



Newsletter Dec-Jan 2012

TROPHY TAKERS NEWSLETTER Dec-Jan 2011-12

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Game Claim Report 29/1/12

Well it's been a while since we've had a game claim report, but there has been plenty of good game hitting the books with 43 ratings in a range of different species from both old and new members. Below is a selection of the fine game TT members have been taking in recent times.

Trevor Willis continued his great run in the bush, taking and rating a monster 8 point Rusa stag shot in north Queensland scoring 228 2/8 DS. The stag that was over 35 inches in beam length now rated as the current TT No.1 Rusa stag. Great effort Trevor!



"Trevor Willis with another number 1!"



keen Wollongong based hunter and long-time TT member Mark Wills managed a nice velvet Rusa stag back in the rut. After peeling the velvet off the stag scored out at 203 1/8 DS and sits at number 7 in the ratings.



"Mark Wills with his 203 1/8DS Stag!"

As usual we had a number of big fallow bucks rated in this rating period. A couple of new members chimed in with some impressive trophies, those being a bat palmed buck shot by Glenn McIntosh that scored 243 5/8 DS and a big bodied black buck that Pat Tydings shot back in 2009 scoring just over the 230 mark at 232 5/8 DS. Well done fellas. Pats young fella, Harrison also joined the ranks with a buck if 185 6/8 DS. Fine effort Harrison!

Other bucks include a 224 6/8 buck shot by big Jim Craze, a 215 3/8 DS buck taken by Lee Payne, a 207 6/8 DS buck



“Glenn McIntosh’s massive 243 5/8 Buck!”

shot by Ben Reith, a 204 5/8 DS buck shot by James Warne, and a 200 4/8DS buck taken by new member Robert Stanley back in 2007. Robert also took a cracking Red stag back in 2006 scoring 283 5/8. Well done mate, and welcome to the club!



“Jim Craze with his PB 224 6/8DS!”

The recent success of TT members on the Sambar continued with two ratings of late. New member and keen Victorian bowhunter Will Ellen stalked and shot a very nice Sambar stag scoring 167 4/8 DS. This deer slips into the top 10 at

number 8. TT's website and promotions man Peter Morphett also got lucky in the Victorian bush taking his first Sambar stag with an early morning uphill shot. The end result a big bodied 121 4/8 DS stag. Tidy work fellas!



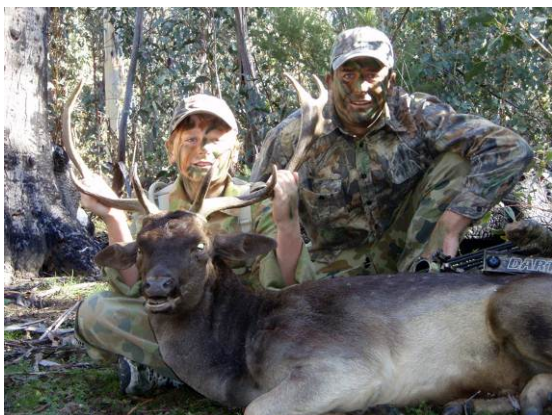
“Lee Payne with his 2011 effort 215 3/8DS!”



“Ben Reith with his 207 6/8DS Buck!”



“James Warne with 204 5/8DS!”



"Pete with his Sambar Stag, 121 4/8DS!"



"Robert Stanley with his 200 4/8 and 283 5/8DS Buck and Stag!"



"Jeremy Brown with his camel 28 2/8DS!"



"Will Ellen 167 4/8DS Sambar Stag!"



"Stephen Holgate with his 78 4/8DS Buff!"

Members have also been taking some good extra-large sized Australian game. Cobar bowhunter Jeremy Brown managed to down a western Camel back in late 2011, with a scull measurement of 28 2/8 DS. That's one big critter! Goulburn based hunter Stephen Holgate did the miles up to the top end to chase the buffalo, and came up trumps on a big bull scoring 78 4/8 DS. Well done gents on two fine animals.

With a few better seasons for some of the western NSW/QLD catchments we have seen a return to big feral numbers and with an increase in game we have seen some TT members getting into it.

The Cobar duo of Sean Walsh and Jeremy Brown have had been out and about and rated some good stocky

boars in the 20 -25 DS range. I was also lucky enough to spend a week out there with a couple of the boys and take a heavy horned 110 5/8 DS goat - my best in a few years. Another on that trip was Paul Woods, who took the best pig of the trip, a shaggy multi-coloured pig scoring 26 6/8 DS.



"Shane Walsh with 24 2/8DS Boar"



"Mark Southwell with a solid outback hog"



"Jeremy Brown with 25DS Boar"



"Paul Woods with large 26 6/8DS Boar!"



"Mark with an even 110 5/8DS Billy!"

We also had a couple of other nice pigs rated recently. Rory Smith was skilful enough to crack a classic mountain boar with good hooks measuring just under the magic 30 point mark at 29 4/8 DS. New member Wes Tolhurst also chimed in with a cracking Cape York boar he shot scoring 28 6/8 DS. Top effort Wes and welcome to TT.



“Rory Smith with his PB Boar 29 4/8DS!”

mountains as did Lee Payne with a 105 3/8 DS billy taken further south. Western bowhunter Kris Norman from Bourke rated a 115 1/8 DS Billy, his best to date and Sean Walsh also rated a Billy taken in the Mulga scoring 102 1/8DS.



“Liam Woods, with large bodied Boar!”



“Wes Tolhurst with his 28 6/8DS Boar!”



“Lee Payne with a 105 3/8DS Billy”

Young bowhunter Liam Woods has also been harassing the local pig population with his Dad, and rated a well-proportioned boar scoring 23 DS. Judging from the couple of hunts I've been on with Liam, I don't think it will be the last time we read about him in a TT newsletter!

The last rating period has also seen the rating of some nice billy goats taken in both the plains and mountain regions. New member Robert Ring rated a 115 4/8 DS billy with deep curls taken in the



“Sean Walsh with 102 1/8DS Billy”



“Kris Norman with his PB 115 1/8DS Billy!”



“Shane Dupille with 10 3/16DS Fox!”

As usual the small game has been receiving some pressure from TT members. Brian Newton scored on a big 7 13/16 moggy, and Shan James and Sean Walsh have also take foxes. Oh yeah and I should probably mention Fox killer Shane Dupille who has rated another 8 foxes in the last ratings period with some nice ones over 10 points. What can I say, the bloke loves the foxes!

Good hunting all,

Mark Southwell.



“Shane with his 40th Fox for the year! 10+DS”



“Sean Walsh with a 9 15/15DS Fox”



“Brian Newton with big moggy, 7 13/16DS!”



Shannon James with a 10 4/16 DS Fox!”

PIG PAD!

Well another year past and the trip to the cape was on again, after last year's very wet adventure we were all hoping for a much drier time. Mono and I hit the road a week out with plans of spending a few days again hunting the beautiful Toomba Station near Charters Towers.

After negotiating the long drive and several smug and ever so annoying Manly supporter on Grand Final night we finally arrived. The place was green, again, but fortunately all the water was already on the ground and apart from a couple of storms the weather was kind. We saw some nice deer, and both had opportunities on good stags which did not get converted, however I got lucky on a malform when he scent trailed a hind right past me, as he quartered away I decided to put him on the deck.

Very happy, we took the cape, antlers and all the meat for the rest of our adventures... We then paid our respects to Billy and continued the journey to Cairns.



On arrival bad news, Stu was hobbled and would not be going with us, what a bummer! It was decided we would take two cars regardless as it gave us options and a 'just in case'.

Upon arrival it was evident there was plenty of water but thankfully it was all from the previous wet season. Grass was plentiful, and long and dry where it wasn't burnt. First morning we all went south to the furthest swamps, it took a while to locate the old track but after a bit of cross checking and the troopy with a gaping hole in a tyre side wall we got onto familiar ground. The swamps had heaps of water and the going was a little leaner than usual but both Mono and Uncle Mick managed to bag a boar each. The way home I too gathered a stick, straight into one of Stues brand new Cooper tyres, not happy Jan!

For the next few days I hunted smaller water bodies, or creeks that would normally be dry, these proved quite fruitful.

On one hole there is a freshwater mangrove that always holds a boar, and this year was no different. When the 30 or 40 ibisas, cormorant's and alike lifted off from the tree and water I figured the gig was over, but when there was no huff and escaping hog I thought well just maybe. As I peered intensely through the mottled foliage I made out the black and white hide of a pig, but what sex and how big I was not sure. I figured a shaft through the spine going forward would soon answer that question, and it did! A massive black and white boar erupted out, I froze as he spun and propped, clacking and woofing, he then hurried off into the scrub. I got low and watched, he went about 100 meters, started to wobble and tipped over, awesome! He was a huge pig, with around 27 point tusks, so I was happy.



Over the next few days we all managed a few pigs and I even ended getting a PB boar which made things that little sweeter. Mono once said to me if you can see their tusks without binos they are good pig, sounds obvious hey but how true it is. Working my way along one of my favourite section creek I spied a boar lying next to a significant pool of water. First thing I noticed was ivory

hanging out, OK Col lets test that theory.

The wind allowed me to go wide and come in opposite on the other side of the creek, the arrow looked fine but struck him a little high, as he stood I let him have another one. In a flurry of dust and leaves he went up the bank and into the long grass, great. As I slowly made my way up the bank I noticed fletches sticking up out of the grass. From their angle I knew he was facing me, I drew and came over the bank, as he came forward I fired, missed and pulled myself into a tree in one spider man like motion.. I was now out of arrows, not ideal. I watched him for a while as he slumped in the grass and decided caution was the better part of valour and made the hot trek back to the meeting place.



With the boys (or bait) in tow we returned to the last point of contact. I pointed out the arrow some 50 meters ahead, and as Mono kindly said he would video the impending attack I moved in. After much scrutiny I declared the arrow was not moving and went ahead with caution only to find the arrow was all alone and sticking up in the grass.

OK start looking around, the grass was long could be fun! Mono figured he would take the clearer route and head

toward the creek and luckily for me he found him as the boar roared out from under a tree and made Col move faster than any winger, black or white, in Group 18! I finally dispatched him as he went past me in the grass. Nice pig, went 29 and after a cooling swim in the creek we headed back to camp.



So the trip came to end, one thing I will say, it was bloody hot, a few times I had to swamp up to cool my body down and

hunting alone I was very cautious about where I was and the way I felt, plenty of water and hunting smart not big was my motto.

However sitting here writing this I can't wait for next year, hard to beat cruising up those burnt out water ways dodging the termite mounds one eye on the GPS as that swamp gets closer and closer, great stuff!!

Chris Hervert.

Trophy Takers Annual Awards 2011 Cobar NSW

Eventually and not without a scramble our Trophy Takers Annual Awards and presentation weekend for 2011 were held in Cobar from Friday 14th through until Sunday 16th of October. The organisation for this year's award was a messy affair, with the northern Australian members offer to host the 2011 awards at the Tully club literally blown apart by the cyclone. The backup plan was then to go to the central coast NSW and this also fell by the way side last minute. Cobar members then put their hands up and with very little notice hosted a great awards weekend that was a credit to everyone in the Cobar club and its Trophy Takers members.

In the spirit that makes this organisation what it is, people still travelled long distances even with little notice. They took time off work and brought families along for a weekend of hunting talk, recognition of hunting achievement and more hunting talk. Sometimes these are the only time in a year members get to catch up, this makes it a special occasion and the two late nights until the wee hours of the morning are testament to this year being no exception. New arrivals from long

journeys through the night always reignited the telling of more tales.

It's hard to tell if it is the award presentation and the Annual General Meeting (AGM) are the purpose or the excuse for the get together. Either way, the achievements of many of our members over the last year were definitely exceptional and worthy of acknowledgement. Of the many winners (you can read below) there a number that warrant special mention. Trevor Willis had a great year, shooting not one, but two new number ones in a single year with his new number one Chital and Rusa deer. Adam Greentree shot his new number one Red deer which absolutely smashed the previous record by over 40 points, and then the collective effort these two members plus Paul Southwell for the unprecedented efforts of shooting four number one's in a rating year. To be doing this after so many years makes it a huge year of achievement in Trophy Takers. Well done, a great effort and if members need reminding that anything is possible in hunting this should do it.

The weekend was also highlighted by a huge and well supported raffle which raised some handy dollars for T.T. I would like to publically extend a big thankyou to Manual Agius for again offering up a dozen of his beautifully handcrafted arrows, Daren Hayman a new member from Bourke and BP Service Station of Bourke for an assortment of items, and of course everyone who bought tickets. I am also happy to say that I seemed to be the lucky one this time round.

The weekend had many angles to it. The facilities provided by the Cobar club were exception and allowed attending members and their families to camp very comfortably in a very relaxed bush setting which set the mood for hunting

and archery talk beautifully. Thank you to Willsy for providing some of the best Venison I have ever eaten.

There was the usual display of bow shot trophies that I am sure did a lot to inspire the many less experienced hunters and seasoned hunters alike that were lucky enough to see it. Thank you to everyone that put the effort in to bring along valuable trophies.

The weekend also featured two relaxed rounds of field archery on the Saturday and Sunday. Eventually the weekend came to a close, members drifted away, some had made hunting arrangements and other had all night drives to get back to work, as a member I appreciate the effort of everyone who organized these exceptional awards and to all members who put the effort in to make them so successful.

Hunting award winners for this year were:

Boar award
32 2/8 CASEY MCCALLUM

Goat Award
135 1/8 LEE PAYNE

Red deer Award
358 4/8 ADAM GREENTREE

Fallow Deer Award
250 5/8 MARK SOUTHWELL

Rusa Deer Award
228 2/8 TREVOR WILLIS

Sambar Deer Award
188 4/8 MICK KERNAGHAN

Chital Deer Award
196 1/8 TREVOR WILLIS

Fox Award
10 09/16 SHANE MCNAUGHTON

Buffalo Award
78 4/8 STEVEN HOLGATE

Camel Award
28 1/4 JEREMY BROWN

Cat Award
7 13/18 BRIAN NEWTON

Bill Baker Deer award:
RED 358 4/8 ADAM GREENTREE

Traditional Award:
FALLOW 194 SHANE DUPILLE

Dalas Conway No.1 Listings trophy:
RED 358 4/8 ADAM GREENTREE
RUSA 228 2/8 TREVOR WILLIS
CHITAL 196 1/8 TREVOR WILLIS
CHITAL 194 7/8 PAUL SOUTHWELL

Chairman's Award:
TREVOR WILLIS

Junior Bowhunter:
GLEN PAYNE

Legend Award:
BEN RIETH

Photography and trophy awards were presented to:

Framed photo of hunter and game:
Adam Greentree

Composite photo display:
Wayne Anderson

Framed hunting photo:
Adam Greentree

Best nature photo:
Adam Greentree

Best photo album:
Shane Dupille

Best video clip:
Mark Southwell

**Best mounted trophy:
Adam Greentree, Downunder
taxidermy**

**2011 Annual General Meeting
Cobar Bowmans Club, NSW, 16th
October 2011**

Meeting opened at 10.20 pm

Attendance

Manuel Aguis, Dave Whiting, Wayne Anderson, Mark Southwell, Mark Wills, Darren Hayman, James Warne, Darrel Warren, Ben Reith, Adam Greentree, Wally Parker, Scott Whiting, Jeremy Kelly, Liz Kelly, Robert Ring, Sharelle Ring

Apologies

Ian Fenton, Peter Morphett, Paul Southwell, Leigh Cragg, Trevor Willis, Casey McCallum, Stan Kwasigroch, Chris Hervert, Shane Dupille, Ben Chambers, Jason Robinson.

Minutes

Minutes from 2010 AGM at Dalgety, NSW read out and accepted by Manuel Aguis, seconded by Mark Wills.

Business Arising

TT scorers and accreditation.

Discussion centred around the need to get more TT accredited measurers throughout the country and the failure to gain interest from TT members for scoring courses proposed in the past. A motion was moved by Dave Whiting and seconded by Wayne Anderson, that current fully accredited TT measurers (deer) can use their discretion to upgrade existing TT members to accredited measurers. This motion was passed unanimously. It should be noted that top 10 trophies in each species still have to be panel measured.

Video award

It was expressed that as discussed in previous meetings, the video award needs to be better advertised during the year and we look to collate all video entries onto a single DVD which is then made available to members at the awards.

Individual perpetual trophies for existing rating species

No further action has occurred as to the additional perpetual trophies for deer awards plus fox and buffalo. Dave Whiting and Adam Greentree to follow up with Graham Cash. In addition, an award in memory of Pedro Lever will be investigated acknowledging hunters with disabilities - Adam and Darrel Warren to follow up.

TT Trailer

Acknowledgement goes to Chris Hervert for donating a trailer that is to be used for storing and transporting TT merchandise and the display boards. Dave Whiting to organise registration of the trailer into TT's name.

TT Merchandise

Concerns were raised by Dave Whiting as to the large amount of past award specific merchandise we still have in storage. It was suggested that the prices of these be reduced to promote their sale. Member Wally Parker volunteered to chase up some screen printing prices from his family business, as current screen printing prices are excessive. It was also suggested that we talk to Tully bowhunters as to possible event specific shirts for next year's awards.

General Business

TT awards

Acknowledgement was made to everyone who travelled to the Cobar awards, given the relatively short notice

of the location and date of the awards. Thanks also to the Cobar Bowmans club for hosting the event.

The preliminary location for next year's awards is the Tully Bowhunters Club, as initial conversations seem positive. Mark Southwell to officially approach the tully club to confirm.

Camo clothing sponsorship

Jarrold Vyner provided correspondence via email of a proposal to approach NIOA trading about the possibility of obtaining some Lamellar camouflage clothing at cost price or below to be sold with trophy takers logo's to members in an attempt to raise money for the club. There was unanimous agreement that this should be pursued, with the proposal to be refined by the TT directors. Thanks to Jarrod for this initiative.

Trophy Takers No.1 Shields

There are currently no No.1 shields left to be handed out to new No. 1 ratings holders. Mark Southwell has been in contact with a producer for the last 10 months, however no progress has been made. A suggestion was made to approach a maker in Cobar to get them produced. Mark Southwell and Darrel Warren to follow up.

Fundraising fallow deer hunt auction

Ben Reith offered to donate a three day fallow deer hunt to be raffled, with all proceedings to go to Trophy Takers. This was met with unanimous agreement, with Ben and Adam Greentree to follow up and look into the possibility of auctioning the hunt on the Australian Bowhunting Forum. A big thanks to Ben for this kind donation.

TT group hunt.

Adam Greentree suggested that a midyear trophy takers group hunt could be organised as an extra chance for TT members to catch up throughout the year. This hunt could take place in a suitable NSW Game Council Forest or equivalent. Adam to follow up.

TT account balances

As at 4th October 2011 the trophy takers account balances were:
TT working account: \$3,193.58
TT marketing account: \$1,375.78
TT Book Account: \$8.82

Meeting closed at 11.30pm.

To everyone that organised and participated in the weekend. You know who you are, the awards finished another positive year and set us up for another so thank you, hopefully many members make the Trip to the 2012 Awards.

James Warne.

Australian Archery Hall of Fame and Museum 2012 Banquet

Well the hall of fame dinner and archery expo are on again on the 25-26th February 2012. Doors will open at 10am on both days with the Banquet to be held at 6pm on the Saturday night. Both functions will be held at the Liverpool Catholic Club and Mercure Hotel (same location as previous years). TT will have a stand at the expo, so if you are coming then feel free to throw in a trophy or two to put on display. TT merchandise will also be on sale. TT has also reserved a table at the dinner, so if you wish to sit with other TT

members then mention so when you book your tickets.. Tickets can be booked through AAHOF secretary Margaret Nelson on 02 99450258 or 0415890940. Shane Dupille, he's going to the expo so if people want info on the display etc, then contact Shane on 0406013130.

Cameras, Deflections, Action! By James Warne

I had Mark Southwell coming from Armidale, he was going to pick up Paul Woods on the way out and poor Leigh Cragg had to drive out from Bathurst on his own. As such they were all going to arrive in Bourke in dribs and drabs. Leigh was first to arrive and he and I headed out of Bourke for the additional 3 and an half hours to the property a day before Mark and Paul. This was good for Leigh as he had to head home early due to work commitments mid-week. I always find it funny how people

feel pretty whoop whoop by the time they get to Bourke, but then I drag them another dusty, bouncy 200km to make sure they really feel 'out the back'.

The story usually goes 'we got there without incident...blah blah' and that would be fine, except it didn't. We managed what I thought was impossible and got breath tested an hour and half after getting off the bitumen, lucky I had had dinner on the way and a chocolate move which took the edge off my desire for a sneaky beverage! I was worried we may have been headed back to the police station for Leigh as the country air can tempt you for a beer but Leigh also managed to control himself and we got through without further incident. (Just a warning over the UHF from the policeman to Leigh for being a smart ass).

The preparation for this hunt had started two months before; I hadn't invited mates for a while as I didn't have any firing properties. I had however recently gained access this property we were to hunt, and had only hunted here for a single day six weeks prior. I had gone out to in a hasty dash on my birthday to check it out. I loved it straight away even though I got lost getting there and did an extra 100km, and then got lost again and bogged before I had even met the owners. I only saw a handful of pigs on that first days walk but water was everywhere and I had so little time to explore. I had seen enough to know it would produce.

Channels flow through most of this property making it inaccessible for the previous twelve months given the good seasons. That lets the imagination role and soon I had all the boys excited about the 120 000 acres that hadn't been hunted for a year - I couldn't even find the tracks around the place as the floods had it so completely locked up.

Alas all hunting is susceptible to outside influences and this gold mine was no exception. Two weeks before we were due to hunt I heard of the dreaded helicopter shoot bulls@#. So we were all just a little peeved to say the least and frustrated at having to be pushed further south than Google earth showed as the hotspot. Nothing to do about it other than find a camp and follow the owner's instructions to some swamps and hopefully big tusky boars.

Leigh and I hunted the first morning out from the cars to the first swamp. Straight away there were goats, sheep and roo's but very little pig sign. We hunted until we were hungry and the swamp ran out, we had seen two small pigs. Neither of us would dare say it at the time but I know we were both very disappointed and a little dispirited. It is so easy to dream up pigs everywhere but hunting is rarely like that and there were plenty of hunting ups and downs to follow in the week.

Mark and Paul were due to arrive mid-afternoon, we had made the meeting point a northern tank as that was one of few places I knew of sufficiently well to give directions to. That was before receiving the news of the helicopter and directions to head down south, so we decided to drive the top half of the property to look around to see the damage the chopper had done and fill in time waiting for their arrival.

Up the top end we soon saw a few pigs. I snuck in to have a closer look and got in amongst them. There was a young whitish boar over to the left as the rest of the mob fed away from me. All seemed sweet at around 23 yards. I would like to say it then went pear shaped because Leigh was following me in a very white shirt with shiny yellow tin in hand, but I just didn't shoot very well.

The boar wandered fifty yards and laid up. At the time I wasn't able to call the shot but Leigh did, over his beer he said I had shot high. Before I could follow him up another young boar shot off from nearby and took my fella with him. That was a bummer start and set the tone for the first couple of days. We also got bogged just to get that out of the way for the trip as well. Not the ideal first day by any means. What a frustration to be away on a big trip and being down on shooting confidence as well.

We eventually caught up with Mark and Paul. They looked excited but couldn't disguise the fact they had just driven all day to get here. This property really does feel 'end of the road'. I'm sure the next half hour drive to the first camp was the easiest of the day anyway. The sun was setting and the country exuded outback hunting atmosphere, it certainly isn't a run of the mill sheep grazing block!

Before reaching the new camp (we moved from the night before because the morning hunt had been so slow), Mark came over the radio "hold up their Warnie, have seen a few pigs and Pauls going to have a crack". So as Leigh and I talked mid track Paul had his first stalk and the weeks hunt had well and truly begun. A perfect start for the two late arrivals.

For me it was a nice change to be hunting country that I didn't know. Rather than point everyone towards hot spots we were going to have to figure this property out together. So the second morning (or first as an entire group), we armed ourselves with GPS's, Topo's and Google earth images and all shot gunned out towards different areas of interest. I did a loop out wide for three kilometres to allow me to then hunt back into the wind towards camp. Paul headed North up the channel and Mark

and Leigh headed west towards distant isolated swamps.

I kicked up a boar on my way down in the dark, and then eventually got instinctively drawn onto the channel by a subtle increase in bird noise. I edged on in, the bird noise grew to a raucous, and there was immediately better water than we had seen at our camp on the same channel. Barely moving I spotted the first mob of pigs, walking in amongst the water, all very relaxed. Now I have to add that Mark and Paul both release hunting videos so there had been a fair bit of talk about videoing. I got caught up in that and squatted to get the tripod out and put the video to good use. I was in a hollow and one high ground bump over from the mob, taking my time when the Boar decided my water looked good and proceeded over. I barely had time to grab the video and bow and get into the long grass. The situation had changed so abruptly and I had little to play with.



The boar fed out into the middle of the water. Fiddling with tripod legs the boar shot his head up once and I knew not to push it anymore. At 30 yards I had the shot over a small log and released. The shot felt good, a video replay confirmed it (later confirmed by the boys to take away bias). But the blood trail went out of the water, over high ground then through the next water then disappeared. I couldn't find any more

blood and there wasn't an obvious direction to follow. Another Boar lost.

The rest of that walk back to camp was not overly exciting, I couldn't keep up with a wondering boar as the tripod legs and the bow was a devil to manage in the thick lignum. I felt like never hunting with a tripod again. It would take a few days of looking at great footage in camp to get me excited about wrestling with tripods again. I thought I had done a pretty extensive walk, getting back at near 11.00 (the beauty of winter trips) and was very surprised when none of the others were back. I radioed and Mark was up the end of a swamp still 3 km's out and the other boys were too rude to answer. Settled in for a coffee, I only managed to find two coffee bags in the whole camp so was happy the boys were still out for a while leaving them for me.

When Leigh arrived in camp next he spoke of not seeing very much other than 30 odd camels. We didn't have permission to hunt the camels so Leigh could only drool. He said he had seen their tracks through some mud and impulsively thought, Hippos.... WTF? Bet he wishes he hadn't mentioned that when he got back into camp - we all got a laugh. Paul then returned, he felt like he had walked half way back to his distant home and hadn't seen a pig. Mark got a couple of young boars. The tone in camp was mixed, but certainly not pumping.

That second morning pretty much set the scene for the next two days and four hunts. We kept on spreading our range and trying areas out from that camp but no one saw much more than a few here and there. We all headed south along the boundary one afternoon towards the furthest corner trying to find something better. One of the four wheelers got a

flat (now I remember why we stop taking bikes ten years ago).



Mark and I decided we would hunt the 6km back to camp, hoping the hunt would knock over three of them leaving a three km walk home . That wasn't to be as we spooked a good boar when we hit the black country after 1km of red. Then we started consistently seeing sows and young boars. The grass was



more prevalent and the goats were everywhere. With all the conditions so much better we hunted slower and the channel actually didn't head as directly towards camp as we thought. It was a good hunt, Mark ended up with a nice 37 inch billy taken on dark in the drizzling rain. The walk was most memorable for the 5 and a quarter kilometre walk back to camp in the dark. We were pretty buggered, buggered enough that Mark came out with one of the quotes of the trip, he said "hey they must be coming to get us, see the lights", I replied that I didn't, "yeah just there", then the goat who's eyes had reflected from his torch took off at twenty metres!!!. That's tired.....



After three days of limited success, we could only theorise where they may be. I had seen some pigs on water where the white Heron type birds were, and then had seen carp, maybe that went hand in hand? Maybe the pigs were in the black coloured area on Google earth images rather than the grey as I had seen previously? Either way I wasn't ready to concede that this was going to be a lacklustre trip and we all decided to head twenty kilometres further south for the morning hunt.

The road heading south went out wide into the red sheep country before coming back onto a windmill and trough. We all kitted up, everyone was planning

on a long hunt to try and demystify this end. As we all walked as a group little was said but I knew we were all thinking "it should be thickening up with channel now" and "this isn't pig country". Luckily a few sand hills later and twice as long as we through it would take we came to some thin channels and were greeted by a small couple of pigs oinking around. Paul was quick to announce "we have to move camp, it is obviously all happening down here" He didn't know it but Mark and I looked at each other as if to say "what's he on about", maybe even snigged a little "funny bastard"; but I'll give it to Paul, he was dead on and he had picked up a vibe long before anyone else.

Within a minute or two the awesome sound of boars fighting pierced the morning air. Leigh and Paul were up first and headed over towards the boars that sounded like they were a couple of hundred metres away. Mark and I just hung back and tried to get the best vantage point we could. We were even able to go around downwind and climbed the sand hill in an effort to be enthusiastic spectators. Paul and Leigh could be seen in the long waist to shoulder high dry summer grass, they edged in slowly and occasionally the boars could be seen racing around on the edge of the grass and were obviously very distracted.

Eventually we saw Leigh raise his bow, but it was drawn and let down a few times before a shot presented itself. When the best boar did prop in the clear for a second Leigh shot then instantly put the bow on his shoulder. From the sand hill grandstand, Mark and I thought from the body language that it must have gone pair shaped; Leigh definitely wasn't giving to much emotion away.



The two of them then kept creeping forward; obviously the fighting boars were still fussing. Paul in front this time and five or ten minutes later there was a shot. Mark and I made it up to them, feeling a little dejected because the boys didn't seem very happy. Luckily ten yards before coming up to them I nearly tripped over a great boar which happened to be the boar Leigh had shot. A great shot at 15 yards had him down quickly. Apparently (as we all learnt during the week), the bow over the shoulder after a good shot is in fact Leigh's normal shot sequence! We took heaps of pictures as it was the best boar for the trip up till that point and we all happened to be there which doesn't happen very often. Unfortunately Paul had just pushed his luck a little too much and had missed a very fine angling away shot.





Paul and I chose to head northwards up what appeared to be one of the main channels. We had only gone around 400 metres before we spotted a lone boar. He didn't look like much so we pretty casually went in together.

Paul was out in front whilst I wrestled with his video and tripod legs which were nearly as tall as I was. Paul pulled up around 12 yards off the boar; I was only two or three metres behind him filming when he let the shot off. To our surprise lots of that boar had been in a hole and he instantly grew in stature as he reeled on the effects of the heart shot. He raced out of there towards us, roared and spun just 8 to 10 yards away. I captured it on film and the boar crashed down 40 yards further on. We both felt the same, "wow didn't know he was that big" and "I came right in with you because I didn't think it was anything special". We were both excited that the trip had turned around so much in such a short amount of time; this was more like we had all dreamt up in our heads.

Ten minutes after photographing the boar I was walking up one side of a small channel and Paul was on the other, about 50 yards away. It was pretty clear so we could keep our distance and ensure the most ground was covered. To follow the channel and keep the wind in our favour, Paul stayed a little in front of me. Paul then came over the radio "Warnie another boar just

up ahead, you better be quick his headed this way". I only just caught a glimpse of him and realized the situation. I got down low and scampered diagonally across the channel. The boar went around a bush 30 yards out so I quickly grabbed another five quick paces as I knew there would be no time for any other movements after that. Paul was between me and the boar (generous of him) so I had to be careful that things were safe in an instant.

When I was happy I was clear of Paul I took the 25 yard shot which was perfect, exactly through the triangle and a real confidence boost. The boar ran around the barest tree and crashed out, all on video which was great. Paul and I were pretty expressive at that point about how awesome the hunt was going.



Paul shot another young ginger boar at around 30 yards and then as we started walking out of the scrub we saw a cluster of boars that made it appear

there were boars everywhere because they were spread out though 100 metres of scrub and clearings. I followed the best boar I could see; it was more a sneak in behind a walking boar than a stalk. I got a shot away which spined him and required a quick follow up. Before we could even discuss it a huge boar materialized out of the long grass, I just waved to Paul, "quick he's huge" motioning to get stuck into it. He was one of those boars that in an instant stands apart from the common types. We had both been able to appraise him as awesome with a single glimpse.

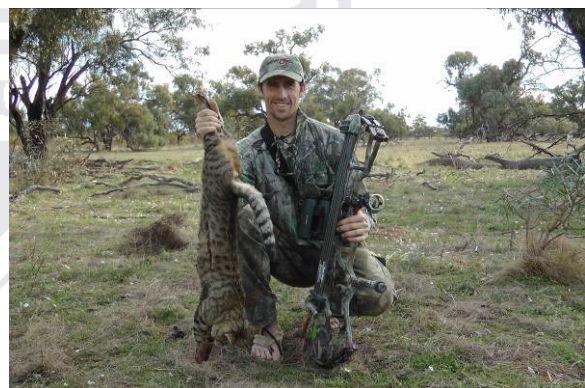


Paul came up in behind the big Boar as he moved between channels. I was a further 30 yards behind him with the video. I remember thinking "shoot Paul, shoot" knowing with him wandering the way he was the chance being presented there and then was probably as good as could be hoped for. Paul shot and I remember thinking there wasn't that strong sound of arrow passing through the middle of chest, Paul was confident of a shot low but towards the heart. We didn't stop to look at the footage just followed the slight blood trail. The blood trail was never exceptional, there was a time 100 yards from the hit that we could just walk up the blood without effort. The blood droplets slowed and the doubt set in. Pauls confidence in the shot kept us looking and we put in a couple of hours trying to find that great boar. Twice we completely lost the track but managed to pick it up again. We

alternated the roles of the tough job concentrating on picking the direction out in front, whilst the other stayed on the last drop and worked in close. Unfortunately we completely lost all blood and no longer knew which way he had gone and had to give up - and just like that an unbelievable morning hunt which yielded 5 boars came to a screaming downer and we walked out with very mixed emotions again!



These winter trips are great for the large amount of time spent hunting rather than waiting in camp. On this day, like many, we didn't finish the morning hunt until 1.00pm and then began again at 3.30pm. Since Paul and I had been walking through the red hot country near camp right through until 1.00pm, Mark and I thought we should go further afield. Leigh and Paul however were keen to head straight back into it, hoping the area was going well enough to withstand six boars being shot and a mile of sent being laid down.



Mark and I hunted 40 minutes' drive away from camp in the afternoon. We had a shocker in a lignum swamp that was too wet, thick and dead for my liking but Mark felt an affinity for it as he had hunted here with success on the first morning. It was a slow hunt but luckily when we came into camp a little later that normal Mark and I could tell that something had changed - there was a different mood in camp. The boys were sitting close, videos and cameras were out and the boys were chirpy. Now Paul doesn't really drink so it wasn't that. It didn't take much prompting to get it out of them, in fact the cameras spoke for themselves.

The story went that Mark and my pessimism for hunting the same ground again from the successful mornings hunt had been ill advised. Paul and Leigh had only gone back into the swamp about 100 metre when Paul had managed to just catch a glimpse of a white boar feeding, with no stalk to speak of he managed to get a shot off and scored a ripper, toothy and old rugged boar. That wasn't to be all for the afternoon, Leigh then had his turn a couple of hundred metres later, when he too had seen a ripper old boar and had managed to pull off the required shot (the bow ending up over his shoulder no doubt). He was a dead-set outback beauty of a boar and is probably the best looking boar I have seen in nearly ten years out here.



All of a sudden there was reason for the now upbeat camp, in a single day that hadn't even started until about 8.30 in the morning we had shot 7 boars and lost one. Everyone spoke of having boars all around and having the awesome situation of sifting through boars to find the best one. Of the 7 boars, two classics had been shot. Carp in drying water holes was one magnet and simply better grass and feed the other; we had found the **magic mile**.



That night grew into one we will talk about for a while. Mark and I like a dose of Metallica and we let it ring out; later to even things up, we let Leigh the young member of the group have his music on and before long Mark and I were doing a spot of rum fuelled aerobics to the bips and bops of his gen y music to take the piss and make it clear what we thought of Leigh's less than heavy metal tunes. I haven't laughed so much since Mark completely lost the sole of his Dunlop K26's two kilometres from camp on a burry trip last year after bragging about their excellent in the days prior. Unfortunately for us our dancing antics may well feature on the next production released by 'the born bowhunter'.....



and we all got a couple of kills to warm up .

Todd got a nice cat while on a stalk on a boar along a water hole, we were being pretty selective only stalking boars and looking for tusky boars but none were found. The weather was pretty mild for that time of the year and the wind was defiantly working against us. By the end of the 1st week we were looking far and wide for big boars but were having no luck. Then the weather turned against us with storms restricting us to camp for a few days.



The rest of the trip was much more upbeat, with a few days of champaign bowhunting only the west can deliver after good rains and prolonged river flows. The success was well spread between the group, which is what we all dream of. After a picturesque last night camped on an outback waterhole, we headed home four happy and satisfied bowhunters.



Around the Traps!

Mark Wills.

Myself, Todd and wally just returned from our pig trip to north QLD. We were headed to the place we hunted 6 years ago and took some big boars so spirits were high as we started the long drive north. Some 33 hours ,7 roo's and a shitload of fuel later we arrived, the first few days we checked out a few areas



With the weather clearing a bit and the tracks drying out we got back into it again, taking a few more boars but as before they were big bodied young pigs with small tusks, the running joke at camp was who could get the smallest set of tusks Todd and wally were in the running with a couple of sets around 18-20 pts then I managed a set around 16 pts, only to be beat again by wally with a big body boar sporting tusks we didn't need to score to hit the front.



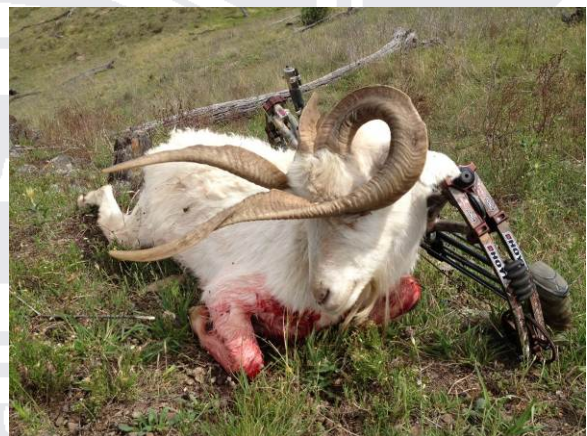
The storms set in again so we packed up and headed for the homestead. The 80km drive out along the wet black soil track was challenging both for man and machine. We hunted the creek behind the homestead for the next couple of day which was some of the best hunting of the trip but still no big boars, I did manage to nail the smallest boar for the trip with a 25 yard shot though the chest on the last arvo. All in all we shot around 30 pigs and had a good time.

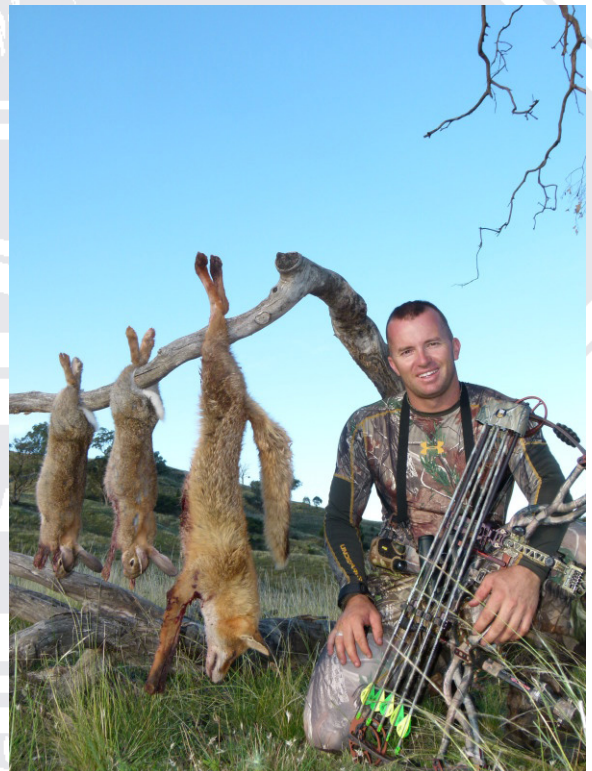
Mark Wills.

Shane 'Raghead' Dupille.

Just recently I went for a goat hunt with Dave Whiting and Adam Greentree. We hunted out way into our destination and I managed to secure a couple of good goats in a mob of about seventy billies. The best going a very twisty 36" spread, 112 6/8. A good one arrow kill, followed by another 32" billy. Adam secured a fine 37" goat that went 111 2/8 the following morning on a loan hunt that lasted most of the day up some very hard country.

Dave shot himself a layed back curly fella he went approx 105. We all came across good animals saw minimal pig numbers and all took fox's for the two day hunt. All in all a couple a long walks and we witnessed some of the finest grassiest country seen in a long time, signing off.





Shane 'Raghead' Dupille.

Trevor Willis.

A quick trip was planned to go have a look at the flat country for a few days. The number of goats seen driving from Condo to Cobar was unbelievable but interesting to note not a "head" amongst them. Whilst the big Boars were real hard to find we had the best time!



I managed a few small boars and my mate killed his first pig on the last morning. We had great fun with the video camera also. Humps got a billy goat at 5 yards with his recurve bow, (excellent video footage) I got the best goat we saw after about a 2klm stalk. We very much look forward to going back next year for another go. Thanks again to Humps and family for their hospitality.





Trevor Willis.

Peter Morphett.

Some game of late all taken with one of my own custom bows the Z-Roid!

Big old pig taken at 15m, the Fox at 35m, the Deer at 50m and 61m, and the bunny at 10m.





Peter Morphett.

Newsletter Contributions

As usual thanks to all who contributed to the newsletter, and congratulations to Adam Greentree and Trevor Willis on their awesome achievements of late!

Also welcome the latest TT newbies!

Please send all ratings with attached pictures to the TT Po Box:

**Mail: Trophy Takers
PO Box U47,
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Armidale, NSW, 2351**

Don't forget to check out the latest issue of South Pacific Bowhunter in your newsagent or get a subscription via their website!



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Peter Morphett.





BCY Trophy String material colours



Brownell AstroFlight String colours



Current serving material colour in stock

- .18" 3D serving (Black, Green, Brown, Tan, Clear, Flu-Orange, Flu-Green)
- .14" Halo (Black, Brown, Green, Clear)
- .24" Halo (Green, Brown, Black)
- 1.1" Mini end serving (Brown, Green)
- No.62XS Centre Serving .21", .25" (Black, Green/Bk)
- No.62 Braided Centre serving .21" (Black/White only)

"Colour's I have in stock"

Again I'm still making custom strings featuring the mainly BCY Fibres 452x and the BCY Trophy String material, this material is a vast improvement over 452x the superior characteristics compose of higher ware resistance, quitter, far less creep and stretch over time. I will also have BCY latest string material called 8190 shortly this is estimated to be the fastest string material ever made and on average be between 6-10fps faster than 452X and Trophy respectfully!

Prices for 452x string/cable complete sets are \$85 TYD and a set of string/cables of Trophy are \$85 TYD! All come with 2X end serving and 62xs centre serving...Halo end serving only \$2 extra a set. You can contact me on 02 80036385 or at via email:

customstrings@trophytakers.org

peter@killerbowstrings.com

petermorphett@trophytakers.org

Peter Morphett.

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NEW DESIGNS Polo or T-Shirts – 2 Sided Print

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

Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL

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T-shirt - \$35



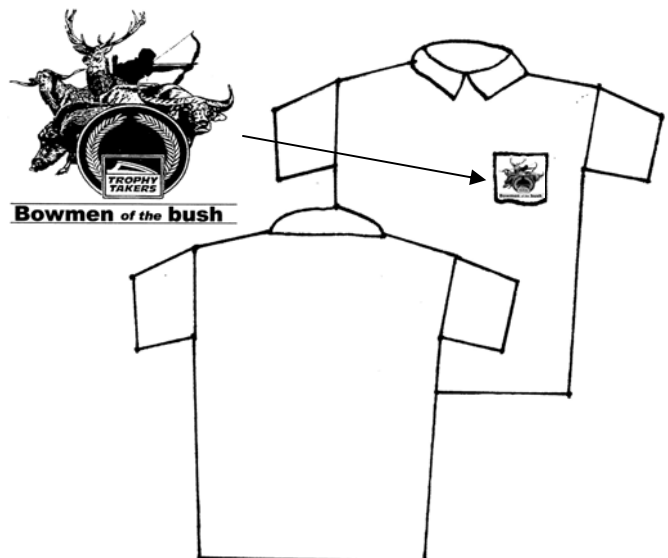
Polo or T-Shirt – 2 Sided Print

Colours: Black, Navy, Dark Green, Maroon.

Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Prices: Polo - \$30

T-shirt - \$25



Polo or T-Shirt – Pocket Print Only

Colours: Black, Navy, Dark Green, Maroon.

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Note: logo is white on a dark background

Stubby Holders – with Base
Colour: Black, Navy, Dark Green, Maroon
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