



Newsletter Aug-Sep 2008

TROPHY TAKERS NEWSLETTER Aug-Sep 2008

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Game Claim Report

Well, what a busy few months for the deer hunters amongst us, especially for fallow deer, with probably the best year for Fallow we have seen for a decade or two. Since March, we have had 17 Fallow stags rated with 9 of them over the magic 200 DS mark, a great effort.

The best of them was a cracker shot by Bungendore local Jason Robinson, who headed further south to bag a massive Fallow scoring 265 1/8 points, a truly outstanding trophy which smashed Pete Morphett's short lived No.1 Fallow by more than 26 points.

Jason's Fallow took out the inaugural Bill Baker Memorial Trophy for best deer of any species at the 2008 Gladstone awards, and is also right up there in the all time records for free range Fallow in Australia taken with rifle or bow. Check it out in the story in this issue.

Other very, very nice Fallow were taken by Andrew Morrow (235 4/8), Pete Morphett (224 and 216, check them out



in his story in this issue also), Mick Kernaghan (226 3/8), Jarrod Vyner (223 7/8) and Paul Southwell (213 4/8), also Wayne Anderson with his PB buck of 187 2/8 taken with his recurve!

It's interesting to note that these stags came from very different areas, ranging from Northern NSW to south of the border in Victoria which is great to see.



Andrew Morrow with another cracker Fallow buck 235 4/8 DS!

Another No.1 was broken during the last few months, with Paul Southwell grassing a beautiful Chital Stag in North QLD. This stag scored 181 6/8, and had an antler length of just on 31 inches. The stag beat Mark Ballard's existing record which stood for 14 years by less than a point.



Mick Kernaghan with his PB Fallow buck of 226 3/8 DS!



Wayne Andersons Trad PB Fallow, 187 2/8 DS!

Dan Smith rejoined Trophy Takers at the Gladstone awards which was great to see, I'm sure the fact that he had just shot a better of a red stag which rated No.2 had nothing to do with it, eh Dan!



Paul Southwell with the new T.T. number 1 Chital Stag 181 6/8 DS, awesome!



Jarrod Vyner with his PB Fallow buck 223 7/8 DS!

The big 14 pointer was taken with 1 arrow and after being measured at the awards by Mark Wills, came in at 314 1/8 points. Dan travelled down New England way to bag this monster, and from all accounts, it won't be the last time he does so.



Paul Southwell with his very nice 213 4/8 DS buck!



Dan Smith with the new T.T. number 2 Red, with 14 points and 314 1/8 DS!



Gene Mattson with his excellent Trad Red Stag, 212 6/8 DS!

Another nice red scoring 212 6/8 was taken by new member Gene Mattson of Gladstone. What makes this one even better was that it was taken with a recurve, and I think it was the first time out for Gene's new bow, well done mate!

Apart from the deer, some nice goats have also been rated including Silvia Szabo who shot her personal best goat of 126 6/8, Jarrod Vyner topped off a good trip to northern NSW with a goat of 118 5/8, with Mark Southwell also shooting a 109 pointer on the same trip.



Sylvia Szabo with her PB Billy, must be some sort of record for a female bowhunter, awesome trophy 126 6/8 DS!



Jarrod Vyner with his PB Billy of 118 5/8 DS!

Rory Smith from the ACT finally got the upper hand on "Boris", a goat that he had been chasing for a while. With a spread of 38 2/8 and scoring 114 1/8, he was definitely worth the effort, nice work Rory!



Mark Southwell with a good 109 DS Billy!



Rory Smith with his PB Billy, 114 1/8 DS!

Rick Turner from Yeppoon headed out west after an unsuccessful hunt for deer at Diaper station and was lucky enough to down a few nice Billies with a couple coming in over 100 points.

Rick is also a new member and will no doubt be keeping the ratings director busy in the future with a few more nice trophies.



Rick Turner with his 104 5/8 DS Billy!



Rick Turner with another good Billy, 101 2/8 DS!

Pete Morphett kicked the Rusa season off with a nice 34" Rusa Stag taken at 37 metres, but required some very dedicated searching over the next 4 days to recover the 192 2/8 DS Stag! This is the first to open the Rusa listings for the closed range section.

Congratulations to all the bowhunters mentioned above and also to all of you who rated game, well done!

Paul Southwell.



Pete's 34" Rusa!

And Lastly, Tom Baxter from Cooma has been at it with his recurve rating a nice fox of 10 points and a 97 1/8 point Billy.



Tom's 97 DS re-curve Billy!



Tom Baxter's highland fox, 10 DS!

PIGS PAD

Well it was with some trepidation that I went to the block recently, being 2 years since my last visit I wondered what toll time had taken on the area. Some reports had not been kind to what used to be, I believe, one of the prime hunting areas in the NSW mountain country. Increased hunting pressure along with culls by the various government bodies had inflicted what many believe was irreparable damage to game numbers. There is no doubt the area has changed, all the obvious 'game' has largely been removed, the rolling hills no longer littered with mobs of goats interrupting the drive in.

Thing is I didn't think the reduction in game numbers was necessarily a bad thing. For one it discourages many hunters who soon look for 'greener' pastures, plus the reduced competition amongst the animals may lead to bigger and better things trophy wise, well that's the theory anyway.

OK so what did we find, well if you disregard all memories of this goat mecca, there were still plenty around. Granted lots of young stuff and the mature billies were thin on the ground, a result I think of previous events.

We had a few young guys keen to take their first game so they were encouraged to take out an old nanny as opposed to a young billy, however we also did the miles in search of a trophy and the boys eventually got some nice ones.

As always one big fella was spotted, picked at well over 40 inches and then missed at 20 meters, ouch! That brought some pain on the bowman concerned but he said the sight of that big goat swaggering toward him will live with him forever, not the ultimate reward but a nice consolation.

Pig numbers were certainly down, I think this is direct consequence of pressure from the pig dogger brigade coupled with the access provided by years of dry conditions. They will come back, the country lends itself to that, and I think our lack of success on these critters this trip was more bad luck than bad management, though I know many would blame our early starts as the problem!

I guess my point is that good hunting areas generally have the attributes to sustain tough times. Sure they go through lean periods but if the terrain and habitat remain unchanged they will still be capable of producing quality game year after year. We have hunted this place for close to 20, and still even now the chances of a good goat, boar or even a deer are quite high. A little bit of management and thought to the future always helps but many things are out of our control as bowhunters, so we need to accept them and try and use them our advantage.

Chris Hervert.

Trophy Takers Annual Awards 2008

The recent long weekend in June saw the annual trophy takers awards held in conjunction with the traditional muster hosted by the Gladstone bow hunters club on the banks of lake Awoonga in Qld.

The event was attended by about 160 shooters from Australia and New Zealand and was a great success with fantastic facilities and a challenging course full of surprises. Three members made it into the top ten shootout, Cashy, Mark Southwell and Kev Daley, not a bad effort especially when Mark and Cashy don't shoot trad bows all the time.



The awards were held on Sunday night and were attended by around 30 members. Once again the standard of displays and trophies was impressive, we had a constant stream of curious people looking through the albums and checking out the trophies all weekend.

Some of the more notable awards were a new number one chital stag taken by Paul Southwell and 2 huge Fallow taken by Pete Morphett and Jason Robinson, Pete's fallow held the number one spot until it was beaten by Jason's monster.

There is also a new number two Red stag take by Dam Smith that went 314 1/8 while at the awards!

Pedro Lever also took out best boar, buffalo and goat for the year and best photo, scooped the pool!



Awards Results 2008:

**Boar award:
29 - Pedro Lever**

Goat award:
131 1/8 - Pedro Lever

Red Deer Award:
314 1/8 - Dan Smith

Fallow Deer Award:
265 1/8 - Jason Robinson

Chital Deer Award:
181 6/8 - Paul Southwell

Fox Award:
10 - Tom Baxter

Buffalo Award:
86 4/8 - Pedro Lever

Camel Award:
29 5/16 - Casey McCallum

Bill Baker Deer Award:
Jason Robinson

T.T. 2008 Photo Award Winners

Best framed hunting photo



Live Game – “the kids” Ben Chambers

Hunter and Game



“Evening Fallow” Pedro Lever

Best unframed hunting photo
Live Game
“Tank Goats” Mark Ballard

Hunter and Game



“Dan’s Red” Chris White

Best scenic/natural photo



“Chamois with a view” Mark Wills

Best photo album



Gary Piper

Best Video Clip



**“Cashy’s longbow red in the rain”
Milton Cunningham**

Best Mounted Game head

“Cashy’s red” Tony Bianco

The next awards are to be held in Albury next year so I do your best to make it because that event will be huge.

Kev Daley.

MECCA! By Paul Southwell

The dust settled as we pulled into camp and we could see that the other lads had arrived. October 2007 had rolled around and our annual pilgrimage to Cape York for a hunt was on. Mark was in the cruiser beside me and the others, Chris and Stuart Hervert, Mono and Lance Cook were settling into camp with a stubby in hand.

Mark and I had already been up the cape for a few days at another spot further north. The boars had been a bit scarce, but the fishing was great, with a mixed bag of barra, Saratoga and sooty grunter smashing our lures at will. We had arrived at our second destination earlier that day, and after calling in to see the owners, we had stopped at a big swamp just on dark where I managed to take my first boar for the trip, the only one seen.

The 06/07 wet season hadn't been as big as the one previous, and as a result, the amount of surface water around was much less than last year. This was encouraging news and as we geared up for the first mornings hunt, expectations were high.



Marks Sooty grunter.



Mark's 1st Barra for the trip.



Paul's 1st for trip, 25 6/8 DS.



Mark's first Boar for the trip.

Over the first couple of days we hunted in pairs, stalking likely haunts that we knew from previous trips to this place. Most of the hunting was done either walking dry creek beds for sleeping boars, or stalking around paperbark swamps. Both methods proved successful, and a few nice boars hit the ground.



Mark's big young Boar.

After sussing the spots we knew of, we decided that a bit of searching was the go, and with that, the axe was packed and likely areas circled on the map. Mark and I spent the next couple of days trying and find tracks which were either marked on the map, or had been marked off Google earth prior to the trip. The first days exploring saw us find a cracking big swamp which had four boars out feeding in it when we arrived. Due to the strong cross wind, which helped muffle any noise, we were lucky enough to shoot all four, a couple of which were gooduns in the high 20's Douglas score.



Paul's first off the swamp, 28 DS!

Another track marked on the map lead out the back of the property to parts as yet unexplored. Using the GPS and the bullbar we poked our way through the scrub, trying to follow the faint track which hadn't been driven in years. This is the beauty of the cape, there are still areas that don't see humans for long periods.



Mark's 2nd of the swamp.



Mark's 4th off the swamp, 27 DS!

When we got to a dead end in the track (or so we thought) we decided to backtrack a little to a well used game/cattle pad we had seen and hopefully follow it into a few swamps marked on the map. Approaching the first patch of paperbarks a bedded boar sprung up and fled, a good sign that water was nearby. Slowing our pace we ducked out into the open centre of the swamp and straight away spotted an old bull carcass in the middle and a boar asleep in the trees on the other edge.

It was my shot and as the breeze was swirling (what's knew) I wasted no time in throwing the thongs off and sneaking into the bedded boar. I knew he was a good pig but when he got up at the shot his bulk surprised me. I had hit him through the shoulders taking nerve centre and a finishing shot had this brute on the ground.

With a good boar on the deck, it was Marks turn for a stalk and when we saw a couple of good scrubbers up ahead, it was game on for the big fella. While one bull was a monster body wise, Mark decided to try for the other dappled grey bull, which sported an exceptional set of horns.

The stalk went mostly to plan and Mark played cat and mouse with the bull as it fed along in the trees. The first shot was

a touch far back, and that's when it got a bit interesting. The bull ran 20 yards and turned to see if it could work out what had happened.

At that moment the wind changed and judging from the flaring of his nostrils, the bull now knew that there was a stinky bowhunter close by, who was more than likely the culprit.



Mark's awesome 37 inch Scrubber!



Paul's old Scrubber, taken from 30 yards!

The standoff lasted a few minutes with Mark doing his best impression of an anthill and the bull staring in his direction. Soon after, the bull turned to walk away and Mark pulled off the clincher from a bit over 40 yards to put the bull down quickly.

He was a belter of a bull, easily Marks best to date with a spread of over 36 inches tip to tip.



Paul's Boar taken off the old Bull, 26 6/8 DS!



Paul's 5th Boar for the trip.

Meanwhile, the other guys were adding to the tally also, especially Mono, who always seems to find the tusky boars. This included one that due to a malformed grinder on one side had one tusk with around 4 inches out of the jaw. Pity the other side didn't match, because it would have gone around 34 points.

We also spent a day fishing down closer to the coast. I had brought up my little tinny and was keen to have a go in the tidal reaches of one particular creek. The only spot we found to launch the

boat was a 1.5 m vertical bank so needless to say the entry wasn't graceful, but we ended up in the boat without getting eaten so it was a success. While mark and I headed downstream to throw a few lures at some snags, the other lads drove to another nice billabong where we had caught good barra before.

A few hours later we rejoined the others for some lunch. We had scored 8 barra to around 55 cm's, while the land based fisho's had shown us up catching about 20 odd between them with a couple around the 70 cm mark. Good fun on light gear and a good way to spend a rest day.

The last few days we spent checking more new country and it paid off as one particular creek was very productive. Chris, Stuart, Mono and I all scored decent boars from this creek which will no doubt be high on the hit list in future years. Stuart also managed his first dingo which was found skulking around a paperbark swamp.

All in all it had been a great trip, with around 40 odd boars between us with the majority going over 25 points. The 2008 assault is shaping up to be interesting as it looks like being a big wet season. To date the area has had over 2000mm in since December 2007 so no doubt the hogs will be plentiful once again, you beauty!





The catches of the day, the fish that is!



Lance Cook with his 2nd for the trip!



Paul's 28 6/8 DS Boar!



Mono's big tusked little Boar!



Mark's 28 DS Boar!



Chris Hervert's 1st for the trip.



Mono's one big tusk Boar.



Stewarts Hervert's 26 DS Boar!



Another good Boar for Mono!



Lance Cook with his a good boar!



Mono's big 29 DS Boar!



Stewarts 2nd good for the trip.



Chris's 2nd real good Hog for the trip!



Paul's final 28 4/8 DS Boar, taken at 15 yards.

POPPA MOOSE By Jason Robinson

It was getting late in the rut and although I'd taken several bucks including a PB of 208 7/8 the monster bucks had still eluded me. I'd sighted a couple of big palmy guys but luck had been on their side. If I hunted long enough though the luck would have to eventually turn in my favour. With this in mind I headed off in the forest for a grunting buck about a kilometre away from camp. I was around two hundred yards or so from him when he stopped grunting before I'd got a look at him. Whether the wind currents changed in the warming morning air or he just decided to stop with a sore throat and go for his strepsils I didn't know. After all, the rut had taken its toll on a lot of bucks and many had retreated back into the mountains for a well earned rest.



Stewart's first dingo, well done!



Jason's shot lived PB, 208 7/8 DS.

As I sat there hoping he would start up again another stag began to grunt in the other direction so I set off after him. About half way there when cresting a hill I stopped for a look and listen. Lucky I did, because the following event wouldn't have turned out the way it did. I was about to move when a monster stag came trotting around the hill towards me. Immediately I dropped to my knees and knocked an arrow. When I looked back up he was still heading my way about 70 meters out unawares to what lay in front of him. He then stopped 60 meters away turning his head and it was then I realised this was one awesome buck. His palms looked like radar dishes as the sun's rays reflected off them. Under my breath I told him to "come to daddy" but he then stared up in my direction for a few seconds and thought about his next move. He then changed direction heading around the side of the hill and disappeared into thick scrub. It was now or never so I bolted down the hill to cut him off.

Stopping 40 or so metres from where he should appear, I quickly ranged a tree to confirm the distance and drew back as he came into view. He trotted into the shooting lane about 44 meters away but down hill so I put the 40 pin tight behind his shoulder and followed his movements. About to be swallowed up by scrub again I yelled out "hey there!" which stopped him on the spot. A split second later the arrow was launched and it arced down towards the intended target. It struck home with a loud thump and the buck went from neutral to overdrive instantly.

He ran about 80 meters before I lost sight of him disappearing into a gully but he soon emerged out the other side still in top gear. Thinking the shot wasn't good enough, I started to swear but it soon changed to "you bloody ripper!" when he started doing donuts and fell

over. Five or six Toyota jumps later I went down and retrieved a very bloodied arrow, then ran over to my new prize.



Jason and Poppa Moose front on!

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the size of the palm sticking up from the grass and when I rolled him over to check the other side out the feeling was overwhelming. Screams of joy then rang out across the mountain as I rolled around on the ground like someone who'd just won Lotto. After a few minutes, I ran the tape over him and counted those points. Seventeen on one side and eighteen the other, good length and spread with massive palms. I had to pinch myself several times to make sure it wasn't a dream. Wow, the new Australian Record was lying before me! A couple of rolls film later I carefully removed the cape and went back to camp to celebrate with an ale or three.



Jason Poppa Moose looking down the hill.



Awesome side profile of Poppa Moose!



What 265 1/8 DS looks like from above, it is a Moose!

Sitting back with beer in hand watching the rack in the boiling pot I was estimating him at 240 to 250 Douglas and the feeling of fulfilment finally hit me. It had taken six years, several thousand kilometres of foot slogging around the hills and many arguments with the misses about how much time I spent in the bush, but now it had been

worth it. That night I got the tape out again and started to tally up the measurements. I haven't been trained at scoring fallow yet but the sum came to 253 and that was without the beam measurements which I'd forgotten to count. A few days later I returned home and contacted Peter M who was keen as to check it out when I told him what I had scored it at. That arvo Pete pulled out the tools and blew me away when he said 265 plus. Maxy checked it a couple of days later and gave me the official Trophy Takers score of 265 1/8 Douglas point Score, WHAT A PISSA!

Work those legs!
By Dale Furze

As usual, we arrived at our hunting property like the early bird getting the worm. The boys in front, Shannon and Shannon (no I don't have a stutter!) picked out a nice camp spot beside the creek before David and myself arrived. We set up our shelter tarp that one of the Shannon's and I would be throwing our swags under while David and the other Shannon (Shan' James) set up their new hiking tents for a rigorous test. This was all done in lightning speed as we were all eager to get out for a walk. I decided to walk with the two Shan's so I could witness Shannon get his first goat with the bow, David headed off in the other direction looking for any of the multiple game species that inhabit this area.

Bowmen of the bush

Now the property we hunt is very up and down, and 10 min's into our long awaited walk we were all leaning against something breathing like Fat Albert on a stair-master, looking up toward the top dreading the fact that this was going to happen every morning! Well, as big boys do, we sucked it up and pressed on.

After trudging around the side of the hills for a while where Shannon found a nice cast Fallow antler, Shan' spotted some snoozing hogs down beside the creek. I was carrying the recurve for the day and he asked if I would like first stalk. This I jumped at and proceeded to head off down wind of them. The wind had picked up and couldn't decide what way it wanted to blow so I did the best I could. I got to within 20m of the bedded hogs before the wind hit my neck, the end result was to be expected, hogs up in a flash and out of there like a bat out of hell! So be it, I was happy with the stalk though.

We came to a nice knob in the hills and sat down to do some serious glassing. Shan' and I looked through our nice 8x42 bino's while Shannon sat there twiddling his thumbs as he had none to look out of. It was great, we spied heaps of good Billies for Shannon to have a crack at and teased him by not letting him look at them. The mob of goats had gone over a rise much like the first small rise out of camp. We looked at each other, sucked in a big gut full of air and headed off again toward the heavens.

Shan' and I took one ridge up and Shannon headed up another about 80m to our west. Half way up I motioned to Shannon that there were some goats in front of him, he then saw them and proceeded to have a stalk. Shan' and I thought this would be a good opportunity for him to secure his first ever goat so we sat down and watched.

The goats consisted of a nanny and two half grown kids, the wind was in Shannon's favour and he closed the gap quite easily to about 20m. Shan' and myself watched through the binoculars as he knocked an arrow, drew his bow, settled himself, then shot straight over the little fellas back. Out came another arrow that flew under his belly. The little

goat was starting to think something was up and started to move off. With his head still shaking, Shannon drew another arrow and as the little meat goat stopped, sent the arrow on its way to find the mark where the first one should have. Shannon had secured his first goat. We took an amount of pictures and removed the back legs and little back straps.

He was rapt and explained that he wanted to settle his nerves on a smaller goat before he was faced with a trophy Billy. We continued on to the top of the hill to hopefully find the mob of goats that we had originally set off after.

This group was spotted in the thicker bush where we then put Shannon onto a stalk for a trophy.



Shannon's fist goat!

Again the wind wasn't kind to us and threw a spanner in the works during Shannon's stalk. We kept hot on the heels of this mob and eventually got another chance to stalk. The lay of the land was on our side this time and Shannon put in a great stalk to secure his first Billy from 25m with a single shot to the heart. The Billy scored 95 DS and we couldn't wipe the smile from his face.



Shannon's fist decent 95 DS Billy!

From here we started to head back to camp via some grunters that we had seen on a ridge earlier during the goat stalks. When we reached the area in question, said targets had decided not to wait for us and the hillside was bare, the wind on the other hand was waiting for us and was cold enough to freeze the ba..... you know what I mean!

Trudging on (after 8 km's of up and down) we made our way to the top ridge above camp where Shan' noticed a reasonable group of porkers including a good sized Boar.

We all snuck in, Shannon carrying the vid', Shan' wanting to smack the Boar with his new ugly BowTech and myself just wanting to fling an arrow out of the 'curve. Shan' smacked two out of the group and lost another, I had four shots out of the semi auto curve (I'd give Mozza a run for his money!) and hit a running sow at 35m through the kidneys. Unfortunately I lost her to the acre of blackberries....I really wanted a photo.

By this time it was dark and we then fumbled down the hill into camp, totally exhausted. Dave told us his story of shooting a smallish Sow and a Goat during his day out, he also showed us some footage of 5 Fallow does that he had seen. A small meal was cooked and we hit the sack early, ready for the morning.



Shannon James bloods his new ugly BowTech!

The swag was feeling magnificent when the boys told me to get my sorry backside out and put on my gear. The hunting clobber went on real fast once the very fresh morning air touched my semi naked body (want me to paint a picture?) After a quick breakfast and a replenishment of my hunting pack was done, Dave and I set off for a hunt to the back of the property where he and Daryl shot a forty inch Goat last year. This is where all the big ones live apparently.

Dave and I glassed a few pigs and many goats in the distance whilst making our way to the 'good spot' After arriving at the area Dave was talking about empty handed, we had great expectations of finding something worthy of putting on the wall. Up came the bino's and we scanned the area..... zip, zilch, zero, narda. Great spot Dave! And only 4kms, as the crow flies from camp, pity about all the ups and downs in the middle hey.

My tired hunting mate apologized for the lack of game, I said it was a nice walk and that's hunting. On the return trip we came across a male and female Fox

doing their thing, you know, mummy and daddy thing. Dave thought he'd throw in a cold shower in the form of an arrow, clipping the vixen and sending them into the bush not to be seen again.

Halfway back to camp we happened upon a couple of nanny goats. One looked very peculiar; she was on her knees fumbling a little.



Reload quick, and take your pick.....!!!



Very.....



.....Nasty!

Not long after leaving the nanny we came onto some Billies giving another nanny in season a bit of a touch up. Dave filmed the Billies butting heads and putting on a show not more that 25m from us, during this time I motioned to him that I wanted to shoot the biggest one in the mob, a white one. Dave focused onto this goat and I let fly with a nice sharp Ribby tipped carbon out of my Darton wheelie bow. The arrow hit him high as he quartered away and he took off around the side of the hill. The other Billies kept carrying on as if nothing happened while we gave my arrow some time to do its job. We found my goat around 60m from where I had hit him.

Closer examination through the glasses showed that she was in bad shape with very overgrown hooves and horns that had grown into her eyes. I shot her to basically put her out of her misery, the photos will tell the real story.



My moneys on the guy with higher ground.

The arrow had done its job spot on. Photos and video were taken and we continued on our now merry way.

Late that afternoon we were glassing from a high ridge when we spotted some porkies way out yonder, in the other direction from camp. The general consensus was to pull the finger out and make our way over there as quick as possible due to the afternoon slipping away rapidly. 20 puffing minutes later Dave and I had arrived near the pigs. There were four smaller pigs and a good Boar in this group, Dave said I could have the stalk as I had not shot a decent score-able pig. There was a good number of 'roos and a few Wallaroos that I had to stalk through, the wind was also fickle, this made things challenging. I picked my way through the living obstacles and played with the wind to get myself into position for a shot. I ranged the quartering away Boar at 37 meters and let rip with another Ribby tipped carbon. The arrow flew true and dropped into the last few ribs. Now I don't get excited by much..... but I did quite a few air punches as the Boar dropped off the perch not more than 20m from arrow impact. Dave just about shook my hand off as he told me that he had got it all on video. Heaps of photos and video were one again on the cards as I wanted all the memories I could get of this moment. The Boar later measured 23 2/8 Douglas points.

With the now separated head in my hot little hands and darkness falling upon us, Dave and I called it a day and started the 2 km walk back to camp, 300 meters later we stumbled upon a group of grunTERS that we could just make out in the now rising moon. Dave slipped into 10m, and let the closest one have it. The group moved off 30m, into the clear country and we decided to leave the follow up until the sun was up. Some of pigs in this group did not sound happy! I am brave..... just not in the dark with unhappy grunTERS!

Dave led me down a ridge back to camp, on the way we saw a nice 38 inch Billy in the light of the headlamps. Dave said he wanted to shoot it, I told him that his dead pig would have to fly before I let him shoot it under the headlamps. Dave is an ethical hunter and would not seriously contemplate the shot anyway. Finally, after the knee jarring, thigh busting decent we slumped into our camp chairs, contently buggered again. After we retold our day's stories it was the Shannon's turn.

With a grin from ear to ear, Shannon showed us his 20 DP Boar that he had shot, this is his first ever pig that he has dropped. He then gleefully told us that Shan' had choked on a 200+ DP Fallow stag that was asleep. After a hard stalk through howling wind and open grassland Shan' found himself within shooting range and set himself up, drew his bow, relaxed, and then proceeded to shoot his arrow at 25m. Spot on..... pity the still sleeping stag was at 35m!



Dale with his PB mountain Boar, 23 2/8 DS.

At the sound of the shot, this deer and his three mates got up and bounded off. The video footage of these deer jumping a four strand barb fence is magnificent, the look on Shan' face is heartbreaking. I am surprised he didn't have a bruised bottom lip when he got back into camp, surly with it dragging on the ground he would have been bound to kick it a few times! He'll get over it; he has shot a number of good Fallow stags.

The last day of our hunt Dave and I set off up the hill again (bloody knob heads) to find his pig. The Shannon's went to look for the deer again and a good goat they had spotted the day before. We found David's pig, a nice healthy sow, no further that 25m, from point of impact.

Many hours and kilometres later Dave started in on a good Billy I thought would be about 110 - 115 DP. Bloody wind was howling again and blew the three stalks that Dave tried. We ended up empty handed on our last day.



One defiantly worth coming back for.

The Shannon's had no luck on the deer and Shan' shot over the back of the 40 inch Billy they were looking for (his w'end had turned pear shaped). They also came back empty handed. We all had a good feed and sat under the tarp as the heavens opened up. It was nice to go to sleep with the sound of rain falling on the tarp.

The next morning we packed up camp and headed home quite happy albeit some what knackered.

Settle for second best.....? By Peter Morphett

To say this years deer hunting has been some the best that I have had would be an understatement, I have been lucky!

I love all forms of deer hunting, from being guided to hunting closed range, but hunting around home and finding good heads is a labour of love, so to put down a good buck or two every year is a real challenge, that I really do enjoy.

Now last week I managed to get onto two really good bucks slugging it out, and I was also privileged to see just how some of the deer hierarchy works, let me tell about what I saw last week.....

The grunting just stated before sunset, and I quickly but carefully made my way down the hillside to the arena below, as I approached I could see two younger bucks locked in a massive battle with each other under a small stand of wattle, now there were also two other bucks facing off out in the open, and they where going through their pre-fight paces. For about 2 of 3 minutes before they locked horns they would walk side by side sizing each other up, they would then would turn quickly and hit each other as hard as they could pushing and shoving as best they could for a short spurt and then return back to walking side by side before turning and coming together again, this happened about 4 or 5 times before the bigger Buck was victorious and chased the smaller one out of the centre arena.

The buck that won that battle would walk back to the centre of the make shift

arena and stand there as if he were king and owned that piece of real-estate. He deserved this spot, he was a very mature and strong looking buck he looked easily over the 210 DS mark, but up under the stand of wattle there was another challenger who was just buying his time and watching the other two younger bucks battle, he was almost looking over their shoulders with in easy striking distance from them but looked as if he was checking out there form like an experienced fighter/ trainer. I couldn't really see how good he was as the wattle branches obscured his antlers and the dust from the two bucks also added the screen which obscured the ideal view. He went back to marking the lower branches with his pre-orbital glands until the other buck in the main arena grunted as to call the next challenger to step-up, now it was his turn.

When this buck walked straight out from under the branches, with eyes wide, head fully upright his neck and body looking thick and strong, I thought this was going to be a big battle as this guy was clearly bigger in antler size by at least 10 points and the attitude was awesome, you could see the other good Buck instantly respond to his body language and maybe to his demise even from the early stage he looked a little worried.

Now this fella though he was obviously top dog, and when he stepped ever closer to the centre of the arena to close the gap to the previous victor the other buck must have thought so too, as he moved half a step away from the new aggressor as the he came ever closer, the bigger buck made his forward advance consistently and directly toward the previous winner, so the game was already on.

They would walk side by side, for some distance a turn and walk back again,

this time the lesser buck was not so keen to engage until the bigger fella finally forced his hand, it might have been the intimidation before hand or that fact that he was fresh, didn't leave the other buck with much of a chance, the bigger buck just turned and attacked, the other buck had no choice but to turn and put his head down and take the onslaught, but he was just pushed into the ground, it looked like he was holding him down, and was trying to push him though to China!

The other buck with his antlers locked in a really horrible angle with his already twisted and very uncomfortable looking position from the mad aggressor desperately tired to get to his feet, with legs and dust flying in all directions in valent attempts to regain his footing. With two more massive pushes the big buck had completely demolished his competition and only released him from his vice like hold just long enough to let the victim get to his feet and retreat The big buck then gave chase giving those standard short and sharp grunts in rapid succession that must be the Fallow victory call. He ran the loser clear out of the centre arena and grunted seal of victory.

All this was awesome to watch, as I was manoeuvring my way in the creek next to them the whole time just hanging back so my sent would not cut across their battle ground, and the big buck chased the other buck right up and next to the creeks edge some 200 metres in front of me, I made my move. Quickly I slipped my way up towards the head of the creek waiting for the victor to return to the arena and hopefully I would have a narrow opportunity to take my shot before he would cross my sent.

As I reached the bank leading out of the head of the creek, I knew there was a small cherry tree not far from the

opening of the creek. I hoped the bigger buck might have chased the other buck passed this tree and that I might get a close shot at him as he returned passed it on his way back to the scrapes and the centre arena. However, the smaller buck had stopped and stood his ground under this tree and the bigger buck was waiting on the far side of the creek right in behind a bunch of fallen tree limbs, I had no clear shot even though he was only 35 to 40 metres away!

I could see the tops of the other buck still under the cherry tree and he was watching the other big fella intensely, I guessed he thought he could take him as the big fella turned and started to head back the centre arena. This was going to turn bad for me if I didn't move back down the creek quickly as he would smell me for sure, but then as he turned the other buck started to walk straight towards me and now I couldn't move! He was going to walk down the same bank that I was now kneeling on, and the other buck was moving ever and ever closer to cutting my sent. I decided this is still a very good buck, and there is not a shot open on the big fella so he will have to do for this arvo. I came to full draw, anchored, aimed in the direction of the buck and quickly readjusted as his body came in sight, now at 10 metres I should have allowed for the quicker pace and when I fired the shot was a little further back than I would have liked the bigger buck must have just caught my cent as I fired and he gave one deep loud bark and was off!

The buck that I had just shot, instantly turned and was going to make his exit into the bottom of the creek he was standing on top of, but was greeted with the sight of me instead, so he instantly change directions again, and bolted back to where he had come from and disappeared out of sight. I knocked

another arrow and gave him 2 minutes then headed up the bank, the daylight was fading fast and I wanted to try and get another arrow into him just to make sure. As I moved through the lightly covered dead timber next to the creek I saw him bedded up some 35 metres in front looking my way, I took a quick range and drew and as he stood and turned his head to leave the RAGE 2 Blade found its mark tight behind the shoulder, the buck now was defiantly mine, the last thing I saw of him was him jumping off the 20 foot high bank and into the steep cut and eroded banks of the creek to become wedged into his final resting place.



The consolation buck, he scored 216 DS!

I pulled the buck out of the narrow and constricting erosion bank for a few pics, then removed the cape, and headed for home, a happy camper! The vision of the bigger buck still bounced off the walls of my mind all the way home, and long into my dreams as I replayed through the days events over and over.

Well weekend after at 6am I have tracked down that bigger buck to a section of timber where he had about 6 to 8 does. As they entered the scrub to retire for the day, I took a mental note of their position and I planed to get back to that exact spot early to mid week after work to have another crack at him.

Well that day had come, I had made my way to the section where he was last seen, and I hoped he would still be there. The sun had just set again, and bingo, I heard one loud grunt some 150 metres in front of me, the wind was spot on, so I made my way quickly as possible in the fading light, only stopping for a short periods to listen to for more grunts. As he gave away his position on and ever increasing basis, I homed in on his location and made good use of the patch of tee tree next to where he was grunting. As I closed the gap with the wind still firmly in my face I could see him in the distance chasing some does around, I edged closer and closer until I was not more than 40 metres from him, but I dared not get any closer as the remainder of the does had now moved to within 20 metres of me and they where heading up a small ridge next to my position as they wanted to head out and into the open to feed.

Now was my chance, as he moved through the trees, following the last of the does I let him go past me a little, just out of sight, then I gave two small does calls! Instantly he turned and grunted back in my direction, then he started to walk my way I had planted myself right in-between two large tee tree bushes with some small saplings covering my bottom half. The light was just about gone, lucky I had extended the pins on my Trophy Ridge sight before this years hunting season as I could still make out my pins! I could hear his antlers, brushing up against the tee tree as he steadily walked in my direction, as one side of his antlers came into view I drew , anchored and lined up my No-Peep (still working like a cham in the low light conditions). He came around the end of the bush, walking right to me, square front on, and at 5 metres was grunting so loud straight in my face my heart beat was pounding like crazy! My 25 metre green pin settled about 2 inches

lower from the intersection of the brisket of the chest and his neck (knew it would hit 2 to 3 inches higher at this range!) so at a mere 4 metres I let him have it!

He jumped up and kicked like a bucking horse, and leaped froward, and cleaned up the bush right next to me, I took evasive action so he didn't clean me up as well. I turned to watch him try and make his escape. When he made it twenty metres from where he was mortally hit it looked like he was going down, but he had only tripped in his hast to get anyway and fell down into a small depression in the sandy ground I moved forward and he saw my movement and rose instantly and started bolting away again, this time with an even more panic driven gate, but he only made it another 20 metres and collapsed again, this time for good!



One of Pete's best Fallow trophies, 224 DS!

I ran over to check my prize, boy what a thumper buck, I removed the CarbonTech Rhino from deep within his chest the RAGE 2 blade broad head had opened him up like a can of worms, what a massive entry hole, some 5 inches wide! Boy I love these broad heads! I took a bucket load of pic's then caped the big fella and headed for home!

I returned the next morning, borrowing the land owners 4WD and made my way to the fallow buck in the cool morning air

and fished the job on removing all the meat and dropping in and leaving half of the takings with the owners wife upon returning to my car, so all I just have to do now is wait another 11 months and see what turns up next year, can't wait!

Gadget of the Month

Nikon® Archer's Choice® Laser Rangefinder

Nikon's advanced ID (Incline/Decline) Technology allows hunters to range targets from a tree stand down into a canyon or in other steep terrain with the same confidence and ease as ranging over flat ground. Compensates for various shooting angles up to an incredible + or - 89° (nearly vertical up or down!).

The Archer's Choice rangefinder is designed specifically for archers, with Nikon's® advanced ID Technology to be the ultimate rangefinder for bowhunters. The result of Nikon's collaboration with the pros at Archer's Choice, this rangefinder offers 1 yard (1m) to 1/2-yard (.5m) in ID mode incremental distance readings and all the features serious bowhunters demand.



Nikon's advanced ID (Incline/Decline)

technology compensates for various shooting angles and provides equivalent horizontal range to the target. It all works together to help bowhunters shoot with confidence from the tree stand or on steep, uneven terrain just like it was flat ground. The Archer's Choice also features multicoated optics, waterproof/fog proof ruggedness, and pocket-sized portability. Weight: 6.3 oz. Range: 5–100 yards. Runs on CR-2 lithium battery (included). A Realtree APG HD® camo neoprene case is also available.



Features:

- Rangefinder made just for bowhunters
- Distance readings in ½ to 1-yard increments (.5 to 1m)
- Nikon ID (Incline/Decline) technology
- Multicoated optics
- Waterproof/fog proof
- Range: 5-100 yards (4-100m)

Newsletter Contributions

All Membership and Rating forms to be sent to:

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shirts are \$30. Postage is \$5 for 1-3 shirts and \$10 for more than 3.

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Well this wrap's up the competition for this years annual story writing competition the winner will be announced next newsletter!

The winner will be holding the grand prize of the a TOP of the range 2008 **BowTech** (worth \$1300), yes they will get to pick what model that best suits them, that could be either a new General, 82nd Airborne, 101st Airborne, Tomkat, Allegiance, Commander, or the amazing Guardian or Constitution, but remember you also could take home the custom Predator take down recurve instead, its still worth \$890, so you decide!

Merchandise Extra Info

There are still a few of the readymade 2008 Gladstone Awards shirts available in a range of sizes. Please let Paul Southwell know via e-mail if you would like to order one, more can be made up if need be. There are two designs to choose from with the first having the large "I am Never Boared" logo on the back and the small trophy takers square logo on the pocket. The second has the small "Bowmen of the Bush" logo on the front pocket and the small square TT logo on the sleeve. Both shirts also have some awards text on the front of the shirt. Polo shirts are \$35 and T-



Well this issue's winner of the Super Tough **Carbon Tech** Shafts has graciously been awarded buy the guys and girls at Archery supplies this month is none other than..... myself, thanks Archery Supplies!

Proposed Scoring Course.

At the 2008 AGM it was noted that it would be good to run a scoring course for T.T. members in northern NSW. Mark Wills has been in contact with Daryl Bulger of the Gold Coast who has agreed to run TT members through a scoring course for pigs/goats and deer.

If we get sufficient numbers, the course will be run at Daryl's house in the Gold Coast. There are several proposed times for the course – Either with the 1st two weeks of October or the 2nd two weeks in November.

If you are interested in attending this scoring course could you please let us know ASAP.

Peter Morphett.

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Trophy Takers Merchandise

I am never
BOARED



The Bowmen
of the Bush

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Bowmen of the bush



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