



BY DR. DEBORAH PRICE

Hunting Lessons

There is a light knock on the door. I open it to find a soft-spoken, diminutive woman offering me a beautiful tray with coffee, cream, honey, cookies and a lovely small floral arrangement. In perfect English, she informs me breakfast will be served in 30 minutes. It is dark outside. Is it 5:30 a.m. already? These are the thoughts running through my head that first brisk morning we awoke at the Lake Lodge. Jofie and Monica Lamprecht of Hunters Namibia Safaris have a beautifully appointed, intimate lodge situated on a large lake 14 miles from the entrance to the family's 80-square-mile estate.



Photos by Jofie Lamprecht



Dr. Deborah Price and son Jeff are enchanted by the firelight and the moonlight of the Lake Lodge at Hunters Namibia Safaris.

HUNTING LESSONS

I guess it is time to put on our hunting clothes and see what is being called “breakfast.” My previous African hunting experience would lead me to believe fruit, toast and maybe cereal was the meal. Not so here. We were provided an assortment fit for a king. The bounty included a tray with two kinds of cold meats, another with five cheese choices, a cereal bar with not only two choices of granola/muesli but pecans, cashews, dried bananas, raisins, cranberries and coconut as complements. Did I mention, the chef also asked what we would like from the kitchen? Pancakes, waffles, eggs any way, bacon, ham – you name it, we could order it.



Proud mom and observer on this trip.

When you're hunting hard, you need the carbs for energy and the protein to sustain your strength. Jofie told us to fuel our bodies because we were going to do some serious hunting over the next 10 days.

Our safari to Namibia was obtained at the DSC 2009 Silent Auction. I invited my son Jeff to go as the hunter and I would be the observer. Jeff had done a little hunting in the past with his buddies doing the “guy thing” without any real concept for what it is really all about. He was aware of game management as it relates to whitetails in Texas or prairie dogs in Wyoming. Jofie was going to teach him what we, as hunting conservationists, believe and practice in hunting animals.

Upon arrival, Jofie met with us to discuss our wish list of animals and Jeff's shooting experience. He explained how we would spot and stalk by driving around looking and glassing for animals. Numerous waterholes were strategically positioned throughout the property, which were approached stealthily on foot. High areas were excellent

for viewing large area; however, the brush was so dense it was often very difficult to see the animals.

We began our day at a make-shift rifle range. Several adjustments were made to the scope. Jofie practiced with Jeff using the shooting sticks. We headed for the hills to see if we could find any of the animals on his wish list.



Jeff with his Hartmann's zebra mare.

Jofie spotted a herd of Hartmann's zebras about a mile away. We walked to where they had been seen and started following their tracks. After the better part of three hours, we ceased tracking, having never caught up to the herd. Jeff was learning about hunting.

We returned to the Lake Lodge for a big hot lunch. On this first day, Jeff was going to learn much, much more. Our afternoon adventure began when we spotted some blue wildebeest and off we went after them. Although we had seen others, Jofie saw one in this group that was outstanding. Jeff was positioned on sticks using Jofie's .300 Winchester Magnum with



Downing this massive red hartebeest took precedence over shooting meat for camp.

a 1909 original Mauser action. He squeezed the trigger, hit the animal but it kept going. We had heard wildebeest were tough but this animal set the bar. We went after him. As we would get close, he would run a little further and stop. This continued for about three miles. Jeff finally finished the job. We were all exhausted, elated and thankful to finally have this animal down. I knew Jeff was disappointed in his shooting but Jofie had a solution. Jeff's first African animal was not only a beautiful trophy but also a good story.



The game come very close to the lodge to get to the lake for water.

We returned to the Lodge for sundowners by the fire, another fabulous meal of wildebeest tenderloin, a hot shower and bed. Our first day on safari had been fantastic and we were going to get to do it all over again. When dawn arrived, Jofie suggested we find an animal to shoot for camp meat to allow Jeff an opportunity to practice. With this decided, however, the first animal we saw was



A single shot downed this eland and restored the hunter's confidence. Monica (center) joins Jofie (right) and Jeff (left).

an outstanding red hartebeest, the first animal on Jeff's wish list. Shooting camp meat was not going to happen.

We hunted that herd of red hartebeest and when the opportunity came, Jeff missed. We would find that herd later in the day and take an outstanding trophy. But lessons were going to be learned first. I think many hunters learn these lessons on their FIRST safari. By now, Jeff had lost all confidence in his shooting ability. We returned to the Lodge for lunch. The Lodge is located at a lake that always has animals watering. Jofie saw a herd of eland with one incredible male and asked Jeff if eland was on his list. Jeff said, "everything is on my list now" and that was all he needed to hear. They grabbed



A good-looking hunter and his good-looking warthog.

rifles and started the two-mile trek to where the eland were grazing. Other grazing animals spotted them as they crept by and would sound the alarm. They got in position – the eland moved off. The scenario happened



Jeff with a blue wildebeest.

HUNTING LESSONS

several times until Jofie threw the sticks up, Jeff positioned the rifle and fired, all in one fell swoop. The eland dropped and did not get up. Success was finally achieved. His

confidence was restored. He was now ready to do some hunting and that he did.

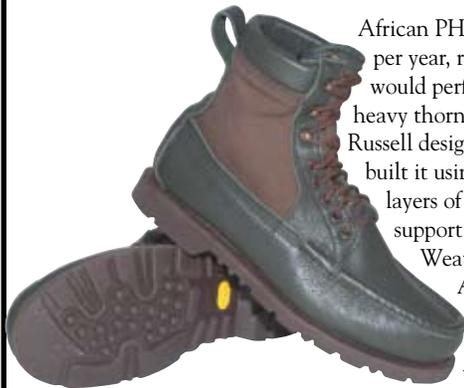
The next eight days were filled from sunup to sundown with spotting and stalking black wildebeest, red hartebeest, oryx, and warthog all

with successful single shots. Two days were spent hunting kudu. Lots of cows and less mature males (less than 50 inches) were seen but none Jofie judged as shooters. The two we did stalk were so far away that by the time we reached the sighting area they had disappeared. Jeff learned all about the grey ghost.

The morning of our departure Jeff had still not taken the one animal strictly found in Namibia, the Hartmann's zebra. We had dedicated many hours to tracking, crawling, "hovering" to get an opportunity to shoot one, all to no avail. Jofie suggested the two of them go out before dawn to reach the high viewing area where we had seen them on previous mornings. As the sun rose, a small herd was spotted about a half a mile down the mountain. The stalk began at a brisk pace. The wind was in their face. The oryx, wildebeests and impalas had chosen to begin the day at a different location so a premature alarm would not sound. They had a good chance for success if they could catch up with the herd. Jeff had come a long way in sneaking up on animals and would need every bit of his skill to get close to this herd. As they approached a huge thicket, Jofie encouraged Jeff to quietly crawl around the left side and there stood an old mare not 40 yards from them with her head down grazing. Jeff dropped to his knee and fired. The mare ran about 20 feet and dropped. Jeff had his zebra and had completed an outstanding safari.

Until we actually go on safari in Africa, we really don't know how difficult the animals are to find, track and harvest. We see pictures of lots of animals running in the open plains. Being there is different. All that space with herds of animals freely wandering is a sight to cherish. Harvesting only animals beyond their prime is truly what hunting conservation is all about. I am so glad I got to enjoy the growth and excitement my son experienced on his first safari. *GT*

Russell Thornbush "PH"...inspired by Paul Stones.



African PH, Paul Stones, who walks more than 1,200 miles per year, requested that we make him a tough boot that would perform in and stand up to the abrasive effects of the heavy thornbush in which he hunts. At Paul's suggestion Russell designed a boot without an outside molded sole and built it using true double vamp construction, (meaning two layers of leather wrap completely around the foot for added support). The new boot was made in green waterproofed WeatherTuff® leather with brown cotton duck uppers.

A Poron slipssole...a technical foam layer that does not compress, was built in between the layers of leather on the bottom of the boot for added walking comfort. Pull straps were added in back to assist pulling the boot on...brass lacing studs in the

top three eyelets were included for quick lacing plus a padded cushion collar was added at the top. The sole is a tough but quiet Vibram® Air Bob sole with an aggressive tread pattern. All seams on the bottom of the boot are sealed with Water-Loc tape for added water resistance.

"The new Thornbush PH boot you made for me is without a doubt the most perfect PH boot I have worn. Since my first pair years ago they have just gotten better and better."

PH Paul Stones



285 S. W. Franklin, PO Box 309
Berlin, WI 54923 • 920-361-2252

www.russellmoccasin.com

Protect *Your Hearing*

BY JOFIE LAMPRECHT, PH

I decided early in my professional hunting career to look after my hearing. That decision has saved my hide several times – from leopard charges, a spotted hyena sticking his nose inquisitively into a leopard blind, buffalo that were less than pleased, and charging black rhino, to name a few. Like the animals we prey upon, when hunting you are using all your senses in a heightened state. Sight, hearing and smell aid a PH in sensing the wind direction and listening for your prey when you are close. There is nothing like a final approach, stalking quietly, and being able to smell and hear wild creatures in their element, without them knowing you are there. You can hear the grass part as they move, as well as hear them breathe.

I used to wear molded ear plugs, but have recently upgraded to “electronic ears.” Dr. Deborah Price, owner of Hearing Professional Center in Dallas, built me a pair of these electronic ears. They have really saved my hearing, my hide and enhanced my hunting efficiency. I am able to hear everything within a 50-yard range while hunting, give and hear questions in the adrenaline filled moments before my hunters take a crucial shot, and have my hands free to assist the shooter or watch the targeted animal through my binoculars.

Earlier in my professional dangerous game hunting career, I would go without ear-plugs due to the danger of blocking one of your senses in potentially life threatening situations. My hearing would be numbed with the concussion of big caliber rifles for several days after a successful hunt.

I have worn my “electronic ears” for a total of 360 days of plains and dangerous game hunting over two seasons. I was surprised by the battery life, often lasting more than 14 days with one set of these tiny batteries – all through rain and shine, dust and dirty, blood, sweat and tears. How they cut even the biggest bore rifle's discharge down to nothing, and being able to hear the impact has impressed me time and again. They made it through it all.

Photo by Joshua Spies

Jofie with his electronic ears.

