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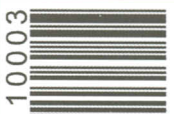
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## Where to hunt

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# The ostrich

**Frank Berbuir went on a hunting trip to Namibia and shot, among other trophies, an ostrich.**

**I**t is November again – cold, grey and rainy in my home country, and the desire for Africa is tearing me.

So I found myself back again on a plane to Namibia for the second time in 2007, together with Juergen from Wildlife Marketing ([www.wildlife-marketing.de](http://www.wildlife-marketing.de)). Juergen is an experienced Africa hunter and a buddy of mine.

Again we hunted in the south of Namibia, not far from Maltahöhe, on a 27 000-hectare (approx. 67 000 acres) farm called Urusis. This huge farm is owned and operated by Ernst and Sonita Erny, two very nice and lovely people.

During the 260-kilometre drive from Windhoek airport south to the farm I enjoyed the diversified landscape and settled into being back in Africa again.

As always in Namibia, we had a hearty welcome and enjoyed relaxing and chatting on the patio after our arrival.

This time I was going after blue wildebeest, ostrich, warthog and steenbuck. Due to the rough territory and open veld stalking was not an option, so we decided to hunt from a stone blind where Ernst had seen “gnu” tracks the day before.

The afternoon/evening hunt started at 4 pm, when we headed to the blind and regrettably spooked a very good old warthog – damn! But I was to meet him again. It was pretty warm this afternoon, with approximately 40°C (104°F) and only a moderate breeze, and we were happy when we reached the shade of the blind. Unfortunately this afternoon and evening nothing happened except bird watching, when francolins, pigeons and crimson-breasted gonoleks (*rotbauchwürger/Lanarius atrococcineus*) appeared. After sunset we went back the one kilometre to the Land Cruiser, looking forward to a cold Windhoek Lager and some excellent eland steaks.

The next morning saw me out of my bed at 4:30 am, and after a quick coffee and two cookies we were out on the Land Cruiser and heading back to the blind. It was still dark and cold when we sat down in the hide and waited curiously to see what the day would bring. When the first sunlight gleamed over the hills to brighten up the landscape in new splendour, with the birds starting their matutinal singing and the jackals howling not far away, we felt fully compensated for the early waking.

At approximately 7:00 two young gemsbucks strolled to the water for a sip. They felt unobserved and comfortable and I could record some nice video sequences before they left.

At about 7:30 am a young springbuck ram sneaked off from the steppe. He checked out the scenery from roughly 60 metres away before he also came to the water for a drink. So I again took my video cam for some recordings and zoomed in on the face of the buck. Then I saw a shadow on the face of the springbuck and he jumped back, because all of a sudden five ostriches stood near the waterhole. One of the big birds stood close to the young ram, chasing him off from the water. Unbelievable – we did not hear or see them coming. The springbuck walked off and I gave the camera slowly to my PH, Christian, to carry on with the filming.

Holy cow. There he was, the cock ostrich, at 25 metres’ distance. My blood pressure nearly went through the roof. In slow motion I put my hand around the Gripswerks Birdseye maple grip of my Bowtech Tribute, where the Carbon Express Maxima Hunter arrow with the G5 Tekan II broadhead was nocked in.

The ostrich’s head was going up and down as he drank, while the four others were waiting five to ten metres behind him. If I wanted to shoot, I had to do it immediately. So I drew my 71-pound bow and settled the sight pin on his chest, directly under his throat. At the right moment, when his head was in the topmost position, I released my arrow. It flew straight into his chest with a bone-cracking noise, right at the point I had aimed at. He flapped his wings and tottered to the right. After 15 metres he fell down, expiring within seconds. The four others left when they saw him falling down.

***The arrow flew straight into his chest with a bone-cracking noise, right at the point I had aimed at***

Ten minutes later we went out of the blind to the bird and saw that the arrow had fully penetrated the chest and vitals and had stuck in the hamstring muscle of the right thigh. Amazing what a bow and arrow can do.

Besides the ostrich, I also managed to harvest the old warthog I mentioned previously. Furthermore, during this trip I shot two “kitchen” springbucks, one with the Bowtech Tribute and the other with the Liberty I. All animals were shot with the 125-grain G5 Tekan II mechanical broadhead – excellent performance. I shot a second good warthog, as well as another young springbuck for the kitchen with the rifle.

Once again the “Virus Africanus” had brought me back to the dark continent and had given me a wonderful time.