



**Newsletter April 2006**

# TROPHYTAKERS NEWSLETTER April 2006

## Items in this Newsletter

- Game Claim Report
- Measurer's Course Update
- TT Website
- Pigs Pad
- NSW Game Council Facts
- Computer Central
- Story From The Past
- Better Luck Next Time
- One with the Lot Thanks!
- Billy Goats!
- Product Review- Trykon
- Gadget of the month
- Newsletter Contributions
- TT Merchandise

### Game Claim Report

Well, the start of 2006 has been rather quiet on the game claim front with only a handful of trophies entering the TT records. In late 2005, Dale Furze from Albury managed to shoot himself his first Sambar Stag, a heavy antlered trophy 28 inches on its longest antler. One shot at 20 metres from his Darton compound put the animal down and the smile in the photo tells a thousand words – he was a happy hunter. This deer



Dale's Awesome Sambar



scored 154 6/8 DP which puts it at number 2 on the Trophy Takers records behind Damain Zeinert's stag scoring 169 4/8 DP.



Dale Furze's 154 6/8 Sambar

Our newest member at the time of writing is Simon Steele from Mackay. He joined with a great boar, shot in June of 2004. This brute of a pig measured 30 4/8 DP and is the 26<sup>th</sup> biggest boar on the TT books. A warm welcome to Simon.





Simon Steele 30 4/8 Boar

### Measurers Course update

Due to a lack of response in regard to the running of measurer's courses for Trophy Takers members, no firm dates or numbers of participants have been established for any courses. Once again if any members are keen to become accredited measurers of trophies with Trophy Takers they can get in contact with Jarrod Vyner in Wadonga on 0438695410.

### Trophy Takers Website

At the last gathering in Albury there was significant support of the reinstatement of a website for Trophy Takers. Since then, the board of directors have been researching possible website providers, prices and designs for the new website. This will continue and hopefully we will see a fully functional website in the near future. We'll keep you posted!!

### PIGS PAD

We all love the newsletter, the stories, photos, ratings and the news. What a great way to catch up. So why is it so hard to get

people to contribute? It doesn't take that long to write up half a page of gibberish, some would say I've been doing it for years! I always here people say 'but I can't write! Who gives a stuff just say what you want to say and how you want to say it. I remember the late Ken Reichel used to write his stories just like he used to tell them. They had a charm that was all Kenny. In a way that is part of the legacy he has left us, timeless stuff. If scrawling a few chicken scratchings is still daunting then send the boys a photo, which in a way is a story in itself. Scanning and sending a photo ain't that hard, or if you're still in the Stone Age Australia Post does still exist. I would especially like to encourage our younger members to contribute in some way but all Trophy Taker members need to get behind their newsletter. Sounds odd to say now but the last newsletter was a ripper, well done Pete.

The bigger they are the harder they fall. Well so the saying goes but that may not be the case in bowhunting. The last few weeks I have spent chasing fallow on one of NSW's premier deer properties. Plenty of deer, plenty of sightings and plenty of close encounters but at the time of writing still no hunter's happy snap. Chances on immature bucks have come and been let pass as I am determined to hold out for something that I will be happy with. Don't get me wrong I'm not after a world record but I know better bucks are in there so hopefully patience is the key. I don't care if he's missing a tine, is bit shorter on one side or has the dreaded cleft, as long as he is mature and worthy in my eyes. Also had the pleasure of taking a couple of new comers to bowhunting with me, keen as mustard on every buck they see,

makes me think how the trophy is in the eye of the beholder and maybe that's the way it should be.

In a few weeks I am off on the annual Southwell hike hunt into the mountains of the Great Divide. Having perused the video and pic's over the last few years I am certainly in no doubt as to the quality of the spot. I hope I can keep up with the buggers because I know they leave no stone unturned when chasing critters in such great country. If I return I shall give you all an update in the next newsletter, no doubt the boys will pen something on the highlights of the hunt I on the other might dwell on the pain I endured!

At the time of writing the rut is in full swing so good luck to all, look forward to the pic's and words in the next newsletter.

**Chris Hervert.**

### **Trophy Takers and the NSW Game Council**

Most of you would be aware of the development of the NSW Game Council. I have included some details on the situation, as some of our members may not be as informed as others. We need to keep in mind the following:

**“Under the Game and Feral Animal Control Act 2002, deer now have ‘game’ status in NSW and hunters now require a license to hunt deer on private land, with permission from the land owner.”**

**It is now illegal to hunt the seven species of wild deer in NSW without a NSW Game Hunting License.**

**“Four of the seven species of deer in NSW can only be hunted at certain times of the year, while bag limits have been introduced for hog deer.”**

[www.gamecouncil.nsw.gov.au](http://www.gamecouncil.nsw.gov.au)

There are positives with this development as it will make it more difficult for Government agencies to cull deer and a regulated system may improve numbers, access and quality of Game. (Time will tell of course)

Most will be pleased to here **“No test is required for applicants to obtain a [G-Licence](#)”**. So we push that member's of Trophy Takers that intend to hunt deer this rut and beyond send off for their G License if they have not already done so. I have recently done this and the turn around time was less than ten days and I live in Bourke. License applications can be found at:

<http://www.gamecouncil.nsw.gov.au>

Another positive is all NSW Standard Game Hunting License (General) **holders are insured for \$10-million public liability cover while hunting under the terms and conditions of the license.** There is certainly some immediate return for complying on this front.

At the Trophy Takers meeting in 2005 in Albury one of the issues discussed was at what level Trophy Takers would be involved with the NSW Game Council. It was decided that it would be advantages for our members to have Trophy Takers recognised by the game council as a Game Council Approved Hunting Organization (AHO). In line with this our application has been submitted to the Game Council to gain AHO status. This has only

recently begun and it is assumed it will take some time.

We feel the effort to become an approved Hunting Organization will benefit our members by

1) providing an avenue for members to do there R-License training and testing with people they already know rather than joining another organization they have no strong affiliation with (SSAA for example). It will save our members paying membership fees with another organization just to gain the restricted license.

2) It can provide a source of revenue for Trophy Takers since

***“We will pay a 10% commission for each successful license application” to the AHO that that are trained and tested with”***

3) Approved Hunting Organizations” who are authorised to offer their members training and accreditation for the R-License which is the license category required to apply to hunt in crown land. Providing this would surely facilitate our members to take up this opportunity!

I will say again to save confusion that Trophy Takers effort to become an AHO is in its early stages, we will keep you informed as to our progress.

Further information: phone Game Council NSW on (02) 6360 5100 or email:

[info@gamecouncil.nsw.gov.au](mailto:info@gamecouncil.nsw.gov.au)

**James Warne.**

## Computer Central

A reminder to all members for all game ratings and membership renewals please contact:

**Trophy Takers  
LPO BOX 5129  
University of Canberra  
Bruce ACT 2617**

**Mark Southwell.**

## Story Form The Past

RED BULL DUST AND WHITE POWDER

**By The Late Ken Reichel**

On the 26th to the 30th of November 1990 Michael and Kate Hogno, Adam and myself set off on a hunting trip, over the Queensland border well out the back o beyond. We left home at tam in the morning and arrived at our destination very late that evening. After the usual Greetings and welcomes from the property owner, we set off down to the river to set up camp and to have a meal and a little shut eye, ready for a big days hunt the following day.

This property alone has about 40,000 acres on it, and the family have four other places in the area some are just as big, so heck knows what acreage there is all up. The country is typical of the far outback, dead flat full of the usual low growing dense scrub of many different types plus of course the red bull dust and white salt type flats.

Early the next morning we set off in pursuit of our main quarry goats, which were miles away on the south western end of the property. On the way out not far from camp we spotted a mob of pigs on a



contour bank. We split up, Kate and Michael went around behind the bank, Adam and I along a tree line in the long dead grass. We walked a long way but could not locate the swine's anywhere, all the big pigs seemed to just disappear into space. About 400 metres up ahead we spotted 4 little black ones running flat out up the track so Boog and I set sail after them, when we caught up to them I took a running shot at the leader and connected it, another 200 metre chase I collected another one and Adam pulled off a very good shot to get a one shot kill, the fourth one was lost in the long grass.



Adam Reichel

We met up with Kate and Michael who brought my truck with the first 2 kills we hooked up the 3 pigs on the bull bar and set off on our way to take a few snaps. Later about 11 am we arrived at a ground tank where goats were known to frequent. We once again set off in different directions stalking towards the tank from about a kilometre away. On arrival there were goats everywhere, some with very nice thick based wide spread horns on them. When we all had our bows and arrows resting on the ground the count was 10 good Billies waiting to be scull capped and measured. Kate 5 Michael 3 Adam and myself one each, the later only

had a 32" spread but he had a massive 10" base on each horn.



Kate Hogno

We cleaned up, had a snack and rested under the shade of a Coolabah tree for a couple of hours, as the temperature reached the mid 40's it was very hot to say the least. Later in the evening we set off in different directions, Kate grassed two more nice billies and Michael one. Adam was not so lucky but I got a nice one and a smaller Billy.

The next day saw us on the hunt nice and early, we went to a new area where there was a billabong, in pursuit of pigs, we saw heaps of small ones and half grown pigs but only one decent boar which Adam arrowed but lost. Kate got two small spotted pigs and I done in a fox. We all saw beautiful trophy Billies in this area but none of us were successful. There were a couple of outstanding Billies with massive spread and base. I say and we say outstanding they sure were.

We left that morning and went to another area we soon called Siberia (without the jukebox of course) because, that's about what it appeared to be like. We all saw a lot of small pigs and a couple of



nice trophy heads and quite a few mangey foxes but we all missed out on a collection very trying conditions to say the least.



Michael Hogno

Later that evening after the usual rest we went back to the area where the ground tank was. We were successful on the first day not long after we set off Kate downed a beautiful buck with a 38" spread which went around 113 Douglas points, nice one. Michael got another good goat as did Adam who got a trophy goat as well as a meat goat I also got a nice goat. When fact back from the shower I hadn't realised that I had left a small container of talcom powder on the table which Michael had sprinkled on his food. We all had a big laugh after he threw the contaminated stuff out and started again. Everywhere he was the next day we could not lose him as every time he sneezed this cloud of white dust flew out of his nostrils in total contrast with the red bull dust. Hence the heading of this story. We started to call him the powder puff and didn't he smell nice as everywhere he went the pigs seemed to be.

As the next morning came, the day of our departure we decided to go for a couple of hours hunt up this swampy place called Dead horse gully after pigs. It wasn't long before we spotted a sow and heaps of suckers of different colours and sizes trailing her. I got one small one as the others vanished into the thick negura burr and other unsightly rubbish. Up the gully further Michael got a nice young red boar straight between the eyes for an instant, excellent kill. Just a little further up he hit another small red boar very well hit he wanted to stand and fight as I ran to cut him off. I made sure of him with a shot to the chest he was very cheeky for the size of him heaven help me if he had of been full grown.

This hunt was an excellent one never to be forgotten we had a good time plus we all got good trophy goats and smaller pigs each. The tally was 8 pigs and 20 trophy goats witch 3 or 4 in record class, top stuff. We' can't wait to make the trip again hopefully longer next time and we'll brim home one of those monster horned bleating brutes.



Ken Reichel 120 4/8 DP Billy

## Better Luck Next Time By Nick Hervert

It was the middle of August and we were heading up to the Block for another great week of hunting. I was as keen as ever as I had a new bow plus a few of my friends from school were coming along, Tom and Eddy Wormald; they were also bow hunters.

Day 1 started early, we were up and going by 7:00. Eddy and I were heading up the creek while Tom was going with Dad and Alan (Tom and Eddy's dad). We walked for what seemed ages then got caught off guard by a small boar running away only meters from me. It stopped on the other side of the creek so I quickly grabbed an arrow and had my first shot, it went low hitting a rock with sparks flying everywhere and the pig running away. We walked slowly up the creek figuring the pig could not have gone far. We then stopped at a small cliff looking into the bracken below and I was telling Eddy to look for the moving bracken to find pigs. As I was radioing Dad, Eddy spotted that same pig in the bracken. I shot but again it went low. We started heading back hoping to see goats and out of the corner of my eye I saw something white. It was two goats one feeding and one lying down, I sent Eddy in. He stalked for about 15 min and he finally got his bow to full draw and shot at the lying goat and missed his first shot. Drawing his bow again he hit the goat perfectly and the goat was dead within seconds. Eddy was ecstatic having taken an animal with his bow and not a bad Billy either measuring 87dp. Alan had also taken a Billy measuring 82dp.

The next Day we were heading up to the tops where we would

hopefully find some pigs. We went our separate ways up there, Dad and I would head up the ridge and Al, Tom and Eddy would go up the small creek. Dad and I were up the top and waiting for the others when we saw some pigs, moving in closer we found that there were two of them, one boar and a sow. I was unlucky not to get a shot. Finally finding Alan and hearing that they had also seen a good boar, it was time to go for a walk in the tops. After walking around for a while we were on our way back when we saw a good boar and I had a stalk and hit the pig well in the chest. After tracking the pig we found it. It had a good set of tusks on it. The tusks measured 20 6/8 DP, the best pig of the two I had shot. Tom was unlucky missing a couple of goats.



Nick Hervert 20 6/8 DP Boar

The next day saw Dad, Eddy and I heading up the hills in search of some good goats and good goats we would find. After walking for an hour or so we stumbled on to a good mob of goats finding one respectable Billy amongst them. Eddy went in hoping he would get a shot. After Eddy had stalked for



about 20 minutes he got a shot and missed. The goats ran under the cliff I was perched on so I had a shot and hit the better Billy in the mob and hit him well. The Billy measured 102dp my best goat to date.



Nick's 102 DP Goat

It was mid week and Tom Al and I decided it was time to head into town to stock up on some well earned coke and lollies. Dropping Eddy and Dad off on the way out on a neighbouring property they were hoping to get into some pigs and they did. Eddy shot two pigs and was going good for the trip.

It was the second last day and Dad and I were heading up to the tops again to see if we could get onto some pigs. It was the middle of the day and we had been walking for ages when we saw a good boar (as we thought). Dad went in and hit the pig well it scampered up into the dog bush and just as Dad was going to go in and look for it a stick cracked and the pig came rolling out of the dog bush and down the hill. Dad tried to stop it but it would be like stopping a bowling ball if you were the pin, and the pig kept rolling for about 400m and finally stopped. It was a very big sow and a good first kill with Dads new bow and Stan's "Cullum" Brodhead. After a few pictures we headed in pursuit of more pigs. We walked for a short time before finding more pigs and it was my shot. I stalked in to about 25m and had a shot at a

spotty sow and hit it well it only walked a few meters before passing on.



Nick's spotty sow

On the way back to camp Dad spotted a small boar feeding and he had a shot hitting it perfectly in the heart and the pig was jumping like an acrobat. Getting back to camp and seeing that Eddy had shot another good goat measuring 99dp made it a better day for all of us.

The worst thing about going away hunting is packing up and coming back and this is what we had to do but everybody had a great time and shot some nice trophies.

Better luck next time Tom.

**One with the lot thanks!  
By James Warne**

Evan and I still hunt together, with some of our history I wonder why sometimes. Just to give a little background on this, if we were to bracket Evan and I, we are of the hunting type that if something can go wrong then it probably will. Our most memorable example was driving all night to make sure we were in the middle of the biggest localized flood the Paroo has seen. We were stuck in a ford Ute on the side of the road for two days as 13 inches or rain came down on top of the usual flow, we were bogged after the first inch. On that occasion

things were not too stressful as we had five cases of beer and all our food for the week. Generally the two of us have struggled to get game. Evan is deadly at the range and deadly on game if he doesn't think about it at all. Those boars that keep laying low until he is nearly upon them are the unlucky ones, the animals that give him time to ponder are far safer. I am not that different, the luck of the Warne in my case means the no luck! There are those switched on hunters where things go to plan most of the time, the straight down the line type and then there is us.



Paroo River, Sorry Road!

This hunt last year was no different; we were going to a property with enough strong hunting history to be really excited about. Take a dozen arrows each for a long weekend country, just in case the boars are out and about (prepare arrows for a weekend that usually lasts us a year, were that type of bow hunter).

We had a 6 hr drive on the Thursday night. We were only in bed around 12, in sleeping bags in a lovely atmospheric little hut, in the bottom of a valley, we both new the mountains were towering above us and at first light we wanted to be going up the timber fence line that headed straight up from the hut. The plan was to hopefully catch out a few pigs as we went up and hopefully get our minds off the climb. We then planned to hold our high ground and, catch goats

around the cliffy top and hunt boars in the bracken around the tops. An alarm went early in the morning; we were up and about packing whilst it was still dark. Eventually we headed out of the hut, heading north up the valley floor briefly before the climb. But at this point Evan came out with, "gee its dark for this time of the morning" Well Evan as a green keeper at a golf course knows a thing or two about this ungodly time of the day. It then dawned on me that the alarm that had gone off maybe wasn't the arranged mobile phone but was one of my little alarm clocks that I had left in my back pack. Trouble was it had been set a 3.00am not 5.00am! Three hrs sleep was all that we had had... We had fussed around for an hour, now it was 4.00am, still an hour till daybreak, but we were all packed, no sleeping bags, what a shocker we were tired, new we needed every hr we could get and here we had thrown half hour available time away.

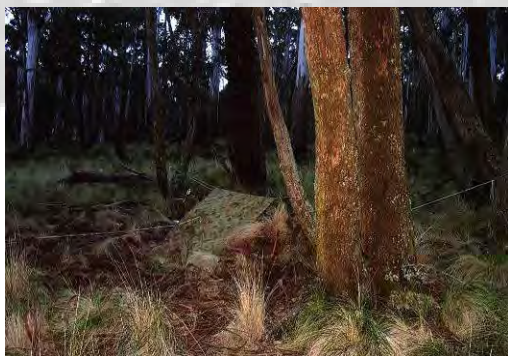
Any way we were never the less well positioned when the sun did come up to spot the empty slopes all around us. At least we could laugh about our preparedness and childlike enthusiasm that lead to our early morning stuff up.

The wind was howling and nothing else was silly enough to be on that side of the mountain that morning we had no choice but to inch our way up. I think a lot of our scanning through binoculars was actually a cover for heavy breathing. As we hadn't seen anything out in the pasture improved grassing country that fringed the thickly timbered tops we though it would be best to find the gullies out of the wind, maybe the goats would be there, we would be more comfortable, and when all the bracken sways in



the wind it makes finding those pigs near impossible. So as with most hunts a consensus is formed to make the most of the dictating conditions. Maybe we just aren't familiar enough with this country yet but our concocted plan didn't work, places that I have seen goat mob after goat mob were all devoid of game. Right through until after lunch and we still hadn't found anything other than a lovely family group of goats that would leave many modern families to shame, all members were there together except the grandfathers we were looking for.

As we were buckling under the strain of huge loads (food and creature comforts, had not yet been depleted enough to allow for trophy collection you see) we set up our Houtchie (Army style ground sheet) for shelter, in the wind we set them up low to the ground, not really comfortable but the most likely to weather the storm of a rough night in the mountains. Feeling like the weight of the world was off our shoulders we now had renewed enthusiasm to find the mysteriously absent pigs. Our plan for the afternoon, be at one with nature, copy the wind and circle around for the afternoon and hope that we zinged when it zaged.



Cold Anyone!

You may be thinking this is all a bit negative this story, well the fact of the matter is so far we had had a shocker, from 3.00am that morning

things hadn't really gone in our favour. This continued, we finally saw a couple of pigs through the afternoon. They were all on the move and even with the wind covering any noise we made on three occasions we couldn't head them off. It seemed that the thoughts going through our heads that there had to be better places to be were being had by all the game animals as well.



Eventually Evan got a shot at a sow, it wasn't as great shot as she never really settled and Evan rushed a shot as she shuffled along. She was hard hit however and we followed up her trail with arrows knocked. This was the point that cost a good barrow everything, we had arrows knocked and were creeping forward through the bracken and fallen timber around 80yards from our shelters (the finish of a big loop), the first thing I heard was the roar of this boar. Like that of a Vercoe video when it's on slow repeat, it ran between us and turned behind us and headed down the hill. "How about that Ev', where was it when you saw it?" "About five yards just time to draw back and shoot as it came out from behind the logs and was between the other huge logs that were scattered around". Unknown to me but Evan had slotted a 2317 tight behind its shoulder. Another animal that gave Evan no time to deliberate on the shot had come off the worse for wear. Evan was so excited " I think I saw him go down just down there" he said, and sure

enough he had, the neat double lung shot had stopped any chance he had of losing himself in this country that is as good as anywhere at concealing well hit game. He turned out to be a solid 27 4/8 point boar or barrow. Actually, the old fella had come off rather poorly from his 2 encounters with people. The barrow had fallen easily within sight of the camp just 50 yards, what a way to finish a lack lustre day. Wow!



Evan's 27 4/8 Mountain Boar

The beginning of that night was uneventful. I had all my thermal layers and a beanie on. As well I had the sleeping bag that I had used on the ice in the Yukon before, I felt well equipped to be in the tops of these mountains in the middle of winter.

Evan had also prepared, however the extreme overnight temperature drop beat us both, I was on the edge of discomfort, Evans Great Outdoors special Bag had barely hung in there, he had a cold night. To prove we are not just ill prepared softies the farmer in the valley below said he had recorded -9 at the coldest part of the morning.

No wonder we still had ice in our water bottles at 11.00 the next day! The Sunday of the long weekend was also uneventful other than the residual cold in our bones from the night before. All day we walked and observed to see just a scattering of goats. At one point Evan looked like the best stalker of all time until after lobbing a rock at the feet of the stalked Billy we decided the Billy wasn't well, probably had Yonnies disease.

The next night was difficult to face, Evan made sure there wasn't any breeze going to make into us with a wall of tussock, and he really thought he was a sow making a nest that night. We must have found more layers we had thought not worthy the night before. All we had now was the walk out and yeah as usual we saw more game over the next couple of hours than the first two days together. First up we spooked a boar that was bedded up way earlier than the rule book says he is due to, he should have been in amongst the mass of ferns that we pushed through at a snails pace for no result. A kilometre later the fog lifted that had blanketed the valley, as it did a strong mob of 30 goats were revealed a clearing between two smaller gullies. They were on the move however and between fog and timber and them being on the move we were never close enough to assess trophy quality.

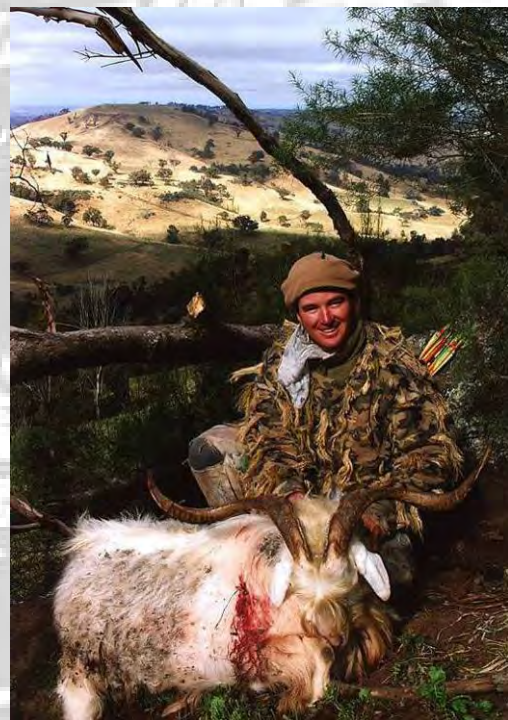
This mob had at least made the walk out to the timber edge exciting, now we just had to descend one valley, up the other side and a descend into the main valley to the car, Halfway down into the fist valley as we zigzagged on the rough vehicle track. We were both thinking that a pig was a possibility at any time. Just then we both stopped in our tracks as the



fist of a dozen goats came into view. One of those first goats must have been a Billy because we were on edge straight away, Torn between going straight for the best position for looking over them and getting the video out first. I guess we answered this by splitting up. Evan went forward whilst I dropped on a knee and got out a video. This ended up being the perfect scenario, we got some good footage and there wasn't any Billy's better than I had got before. Evan however was to get his best goat to date.

We looked over the mob, there was one young Billy that had great style, and he would be a wonderful head in a few years. One other Billy looked more mature, wasn't as twisty but had length and would be a great trophy. Evan weighted for him to graze over to us. Our position was perfect after negotiating some tea trees, for a change the animal we wanted was on our side of a mob. Evan drew back I let him know when ii was also ready with the camera right down past the bow. Crack he released, shot low the Billy looked up but wasn't unduly concerned. We went through the procedure again, when I was ready Evan released, over the top, both nice line but ....no cigar. The Billy went out another ten, into the camera to Evan I whispered, come on Ev, you can do it, and hay presto, the third shot arched out and flew perfectly for a heart shot. He only went ten yards before going down. As we started to video the whole event was put into perspective Evan stuck by his story of a perfect spine shot on the tree, claiming the tree had good tops and was heavy, and definitely deserved to be shot before the goat and was therefore a perfect shot. Yeah I was sceptical but a least he ended up

with a great shot that arched over the 35yards. The shot never looking like missing and had him down in less than twenty yards. A personal best goat, in wonderful adventurous country in a backpacking hunt which to me seems the ultimate way to immerse to the bush and get your teeth into bow hunting. It was great to watch him go down that first valley, up the other side and down in to the main valley. He was sucking in the big ones with the extra ten kilograms, but wasn't he a happy fella.



Evan's PB Goat



As we reflected on the hunt on our way home at some point we decided we had had one of those most memorable hunts .Hard and tedious at times, times where you

say to yourself why are we here, time when you're cold and uncomfortable wondering what your doing, then bam! class game out of know where ,in an instant its all turned around, your up beat, felling like the luckiest guys around. We agreed we had ordered and received one with the lot.

**Billy Goats!  
By Doug Church**

We were away at last. My hunting partner and his son Nathan and Peters' nephew Tyson had finally arrived at the meeting place. We were going to one of our hunting places and had had some good reports from the property owner that there were some big goats out the back where we usually hunted. This gave our spirits a lift as we tackled the three hour journey. After what seemed like a never ending journey we arrived at the turn off and headed into the valley where we would set up camp, in the middle of the vast paddock. From here we would be able to hunt the three dams, using only about half hour travelling time to each area.

When we had decided which dam to hunt we were away. As we approached the trees surrounding the dam, where we would leave the vehicle, Peter said "there are a few Billies just coming into drink", we left the 4x4 and headed into the trees. As we had hunted together for many years we knew where each other would go and soon we were in a good ambush position. As Tyson was new to bow hunting, we let him have the best chance of getting his first kill with a bow. But alas this was not to be. The Billies caught the movement or scent and turned tail and ran for the hills so

we headed back to camp for a feed and a good nights rest. Next morning, as usual Nathan was first up and had the Billy boiled and the tea made before us old blokes were out of bed. I always look forward to my cup of tea to start the day right and get the old bones moving. After breakfast we were off to the dam for an early start of our first full days hunting.

The weather was starting to become overcast and looked like rain. A small mob of goats were wandering down from the hills towards the dam, leading the mob was a black nanny, who was checking out every detail. We knew we would have to be on our toes for these nannies who lead the mobs are suspicious of everything. Again Tyson was to take the first shot.

From where I was I could see a fair size white Billy was heading for the track leading past Tyson. As I watched the Billy was heading for the water and nothing was going to stop him, but maybe on his way out from the dam Tyson would be able to put a shaft in him.

On the other side of the dam Peter was in his Tree stand up a lone dead tree with no hope of getting a shot at this mob so he just sat and watched. Nathan was in the best position to score a few good shots. Suddenly the mob erupted as Tyson and Nathan took shots. After the dust settled on the ground, there were two Billies with Nathan's arrows in them while Tyson had downed a nice Billy. Peter had also downed a Billy, but all I could do was watch the action.





The Old Master at Work!

As Peter and I walked towards them to measure Tyson's first bowshot kill we were pleased that it was a nice goat. Although the spread was only 25 inches with a Douglas score of 78, it was a good start.



Tyson's First Billy

Of course Nathan wanted his measured as well. Again the spread was only 25 but the Douglas score was 80.



Nathans Billy Goat

He was very happy to beat his cousin as there is always a certain amount of rivalry when we go

hunting. Peter was not concerned as his Billy was smaller than his previous size.

We keep a journal of all our hunting and can always refer back to the hunts. Back to camp the weather started to sprinkle and we didn't want to get bogged in this country so off we went home at 4.45 and had a good feed for the day.



Peter's Nice Billy Goat

Good start next morning and it looked like the rain had started to split the goats up into small mobs. No good for us, but good for the goats. A small mob were heading for the dam, Peter and Nathan in the best spot to get a goat. Again Nathan bagged a nice goat while Peter put down a Billy as well, but no luck for me or Tyson. Very quiet now, no goats so we headed back to camp.

Next morning we headed to another dam to check if the goats were using this area to water. After some scouting around the dam and towards the hills a small mob of goats headed for water. I had headed to the tree/scrub surrounding the track to a trough and hoped there might be some

goats or other game heading this way. After three or so hours no goats, nothing. Using the radio I called the others and we decided to call it a day and head for camp. The rain was getting heavier and we were starting to think that we would have to cut short our trip. Back at camp the rain was picking up and becoming very heavy. All night the rain pelted down and the small creek in front of the camp was beginning to run. We were in for some wet weather for sure. After talking to the property owner, who told us that the next door neighbour had received 132 points of rain and the roads were cut. We were here for a few days with nowhere to go.

The next day was spent checking the watering points for the property owner who was isolated. We checked all the dams that we could and were disappointed, but glad that the rain had fallen as this country was still in the grip of the worst drought on record. A couple of days and we headed for home.

### **Product Review By Simon Steele**

#### ***Hoyt TRYKON***

Working at my desk at home I knew what the van that had just pulled into my driveway would produce, the much anticipated rectangular box, now a bi annual tradition the arrival of my new Hoyt bow is something that I really do look forward to.

As I unpack the box I think back to my first compound bow a Hoyt pro-medallist, it to a wonder of its day, its old round wheel technology and 30% let off where marvels amongst my school mates and its speed at the time was unfathomable to a 16 year old, now

twice that age (and some) I grinned as I attacked the tape on the box, the feeling is just the same.

Hoyt's latest creation the Trykon is a 33" bow, incorporating the TEC riser and introducing a new set of draw length specific cams known as the Zephyr cam, the specs call it as IBO 316fps but its most significant value from a hunters perspective is the shock free shooting and honest lack of vibration and noise.



I have set my Trykon up at 70lbs with the NAP 4000 drop away rest and a set of 5 pin Hoyt microelite sights with a six arrow bow quiver.

The bow tuned with ease, I shoot a string loop and peep sight and with a few shots had the outfit grouping well with target points. Switching to broad heads the arrow rest required only a very slight adjustment to have the 125g broad heads and the 125g field points landing in exactly the same place.

The first thing that strikes you with the Trykon design is the almost horizontal limb position in its relaxed position and when drawn lays the limbs in practically flat, other manufacturers like Bow tech and Matthews have held to this



limb orientation with single cam bows and have heralded this as the secret to vibration and noise control.

Hoyt say that the combination of their design innovations with the limb pocket orientation and split limb design reduce vibration by 15% and 5 decibels, when I read this I thought immediately of the benefits in hunting Chital as they are unbelievably fast and jump the string better than 80% of the time.

I am very critical of noise in bows and go to great lengths to identify and remove even the smallest sounds from the shot cycle. I know a great many members are deer hunters and have had deer jump the string, its hard enough to get to full draw, and it really stings when the deer ain't there when your arrow arrives.

I shoot carbon arrows with a finished arrow weight of 500grns which I consider a moderate weight for all round hunting; the bow shoots these arrows very quietly and with great speed. I took a dozen of my Buffalo arrows at 850grn and shot them through the Trykon and using these all you here is the click of my release the bow cycles with almost no sound.



Simon Steele 06 Chital



Simons 06 Excellent Fallow Buck



Simon Steele's 3rd deer in as many weeks, with his Trykon!

### Gadget of the Month

This month's gadget is a torch made by SunBrite. This would be a welcome accessory to any hunters kit. As most of us know the best hunting usually happens right on the last light and if you get lucky it means a photo session and cape job, then the long haul back to the truck in complete darkness! Not with the Sun Fire 206-Li, it is the smallest but one of the brightest compact torches available today! Just how powerfully, well they say you could spot light with it, no joke!

### 206-Li FEATURES

- Ergonomically designed textured non-slip surface for superior grip
- All O-Ring sealed for weatherproof performance

- Totally anodized for greater protection (Black standard, other colours special orders)
- Polycarbonate unbreakable lens
- High pressure Xenon lamp extremely bright and long life
- Spare bulb compartment in button switch (spare bulb not included)
- Focusable from spot to flood



For more info check out:

<http://www.sunbrite.com>

#### Newsletter Contributions

Again I would like to thank all that put the time and effort into contributing to the TT newsletter, as we received a fair response in the end, thank you!

For all those that want to contribute to the newsletter please send them to the TT Po Box.

Also I would like to add that the article from the late Ken Reichel was not edited as we wanted a reminder of the way Ken wrote his stories and the character that he was, may he R.I.P.

Please those who have game to rate and stories for the newsletter, please make the effort to send them in as it had been a little slow of late, and we still have members that have taken some top class animals that have not been rated, so please guys send them in!

And I also would like to officially welcome Simon Steele to our small brotherhood, and I know that with

his wealth of experience and knowledge that the TT ratings will be moved regularly, welcome mate!

As the deer season for many is drawing to a close and with many members from all reports doing very well, looks like I will get started on the next TT newsletter which will be a TT deer special!

Also details of the annual Trophy Takers awards will be sent soon.

**Peter Morphett.**

© **Trophy Takers**



# Trophy Takers Merchandise

I am never  
**BOARED**



The Bowmen  
of the Bush

**LOOK - NEW  
SHIRTS**



## NEW DESIGNS Polo or T-Shirts – 2 Sided Print

Colours: Black, Navy, Dark Green, Maroon, Light Grey.

Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Prices: Polo - \$38

T-shirt - \$35



**DON'T WORRY, THE OLD FAVOURITES HAVEN'T GONE!!**



## Polo or T-Shirt – 2 Sided Print

Colours: Black, Navy, Dark Green, Maroon.

Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Prices: Polo - \$28

T-shirt - \$25



## Polo or T-Shirt – Pocket Print Only

Colours: Black, Navy, Dark Green, Maroon.

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Prices: Polo - \$25

T-shirt - \$22



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Round: 280mm dia **\$65** (inc P&H)  
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- Clocks custom made with TT member number included under logo if requested.
- Made of Plastic (battery operated)



Note: logo is white on a dark background

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**IN TROPHY TAKERS GEAR,  
ALL THE GIRLS WILL BE  
CHECKING YOU OUT!!**

**ORDER FORM**

*Please write number wanted in spaces provided*

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Size S: \_\_\_ M: \_\_\_ L: \_\_\_ XL: \_\_\_ XXL: \_\_\_

Colour Black: \_\_\_ Lt Grey: \_\_\_ Navy: \_\_\_ Dk Green: \_\_\_ Maroon: \_\_\_

**Red Stag Logo** Polo: \_\_\_ T-Shirt: \_\_\_

Size S: \_\_\_ M: \_\_\_ L: \_\_\_ XL: \_\_\_ XXL: \_\_\_

Colour Black: \_\_\_ Lt Grey: \_\_\_ Navy: \_\_\_ Dk Green: \_\_\_ Maroon: \_\_\_

**SHIRTS – 2 SIDED PRINT** Polo: \_\_\_ T-Shirt: \_\_\_

Size S: \_\_\_ M: \_\_\_ L: \_\_\_ XL: \_\_\_ XXL: \_\_\_

Colour Black: \_\_\_ Navy: \_\_\_ Dk Green: \_\_\_ Maroon: \_\_\_

**SHIRTS – POCKET PRINT ONLY** Polo: \_\_\_ T-Shirt: \_\_\_

Size S: \_\_\_ M: \_\_\_ L: \_\_\_ XL: \_\_\_ XXL: \_\_\_

Colour: Black: \_\_\_ Navy: \_\_\_ Dk Green: \_\_\_ Maroon: \_\_\_

**STUBBY HOLDER**

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