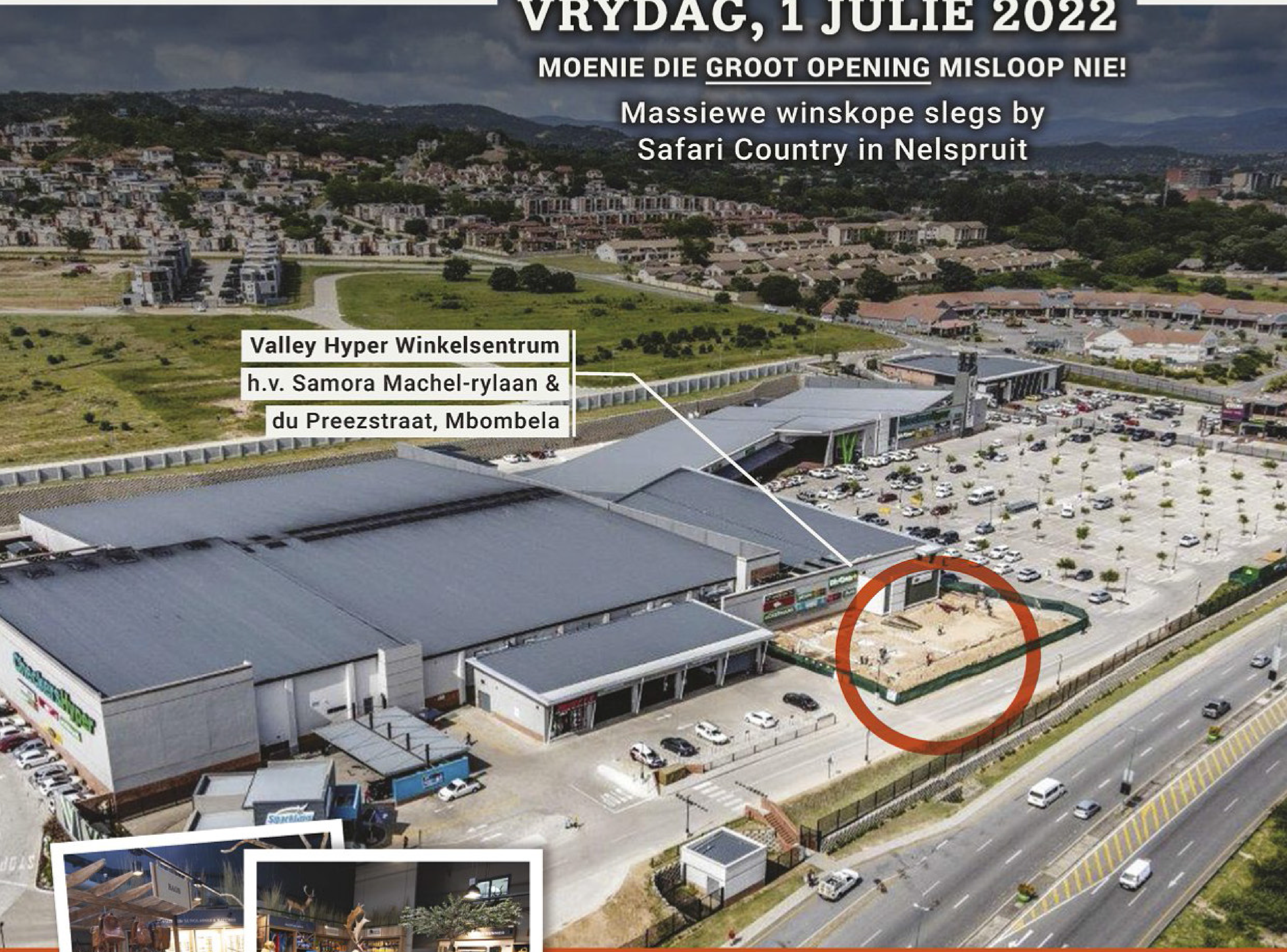

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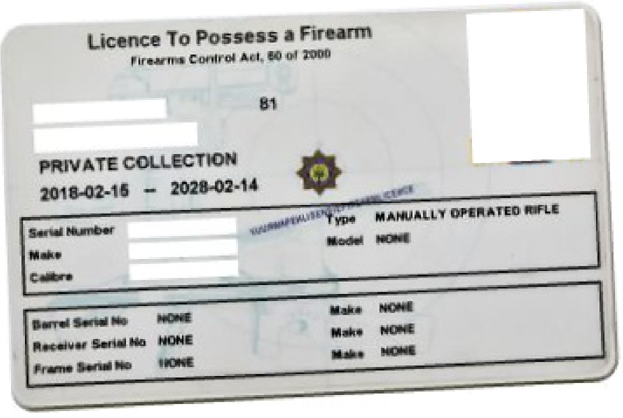

NEWS

FIREARM LICENCE CARD PRINTING PROBLEMS

Earlier this year, Thorburn Security initiated a High Court application against the South African Police Service (SAPS) and the Government Printing Works (GPW), seeking an order to issue 360 licence cards to the company, which had been outstanding for several months.

Martin Hood from MJ Hood & Associates Attorneys acted on behalf of Thorburn Security. SAPS recently put forward several reasons for the (unacceptable by firearm owners' standards) delays regarding the printing of licence cards for approved licences. These reasons ranged from not having a contract with GPW and GPW not having a contract with the courier company that distributes the cards to a dispute between SAPS and GPW about card printing costs. The above case never went to court, as SAPS delivered the Thorburn cards to the relevant DFO within 48 hours of the court papers being filed. This proves that it can be done in time and that there is a glaring problem within SAPS' systems with regard to card printing. It is a pity that the case never went to court, as it would have afforded firearm owners the opportunity to shine a light on yet another aspect of SAPS' inability to properly administer the Firearms Control Act.

Watching comments on Facebook and speaking from personal experience, the problems still persist – card printing does not follow a set time frame after licence approval and batches are printed sporadically, leading to much frustration amongst firearm owners.

CONSERVATION

PLANS TO REWILD RHINOS

John Hume, the well-known rhino breeder, has announced plans to rewild approximately 100 southern white rhinos to conservation areas in Southern Africa annually.

Hume, the world's largest individual owner and breeder of rhinos, is known for his passion for these animals and is a strong proponent of legalising regulated trade in rhino horn. Hume's proposal seeks to address the ever-increasing pressure on wild rhino populations, and his rhino cows have produced over 1 800 calves over the last 30 years.

In February 2022, the Department of Forestry, Fisheries and the Environment released poaching figures for 2021. SANParks lost 209 rhinos to poaching in 2021, while 124 rhinos were poached from private reserves in the same period. The problem has clearly not gone away, but the media attention seems to have waned. In June, conservation authorities in KwaZulu-Natal announced that 106 rhinos had been poached in the province's parks and reserves since January 2022. KwaZulu-Natal lost 102 rhinos to poaching in 2021 and 93 in 2020. According to Hume, they recently celebrated five years and two months without losing a single rhino to poaching. "To prevent the rhino from going extinct, you must breed better, and you must protect better," he says. "You need to be able to do both."

According to Brandon Jones, the project's security manager, Hume's security measures on the farm comprise radar and virtual fences, boots on the ground and helicopter surveillance. "Our rhinos are under constant 24-hour visual watch. We know where all the rhinos are all of the time," he says. Rhino horn trimming under the guidance of veterinarian Dr. Michelle Otto forms part of the project's security measures, and the rhinos released from the farm will also be dehorned for their safety.

One can only hope that potential partners in this endeavour are up to the challenge and committed to ensuring the safety of these donated rhinos. •

SKRYF VIR SA JAGTER/HUNTER

Dit is vir ons by SA JAGTER/HUNTER altyd 'n plesier om bydraes van nuwe vryskutskrywers te ontvang. Ons wil graag ons lesers aanmoedig om die pen op te neem en hul ondervindings in die jagveld of tegniese kennis met ons te deel. Wees asseblief so vrymoedig om enige materiaal of selfs net idees vir moontlike artikels aan die redakteur te e-pos by: *francois@sahunter.org / francois.emmenes@media24.com.* 'n Mens weet nooit wanneer die volgende groot skrywer dalk in ons tydskrif gaan ontluik nie! Ons sien uit na julle bydraes!

PERMITAANSOEKE

BEK-EN-KLOUSEER

Die Departement van Landbou, Grondhervorming en Landelike Ontwikkeling het begin Junie die beheermaatreëls vir bek-en-klouseer vir KwaZulu-Natal (KZN) asook Limpopo vrygestel. Hierdie protokol bepaal die vereistes wat in sekere dele van Limpopo en KZN onder die Dieregesondheidswet (Wet 35 van 1984) beheer word. Dit beperk die vervoer van spleethoewige diere se produkte na, van en deur hierdie gebiede.

KZN EN LIMPOPO

Die nuutuitgereikte protokol geld vir beide die beheergebiede in KZN en Limpopo. Die protokol vestig die bepalings van toepassing op die vervoer van diere en diereprodukte van buite na die beheergebiede, binne die beheergebiede, deur die beheergebiede en van binne die beheergebiede na buite. Dit behels die volgende:

- Alle beweging van spleethoewige diere of hul produkte van buite na die beheergebied, binne die beheergebied en vanuit die beheergebied na buite (behalwe buffels en vlakvarke wat glad nie vervoer mag word nie) benodig 'n voorgeskrewe permit waarvoor aansoek gedoen moet word.

Persone wat **wildsvleis** vir eie gebruik vanuit die KZN- en/of Limpopo-beheergebiede wil vervoer, moet let op die volgende vereistes soos in die protokol uiteengesit:

- Die vleis moet vir eie gebruik wees.
- **Slegs een karkas** van 'n spleethoewige dier per persoon wat die vleis vergesel, sal toegelaat word.
- Die vel moet verwyder wees, die karkas moet opgesny en verpak wees en duidelik gemerk wees met die spesie, plek van oorsprong en gewig van elke verpakking.
- Die vleis moet opgehang word tot droog en drupvry.
- Die kop, vel, pote en binnegoed van die gejagte diere moet by die jagplek agterbly.
- Daar is geen beperking op behoorlik gekookte of "breekdroë" vleis nie.
- Horings, velle en bene mag slegs uit die beheergebied vervoer word nadat dit vir 28 dae gesout en gedroog is.
- Die permitaansoek moet minstens drie werksdae voor die verwydering ingedien word. Die aansoekvorm verskyn op bl. 9 en 10 van die protokol.

Rig alle permitaansoeke aan:
KwaZulu-Natal:
Dr. C.C. Meintjes, 083-273-5797, *fmdpermitskzn@gmail.com*
Limpopo:
Dr. J.J. Mentz, 083-302-1850, *fmdpermitslimpopo@gmail.com*

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JUNIE SE WENNER:
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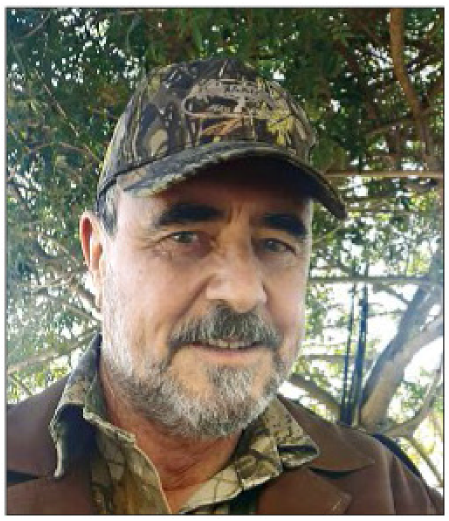
Die name van Julie 2022 se pryswenners sal in die volgende uitgawe van SA JAGTER/HUNTER-tydskrif verskyn en ook op ons webtuiste bekend gemaak word.



DAPPER STAPPER

Stap. 'n Hoogs omstrede onderwerp in jagtersgeledere sedert jagkarre met skiettralies en gerieflike bankies op die toneel gekom het. Party jagters sweer by die stewel, ander neem sitplek in.

Laasgenoemde gewoonlik as gevolg van (in geen spesifieke volgorde nie) 'n rugbyknie of 'n liesbreuk of 'n hartomleiding of 'n lastige hoesie of verkeerde skoene of 'n warm dag of 'n koue dag of 'n kort asem of lang Covid.

Beweeglikheid is natuurlik nie almal se voorreg nie en liggaamlike beperkings hoef niemand wat graag self 'n bok wil gaan skiet, te diskwalifiseer nie. Dit is egter tog vreemd dat soveel mense bloot op grond van gerief verkies om skietbakkie te ry, eerder as om die veld buite sy paaie te ervaar.

Soms voel ek jammer vir die bakkiesitters, want ek glo regtig hulle mis 'n groot deel van wat die jagveld spesiaal maak. Maar laat ek darem ook kwalifiseer: My (voor)oordeel gaan nie soseer oor die kwessie van vleis huis toe bring nie – 'n gemeganiseerde skietspan is inderdaad meer doeltreffend as 'n enkele jagter te voet. Nee, my sentiment gaan eerder oor hoeveel meer mens die veld ervaar wanneer jy tree vir tree deel daarvan raak.

Stapjagters ken dit: Agtermekaar, jy en jou jagmaat, in 'n wildspaadjie. Saggies, staaadig deur die bos. Egalig kop draai en deurkyk, die swieptak met trapsuutjieshande aangee, versigtig die los klip systap, en boor enigiets trap wat straks kan kraak of klap. Sulke intense fokus raak 'n fees van sintuie, en van balans en beweeglikheid in die bos se onvoorspelbare, wilde hart.

Jy let heeltyd hoe die wind waai, jy koes vir die wawielwebspinnekop se geweefde wip, jy kyk deurgaans waar jy trap, kyk wat roer, kyk wat wegkruip en kyk waar 'n spoor lê. Jy is ten volle teenwoordig, elke sintuig haarfyn ingestel, elke tree heelhartig in die oomblik.

Soms loop jy wel 'n pad raak. Dan stap jy al in die tweespoor af, nou aan dié kant, dan weer daardie kant. Jy loop en bekyk die spore in die sand, probeer peil waarheen hulle lei, en loop en neem alles waar wat jy langs die pad teëkom.

Of jy stap dalk in die klippe, êrens in 'n rivierloop of oor 'n rant of 'n kruin. Elke tree 'n uitgesoekte een, altyd gebalanseerd, terwyl jy kliplangs deurkyk en trapplek kies. Of miskien van rots tot rots spring met jou geweer as balans.

Minder lekker is die ruigtes. Veral as dit doringstruike is, waarvan Afrika mos 'n ryk oes in sy kroon dra. Of dalk myle en myle meedoënlose mopanie met vloekvliegies wat al om jou gesig pla. Of diep in 'n digte stand vaalbos, of ruie rivierbos, of selfs fynbos. Plekke wat later kloustrofobies kan raak as jou uitsig hoogstens 'n koedoedrolspoeg ver strek.

Mooiste is die hoë plekke. 'n Koedoevoetpad oor 'n nek wat 'n hele tablo van natuurskoon ontbloot. Of die piek van 'n kop waar dit voel of jy die heel eerste mens ooit is wat daar staan. Of 'n kronkelende kranspaadjie wat jou tot in die hart van klipspringer en ribbok se skuilgrond lei.

En dan, jag op sy suiwerste: Katvoet bekruip. Elke snaar gespan terwyl jy suutjies en egalig in gebukkende houding sluip. Jou voet stadig neersit, buitetoon eerste, en dan saggies jou gewig op hom inrol sodat niks knars nie. Kop en skouers stil en in een posisie, hande en geweer laag. Stadig, glad, sonder om te op en te af, of te heen en weer, vloei jy nader. Net om te verstar wanneer die bok kyk. Soms op een been, maar verstar moet jy verstar tot al die oë weer wegkyk.

En dan natuurlik ook die lekker losgooi van aanstryk. Want daar kom 'n tyd. Dalk as jou bok lê en jy moet uitstap om 'n ryding te loop haal, of wanneer die son begin watertrek en jy die stuk insit terug kamp toe voor die spoke jou vang. Jy stap lekker los teen 'n lekker pas, en die kilo's rol onder jou sole deur. Teen die tyd dat jy aankom, is jy pootuit, maar dit voel heerlik om jou liggaam se brieke so skiet te gee in die leeflike vryheid van die natuur.

Hoekom sou sekere jagters, wat fisies heeltemal in staat is om te stap, dan steeds so graag aan bakkietralies klou?

Wel, hoewel daar deesdae allerhande polities korrekte terme daarvoor is, is luiheid natuurlik steeds 'n algemene verskynsel. Maar dis eerder onsekerheid wat agter die bakkieryery sit, as ek moet raai. Selfs vrees.

Onsekerheid oor sy eie jagen fisiese vermoëns, onseker van homself oor aspekte soos bokkeuse, afstand skat, veldkennis en die milieu van die bos. En veral, glo ek, 'n vrees om te moet skiet sonder die gerusstelling van 'n morsdooie pyptralie as dooierus. Op die bakkie is hy veilig en gemaklik met iemand wat hom lei, die bokke vir hom soek en kies, sy skote oplyn en die opvolgwerk vir hom doen. Al wat hy hoef te doen, is skiet.

Maar is dit jag?

Daai is 'n holrugdebat wat ek liewer nie weer wil oopkrap nie. Elke ou het mos maar sy manier van doen, en seker ook die goeie reg om dit so te mag doen. Maar ek wil tog 'n bietjie karring: As jou gesondheid dit toelaat, heroorweeg miskien volgende keer of jy regtig wil bakkie ry. Want jag is soveel meer vervullend as dit 'n fisiese avontuur raak en nie net om die trek van 'n sneller gaan nie.

Selfs al skiet jy niks.

Teen die tyd dat jy aankom, is jy pootuit, maar dit voel heerlik om jou liggaam se brieke so skiet te gee in die leeflike vryheid van die natuur.

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Strong Advertising

A look into the history and development of an iconic rifle

The term "The Rifleman's Rifle" was first used in a marketing brochure by Winchester in 1952 – back then and today a most apt description for one of the most iconic production rifles in firearm history. To fully understand where it came from, we must first look at the Model 70's predecessor, the Winchester Model 54, as well as the company itself.

The Model 54 was released in 1925 and went through a few minor changes over the next decade, the most notable being a switch to chrome-molybdenum barrel steel early in the 1930s. The Model 54 was popular in the USA and saw continuously rising sales figures. However, the Great Depression that started in

LEFT TO RIGHT: A 1957 .30-06 Springfield (featuring on this month's cover), a 1953 .300 Holland & Holland with an after-market Reinhart Fajen stock, a 1947 .270 Win "Super Grade", and on the far right, a 1938 .250-3000 Savage. Despite their age, all these rifles are superbly accurate by hunting standards.

THE WINCHESTER "PRE-'64" MODEL 70 – "THE RIFLEMAN'S RIFLE"

1929 took its toll on sales and the Winchester Repeating Arms Company (WRA). In 1931, the firm went bankrupt, and on 22 December 1931, Western Cartridge Company (WCC) bought out WRA. Luckily for WCC, the experienced production and design staff stayed on – a great asset to this company.

MODEL 54 IMPROVEMENTS

The new owners immediately started planning significant improvements for the Model 54. By then, competitive target shooting was very popular in the US (and elsewhere, for that matter). The Model 54 had come under some minor criticisms from competitive shooters – the lock time was too slow, and the stock was of a wrong design with a very low comb (the long, slender telescopic sights were becoming very popular, and the stock design did not lend itself to accurate shooting with a telescope). Being a leftover design of military open-sighted rifles, the safety on the 54 flipped upwards, interfering with the scope.

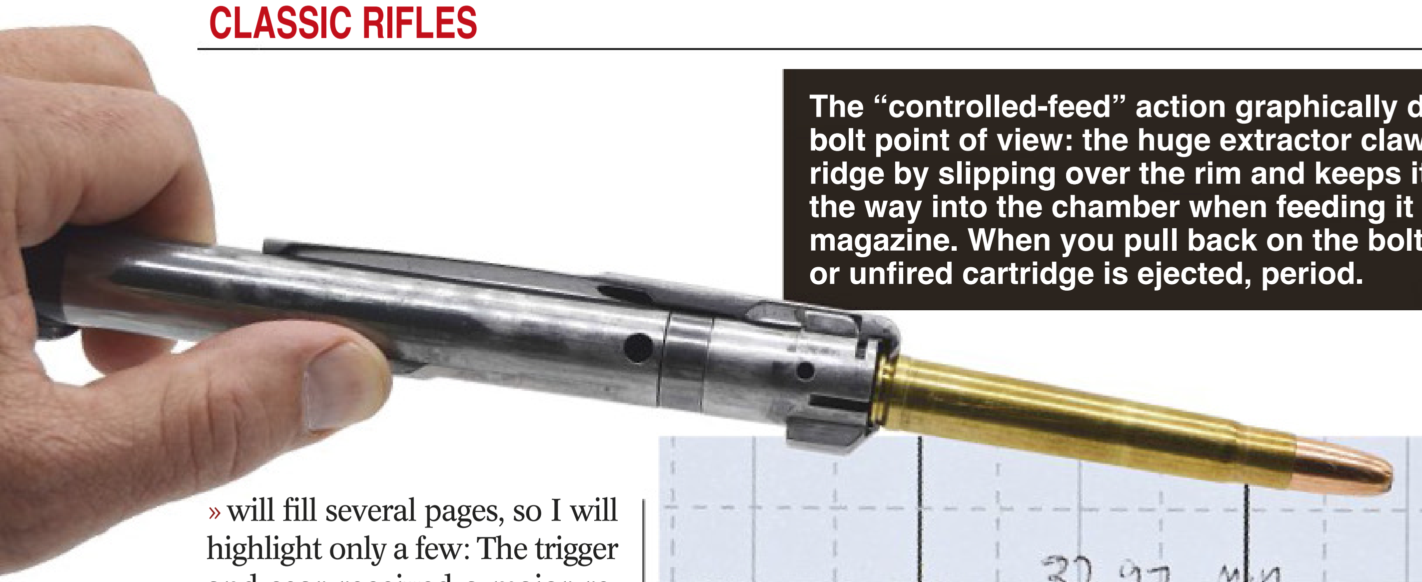
MODEL 70 SEES THE LIGHT

Further changes were made to the Model 54, but the company's owners felt that a brand-new rifle design was needed. It took the engineers just over a year to design the new rifle, and the final authorisation to start production of the "new" Model 70 was granted on 29 December 1934. However, there were other considerations, probably at the bean counters' insistence. Firstly, sales of the Model 54 had increased since the company had been under WCC management – and you don't just stop production and sales of a popular offering… Secondly, they were overstocked with Model 54 components. The decision was thus taken to delay production of the Model 70 until parts inventory levels of the 54 were lowered, thus avoiding obsolete (and expensive) component stock.

Furthermore, the "new" Model 70's stock was fitted to the extended Model 54 production line to assess the market's acceptance of the new stock design. As it was very well accepted, WCC "bit the bullet", so to speak, and decided to commence production of the Model 70. On 20 January 1936, with 19 orders in hand for the new model, Winchester assembled the first receivers. By 1 August 1936, about 1 350 rifles were completed, and by 1 January 1937, the official release date, the warehouse had 2 238 rifles ready for shipment. A star was born…

A full description of the major changes from the Model 54 »

I hunted this nyala bull with my .300 H&H near Colenso in KwaZulu-Natal in 2010, accompanied by my good friend and professional hunter, Sean Bosse. After the hunt, I gave the rifle a facelift and refurbished the stock. None of my "pre-'64s" have ever let me down in the bush.

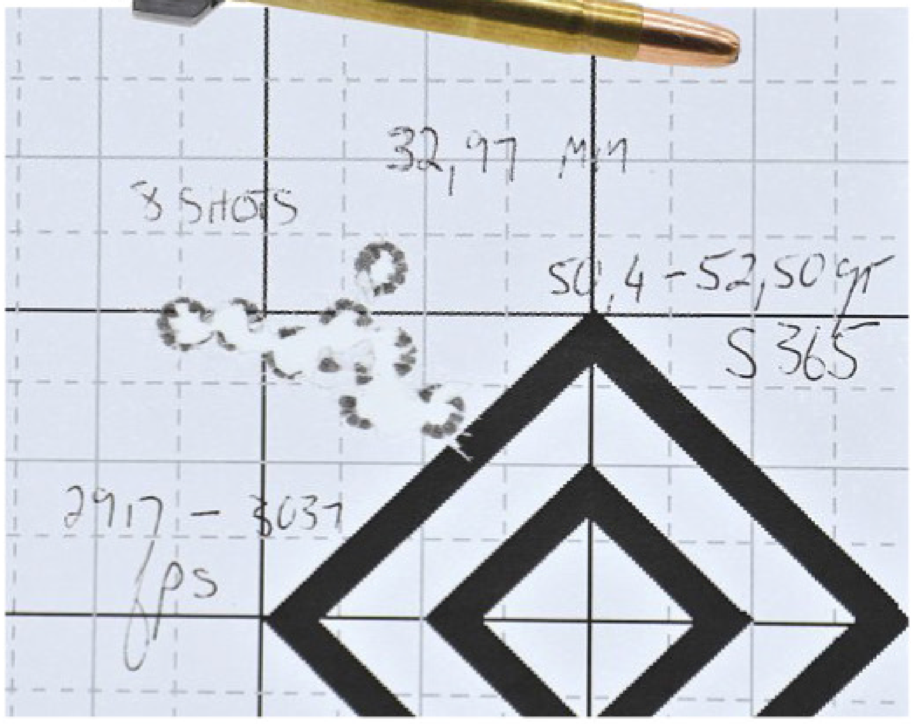


The "controlled-feed" action graphically displayed from a bolt point of view: the huge extractor claw grips the cartridge by slipping over the rim and keeps it in position all the way into the chamber when feeding it forward from the magazine. When you pull back on the bolt, the empty case or unfired cartridge is ejected, period.

» will fill several pages, so I will highlight only a few: The trigger and sear received a major revamp, using an "override" trigger similar to the one previously employed in their Model 52, .22 LR rifles.

The action guard screws were moved, resulting in a stiffer action that distributed overall tension more evenly and allowed for better bedding. The chrome-molybdenum steel was retained for the barrels as it proved the best on the market at the time.

The new "Marksman" stock was a major improvement, as was evident from late Model 54 sales – the comb was heightened to better aid shooters using telescopic sights, and the fore-end was widened (presumably to better help target shooters for the great-er stability it afforded, but I have no proof of this). The bolt handle angle was lowered, thus avoiding interference with a telescope and (the old-style) sometimes complicated ring adjustment systems. For similar reasons, a brand-new safety was developed – Winchester's now-famous 3-position safety. The new safety's lever swung on a horizontal plane from the back to the front, not upwards and downwards like most other conventional magazine rifle safeties of the time. The magazine floor plate and trigger guard were machined as two separate pieces, allowing the magazine to be unloaded in a single action by pressing a spring-loaded button in front of the trigger guard, which kept the magazine closed. In addition, a second gas port was added to the right-hand side receiver ring. Finally, more and improved quality checkering was used than on the Model 54. These were the *major* changes compared to the Model 54.



I did this "ladder" test with my .270 Win shortly after acquiring it in 2018. The eight shots represent a 2,1-grain increment between the lowest charge and the highest, producing an overall group of just 32,97 mm. Back then, the Model 70's "out-of-the-box" accuracy endeared it to the gun-buying public in the USA and the rest of the world – a sentiment that still applies today and that I share.

MODEL 70 CALIBRES

Initially, the Model 70 was offered in nine *(normal production)* calibres: .22 Hornet, .220 Swift, .250/3000 Savage, .257 Roberts, .270 W.C.F., 7mm Mauser, .30-06 Springfield, .300 H&H and .375 H&H. Over the years, an additional nine chamberings were added: .35 Rem, .300 Savage, .308 Savage, .308 Win, .358 Win, .458 Win Mag, .338 Win Mag, .264 Win Mag and .300 Win Mag (not in release date order). Winchester also had a Special Order department that would build you almost anything if you had the money. The Model 70 gained rapid acceptance worldwide for its controlled-feed action, decent stock, excellent (for the time) trigger and accuracy. It was these attributes that endeared it to the American hunter and target shooter – not the absolute best on the market, but a classy, accurate "workhorse" rifle that would not let you down. I believe Ben Comfort's victory in the 1935 Wimbledon Cup with a Winchester rifle had a lot to do with the Model 70's success.

STYLES, CONFIGURATIONS AND MODELS

The different "styles", "configurations" and "models" of offering are a vigorously debated topic among serious collectors to this day and, depending on individual interpretation of the words, could mean different things to different collectors. Over its production period, the Model 70 underwent constant changes as time progressed. Of course, collectors take a huge interest in variations to the norm. For this reason, it is important to classify these collector areas of interest into specific classes. At the risk of receiving serious criticism from same, I am going to use the classifications of Roger C. Rule, author of *The Rifleman's Rifle*. He uses the word "model" to describe differences relating to changes in the rifle's action, and the word "style" to describe other changes not affecting the action, like barrel and stock design.

In terms of model changes, three periods are widely recognised: Type I or "Pre-war" (1936-1947), Type II or "Transition" (1947-1948) and Type III or "Latter Era" (1948-1963) models. Each of these models has distinct design changes, but the rules are never hard-and-fast – many a rifle with non-conforming date changes have been found!

In terms of styles, the following were offered during the production period: The Standard Rifle (1937-1963), Super Grade (1937-1959), Standard Rifle with Carbine Barrel (1937-1946), National Match (1937-1959), Target Model (1955-1963), Bull Gun (1955-1963), Featherweight (1952-1963), Super Grade Featherweight (1955-1960) and the Varmint Rifle (1955-1963). These were all different models sold by Winchester over the periods mentioned, quite a variety. You must hand it to the Yanks – they know how to market!

ALARM BELLS

By 1960, rising production costs tolled alarm bells for the Model 70, mostly due to labour costs. Winchester made changes to the rifle to save money. The death knell had sounded for the "pre-'64" Model 70.

A programme was initiated to change to more effective manufacturing techniques, and on 1 October 1963, the "new" Model 70 receiver was stamped with serial number 700 000. The changes were severe, and the "new" Model 70 was poorly received by the market. Gun writers of the time lamented the decision, but Winchester persisted. Jack O'Connor wrote of the change: *"I was informed by*

A close-up of the .30-06 Springfield *(top)* and .270 Win (*bottom).* Note the difference in design of the "three-position" safety catch – a change made over the years. In the forward position, the rifle can be fired, and in the middle position, it can be safely unloaded by working the bolt as only the trigger is blocked. The rearward position locks both the trigger and bolt.

Winchester brass that the Model 70 was being redesigned. I told them that I was glad to get the information so I could lay in four or five more before they loused the rifle up. Then I saw the pilot model of the 'New Model 70'. The action was simplified, the trigger guard and floor plate made of a flimsy-looking one-piece stamping." The major changes employed for the new Model 70 were a push-feed action with a puny extractor claw, a stamped trigger guard and magazine floorplate, cast actions as opposed to the machined bar actions of the "pre-'64", and stamped checkering – the list of adverse changes listed by antagonists of the new model would fill pages...

COLLECTING THE MODEL 70

Finding pre-'64 Model 70s in good (or even acceptable) condition is not easy for the South African collector. I have been collecting for just over 15 years and have only managed to assemble a reasonable collection of ten rifles (at the zenith) in good or very good condition. Collecting them myself on a limited budget, I have learned a few things. I have bought rifles in "good" condition, but a serious collector would probably not give these a second glance. However, to me they are priceless, and because I do not have "Safe Queens", I will buy a rifle in reasonable condition as I will use it in the hunting field anyway. I have also learned that rifles in "mint" condition rightly deserve the price tag associated with them. A few years ago, I also learned a valuable lesson – act quickly when you have the opportunity to procure a rare one. (I hummed and hawed for a day over the price tag of a .458 Win Mag in mint condition. As a result, I lost out as another collector snapped it up.)

Over the production period, a total of 581 471 Model 70 rifles were built, including Specials totalling 13 283. In terms of collectability, from a calibre point of view, the .300 Savage ranks the rarest with only 362 (0.06% of total production) production rifles completed, followed by the .35 Rem (0.07%) and the .458 Win Mag (0.21%). I am the happy owner of a .250-3000 Savage, of which only 2 750 (0.47%) were made. Easy to understand is that the .30-06 Springfield and .270 Win both achieve double-digit percentage figures with a production of 208 218 and 122 323 rifles, respectively, making up 56.85% of total production.

Considering the hundreds of possible combinations of collection interest (calibres, styles, models, dates and variation between these), it is easy to see that you could keep yourself busy for decades and never achieve your ultimate goal. For me, even owning a rifle in each production calibre is probably a bridge too far, but I will keep trying. Many rifles popping up in the local market had seen some sort of modification, and finding a true original, untouched rifle is rare – something I have personally made peace with.

A few years ago, serial number 1 and 2, both chambered in .30-06, were offered for sale at $1 750 000 (about R27 million). They remain unsold. Fake rifles with low serial numbers, packed in purposely forfeited "original" boxes, seemingly unfired, pop up from time to time, so beware! If it is too good to be true, it probably is… If you google "What year was my Winchester manufactured?" and follow the links, you will find a website giving the manufacturing dates on almost all Winchester rifles. Sadly, thousands of pre-'64 Model 70s have ended up as donor pieces of actions for custom-built rifles – the same qualities that made a controlled-feed action desirable in times gone by still do so today! Owning a pre-'64 Model 70 is a rare privilege and a great joy.

Primary source: Roger C. Rule, 1982, *The Rifleman's Rifle*, published by AuthorHouse.

MYLPALE

Elkeen van ons het hoogtepunte in ons jagloopbane...

Ek veronderstel dat ek nie te ver verkeerd is as ek die bewering maak dat die lewe uit 'n string mylpale bestaan nie. Die eerste groot mylpaal in ons almal se lewens is uiteraard ons geboorte, want alles moet iewers begin en geboorte is sekerlik so 'n goeie vertrekpunt soos enige ander! Ná geboorte leer ons almal om te loop, eetgerei te gebruik en andersins selfstandig te funksioneer. Dit is dus 'n nimmereindigende proses. Dieselfde kan van ons jagloopbane gesê word, alhoewel ons nie almal hier dieselfde roete volg nie.

Die eerste mylpaal in almal se jagloopbaan is die besef dat jy diep in jou binneste 'n JAGTER is. Die woord "jagter" word dikwels skeefgetrek, veral deur persone met bose agendas. Dit staan egter soos 'n paal bo water dat diegene wat hierdie beskeie poging van my lees, almal op 'n stadium die roepstem gehoor het wat ons elke jaar laat hunker na wilde plekke en wilde diere. Die Amerikaanse skrywer Robert Ruark het dit mooi opgesom in sy boek oor sy eerste jag in Oos-Afrika, *Horn of the Hunter*. Vir Ruark was dit nie 'n roepstem nie maar eerder 'n trompetgeskal wat die begin van sý jagloopbaan aangekondig het. Op die ou end is dit irrelevant hoe ons elkeen tot die besef kom dat ons jagters is. Wat wel belangrik is, is dat ons daaraan gehoor moet gee en besef dit is 'n hoër roeping so oud soos die mensdom self.

'N EERSTE DIER

Die tweede mylpaal is die eerste keer wanneer ons 'n dier se lewe neem. Ek dink nie dis regtig belangrik watter dier jy eerste jag nie; dis eerder die wyse waarop jy dit doen – die mate van respek wat jy teenoor die dier betoon nadat die skoot geknal het, asook die besef dat

HOOFFOTO: 'n Eerste buffel kom net een keer in 'n leeftyd verby. Hierdie ou bul uit Zimbabwe was 'n droom wat bewaarheid is en was inderdaad 'n mylpaal om te onthou.

Hierdie bosbokram was 'n trofee wat baie jare gevat het om in die hande te kry. Toe die oomblik van waarheid aanbreek, het die emosies maar hoog geloop en so ook die dankbaarheid.

daar nou nie meer omdraaikans vir jou as jagter is nie. Vir my was die eerste keer 'n groot ou vlakvarkbeer tussen die mopanies van die destydse Noord-Transvaal. Toe die .243 se skoot geklap het, het die vark net 'n tree of twee gegee en neergeslaan. Kort daarna het ek langs die dier gestaan en terdeë besef dat ek nou sonder omkeer op die jagterspad was.

Meer as drie dekades het al verloop sedert my ontmoeting met daardie ou vlakvarkbeer. In daardie tyd het etlike jagte gekom en gegaan. Sommige van dié jagtogte is bes vergete om redes waarmee ek niemand wil verveel nie, maar ander steek in my geheue vas asof dit gister plaasgevind het.

Ek is op sy beste maar 'n bra swak trofeejagter, maar daar is wel sekere diere wat om een of ander rede ietwat van 'n obsessie by my geword het. Een van dié diere is 'n bosbok. Deur die jare het ek etlike kilometers gestap op soek na een van hierdie spesiale bokke. Hierdie reis het my van die beboste heuwels en valleie van Zoeloeland, Limpopo, en al die pad na die pragboswêreld van suidoos-Zimbabwe geneem. Dit was juis in Zimbabwe waar ek een middag nee gesê het vir 'n bosbokram wat baie hoog in enige rekordboek sou gepryk het. My vriend en professionele jagter, Barry, het net sy kop geskud en geglimlag, waarna ons die soektog na iets anders voortgesit het. Daardie aand om die kampvuur was wyle Barry steeds effe uit die veld geslaan omdat ek nie die bosbok wou skiet nie. Hy het telkemale net kopskuddend dieselfde sin bly herhaal: *"He was f***** jaws, bud!"*

Tydens 'n jag in Zoeloeland in 2017 saam met oorsese vriende het ek eendag die geleentheid gehad om alleen te jag. Ek het die oggend deurgebring deur verskeie digbeboste klowe vir 'n bosbok te deursoek. Al wat ek egter teëgekom het, was koedoes en vlakvarke. Ná middagete het ek met my .30-06 oor my skouer in 'n stofpad gestap wat al langs 'n opgedroogde gronddam verbygekronkel het. Ek is die dag vantevore gevra om 'n vlakvark vir 'n nabygeleë hotel se kombuis te skiet. Dit was nie lank nie of 'n jong beer wat in die gronddam staan en wei het, het my oog gevang.

Met die .30-06 oor 'n doringboom se tak was ek op die punt om die sneller te druk toe 'n beweging na regs my aandag getrek het – 'n pragtige bosbokram. Tot vandag toe weet ek nie waar hy vandaan gekom het of wat hy vroegmiddag in die middel van 'n groot oopte gedoen het nie. Toe die .30-06 se skoot klap, was my soeke na 'n bosbok iets van die verlede. Ek erken ruiterlik dat ek 'n groot knop in my keel gehad het en deur emosie oorval is toe ek langs die dooie ram in die stof gaan sit het. Vir baie is 'n bosbok net nóg 'n dier om gejag te word, maar vir my was dit 'n groot mylpaal in my jagloopbaan – een wat my nog lank sal bybly.

OP *INYATHI* SE SPOOR

Ek blameer my pa ten volle vir die feit dat ek van kleins af 'n buffel wou jag! Dis seker maar wat gebeur as jy grootword met stories van buffeljagte in die Zambezivallei en ander eksotiese plekke. Toe ek 'n paar jaar gelede in die finansiële posisie was om 'n buffeljag te bekostig, was daar net een plek waar ek wou jag – Zimbabwe!

Met 'n vriend se hulp het ek by Barry Style van Buffalo Range Safaris uitgekom en dit is hoe ons toe bevriend geraak het. Die nodige reëlings het vinnig gevolg en toe ek my oë uitvee, het ek my in 'n groot bewaringsgebied in die suidooste van Zimbabwe bevind met my .375 in my hande. Toe ons die eerste oggend stilhou om na die vars spore van twee buffelbulle wat die vorige nag oor 'n pad gestap het, te kyk, moes ek myself knyp om seker te maak ek droom nie – die realiteit van die situasie was amper te goed om waar te wees!

Toe die oomblik van waarheid op die derde dag van die jag aanbreek, het ons in die skaduwee van 'n klein hardekoolboom gesit en wag vir die uitgestrekte trop buffels voor ons om hul siësta klaar te maak. Vroeër het ons 'n spesifieke ou bul geïdentifiseer wat iewers in die verlede die geveg met 'n leeu gewen het; hy het 'n baie kenmerkende litteken op sy linkerflank gehad en was oud met afgestompte horingpunte en 'n wit, haarlose gesig. »

» Op hierdie punt wil ek graag na Robert Ruark terugkeer. Terwyl ek daar in die warm Oktoberhitte vir die buffels gewag het, het ek onwillekeurig aan iets gedink wat Ruark geskryf het, weereens in verband met sy eerste Afrika-jag. Volgens hom bestee ons so 'n groot deel van ons lewens deur te wag dat dinge gebeur dat dit soms 'n antiklimaks is as die langverwagte gebeurtenisse uiteindelik aanbreek. Ek het onwillekeurig aan Ruark se sêding gedink daar onder die hardekool. Vir jare het ek uitgesien na my eerste buffeljag, en hier was ek nou, op die punt om een van my groot drome te bewaarheid.

Toe die buffels uiteindelik een vir een begin opstaan, was ek, snaaks genoeg, doodkalm. Die geweer was gemaklik in my hande en ek het deur die teleskoop gesoek na "ons" bul met die groot wit litteken op sy linkerflank. Toe die bul uiteindelik opstaan en na ons linkerkant begin beweeg, het Barry net gefluister: "*That's him!*" Die laatseisoengras was plek-plek nog hoog en ek sou moes wag vir 'n oop gangetjie vir 'n veilige skoot. Toe die bul sekondes later by die oopte inbeweeg, was ek gereed. Ek sien vandag nog die Leupold se kruisdraad, laag op die bul se linkerblad, en kan steeds die gesuis van die sonbesies hoor.

Toe die .375 se terugskop my teen die skouer tref, was daar onmiddellik pandemonium onder die buffels. Hulle het in 'n stofwolk rondgemaal en vir 'n oomblik het ons my bul uit die oog verloor. Die skootplasing was egter goed, en nadat ek twee vinnige opvolgskote geskiet het, het die groot dier geval. Oomblikke later het sy doodsbrul deur die bosse weergalm. Ek daag enigiemand uit om nie 'n tikkie hartseer te voel hierna nie. Dis 'n seker teken dat 'n buffel die handdoek ingegooi het en is een van die weemoedigste geluide wat ek in my hele lewe gehoor het.

Ná die eerste buffel het nog 'n paar gevolg, maar 'n jagter kry net een kans in die lewe vir 'n eerste buffel. Myne was sekerlik een van die grootste mylpale in my beskeie jagloopbaan, indien nie dié grootste nie.

JAG VAN 'N ANDER AARD

Voëljag is vir baie jagters, veral geharde bokjagters, amper iets uit 'n ander wêreld. Ek gee toe dat die gedagte om baie kilometers te ry ten einde 'n tarentaal, fisant of eend onder skoot te kry, iets is om te verwerk en aan gewoond te raak. Dis helaas egter 'n gogga wat nie sommer weer los as hy eers gebyt het nie.

Die eerste eend wat ek geskiet het, het my een oggend verras toe ek enkeldiep in die koue, modderige water van Chrissiesmeer met my haelgeweer in die hand gestaan het. Die rooibekeend het verbygesnel en instink het oorgeneem – die haelgeweer het opgekom, die lope het by die eend verbygesnel en die skoot het afgegaan. Oomblikke later het die Duitser (Duitse korthaar-pointer) die sopnat eend voor my voete neergesit. Nét daar, daar langs die water, het die gogga my gebyt.

Wat baie jagters nie omtrent voëljag (en tot 'n groot mate

Dis soms die meer nederige jagte wat goeie herinneringe agterlaat. Hierdie twee springbokke was vir die vrieskas bestem, maar die jag was lekker, die Afrika-son het geskyn en dit was op sy eie manier ook 'n mylpaal.

Voëljag is in wese 'n baie sosiale vertakking van jag en gaan gewoonlik met goeie geselskap en ander noodsaaklikhede soos 'n lekker braaitjie ná die tyd, gepaard.

haelgeweerskiet in die geheel) verstaan nie, is dat dit 'n baie sosiale aktiwiteit is. 'n Mens is amper nooit alleen as jy met 'n haelgeweer in die hand staan nie en goeie vriendskappe en ander genotvolle dinge gaan gewoonlik gepaard met 'n paar pakke nommer 4's, 'n pointer en 'n Hoëveldse pan.

Een voëljag-ondervinding staan ná baie jare steeds vir my uit vanweë die ietwat ongewone wyse waarop dinge afgeloop het. Ons het 'n naweek se voëljag geboek saam met 'n professionele jagter naby Ermelo in Mpumalanga. Die prooi sou hoofsaaklik watervoëls wees. By die bestemming aangeland, het ons 'n taamlike groot dam gevind waar die aksie sou plaasvind. Die Vrydagmiddag se skiet was 'n sukses en so ook die volgende oggend s'n. Ten einde die roetine effens te verbreek, het ons teen laatoggend die Saterdag 'n draai of twee gestap op soek na fisante in die gebied se uitgestrekte grasvlaktes. Die *grand finale* sou egter die Saterdagmiddag se eendeskiet wees wat op 'n ander plaas sou plaasvind.

Vir die finale hoofstuk is ek en 'n vriend (wat naamloos sal bly...) by die inloop van 'n dam afgelaai. Dit was reeds laatmiddag en ons hoef nie lank te gewag het vir die aksie om te begin nie. Wat gevolg het, was een van die lekkerste middae in die veld. Aangesien ons egter nie 'n hond byderhand gehad het nie, moes ons vinnig 'n Plan B prakseer om die dooie eende uit die water te kry. Dis by dié punt dat my vriend besluit het om die takie sommer self te verrig. Die res van die middag het hy met net 'n patroonbelt om die lyf, skoene aan sy voete en 'n peperduur haelgeweer in sy hande sy eende geskiet. Ek hoop die eende het my vriend se opoffering in die yskoue water waardeer, en dankie tog dat niemand anders op ons afgekom het nie... Hulle sou beslis die verkeerde idee gekry het! Voorwaar 'n mylpaal, maar om baie ander redes!

Ek is nie seker wat die volgende mylpaal in my jagloopbaan gaan wees nie en eintlik maak dit ook nie saak nie. Wat ek wel agterkom, is dat my behoefte aan doodmaak in volume besig is om aansienlik te taan. Kwaliteit bo kwantiteit is dus vir my baie belangriker as in my jonger dae; ek vermoed dis waarskynlik 'n teken van die volgende mylpaal wat in my jagloopbaan op my wag. Tyd, en daarmee saam jou ewolusie as jagter, staan per slot van rekening nie stil nie. En saam met die grysheid kom daar in baie gevalle 'n groot skep moderasie tot tyd en wyl ons almal die onvermydelike, finale mylpaal bereik.

The "Enigma" shotgun – a masterpiece by anyone's standard and still in superb condition despite being more than a century old.

THE ENIGMA

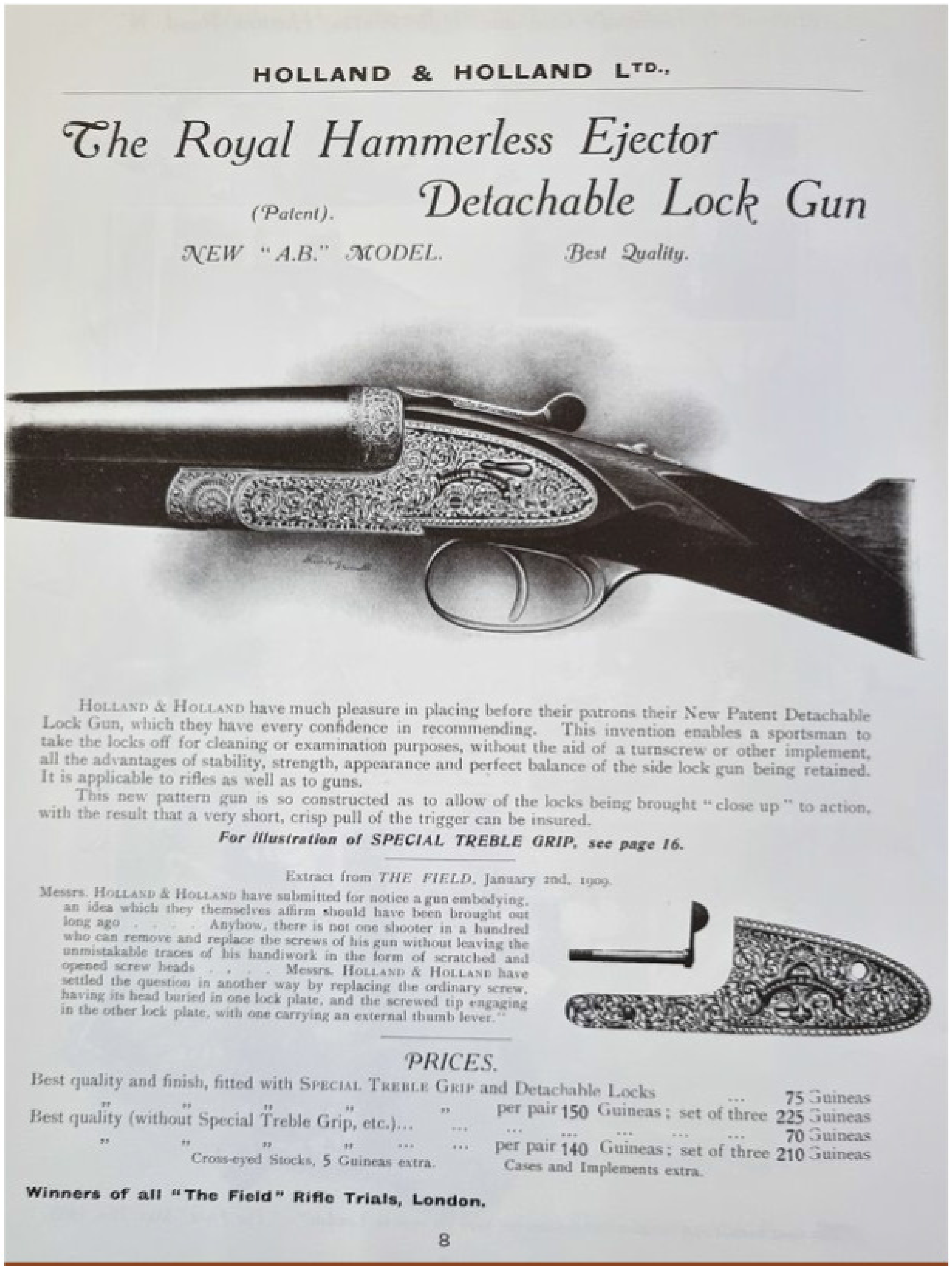
The mystery of a Holland & Holland Royal that was never meant to be solved...

The word "enigma" conjures up a sense of mystery. To most people, it has become synonymous with the German "*Enigma*" codes of the Second World War and, of course, the spin-off – the cryptanalyst Alan Turing's breaking of the code with his primitive computer, which decisively turned the tide of the war in the Atlantic Ocean. The more esoteric amongst us would immediately think of (and very appropriately so) "Nimrod", the 9th of Edward Elgar's 14 "Enigma" variations.

By now, it has been established that besides being an active shotgunner and wingshooter, my interest in the British game gun is beyond cursory, and my deprivation syndrome manifests in my collection, restoration and use of these game guns. Until fairly recently, I have been content with snapping up the odd gun from lesser-known makers. I have more or less resigned myself to the fact that a gun from one of the "big four" London gunmakers by the name of Purdey, Holland & Holland, Boss and Woodward was not destined for me. I've never seen a Boss but have handled shotguns made by the other three. I have even shot with two Purdeys by the good graces of friends.

MYSTERY OF THE HOLLAND & HOLLAND ROYAL

This mystery started with my good friend Andrew Tonkin who, after hesitantly pondering the subject of retaining or parting with a Holland & Holland Royal model for a few years, suddenly turned to me one day and said, "You should buy this gun!" It took me a while to regain my composure and clear my last sip of whiskey from my nostrils, but the seed had been planted. Beloved (my wife) called this next step "bargaining with the devil", but it entailed calls to those who had expressed interest in guns I owned. Suffice to say that the sale of a particularly handsome wood bar hammer 20-bore and some investment from Beloved was how I came to own this particular Holland & Holland Royal.



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This new pattern gun is so constructed as to allow of the locks being brought "close up" to action, with the result that a very short, crisp pull of the trigger can be insured.

For illustration of SPECIAL TREBLE GRIP, see page 16.

Extract from *THE FIELD*, January 2nd, 1909.

Messrs. Holland & Holland have submitted for notice a gun embodying an idea which they themselves affirm should have been brought out long ago . . . . Anyhow, there is not one shooter in a hundred who can remove and replace the screws of his gun without leaving the unmistakable traces of his handiwork in the form of scratched and opened screw heads . . . . Messrs. Holland & Holland have settled the question in another way by replacing the ordinary screw, having its head buried in one lock plate, and the screwed tip engaging in the other lock plate, with one carrying an external thumb lever."

PRICES.

Best quality and finish, fitted with Special Treble Grip and Detachable Locks ... 75 Guineas
" " " " " per pair 150 Guineas; set of three 225 Guineas
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" " " " ... ... per pair 140 Guineas; set of three 210 Guineas
Cross-eyed Stocks, 5 Guineas extra. Cases and Implements extra.

Winners of all "The Field" Rifle Trials, London.

8

A copy of an advertisement from a 1910 H&H brochure for the "New Patent Detachable Lock Gun". Note the prices at the bottom.

This gun is interesting, being a "lightweight" at 6¼ lb instead of the standard 6¾ lb. It was lightened by hollowing out the stock and adding a horn butt plate. Importantly, other makers' lightweight guns generally have 28" barrels – this one has full 30" barrels. The mystery kicks off here – the serial number places manufacture at the latter part of 1899, and the proof marks indicate manufacture between 1897 and 1904 – a period when nitro proofing was optional in Britain. Now here's the rub – the gun has hand-detachable locks that cannot be retrofitted, a feature only offered by Holland & Holland since 1907.

After sending an email to Holland & Holland, I received a letter stating that the records in question had been archived and they would not be able to assist in the short term. A dead end, it seemed! However, I received another letter two weeks later, saying they had gained access to the archive for some other reason and, whilst there, had taken the time and effort to access my gun's records. They advised that the paperwork confirming the gun's history would be on its way shortly.

Unfortunately, the mystery deepens. Their records show that the gun was completed in 1911 for the West London Shooting School – either for an employee (which I doubt) or a client. The chokes are Light for the left barrel and Improved Cylinder for the right. Both weight and barrel length are confirmed in their reply. They further confirmed that the gun had been shot, patterned and regulated by a Mr. Daw on 21 June 1911, using a load of 42 grains of Schultze powder (an early smokeless propellant), and finally sold on 27 June 1913. Holland & Holland made no mention of hand-detachable locks. So, after paying 75 pounds for the information, we were still none the wiser. (*Most reputable firms are only too happy to supply the details of a specific vintage gun or rifle, and most charge a fee for this service. – Ed.*)

So, from whence the "Royal" designation? The history of Holland & Holland is pretty well known, and, unlike other top London makers, they could not trace their beginnings and lineage to the high priest, Joseph Manton. Their more humble beginnings were as Harris Holland, who began making guns from his various activities in musical instruments and other businesses. The inclusion of his nephew, Henry, in 1876 and the New Bond Street address were the crossroads in the creation of the now-famous brand. Henry Holland had been credited with 47 firearms-related patents.

The detachable lock after being removed.

THE FIRST HOLLAND "ROYALS"

The first Holland "Royals" were manufactured off-site and were a bit of a hodgepodge affair, with one lock cocking on opening and the other on closing. These were immediately recognisable with dipped-edge locking plates and a few other clues like a protruding third fastener, frog-eye cocking indicators and a square-backed action. By duplicating the right-hand lock and fashioning the lock plate in a single, sweeping curve, the modern and downright more elegant modern rendition first appeared.

Introduced in 1885, this symmetrical "Royal" was described by Lord Walsingham and Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey (writing in 1892) as hard to beat for the qualities of simplicity, strength and, above all, safety. The 1890s was a period when hammer- »

The "Small Card Label" inside the gun case.

TOP AND BOTTOM: The exquisite Royal scroll engraving on the shotgun. The same style of engraving is still used today.

» less guns had been accepted, with the next great development being the automatic ejectors, which gave a distinct advantage to driven shooting. These were largely complicated affairs, with most of the trade settling on an over-centre tumbler arrangement. Though generally referred to as the Southgate system after one Thomas Southgate, the involvement of Thomas Perkes was never clearly established. This reduced the working parts from nine to just two and, applied to Holland's Royal, gave birth to the "AB" model Royal. Except for the addition of a single-cocking lever, hand-detachable locks under a 1908 patent, and self-opening in 1922, the Royal would remain the same to this day.

CLEANING THE LOCKS

The British climate necessitated the cleaning of the locks from time to time. For this, the gentry had their guns serviced by the maker or left the job to one of the estate's minions, often resulting in scratched and marred lock screws. Holland came up with the brilliant idea of fitting a small lever to the left-hand lock screw, which engaged the opposite lock. This allowed quick, easy removal of the locks without a turn screw (screwdriver to the rest of us), and thus the hand-detachable lock was born.

The distinctive acanthus scroll was the last feature that broke with the traditional "bouquet & scroll". It set the Royal apart as art over manufacturing and created an almost soft, feminine and arty look.

Oscar Wilde once said, "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery that mediocrity can pay to greatness." Today, it is fair to say that the Holland sidelock is the most copied in the world and hence, dare I say, the most famous. Shotgun literature is littered with verbal genuflections to the Holland action from makers like AA Brown and particularly Italian (Piotti, Bernadelli) and Spanish (Grulla, Arietta, Garbi) makers, amongst others.

LONG LIVE THE "ENIGMA ROYAL"!

The gun with its case and accoutrements is in near-mint condition and fits me like a glove. I guess we'll just call it quits on its origin and assume that the hand-detachable locks were a prototype – my only logical conclusion. We'll just always call it the "Enigma Royal"!

In keeping with the Royal's position as the best that money could buy, only the best quality walnut was used.

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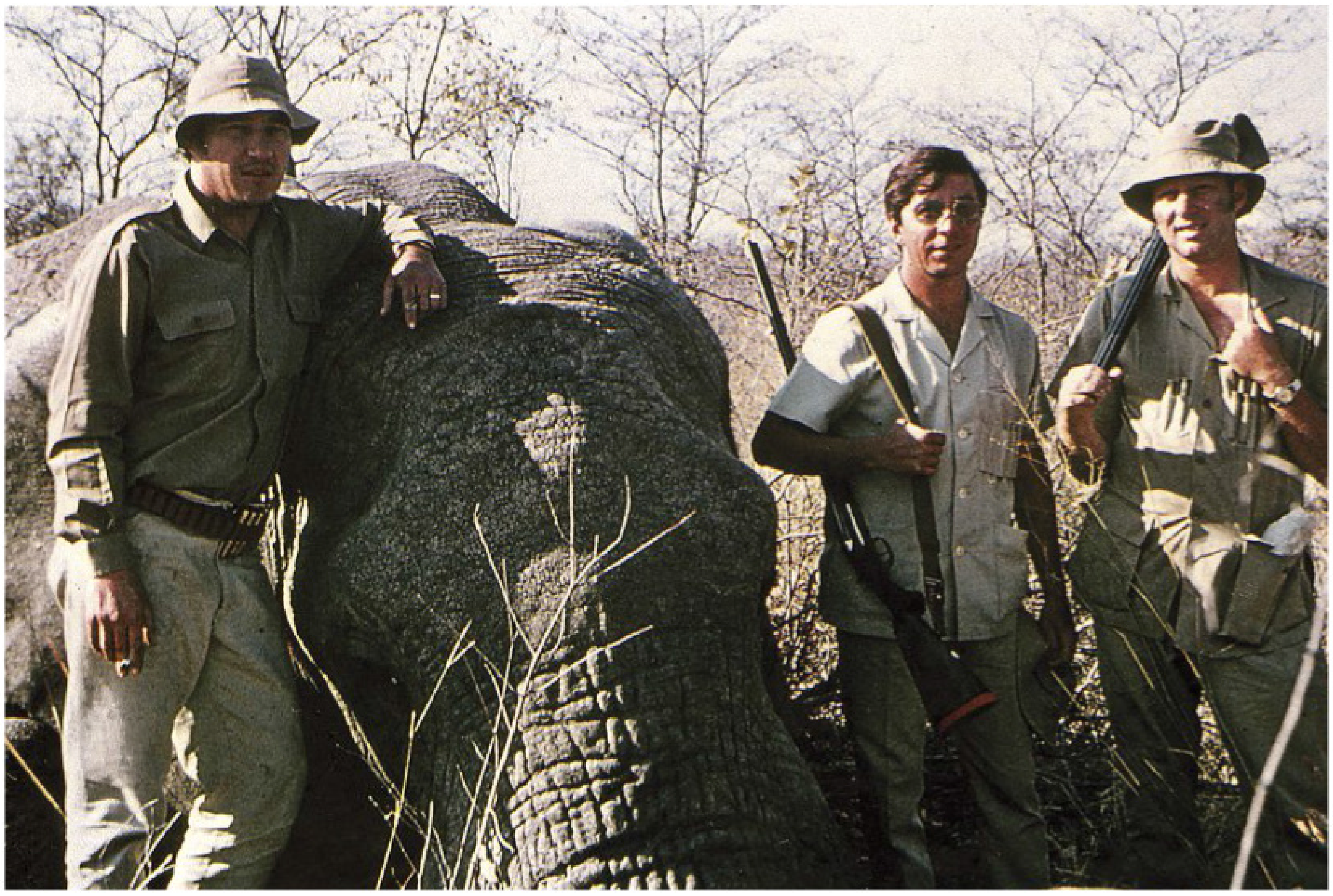
HOE TWEE SAL-VLIEËNIERS ’N 100-PONDER “MISGEVLIEG” HET

LINKS: Stella Loock (Flip se vrou) het dié olifant met haar Sako .375 geskiet, ook in die Nata-gebied. Ons het haar met die ander wapens bygestaan.

ONDER: Links na regs: Isak, ek en Flip by ’n olifant met 40 lb-tande wat met ’n direkte breinskoot platgetrek is.



Die storie van ’n wyse ou olifantbul wat twee vlieëniers in ’n Cherokee uitoorlê het.

Gedurende die laat sestiger- en vroeë sewentigerjare het ek, Flip Loock en Isak van Zyl die geleentheid gehad om 21 olifante en 7 buffels in Botswana en Suid-Rhodesië (nou Zimbabwe) te jag. Ons was destyds almal SAL-vlieëniers met die rang van kaptein. Met min ondervinding en baie moed was ons egter tog taamlik suksesvol.

Tydens een van ons jagtogte in Botswana het ons ’n enkeltand-olifant (80-ponder) in die Khadum-rivierloop naby Sha-

BO: Die tande van die drie olifante wat ons een jaar in Botswana gejag het. Isak (links) se tande het sowat 55 lb geweeg, myne (middel) omtrent 45 lb, en Flip s'n (regs) ook ongeveer 50 lb.

kawe geskiet. Al die ander olifante se tandgewigte het van 30 tot 50 lb gewissel.

IN DIE VOETSPORE VAN DIE OU JAGTERS

Dit was vir ons interessant om boeke van die vorige eeu se olifantjagters te koop en oor hul wedervarings in die jaggebiede te lees. William Finaughty het in sy boek, *The Recollections of an Elephant Hunter,* 1864-1875, beskryf hoe hy in die Shashi-gebied gejag het. Hy merk in sy boek op hoe die "boerbokke" floreer, maar dat die olifante min raak. Ons het 100 jaar ná Finaughty in dieselfde gebied gaan jag en ons eerste vier olifante daar geskiet.

Met een van ons jagtogte kon ons 'n ekstra olifantlisensie teen R150 koop. Ons het toe vir Stella Loock, Flip se vrou, saamgeneem, wat haar eie olifant met 'n .375 platgetrek het. Die wildwagter en spoorsnyers was natuurlik baie beïndruk!

Volgens ons was ons taamlik goed gewapen – Flip met 'n .577 Westley Richards NE 3" (of "Wessels Rigaard", soos die Boere dit genoem het) met 750 grein-koeëls, Isak met 'n .505 Rimless Magnum met 525 grein-koeëls, en ek met 'n Holland & Holland .500/.465 NE en 'n Rigby .470 NE, albei met 480 grein-koeëls. In al die dele waar ons kon jag – onder andere Kuki-Oos, Sepopa, Nata en Shashi in Botswana, asook Tjolotjo en Sheredzi in Rhodesië – het ons altyd gehoop om eendag ons "100-onder"-olifant raak te loop. Ondanks groot verwagting en ver stap agter verskeie bulle aan, het dit egter nooit gebeur nie.

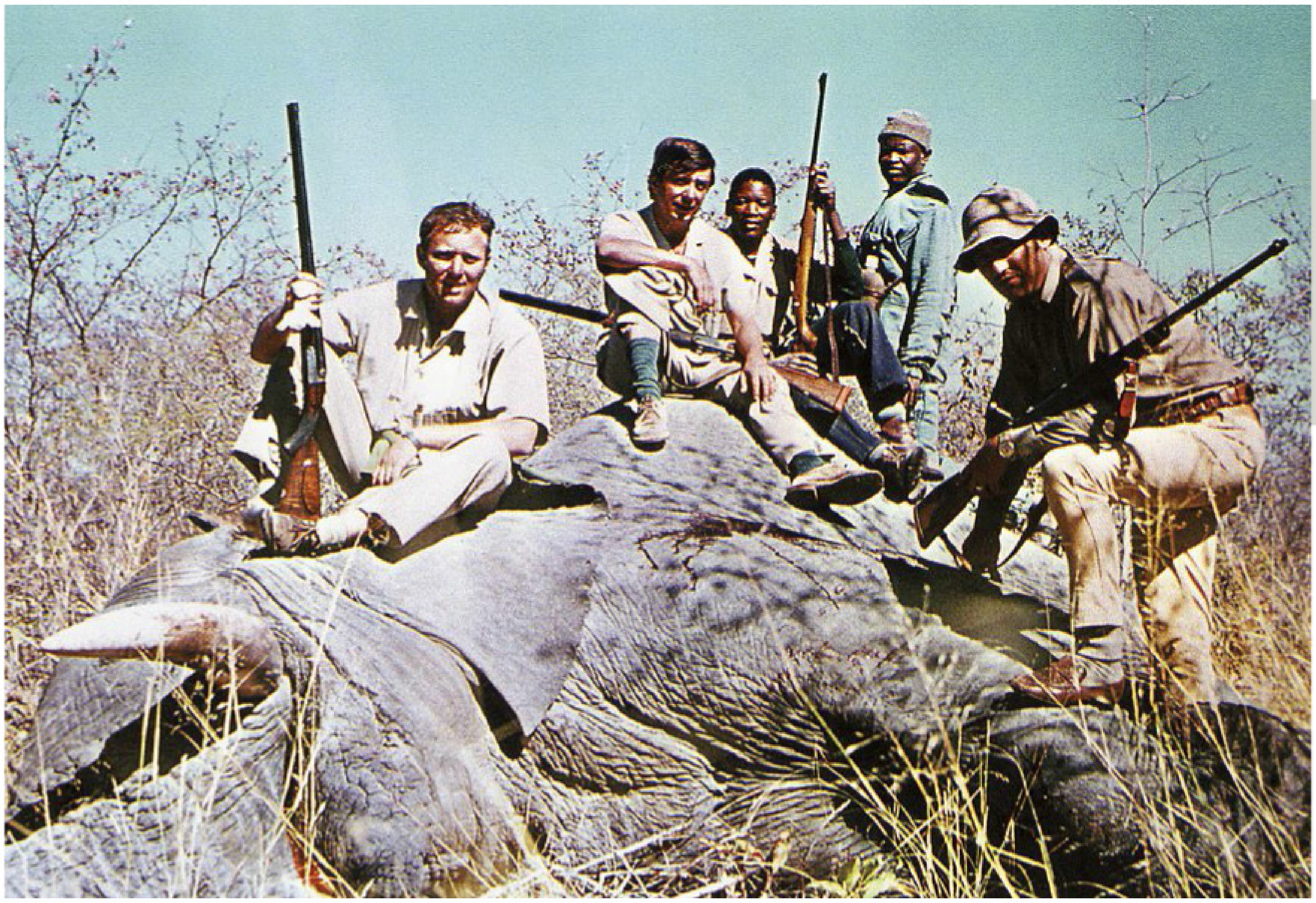
OP SOEK NA DIE 100-PONDER

As SAL-vlieginstrukteurs was 'n paar van ons by die opleiding van 'n groep Rhodesiese vlieëniers betrokke. Met dié het Flip vir ons goeie verhoudinge met een van die persone opgebou, wat toe ook vir ons jaggeleenthede gereël het.

Na aanleiding hiervan het Robin Watson, 'n boer van Mikado Ranch naby West Nicolson in Rhodesië, een middag vir Flip gekontak. Hy het vir Flip vertel dat hy tydens sy vlug plaas toe oor die Samsukwe Trustgebied net suid van Bulawayo moes »

Hierdie bul was een van die eerste vier olifante wat ons in die Shashi-gebied geskiet het waar William Finaughty 100 jaar vantevore ook gejag het. Die tande het 35 lb per kant geweeg.

'n Buffel wat ek in die Nata-gebied gejag het. Daar het ek die H&H .500/.450 (nie die .500/.465 nie) gebruik.



’n Olifantbul wat ons in Botswana se Nata-jaggebied geskiet het. Die tande het net oor die 50 lb geweeg. Links na regs: Flip Loock met sy .577 NE, ek met my Rigby .470 NE en Isak met sy .505. Agter is ons twee spoorsnyers.

» vlieg. Daar het Robin oor ’n groot trop olifante gevlieg. ’n Yslike olifantbul met tande wat hy op minstens oor die 100 lb geskat het, het dadelik sy aandag getrek. Robin was voorheen ook ’n professionele jagter (PJ) vir Botswana Hunters, die safarimaatskappy, en het self al baie olifante gejag. Ons kon dus nie anders as om hom te glo nie.

Binne twee dae nadat ons verlof gereël is, het ek en Flip met ons vrouens, Stella en Sharon, by Robin op Mikado Ranch opgedaag. Isak kon hierdie keer ongelukkig nie saamkom nie. Robin het ons vertel dat die Parkeraad die olifante binnekort uit die gebied sou verwyder weens die skade wat hulle aan die inwoners se landerye aanrig. Met die Parkeraad se vergunning het hy vir ons die nodige jaglisensies gereël.

Vroeg die volgende oggend het Sharon en Stella saam met Robin in sy Cherokee 235 na ons kamp in die Samsukwe Trustgebied gevlieg. Ek en Flip het vir Len Roberts, ’n vorige PJ en veldwagter vir die Parkeraad, ontmoet en met sy Land Rover na dieselfde kamp vertrek. Onderweg na die kamp het ons albei bedenkinge gehad oor Robin se storie oor die groot olifantbul. Uit ondervinding het ons geweet dat ’n ou olifantbul normaalweg nie saam met ’n trop loop nie. Hulle is gewoonlik alleenlopers, met hoogstens een of twee jonger bulle wat saam met hulle loop. Nogtans was ons vol hoop dat Robin tog reg was.

Die Samsukwe Trust het oor ’n taamlike groot gebied gestrek – suid van Bulawayo tot by die Shashirivier en weer weswaarts na die Botswanagrens. Ons kamp was geleë waar die Maklutserivier by die Shashi invloei. Die middag nadat almal by die kamp aangekom het, het ek en Flip met die Cherokee 235 opgestyg om die olifanttrop op te spoor. Nie lank nie of ons het bo-oor hulle gevlieg. Ons het redelik hoog gevlieg om hulle nie te steur nie. Dit was iets om te aanskou! Ons het nog nooit so ’n groot trop van bykans 100 olifante gesien nie. Hulle was taamlik versprei en daar was groepe bulle van in die 30 tot 40 lb-klas asook ’n goeie klompie koeie met kalwers. Ná omtrent 20 minute het ons weer by die vliegveld geland.

YSLIKE TELEURSTELLING

Terug by die kamp het ons vir Robin en Len vertel wat ons waargeneem het, maar dat ons nie die groot bul kon vind nie. Robin het egter volgehou dat die olifantbul daar móés wees. Die volgende dag is ons te voet saam agter die olifante aan. Die trop was egter wydverspreid en ons kon nie naby genoeg kom sonder dat hulle van ons bewus word en vlug nie. Later die middag is ek en Flip weer met die Cherokee die lug in om nog ’n draai oor die trop te vlieg. Ons het van verskeie kante oor die diere gevlieg en deeglik na die groot olifantbul gesoek, maar sonder sukses. Die “misvlieg” van die olifantbul sou later tot groot teleurstelling lei.

Twee dae en baie probeerslae later was ek, Len en Flip uiteindelik suksesvol en kon naby die olifante kom. Ons het vir Len gesê die enigste manier om naby die bulle te kom, is om vinnig in die trop in te beweeg. Hy het nie saamgestem nie, want hy het gedink dit sou te gevaarlik wees. Ek en Flip het egter vol bravade blitsig in die klein groepie naby ons inbeweeg en twee bulle geskiet. Pandemonium het om ons losgebars, maar ons het ons man gestaan en gelukkig lewendig daar uitgekom! Op pad huis toe was ons oortuig dat Robin verkeerd was omtrent die groot olifantbul in die trop, want ons het geweet dat sulke bulle alleenlopers is.

’n Week later het Robin vir Flip gekontak en hom ingelig dat die Parkeraad die olifantbul met ’n tandgewig van net oor die 100 lb daar geskiet het. Net daar het ons ons groot “misvlieg” besef! Al het ons geweet dat die bul nie by die trop olifante sou wees nie, het ons nogtans oor hulle aanhou vlieg om hom te soek. As ons die omgewing net wyer verken het, sou ons hom waarskynlik gewaar het.

Ons kennis oor olifantgedrag het ons niks gehelp nie, want ons het dit nie toegepas nie. Op dié manier het ons die kans om self ’n 100-ponder te jag, letterlik “misgevlieg”.

** Ons is bewus daarvan dat dit deesdae taboe is om bo-op ’n gejagte dier te sit. Hierdie artikels se foto’s is egter geneem in ’n tyd toe dit wel aanvaarbaar was. – Red.*

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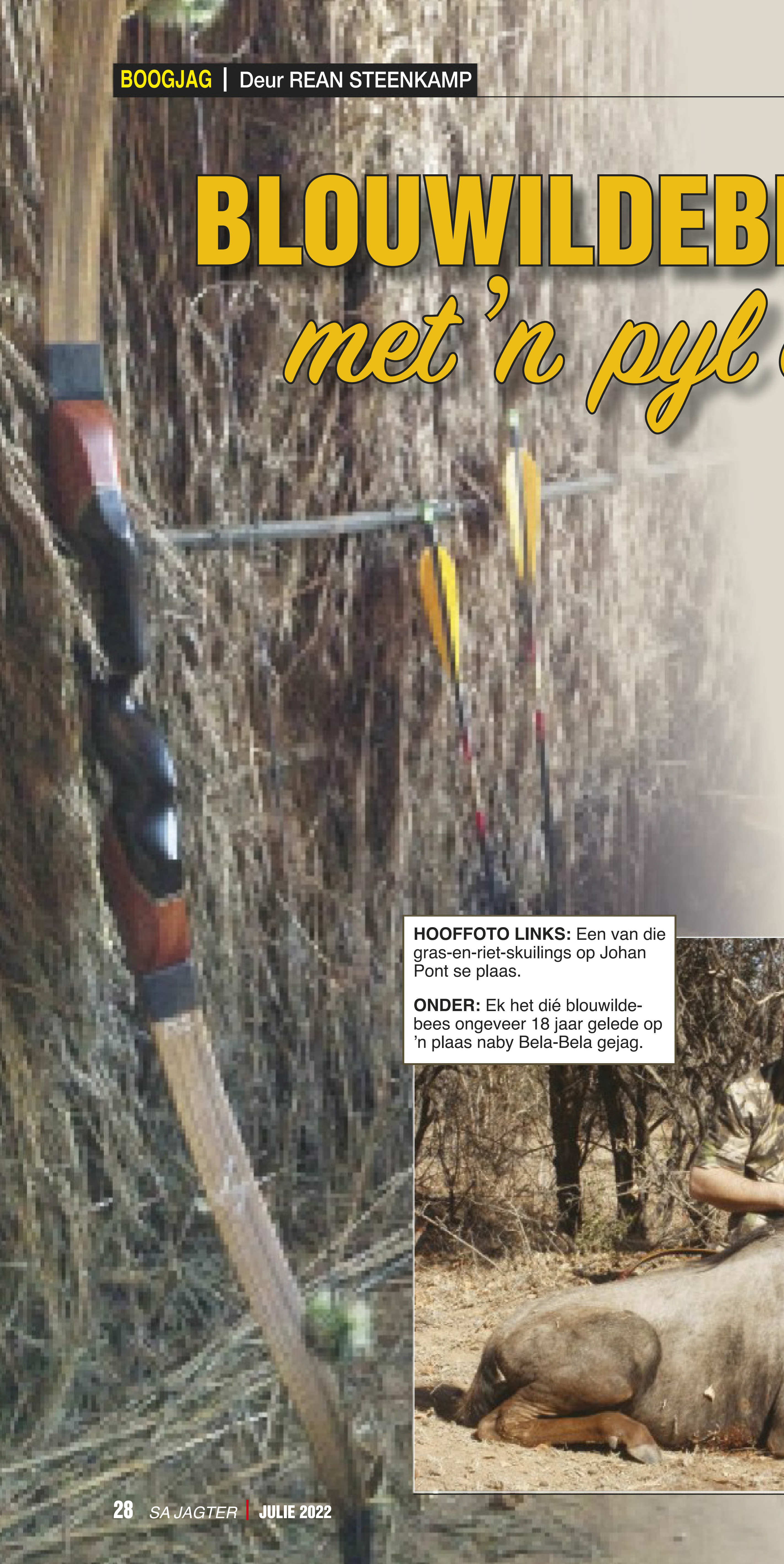
BLOUWILDEBEESJAG *met 'n pyl en boog*



'n Blouwildebees is ideaal vir 'n beginner-boogjagter, maar moet steeds nie onderskat word nie.

'N blouwildebees is die ideale spesie vir 'n onervare boogjagter om met 'n eerste jag plat te trek. Die dier se enjinkamer is redelik groot en hy is ook nie geneig om die snaar te spring nie. Blouwildebeeste is taamlik volop op die meeste jagplase en ook nie te duur nie.

Selfs ervare jagters kry soms bokkoors. 'n Mens kan egter aanvaar dat 'n jagter wat die eerste keer met sy boog op 'n bok aanlê, se bokkoors baie meer intens gaan wees. Om dus 'n klein dier te kies wat boonop snaar-

HOOFFOTO LINKS: Een van die gras-en-riet-skuilings op Johan Pont se plaas.

ONDER: Ek het dié blouwildebees ongeveer 18 jaar gelede op 'n plaas naby Bela-Bela gejag.

Die driehoek wys die gedeelte waar die bok met die boog geskiet moet word om 'n doodskoot te verseker. Let op die triseps of vetspier bo die elmboog. Indien die pyl in die middel van dié spier tref, behoort dit die hart raak te skiet. Die boogjagter moet egter versigtig wees, want indien hierdie skoot net effens laag tref, word die dik, boonste gedeelte van die voorste been raak geskiet.

spring, is nie die beste plan nie. Die kol op 'n wildebees se lyf waar die pyl kan tref en hom vinnig dood, is groot en sy reaksietempo veel stadiger as dié van kleiner (en goedkoper) boksoorte. 'n Blesbok is natuurlik ook 'n goeie keuse omdat hy nie maklik snaarspring nie. Dié bok het egter sy eie uitdagings, wat sake vir 'n onervare boogjagter kan bemoeilik.

EERSTE WILDEBEES

Ek het my eerste wildebees ongeveer 18 jaar gelede op Moselesele, 'n plaas naby Bela-Bela (Warmbad), uit 'n skuiling gejag. Ek was dié dag so gelukkig om 'n vlakvarksog en 'n blouwildebeesbul kort na mekaar te skiet, albei met hartskote. Ek het my PSE Firestorm Lite-kragboog gebruik, wat op 70 lb gestel was.

'n Blouwildebeesbul het ingestap en plankdwars op 'n afstand van 15 tree gaan staan. Ek het gewag dat hy sy been effens vorentoe beweeg en toe na dieselfde plek wat ek op die vark geteiken het, gemik. Toe die pyl tref, het die bul opgespring en laat spaander – ook in 'n wye boog, terwyl hy sy kop van kant tot kant geskud het. Daarna het hy tussen die bosse verdwyn. Hy het baie min gebloei en ons het gou die bloedspoor verloor toe ons na hom gesoek het.

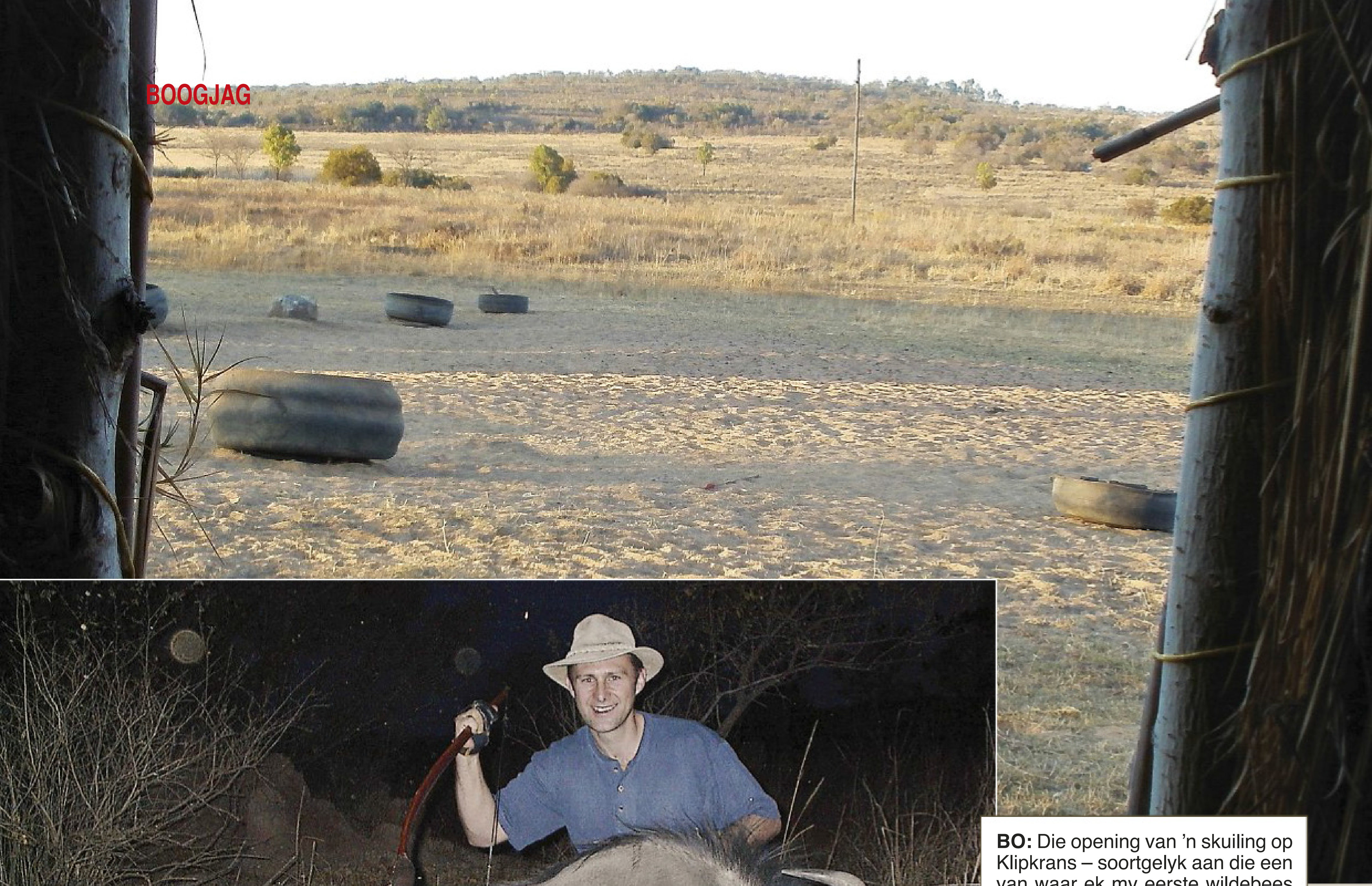
Gelukkig kon ons die wildebees se spore volg en ek het sy skof van 'n afstand gesien. Ons het hom 40 tree verder gekry waar hy op sy maag gelê het. Die pyl het ons later gevind. 'n Groot deel daarvan het uitgesteek toe die wildebees gevlug het omdat dit die been aan die oorkant van die lyf getref het. Dit het deur die middel van die hart getrek. Tydens die slagproses het ons ook opgemerk dat die meeste bloed van beide diere in die liggaamsholte vasgevang is. Een van die voordele van boogjag is dat 'n bok bykans heeltemal uitbloei sonder dat dit nodig is om hom keelaf te sny.

HOUTBOOG

Hierna het ek verskeie ander blouwildebeeste met die kragboog platgetrek. Ek sal egter nooit die eerste blouwildebees vergeet wat ek met 'n houtboog geskiet het nie. Ek het hierdie boog met die hulp van my vriend, Henk du Plessis, in die Sterkrivier-omgewing anderkant Naboomspruit (Mookgophong) gebou. Henk is 'n baasboogbouer en onder sy toesig het ek 'n boog met 58 lb-trekkrag van Osage Orange en bamboes gebou.

Henk het gereken ek moet so gou moontlik 'n bok daarmee plattrek. Hy het dadelik gereël dat ek op Johan Pont se plaas Klipkrans gaan jag, nie ver van sy eie plaas nie.

Henk het op daardie stadium al baie bokke met selfgeboude houtboë geskiet en aanbeveel dat ek met swaar pyle skiet. Om dié rede het ek gelamineerde houtpyle gebruik wat ek as geskenk van Gregg Coffey van Javaman Archery gekry het. Die pyle het byna 700 grein geweeg nadat 165 grein Treeshark-breëlemjagpunte aan die voorpunte aangebring is. Hierdie jagpunte het 'n snybreedte van 2". Henk het hierdie jagpunte so skerp gemaak dat hy maklik sy armhare »



BO: Die opening van 'n skuiling op Klipkrans – soortgelyk aan die een van waar ek my eerste wildebees met 'n houtboog platgetrek het.

LINKS: Die eerste blouwildebees wat ek met 'n houtboog gejag het. Die boog het 'n trekgewig *(draw weight)* van 58 lb en ek het 'n swaar houtpyl met 'n vlymskerp jagpunt gebruik.

» daarmee kon skeer! Hy het gesê 'n jaglem moet só skerp wees dat wanneer jy dit naby jou arm bring, die hare vanself afspring!

Ek het 'n paar uur met die boog geoefen. Sodra ek 'n klein groepering op 15 tree kon skiet, het ons geweet ek was gereed en ons het na Johan Pont se plaas vertrek.

Johan het ons in 'n skuiling van riete en gras geplaas. Ons moes ons dus baie stil gedra en hoop die wind waai reg. Die blouwildebeeste het egter baie vinnig ingekom – 'n hele trop. Ek was effens gespanne omdat ek met nuwe toerusting moes skiet. Om 'n teiken sekuur te tref is baie makliker as om na 'n lewendige dier te skiet.

Ek het so stil as moontlik 'n pyl aan die snaar gehaak, die snaar teruggetrek en die pyl losgelaat. Dit het die wildebees sowat 5" regs van die kolletjie wat ek gekies het, getref. In 'n breukdeel van 'n sekonde was die hele trop weg – net 'n stofwolk het in die lug gehang.

Ek was nogal ontsteld, want dit het gelyk of ek te hoog geskiet het. Boonop kon ek 'n deel van die pyl by die dier sien uitsteek. Wanneer ek met 'n kragboog geskiet het, het die pyl meesal dwarsdeur die dier gevlieg. Omdat 'n houtboog 'n pyl baie stadiger as 'n kragboog skiet, het ek verwag dat die penetrasie minder sou wees. Dit het my nogtans omgekrap om 'n deel van die pyl te sien uitsteek.

Ek was egter onnodig bekommerd, want die wildebees het ná sowat 250 meter neergeslaan. Ek het hom deur die lewer geskiet en ook die een long gedeeltelik getref. Die Treeshark se 2"-lem het 'n tonnel deur die dier gesny en gesorg dat ek my prooi kry, al het ek nie die beste skoot geskiet nie. Dit was baie maklik om die wildebees te vind omdat hy 'n duidelike bloedspoor gelaat het. Die pylpunt het aan die anderkant van die dier uitgesteek en hy het dus 'n dubbele bloedspoor gelaat.

LANGSTE HORINGS

Die wildebees met die langste horings wat ek tot dusver met 'n boog platgetrek het, was op die plaas Cheetah Safaris. Sy horings het 27,5" gemeet – 1" minder as die Rowland Ward-minimum. Twee blouwildebeeste het binne trefafstand van my gekurfde boog gestaan – een met Rowland Ward-lengte horings. Hendrik, die professionele jagter, wou egter nie hê dat ek dié bul jag nie. Die ander wildebees was wel beskikbaar. Ek het geen probleem daarmee gehad nie,

want ek is nie 'n trofeejagter nie. Ek jag vir vleis, maar skiet graag 'n trofeedier as ek die kans kry.

Vir hierdie jag het ek my 51 lb-Saluki gekurfde boog gebruik. Die pyl was 'n Trophy Ridge Blast met 'n vlymskerp, 185 grein Silver Flame- tweelempunt van German Kinetics. Die totale pylgewig was 505 grein.

Die bulle het die gebied eers deeglik bekyk vir 'n paar minute voordat hulle nader gestap het. Die wind het van die wildebeeste af in ons rigting gewaai en ek het gehoop dit sou so aanhou totdat hulle binne skietafstand was. Ek was gelukkig, want hulle het nader gekom en op sowat 15 meter gaan staan. My bul het op 14,5 tree gestaan. "Skiet!" het Hendrik dringend gefluister.

My dogter Minieke met haar eerste blouwildebees.

> Ek het al gehoor dat geweerjagters grappenderwys sê hoe meer jy 'n blouwildebees skiet, hoe sterker word hy.

Terwyl ek op 'n kol op die dier se triseps fokus, het ek die snaar stadig teruggetrek. Ek het die snaar tot by die ankerpunt in die hoek van my mond getrek, die spanning vir 'n breukdeel van 'n sekonde behou en die pyl losgelaat. Terselfdertyd het ek daarop gekonsentreer om my booghand in posisie te hou en my loslaathand in 'n reguit lyn terug te trek.

Die pyl het sekuur gevlieg en die wildebees in die middel van die triseps getref. Hy het dadelik weggespring, in 'n taamlike reguit lyn weggehardloop en agter 'n bos verdwyn. Ná 'n halfuur se wag het ons hom gaan soek en ongeveer 140 meter van waar ek hom geskiet het, gevind. Dié trofee hang vandag teen my muur.

Ek het drie dogters wat ook graag boogjag en die eerste dier wat ek hulle laat skiet het, was 'n blouwildebees. Al drie se eerste jag was suksesvol – hulle het elkeen hul eerste wildebees 'n doodskoot gegee.

NUUSKIERIGE DIERE

Wildebeeste is afhanklik van water en sal daagliks drink. Hulle kan dus suksesvol met die boog gejag word vanaf skuilings of boomplatforms by watergate of langs wildspaadjies wat na drinkpunte lei.

Omdat hierdie diere oop tot semi-oop gebiede verkies en meesal in troppe beweeg, is dit moeiliker maar tog moontlik om hulle te voet te jag. Hulle is minder waaksaam en meer nuuskierig as baie ander diere, wat dit vir die boogjagter soms makliker maak om nader aan hulle te kom. Hulle loop egter baie keer saam met wildsoorte soos sebras en rooibokke wat meer waaksaam is en alarm maak as hulle 'n jagter gewaar wat te voet probeer nader sluip. Wildebeeste sal dikwels na 'n indringer staan en staar of selfs nader beweeg om hul nuuskierigheid te bevredig. Sodra hulle agterdogtig raak, uiter hulle 'n snorkgeluid en stamp met hul pote. As hulle bedreig voel, sal hulle soos blits weghardloop.

TAAI KALANTE

Wildebeeste is taai diere met dik bene en spiere. Vermy skote van voor of skuins na voor. Wag liewer totdat die dier plankdwars of effens skuins na agter staan. Hoewel wildebeeste nie as snaarspringers beskou word nie, moet daar nie na hulle geskiet word as hulle in die jagter se rigting kyk of gespanne lyk nie. Wees geduldig en wag tot die dier ontspanne is. Dieselfde geld vir enige ander wildspesie wat jy met die boog jag.

Onthou ook dat wildebeeste lang uitstulpings na bo op hulle rugstring het. Dit kan veroorsaak dat geweer- en boogjagters hulle soms te hoog met 'n koeël of 'n pyl tref en dan net wond.

Ek het al gehoor dat geweerjagters grappenderwys sê hoe meer jy 'n blouwildebees skiet, hoe sterker word hy. Hierdie diersoort is egter beslis nie *bullet proof* nie en 'n goed geplaaste pyl sal hom baie gou laat val. Dit is nogtans wys om effens meer tyd aan goeie skootplasing te bestee, want as jy 'n wildebees kwes, kan dit 'n lang soektog afgee of jy kan hom heeltemal verloor. Wanneer die pyl losgelaat is, is daar geen omdraai nie.

SASS

Ek het jare gelede by Dave Purchase, 'n baie ervare boogjagter, die woord "SASS" geleer. Dave het gesê voor jy die pyl loslaat, moet jy eers die volgende onthou: *"Stance, attitude, spot and squeeze"*. Stance beteken jy moet seker maak die dier staan reg vir 'n skoot met 'n boog; *attitude* beteken jy moet seker maak die dier is ontspanne en nie gestres nie; *spot* beteken jy moenie jou visier net so in die algemeen op die dier se ribbekas plaas nie, maar na 'n spesifieke kolletjie op die enjinkamer mik; en *squeeze* beteken jy moenie die meganiese sneller met jou vinger "slaan" nie, maar dit versigtig en stadig druk sodat jy bykans skrik as die pyl wegtrek.

Die Proof-Positive Bore Stix-skoonmaakstok se handvatsel wat om twee laers roteer. Die handvatsel is van harde rubber en gly nie in jou hand nie.

BORE TECH-SKOONMAAKTOERUSTING EN -MIDDELS

'n Uitstekende produkreeks vir die jagter en skieter wat net die beste vir sy gewere soek

HOE OM DIE STOKGIDS TE GEBRUIK: Skoonmaakmiddels word direk op die borsel of skaar gegooi en vorentoe gedruk, met geen middels wat in die aksie of kamer beland nie.

Bore Tech, 'n Amerikaanse maatskappy wat in 1997 sy deure geopen het, se produkte word al etlike jare in Suid-Afrika bemark. Inyathi Sporting Supplies, die invoerder en verspreider, het aan SA JAGTER/HUNTER Bore Tech-skoonmaaktoerusting en -middels gegee om te toets.

SKOONMAAKSTOK

Eerste aan die beurt was Proof-Positive Bore Stix, 'n skoonmaakstok in 'n eie klas. Dit is 'n allemintige 125 cm lank – lank genoeg vir enige geweer se loop. Die harde rubberhandvatsel sit gemaklik in die hand, gly nie en draai om twee laers in die rondte, wat uiters belangrik is as die stok deur die loop gedruk word. Hierdie soort stokke sorg dat die skoonmaakskaar *(jag)* die groefdraadkontoere volg en nie daaroor "gly" nie.

Dit is ook belangrik dat 'n stok maklik moet roteer indien jy dalk 'n geweer se groefdraaddraai wil meet. Die bedekte staaf en punt is gemaak uit 'n spesiale allooi wat nie lope krap nie en ook nie met skoonmaakmiddels reageer nie. Die stok is so stewig as wat kan kom en dit was 'n plesier om verskeie gewere en haelgewere daarmee skoon te maak. Meer oor die stok en sy unieke naam later. Die stokke is in agt verskillende kalibergroottes tussen 0.17" en .500" beskikbaar en elke grootte het sy eie unieke handvatselkleur.

STOKGIDS

Volgende aan die beurt was Bore Tech se Bore Guide of stokgids, 'n item wat belangrik is om te gebruik. Dit verhoed dat 'n skoonmaakskaar die kamer seermaak, sorg dat jou stok reguit in die loop afbeweeg en verhoed skade aan die stok self. Vir my is die belangrikste oorweging dat 'n boorgids soos dié voorkom dat skoonmaakmiddels by die geweerkamer inlek. Soos met die stok, is daar verskeie groottes en modelle (vir randslag-, senterslag- en semi-outomatiese gewere) in verskillende kleure beskikbaar. Die boorgids word van agter in die geweer se aksie gedruk nadat

Die stokgids met rubberkegel aan die voorkant.

Bore Tech se nylonborsel en skaar (links), met die skoonmaakstok se punt in die middel. Regs is die haelgeweerskaar en -borsel. Let op na die kepies in die skaar wat toelaat dat die skaar "krimp" soos dit deur die gewurgde gedeelte van die haelgeweerloop beweeg.

die slot verwyder is. 'n Sagte, verwyderbare rubberkegel aan die voorkant vorm dan 'n seël tussen die geweer se loop en kamer. 'n Bus wat bo-op die loop roteer, word dan teen die agterkant van die aksie vasgedruk en met behulp van 'n kopersluitsleutel vasgedraai om te keer dat die gids roteer. Aan die gids se agterkant is 'n plastiekbuis met 'n oop wand. Draai die oop gedeelte na bo, druk die skaar vooraan die skoonmaakstok in die buis en gooi jou skoonmaakmiddel op die skaar. Op hierdie manier bly die skoonmaakmiddel in die gids totdat die skaar in die loop afbeweeg sonder dat enige iets by die aksie of kamer inlek. Die rubberkegel aan die voorkant kan dalk aan die slot se stopmeganisme vashaak as jy die gids weer agtertoe uittrek, maar die kegel is verwyderbaar juis hiervoor – trek hom net vorentoe van die gids af en haal die gids uit die aksie.

Bore Tech se skoonmaakskare is ontwerp vir gebruik met skoonmaakmiddels wat met koper reageer. Ons ken almal die ou soort bronsskare wat natuurlik 'n groot hoeveelheid koper bevat. As jy dié tipe skare gebruik met 'n middel wat koper verwyder, sal jy aanhou om die kenmerkende blou lappies uit jou loop te kry – die skoonmaakmiddel reageer met die koper in die bronsskaar en dit lyk dus vir jou asof daar elke keer steeds koper in die loop is. Bore Tech gebruik 'n spesiale allooi in hierdie geval ook en hul skare is van die "gladde" soort met 'n skerp punt. Dit is ontwerp om 'n ronde lappie bo-oor die punt te trek en net vorentoe deur die loop te druk (sien foto bo).

SKOONMAAKMIDDELS

Eliminator

Ek het vier van Bore Tech se skoonmaakmiddels gebruik. Eerste aan die beurt was Eliminator, 'n "doen-dit-alles"-produk om koper, koolstof, lood en molibdeendisulfied *(molly coating)* te verwyder. My buurman, 'n boer, se 7mm Mauser-"bakkiegeweer" is gebruik – die vuilste een wat ek kon opspoor. Ek het die instruksies op die bottel gevolg en eers vier nat lappies deur die loop gedruk, 'n paar minute gewag en toe die loop met Bore Tech se nylonborsel geskrop. Daarna is lappies weer met Eliminator benat en weer deurgedruk totdat hulle skoon voor uitgekom het. As kontrole het ek drie ander skoonmaakmiddels in dieselfde loop gebruik om te sien of daar nog enige vuilheid was. Al drie produkte het geen verdere vuilheid uitgehaal nie – al die lappies het skoon gebly.

Shotgun Blend

Hierdie produk kan wel met 'n bronsborsel gebruik word omdat dit geen middel bevat wat koper verwyder nie; iets wat natuurlik onnodig is met skoonmaakmiddels vir haelgewere.

Volgens die vervaardiger bevat dit wel 'n middel wat plastiek verwyder (die plastiekpluisie in haelgeweerpatrone skuur »

Bore Tech se skoonmaakmiddels – Eliminator, Shotgun Blend, Carbon Remover en Copper Remover.

WEN WEN WEN!!!

MET BORE TECH EN SA JAGTER/HUNTER

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en staan 'n kans om 'n Proof-Positive Bore Stix-skoonmaakstok, 'n stokgids, nylonborsels, 'n Proof-Positive-skoonmaakskaar (*jag*), skoonmaaklappies en 'n bottel Bore Tech Eliminator met 'n totale waarde van R4 000 te wen!

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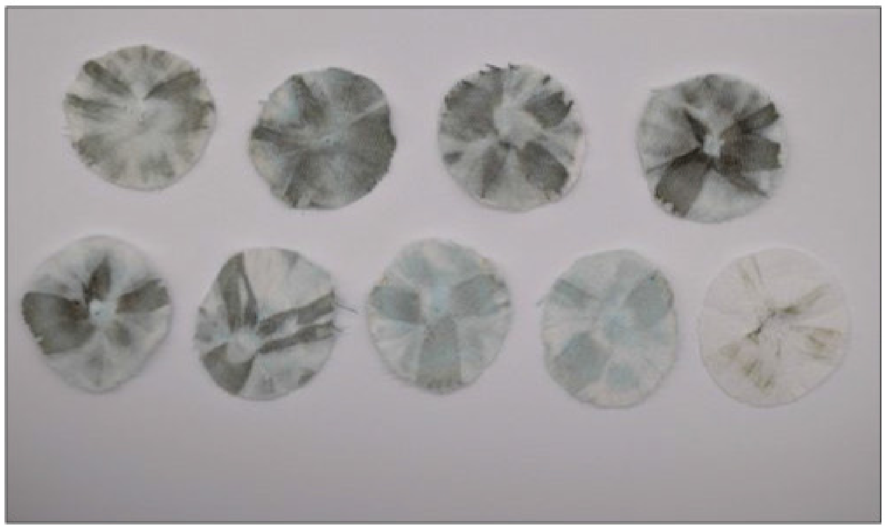
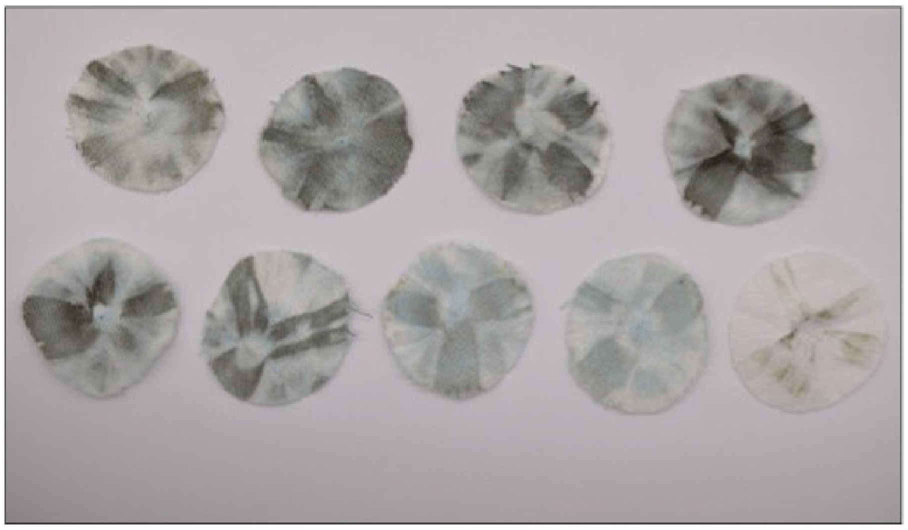
» teen die loop se binnekant as die skoot afgaan). 'n Haelgeweer van my wat so 200 skote deur die loop gehad het en redelik vuil was, is gebruik. Hier het ek my eie kop gevolg en net een nat lappie deur die loop gedruk, tien minute gewag en toe die loop met Bore Tech se brons 12br-borsel geskrop, ordentlik benat. Bore Tech het 'n spesiale plastiekskaar met kepies wat meegee soos jy die skaar deur 'n gewurgde loop druk – dit was 'n plesier om te gebruik. Daarna het vier nat lappies gevolg – dit was al wat nodig was vir 'n skoon loop. Weereens kon geen ander produk die loop skoner kry nie.

Carbon Remover

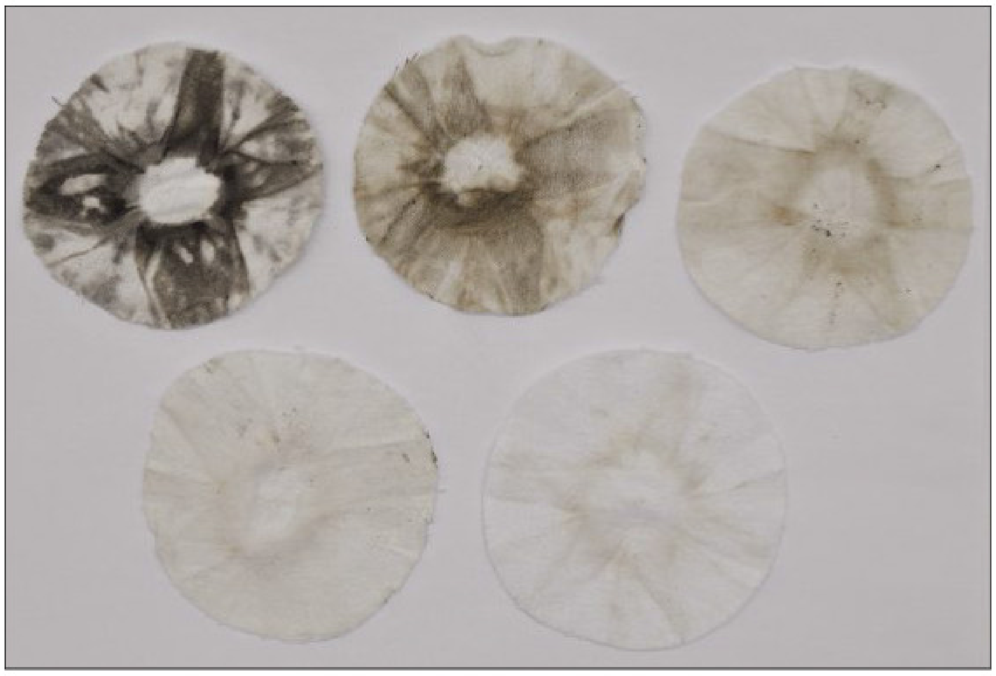
Bore Tech se Carbon Remover is spesifiek bedoel om koolstofneerslae op blitsbrekers, rewolwersilinders en uit geweerlope te verwyder. Ek het dit gebruik om die binnekant van my 9mm Parabellum-pistool skoon te maak en was werklik beïndruk. Dit het slegs een nat lappie nodig gehad; die tweede een het weinig vuilheid opgehad.



Die lappies uit my buurman se vuil 7mm Mauser. Ná vier nat lappies het ek die loop 'n paar minute later geborsel en toe weer vyf lappies deurgedruk. Die foto's spreek vanself.



Hier het ek slegs die Copper Remover op my .375 H&H gebruik. Alhoewel ek gedink het die loop was silwerskoon, het die Copper Remover steeds koper uit die loop gehaal.



Die lappies wat ek gebruik het om een van my haelgewere mee skoon te maak. Slegs vyf was nodig, baie vinniger as wat dit my gewoonlik neem.

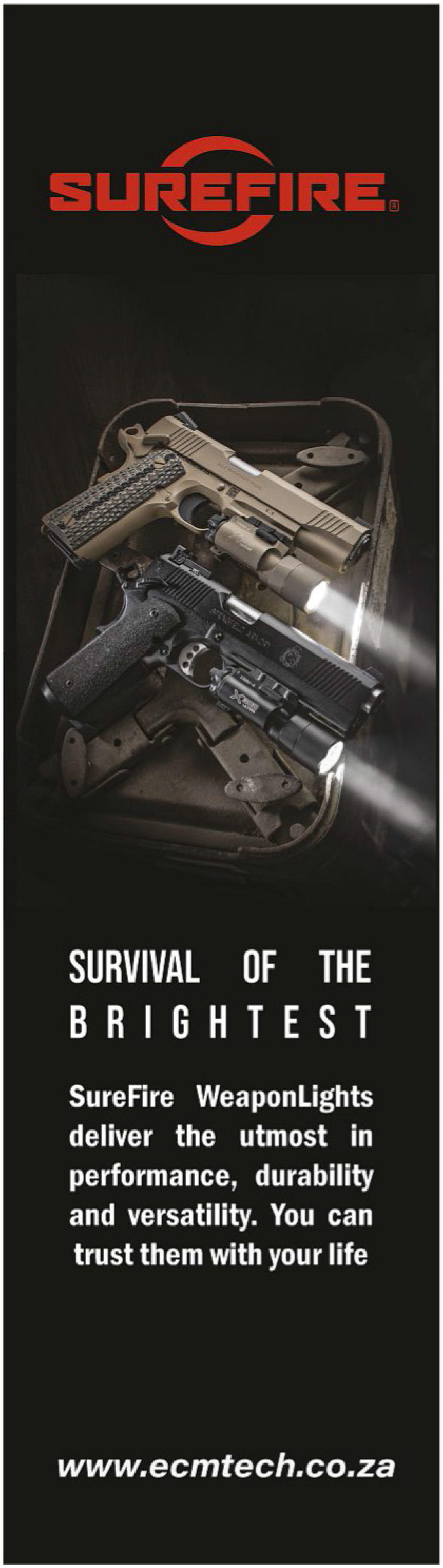
Copper Remover

Ek het hierdie produk laaste getoets. Dit bevat geen ammoniak nie, 'n middel wat in vroeëre jare algemeen gebruik was om koperneerslag in lope te verwyder. Ammoniak kan egter lope beskadig omdat dit ook met staal reageer. Volgens my is dit 'n argaïese manier van dinge doen en ek sal nie ammoniak naby een van my gewere bring nie. Ek het Copper Remover op my dekade oue Winchester .375 H&H gebruik aangesien sy lope effense pitmerke in het en maklik koeëlwandvylsels in die loop agterlaat, wat natuurlik in die loop insmeer met opvolgende skote. Ek het die botteltjie se instruksies gevolg en die resultaat was indrukwekkend (sien foto's op bladsy 34).

Bore Tech se ronde skoonmaaklappies is vir al die toetse gebruik en het uitstekend gewerk. Hul nylonborsels en skare voorkom dat 'n mens deurlopende (valse) koperneerslae kry, vandaar die naam "Proof-Positive" – geen vals resultate word verkry nie. Hulle is vir seker ook "sagter" op jou loop. My opinie? 'n Uitstekende produkreeks vir die jagter en skieter wat net die beste vir sy gewere soek. Bore Tech se produkte is effe duurder as ander, maar in my opinie elke sent werd.

Die Proof-Positive-skoonmaakstok verkoop vir sowat R1 650 en die Bore Guide vir R1 299. Die borseltjies kos R219 vir 'n pakkie van drie en die skare kos R249 elk. Die skoonmaakmiddels wissel tussen R439 en R489 vir 'n 4 oz-bottel (±118 ml). Die produkte is beskikbaar by die meeste wapenwinkels. Skakel Inyathi Sporting Supplies by 012-808-9911 vir groothandelnavrae.

'n Grafiese voorstelling van hoe die Proof-Positive-stelsel werk. Gewone bronsskare reageer met die skoonmaakmiddel, maar nie Bore Tech se skare nie. As die lappie dus skoon voor uit die loop kom, weet jy vir seker hy is skoon!



Around April 2019, my phone rang. After the usual bantering, my friend Wallie simply asked, "Are you available as backup gun on a buffalo hunt in November?" The answer was a no-brainer – a definite yes! Preparations started in a hurry, ranging from aeroplane tickets to export and import permits for our rifles. Wallie's rifle of choice was a .378 Weatherby Magnum, and mine a .416 Rigby. Upon our arrival at OR Tambo International Airport, the only thing I had not done was get my "paperwork" (last will and testament) in order – a demand from my lovely wife. She would have discovered this small oversight, had I not returned after our encounters with Africa's "Black Death".

MAIN PHOTO: My buffalo and my .416 Rigby.

MY GOOD FRIEND AND THE *"Black Death"*

An unexpected gift from a hunting buddy turns into a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

THE JOURNEY

Our destination was Zambia's Luangwa Valley, specifically the area west of Musalangau (Lundu). Boarding the plane, Wallie casually informed me that I would also be hunting a buffalo. I was at a lost for words! After our arrival at Lusaka airport by mid-afternoon, we embarked on the atrocious drive to our campsite bordering the Luangwa River. Due to the challenging road conditions, we only arrived at four o'clock the following morning. Our professional hunter, DeBruin Nienaber from Freestone Safaris, was there to give us a warm welcome. He asked us to be ready by six that same morning! We were not amused by the thought of stalking Africa's Black Death after only two hours' sleep. Therefore, we decided to first get some proper sleep, which turned out to be very important in the two days to follow. Our camp facilities were awesome, and we enjoyed the spectacular views of the Luangwa River from our boma.

After some good rest, a slight drizzle broke out that lifted around eleven o'clock, allowing us the first opportunity to explore our surroundings. Our PH did warn us that we would most likely not see any buffalo that day and that chances were good of getting stuck in the mud due to the rain. He was spot on – there were no buffalo in sight, and we got properly stuck! Despite this, the area was something to appreciate, ranging from thick brush with beautiful trees to savanna. An earlier fire had destroyed part of our hunting concession, making it a little easier to spot game as there was no long grass.

TRACKING THE BLACK DEATH

Early morning on 26 November 2019, we embarked on our mission to take down the Black Death. After driving around for about an hour, looking for any sign of buffalo, one of our trackers indicated that he spotted fresh tracks. I must be honest – it took me the better part of ten minutes to agree that the tracks were "fresh". If you think it is easy to follow tracks after the rain, think again! Believe me, it was not as straightforward as the trackers made it look. "Buckle up, boys!" DeBruin said politely. Coming off a 100 km Skyrun mountain race the previous »

RIGHT: The hunting team: The game scout on the left, me at the back, our cameraman, Wilhelm, on the right, and Wallie in front with our two trackers on either side of him.

BOTTOM: Wallie's moment of truth.

» weekend, I was as fit as one could be and not intimidated by these words. However, I could not speak for the rest of our hunting party.

"There are five bulls," our tracker whispered. Not 100 m from where we parked the vehicle, even I could see that the tracks were fresh. It was also clear where the buffalo had taken off from when spooked. We concluded that our walking around to determine whether the tracks were fresh may very well have scared the herd. The chase was on!

Our tracker walked in front, followed by DeBruin, Wallie, and me. Our (amateur) self-appointed cameraman and friend, Wilhelm, followed behind. Tracking was difficult as the bush was very dense in places. The temperatures soared to 38 °C and higher. After 9,02 km and five and a quarter hours of tracking in the severe heat, the moment of truth finally arrived. How did I know the exact distances and time? My fitness app, Strava, of course!

My buffalo a second or so after the last shot.

We got properly stuck in the mud!

Upon DeBruin's signal, we slowly inched forward on all fours. Wallie would take the first shot, and I was the backup. Our instructions were clear and simple. Wallie got on the shooting sticks while the PH explained how the buffalo was standing and where Wallie should place the shot. He took his time, making sure which way the bull was facing. After confirming the position of the head, the .378 barked, and all hell broke loose! The small group of bulls thundered off. I managed to get in a follow-up shot, but missed.

We waited some time, and after what felt like an eternity, moved forward and resumed tracking. About 100 m further, we found Wallie's bull. He had finally gotten his buffalo! Wallie fell silent, absorbing the moment that would forever remain imprinted on his mind. It was a magnificent specimen with a nice, hard boss, taken with a perfectly placed shot.

After taking photos, savouring the moment and appreciating the sheer size of the magnificent animal, our PH said it was time to go. "Where to?" I asked. "After your buffalo," he replied. Once again, the trackers did what they were paid to do so well, and off we went. After about 1,5 km of tracking, Wallie was in serious trouble. By then, the adrenaline had subsided, and his earlier sugar intake resulted in a sudden dip in blood sugar levels, leaving him tired, trembling and unwell. DeBruin strongly disapproved of Wallie's suggestion that we leave him at a specific point and pick him up later. Elephant, lion and leopard roamed freely in the area, meaning we might not find my good friend upon our return. Much to my relief, Wallie pushed on. Let's be honest – what is the point of shooting your first buffalo if your good friend is not present? It defeats the purpose somewhat, don't you think?

PICKING UP THE PACE

Slowly moving forward and resting every now and then to stabilise Wallie's sugar levels, DeBruin gave us the bad news – the buffalo had turned and were now heading straight for the concession border about 1 km away. It was now or never! We had to double our speed if we wanted to catch up. Our tracker, followed by our PH, and then me, headed off at a brisk pace, leaving the others in our party slightly behind. This soon turned

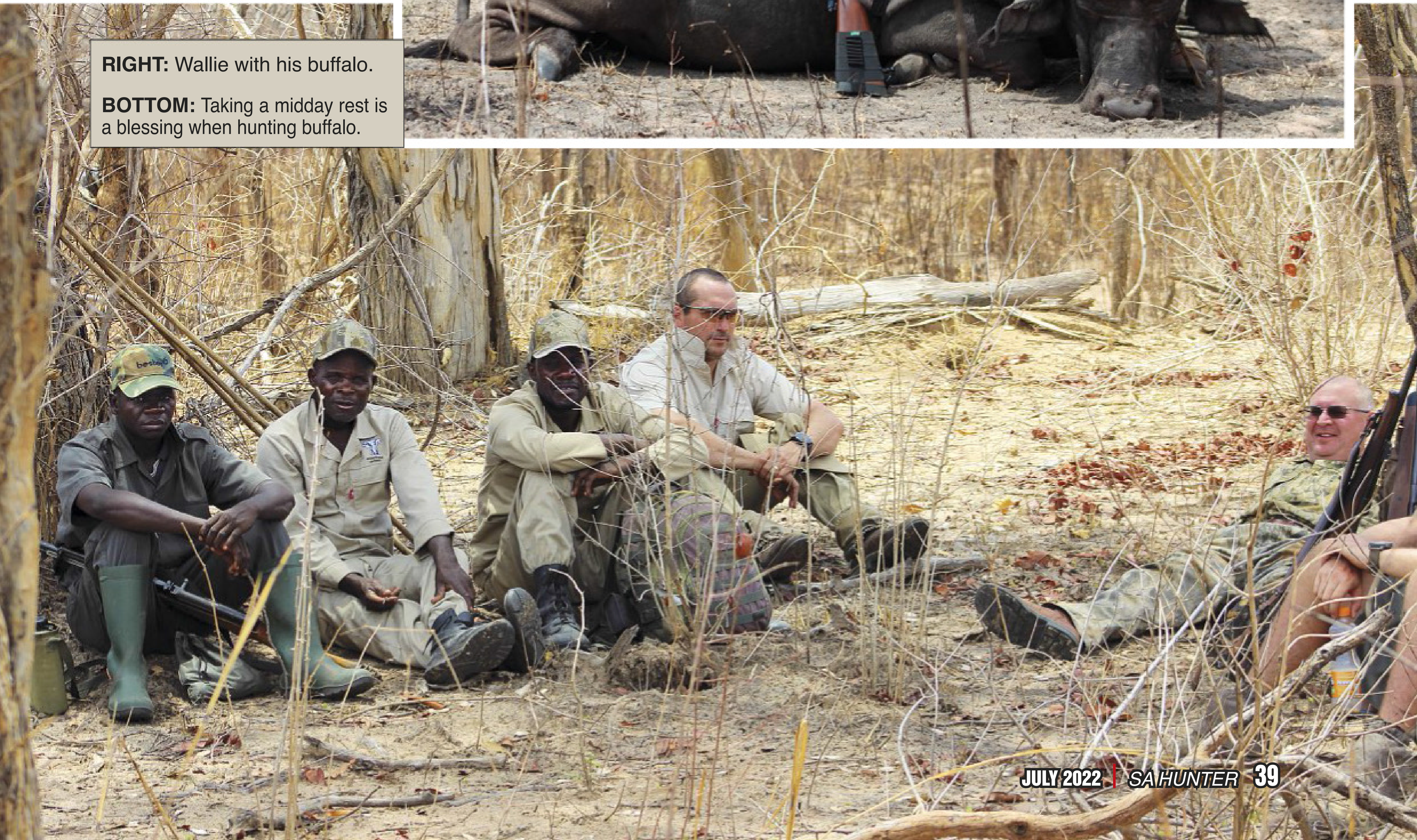
out to be to our benefit.

I shall never forget the few minutes that followed. We approached a small crest terminating in an opening at the bottom. A cool breeze suddenly hit our sweaty foreheads, our heads down and fixed to the tracks. Suddenly, Wallie and our cameraman made the customary hissing sound hunters usually do when spotting prey: *"Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Shhhhhhhhhhhh!"* Looking up, we saw the buffalo bulls walking across the opening about 80 m in front of us. They turned around and were heading straight back towards us. The breeze, maybe? Who knows?

SWEET SUCCESS

With the shooting sticks up, I was ready. "Which one?" I whispered with a dry mouth. "The biggest one. Shoot!" came the typical PH reply. My heart rate was 144 beats per minute (Strava again). The .416 disrupted the silence of the bush and the buffalo took off slightly towards us. Our PH fired a follow-up shot that missed, as it later turned out. Allow me to digress and explain something very important: Attending organised shoots and practising regularly to get accustomed to your rifle is key to success. The experience and training I obtained from the shoots organised by the SA Hunters and Game Conservation Association kicked in and a sudden calmness came over me. My second shot at the charging bull (luckily not straight towards us) was perfect and he dropped in a cloud of dust. After I had put in a third insurance shot, he sounded the familiar death bellow.

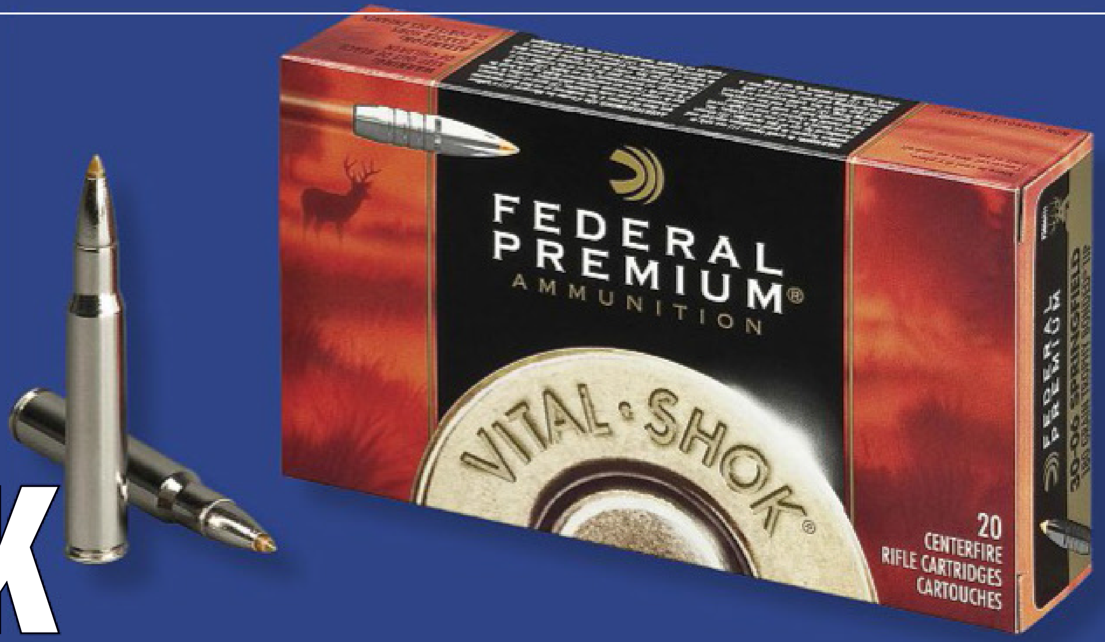
Approaching my quarry, I was again at a lost for words; it was a feeling you cannot describe. It was a beast that measured just over 45" inches and that qualified for entry into *Rowland Ward's Records of Big Game.* Since that day, whenever I am stalking in the bush and feeling a cold breeze on my face, I immediately look up and remember this hunt. I also remember my great friend, Wallie, who gave me a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for which I shall be forever thankful.



RIGHT: Wallie with his buffalo.

BOTTOM: Taking a midday rest is a blessing when hunting buffalo.

FEDERAL'S PREMIUM VITAL-SHOK AMMUNITION



The Federal Premium Vital-Shok ammunition, loaded with 180-grain Trophy Bonded Tip bullets, as tested.

Top-quality hunting ammunition from a top-notch manufacturer

TOP: The exit hole in the waterbuck. The neat, round hole indicates good expansion, and the bullet certainly also penetrated well.

MAIN PHOTO: The second animal to fall to the Federal Trophy Bonded Tip ammunition was this waterbuck bull from a distance of approximately 120 metres.

The Trophy Bonded Tip bullets have a plastic cap to protect them against deformation in the rifle's magazine during recoil.

The US ammunition manufacturer Federal (part of the Vista Outdoors group headquartered in Anoka, Minnesota) recently celebrated its centenary as an ammunition manufacturer. During this time, Federal has earned a well-deserved reputation as one of the world's premium manufacturers of sporting ammunition, with various product lines to suit a wide variety of tastes and needs.

I was recently supplied with a quantity of Federal Vital-Shok ammunition in .30-06 for testing purposes, loaded with the excellent 180-grain Trophy Bonded Tip bullet. At first glance, the nickel-plated case and bullet, together with the plastic bullet tip to avoid deformation in the rifle's magazine under recoil, certainly looks handsome. The Trophy Bonded Tip bullet has a bonded-core, spitzer boat-tail design that is proprietary to Federal and, as I was to find out, it is a top-class product in every aspect.

ON THE RANGE

For testing purposes, I chose my Sako AV in .30-06 with a 24" barrel. According to Federal, the advertised muzzle velocity for this load is the industry standard of 2 700 fps. When tested over a Caldwell chronograph on the range, three shots averaged 2 691 fps, so certainly no complaints from me in this regard.

Due to time constraints, testing took place on a dusty, windy shooting range in the Northern Cape. Despite this, I did my best to hunker down behind the rifle after sighting it in to hit 2" above the point of aim at 100 metres. The satisfying result was a neat three-shot cloverleaf measuring just over an inch, and I have no doubt that better accuracy will be a given under more ideal circumstances. As with all ammunition intended for hunting purposes, though, the real acid test is in the field, so early the next morning, I set out to conduct this very test.

FIELD TESTING

I intended to shoot two large animals with the Trophy Bonded Tip bullets to try and recover an expanded bullet. With kudu, blue wildebeest, red hartebeest and waterbuck on the menu, the hunt was on.

The first animal to fall was a nice kudu bull that nearly had a head-on collision with me in my hiding place under a tree. In typical kudu fashion, he spun around and started putting as much distance between us as he could. Strangely, though, he came to a halt about 80 metres away. All I could see of him through the brush was a portion of his shoulder and neck, so with the Swarovski's crosshair steady on the desired spot, I pressed the trigger. The immediate and satisfying result was the kudu collapsing in his tracks but, predictably, the bullet went straight through.

With another animal to go, I didn't have to wait long for a fine waterbuck bull to show himself. This time, with the waterbuck unaware of my presence, I could afford to take a bit more time on shot placement. Eventually, he offered me a slightly quartering-on shot from just over 120 metres. The bullet hit him on the point of the left shoulder, travelling towards the ribcage on the offside. The bull took off apace, but after watching him through the riflescope, it soon became clear that he was running out of steam.

Subsequently, it turned out that my shot placement had been exactly spot on. However, to my surprise, the 180-grain Trophy Bonded Tip bullet exited through the rear of the right-side ribcage, leaving a nice, round hole indicative of even expansion.

CONCLUSION

I am the first to admit that shooting two animals with two shots is hardly an exhaustive test, but the bullet performance of the Federal Trophy Bonded Tip ammunition, particularly on the waterbuck bull, was impressive. Meat damage was entirely acceptable and penetration excellent. We subsequently fired two bullets into a tightly packed wetpack made from old magazines, soaked in water for a day. The bullets penetrated 28 cm and 29 cm respectively and mushroomed perfectly, expanding to 18,62 mm and 17,00 mm respectively. This equates to 2,44 and 2,23 times the original diameter size. Weight retention was an astounding 97,3% (175,1 grains) and 94,9% (170,8 grains) – superb performance. Federal is certainly onto a winner here. The nickel-plated cases fed smoothly from the test rifle's magazine, and the loaded cartridges with their distinctive yellow tips certainly have a business-like look!

The Vital-Shok ammunition, loaded with Trophy Bonded Tip bullets as tested, retails for approximately R1 100 per box of 20 cartridges. This is not inexpensive, but in return, the hunter gets to use excellent-quality ammunition that is both reliable and accurate.

Federal products are imported into South Africa by Formalito in Pretoria. If your local dealer does not stock Federal products, he can call Formalito on 012-664-7793/4 or contact them via the web at www.formalito.co.za

The Trophy Bonded Tip bullets fired into a wetpack – superb mushrooms and weight retention.

'n Italiaanse fees VAN GNOCCHI EN ELAND-FRIKKADELLE

'n Kreatiewe kombinasie van Italiaanse pasta en Suid-Afrikaanse wildsvleis wat die mond laat water

TROTSE BORG VAN HIERDIE RESEP
KINGS MEAT DELI
CASTLE WALK | LYNNWOOD BRIDGE

HOOFFOTO EN REGS BO: Om jou eie gnocchi te maak is maklik en dit smaak soveel beter as winkelprodukte. Dit is ook die ideale winterkos!

FOTO'S: Gerrie Janse van Vuuren

As dit by Italiaanse kos kom, dink baie van ons outomaties aan pasta of pizza. Een van Italië se groot kosjuwele is egter beslis gnocchi – daardie sagte aartappel-kussinkies met hul vlak groefies waarin heerlike sous so lekker kan wegkruip. Die kostydskrif *Saveur* skryf gnocchi kan beskou word as die voorloper vir pasta. Baie streke in Italië steek glo hand op as die geboorteplek van gnocchi, maar dit word meer met die noorde van die land geassosieer. Die woord "gnocchi" kom blykbaar van *nocca*, wat "kneukels" beteken. Die meeste van ons dink aartappels en gnocchi gaan hand aan hand, maar in die 15de eeu is gnocchi gemaak met alles van semolina en fyn amandels tot dag oue brood! Dis eers nadat die Spanjaarde in die 17de eeu aartappels uit Suid-Amerika na Europa gebring het, dat aartappel-gnocchi 'n groot treffer in Italiaanse kombuise geword het.

Maar dis nou genoeg geskiedenis – gnocchi is alles goed en wel, maar dit het 'n geurige sous nodig om dit werklik te laat skitter. Ek hou van 'n vullende vleissous saam met my gnocchi, verkieslik met 'n tamatiebasis, afgerond deur 'n lekker kaas (of twee!). Die eland is een van my gunstelingbokke – hy is vir my mooi in die veld én hy is mooi op my bord! Eland proe vir my baie soos beesvleis. Ek hou dus daarvan om daarmee te eksperimenteer in geregte wat oorspronklik beesvleis bevat het. Die resep wat ek hier deel, is aangepas van een van die bekende foodie- en kosskrywers, Errieda du Toit. Sy gebruik dun boerewors om die frikkadelletjies te maak, maar ek het gedink mini-frikkadelletjies van elandmaalvleis, gegeur met die warm smake van koljander en komyn, sal perfek werk saam met die sagte gnocchi en geurige tamatiesous. En ek was reg – hierdie is wintertrooskos op sy beste en maak 'n mens sommer van binne af warm!

Moenie bang wees om jou eie gnocchi te maak nie. As jy dit eers een keer gedoen het, sal jy nooit weer winkel-gnocchi in jou kombuis toelaat nie. Dit is verbasend maklik (en ekonomies) en proe soveel beter as jy dit self gemaak het! »

GNOCCHI MET ELAND-FRIKADELLE EN MURGPAMPOENTJIES

» ***JY BENODIG:***
(genoeg vir 4)

VIR DIE GNOCCHI:
- 450 g aartappels
- 1 k meel
- ½ t sout
- 1 middelgroot eier

Jy het net ongeveer die helfte van die resep nodig vir hierdie gereg. Die res van die rou gnocchi kan gevries word. Pak hulle sodat hulle nie aan mekaar raak nie op 'n bakplaat en plaas in die vrieskas. Ná sowat 'n uur kan jy die gnocchi in 'n Ziplock-sakkie sit en tot 'n maand lank vries. Wanneer jy dit wil kook, hoef jy dit nie eers te ontvries nie – gooi dit net direk in kokende soutwater.

VIR DIE SOUS:
- 500 g eland-maalvleis
- 2 ml fyn komyn
- 2 ml fyn koljander
- Sout en peper (na smaak)
- Olie, vir braai
- 1 ui, fyngekap
- 3 knoffelhuisies, fyngekap
- 125 ml witwyn of hoenderaftreksel
- 3 groot murgpampoentjies *(zucchini)*, grofgerasper
- 200 g roomkaas
- Vars basielkruid en pietersielie, grofgekap (na smaak)
- Parmesaankaas (opsioneel, na smaak)

SÓ MAAK 'N MENS:
1. Begin deur die gnocchi te maak. Kook die aartappels (met die skil aan) in 'n groot kastrol tot sag. Laat dit afkoel en trek dan die skille af. Druk die aartappels baie goed fyn sodat daar geen klonte in is nie.
2. Meng die meel en sout op 'n skoon, plat oppervlak en maak 'n holte in die middel. Voeg die aartappels en eier by en meng met jou vingers tot 'n sagte deeg vorm (jy sal weet dit is reg wanneer dit nie meer aan jou vingers vassit nie).
3. Sprinkel meel oor 'n skoon kombuisoppervlak. Verdeel die deeg in sowat vier dele en rol dit in dun repe uit. Sny nou sowat 2 cm-blokkies van elke reep en druk elke blokkie liggies met 'n vurk sodat dit groefies bo-op kry (dit is belangrik, want dit gee vir die sous plekkies om aan vas te kleef). Herhaal met al die deeg; sprinkel dan nog 'n bietjie meel oor sodat hulle nie aan mekaar vassit nie. Laat die gnocchi vir sowat 20 minute rus voor jy dit gaarmaak.
4. Terwyl die gnocchi rus, maak die sous. Plaas die rou maalvleis in 'n mengbak en voeg die koljander en komyn by. Geur mildelik met sout en swartpeper. Maak jou hande nat (dis dan makliker om met die rou vleis te werk) en rol klein frikkadelletjies van sowat 2 cm in deursnee.
5. Verhit sonneblomolie in 'n groot swaarboompan. Braai die frikkadelletjies in sarsies tot goudbruin buiteom (dit hoef nie deurgaar te wees nie). Hou eenkant tot benodig.
6. Soteer die uie en knoffel in 'n bietjie olyfolie in 'n skoon pan tot sag. Skep die frikkadelletjies weer in die pan en roer ook die wyn of aftreksel, tamaties en murgpampoentjies by. Geur met sout en peper. Laat prut oor matige hitte vir sowat 5 minute. Die feit dat die frikkadelletjies in die sous gaarkook, help om dit sappig te hou.
7. Terwyl die sous prut, kook gou die gnocchi. Plaas 'n groot kastrol met soutwater op die stoof en verhit tot kookpunt. Skep die gnocchi in die water en laat dit kook tot dit na die oppervlak dryf (dit sal net 'n paar minute neem – wees versigtig om dit nie pap te kook nie). Skep nou die gnocchi uit en voeg dit by die sous. Roer versigtig sodat jy nie die gnocchi breek nie.
8. Rond die gereg af deur klontjies roomkaas hier en daar te laat drup en die varsgekapte kruie oor te sprinkel. Indien verkies, kan jy ook 'n bietjie parmesaankaas bo-oor rasper. Sit dadelik voor saam met 'n lekker knoffelbrood.

(*Gnocchi-resep aangepas van* anitalianinmykitchen.com. *Sousresep aangepas van een van Errieda du Toit se resepte.*)

TROTSE BORG VAN HIERDIE RESEP
KINGS MEAT DELI
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Wildsvleiswenk van die maand

Deur Eloff du Toit (mede-eienaar)

FAKTORE WAT VLEISKWALITEIT BEINVLOED

Hierdie onderwerp is al dikwels in talle artikels bespreek, maar tog geniet dit nie die aandag wat dit verdien nie. Die kwaliteit van ons wildsvleis word deur baie faktore beïnvloed. Dit bepaal weer tot 'n groot mate hoe die bewerking daarvan gaan plaasvind. Ouderdom, geslag, die dier se kondisie, stres, skootplasing, higiëne, verkoeling en vervoer het alles 'n bepalende uitwerking op die karkas se gehalte.

Daardie mooi ou trofeebul of -ram maak nie die beste tafelvleis wat braai- of roostersnitte betref nie, maar daar skort niks met sy biltong, droëwors of selfs braaiwors en maalvleis nie, mits die nodige, SAGTE bees-, vark- of skaapvleis en vetjies bygevoeg word (geen niervet nie). Vroeg in die jagseisoen is dit ook paartyd. Die manlike diere baklei dan en is vol adrenalien, wat nie goed is vir tafelvleiskwaliteit nie. As jy dus smaaklike tafelvleis wil hê, hou liewer by die jonger of vroulike diere wat nog nie kondisie verloor het nie. Daarby is 'n akkurate skoot wat die dier vinnig dood baie belangrik om die beste kwaliteit vleis te verseker. Enige onnodige stres en rondjaag van 'n gewonde dier sal die vleisgehalte drasties benadeel. Dit is ook altyd belangrik dat die dier so gou moontlik goed uitbloei, wat sal help verhoed dat die karkas bederf.

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KONSTITUSIONELE HOF SE UITSPRAAK IN FIDELITY-SAAK

Die Konstitusionele Hof het op 27 Mei 2022 uitspraak in die veelbesproke Fidelity-saak gelewer. Hierdie belangrike uitspraak vir wapeneienaars het baie aandag ontvang. Ongelukkig is die situasie nie so eenvoudig soos soms voorgehou word nie, naamlik dat elke persoon wie se vuurwapenlisensie verval, nou mag aansoek doen om 'n nuwe een en dit wel sal kry. Die kwessie is heelwat meer ingewikkeld.

Die Konstitusionele Hof het self 'n opsomming van die uitspraak verskaf en uittreksels daaruit word verbatim in Engels hier aangehaal, terwyl die interpretasie daarvan in Afrikaans verskaf word. Neem asseblief kennis dat slegs uittreksels uit hierdie opsomming gebruik word en nie die volledige opsomming soos deur die Konstitusionele Hof verskaf nie.

Die beginselvraag wat die Konstitusionele Hof in hierdie saak aangespreek het, is of die appèlhof korrek was in die interpretasie van artikel 3 van die Wet op Beheer van Vuurwapens, saamgelees met artikel 149 van hierdie wet.

DIE FEITE IN DIE SAAK SOOS OPGESOM DEUR DIE KONSTITUSIONELE HOF:

"Fidelity is one of the largest security service providers in South Africa, and being in possession of firearms is an indispensable aspect of its business. It owns more than 8 500 firearms, utilised by its security officers to execute their tasks. In compliance with the Act, Fidelity nominated Mr S G Yssel as the person responsible for holding the licences issued to a juristic person. Mr Yssel left the employ of Fidelity on 1 February 2016. When Mr J G Wentzel took over from Mr Yssel, he discovered that the licences of some 700 firearms had not been renewed timeously (in terms of section 24 of the Act) and consequently, terminated by operation of law as contemplated in section 28 of the Act. On 18 April 2016, Fidelity belatedly attempted to renew the licences that had already expired. However, the Designated Firearms Officer at the Florida Police Station refused to accept the late applications for renewal. This was in accordance with a circular issued by the Commissioner on 3 February 2016 which required that applications for renewal of firearm licences must be lodged at least 90 days before the expiry of the licence.

Fidelity launched an application in the High Court in which it sought extensive relief...... The High Court dismissed the application, finding that Fidelity had persisted in asking the Court to order the Minister of Police (the Minister) to consider applications for renewal or for new licences where the licences had terminated by effluxion of time. It also held that Fidelity's belated attempt to rely on section 22 of the Constitution was misplaced.

With the leave of the High Court, Fidelity appealed that decision to the SCA, which overturned the decision of the High Court. .... The SCA found that there is nothing in the Act, nor the Regulations, that suggests that someone whose licence has terminated by operation of law is, as a result, forever precluded from applying for a new licence. It held further that first-time applicants and repeat applicants alike are eligible to apply for a firearm licence and once such application has been submitted, it is up to the Commissioner of Police to satisfy himself that the applicant concerned meets the requirements stipulated in the Act and Regulations.

The SCA reasoned that this interpretation is reinforced by section 149 of the Act, which provides that a firearm may only be destroyed as prescribed, and that it "remains the property of the owner thereof until such destruction".

Lastly, the SCA found that an interpretation of the Act – that firearm owners whose licences have expired are prevented from applying for a new licence, and are required to buy new firearms only for the same application to be considered for a new licence as envisaged in section 3 and regulation 13 – is neither sensible nor businesslike.

It made an order directing the Designated Firearms Officer responsible for the area in which Fidelity's place of business is situated to accept such applications and deal with them in terms of the Act."

Ná die appèlhof se beslissing teen die polisie, besluit die minister

om teen die beslissing te appeleer na die Konstitusionele Hof

KONSTITUSIONELE HOF

"In this Court the Minister submitted that the SCA erred in its interpretation of the Act in a manner that negates the offence committed by Fidelity, instead elevating the financial prejudice Fidelity stands to suffer over what the Act prescribes. Fidelity submitted that various sections of the Act, read with section 139 of the Act, do not support the Minister's submission that what is required is a surrender of the firearms for the purposes of destruction, without any possibility of the owner applying to renew the terminated licences. Fidelity further submitted that there is nothing in the Act that expressly prohibits the submission of a new application, and thus, the SCA was correct in its findings."

KONSTITUSIONELE HOF SE BEVINDINGS

"In a unanimous judgment, the Court found that the Act indeed contained a mechanism by which a gun owner could regain lawful possession of a firearm, which was an application by the gun owner for a licence to possess the firearm, found in sections 13 to 20 – section 20 being applicable to Fidelity, which required firearms for business purposes. The fact that the gun holder may not have timeously applied to renew the licence in terms of section 24 did not in itself mean that the gun holder may not apply for a licence in terms of the applicable provision in sections 13 to 20. Applying for a licence, and applying to renew an existing licence, were different processes, governed by different provisions of the Act.

The Court interpreted section 20, guided by the principle of giving the section its plain and ordinary grammatical meaning. It found that there was nothing in section 20 which excluded, from its scope, a firearm which an applicant currently or previously possessed unlawfully or a firearm in respect of which an applicant previously held a licence which expired. It found that the correct position was that section 20 on its plain and ordinary meaning entitled a person specified in section 20(2) to apply for a licence in respect of any "firearm" that is not a "prohibited" firearm. Since Fidelity met these requirements, it was entitled to make section 20 applications in respect of the firearms at issue in this case unless this was expressly or impliedly prohibited."

KONSTITUSIONELE HOF SE BESLISSING

"In the result, the Constitutional Court ordered that leave to appeal be granted but that the appeal be dismissed. On the strength of Biowatch Trust v Registrar, Genetic Resources [2009] ZACC 14; 2009 (6) SA 232 (CC); 2009 (10) BCLR 1014 (CC), the Minister, together with the other applicants (all State functionaries), were ordered to pay Fidelity's costs in the Constitutional Court."

Die Konstitusionele Hof verleen dus toestemming aan die polisie om teen die appèlhof se beslissing te appelleer, maar verwerp die appèl self en bevestig dat die appèlhof die korrekte uitspraak gelewer het.

WAT BETEKEN DIE UITSPRAAK?

Hierdie uitspraak beteken kortweg dat 'n persoon, soos bedoel in artikel 20 van die wet, wel mag aansoek doen om 'n nuwe lisensie vir 'n vuurwapen waarvan die lisensie verval het.

Neem kennis van die feit dat "persoon" in artikel 20 van die wet anders omskryf is as onder die artikels van die wet waaronder ons jagters, sportskuts en gewone mense normaalweg aansoek om 'n lisensie doen. Artikel 20 handel grootliks oor die gebruik van vuurwapens vir besigheidsdoeleindes en "persoon" is in hierdie geval dienooreenkomstig beskryf as sekuriteitsmaatskappy, opleiers, geakkrediteerde jagters en soortgelyk.

Wanneer hierdie beginsel egter gevestig word, kan daar die redelike verwagting wees dat soortgelyke argumente ook uitgemaak kan word ten opsigte van "natuurlike persone" soos beskryf in artikels 13, 15 en 16 van die wet, aangesien presies dieselfde beginsels van toepassing is. Op grond hiervan is SA Jagters van mening dat enige persoon in besit van 'n vuurwapen waarvan die lisensie verval het, wel om 'n nuwe lisensie vir sodanige vuurwapen mag aansoek doen.

Daar is egter 'n paar ander sake wat baie belangrik is en in ag geneem moet word. Hieroor het die Konstitusionele Hof geen uitspraak gelewer nie, maar tog die moeite gedoen om sommige daarvan breedvoerig in die uitspraak aan te spreek en die wyse waarop die hof redeneer, te verduidelik.

1. **Wat moet ek met die wapen (waarvan die lisensie verval het) in my besit doen wanneer ek om 'n nuwe lisensie aansoek doen?**
   Alhoewel die Konstitusionele Hof nie 'n beslissing hieroor gemaak het nie, word daar redelik breedvoerig geredeneer dat die besit van 'n wapen waarvan die lisensie verval het, onwettig in besit is en die persoon aan kriminele vervolging blootgestel kan word. Die implikasie is dat ek die wapen by die polisie behoort in te handig totdat my aansoek om 'n lisensie afgehandel is. Sou die lisensie goedgekeur word, kan ek die wapen kry. Sou die lisensie nie goedgekeur word nie, kan ek die normale proses van 'n appèl teen die weiering van die lisensie volg en selfs 'n hersieningsaansoek bring.

   Ek bly die eienaar van die wapen wat by die polisie ingehandig is. Die polisie mag nie die wapen vernietig nie tot op 'n datum ses maande nadat die hele proses van 'n lisensieaansoek, moontlike appèl teen 'n weiering en moontlike hersieningsaansoek afgehandel is. Die eiendomsreg word dus behou, maar besit van die wapen sal onwettig wees nadat die lisensie verval het.

2. **Wat word van my bevoegdheid en kan ek onbevoeg verklaar word omdat ek onwettig in besit is van 'n wapen waarvan die lisensie verval het?**
   Hieroor het die Konstitusionele Hof ook geen beslissing gemaak nie, maar redeneer dat 'n persoon nie onbevoeg verklaar kan word bloot omdat die lisensie verval het en die persoon onwettig in besit van die wapen is nie. 'n Persoon kan slegs onbevoeg verklaar word nadat hy skuldig bevind is aan onwettige besit of enige ander oortreding wat tot 'n onbevoegdheidsverklaring kan lei. As ek nie skuldig bevind is nie, kan ek nie onbevoeg verklaar word nie.

3. **Aan watter vereistes moet ek voldoen om 'n nuwe lisensie te kry?**
   Hieroor het die hof ook uitvoerig geredeneer dat dit die normale vereistes moet wees soos uitgespel in die wet en regulasies. Dit is dieselfde vereistes as vir enige ander nuwe lisensieaansoek.

4. **Kan die polisie die feit dat ek die lisensie laat verval het, as rede gebruik om my aansoek om 'n nuwe lisensie te weier?**
   Oor hierdie vraag is daar nie regtig sekerheid nie en die hof het dit nie in detail aangespreek nie. Die registrateur moet hieroor sy oordeel vel en besluit. Daar is egter reeds verskeie voorbeelde van individue wat wapens vir vernietiging of onder amnestie by die polisie ingehandig het, en wel toegelaat is om aansoek te doen vir nuwe lisensies, en aan wie nuwe lisensies uitgereik is. Wat hierdie kwessie betref, sal net die tyd leer.

SPOGBLAD

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WENFOTO

MARCHANT VAN ZYL, BOSHOF, VRYSTAAT. Springbok, Howa .30-06, 165 grein, 170 meter.

WENPRYS

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CHRISTA HEYMANS, LEPHALALE, LIMPOPO. Waterbok, .300 Win Mag, 167 grein Lapua, 80 meter.

ERROL BALLABIO, PHILIPSTOWN, NOORD-KAAP. Gemsbok, Howa, .270 Winchester, 140 grein AccuBond.

MATTHEW RUDDLE, DERBY, NOORDWES. Blouwildebees, Howa .30-06, 180 grein ProAmm, 70 meter.

MARILEE ZWIEGELAAR, LEPHALALE, LIMPOPO. Rooibok, .22-250 Remington, 53 grein Barnes TXS.

HEINRICH VAN DER MERWE, POTCHEFSTROOM, NOORDWES. Vlakvark, Tikka, 6,5x55, 150 meter.

LOUIS BEZUIDEHOUT, BRITS, NOORDWES. Koedoe, .308 Winchester, 180 grein Nosler Partition.

GORDON ENGELBRECHT, ALLDAYS, LIMPOPO. Blouwildebees, Mauser, .308 Win, 200 grein Hornady ELD-X, 90 meter.

KADEN VAN ZYL, HEILBRON, VYSTAAT. Blesbok, Mauser .243, 100 grein Winchester, 100 meter.

JUAN BREDENHANN, DOUGLAS, NOORD-KAAP. Koedoe, 176 meter.

ANDRIES PRETORIUS, JOZINIDAM, KWAZULU-NATAL. Koedoe, Tikka, .300 Win Mag, 180 grein.

OLD DOGS *don't always smell so bad*

You can't teach an old dog new tricks because he already knows it all.

The three "old dogs": Max and Dante, with the "smelly one" in the middle.

"That was quite a story," my friend said. "There must be some sort of lesson in it. Perhaps about fathers and sons?" "Yes, I think there is. But not merely of fathers and sons. I've seen it once before, with Polka and Bosman – mother and son. Rather parents and children. Or maybe even better, of the old and the young. The wisdom of age and experience versus the boldness and energy of youth. It's all there; we must just open our eyes."

OUT ON A FRANCOLIN HUNT

The old fellow was struggling to keep up. We were in the second valley, driving a francolin covey up the hill. It was a strong covey, ten or eleven birds, perhaps even more. Maybe two coveys converged. They had bred well this year. It wasn't really a hard climb at all, unless you were as old as the golden. His white muzzle showed all of his eleven-odd years, which is old for such a large dog. He was a senior of many years' experience. But it was his first time on francolin, and at an age that he was perhaps better suited to sit in a hide and wait for the geese and ducks to come flying in. To swim out and retrieve, something he had done so many times before. He was good at it and had earned the right to come along and experience something new, even though the youngster out ahead was reaping all the spoils and earning all our admiration.

Lagging behind did not seem to bother the old fellow. He never complained, just lolled in the stream and wallowed in the pools when he got hot, sometimes taking a luxurious roll in the grass. "Leave me alone," he seemed to say. "It's good just to be out here; you guys can carry on." So I did not worry too much about the old dog lagging behind. I knew we had to come back down this way again, and he would not be left behind.

His son was working the thicket in front like a professional and a top-class flushing dog, despite it being his first time on francolin. He reminded me very much of my spaniels, just a bit slower. (How can a golden ever be as fast as a spaniel?) But all the tell-tale signs were there; you could clearly see when he locked on to smell, knowing that the foreign smell was a bird. I thoroughly enjoyed just watching him. We were very successful that day. In the second valley, we only had a few birds to go to complete the count and make our bag limit for the day.

EVERY BREED HAS ITS PURPOSE

When it comes to the function of dogs, I am a purist, wrongly or rightly so... In my books, a retriever must retrieve and a pointer must point. Neither can you expect a spaniel to sit happily in a blind, freezing his butt off. Believe me, I have tried it. Miserable-looking and with teeth chattering, you just want to get the little fellows out and on the run again. Decades of breeding have set these habits in their genes. Why now make them something they are not? But that's just me and my fossilised thinking. I have been voluminously dumped on from dizzying heights by some very scholarly aficionados! (I am, or so I feel anyway, the last protagonist of side-by-side shotguns too! As with long-handled putters, I would rather be seen dead than with an over-and-under shotgun in the field.)

I know the Americans are breeding flushing labradors. Every second lab owner I come across wants his dog to work out ahead. This makes perfect sense and is the reason why HPRs are so popular. Few shooters have the circumstances and opportunity to have multiple gundogs. Perhaps that's why spaniels are so popular in the UK; the "maids of all work", they call them there. So, to have a flushing lab makes perfect sense. And the young golden was proving this point. There was enough hunting instinct between those ears to hold sway with some of the best hunters I had seen.

As the francolin got to the edge of their territory, where the scrub ran out and gave way to wheat still too small to offer any cover, right up against the fence and the remnants of a small, choked-up dam, single birds started breaking back over the line of the guns. They knew exactly where they were, sensing their cover would soon run out. Their choice was simple: Wait till they were all bundled together at the top and simultaneously scatter in all directions (the "confusion-in-numbers" tactic) or break early and hope they catch the shooters unawares.

From a retrieving point of view, that little narrow valley was quite difficult. Sharp, needle-pointed restios formed impenetrable stands along with solid stands of *sprinkaanbosse* and a mattress of other fynbos and *brakbosse*, perfectly designed to hide a fallen bird from anything but a well-trained gundog's nose. The problem was that the youngster was out in front and unaware of missed birds breaking behind us. So when I shot one coming over me and it dropped in the rubbish some distance back, we were bound to lose that bird, unless...

I recently read a most delightful little book by Sir Max Hastings, *Outside Days*, in which he confesses that his favourite position on those big, British-driven pheasant days is as walking gun, 20 yards or so back from the beaters (the "line of tapping sticks" as he calls it), with Tweedie, his labrador, walking tense as a cocked flintlock gun at his heel. Whenever a pheasant "carves a diagonal above the drive behind me" (I presume he had turned around to take the bird coming from the opposite direction from the line of beaters out ahead), the back marker is expected to take the bird. "It is much more exciting than merely waiting at a peg," he says, "especially when nothing is happening during a 'blanc' drive."

Momentarily forgetting about the old man, or perhaps not even thinking of him having any role to play in this "back bird" scenario, I thought about the value Hastings' Tweedie would have right now. I asked my mate to call the youngster back to come and search for my bird. Whilst still making my way downhill, I saw some movement where I judged the francolin had fallen. The old fellow was pushing his way out between the undergrowth – no fuss, no rush, just a big, broad grin and a francolin dangling from between his big white lips.

"Don't worry," he seemed to say, "I've got your backs covered." Taking everything into account, it is perhaps one of the most beautiful sights a shooter can ever wish to see.

And then, walking back down the valley and to the car, he did it again. He covered our backs, happy after a long day in the veld and with only two birds for his effort. Let the youngster steal the show; he will mop »

> Old dogs are not always nice to work with. They are not pretty anymore, often smell bad, are ponderously slow and have weak bladders.

» up at the back.

"You said you had a similar experience with Polka and Bosman. Please tell me about that too." My friend was not a gundog man. Neither was he a shooter, but being in the corporate world, I thought I'd tell him anyway. If he concurred with the lesson I thought the dogs were teaching me, perhaps he would find it useful too. Perhaps he would remember it when the need was there.

"Bosman was Polka's son. Number seven of the litter. My colleague wanted him. So, he grew up with his mom on the farm. I thought he showed great promise – excellent nose, great retriever, very fast and able to work things out for himself. Like diving after ducks. Very loving, he was everybody's favourite."

> Value your old dogs. They may just cover your back when you need it most.

EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

Whilst still on the farm, I had the habit of sometimes walking down to the river after work, taking my gun along in case some ducks or geese came flying past. With all the recent rehabilitative earthworks along that stretch of the river, the spot was a favourite of the geese for a while. One particular afternoon, both Polka and Bosman were waiting for me. I seldom took Bossie along when shooting, but that afternoon I decided otherwise – what could go wrong? It was just the three of us and an ideal opportunity to give the young fellow some well-earned exercise.

As I settled in amongst the bulrushes on the bank, a trio of feral Muscovy ducks hove into view and I managed to drop one on the water. They fly really well and true, those Muscovites – like fighter jets, my friend says. Bosman was immediately in the water, madly rushing out to get the bird before his mother did. Polka, in turn, merely ambled along the water's edge, saw that the youngster was already well in control, and allowed him his moment of glory; no reason to fight over a lowly Muscovy. After all, she had done it many a time before. The plump Muscovy was a nice retrieve and Bosman did a great job; his proud demeanour said it all.

Then, a flock of white-faced whistlers came over and I shot one that fell a bit further down the river – obviously winged, but still very much alive. The whistler immediately dived away when the two dogs converged on it. Bosman wildly ran up and down the bank, searching for the bird that had disappeared before his nose, desperate to yet again prove his worth. However, he soon decided the bird was obviously lost and that he was wasting his time. He lost interest and moved off to investigate a different section of the river. That's when Polka calmly weighed up the options, made her way across the water and over to the grassy bed on the opposite bank, sniffed out the whistler's hiding place and made a wonderfully gentle retrieve back to me.

VALUE YOUR OLD DOGS

"So, what's the lesson," my friend asked again. "I think it says something about the value of old men and wisdom," I replied. Most of the larger corporate companies, human resource managers and industrial psychologists sooner or later wrestle with the problem of getting rid of the "old dogs" in the pack. Therefore, they set the retirement age at a ridiculously low sixty-something with the soothing proviso that they can lengthen the employment as and when the situation requires. Fortunately, they often have to deal with loyalty here, "for he did haul that gyppo out of the marsh when no other dog could, and he did find that francolin that crept so deep into the brambles..." They can't just summarily kick him out.

Thus, they keep the grumpy old man and chuck him a bone every now and then to keep him out of their hair. Because they don't really know what to do with him or how to feed the old dog, it could be any of a number of bones they deem soft enough for his teeth – mostly broiler-raised chicken bones or soft-boiled cartilage or bits and pieces of tripe – before turning their attention to the puppies again. The puppies are pleasant to work with; they make a lot of noise and have a lot of energy and admiration for the bosses. They are good for the boss' ego. "Look," they would say, "look how well I have trained this one." Old dogs are not always nice to work with. They are not pretty anymore, often smell bad, are ponderously slow and have weak bladders. But they frequently forget that the smelly ones have done it all before. And when the puppies rush back and forth, wasting a lot of time on dead-end investigating and ridiculous suggestions, the old dog will calmly walk up to the bush and flush the francolin from right under their noses.

"How would you sum up the lesson," my corporate friend insisted. "Value your old dogs," I said. "Take them with as long as they still want to walk up the hill themselves. They may just cover your back when you need it most."

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HEIMWEE NA GISTER ribbokherinneringe uit my pa se dagboek

'n Jagter in sy herfsjare herleef die mooi van 'n ribbokjag in sy jeug.

HOOFFOTO BO EN INSETSEL REGS: Die P14 met die uitgeskiete loop waarvan in die storie melding gemaak word. Die horings op die skild is van 'n ribboktrofee wat my seun Pietman 'n paar jaar gelede met 'n .222-50 Rem in die Sentraal-Vrystaat se olienhoutranteveld gejag het.

LINKS: My oorlede pa, Piet Oosthuizen. Ek het hierdie artikel etlike jare ná sy dood in 2008 in een van sy lessenaarlaaie ontdek. Pa Piet was versot op ribbokjag en het geglo dat ribbok die lekkerste wildsvleis is.

Dit is regte ribbokweer op 'n laaste Sondag van Augustus. Dit is nie net ekstra koud en winderig nie, maar boonop nat ná die milde reën van die afgelope twee dae. Die ou man in die klipkombuisie grinnik as sy vereelte, songevlekte hand nog 'n doringhoutstomp raakvat en in die gulsige vlamme van die kaggelvuur inskiet. Hy staar in die vuur en sy gedagtes begin weer dwaal na die koue wat sy geboorteplek, die Suid-Vrystaat, tog so maklik ('n mens wil amper sê, onnodig) in Augustus en September kan tref. Dit word soms só koud dat dit sommer aan't sneeue kan raak, soos nou weer. Die draadloos waarsku dan aanhoudend oor die ysige weer in die Oos-Kaap!

Sy gedagtes begin sommer vanself dwaal na die streep ranteveld op sy geboorteplaas en die ribbokke van daardie wêreld. Dis kompleet of hy die rooiribbokke so teen die hang op 'n warm plekkie in die son kan sien staan. Hy begin onwillekeurig vinniger asemhaal en vergeet skoon om sy oë te knip. Dis presies weer soos in daardie dae waar die twee plaashuise aan weerskante van die diep sloot gestaan het. Die ou huis tussen die reusebloekoms, beskut teen die suidewind, en die platdak wat agter die reeks plat rantjies wegkoets. Die rantjies wat 'n mens die idee gee dat hulle vir myle en myle so aanhou, met die besembosse teen hul hange. Dit was regte ribbokwêreld daardie. Hy wonder of daar ooit vandag nog van dié fynproewerbiltongdiere daar ronddwaal.

DIE P14 LEE-METFORD

Die ou man onthou nog die frustrasie van vele onsuksesvolle jagtogte met die ou, uitgeskiete P14 Lee-Metford met sy gaatjievisier in daardie streep rooi ranteveld op heerlik sonnige, windstil dae. Onsuksesvol, ja,

want hoe verder die bokke gestaan het, hoe meer bont het die ou geweer geskiet. Soms het hy nie eens 'n skoot gewaag nie, want hy't toe al geweet dat die uitgediende ou roer eintlik net 'n museumstuk was. Sy beste dae was definitief agter die rug en dit was vir seker tydens die Anglo-Boereoorlog. Hy het jare daarna eers agtergekom dat 'n mens ribbokke eintlik op yskoue dae jag. Dae wanneer die suidewind deur murg en been sny en jou wange, neus en ore van die koue gloei. Om met jou hande in jou broeksakke te loop het ook nie eens gehelp om jou snellervinger warm te hou vir moontlike vinnig skiet nie, want hulle was styf van die koue binne-in die broeksakke. Op sulke dae staan die bokke mos soms half verkluim op 'n warm plekkie in 'n sonkolletjie of agter 'n besembos teen die noordelike hange van daardie streep rante – so naby dat jy jou oë nie kan glo nie.

Maar die Suid-Vrystaatse ribbokke darem… As 'n mens eers aan hierdie biltongdraers begin dink, keer jou gedagtes maar altyd weer terug na hulle en hul maniere. Só het dit gebeur dat hy as agtienjarige per geleentheid met sy oom se Sporting Lee-Metford gaan ribbokke jag het, want wie jag dan nou met 'n P14 en 'n gaatjievisier? Al het sy oupa dan ook op 'n keer twee springbokke se nekke met daardie ou roer afgeskiet, en al het hy self met daardie P14 (wat toe in sy pa se besit was) 'n paar maal die streeknuus oor die draadloos gehaal en enkele kere vir homself 'n plekkie oopgeskiet in die *Volksblad* se kleinere sportberigte. Hy was toe maar net 13. Dit was in elk geval jare gelede toe die ou roer se loop nog nie so uitgeskiet was soos nou nie. Dis buitendien mos 'n geweer wat vir skyfskiet bedoel was en nie vir jag nie!

MANNE WAT KON RAAK SKIET

Hy stam uit 'n geslag manne aan vaders- en moederskant wat geweet het hoe om 'n roer vas te hou. As klein seuntjie het hy veral aan sy oupa se twee ooms, Hendrik en At Oosthuizen, se lippe gehang wanneer hulle oor hul wedervaringe tydens die Anglo-Boereoorlog gepraat het. Saam met sy oupa Wynand van den Heever aan moederskant en sy broer oom Tommie, was die twee Oosthuizen-broers deel van Trompsburg se "*A Team*"-skyfskietspan wat op menige kompetisie stof in die ander spanne se oë geskiet het.

Dit was 'n wonderlike dag toe sy oupa daardie P14 in sy pa se hande laat oorgaan het. Daarna het dit syne geword toe sy pa 'n splinternuwe Merk 4 met 'n tweegroefloop (of was dit dalk vier groewe?) "uit die boks" vir £1/10 gekoop het, tesame met 'n Parker-Hale-gaatjievisier vir £1"12"6. Dit was sy eerste "groot" geweer en dit staan nou nog in die kluis saam met die Merk 4.

Op die foto verskyn my pa se oupa aan vaderskant se twee broers, Hendrik (links agter) en At (regs agter) Oosthuizen. Albei was knap skuts en op kommando tydens die Anglo-Boereoorlog.

OP DIE RIBBOKKE SE SPOOR

Nou ja, tydens een van die "uit naweke" in die tweede kwartaal het sy neef, wat in dieselfde skool as hy was, by hulle kom kuier. Sy oom het hulle in 'n rooi Studebaker-lorrie by die koshuis kom haal. Die Saterdagoggend was 'n bitter koue, amper sneeuerige wintersoggend toe hy en sy neef met die Lee-Metford rooi rante toe is. Hierdie keer was hulle ordentlik gewapen met 'n opregte jaggeweer – een met 'n verstelbare oopvisier, g'n gaatjievisier nie. Dit was glad nie nodig om te raai of die punt van die korrel werklik in die middel van die gaatjie sit nie. Nee, sodra jy die puntjie van die korrel in die "V" van die visier gewaar en dit op die regte plek agter die bok se blad kon kry, knyp jy stukkend, vat die terugskop soos 'n man en »

Vol heimwee dwaal sy oë na die ribbokhorings teen die kaggelmuur en die fyn plooitjies om sy oë glimlag saam.

'n Rooiribbok met sy kenmerkende wit kwasstert.

» draf dan met 'n bonsende hart nader om jou prooi met die grootste trots en genoegdoening van die jeug te gaan beskou. Nie soos in jou later jare waar daardie al meer bekende gevoel van 'n snaakse soort jammerte en weemoed jou oorspoel by die aanskoue van 'n pragdier wat nooit weer agter 'n besembos in 'n sonkolletjie teen die geniepsige suidewind sal skuil nie.

Ieder geval, só is die lesse op daardie ysige wintersoggend geleer. Loop soek 'n ribbok op 'n koue oggend; hy gaan meer stilstaan as hardloop. Soek hom in die warmer sonplekkies tussen 'n lappie besembos, so 'n bietjie uit die wind uit. En dan, belangrikste van alles, moenie met 'n geweer skiet waarvan die visier so uitgeskarnier is dat dit sommer met die geringste ou ongelukkie op 'n ander distansie beland nie.

Dís wat daardie Saterdagoggend met hom gebeur het. Hy het die ram en twee ooie in 'n sonkol sien staan, koes-koes nadergekruip tot op omtrent 100 tree, sy lê agter 'n groot ysterklip gekry en daardie bokke drie maal mis geskiet terwyl hulle jou wraggieswaar net daar bly staan het. Hulle het nie 'n idee gehad waar die skote vandaan gekom het nie.

Hy glimlag nou nog suur as hy dink hoe verontwaardig hy was toe hy ontdek dat daardie Sporting Lee-Metford se visier op 500 tree gestel was sonder dat hy geweet het hoe dit moontlik was. Maar nou ja, dis mos hoe dit in die jagwêreld gaan – eendag sny jy biltong, net om die volgende dag uit te vind al wat jy oorhet, is jou eie verrinneweerde reputasie.

Hy skud meewarig sy kop en plaas sonder om te dink 'n dikkerige doringhoutstomp op die vuur. Vol heimwee dwaal sy oë na die ribbokhorings teen die kaggelmuur en die fyn plooitjies om sy oë glimlag saam. Maandagoggend is hy en sy neef en die Sporting Lee-Metford in die rooi Studebaker terug koshuis toe. Ai, die rokerigheid van die doringhoute is vanoggend ook maar weer lastig... Hy vee die vogtigheid met die punte van sy middelvingers uit sy oë en staar weer in die steeds veranderende vlammespel van die vuur.

Hier hou ek die P14 vas wat in die storie genoem word.

JOU GIDS VIR
JAG EN SKIET

Propvol interessanthede vir die beginner sowel as die ervare jagter.

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

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

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ELEPHANTS – WHO SHOULD SIT AT THE TABLE?

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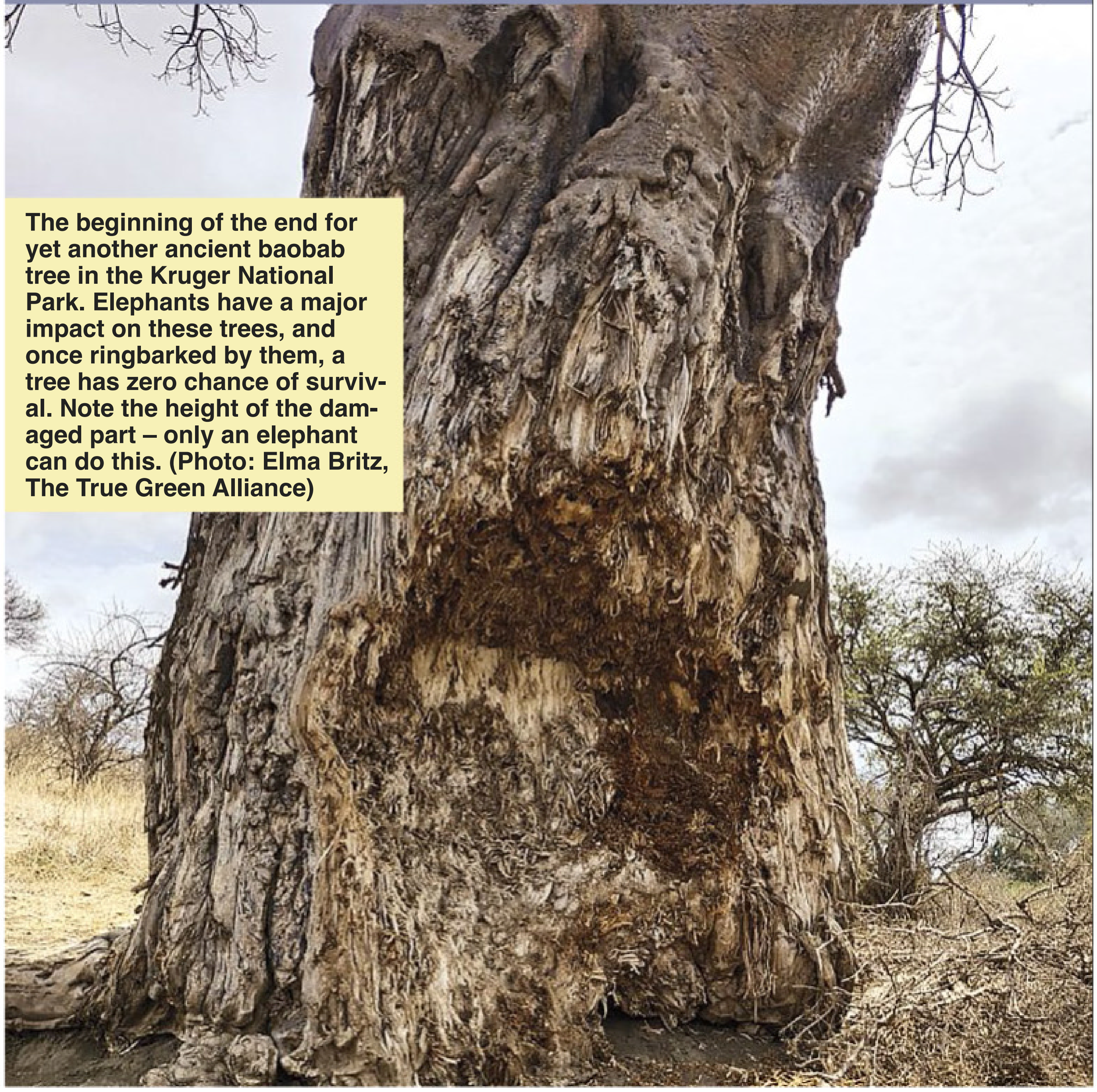

The beginning of the end for yet another ancient baobab tree in the Kruger National Park. Elephants have a major impact on these trees, and once ringbarked by them, a tree has zero chance of survival. Note the height of the damaged part – only an elephant can do this. (Photo: Elma Britz, The True Green Alliance)

Elephants are part of our wildlife heritage, and we should all be held accountable for the impact of our decisions on their long-term survival.

Zimbabwe, Botswana, Namibia, Tanzania and Zambia want the UN Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species of Wild Fauna and Flora (CITES) to lift the ban on the ivory trade. South Africa indicated support, but it still needs to be ratified by the government. This joint position was one of the outcomes of the first African Elephant Summit held at the end of May this year in Hwange, Zimbabwe. Both Japan and China, two large consumer markets of elephant tusks, supported the bid to promote the lifting of a ban on the ivory trade. At the same time, America, along with EU countries and Britain, remain vehemently opposed to lifting the ban. International trade in ivory and elephants has been banned since 1989 under CITES. One-off sales were allowed in 1999 and 2008, despite fierce opposition.

HUMAN-WILDLIFE CONFLICT

Southern African countries that support sustainable use are home to approximately 293 000 (70%) of Africa's elephant population. Elephant numbers here are increasing, resulting in habitat degradation in some areas and increased human-wildlife conflict as resources and space must be shared between people and elephants.

Elephant populations outside South Africa are predominantly free-roaming in large, unfenced wildlife areas. In this country, however, elephants are mostly confined to fenced game farms and protected areas of varying sizes, which are generally considered "small" compared to African wildlife areas and the natural home ranges of this species. Although fenced areas reduce the incidence of human-elephant conflict, breakouts frequently occur. People have shared the landscape with elephants since time immemorial, and human-elephant conflict remains a challenge for responsible conservation agencies and people living with elephants. For instance, since the beginning of 2022, at least 60 people have been killed and 50 injured by elephants in Zimbabwe, compared to 72 deaths in 2021. The death of a family member is undeniably tragic for both the affected family and the community. Given that over a third of the African elephant population occur within Botswana, Zimbabwe and South Africa, the negative impacts of elephants on people cannot be overlooked and must be favourably counterbalanced by the benefits that these animals and wildlife areas bring to the affected families and communities.

GROWING POPULATIONS

With an estimated 100 000 elephants, Zimbabwe has the world's second-largest population after Botswana and about one-quarter of the elephants in all of Africa. Elephant numbers in South Africa increased by approximately 27% between 2002 (14 000 elephants) and 2006 (18 000 elephants), and since 2006, by about 41% (source: High-Level Panel Report, DFFE, 2020). The growth in elephant numbers is not only affecting large parks such as the Kruger National Park, but also approximately 80 smaller wildlife areas to which elephants in South Africa have been introduced. Many of these areas have now exceeded their initial preferred stocking densities or will soon do so for the reasons discussed below.

MANAGEMENT CHALLENGES

Practical management options available to elephant custodians to effectively regulate elephant numbers in fenced areas are few. The current Elephant Norms and Standards, set in place by the national government, require owners of free-roaming elephants to apply a hierarchy of non-lethal management strategies to regulate elephant populations on their properties. These strategies include contraception, expansion of the property, and translocation to areas that are suitable for these elephants. Only once these management strategies have been reasonably applied and translocation is demonstrated to be unfeasible, will the government permit culling. Hunting of elephants, particularly lone or potentially damage-causing bulls, is considered if it is aligned with the approved management plans or if the damage can be proven. Yet, it appears to be subjected to similar considerations by government officials before a permit is issued or denied.

In South Africa, about 26 properties with elephants, including some protected areas, are already implementing contraception to reduce the population »

The sad end. When the next bush fire comes along, these remains will become nothing but ash. Animal rights organisations do not consider this loss of biodiversity. (Photo: Elma Britz, The True Green Alliance)

An elephant bull in the Pilanesberg National Park. (Photo: Lizanne Nel)

» growth rate. However, this does not halt growth as there must be babies and juveniles to keep the herds from fragmenting. This intervention does not ultimately prevent elephant overpopulation, particularly in fenced areas or expansive areas with thousands of elephants like the Kruger National Park. Finding new destinations for elephant translocation to reduce the population size is an immense challenge, with large numbers of elephants being available for translocation, but no takers.

While the cost of elephant-proof fencing is the first challenge landowners face, the policy uncertainty regarding the management of elephant numbers remains the most significant deterrent for wildlife custodians to introduce elephants, especially given the impacts of too many elephants on the natural environment. For instance, increased elephant numbers in fenced areas affect not only the vegetation but also large trees that become particularly vulnerable to being killed by either ring-barking or being pushed over. There is always concern that elephants may locally eradicate a particular tree species, as was the case with *Cussonia transvaalensis* (cabbage trees) in the Waterberg after the first introductions to fenced areas.

The loss of large trees also directly impacts several other vulnerable species such as vultures. Tree-breeding vultures exclusively use tall trees for nesting. Hence their breeding success depends on the number of available, suitable large trees. Therefore, the destruction of large trees by elephants at breeding sites impacts the breeding of vultures, the numbers of which are already declining at an alarming rate. This impact of high elephant numbers on vultures and other raptors has been documented for the Atherstone Nature Reserve near Dwaalboom in Limpopo Province.

> Lastly, elephants are part of our wildlife heritage, highly social, very intelligent, and deserving of us adopting an integrated and holistic approach in deciding how we will share the finite space we have with them going forward.

CITES

During a CITES meeting in May 2022 between the South African government and various local stakeholders to prepare for the CITES COP in Panama later this year, the Department of Forestry, Fisheries and the Environment (DFFE) stated that any discussions on international trade in elephants, lions, leopards and rhinos would not be considered until the country had a clear policy that provides for the sustainable use of these species going forward. A draft policy for the four species was circulated for public comment in 2021. This draft policy was particularly weak on the principle of sustainable conservation. Among many concerns is the absence of recognition of the "on-the-ground" challenges the country, protected areas, private landowners and communities face regarding wildlife management. For instance, the policy fell short of meaningfully addressing the overstocking of elephants, particularly in smaller wildlife areas, and, secondly, of empowering people and communities to manage conflict or the damage caused by individuals or populations of these species. Consequently, people and communities bear the entire economic and social brunt of wildlife-inflicted damage, especially in the marginalised rural areas.

DWINDLING FUNDS

Against this backdrop, government funding for conservation, including that set aside for state-protected areas, is decreasing. The reduction in conservation funding places a concomitant burden on (or creates an active expectation of) the private sector and communities to increasingly contribute to both provincial and national conservation objectives. While both the private and communal sectors are willing to make a meaningful contribution to conserving South Africa's natural heritage, it is becoming increasingly apparent that the government is not creating sufficient and effective opportunities to listen to and address the challenges. This

A herd of elephants in the Kruger National Park. (Photo: Nic de Bruine)

circumstance (i.e. ignoring the voice of the affected people) is aptly demonstrated by South Africa's stance and engagement at CITES as far as rhinos and elephants are concerned. The immediate consequence is that the sustainable use of wildlife and its role in adaptive management are outweighed by those who oppose this principle and petitioned for trade bans but are not held accountable for the consequence of their actions.

While anti-trade lobby groups advocate that socio-economic considerations should not be considered in CITES decision-making, they negligently fail to consider or provide a counterbalance for the loss of revenue generated by the sustainable and responsible use of wildlife. This revenue is critical for maintaining and securing wildlife areas in many developing countries. Likewise, the extreme animal rights lobby groups are not held responsible and accountable for the loss of biodiversity and habitat once privately or communally managed wildlife areas are discontinued in favour of lucrative cash crops or development when, as a result of their influence, the financial, management and social burden (wildlife custodians that are pro-trade and pro-use are often deamonised) becomes unbearable to dedicated wildlife custodians. The supportive and defendable policy frameworks in, for example, agriculture, compared to the biodiversity policy frameworks, further exacerbate disinvestment in wildlife.

In addition, the hardship caused by a CITES-listed species that decimates a staple crop or kills livestock is clearly ignored. Given that a third of the people in South Africa are unemployed (and this estimate is probably double in those marginal rural areas adjacent to parks with elephants), the impact of elephants on their livelihoods is likely to be devastating. Lastly, the lobby groups also do not consider that management costs increase with the growth in numbers, particularly when preferred stocking density is exceeded. The greater number of elephants in fenced areas translates to challenges in managing the habitat for other species or wildlife-based activities that make up the suite of viable income streams required to maintain the wildlife area. There is also a higher probability of breakouts and movement into neighbouring areas, with associated social and financial implications. Addressing these issues comes with a financial and management cost that invariably results in decreased finances and resources available to sustainably manage the wildlife area. Against the background of increasingly difficult socio-economic circumstances – such as increased fuel prices and the rising number of municipalities that are amending their rates policies to tax game farms as commercial businesses instead of agricultural players – proper and effective management of the wildlife areas is placed at significant risk, and with that, securing wildlife habitats for the species in question.

The natural conclusions one must reasonably come to are that where population numbers and trends differ significantly between range states of a CITES-listed species, like Southern African elephant range states compared to the rest of Africa, different approaches are required in terms of trade policy. What is good for West African elephant populations where population numbers are dwindling is not necessarily good for elephants and people in Southern Africa where elephant numbers and human-elephant conflict keep escalating. Secondly, decisions on the trade in CITES-listed species should predominantly be decided upon by those countries directly affected (positively and negatively) and those who invest in their conservation. As far as in-house decisions and policies are concerned, wildlife custodians in particular should have a reserved seat at the table because affecting the viability of responsible, wildlife-based enterprises that contribute to conservation affects the future of our wildlife heritage. Their challenges and opportunities in the day-to-day, responsible management of wildlife should receive top priority since neither the government nor the armchair lobby groups will be able to secure the future of our wildlife without a vibrant wildlife industry. Thirdly, the extreme animal rights and anti-trade lobby groups, as well as international anti-trade countries, should demonstrate their investment in our wildlife and the people living with wildlife before being allowed to influence how we as South Africans and Southern Africa manage our wildlife, especially given our demonstrable successes.

Lastly, elephants are part of our wildlife heritage, highly social, very intelligent, and deserving of us adopting an integrated and holistic approach in deciding how we will share the finite space we have with them going forward. Hard decisions will have to be made. All of us must be held accountable for the impacts of our decisions and actions on their long-term survival, including the custodians securing their habitat and the associated implications for people living with them.

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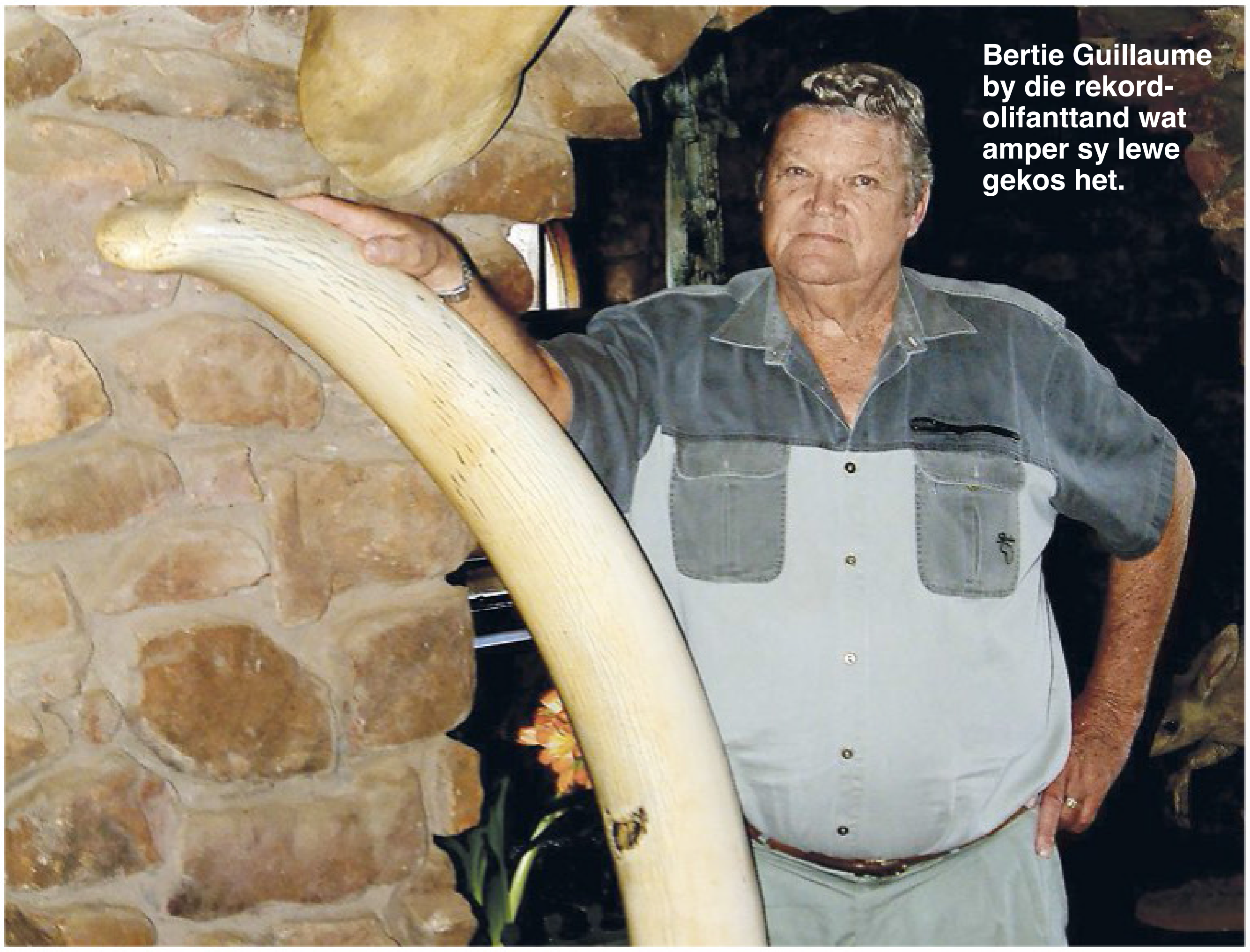
Noue ontkoming met 'n olifant

DIE VERHAAL VAN DIE SAJWV SE NR. 1-OLIFANTBUL

Veteraanjagter Bertie Guillaume meet kragte met 'n rekord-olifantbul en boet byna met sy lewe.



Bertie Guillaume by die rekord-olifanttand wat amper sy lewe gekos het.

Tydens my omswerwinge as jagter en skrywer was ek bevoorreg om verskeie legendariese jagters te ontmoet. Bertie Guillaume was 'n man wat diep spore in die kommersiële jagwêreld getrap het (onder meer as 'n stigterslid van PHASA). Die toekenning van die gesogte Musgrave-trofee aan hom in 1986 was ook bewys van sy toewyding en prestasies as amateurtrofeejagter. In 2004 het ek hom in die Soutpansberg gaan opsoek om die verhaal van sy rekord-olifant eerstehands te hoor. Sy 114-ponder, wat later amptelik op 109 pond geweeg is, is immers steeds nr. 1 in die SAJWV se rekordboek.

Bertie het as kind al rooibokke in die Northam-omgewing gejag, maar kort ná hy in 1948 matriek geskryf het, het hy gaan boer; eers in die destydse Rhodesië en later in Zambië. Hier kon hy na hartelus jag en was ook binne bereik van ander jagvelde in Afrika. Die eerste van sy drie jagtogte in Tanganjika (die hedendaagse Tanzanië) was reeds in 1955 en hy was ook 'n gereelde besoeker aan Mosambiek. Dit was in Mosambiek dat hy die noue ontkoming met die ou grote gehad het. Hy kon dit nog in detail onthou toe hy my die verhaal vertel het.

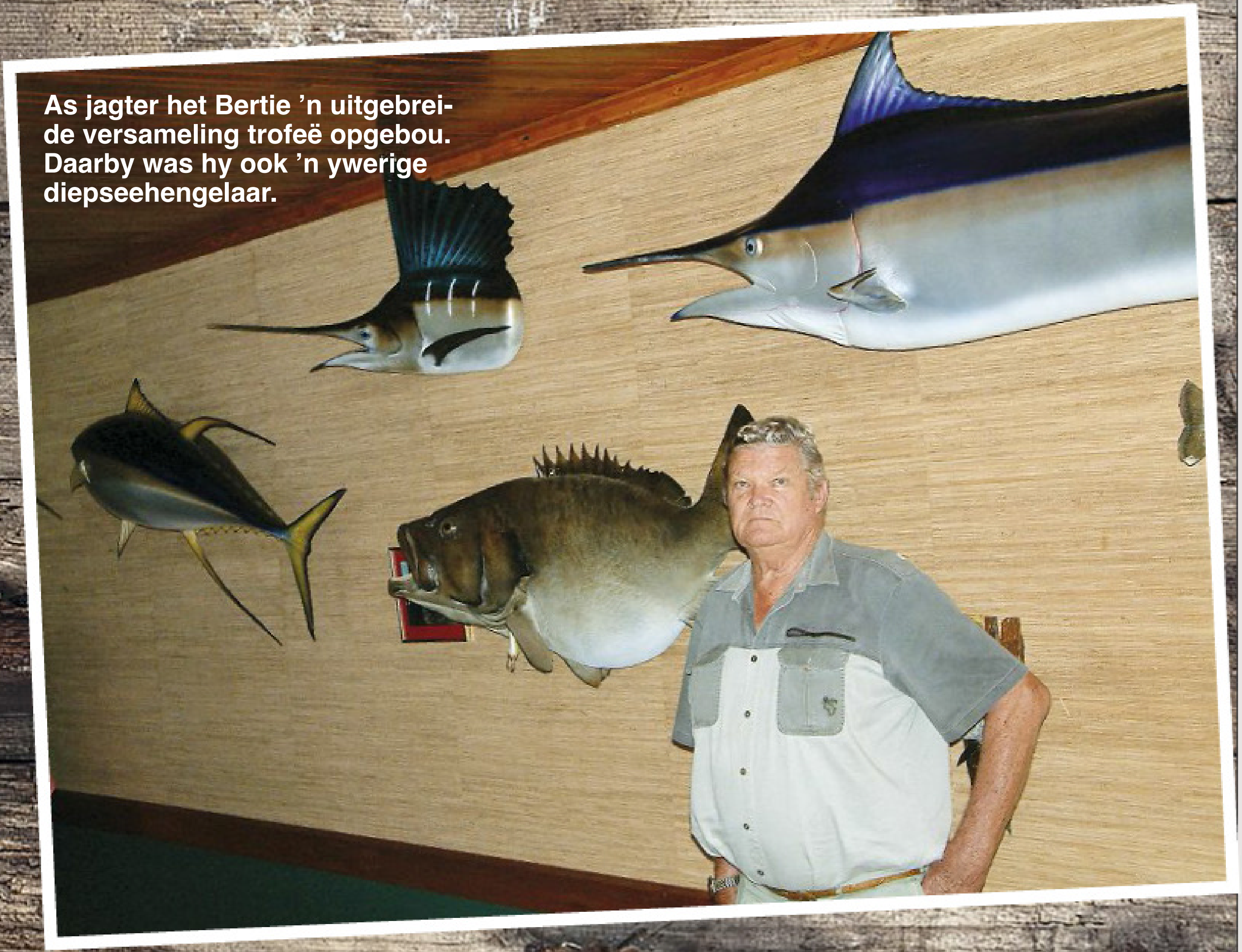
MOSAMBIEK-JAG

"Dit was in 1974. Ek en drie vriende het 'n safari gereël, daar Gonarezhou se kant toe uit die ou Lourenço Marques, wat vandag Maputo is. 'n Portugese beroepsjagter, Luis Pedro Samelo, wat 'n konsessie in die area gehad het, het ons gehelp om die spulletjie wettig gereël te kry en ons kon sy kamp en geriewe gebruik. Die lisensies het ons elk R1 800 gekos. Vir my vriende was die olifantjag hul eerste. Ek en Christo Botha het alleen gejag, terwyl die ander twee, Andries Pretorius en Japie Schoeman, saam met Samelo gewerk het.

Andries het eerste sukses gehad, 'n 50-ponder. Nie lank daarna nie was Japie en Samelo in ruie bos besig met spore. Japie het op 'n miershoop geklouter om beter te kan sien en die rûe van 'n paar olifante gewaar. Een het hoër as die ander uitgestaan en Samelo, wat maar 'n kort kêrel was, het gesê hy moet skiet as die olifant vir hom reg lyk. Japie kon nie die tande sien nie, maar het die bul platgetrek en hulle het nader gehardloop. Bo van die dooie olifant af kon hul wyer sien en daar gewaar hulle toe 'n nog groter bul en Japie skiet hom ook. Vroegvroeg in die jag, vyf minute uitmekaar, het Japie toe twee grotes – die eerste sowaar 'n 80-ponder en die tweede self 'n stewige 75 pond per kant.

STORMLOOP

My jagmaat Christo het die eerste dag al 'n 30-ponder geskiet. Ons is weer agter 'n trop aan, maar daar was niks na ons sin nie. Toe ons omdraai, het die spoorsnyer egter volgehou dat daar 'n grote by was en ons is maar weer die mopanies en ysterhoute in. Ons was half tussen die olifante, nog besig om die grote te soek, toe dit skielik breek en trompetter hier voor my. Dit was 'n jong bul wat my



As jagter het Bertie 'n uitgebreide versameling trofeë opgebou. Daarby was hy ook 'n ywerige diepseehengelaar.

gestorm het. Ek kon sien hy bedoel dit en het hom dus platgeskiet. Sy tande was ook maar so 40 pond. Ek en Christo was taamlik bekaf oor ons trofeë so swak met die ander span s'n vergelyk het. Toe ons daardie aand by die kamp kom, was die ander intussen vort na 'n ander area. Só is ons die kans gegun om met iets beters vorendag te kom voor hulle ons kon begin spot.

Die volgende oggend het ons 'n mooi bulspoor oor die paadjie gekry en dit gevolg. Sowat 5 km verder het ons die bul ingehaal en Christo het hom met 'n bladskoot uit sy .458 Win Mag platgetrek. Die tande was mooi, rondom 80 pond, en ons kon weer glimlag.

DIE OU GROTE

Die dag daarna het ons 'n bietjie later gelê, want ons moes net die tande gaan haal. Ná ons by 'n plaaslike nedersetting daar naby helpers gaan haal het vir die slagtery, was ons weer op pad toe die spoorsnyer ons stop en beduie na 'n groot spoor wat die pad kruis. Hy wou hê ons moes dit volg, maar ons het besluit dis te laat in die dag en het aangery. So 3 km verder het die spoorsnyer – Armando was sy naam – ons weer gestop en gepleit ons moet teruggaan om daardie olifant te gaan soek; hy was seker dis 'n grote. Ons het toe vir Armando met die lorrie en die span vooruitgestuur om die tande te gaan uitslag, terwyl ons met 'n ander gids wat ons sommer daar by 'n paar hutte langs die pad opgekommandeer het, agter die olifant aan is. Die spoor was vars, maar die wind was verkeerd vir ons. Die bul moes agtergekom het ons is agter hom aan – ons kon aan sy spore en die pap mis sien hy het vinniger begin beweeg. Ons het geweet ons sou moes aanstoot as ons hom wou inhaal. Toe ons hom op 'n stadium hoor blaas, het ek vorentoe gehardloop om te probeer kyk hoe die tande lyk. Christo, wat 'n maand tevore 'n nieroperasie gehad het, het teen 'n stadiger pas agternagekom. Toe ek die olifant gewaar, was ek reeds bykans langs hom. Die oomblik toe ek sy tande sien, het ek geweet: Ek sou nooit weer só 'n olifant kry nie. Hulle was gróót!

Op 20 tree het ek twee skote op sy blad geskiet met soliede koeëls uit die .458 Win Mag. Hy het aanhou hardloop, ek agterna. Ek het nog een patroon in die geweer gehad en daarmee probeer ek toe sy kruis afskiet om hom te anker.

Hy het in 'n stofwolk neergeval en in die opwinding hardloop ek toe na 'n miershoop voor my, terwyl ek sommer in die hardloop herlaai. Ek het egter die fout gemaak om net een patroon te laai, al het ek 'n belt vol gehad. Voor ek egter die miershoop kon haal, het ek 'n verskriklike trompetter gehoor en die bul deur die mopanies sien bars, reg op my af.

BYNA BOKVELD TOE

Ek het besef ek is in groot moeilikheid en het hom kans gegee om te kom. Ek moes seker maak van die skoot – dit was hy of ek! Hy was so vyf tot ses tree weg toe ek skiet, maar die skoot het geen effek gehad nie. Toe ek omvlieg om te hardloop, het ek oor 'n stomp geval, heel van my voete af. Die leë geweer het langs my in die sand beland.

Op daardie stadium het ek geweet dis verby. Ek onthou nog hoe dit deur my gedagtes geflits het dat dít moes wees hoe dit vir Little George Horton gevoel het. Ek het sy lyk jare tevore gaan optel daar naby Sitchifula in Zambië nadat hy getrap is.

Ek was nog so op my hande en knieë, toe klap daar 'n skoot en ek sien die olifant se bene hier langs my verbykom en aanhou hardloop. Ek kon dit nie glo nie!

Christo het intussen agternagekom, onbewus van wat besig was om met my te gebeur, toe hy die olifant sien en 'n skoot op hom los. Daardie skoot het my lewe gered. Ons het die bul se spoor gevat en hom 100 tree vorentoe morsdood gekry.

Daardie nag het ons sommer by die vorige dag se karkas oornag, waar die mense nog doenig was. Ek het heelnag by die vuur gesit, al was ek moeg. Dit was nie 'n nag vir slaap nie; daar het te veel dinge deur my gedagtes gegaan. Na regte moes ek daardie dag dood gewees het.

As 'n poging om dankie te sê, het ek een van die ou groot bul se tande aan Christo gegee. Hy het op sy beurt weer vir my 'n tand gegee van die grote wat hy geskiet het."

WAAR IS DIE TANDE?

Bertie is in 2009 oorlede en sy omvattende trofeeversameling is blykbaar onder familielede verdeel, wat sekere stukke verkoop het. Wat van die rekordtand (asook sy maat) geword het, is onbekend. Vermoedelik is hulle steeds in die land. Weet enige van ons lesers dalk?

CENS PROFLEX DX SERIES HEARING PROTECTION

Hearing loss is permanent, so good hearing protection is non-negotiable.

The units come in a hard case with all the necessary accessories.

BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY

Just over a decade ago, I fired two shots on a farm shooting range that changed my life. I was checking the zero of my .375 H&H and, not wanting to expose my (new and expensive) electronic earmuffs to the extremely dusty conditions on the farm, left them at the hunting lodge. Big mistake… I fired two shots from underneath a small, corrugated iron roof covering the shooting bench and immediately noticed some discomfort in my right ear. An hour later, my ear started ringing and later that day, the left one did the same. Of course it was tinnitus, the medical term used to describe the incessant ringing in your ears when your hearing has been damaged. It lasted many months, and believe me, it was very annoying. A visit to an audiologist and then an ear, nose and throat specialist confirmed that I had lost 35% of the hearing in my right ear and a little less in the left one. I received a stern warning from the doctor, a hunter himself, that just another few shots without adequate protection, and I would have to wear permanent hearing aids.

Hearing loss is permanent. Once suffered, no medication, dietary supplements or vitamins can reverse it. It is also progressive – damage builds up over time. They say blindness cuts you off from *things*, but deafness cuts you off from *people*. Give this some thought… From personal experience, I can attest that even my "limited" damage has had a profound effect on my life. If the television is on, I simply cannot hear my wife without looking at her when she speaks. Even then I sometimes struggle to hear her – an annoying situation for both of us, mostly her. It is also equally annoying for friends and family when you constantly ask them to repeat themselves.

INVEST IN THE BEST

Just after this incident, I invested in the best hearing protection I could find at the time – CENS ProFlex, a product from the United Kingdom. Since then, I have been using it with great results for all my shooting – handgun, semi-auto, shotgun and rifle. The product has been on the market since the 1980s and has seen constant development over this period. Essentially, it is a silicon plug moulded to the shape of your outer ear canal that houses an electronic module. The electronic module eliminates all loud noises while enhancing "normal" day-to-day sounds like speech. The latest DX series was introduced in 2019 and features three models: the DX1, DX3 and DX5. More on this later.

ADVANTAGES

The major advantage of this "plug"-type hearing protection is its size, or rather, the lack thereof. As the plugs fit flush with your ear, they do not snag on bushes or tree branches and do not interfere with your stock when mounting your rifle or shotgun. They do not cause sweatiness on the side of your head and can be worn all day without any discomfort. After use, they can be put away in your hunting backpack without taking up any space. In fact, I have looked for my units on several occasions, only to realise they were still in my ears after a full day in the veld! Because your hearing is normal (in my case better) when wearing them, you are always protected. Think of that unexpected shot your buddy fires on the shooting line without warning you beforehand…

All the above models are powered by a single Code 13/PR48 battery. Of course, battery life depends on various factors, but I have gone days in the bush without changing batteries, which only takes a few seconds. The fitting process for the hearing protection is easy. First, an audiologist takes a full concha (the outside, hollow part of your ear) impression/mould. These moulds are then used to manufacture the two silicon plugs housing the electronic units. You then simply insert your chosen electronic model into the silicon plug.

DX1

The DX1 is the entry-level model and has only one mode – ambient sounds are enhanced by choosing one of three ambient sound volume-enhancement settings. The unit has two push buttons; one to turn the unit on and off and the other to choose the enhancement setting. Pushing the top button for a few seconds turns it on, and a single push turns it off. An audible "*too-too-too-too*" indicates that it is switched on. "*Too*" is heard when on level one, enhancement is chosen by pressing the bottom button, "*too-too*" on level two, and of course "*too-too-too*" on level three.

I have found that, even with my level of hearing loss, level-one enhanced ambient sounds well enough when in the bush. I switched to levels two and three on a few occasions when background noise (on the range) became an issue, but level one was mostly sufficient to ensure normal hearing. As an entry-level unit, it is more than adequate for me. I have replaced an old unit that I accidentally broke a few months ago with the new DX1 module.

DX3

The DX3 is the next step up and

The neck loop for use in the Wireless Comms Mode.

The Cens ProFlex module inside the comfortable silicon plug fits inside the concha of the ear. It is comfortable enough to wear all day long.

TOP INSERT: I chose orange silicon plugs when ordering my first pair – they are easy to spot in the grass if accidentally dropped.

features three digitally optimised modes – Game, Clay and Tactical. The unit is switched on with the top button. A lady's voice then gives audible confirmation of the current mode to indicate that the unit is turned on. The DX3 has a toggle switch at the bottom for volume control and switching between the modes. A short upward or downward press of the switch increases or decreases volume, and a long press toggles the unit between the different modes. Game mode is for game shooters – harmful sounds are eliminated, and the unit immediately returns to normal, so bush sounds can be observed. Clay mode is optimised for range use, and Tactical mode is for multiple or repetitive shots (think semi-auto fire). The unit automatically saves your last volume and mode setting, even when the batteries are changed.

DX5

The DX5 "flagship" model features two additional modes to the DX3 – Wireless Comms Mode and Hunter Mode. It also has a wind noise reduction feature, and the electronic modules are available in a gunmetal finish. Operation is the same as for the DX3, except for the two extra modes mentioned above. The Wireless Comms Mode enables you to plug a wireless neck loop into any audio device with a 3,5 mm jack cable. The sound from a cell phone or two-way radio is then submitted to your earplugs, and only you can hear it. This feature can come in handy in tactical situations. Both the DX3 and DX5 are available in CENS' *Metalik* colours. All models have a low-battery warning.

All CENS ProFlex DX models are CE-certified to EN352 standards and carry a standard two-year warranty. The models give noise reduction of 25 dB SNR. A huge variety of colours for both silicon plugs and electronic modules are available. I chose bright orange ones when buying my first pair as they stand out in the grass, should you accidentally drop one like I have done many times before. Because they are so small, it is easy to overlook that they are still in your hunting shirt pocket, so check before tossing your clothes in the wash! Yes, I have done it – twice...

You can choose from a wide variety of accessories. My favourite is the Windshields – soft cups that fit over your ear, designed to reduce wind noise (think of travelling on the back of a bakkie). It also keeps your ears warm. Another handy accessory is a neck loop with a retainer clip that attaches to your shirt or jacket collar. The loop ends have small spirals that are screwed into the silicon plug – a great way of avoiding accidental loss in the bush.

In my opinion, CENS ProFlex hearing protection is the best you can buy if you are serious about preserving your hearing. It just works, period. Over the last ten years or so, I have not pulled off a single shot without them and have suffered no further hearing loss since the incident mentioned in the opening paragraph. I can thus recommend them without hesitation.

The test models were kindly supplied by Tania Swart, a Pretoria-based audiologist and a leading, authorised agent for the product. Contact her on 082-684-1221 or via email at *tania@fitsonic.africa* to order yours. Most audiologists will be able to take an imprint of your ear, so you can have it done anywhere and send your moulds to Tania to manufacture your plugs.

The kits consist of a hard carry case, a smaller, pocket-size hard case for field use, a carabiner, a user guide, various cleaning tools and a tube of gel for easy insertion into the ear.

The following kit prices include consultations, ear impressions, silicon plug moulding and shipping: DX1 – R11 000, DX3 – R14 000, DX5 – R16 000.

CENS DIGITAL

FitSonic now distributing Cens Digital™ customised hearing protection in South Africa.

Tania Swart
(Audiologist)
tania@fitsonic.africa
+27 82 684 1221

MAAK DIT MOEILIK

Wanneer jy voel jag raak te maklik, oorweeg dit om terug te gaan na die ou manier van dinge doen.

Soms wanneer ek ná 'n lang dag in die veld uiteindelik my moderne skietstokke in 'n hoek staangemaak het, my verkyker/afstandtaster opgehang het, my roer met sy taktiese teleskoop en akkurate, handgelaaide ammunisie in die kluis toegesluit het, my GPS, waterbottel en rugsakkie elkeen op sy eie plek gebêre het en seker gemaak het ek het alle ander items uit my broek-, hemp- en baadjiesakke gehaal, gaan sit ek met 'n koue Duitse bruisdrankie in die hand en droom oor 'n eenvoudiger tyd. 'n Tyd toe my jagtoerusting uit 'n gelaaide geweer, 'n mes en miskien 'n waterbottel of lemoen bestaan het. 'n Tyd toe bekruip 'n vereiste en nie 'n alternatiewe opsie was

Hierdie vlakvarksog het voor 'n 7x57 Mauser met 'n ou Weaver K2.5-teleskoop geval. Om die teleskoop op skoot te kry, kos geduld!

BO: My Parker-Hale .375 H&H met ’n Aimpoint Micro-rooikolvisier (bo) en ’n 9.3x62 Mauser met ’n Lynx-rooikolvisier.

REGS: Ek het hierdie jong koedoebul met die Parker-Hale .375 H&H met ’n rooikolvisier platgetrek.

nie. ’n Tyd toe ’n langafstandteleskoop ’n Weaver met 6x vaste vergroting was en *variable power*-teleskope met agterdog bejeën is.

Moet my nie verkeerd verstaan nie – ek gebruik soms laser-afstandtasters, diklooopgewere en teleskope wat ewe geskik vir langafstand-teikenskiet as vir jag is en dié moderne toerusting maak my werk baie makliker. Wanneer ek egter vir myself jag om ’n bok vir my kombuis te skiet of sommer net alleentyd in die veld deur te bring, hou ek daarvan om jag eenvoudiger en ja, ook moeiliker te maak.

’n Boogjagter was ek nog nooit nie, maar ek het enorme respek vir iemand wat met ’n boog bekruipjag. Ek het wel al met ’n tradisionele voorlaaier en oopvisier-rewolwers gejag. Deesdae gebruik ek egter my standaardjaggewere, maar met eenvoudiger visiere.

WEAVER K2.5-TELESKOOP

’n Stokou Weaver K2.5-teleskoop was die vonk wat die vuur van eenvoudiger geweerjag aangesteek het. Ek het ’n moderner, gebruikte laevergroting-teleskoop op ’n Internet-forum gekoop. Die boks waarin dit gekom het, was wel die boks van die teleskoop wat ek bestel het, maar die teleskoop daarin was ’n staalbuis-Weaver K2.5x – stokoud maar oënskynlik ongebruik. Die verkoper het aangebied om my geld terug te gee, maar ek was so beïndruk met die Weaver dat ek besluit het om dit te hou. Daar was ’n tyd dat hierdie 2½x-vergroting-Weavers dié grootwildteleskoop in Afrika en Alaska was.

UIT NA DIE JAGVELD

Maar wat maak mens nou met so ’n verouderde stuk optika? Ek is nie ’n versamelaar nie en daar was dus net een ding om te doen: Monteer die teleskoop op ’n jaggeweer en gaan jag.

Die ou teleskoop het sy plek gekry op ’n Musgrave K98 7x57 wat ek in die laat 80’s gekoop het. Die helderheid van die lense en die wye sigveld van die Weaver het my beïndruk, maar dit was nogal ’n gestoei om die ou teleskoop op skoot te kry. Dit is »

’n Blouwildebeesbul wat met die Parker-Hale .375 H&H gejag is.

Hoe nou gemaak as jou oë en oopvisiere nie meer wil saamwerk nie?

» maklik om te vergeet hoe bederf ons is met moderne teleskope se herhaalbare verstellings. Met die Weaver ingestel, was ek gereed vir die jag.

Dit het nie reg gevoel om sakke vol moderne toerusting saam te dra met dié geweer/teleskoop-kombinasie nie. Ek het die jag met ’n gelaaide geweer, vyf spaarpatrone en ’n mes aangepak – geen verkyker, afstandtaster, GPS, skietstokke of kunsmatige rus nie. In die digte oewerbos langs die Oranjerivier het ek met dié eenvoudige teleskoop en geweer ’n vlakvarksog op 60 tree met ’n skoot uit die vuis platgetrek. Dit het meer werk gekos; ek moes versigtiger bekruip en ’n paar keer diere los wat ek met meer moderne toerusting sou kon skiet, maar dit het gevoel asof ek werklik gejág het.

Die 2.5x Weaver het goed gelyk op die klein Musgrave, maar hoort ’n grootwildteleskoop dan nie op ’n grootwildgeweer nie? Ek het die ou Weaver oorgeskuif na my Parker-Hale .375 H&H, weer deur die instel-oefening geworstel en ’n eland gaan jag. My eerste keuse was natuurlik ’n buffel, maar fiskale realiteit het dit ongelukkig nie toegelaat nie. Dit was relatief maklik om ’n elandtrop op te spoor, maar om binne skietafstand te kom het heelwat tyd en geduld geverg. Ná ’n oggend se harde werk het ek dooierus gevat oor die stam van ’n ou, dooie, omgevalle soetdoringboom en ’n elandkoei op effens meer as 100 tree met ’n hartskoot laat val.

WAT HET JAGTERS GEBRUIK VOOR DAAR TELESKOPE WAS?

As kind het ek met oopvisiere leer skiet – eers met ’n windbuks, later met ’n .22 LR en nóg later met ’n ou BSA .303. Die meeste van my jagondervinding was egter met gewere met teleskope. Daar was ’n paar uitsonderings: ’n bosbok met die 7x57 met oopvisiere en ’n rooibok, vlakvark en jakkals met ’n .54 Thompson Renegade-voorlaaier. My ondervinding met die ou Weaver-teleskoop het my laat wonder of ek nog met oopvisiere kon jag. Ek het twee gewere met oopvisiere en afknip-teleskoopmonterings, naamlik die Parker-Hale .375 H&H en ’n 9.3x62 met ’n sintetiese kolf. Ek het die 9.3x62 se teleskoop afgehaal, ’n oggend lank met oopvisiere op ghongs geoefen en daarna gaan jag. Die digte oewerbos langs die Oranjerivier was weereens my gekose jaggebied.

’n Geweer sonder ’n teleskoop dra en hanteer makliker. Die jag is egter baie uitdagend. ’n Mens moet nader aan die wild kom om seker te maak van perfekte skootplasing en daarby is ’n dier wat in diep skadu staan, amper onmoontlik om te skiet. Tog kon ek daarin slaag om ’n varksog op ±50 m plat te trek met ’n skoot uit die vuis.

HULPMIDDELS VIR BETER SIG

Die probleem met oopvisiere is dat die oog die teiken, korrel én visier moet oplyn. Vir ons manne aan die verkeerde kant van 50 raak dit moeilik. Ek kan nog oopvisiere gebruik wanneer ek ’n skietbril dra, maar dit word ’n groot uitdaging. Hoe nou gemaak as jou oë en oopvisiere nie meer wil saamwerk nie?

Rooikolvisiere (*red-dot sights/reflex sights)* bied, soos oopvisiere, geen vergroting nie. Soos met ’n teleskoop hoef jy egter nie drie voorwerpe tegelyk te probeer oplyn nie. Plaas die kol op die teiken en skiet. Moderne rooikolvisiere is kompak en lig; jou geweer hanteer dus soos ’n geweer met oopvisiere. Soos met oopvisiere moet jy steeds naby aan jou prooi kom, maar dit is baie makliker om jou skoot presies te plaas.

Ek gebruik twee rooikolvisiere: ’n Lynx RDR-1 met ’n 4 MOA-kol en ’n Aimpoint Micro H1 met ’n 2 MOA-kol. Die Aimpoint is permanent op my .375 H&H en die Lynx op my 9.3x62 vir kortafstandjag. Hoewel die Aimpoint my gunsteling is, lewer die Lynx foutvrye diens teen ’n baie billike prys.

Daar het al heelwat wild voor dié twee gewere met rooikolvisiere geval. Ek gebruik die 9.3x62 meestal vir vlakvarke, terwyl die .375 met sy elektroniese visier al koedoes, waterbokke, ’n blouwildebeesbul en ’n gemsbok op sy kerfstok het. ’n Rooikolvisier, veral een met ’n 2 MOA-kol, laat jou toe om langer skote te neem as met oopvisiere. Met die nodige oefening is dit heel moontlik om akkurate 200 m-skote te skiet. Ek probeer egter steeds binne 100 m van wild kom wanneer ek met hierdie soort visiere jag.

Aanvanklik was ek bekommerd oor die elektroniese visiere se batteryleeftyd, want wat maak jy nou as die battery op ’n kritieke tyd pap raak? Die batteryleeftyd van moderne rooikolvisiere is egter letterlik jare. Ek ruil die Aimpoint se battery jaarliks en die een in die Lynx elke ses maande. Ek dra wel ’n spaarbattery saam wanneer ek jag, maar het nog nooit nodig gehad om een in die veld te ruil nie.

Wanneer jy voel jag raak te maklik, oorweeg dit om terug te gaan na die ou manier van dinge doen. Maak jou jag moeiliker. Jy gaan minder vleis huis toe vat, maar jy gaan kwaliteittyd in die veld deurbring.

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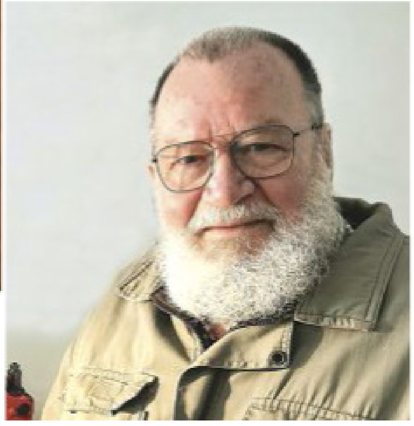

MET/WITH KASSIE KASSELMAN

CASE HEAD SEPARATION ON .375 H&H CASES

Rudi Britz from Pretoria sent in a few photos of his .375 H&H brass, accompanied by the following request:

"Please give advice on case head separation on a .375 H&H. Previously, only after reload number 10 did I start experiencing case head separation. Now, it is starting to occur at reload number 5, using a variety of cases.

I had the rifle's headspacing checked out and it is fine. I have been using the same load for years, so nothing changed there. I anneal after every 3rd reload and full-size my cases. From my observations on the BASA ranges, I noticed I am not the only one with this problem. Or is it something that just happens?

What would be an acceptable average number of reloads a person could expect from a cartridge case?"

Rudi Britz's .375 H&H cases. The case on the left shows complete separation. The case on the right illustrates incipient case head separation and should be discarded.

KASSIE'S RESPONSE

Case separation seldom occurs on new cases or on factory-loaded ammunition when firing the maiden shot. Modern manufacturing processes and material characteristics allow for a certain degree of flexibility, also referred to as ductility of the cartridge case. When the dimensions of a case or factory cartridge do not exactly match those of the rifle in which the cartridge is fired, the case will simply expand and adopt the dimensions forced upon it by the rifle chamber. Rifle manufacturers also manufacture rifle chambers and barrels according to industry specifications and tolerances to enable safe and operational performance per definition, thus allowing efficient functioning of weapon and ammunition interfacing. Consequently, no visible damage or deformations will be observed, and the cartridge case will look perfectly normal and suitable to be reloaded for another shot.

The problem, as described by Rudi Britz, sets in when the fired case is being prepared for reloading. Having said this, no reflection whatsoever is cast on Rudi, for I have not witnessed his procedures nor investigated the specific incidents to find fault and to judge.

Possible causes of case head separation

What follows merely explains the possible causes of case head separation. A .375 H&H uses a belted case, where headspacing is determined on the case belt fitting onto the rear of the chamber. Case separation in a .375 H&H is thus not necessarily caused by incorrect headspacing; it occurs when the distance between the case head and case shoulder is shorter than the distance between the rifle bolt face and the chamber shoulder. A head-to-shoulder gauge is used to measure this distance, as shown in the accompanying photos. A good tutor should teach reloaders that a resized case should be sized to no more than .002" (preferably less) shorter than the dimensions of the rifle chamber. Reloaders should also be taught how to set up a full-length sizer die to do this.

When a shooter uses factory-loaded ammunition, there is nothing he can do to adjust the cartridge dimensions to better fit his rifle chamber. He simply must fire the cartridge and accept the collaterals that may follow. However, once the cartridge has been fired, the spent case provides lots of information about what happened in the chamber. One of the obser-»

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The head-to-shoulder dimension of a new, unfired Lapua 6,5 Creedmoor case.

The head-to-shoulder dimension of the same case after being fired in the Tikka UPR rifle.

» vations to consider is to determine exactly what the rifle chamber dimensions are to enable the correct setting of the sizer die. The chamber dimensions are obtained from the fired case, which is actually a "mould" of the chamber, being shaped under a pressure of between 55,000 and 63,000 psi.

A cartridge case is always manufactured to be slightly shorter than the chamber dimensions of a standard rifle chamber. This ensures efficient functioning in any rifle chambered for that cartridge anywhere in the world. In the photos, I depict the length of a new Lapua case in 6.5 Creedmoor calibre compared to the length of a case fired from a Tikka UPR (Ultimate Precision Rifle). Now, the UPR is meant to be one of the more precision-manufactured factory rifles available, and believe me, it is extremely accurate. Using a head-to-shoulder gauge, the photo shows that a new case measures .004" shorter on the shoulder than after being fired in the Tikka UPR, indicating a stretch of .004" (0.1 mm). This simply means that whatever precautions the handloader takes to prepare the case for the next shot after having fired the first shot, the case damage might have occurred on the first shot, unless the handloader has done preparation on newly acquired brass.

When buying new brass for reloading, I recommend that the handloader thus measure the head-to-shoulder dimension on the new case and compare it to the dimension of any other case that was fired in the rifle to be used. When the new case measures .002" or less shorter than the fired case, the new case can be loaded with an operational load and fired without having to fear dire consequences when using it in reloads later. However, if the head-to-shoulder dimension is more than .002" shorter than that of the fired case, I suggest you do a fire-form shot on the new case to blow out the shoulder. This also explains why brass from factory-loaded ammunition appears less durable than new brass acquired for handload preparation.

The second cause of case head separation is that the full-length sizer die is not set and adjusted according to the rifle chamber dimensions. The die is turned in too deeply into the press opening, forcing the shoulder shorter than required. When such a reloaded cartridge is then chambered, it does so smoothly and slickly. However, when the shot is fired, the pressure inside the case forces the shoulder forward against the chamber shoulder. Stretching occurs 5-15 mm above the case web, displaying a circular ring around the case. In the sectionised cases that Rudi Britz provided, the stretch ring clearly shows, with a visible thinner case wall where the stretch marks occur. **The FL die should be set so that the case shoulder is pushed back .002" maximum from that measured on a fired case. Personally, I prefer between .0005 and .001".**

Other factors may also contribute to case head separation, such as excessive pressure, repeated reloads with die settings that are marginally too deep, material defects, and so forth, but these are negligible if applying proper die settings and case care. Extreme high-pressure levels will first stretch primer pockets, cause stiff bolts, blow up group sizes and show other symptoms. The question of case life cycle has no definite answer since with reloading, there are fundamentals and principles, no black-and-white answers. I used a precision, custom-built benchrest rifle with minimum tolerances and 75 SAKO cases to shoot more than 5 800 shots, yielding an average of 75 shots per case. I retired the cases with the barrel. I know many international shooters that used .308 Win PMP brass for more than 70 shots per case in competitions. I also know of many hunting rifles that produced over 30 shots per case for good results. **If you look after the case properly (not only by shining it), it will look after you.**

TOP: A .500 Jeffery case with a distorted shoulder, but seemingly without case head seperation.
BOTTOM: The same case viewed from the other side with the case wall cut away. Insipient case head separation is apparent by the crack that has already started to form on the inside. Case head separation can happen to all cases and the importance of case inspection prior to reloading cannot be overemphasised.

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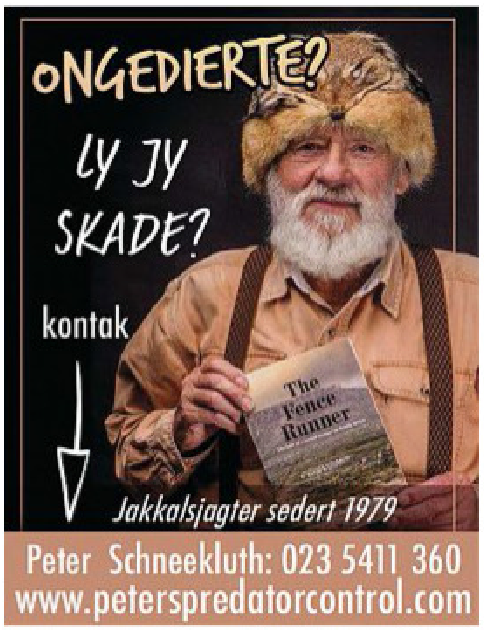

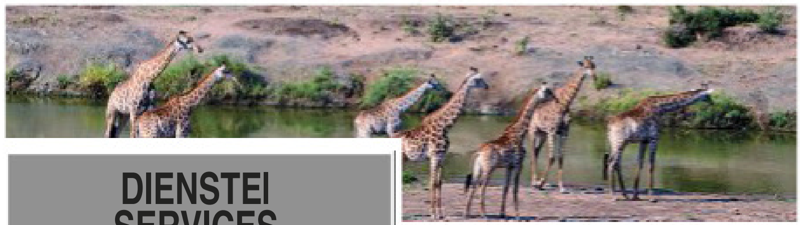

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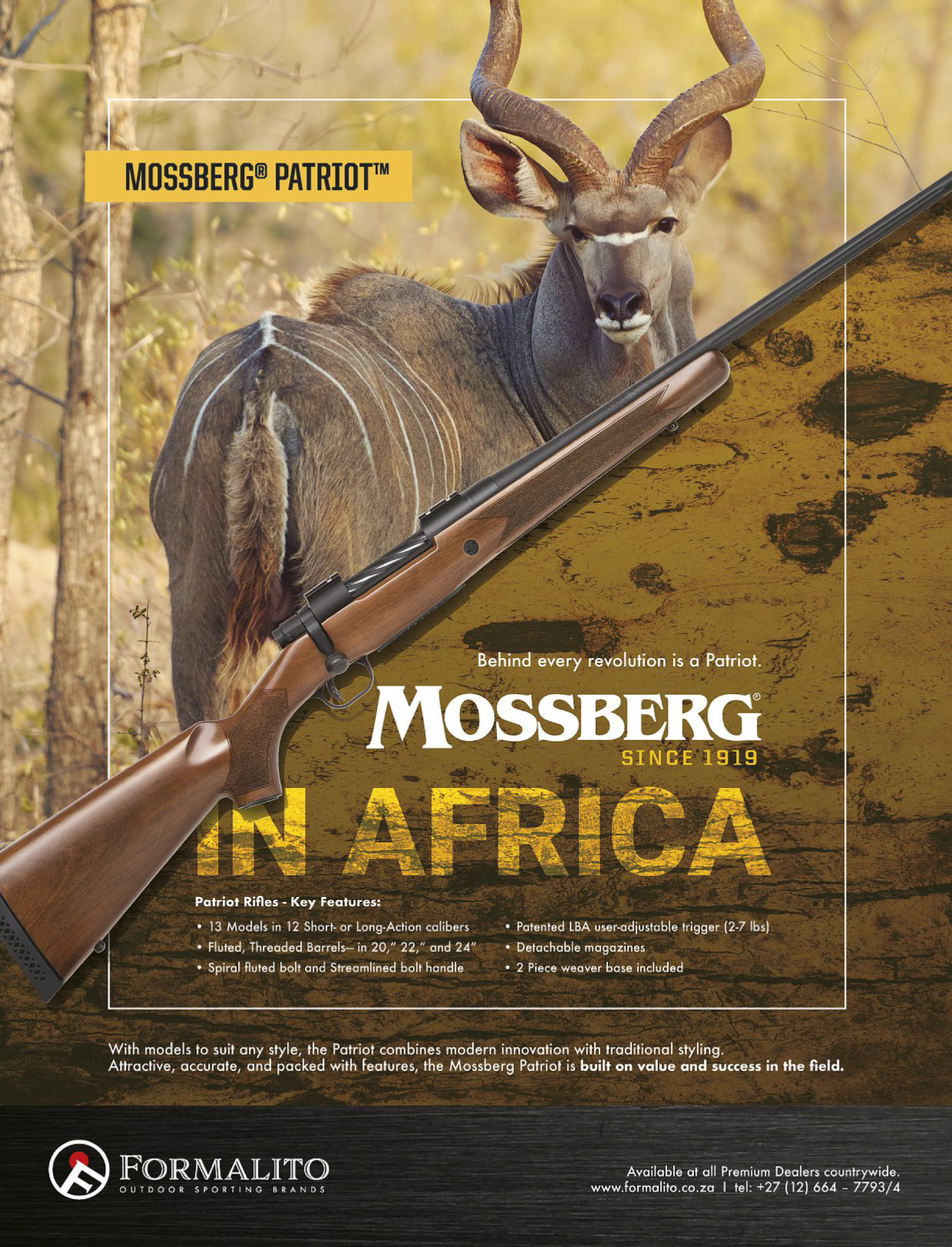

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