

Contents

COVER STORIES

- 8 Bowhunting in the Kalahari – a true gem
- 22 Hidden values of the bow and arrow produce young hunters
- 32 Wingshooting – the do's and don'ts
- 44 CITES decisions on trade in hunting trophies
- 58 Dave Sheer Guns opens branch in Pretoria
- 60 Hunting the trophy Nile crocodile
- 74 Cartridge design for small bores – at sixes and sevens

OTHER FEATURES

- 12 **Lennox's last lion**
- 18 The death of reason
- 40 The ivory dentist
- 54 Sapi safari area hunt, Zimbabwe, 1980s

REGULAR

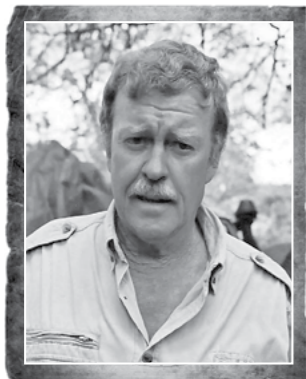
- 6 From the editor
- 16 Custodians of Professional Hunting & Conservation – SA
- 21 True Green Alliance
- 28 Just another day in Africa – shooting a white rhino on trail
- 50 Big-game hunters of yesteryear: Alfred Pease – old hunters, art and the Cape lion
- 82 Hunting in Africa? What you need to know
- 84 Campfire Chronicles – Legends from the veld
- 86 The hunter and society's "conservation ethos" – CITES should be euthanased
- 98 Our advertisers
- 98 Subscription

PROMOTIONAL ARTICLE

- 73 Garmin Xero bow sight

70 HUNTING IMAGES

- **Cover:** ELR 6.5 Creedmoor with a Nightforce ATACR 5-25x56 F1 Mil-R mounted in an Accuracy International mount, and a Summit .300 WM with a Nightforce ATACR 4-16x42 F1 Mil-R mounted in Talley Tactical scope rings. Available from Euro Optic Africa, Stellenbosch, South Africa. Tel: +27 72 513 6723. Euroopticafrica.co.za
- **Cover photograph:** Japie van Reenen, Van Reenen Photography, Cell: 082 575 6219
- **Contents photograph:** Hantie van Heerden
- **Cover design:** Thea Venter



Geoff Wainwright

Lennox's last lion

West Tanzania, where I worked for Wengert Windrose Safaris, was roamed by great herds of buffalo. And where you find buffalo, you find lion. I was looking forward to my next safari. We had hired Zimbabwean professional hunter, the late Ian Lennox, to fill in as the second hunter. Ian and I were long-time friends and had hunted with clients together many times. There was always a friendly rivalry between us as to who got the best trophies. Ian always won.

It was midday when he arrived in camp, with Ian's Land Rover chased by a cloud of tsetse flies. He parked below a shade tree next to my Land Cruiser. The door opened and Ian, his knees up to his elbows, unfolded himself from his vehicle. His tracker was in the passenger seat. Bear-like, he rose to his full height and towered over me. As usual, he was dressed in a khaki shirt and the tightest shorts he could fit into. He took a last puff on his cigarette and flicked the stub away. Then he did two laps round his truck and with relish sprayed the blood-sucking tsetse flies to death. A smile split his wiry beard. We reached out to each other, his banana-like fingers crushing my hand. His tracker-cum-driver, James, acknowledged my presence, cap in hand. "Karibu," he welcomed me in Swahili. Ian barked a few instructions at him and, helped by one of my waiters, they carried his rifle and luggage to his tent.

I ushered Ian over into my thatched dining room with its wide view over the swamp. We sat down on safari chairs. Ian immediately lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply, only to break into a series of spluttered coughs, smoke erupting out of his nose and mouth. He wiped his watering eyes and I waited for him to recover. We exchanged pleasantries while sipping cold Kilimanjaro beers. Then Ian gave me some interesting news. "We had been on the road all night. It was James's turn to drive. After we had checked in at Kafura Game Department, not far from your camp, just after Lake Samasi, we flushed a hell of a good-maned lion out of a patch of grass. James shouted, 'Zimba, Zimba!' and woke me.

He slowed down and I saw the lion trotting in one of the wheel ruts in front of my vehicle. It then sprang to the side, walked a few yards and stopped among the tree trunks."

Ian took a swig of his beer, his eyes alight. "He's mine! I have booked him for my client!" he stated. "We'll toss a coin to see who gets to hunt him," I teased him cheerfully. "This is my camp and my area." "No! No!" he said as he waved a warning finger like a windscreen wiper towards me. "He is mine! I found him!" he repeated and chuckled loudly, his big chest heaving. He shouted and my waiter brought us another round of beers. We partied late into the night.

Early the next morning, we stood by the radio. Our call sign to headquarters in Arusha was a few lines of a whistled tune. Director, Franz Wengert, answered. His faraway voice sounded tinny with the occasional break-up because of the static. He notified us that our client's arrival had been delayed, as their guns and luggage got lost in transit from the USA. We were to catch up on paperwork and stay close to camp.

Swai, my driver-cum-skinner, placed our rifles in the gun racks of my Land Cruiser. He clambered into the back with game scout David, while Ian slid into the passenger seat, beer in hand. "No smoking in my truck," I insisted. "You stink like a tobacco barn!" Ian cursed me and we both laughed. We drove onto the floodplain, into the tree line and then onto my airstrip. At the far end the ground angled down to the Moyowosi River and we stopped at a spot with a good view over the water.

Swai and David jumped down, hauled a crate of beers off the back, carried it down to the water and placed it in the shallows. We happily took off our boots. Ian and I heckled one another. "Whoever catches the first fish

– not a bloody barbel – gets to hunt your Lake Samasi lion," I said. "Deal!" he agreed, a cigarette moving around between his lips. He muttered a few unkind words at me. Armed with our fishing rods and a cold beer in hand, we watched the pod of resident hippo snort and cavort. We waded in, spaced ourselves and got down to the serious business of fishing. Our rods whipped back and forth as we cast our lures among the hippo, then took up the slack. It was peaceful and quiet, the silence broken occasionally by the call of a fish eagle.

Suddenly Ian shouted, "I'm in!" His beer bottle was tucked in his pocket, his rod arched and the end tugged violently. He reeled furiously as he fought his fish, and landed the first barbel. Within minutes I did the same and threw it high up onto the bank. Swai and David suddenly hurried out from behind an anthill on the water's edge. Eyes wide with fear, they shouted, "Kiboko! Kiboko!" (Hippo!). Ian heard the commotion and waded casually to shore. He reached the Cruiser, collected our rifles and joined us. Mine was a Krieghoff double in .470 and his a .458 Winchester.

David and Swai cautioned us to walk to one side of the anthill and back off a few yards. "Whapi kiboko?" (Where is the hippo?) we asked. "Hiding inside, behind the palm fronds!" they chorused nervously. They threw clods of black cotton soil to get the hippo to move. We held our rifles at the ready, expecting it to charge out, but nothing happened. We could hear our clods tumbling down between the fronds. Some splashed into the water inside. Then we heard an eerie "scraping" noise.



Left to right: Ian Lennox, his client, and the author posing with the lion

FROM BOOTS AND HATS TO BELTS,
BE READY FOR THE OUTDOORS...

GO ROGUE

THE ORIGINAL
ROGUE
outdoor gear
Since 1974

Proudly made in South Africa
www.rogue.co.za

Swai brought up my Land Cruiser. With Ian and me on the back, he drove slowly forward. Using the bullbars, he pushed the palms aside to reveal a dark cavern. It took a while for our eyes to get accustomed to the poor light. In the dark patchwork of shadow was a massive old hippo bull lying on its side, propped up by the anthill. Its sides, back and neck were deeply scarred by territorial fights with younger bulls. I approached cautiously and prodded his eye with the end of my barrel. It winked ever so slowly. Then suddenly it gave a deep sigh. We retreated, rifles aimed, ready for a brain shot. As we watched, bloody foam bubbled from its nose and its life ebbed away.

We asked David if we must recover the meat for the government. He shook his head. "Only the skull. We are all Muslims. When we eat animals, they must be *chingaed* – their throats cut according to our religious beliefs," he explained solemnly. Swai was sent to camp with my vehicle.

We continued to fish and Ian hooked a tigerfish. As it leapt out of the water, he shouted to me, "The Lake Samasi lion is mine!" Then, addressing his catch, he said, "Thank you my beauty," held it up and kissed it. Soon his Land Rover arrived with his hunting crew. With a sense of urgency, he took charge. The men worked hard. They butchered the carcass and loaded it with the hippo's hindquarters. It was almost mid-afternoon. With no time to lose, they all drove away.

They offloaded the hindquarters and chained it to a tree. Then they left and later reached camp at nightfall. We dined on fresh fish in the soft glow of hurricane lamps.

Later, sated, we relaxed around the campfire with mugs of coffee. Suddenly a single moan-like roar of a lion came from the direction of the hippo pool. "Naw, don't get your hopes up too high. It's on the opposite side of the Moyowosi River," Ian said in a low, smug tone. Then the swamp stilled, our ears only filled with the noise of zillions of crickets.

That night, as I slept, as if in a bad dream, I was woken up abruptly by hyenas that laughed and lions that roared and fought near the airstrip. I smiled. The next morning, with the radio crackling in the background, my waiter said shyly as he served us breakfast, "Mr Ian, did you hear the lions?" Ian looked up from his food and fixed me with a stare. "Not a sound!" Then, in broken English, the waiter said, "They were too much fighting to eating the hippo you peoples find."

"Now we both stand a good chance," I said to Ian. "You have a lion at Lake Samasi and I at the end of the airstrip!"

A whistle tune beckoned us to the radio and I talked with Headquarters. Our clients would arrive the next day. We fired up my Land Cruiser and left camp; David, James and Swai holding on to the pipework. After 20 minutes of quiet driving, we stopped on the airstrip. Rifles slung over our backs, we made our way into the tree line where the grass was wet with dew. We stopped where the ground fell steeply away, with a 400-yard view over the hippo pool. Glasses raised, we spotted two magnificent male lions. They lay on their sides, basking in the morning sun next to the anthill, their bellies bloated with hippo meat.

We quietly drove away and left them in peace. Later we stopped on a bend in the river. Swai placed our crate of beers in the water. A cold one in hand, we stood in the shallows and fished. "Whoever lands the first tigerfish, takes his client first to shoot one of those two lions!" Ian said. "Ok!" I shouted at him with mocking confidence. Barely had the words left my lips when I hooked and landed a tigerfish. Lady Diana, the goddess of hunting, had smiled down on me. I looked towards the heavens and praised her. Fed up with catching barbel, we returned to camp before midday. Over the radio, I carefully laid out my plan with Bill Allen, our skilled bush pilot. That night the lions roared in competition with each other.

The next day, in the half-light of late afternoon, Bill at the controls circled high over my airstrip. He then flew precariously low over the miombo and landed the plane halfway down the runway. The cabin door opened and Mike, one of the brothers, quivering with excitement, had his rifle ready. His disappointed brother trailed behind. He greeted Ian and said, "Boy, I'm so pleased to have booked you as my hunter! We spotted a lion from the air, tossed a coin and I won!" Ian's eyes lit up with mischief. By law he had to wait two days before hunting any game spotted from the air. On the third morning, the lion could still be heard from camp while feeding on the remains of the hippo carcass. With high hopes, Ian's hunting party left us at the breakfast table. They drove to the runway end and stalked through the bush. Soon after, we heard a shot. We never did get the Lake Samasi lion or any other. Ian the bugger had won again!

Andrew Tonkin



Items for sale:

- ◆ Rigby, London Best 416, SSB, Cased with accessories
- ◆ Rigby, Highland Stalker 275
- ◆ Rigby, Pair Vintage Side Lever Rising Bite Sidelock Ejector Shotguns, Cased

Other Makers:

- ◆ Holland & Holland, Royal 12B Sidelock Ejector Shotgun, Cased with accessories
- ◆ Army & Navy, 450/400 Nitro, Boxlock Ejector, Fully Engraved
- ◆ Custom B Laubscher & Associates 250/3000, on original Kurtz action, cased



RIGBY



Authorised Rigby dealer for South Africa
Stockist of new and vintage guns and rifles,
including Rigby Big Game and London Best models
Telephone: +27 82 881 6194 Email: rigbysa@iafrica.com