



Newsletter Dec - Jan 2010

TROPHY TAKERS NEWSLETTER Dec-Jan 2010

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Game Report 12/01/10

A total of 65 animals have been rated with TT since the last newsletter, including a wide gamete of species, from our smallest rated game – the fox, to the biggest of them - the mighty buffalo. These have included some quality animals which have re-arranged the top 10 in several species.

Probably the most notable of these is our new No 1 hog deer shot by Jordy Appleby on a trip to SA in mid 2009. Scoring 82 5/8DS it betters Mark Ballard's 67 1/8 DS stag he shot back in 1999. Well done Jordy!



“Jordy Appleby’s Excellent Hoggie!”



Several good Rusa Stags were recently rated with TT. Rick Turner travelled from his home in Yepoon QLD to secure a mighty stag scoring 206 3/8 DS which currently rates as the 2nd best Rusa stag in TT. Paul Southwell also caught a roaring Rusa unawares in Central QLD, and took his best Rusa stag scoring 195 2/8 DS rating at number 8.



Rick Turner’s magnificent Rusa Stag!”



“Paul Southwell’s great Rusa, 195+”



“Andrew Morrows very fine Buck 230+”

A number of cracking fallow were recorded, all taken in the 2009 season.

The best of these was Danny Badjt’s southern buck scoring 235 4/8DS. Not far behind was his hunting partner Andrew Morrow with his buck scoring 230 2/8DS and Rory Smith with a heavy buck scoring 217 7/8DS. Dave Sarroff wasn’t far behind with his PB buck scoring 209 3/8 and new junior member Glen Payne joined with several bucks scoring 201 3/8 and 183 1/8 DS.



“Rory Smith with his very good 217+ Buck!”

Coming from solid bowhunter breeding, I’m sure we are going to see much more of Glen in the upcoming additions of the newsletter, welcome Glen.



“Danny Badjt’s with hid PB Buck 335+”



“Dave Sarroff with his PB Buck 209+”



“Glenn Payne with another good Buck 183+”



“Peter Craze with his PB Billy, 94+”



“Junior Glenn Payne with 210+ Buck!”



“Brett Castles with a good Sambar Stag, 107!”

Brett Castles was skilful enough to sneak in on a nice Sambar stag in 2009, taking him cleanly. I measured the stag at the 2009 awards and came up with 107 DS which places it at number 9 in the ratings. Brett also rated his big NZ red deer taken in 2000 scoring 332 3/4DS. Speaking of Sambar, ‘Sambar man’ Jim Craze rated several Sambar deer he has shot since taking up the bow, and his first fallow buck scoring 188 3/8DS. His young bloke Peter joined the TT ranks with a Billy goat scoring 94 6/8DS. Well done Peter.



“Brett with his massive 332+ Red form NZ!”



“Jim with another Sambar, nice eating also”



“Rodney Collings with his nice Chital Stag, 135+”

Northern Bowhunter Rodney Collings had a dream end to 2009 taking a great chital stag scoring 135 1/8DS and also a chunky boar scoring 29 2/8 DS. Several other good boars were rated, of note were those taken by new members Todd McCabe and Leigh Cragg, scoring 32 4/8 and 28 4/8 respectively. Keith Hill also rated a northern boar scoring 24 DS as did Nick Hervert with three Cape York brutes taken in late 2008. These helped Nick secure the junior bowhunter trophy for the 2008/9 rating season, nice one Nick!



“Rodney with a great 29+ Boar!”



“Todd McCabe’s awesome 32+ Boar!”



“Leigh Cragg wit his PB 28+ Boar.”

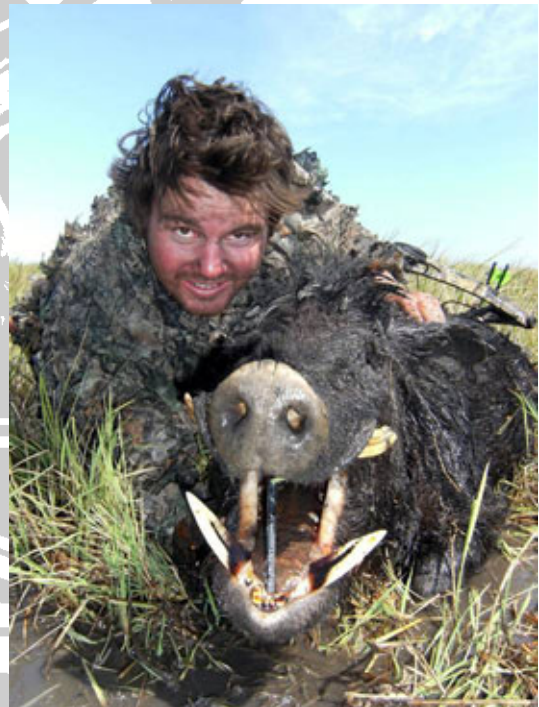


“Kith Hill with his Trad 24 DS Boar”



“Lachlan Cooke with another top Buff.”

The bovines also copped a bit of attention from several of our members during 2009. Ben Sallares travelled north and had a dream week taking two very respectable buffalo bull’s scoring 96 and 92 6/8 points. New member Lachlan Cooke of Katherine NT joined with a cracker bull scoring 93 6/8DS. Lachlan also rated a healthy 32 DS boar taken back in 2008, showing the benefits of living in amongst the game.



“Lachlan Cooke with his heavy set Boar, 32+”



Ben Sallares with his two outstanding Bulls!



“Dave Roughton with the bets goat for 09”

26 Billy goats were rated with us since the last newsletter, the biggest of which was shot by Canberra bowhunter Dave Roughton. The 130 6/8 Billy was taken with Dave's trusty old recurve and gained was the biggest goat rated in the 2008/9 ratings year. A great trophy and what a way to join TT. Eight other goats were rated that scored over 110 DS, there were taken by Rick Turner (120 3/8DS, 114DS), Dave Sarroff (117DS), Pete Morphett (116 6/8DS), James Warne (114 3/8DS), Steven Nowlan (113 5/8DS), Kris Norman (111 2/8DS) and Rory Smith (111 2/8DS).



"Dave Sarroff with 177 DS and PB Billy"



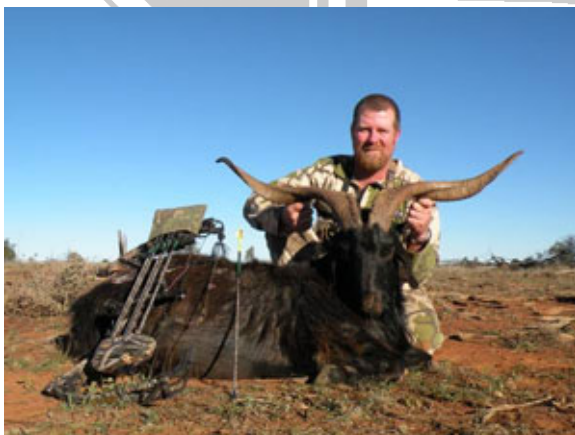
"Pete Morphett with his 40" wide, 116+ Billy"



"Rick Turner with his PB 120 3/8 DS Billy"



"James Warne with his 144+ sorry 114+ Billy"



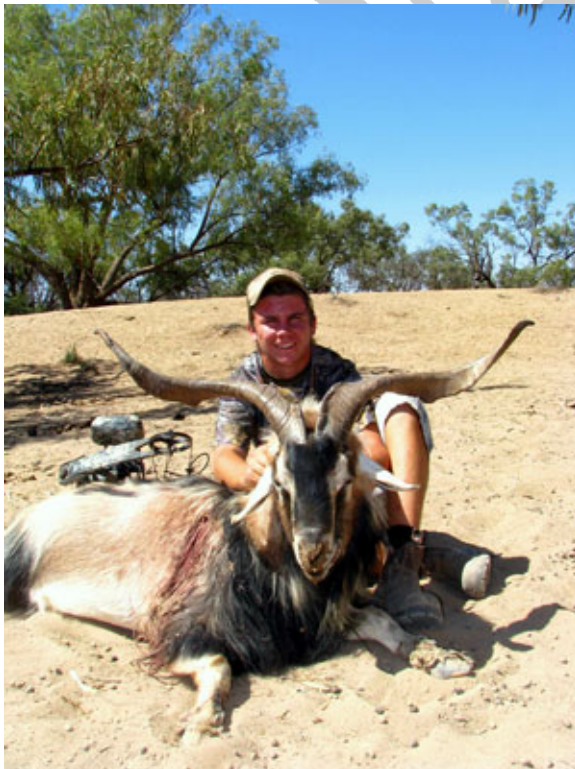
"Rick Turner with his 114+ DS Billy"



“Steve Nowlan with his 113+ DS Billy”



“Shane McNaughton with PB 107 Billy”

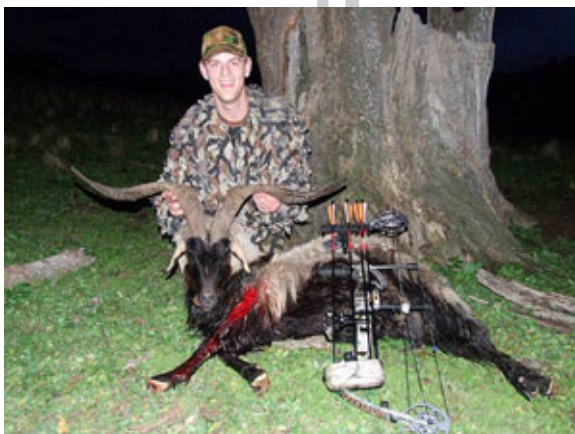


“Kris Norman with his PB 111 2/8 DS Billy”

Several new members joined with Billy goats, including Scott Hardie with a 100 4/8 DS Billy, Greg Brenner with a 93 DS goat, Mark Elliot with a 92 2/8 DS Billy, John Jefferies with two billys (87 5/8 and 85 2/8 DS) and Shane McNaughton with a 107 DS Billy. Shane has been busy with the bow, also rating a 10 2/8DS fox and Fallow doe shot in late 2009.



“Scott Hardie with Trad 100 4/8 DS Billy”



“Rory Smith with his 111+ Billy”



“Greg Brenner with his 93 DS Billy”



“Mark Elliot with his 92 2/8 DS Billy”



“Jodi Charnock with his 94 3/8 DS Billy”



“John Jefferies AKA JJ with his 85+ Billy”



“Luke Charnock with his 95 3/8 DS Billy”

Several TT families have been teaming up to give the goats some grief. Consistent Barcaldine bowhunters, Peter and Nathan Cocking shared a trip in late 2009 taking a number of goats ranging in size from 76 4/8 to 104 DS. Likewise new members Jodi, Luke and Nathan Charnock from Goulburn NSW rated a few Billies taken in the hills of southern NSW, scoring 94 3/8, 95 3/8 and 90 6/8 DS respectively. Well done boys and welcome to TT.



“Nathan Charnock with his 90 6/8 DS Billy”



“Nathan Cooking with a 95 6/8 DS Billy”



“Shane McNaughton with his first Deer!”

The cunning old fox didn't escape some punishment from TT members either, with a number of nice animals being rated. Goulburn Bowman Mick Lewis accounted for a couple of reynards scoring 10 3/16 and 10DS, as did John Bates shooting a cracking dog scoring 10 1/16DS. Lee Payne showed Glen how it was done scoring on two nice animals of 10 1/16 and 9 13/16 DS. Lee also took a fallow scoring 180 3/8DS. Good one Lee.



“Mick Lewis with his 10 3/16 Ripper!”



“Shane McNaughton best fox, 10 2/16 DS”



“Mick Lewis with his 10 DS Fox”



“John Bates with another good one over 10+!”



“Lee Payne with his 180+ Buck for 09”



“Lee with a ripper 10 3/16 DS Fox!”



“Mark with his PB Chital Stag, 169 7/8 DS!”



“Lee Payne with his 9 13/16 DS Fox”

Well that will just about do me, I hope everyone had a good Christmas and festive season, I know I did – Santa smiled on me and I managed to get a good chital stag on the ground, hunting in Northern QLD. He scored 169 7/8 DS and sits at number 6 in the chital ratings. Lets hope that’s a sign of things to come in 2010.

Don’t forget to check in on the ratings updates presented on the TT website –

www.trophytakers.org

Good hunting

Mark Southwell.

Pigs Pad

It seems like a year ago (and in theory I guess it is) but our late year journey to the cape was once again a great adventure. The place always presents us with something new and this trip was no different. A couple of seasons of below average rainfall saw the country the driest we had encountered. Swamps were mere mud holes or ponds and in many cases dried up on a return visit later in the same week. The creeks became long hot dry slogs with only the deeper holes holding the water. You knew that any water would hold a pig and quite often a nice boar. In some case, especially around the 'swamps' there were actually too many pigs, yeah sounds odd but throw 50 or 60 family hogs in among the half a dozen boars and it makes things a little trickier. Still great fun though!

I guess the 'main event' was young Roger mud wrestling with one angry big boar. Funny because over the years Roger has usually been the saviour to those of us afflicted with pig magnetism, but this time it was his turn to attract the swine. Started out pretty normal, boar ambles up to the swamp has a little wallow then moves out for a siesta under the nearby tree's.



"Roger Charnock with cranky Boar!"

Roger watching all this sets up the video on tripod, calmly moves in and arrows the unsuspecting pig, shot looks OK but boar understandably not happy shuffles off to the nearby water and plops himself in the middle to cool off after that nasty bite. Being the responsible bowhunter he is Roger moves in to complete the job, the boar sees this and launches himself through the water like a missile, but not exiting the scene in fact straight at Roger! Now to his credit Roger stands his ground and at point blank lets the arrow go, Its then it gets ugly as the boar thunders into him and the scene becomes a whirlwind of dust pig and human bits!



"Chris Hervert with a couple of nice Boars"

On the ground and the pig in the drivers seat Roger is fortunate when the cranky boar decides to walk away. In hindsight Rogers next move may not have been the best one but never one to shirk the job to be done he gets up shakes himself off, checks he still has fingers and toes then pursues the boar into the scrub. A few minutes later there is more shrieking cussing and general kafuffle, Uncle Mick arrives to find the Peck clawing his way up a tree like a goanna , no low branches making the effort all the more remarkable.



"Stewart Hervert with a good Hog!"

The boars head is raised, jaws clacking in an attempt to bite the boots and literally pull him out of the tree. Uncle Mick under gentle persuasion from the talking tree trunk gets in position and finishes the boar. Roger slithers to the ground a broken man, the newest member of ABAB, Assault and Battery by A Boar. Covered in soot and abrasions from his charred saviour he asks for a moment to gather himself.

Eventually he gets to the point where a few pics can be taken, even in those the look in his eyes suggest a life changing experience. It was all good in the end and has made (as all bowhunters know) great verbal fodder for many hunts to come.



"Chris with and excellent Bara!"

Even though Roger was the target it was a good lesson for all of us, and a timely reminder that the humble old boar can be very cantankerous at times and combined with such a remote location, very dangerous. The remainder of the trip saw some good fish caught and more excellent boars hitting the dirt. Overall though I reckon companionship was the big winner....

Chris Hervert.

TT Awards Weekend

After several months of looking forward to see a gathering of bow hunters in one place, it was finally here.

Being my first year with the bow and my first TT awards, I didn't know what to expect. What I found was some great hunters and even greater people. Bow hunting is on of the most family friendly sports as all ages and genders had a great time.

The trophy wall was one of the best sights that I have ever seen. It gave me lots of bench marks to aim for in my future hunting career.

I was told by a mate that I would get best Sambar award, but when the Bill Baker memorial and Dallas Conway /

Ken Whiting Trophy came my way as well, I was very humbled and honored. To everyone who organized the weekend, Thank you and I hope to see all next year.

Best unframed Hunting photo:
Mark Southwell

Best nature photo:
Paul Hardie

Best composite photo:
Ryan Kennedy

Best photo album:
Ros Hardie

Best video clip:
Mark Southwell

Best Trophy Mount:
Trevor Willis.

2009 Sandy Creek award Winners

Main Game Awards:

Boar Award – Lachlan Cooke 32
Goat Award – Dave Roughton 130 3/8
Fallow Award – Peter Morphett 245
Sambar Award – Jim Craze 185 5/8
Red Award – Mark Wills 302 2/8
Rusa Award – Rick Tuner 206 3/8
Chital Award – Paul Southwell 180
Buffalo Award – Casey McCallum 94 2/8
Fox Award – Adam Greentree 10 5/16

Jim Craze.

Bill Baker Deer Award:
Jim Craze Sambar 185 5/8

Traditional Award:
Dave Whiting Fallow 239

Dalas Conway No.1 Listings Trophy:
Jim Craze Sambar 185 5/8

Chairman's Award:
Mark Southwell and James Warne.

Legends Award:
Dan Kernaghan

Junior Bowhunter Award:
Nick Hervert

Photo/Video Awards:

Framed Hunter and Game:
Mick Kernaghan and Dale Furze

Unframed Hunter and Game:
Chris Hervert and Mark Southwell

Best framed Hunting photo:
Killer Clarkson

**2009 Annual General Meeting
Sandy Creek, Victoria, 4th
September 2009**

Meeting opened at 12.20 pm

Attendance

Mark Ballard, Karen Ballard, Nick Hervert, Ryan Kennedy, Manuel Aguis, Chris Hervert, Peter Morphett, Mick Watts, Shannon James, Dale Furze, Jarrod Vyner, Trevor Willis, , Carley Anderson, Stan Kwasigroch, Mick Kernaghan, Louise Hervert, Dave Sarroff, Jim Craze, Shane Dupille, Dave Whiting, Wayne Anderson, Mark Southwell, , Mark Wills, Paul Hardie, Ros Hardie, , Dave Keable.

Apologies

Gary Piper, Paul Southwell, Ian Fenton, Ben Chambers, Mick Barrett, Stuart Hervert, Al Wormald, Garry Keevers, Les Anderson, Bob Brammer, Jenny Whiting, Kev Whiting, Rory Smith, James Warne, Doug Church.

Minutes

Minutes from 2008 AGM at Gladstone, QLD read out and accepted by Wayne Anderson, seconded by Mark Southwell.

Business Arising

TT measures course.

Acknowledged that arrangements were made to run a scoring course in northern NSW, Southern QLD. Daryl Bulger approached to run it and was very keen, however could not get enough trophy takers members together to make it feasible to hold a course. Daryl is thanked for his willingness to participate, and it was acknowledged that if TT members are keen to attend a course then they should let computer central know so courses can be organised in the future.

Rating of game behind wire

Proposed vote of the acceptance of game shot behind wire into TT game records was not held via the TT newsletter during 2008/2009 as proposed at the 2008 AGM. Members still keen for a vote to be undertaken. Karen Ballard proposed that a vote be undertaken via the TT website, in which the question is posed and then a minimum of 60% response from current TT members be obtained to make the decision.

Format for Awards

Format has not yet been compiled and put up on the TT website, however this will be done this year with help from Dave Whiting.

2008 TT annual awards

The plaque for Gladstone Bowhunters club in appreciation for their hosting of the 2008 awards has not yet been done. Dave Whiting

to organise along with the individual deer perpetual trophies.

Ratings discrepancies and panel measurement of TT number 1 animals:

The majority of discrepancies have been eliminated from the records. Mark Southwell to follow up the few remaining.

Inclusion of a Video award for 2008

Video awards need more promotion throughout the year. It is envisaged that at future awards all the video entries be collated onto a single DVD which is then made available to members. A suggestion was put forward by Karen Ballard that entries may be placed on the website and then voting could take place during the year and not just at the awards.

Individual perpetual trophies for existing rating species:

Individual perpetual trophies have not yet been produced although we have sponsors for all deer awards plus fox and buffalo. Dave Whiting to talk to Graham Cash and organise. In addition, an award in memory of Pedro Lever to be sponsored by Pedro's family acknowledging hunters with disabilities.

Australian Archery Hall of Fame

Dave Whiting accepted as TT representative for the Archery Hall of fame. 10 Trophy Takers members attended the 2009 Hall of Fame Banquet and it was a great success.

TT display stand:

TT display stands were designed and produced by Ian Fenton. The resultant stands were excellent and Ian is thanked for his involvement in their creation.

Attendance at Wodonga Shot Show:

Hunting Expo to be held at Rutherglen in February 2010. TT has a stand for this event in association with a number of other Bowhunting related organizations. TT members from Albury to organising signage and display stands to be taken to the shot show.

General Business

New website

Peter Morphett has designed and implemented a new TT website. The new website features easier access for members to the members section, easier creator access for Peter to upload information and higher security of TT information on website. Members to receive new access passwords in the coming months.

Newsletter and scoring guides:

Dave Whiting moved a motion to move the TT newsletter onto the public access section of the website, along with the Douglas scoring guides. Seconded by Dale Furze. Motion was passed. This was to improve access to TT members as well as allow greater public exposure of TT's recent activities. Peter Morphett to act on this.

Membership:

A motion was moved by Trevor Willis to make all TT memberships due on the 1st of October each year to make it easier for members to remember when their membership expires. In addition it was suggested that existing memberships be extended to the 1st October of the year they expire. Seconded by Jarrod Vyner. Motion passed.

TT account balances

As at 1st October 2009 the two balances were:

TT working account: \$1065.33

TT marketing account: \$397.11

Meeting closed at 1.20pm.

Still Searching

By Casey McCullum

I have always had a passion for my Billy goats, probably because I grew up solely hunting them. The bloodlines in the flinders here are lucky to reach 35" and for the first few years the 33" set on my wall was the best I could manage. After becoming mates with another roo shooter up in North Western NSW I have now gained hunting access to a few properties he shoots. My ultimate goal has been a big even 40" Billy for as long as I can remember and it is still a goal I am yet to reach.

Earlier in the year I went on the 8 hour drive from my home here in SA up to give my mate a hand for a week or so. During that weeks work I met a couple property owners and got access to hunt the pigs and drop any big old Billies I wanted. On that same trip I managed to get one morning hunt in along a nice solid creek bordered by clay flats and mulga sandy ridges either side. There was a fair bit of ground water around so the hogs were going to be hard to find but a big Billy is what I had in my mind.

After bouncing my way towards the creek I spooked a mob of about 6 decent sized hogs. I jumped out and starting my walk from there as I didn't want to spook anything else. It was hard just going by what the owner had told me about the place but it wasn't long and I spotted a small sow nosing in the leaf litter in front of me. I put myself in her path for an ambush and as she came past at 10m I let her have it quartering on. She let out a squeal and disappeared back over the sand ridge. I went casually walking over the ridge and there was a clay flat totally covered in water with about a dozen hogs and one monster boar standing there looking at me. With a woof and water going

everywhere they disappeared to parts unknown leaving a black shape with a cloud of red water around it in the middle. I was pretty happy with my first western piggy.



“Casey with a young sow”

After a bit more of a look around I spotted what I thought to be an ok Billy. After watching him from a distance I decided just to sneak in with the camera and get some pics of him. Big mistake as when I got in close I saw he was a taker and had to get back out and stalk him again with my bow. The stalk went well and I was soon focusing on the spot I wanted to hit him with the 30m pin. As I released a nanny walked in from the left and took the full force of the arrow to the temple dropping her like a sack of spuds!

Only one arrow left in my quiver I had to follow the big fella up and I was lucky enough to have some good cover between us that helped me close the gap to under 30 again. I made no mistake this time and punched an arrow through him quartering away. He only made it about a dozen steps after the hit. He was a good Billy with a 37” spread and my rough score of around 111dp.



“Casey with a nice twisty 111+ Billy”

Just the other week I returned to that red sand country again and this time we had a couple days devoted to chasing a big Billy. My mate up there had seen a couple what he called ok heads on a property north of where he lived and we had the go ahead by the owner as well.

On the way up I called back into the creek line I spent the morning at the previous hunt and managed another sow having a wallow in a dam.

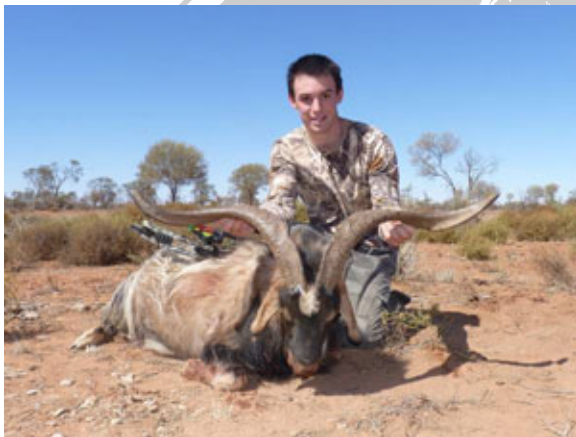


“Casey with another Hog for the trip”

We got up to my mates place and gave him a hand shooting up where we were going to be chasing the goats. This was good as it gave us a chance to look over the country and find out where all the ground tanks are. We headed back up there early that morning and got in position between the only bit of cover on the ground tank, 3 prickly bushes.

The weather was pretty cool only around 30 degrees so it took a long while before the goats started to come in but after a look at the first mob I saw one I thought looked alright. About 34" I recon, I told my mate Simon and said I might as well get a decent goat down to start with. After they made their way down to drink I bolted around the tank and came over behind them drinking. I made my way in to 37m and drew back on the totally unaware Billy having a drink. I cut the shot to see it pass through and out just behind the opposite shoulder. I nocked another arrow and as he paused on his way up the bank I heart shot him from 40m to make sure.

Wasn't I surprised when I walked over to him and he went 38 6/8 inches wide with a few inches broomed off either side!



"Another very good Billy for Casey"

A bit later my mate got a decent goat and that was about the end of the excitement on this place besides plenty of potential Billies seen. We headed off the next morning back to the creek line to try and get a pig. We checked out a couple dams for no result but with plenty of sign around we decided to go for a walk along the creek and glass any shady spots. With the temps only around the 30 mark the pigs were bedding a long way off the water and about 2km from the dam I spotted a small boar sleeping under a tree.

A couple roo's we spooked bounded past him and he stood up alert for a few seconds. After looking around a bit he went back to bed but was still awake and alert. My mate thought he had his head lined up on his way in but as soon as he left cover the pig was gone. It always pays to check with your bino's if you're not sure as it probably cost him the animal. There was another dam on the GPS about 1km away so instead of going back to get the Ute I decided to keep walking and check this one out.

As we made the dam a mob of sows and suckers took off from a shady tree behind the bank. After peering over the bank I spotted a black shape lying under the shade of a eucalypt. A quick look through the specks and it was a nice little boar. Giving Simon the camera I made my way in to around 12m from the sleeping hog, arrow nocked and ready to go. Another look through the bino's to make sure he was laying the way I thought and I knew exactly where I wanted my arrow to go. After the shot the pig only kicked his a few times and didn't even manage to roll over. He was my first Western NSW Boar and I was stoked. Only small hooks that I measured out at 20 6/8 but still a trophy to me.



"Casey scores a nice set of tusks"

That brought the second trip to a close and still no 40-inch Billy. On my way home my roo shooter mate gave me a

call and said he was doing some mustering in his plane on a place further north west and saw a heap of monster billies. He asked the owner about us going up there and its all stations go. I have another trip planned for over new years so I can't wait to get up there and check the place out. It might just be where I find that elusive and much sort after 40.

La Chassé Le Bufflé
(The Hunting of the Buffalo)
By Ben Salleras

From a very young age I'd always dreamed of hunting the mighty water buffalo. The chance never really arose until this year, when after working pretty hard for a couple of years and saving some coin, I thought it was time for a reward. In late 2008 the choice was made - 2009 would be the year of the buffalo.

After a good mate had moved from NQ up to the NT, I was pretty sure he'd be able to organise some good access after getting to know the locals. But after well over a year of living in the Territory, it still didn't appear as though he'd managed to find any decent access. So I decided I'd have to look in to a safari-style hunt. I'd never paid to go hunting in my life, so searching for a suitable operator was a new experience. After many long phone calls and hours of deliberating over whom to hand over my hard earned cash to, I decided on Australian Buffalo Hunters - owned and operated by Graham Williams.

The countdown to the hunt was painful. The days went way too slowly and during the last week I was completely ineffective at work. For once in my life I had my gear finely tuned, and had spent considerable time and money on making

sure I had what I needed for the hunt. My efforts would be rewarded.....

Along on the hunt was my mate Jason, a Canadian-come-Brisvegan who had hunted with Graham the year before; Graham as guide; and a young French lad named Ladislav who we referred to as 'Lad'. Lad is mad keen on the hunting scene in France, where on traditional French drive-style hunts he is the horn blower. His renditions of various French hunting tunes and extremely limited grasp on the English language would provide endless entertainment throughout the trip!

We were to be the first hunters for the season, so on the first day gave Graham a hand to set up his base camp for the year. Seconds after pulling up at camp, a solid bull followed a cow straight past camp into the river.



"Camp bull!"

The widest of the bulls spotted the hunters, and the Mexican stand-off that ensued lasted forever. Eventually Jason managed a long shot on the bull, and after a few quick follow up shots the bull was his for keeps. He had outdone himself this trip, not only taking his biggest SCI but also taking a 50" spread also. He was ecstatic with the bull, and the team was absolutely loving it.

We hadn't even started unpacking the vehicles, but instinctively I snuck over to where I knew my bow was stored and quietly attempted to pull it out without even thinking. "Ben, don't worry about it. We'll see bigger ones" Graham whispered. I looked at him and said "Are you serious?" He smiled and nodded.....

Day 1 was spent traversing some of the undulating hills close to camp. While glassing many animals, we didn't see any shooters. It was a good way to warm up, and gain a bit of experience with these animals. My biggest mistake was thinking they would be similar to scrubbers. Wrong. The eyes of a chital deer, but with no fear. Some would bolt from hundreds of metres away, some would stand their ground until you were 20m off.

Early on Day 2 we got onto a mob holding a good bull, and it was Jason who was up for a stalk. After over an hour and almost being busted a few times, him and Graham got into close range of the huge bull, with Jason pulling solid shot from around 20m broadside. The shot was slightly low, but the bull was down for the count in under a minute. To top it off I got the whole sequence on video. The team was ecstatic - Jason was absolutely pumped. Lad as usual didn't really know what to say but I could tell he was bloody excited too!

We celebrated well into the night, and with due reason. Jason's bull had cracked the magic 100 SCI mark - his best yet.

Day 3 saw us doing a long walk into areas Graham had barely hunted before. There was plenty of sign, but few buffalo (or bufflé (pronounced BOOF) as we'd started calling them) sighted during this walk. Very late in the afternoon we were in the 'Cruiser, slowly

cruising along the track, viewing bulls feeding out in the open either side of the track. A young bull was spotted to the left. With all attention (4 sets of binos) focussed on him, I happened to glance over to the right for a quick scan.

"Graham - there's a big bull just over there, looks alright" came from my mouth. Graham glanced over, with the usual few seconds of dead silence. Amongst a few whispered profanities I could just make out "Ben, get your bow." Just what I needed, a guide who has hunted these animals for over 25 years getting overexcited over this bull.....



Jason, Graham and Ben with Jason's first bull for the trip.

I tried to remain composed, grabbed my bow, and darted up the track keeping low trying to remain concealed. The wind was terrible, the 'Cruiser was too close to the action for comfort, and I was struggling to keep myself together. I quickly got into around 50m, where I would leave the track and stalk through the dead grass. I had two trees to use as cover, and slowly began inching my way in. At around 35m I attempted to use my rangefinder, and failed. All I could see through the viewfinder was sweat, hair and grass. No buff. I looked at the ground and talked to myself, the way we all do when we're stalking in on something big and can hear our own heartbeat. "Get yourself together, only another 10m and you'll have a clear

shot". I crept forward, getting in to 25m. I managed to range him, and just at that moment he turned directly broadside and put his front leg forward, as if he knew the plan.

The 900gn Grizzly El Grande tipped shaft disappeared up to the fletching exactly where I was aiming. He trotted off, wagging his tail, head down. I knew he wasn't going far. I watched him trot about 200m before dropping stone dead. The deal was sealed.



"Ben with his first Buffalo bull: 92 6/8 DP (check that)!"

Standing over the bull, I couldn't believe what I'd just achieved. Jason kept saying "You don't know what you've done". He was 51" wide, and came in at around 96 SCI. On the way back to camp, I felt a level of elation I'd rarely felt through hunting, looking through the windscreen to see a horn tip either side of the cruiser bullbar. He was massive; taken cleanly; and we both had big buff on the ground on day 3.

As you can imagine, things got pretty out of hand that night.....!

The last thing I remember is sitting around the table, telling yarns, laughing, and having a great old time. The next morning, I rose with the sun, and a mouthful of sand. Every part of my body reported pain. I rose from my sandy wallow, and staggered into my tent,

which was a mere 20m away, and re-crashed.

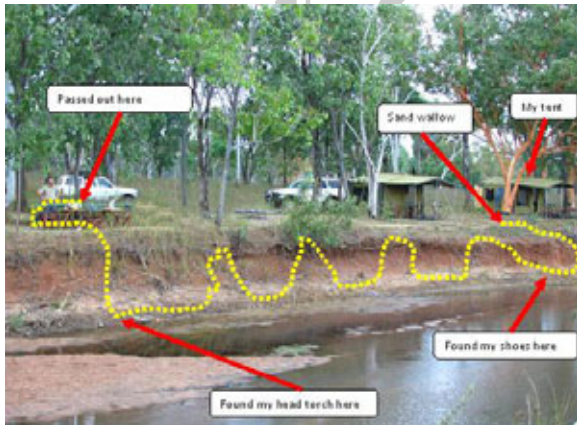
At 11am I rose again, and walked outside to see what the boys were up to. At that moment, I heard the 'Cruiser coming into camp, and low and behold, there was yet another set of horns tied to the bullbar! I yelled with hung-over excitement, as the boys pumped their fists through the windows.

I sat down at the table, and thought hard about what was actually going on. Why was everything hurting so much? Where were my shoes? Where was my head torch? Why was my forehead bleeding? So many questions, so few answers.... I decided the only way to improve my situation was to go for a nice soothing swim in the river. I walked along the bank a bit to a spot where I could use some roots to climb down the steep eroded bank. My shoes! That's strange, I thought. I walked up along the bank to a spot directly below the table. My head torch! That's strange, I thought.....

Then it came to me, it all made sense. I yelled out to the boys, who were soon in hysterics. "That's where you 'went off'???" yelled Jason, in a thick Canadian accent. I wallowed in the water, thanking my lucky stars I hadn't done further damage. Recounting the night, the boys told me I had polished quite a few rums, to the point where they couldn't wake me.

So they left me there asleep and went to bed. During the night, I must have decided to go and drain the gecko, and in the complete blackness walked straight off the bank, landing on my head, the reason for the head torch shaped bleeding indent on my forehead. I'm not sure how long I laid there for, but I eventually must have come to, and decided I had to get out of that river and back onto high ground. The claw marks

in the bank showed I had struggled for a while to haul myself back up, until finding some roots to grab onto, all in the pitch black. This was where I lost my shoes. The nice soft sand on top of the bank must have proven too comfortable, and it was there that I layed down and went back to sleep. The comfort of my bed was less than 20m away.....



A recount of the night's travels!

I managed to recover in time for the afternoon hunt. Lad was put in front for this hunt, to give him some experience in spotting game. I should have mentioned earlier - Lad was here only for work experience. He was not there to hunt, but purely on a working holiday, to gain more experience with both guiding and the English language. We saw a few bulls, but luckily nothing shot-worthy. All I wanted to do was get back to camp and have a good night's sleep, I was physically and mentally exhausted.

Strangely, I can't actually remember what we did on Day 4. It doesn't really matter - Day 5 was to be not only the final day, but one of the most memorable day's hunting I can remember. The last day of the hunt had arrived, it felt slightly sad to be leaving this place. I thought where I usually hunt up the Cape was pretty remote - this place was on another level. The buffalo seemed like they were part of the natural landscape.

This was Bufflé country, and I was loving every minute of it. There were two optimistic goals for Day 5. One, Jason wanted to shoot a really wide bull, and two, I would only shoot another bull if it was absolutely massive, as in give-the-record-a-shake style. We set off in the morning with high hopes, to check out an area Graham had rarely hunted before.

We spotted many bulls on the way in, plenty of average bulls but nothing outstanding. We were cruising across an open anthill plain when I just caught a glimpse of something way out through the trees. For a microsecond I thought I could see a huge set of horns. I nearly didn't open my mouth, but got Graham to pull up to investigate. Graham and I got out and walked back along the track a bit, glassing out in the direction of where I thought I'd seen a bull. There were plenty of cows and young animals, but no bull. I gave up and started walking back to the car, thinking maybe I'd just seen a logallo or a rockallo. At that instant, came those spine-tingling words: "Ben that's a 100 pointer, get your bow!"

Once again, I began to fall apart. Adrenalin surged through me, and we were more than 400m away still. We all stalked in closer, and with limited cover spooked about 20 cows and young away.

Somehow he didn't run, and joined a smaller mob off to the right. We literally ran across the flat to get in close before losing sight of him. At 100m, he appeared to be reasonably calm feeding with about 8 cows. At 70m, I said to the boys "You guys stay here, I'll go solo from here". They agreed, and hung back, while I inched closer.

Miraculously, the cows gradually fed off and left the monster by himself. The

stalking was hard going, the corn flakes were thick, and I had limited cover. At one point he raised his huge head and looked in our direction - I thought it was all over. What a perfect day to forget your 3D camo suit. At that point I heard what sounded like a bush shaking directly behind me. There was Jason, lying dead flat, shaking the shit out of a small bush.

I almost shot him. "Why, why are you doing that?" I thought, my head almost popping with frustration. I slowly turned back to the bull. He put his head back down and continued to graze - the frustration disappeared and it was game on.

At 30m I ranged him as he slowly fed along broadside. My nerves were surprisingly controlled, as I pulled an arrow out and looked for a suitable window. He took a few more steps, and finally presented a shot. I drew, settled my 20 pin just a bit high, and prepared to release, SSSSNAPPPPPPP!

My peep went sideways as my peep elastic had just snapped. I couldn't believe it - after all this preparation, practice and not to mention cash, to get this close to a 100 point bull, and then this? I knew if I let down and redrew at this point he would surely see me at such close range. My brain told me to let down, my heart told me to release. I released. The arrow smacked him a little further back and a little higher than it should have, but I am a firm believer in this shot placement for scrubbers and boars, and was confident. He casually walked about 15m and dropped, no mess, no fuss. Stone dead in a few seconds. I pumped my fists in the air, and looked around at the video crew who were not far behind me. We all smiled in unison, and I asked Jason "What the hell were you thinking shaking that bush?" "Graham told me to" he

said. It worked a treat, and although slightly confused, there was no way I was complaining.



"Ben with his 96 DP bull!"

He was a cracker, with the classic hooky shape. This was what I was here for, and this was what I'd been dreaming of for years.



"Jason and Graham stalking a group of bulls"

It was after lunch, and we continued on down the track to look for a big wide bull for Jason. Sure enough, an hour or so later, we came to a small clearing holding three of the biggest bulls we'd seen for the trip. Jason and Graham stalked in, leaving Lad and I to take some photos and watch the action.

The widest of the bulls spotted the hunters, and the Mexican stand-off that ensued lasted forever. Eventually Jason managed a long shot on the bull, and

after a few quick follow up shots the bull was his for keeps. He had outdone himself this trip, not only taking his biggest SCI but also taking a 50" spread also. He was ecstatic with the bull, and the team was absolutely loving it.



"Jason's 50" wide bull!"

Graham had even snuck a few coldies in the esky in the back of the 'Cruiser. The trip back to camp was unforgettable. Lad hooked his iPod up, and played us the real French hunting songs which he practices to. No joke - this horn music made the hair on the back of my neck stand up. I recounted the hunt in my head, thinking about the reasons why we do this. It's simple. It's in our blood. To put it into perspective: men have been driving cars for 2 seconds, shooting rifles for 5 seconds, but hunting game with bows for many years. It's pre-programmed in our minds and bodies, and once we start it's very hard to stop. I'll never forget this hunt, and I hope you all make the effort to get up to the Territory one day and have a go. You won't regret it.

Carnage Begins

By Dave Hardy

With the foxes starting to venture out of their dens, now the brunt of the rut is over. And they have begun to take a feed on anything from rabbits to native

wildlife through the heat of the day, so my carnage has begun!

There hasn't seemed to be much around this time of year, but you never know, things are only just starting to move around this neck of the woods after the breeding season and the foxes are still keeping quiet.

Seeing as I was seeing the odd fox running briskly from bush to bush every now and then on the last few frosty morning scouts I have done. I thought it time I give them a try on the whistle.

I set off with the heat of the day on my back and a breeze in my face, after a bit of walking I decided on a stand to call from.

I knelt with my back to a blackberry bush and a few piles of scattered logs in front to offer a bit of cover. Settling down, I knocked and arrow on the string and placed the bowdy whistle in my mouth and started howling.

Not long at all passed, and just under a minute of blowing I scanned the outstretch of rolling hills in front of me. Slow and steady he came trotting in, 120, 100, 80, 60... and he went out of my field of vision, now was my moment. Whimpering softly on the whistle I raised my bow and came to full draw... the couple of seconds passed seeming like minutes.

Finally he showed himself, he was around 35 metres and closing steadily. Slowly edging, one step at a time he propped just around 30 metres. Settling the pin deep in his chest I cut the shot. A good solid hit, a deep growl, and off he ran down the hill making an impressive 60 metres! I collected my arrow around 40 metres past the hit site and went up to fetch my prize.

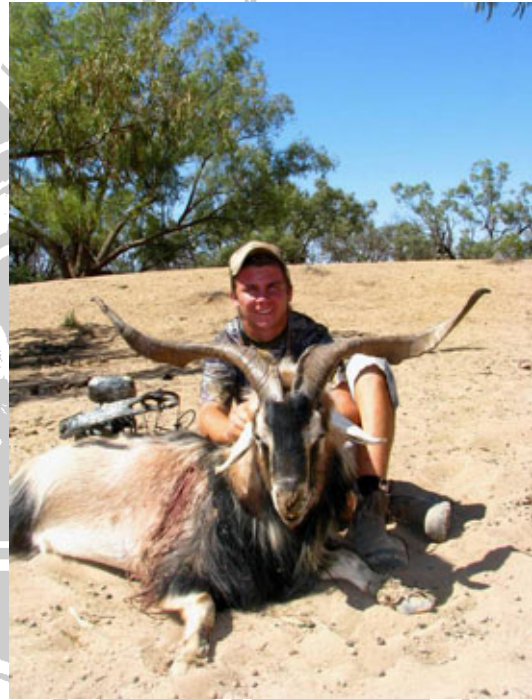


"Dave Hardie with his Speed Fox"

Kris is one of my students just getting into it. He has shot one pig and a goat 26 inches before his two for the day. His two went $107 \frac{7}{8}$ and $111 \frac{2}{8}$ for a third goat ever ($37 \frac{2}{8}$ wide), goes to show allot has to do with where you hunt not how you hunt. He shot well though, so credit where credit is due (hence I invited him) he showed real poise.

Around the Traps

I went out to utilize the heat on Sunday; I left at 5.00 and still had to come in behind the goats that were already watering, rather than setting up an ambush first. Cocky sent me to a new little water point on a boundary to never/never. There were heaps, maybe 200 goats including these two. I thought my one was the next big one right up until I walked up to him on the ground and saw a couple of inches broken off a tip, with that he would have gone 120pts. Oh well still $36 \frac{3}{8}$ wide and $114 \frac{3}{8}$ DS.



I was happy with my 114+ pts but disappointed at the same time as you can imagine, I would loved to have beaten Pete early on this year ha, ha. Hope you are all well.

James Warne.



"James with his 114+ Billy"

n of the Bush



“Jordy Appleby with a doe taken at 55m for the table”



“Finally nailed this very old Fox after 3 years or trying!”



A nice fox and 2 Boar's for Paul Thompson which he took from around home and from the Cape in 2009.



“Took this Doe at 35m for the table”



“A Spiker, another taken for the table at 29m”



“A bunny taken at 43m, while looking at new Sambar Spot”



“Shane with a young Fox taken at 4m!”

Some of the game taken over the last few months, some notable ones were getting my mate Shane his first Deer and calling in his PB Fox, and nailing quiet few deer for the freezer and finally catching up with one very, very old Vixen!

Peter Morphett.

of the Bush

Newsletter Contributions

First off, thank you to all who contributed to this bumper newsletter, awesome effort guys!

Welcome to all the new members of T.T there's just too many to name!

Well our little section “**Around the Traps**” is still going strong and is so popular it is a grate way to add to the newsletter and share some of your hunts and success without taking up so much of our precious, precious time.

Please don't hesitate so send us your pics. Not every hunt requires a lengthy story so just send it to us with some details about the pics, or maybe even a short story and we will add them into this section.

Please note the change of the address to send your **Merchandise Forms**, they are all heading James Warne's way, Thank you.

Trophy Takers
LPO BOX 5129
University of Canberra
Bruce ACT 2617

Peter Morphett.

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**TROPHY
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The Bowmen of the Bush

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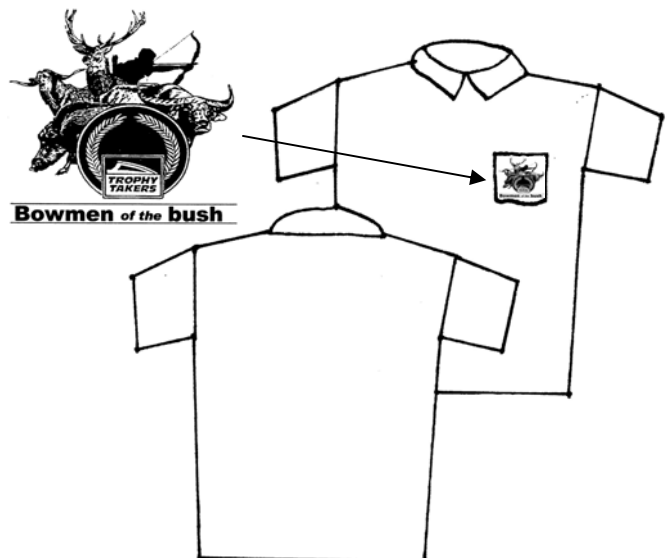
Polo or T-Shirt – 2 Sided Print

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T-shirt - \$25



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Note: logo is white on a dark background

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