


in vastly different terrains... It all makes for a hugely interesting career. And I think that having Africa as our office puts our career at the top of the list!

Your tightest tight spot involving a client?

 Most PHs that have been hunting for a long time have been in tight spots involving a client, be it in the hunting field or in a social setting. I am no exception; I have been accidentally shot by a client and severely mauled by a client's wounded bushpig. Yet the tightest spot occurred one lunchtime at our home.

The client and I had come home early from hunting red duiker, where he had missed a good ram at 20 yards with a shotgun. At the lunch table, he went into a lengthy monologue explaining to his wife, my wife Robyn, five of our seven kids and myself, why he had missed the shot. We all commiserated with him and then went back to eating lunch and discussing other topics.


About ten minutes after the client's long saga our youngest son Caleb, who is a Down's Syndrome boy, put down his knife and fork and said, "Excuse me, mister client."

"Yes, my boy," answered the client, leaning forward eagerly.

"Actually, you just shoot like sh.t," blurted out Caleb.

There was a stunned silence for all of 30 seconds, then the client's wife burst into wails of laughter, followed by the client himself and the rest of us. Once the guffaws had subsided, the client clapped his hands together and said "Actually Caleb, you're right!"

Tell us about interesting or unusual animal/bird behaviour you've witnessed?

 I was recently hunting kudu with a client when he took a shot at the best bull out of a group of three good bulls. The group took off as one, to our left, into thick bush. We went to the spot where the bull that was shot had been standing and started the process of following the tracks.


After about 100 yards, the tracks of one of the other bulls pulled up along the right hand side of the tracks of the wounded and badly bleeding bull. Not another 30 yards down the bloodtrail, the third bull pulled up on the left hand side of the now staggering bull. From the tracks, it appeared as if the two companions had been trying to support the wounded bull between

themselves.


At this point, the tracks headed out into more open terrain, and it was here that we spotted the trio heading away from us. The stricken bull was beginning to sag between his two companions that were determinedly trying to keep him up on his wobbly feet.

Then, he slowly subsided to the ground nose first. The bull on his right gently pawed at him as if to encourage him to stand up. When the two companion bulls became aware of our presence, they tried even more frantically to get the dead bull to rise. They then took off, leaving us with the client's trophy.


What is your favourite working rifle?

 I have three rifles that I am very fond of. The first is a Mod. 1950 Mannlicher Schoenauer in 9.3 x 62 that I got from my dad, the second is a 1957 F.N. .458 that I got from my wife's uncle. My favourite rifle however, is a .303 British built on the classic English lines. This very accurate little rifle has served me well in a multitude of situations.


If you were to be given a free hunt anywhere in the world, what and where would you choose to hunt, and why?

 This would without a doubt be a hunt for a cunning cattle-killing jaguar in the Pantanal (the largest wetland of any kind in the world) of the Mato Grosso do Sul state in Brazil. The hunt would be done with hounds and on horseback, thus combining three of my passions; hunting, hounds and horses.

Your message to those in power who control hunting?

 To only make policy decisions that are based on solid scientific truths and by listening to the people that are really out there, and not on statements made by politicians who are trying to bolster a waning political career!

Your favourite campfire joke?

 I have heard a tremendous number of really good jokes over the years. However, every time I get home and want to relate one to my wife or friends, I can never remember the joke, let alone the punch line! It's no joke. My family say it must be the grey that's infiltrating my hair at a fairly good pace.