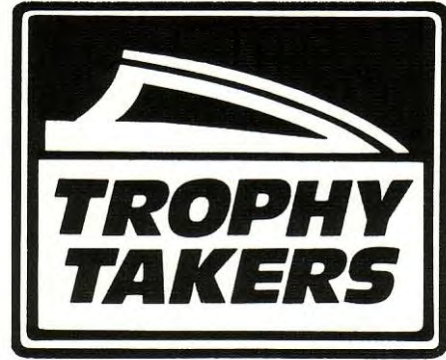




**Newsletter Jan/Feb 2007**

# TROPHY TAKERS NEWSLETTER Jan-Feb 2007



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## Game Rating Report Feb 2007

Well the end of 2006 and start of 2007 has been a bumper period for game rating with Trophy Takers, with 15 hunters claiming over 40 animals of 8 different species since the last newsletter. It has been a mixture of new members claiming their first game, and existing members claiming game shot on recent trips and favourite trophies of old.

The new comers to the club include a few keen hunters from the Goulburn Bowman's Club. Daniel and Mick Lewis along with Glenn Taylor from Goulburn rated a few nice billies in the mid 90 Douglas score, shot in the hills of central west NSW in 2006; well done boys!



Daniel Lewis 96 1/8



Michael Lewis 91 6/8



Glenn Taylor 88 6/8

Also joining the ranks is a couple of keen Wollongong hunters, Antonio Lara and Predrag Novakovic, who also joined with a couple of Billies of 69 4/8 and 108 6/8 respectively.



**Antonio Lara 69 4/8**



**Predrag Novakovic 108 6/8**

While we're on the goats, James Warne spent a few weekends sitting on the tanks out the back o'bourke before Chrissy and managed to take three good goats between 104 6/8 and 107 DP. Warney tells me there's a couple of better ones walking around too, so hopefully he'll nail one before too long.



**James Warne 107**



**James Warne 104 6/8**



**James (I found him!) Warne 106 4/8**

Further north, Mick Barrett grassed a couple of nice Billies of 127 and 128 5/8 DP. He also rated a good boar of 30 6/8 DP which I hear was his 500<sup>th</sup> boar taken with the bow, no mean feat in anyone's books.

The Bowmen of the Bush



**Michael Barrett 128 5/8 Billy!**

goats presently rate at 23 and 53 in the TT books.



**Dietmar Germann 121 Billy!**



**Michael Barrett 127 Billy!**



**Dietmar Germann 127 2/8 Billy!**

Chris Hervert rated three good goats, including the infamous 'weepy eye' that scored 120 2/8 DP, and Dale Furze put in a goat of 119 4/8 DP.



**Michael Barrett's 500<sup>th</sup> boar!**



**Chris Hervert's famous weepy eye Billy!**

A few of the boys have been dusting off the goat horns and running a tape over them to get them in the books. Dietmar Germann rated two nice goats of 121 and 127 2/8 DP taken in 2004. These



**Chris Hervert's P.B. 122!**



**Paul Southwell with a very good scrubber!**



**Another fine Billy for Chris 115 5/8!**



**Stuart Hervert with a 28 DP Boar**

In October 2006, the Hervert boys hit Cape York with Paul Southwell and Col Moynihan and ended up with a handful of good boars, a couple of scrub bulls and a few barra. Chris and Stuart sent in some boar ratings around the mid 28 DP range.



**One of Chris's many Boars from the trip this fella went 28 4/8.**



**Colin Moynihan with another good scrubber!**

In 2005, Mark Wills was good enough to deck two great boars, the smallest scoring 31 2/8 and the largest 34 DP. A good effort Mark!



**Mark wills 31 2/8 Boar!**



**Who said you had to travel that far north!  
an impressive 158 6/8**



**And do you think he could have found one  
much bigger? A massive 34 DP!**



**Mark Wills another extreme mountain trophy!**

Boars haven't been the only thing that Willsy's been into. Since the last newsletter, Mark has rated a monster red deer taken in 2006 scoring 267 filling the number 2 spot, a 203 3/8 DP fallow stag, a 158 6/8 DP chital stag taken in 2004, two Rusa stags scoring 196 3/8 (2006) and 205 DP (2000), a buffalo he took in 1995 (88DP) and two Thar taken in New Zealand in 2004.



**Mark with another fine trophy 203 3/8!**



**Mark Wills excellent Red stag, 267 neat!**



**Oh and yeah he still hunts out of his  
backyard, well not that far anyway 196 3/8!**



**Simply an awesome Rusa stag 205 DP!**

Definitely a sign of the quality and dedication of Mark as a bowhunter!

Other deer ratings of note are Mark Ballard's 1999 Rusa stag scoring 183 2/8 DP, Chris Hervert's Fallow (176 5/8), Rusa (187 7/8) and Red deer (194 2/8) and my fallow shot during the 2006 rut scoring 197 7/8. It's good to see these guys taking advantage of the two year window of opportunity for hunters to score and rate mounted heads.



**Another fine Rusa stag this one measured 187 1/8!**



**Mark Ballard's 183 2/8 Rusa Stag!**



**Chris's mountain Red stag 194 2/8!**



**Chris Hervert's nice 176 5/8 Fallow Buck!**

Well its time to finish here, kick up the feet and watch the Aussies beat the Pom's in the Cricket (or not!!), so until next time happy hunting

**Mark Southwell.**

**Trophy Takers  
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## Trophy Takers Deer Measuring Course

The weekend of the 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> of January saw eight of our members venture up into the mountains of South East NSW, to Khancoban for a two day instructional course on measuring of the six species of deer in Australia.

The weekend was run by Mark Ballard, and his experience as a state measurer for the Australian Deer Association, was invaluable. He guided all of us through the technicalities of each species, and provided everyone with plenty of hands on examples as well as reading material, some of which was provided to him when he was taught.

Saturday morning was to be an early start, and it was straight into the Asiatic species, followed by the European's. Breaking only for lunch, we spent the entire day measuring and re-measuring some of the 20 different sets of antlers to choose from.

Damain Zeinert dropped in for a few hours to offer a hand in the arvo, and the lessons continued right up until the tea break.

A good night then followed at the Khancoban pub, with plenty of hunting talk on the table!

Sunday we were a little bit later in starting, just a little bit sluggish from that night's effort, but after finishing off the fallow heads, it was then onto the red's. Most of the day was spent on red deer, and I tell you what, it was a whole day task to cover all possibilities with these tricky buggar's!

Finishing mid afternoon, after a bit of a chat, it was time to pack up and head for

home...giving Mark a break and his house back!

Understandably, the long distances needed to travel prevented some people from going, but all who did make the trip had a good weekend, with plenty of heads brought along to measure, and plenty of guidance from Mark

This course now means that Trophy Takers has eight new accredited measurers, so for any members wanting to rate deer, these guys can now measure the head.

Trophy Takers would like to sincerely thank Mark and Karen Ballard for their hospitality, and for giving up their weekend to us, and to thank Mark for sharing his knowledge.

**Jarrod Vyner.**

## Pigs Pad

Of late there has been an increased enthusiasm for hunting with traditional equipment, generally hunters who have gone to one end of the technical spectrum and perceived that traditional is the 'next step'. There have always been the hunters who have been true to their beliefs and stayed with one string and a couple of sticks. I take my hat off to them for there is no doubt that is a pretty tough way to hunt, but inheritably the rewards are potentially greater. Many of us play with the full range of archery equipment but generally save the recurve or the longbow for the odd occasion. There is always that 'fear' that the critter of a lifetime may step out thus the compound with or without the gadgets more often than not gets the nod in 'trophy country'.



This begs the question, why do we bowhunt? Sure you get the usual plethora of answers about just being out there, the campfire, time with family and friends etc but deep down I think the tag 'bowhunter' suggest we all want to hunt and thus bag a trophy. Now the term trophy means different things to different people, it may be a mighty stag or it may be a fox or Billy. It's irrelevant really as a trophy is in the eye of the beholder.

Now to take that trophy you need to give yourself the best chance, and by that I mean using gear that you are competent with. If you have decided to change your archery gear for what ever reason you need to put in the time before the hunt to be fair to yourself and the game you hunt. Whether techno to trad or trad to techno the target butt should get a pasting - or there will be disappointment in the scrub. I know been there and it's a low feeling.

With NSW deer season fast approaching I know many hunters are keen to get out there. Had a look myself a few weeks back and was dismayed at the state of the country. Like many other areas it was dry and dusty and looked shocking. The dams were very low or dry and grass well it was non existent. It was not unlike another planet. In recent weeks we have had some good rain in certain areas and one storm filled the house dam from mud to overflowing so there is some hope.

I hear the climatologists saying El Nino is ending and weather patterns will revert to normal. I must say it does seem that there is some change in the weather (been some dramatic storms of late), so lets hope so.

**Chris Hervert.**

## **Rusa Tips** **By Antonio Lara**

Being constantly chased and never far from civilisation, the South Coast Rusa have adapted to become one of the smartest deer species in Australia. They certainly are one cagey animal and a tough adversary when it comes to hunting them.

My mates, in particular Pete Novakovic, and I put a lot of time and effort into knocking these guys over with a bow. Here is a bit of an insight into the methods we employed this year that led to four good heads on the ground.

### **Cutting Trails**

First of all the biggest key, which played a part in all three successful hunts, was to get out in the off-season to cut trails. Rusa just love lantana and hunters just hate it, but neither would be around in the numbers they are if it wasn't for this dreaded weed. So the best way to get to them is to cut nice clear trails through it. This enables you to gain access bedding areas, travel routes or to set up ambushes as animals leave feeding areas.

We employ machetes and branch loppers and get stuck into it regularly, especially when scouting unveils a new clearing or wallow. Advantages of cutting trails mean that you can access areas quickly and quietly, using the lantana to hide your approach.

You can also make different trails to the same spots in order to give you options in different winds. They are also of great benefit when recovering animals as clear pathways mean freedom of movement under a heavy load.

Deer will also take to using your trails' too, so maintaining them is usually not

too hard. Initially it is hard yakka but the rewards are well worth it.

## **Spot and Stalk**

Now to the hunts, the first stag of the season fell to Pete. This stag was a malform with one very nice antler and the other a cluster of three points that formed low on the left side. We had glassed this stag all through its velvet stage and knew its habits well.

He was also in the area last year but was not as impressive. He was a very territorial deer and stuck to the same corner of the farm that provided very little cover for approach. What cover there was, was usually backed by prevailing winds and was very noisy to move through.

He usually hung about in the mornings for a feed before heading up into the lantana. He would come out again after midday to feed and bed in the afternoon sun, always surrounded by smaller stags and does so he was very well protected.

Once he started to rub out, many hours were spent on the opposing hill glassing him and waiting for him to leave himself in a vulnerable position to justify a stalk. Three times the decision was made to go in on him and three times he'd beaten us to the punch. This guy was sure going to take some beating.

On the fateful day I was at work and got a phone call at 2.00pm. It was Pete and all he said was, "Game over for the one antler."

I knew exactly what he meant and was out there in a flash to meet a smiling Pete. He hadn't gone to look for him yet, but knew the shot was good, so off we went to trail him together. He had glassed him with only two does right at the head of our trail and the wind

was perfect to use it. Quickly skirting around the property, he was in position in 10 minutes. The stag was trailing the two does into the lantana covered hill when he paused in a clearing under a tree at 40m.

Pete let fly struck tight behind the shoulder on a quartering away angle. The arrow exited through the lower neck area and the stag turned and ran back down the hill into some more lantana where Pete lost sight of him.

We went to the hit and found a lot blood the arrow. At first there was not a lot of blood on the ground and we were a little concerned. But then it started. An unbroken blood trail about 6 inches wide for 70m and at the end of it laid the biggest bodied deer I had ever come across.

I always thought he was pretty big on the hoof, but now on the ground was a different story. And that antler too!



**Pete's Unique Malform**

With a slap on Pete's back, he knew he had achieved one of his greatest goals. The 160kg beast was not easy to haul but we managed to recover him whole, much to the farmers delight and our backs demise. His good antler came to 32 inches long and the arrow had passed through heart, lung and carotid artery. A dead run it was.

## **Bush Bashing**

Bush bashing is usually a fruitless way to nail a Rusa. They usually hear you coming from a mile away and quietly vacate the area before you get within cooee. However when the wind gets up nice and strong, it is one the more successful ways to hunt them.

Twig snaps and bush rustling noise gets swallowed up by the wind or ignored by the deer as they are hearing branches fall and leaves blowing around all day.

Combine a bit of wet weather which makes for quiet ground cover and the prospects of coming upon unwary deer in bedding areas rise dramatically.

Such were the conditions when Pete once again (much to my chagrin, just joking) came to have his second nice stag for the year. Being a renderer, rainy weather in the rut is a blessing as all it means is it's time to hunt.

We have scouted all over the shop and found many out of the way clearings and bedding areas that are normally very hard to get too and receive very little hunting pressure. But we know that the deer love these spots and it was one such ridge that had several connecting clearings that were to be targeted that day.

Normally the stags hang low in the rut, around large clearings, but when the wind is up they prefer to head up this semi-sheltered ridge and belt out roars all day long. Pete came across several deer on the lower clearings but passed them all up. As he came upon the last clearing, a nice 27 incher and two smaller stags were feeding among several does and fawns. One of the smaller stags busted him as he was preparing to shoot the 27 incher and took off. All the deer got a little nervous when suddenly a huge roar burst out

from the lantana behind them and out strutted a large antlered stag.



**A future trophy, maybe?**

It immediately stamped its authority, scattering the two remaining stags. The rest of the deer settled, as they must have assumed that the first stag's departure was due to the big one.

Pete went through the shot sequence and the result was almost identical to the one antlered one, 40m behind the shoulder, quartering away. Only this stag only made it 10m and fell in direct sight.

Once again Pete rang me and I was there. There was no way we could get this guy out of there whole so we caped and quartered him and shared the load. Not a lot of fun I can tell you as he reeked of the rut and weighed a tonne. The worst part though was that my camera batteries were flat when I got there so no pics of him whole were taken.

He had small outer's but went a sweet 31 inches each side and had quite heavy tops, an old stag with torn ears and plenty of character from years of rutting and fighting. His head was really quit brutish compared to the other one. Even the taxidermist couldn't believe how fat his head was.



**Pete's Excellent South Coast Rusa!**

## **Ambush**

Finally it was my turn. I had been quite crook for most of the rut and didn't really get into the hunt till very late in the year. The tactic that paid off for me was to wait in ambush as the deer leave their night time feeding areas, as the first rays of daylight creep over the horizon, and head into the bush to bed for the day.

We had spent many an early morning glassing deer all over the place before work.

The main aim was to pattern various stags and work out their travel routes to be able to plan places to wait in the hope that they would stick to their habits come the weekend. I tried for a few weeks in one spot but came up empty as the wind would shift or the deer would walk into a completely different spot to where I was sitting despite perfect conditions and watching them do the same thing day in day out, very frustrating.

Whilst sitting in wait I would glass another spot I had my eye on and would occasionally see a few stags linger around for a bit after first light. I thought that I would give it a shot the next morning.

Headlamp on, steam coming back to my face as I exhaled, I made my way down

through the bush. I was walking through the deer's destination in the hope of intercepting them before they got there.

As I came to edge of the clearing, I pulled my binos out and spied about 40 deer feeding their way up the ridge to where I was. Perfect. I slipped back to the other side of the ridge and made myself comfortable in some lantana at the base of an old dead tree. Now all I had to do was wait.

The deer were all going to pass me at between 20 and 40 meters. They had nowhere else to go. After about 15 minutes I started to get a little antsy and was itching to sneak a peak back over the ridge to see if they were still coming and hadn't spooked. Luckily common sense prevailed and it was not long till I spotted the first bit of movement.

And it was the white tips of antlers. I tried to range him but only had his antlers and the top of his back in view. Slowly he fed up and I eventually got a reading at 27.5 meters.

I stayed behind the tree and drew back. As I stepped out to clear the lane, the stag looked down at the deer behind him then directly at me at full draw. He thought nothing of me and glanced up the hill for one last time.

I touched the release and took him through the shoulder. In an instant he whirled and disappeared back down the ridge. I ran to the top to catch sight of him and saw him come to a trot with the others. He looked to be unaffected. At first I panicked and thought that I may have missed, but doubt quickly turned to elation as he at first faltered to his front knees, got up, then rolled over twice and came to a rest as though bedded.

The other deer thought nothing of it and continued to feed around him. A couple even bedded with him.

This time it was my turn to ring Pete and he was jolly on the spot in no time for photos and video. It was 5.30am mind you, but he owed me. Not that his wife agreed.

He was no monster by any standard but he was certainly my best to date at 24 1/2 inches so I was very happy with him and relieved to have finally gotten a decent one after all the effort. He also had a couple of extra points on the bases of his brows, which made him a little unique.



Antonio Lara's best Rusa stag to date  
144 7/8!

### **Combining the Three**

Using a combination of all three styles in the one hunt proved successful for another mate of mine, Frank Lucic.

Frank had every intention of getting up early for a bush bash, given that it had for three days prior. He had a trail and clearings in mind that he had gotten into on previous occasions for great success, but no deer were present when he arrived. Not wanting to give up he headed up a hill and proceeded to go with glass. He was still in position early enough to see a few deer out feeding.

Spotting a nice stag among a mob, he decided to try to intercept them as they entered the bush. He ran down and got in position a good 10 minutes before

they were due to pass him at 40 to 50 meters. Sure enough as the stag passed his window he hit it perfectly through the shoulders.

Frank spent 4 hours finding this stag. He was sure he was in the lantana as that was the direction it was heading after the hit. In the end it had turned 90 degrees and ran down into an open paddock, only to expire in a depression next to a dam, hence the reason why he didn't spot it earlier.

He was very relieved when he finally found it, but very frustrated that it was a mere 80m from where he had spent the last four hours on hands and knees looking for sign.

This was another beauty stag that tipped out at 29 inches. Frank's versatility paid off. He could have left after his original plan fell through, but stuck at it and came up with the goods.



Pete's on fire with another top Rusa stag this one scored 182 DP!

### **Concluding**

These stags were taken employing a different method for each and it pays to put in the effort and diversify your methods regardless of what species you are targeting. If you are a spot and stalker don't just give up because its windy or rainy and the animals are not out. Have a back up plan they have to

be somewhere when the weather is ugly. If the game you are chasing are very hard to approach due to heading into the bush at first light, poor cover or prevailing winds, try a different angle of approach.

Also if you are finding yourself traipsing around in the bush and coming across nothing or a lot of spooked deer, try spotting and plan your stalks a little better. It all pays off in the end. Next year we are even going to try tree stands for the first time and hopefully that will lead to another story.

I'd just like to add a special thank you to Frank and Pete for letting me share their hunts with you. Cheers and good hunting.

**Antonio Lara.**

## **Damn Dirt Bikes** **By Nick Hervert**

Ssssssssssss I prepare as another needle filled with morphine gets injected into my arm as the paramedics won't stop asking questions about what happened. I had crashed my motorbike into my cousin and as my leg is not supposed to bend to my chin I'm guessing it's broken. I should have zigged instead of zagged when Ryan bit the dust but anyway.

As I sit here in agony with needles piercing my skin, the chopper hovering over head and my leg throbbing the paramedic asks me to think of something else to try forgetting about the pain as they attempt to move my leg on to the stretcher. My mind hazes over past events and seizes on a hunting trip with my dad a few years back.

It was a very fresh and cold morning

and the water on the pond had frozen over, my dad and I were in search of Rusa deer and we also had sighted a mob of goats with some respectable trophies in them. As the sun rose we did the same and started to head up the mountain which seemed to get colder as you climbed higher.

We got about halfway up and heard a stick crack I looked to my left to see the behinds of about 15 Rusa does, dad was not happy because we should have had our boots off but it's a sighting which is always a positive. In actual fact that sighting led to my dad taking a nice Rusa stag later that year, but that's another story.

We reached the top of the hill and the old fence that had been knocked down many years ago. Out of the corner of my eye I spotted something white which turned out to be a cast antler and not a bad one at that. So I strapped it onto my pack and then continued. A nice little Rusa antler but it was about a year old pearl white in colour a good find none the less.

As we kept making our way across the hill dad heard something so we stopped and listened .....a baby goat not so far away. We kept going and as the smell of goats wafted up the valley I knew that we were close. Working our way through a thick bunch of that bloody dog bush we spotted the mob of goats and among them were two nice Billy's.

One was black and the other was white with a brown stripe down its spine both Billy's about 100dp. We had seen these Billies before and in fact I had missed the white one a year or so ago with a steep downhill shot that buried into a log right at the right height!

Dad and I kneeled behind a small shrub and watched the goats feed by us only

metres away, I could have taken some of the smaller Billies in the mob but I was waiting for one of the bigger ones. We waited for I guess close to an hour, just enjoying the view and watching the antics of the kids all the while willing Mr Black or Mr White to come into range. Finally patience pays off and the black Billy feeds up to me.

I get the shakes and then knock an arrow but he is quartering on and covered by a shrub. I look at dad to get the OK and draw as he is walking into a small opening. As he steps into the shooting lane I let the string roll of my fingers and the arrow sales through the air and disappears into the darkness of the billies winter coat. The shot was perfect and the goat moans, turns and then starts to run down the hill.

Before I can even look at dad he is patting me on the back shaking my hand and congratulating me on the shot. The other goats aren't even spooked so we wait and try and identify the black Billies path into the gully below, picking out a nice big gum where he was last seen.

We waltz right through the middle of the remaining mob following the blood trail. I hit the goat sweet and when we find the arrow covered in bubbly blood it only confirms the perfect lung shot. Once we reached the gully the blood trail gets a little hard to find, though dad is confident the Billy will not be far away.

We search for ages and then I hear dad yell out "Nick come over here". He is sitting on a rock smiling but I can't see the goat so when I ask him what he is smiling about he says ' Have a look around '. We are in the middle of and old creak bed with huge drop offs and boulders so I look, and look, and then poke my head in a cave nearly crapping my pants at what I saw it was the black goat right at my feet!

He must have backed up there and died I could barely see him in the darkness. He is a nice Billy, jet black and with a set of horns that go around 98 DP.



**Nick Hervert with his 98 DP Billy**

After a photo session we made our way back down to camp. Getting near the bottom I was thinking of all the things we saw and found all those nice goats and that nice cast antler. A DEER ANTLER I felt my bag, I left it where I shot the goat but I refused to walk back up the hill again so save that for another day.



**We all would like a ride in a helicopter but most would hopefully be able to get in and out by ourselves, no suck luck for Nick!**



**Nick thought for a minute they where going all the way to hospital like this, and was thinking he had had enough joy riding to last him awhile!**

I am now sitting at home writing this story thinking of the long summer holidays ahead. I ended up getting air lifted to Wollongong hospital and they found I that I had broken the two bones in my leg (tibia and fib) so I am out of the hunting scene for a while. Hopefully after 3 months I should be right, just in time for the rut!

**Nick Hervert.**

### **More great memories....** By Jarrod Vyner

Last time we chatted, I think I told you a few stories about me, and my luck out hunting. Well I tell you what, there's plenty more where they came from, so grab me another can and I'll see if I can remember a few more for you....

Hunting and being outdoors has always been a big part of my life. From my days as a wee tacker living on a small farm in

dead flat saltbush country, to now living near the alpine high plains and snowfields, I've always preferred being outdoors. Looking back, and can't say I know why, because I've always managed to get into some sort of trouble.

I grew up spotlighting usually two or three nights a week, shooting hares and foxes, with my neighbour and good friend Mat. I was probably given too much freedom as a young fella, with an old Mazda Ute basically claimed as mine, and my mum supplying us with a jerry can or two of fuel each week, I'm sure she was of the impression we would keep out of trouble, but how wrong was she!

This old Ute was a pearler, and I reckon I'd still be proud to drive it around today if it was still alive. It suited us down to the ground, and had more character than ten Bert Newton's.

We regularly ran it out of fuel, which lead to constant fuel blockages, and most of the time it would run well up to about 60 km's an hour, but then start to splutter and miss.

This didn't usually worry us out shooting, but every now and again if we had to do a sneak on the bitumen roads to get somewhere, we'd usually upset a driver or two on the highway! It also had an electrical fault towards the end that meant we kept blowing fuses.

Ordinarily no big drama, but it was the headlight fuse, and it would blow every now and again when you changed from low beam to high beam. So if we happened to pass another car on our night time travels, I'm sure they'd think we mysteriously disappeared after passing as the fuse blew, and we lost all lights.



Me and my mates where also the only young blokes in the area that new the words to all the hits of the 50s and 60s, from listening to Saturday night party mixes on the AM radio. Sometimes we'd even hear Mat's grandma on the radio.

She'd sit at home drinking port, until she got fired up enough to ring up Macca on ABC talk back, and tell him where he's going wrong!

It didn't take us too long to find the back roads to a pub in a little town of thirteen people (including the two publicans!), but we never had money to buy fuel, which was like gold to us, let alone money to spend at the pub.

Soon it was decided we could cut and sell firewood, to buy fuel, to get us to the pub and buy beer! And so not only did the fuel my mum gave us let us spotlight, but it also let us deliver firewood, which in turn let us drive to the pub, and then to any parties we heard of in the area.... Sorry mum.

I remember one particular year we managed to graze three fox cubs with mat's .243 rifle, enough to knock them out, but not actually kill them. Usually Matt would be half way back to the Ute carrying the pup by the tale, when it would wake up, and from the Ute I'd be wetting myself laughing at the dilemma he'd be in, especially in the dark if I turned the spotlight off!

The first two we got both seemed quite placid, still in shock I'd say, but the third one was an angry little buggar. He drove his teeth into the handle of my dolphin torch, and at one stage we had him at full stretch by the back legs when he latched onto the mesh in the back of my Ute, and wouldn't let go.

Looking back now, after realizing he was not happy with his new company, I

don't know why we decided to keep him! We threw him in a super bag, then I wrapped my flanny around that, then every piece of bailing twine we had in the Ute was wound around him, giving us one quite harmless looking ball of fox. We shot the rest of the night with him at mat's feet.

It was pretty late as we headed for home, and we'd almost made it when our little mate decided he'd had enough of the bag. We drove along watching him squirm around, until a nose eventually poked out, and we decided it was time to evacuate the Ute.



**David Surroff with the equal first T.T. fox!**

With the doors shut, we watched from outside as he eventually freed himself, and climbed straight in behind the heater column with his nose pointed straight at the clutch! Being the middle of summer, neither of us wore much more than footy shorts and thongs, so there was one hell of an argument over who was gunna drive with the sharp end of that fox beside the clutch pedal.

Matt ended up driving, and that might've been the last time the synchro on that Ute meshed properly, because there wasn't any clutching between gears.

We did make it home, but then had the task of getting this fella out. I reckon it took us close to an hour of pushing, pulling, poking, and prodding, with plenty of grunting from all three of us, but we got him out. I can only imagine the stories that fox told his grand kids, about the night he travelled in my old Mazda Ute.

The day I got my driver's license, I set my sights for Wodonga, for better hunting country than I had been living in. This brought so many new adventures, and challenges for me. One of the first was actually finding my way around the hills...I'd never actually hunted over more than one hill, and to tell you the truth, I could walk nearly all day from my house and as dark crept up, I could pretty much guarantee I'd be able to see the varandah light to guide me home! Any way, I still wouldn't say I've got the hang of these hills. I've been here about ten years now, and I can still manage to take the long way back to the car every once in a while.

Also in these mountains are all these new critters that wouldn't live where I had come from, like wombats, lyre birds, and Sambar deer and of course...wild dogs.

Now over the years I've seen a few of these critters, and every time I do see one the adrenaline starts to pump, they get me all fired up, and I do love to chase them.

Nothing stands the hair on the back of your neck up like a pack of dogs howling into a frenzy just out of sight. They've also provided some bloody funny times

with other people not so keen on running into them.

It was one Fallow deer rut when a handful of us camped together just a short walk from a large basin area that seems to be the centre of rutting activity.

We were all winding down late one night (probably about half past eight!), when a lone dog howled way off in the distance. The conversation carried on for every one, except the bloke sitting beside me. Just for the story's sake, let's call him **Shannon Lester James**.

He'd never been keen on wild dogs, in fact I think they down right worried him, and this howling off in the distance was enough to set his nerves on edge. I kinda picked up on this, and being the good mate that I think I am, decided I'd help encourage his worry a little.

The dog howled on and off for about ten minutes I guess, then all went silent on the ridges. "You hear that, he's stopped howling" Shannon said to me. I don't think he saw my smile as I told him that "dogs can't howl when they're running, he'd have our scent by now, and would be coming in to check us out." I was just shit stirring and we all had a bit of a chuckle, until a lone yap came off the track below our camp, no more than about 70 metres away. I don't think anyone even acknowledged that bark, but unanimously it was decided that we'd all head for bed, cos we had to get up early or some thing like that.

As I lay securely zipped up in my dome swag, I listened to Shannon battling with his flat swag. He had a tarp over his swag and was trying to wrap himself up into some kind of dog proof cocoon. I lay quietly for five minutes listening to his ruckus, til it got the better of me and I had to speak up... "For Christ's sake Shannon will you shut up" I said, "why" came the reply, "Cos you sound just like

a bag of Meaty Bites!" All was instantly quiet except for the odd swag muffled chuckle.

On another occasion, Shannon and I had been fox whistling together, and kept following a ridge line away from the car up until dark, when we dropped down onto a bitumen road back for the walk home in the dark. In one of my random shit stirring moods, I pointed out to Shannon that it would be pretty cold to hear a wild dog howl on the ridge line above us.

This was all that was needed to put him on edge, and we began to speed up the pace a bit. I was hiding my little smile, when I heard something moving in the side cut of the road beside us. As we walked and talked I was straining trying to listen to our follower who was keeping the same pace as us.



Jarrold with a nice fox

I wouldn't own up to it at the time, but I was getting a tad bit concerned myself, and the conversation had stopped. When I realized this terrifying beast was climbing up onto the road, and about to step out of the grass, I could take it no

more. I stopped marching, and stood to face this wild dog/panther/yeti (I wasn't quite sure yet), with my bow held high, ready to give it the thrashing of a life time!

A few tense moments of stand off followed, with me at the ready to deal out some woop ass. I looked around for my back up, only to find Shannon was already 30 yards ahead, and power walking for the car! In one of my many selfless moments, I decided to run and catch up...to make sure he was alright of course.

I was scaring a few bunnies one hot afternoon, when I saw something I've never seen since. Three echidnas were plodding along in a line, about a foot apart. I decided I needed to check this out, so gave up on the rabbits for a while.

It didn't take long to realize that this was two very randy boys, following an obviously attractive sheila around. Once I was noticed, the last boy in line quickly went to ground, as only echidnas can, and buried everything he could from me, but the other two kept on for a bit. When they finally saw me, they too went underground quick smart, but unfortunately on opposite sides of a log. I sat beside them for a while, watching as their powerful legs pushed out soil.

This fella was obviously very taken with his girl, and after only a few minutes, he slowly lifted his head to check for danger. Realising I was still there; he'd quickly tucked back into a spiky ball, and hid his sensitive nose from me. Not even a minute later he slowly raised his head, then drove it back under again. This happened maybe four or five more times, and I was starting to feel his frustration.

After a couple more sneak peeks, he decided it was time for another game plan. Then, I'll be buggered if he didn't keep his head under ground, and begin to dig his way over to his young lady friend. Doing some kind of under ground breast stroke, he slowly inched forward, pushing his way under the log until he finally touched home with his mate.

I decided they needed some privacy, and left them alone, but as I walked off, I couldn't help feeling guilty for ruining the other fella's chance at picking up.

I've never been as crook before as I was on a pig hunting trip in the mountains with good mate Dave Sarroff. I must've had a bad case of gastro, or even food poisoning, because I reckon I spent almost as much time squatting as I did doing anything else for two days.

The runs had hit me so bad that a lot of the time I didn't even have time to look for a discreet location. On a couple of occasions while we were hunting together, Dave would be walking along talking to me, only to look around and find me with my pants around my ankles barely three feet behind him.

I hardly slept during the night, as I was constantly doing a runner (literally!). Now I keep a bit of a ritual where if I can't bury or burn the evidence of my pit stop, I'll cover it with sticks and branches. I can honestly tell you that by the end of that weekend, it looked like someone was setting up for a bonfire at the base of the big tree near camp!

After two whole days of suffering, I'd used up all my toilet paper, all of Dave's, and was well into destroying a newspaper. I managed to find two squares of absorbent paper near to the end of the weekend, and I thought this was like Christmas! If you take the time

to look now, I reckon you can now find at least 2 rolls of toilet paper in my Ute at any one time!



**Great shot placement stopped this Hare in mere metres!**

I don't think either of us shot a pig that trip, but I did manage to shoot a fox. I was returning from a visit to the bushes, when I spotted him casually sitting under a tree watching my predicament. Once I got my belt done up again, I managed to slip an arrow into him from about 40 yards.

Hey, how's this for ironic, a few years ago now, Dave had never got a fox back, so me being the nice kinda bloke I am, said "let's go and get you a fox", and took him to a small property half an hour from home. On our very first whistle, a nice big dog came in, and Dave neatly dropped him on the spot. Not only did that fox measure bigger than any I'd shot, but went the equal biggest recorded on the Trophy Taker's books!

It's still my claim to fame that I whistled in the equal biggest fox in Australia, even though I didn't shoot it. And Dave,

I reckon my name should be in the record books beside yours, cos I want some credit for that!

I'm pretty well known amongst my friends for regularly sneaking in power naps while hunting. After an early start, particularly on a cold mountain morning, any sheltered sunny patch is a likely spot to find me grabbing a quick snooze. I can't blame the mountains for this though, because I can nod off any time, anywhere.

On one trip up to central NSW hunting pigs, I once again developed this affliction where my eye lids kept falling down.

To alleviate the problem I decided it was best if I curled up in a clearing in the mallee scrub, and had a little rest.

I guess I'd been out for maybe five or ten minutes, when I began to dream of pigs, or so I thought. As I came to, I slowly lifted my head just in time to watch a young boar trot through my clearing. Obviously upset about something he was mumbling and grumbling to himself as he marched past not 20 yards away. I think I decided I needed more sleep after that.

On another occasion, I was hunting Sambar on a property not far from home. I had been hassling a stag of about 25 inches for some time, but had never really come close to shooting him at all. One particular hunt I put him up from some thick scrub at the head of a small basin. I heard him crash off, and then stop on the opposite face. I guess my scent was travelling around the top of this gully, because moments later, he came barrelling straight back towards me. He stopped just out of sight not 15 yards away, on the other side of a thick caprosma bush.

My heart was pounding, as I knelt down, staring into the bush, with my bow at the ready. Ten minutes went by I guess, without any movement from either of us, when, you guessed it, I fell asleep!



**Another fine fox for Jarrod!**

I woke myself as I almost fell forward. There was a brief kind of 'Grandpa Simpson' moment of "where am I, what's going on?" followed by, "you're an idiot, that stag must've crept off by now". I'd almost taken two steps when he crashed off from the other side of that bush, and I thought to myself "damn it, I've got to get more sleep!"

Or how 'bout my luck out fishing...it's bloody terrible. Some blokes reckon I'm no more than an armed bush walker when I hunt deer, but I'm no greater with a rod in my hand, and seem to do little more than drown perfectly good worms and bardi grubs.

As with my deer hunting, it's only on the very odd occasion that I manage to stumble on to some poor deaf, dumb, and blind critter. I'm usually pretty quick to snap him up on those occasions, and claim them as mine.

## State of the ART!

By Peter Morphet

A couple of years ago, I was with my usual posse of Shannon and Dave, and we were away for weekend fishing at Jindabyne. On a red hot tip from the bloke in the sports shop we headed just out of town to fish in a medium sized stream. On arrival, there was already a few cars parked, and I could see a couple of people fishing down stream from us. Well, you fish upstream when spinning for trout, & I figured these few people walking in the water had rocks in their head, and so off we trundled, to fish up above them.

Maybe it was my second cast, when I hooked on to a nice trout, about 4 pound I guess. Next cast Dave did exactly the same, and a few casts later Shannon had landed another fish even bigger. This was the greatest day fishing any of us had seen, and we'd only just arrived!

Shannon was just euthanizing his trout (beating it over the head with a river rock), as a local fella wondered over. He rather bluntly pointed out that we must have been illiterate, as we did not read the sign on the fence that declared this piece of water part of the Jindabyne Hatchery, and closed to all fishing!



The Boys with there catch of the day!

Any way, I reckon it's about time you bugged off, cos I'm about due to get re-aquatinted with the couch. You know what they say, '**stop, revive, survive**'.

**Catch ya later!**

BowTech's new flagship bow for 07 is the state of the art Guardian. On seeing the pre release pictures most people took a backward step, some even saying it was UGLY, but like most things it will be sure to grow on people with a little bit of time.

Once you see this rig in the flesh, UGLY soon is not a word used in conversation, rather it's a unique design and its brilliant functionality is clear!



Last years front runner the Tribute (BowTech's highest selling model in the USA to date) is still one quite setup, but now I have to say that the Guardian is one really, really, really quite bow! The Guardian is smooth to draw and sits in your hand brilliantly after the shot and also shoots very well indeed. Its features are (and I quote from the BowTech manual):



schemes are also available in Chrome, Smoke Chrome and Black Marble. Target configurations all utilizing stunning smoked flame limbs".

"The GUARDIAN IS THE NEW FLAGSHIP BOW from the most forward-thinking bow company in existence. It is the collection of the most cutting edge technology available.

The Guardian is built to provide the ultimate bow hunting experience combining the values of Centre Pivot and CenterTrac Binary systems that provide superior comfort and performance.



Its speed is up there with BowTech's fastest, only losing 3 to 5fps to the Allegiance and Tribute.

The result of this leading edge technology is increased efficiency, transferring more stored energy to the arrow upon release, while virtually eliminating limb torque and cam lean.

The smother draw cycle will be a clear winner over the other two best sellers (with the speed mod installed) again the new grip on the 07 line is vastly superior to last year's model.

The BowTech attention to detail finishes this machine off. Available in Mossy Oak® Obsession™ (standard), or optional Mossy Oak® Brush™, Realtree Hardwoods Green® HD™ and Realtree Hardwoods® HD™. Target colour

The new technology I guess is yet to be fully tested but I'm sure it will pass with flying colours in the field. Now all I have to do is get BowTech to make me one in 80lbs and there will be some very worried Fallow bucks come 2007 rut!

## Some specs:

Brace Height

7 1/4"

Draw Weight

50-60-70

Draw Length

25" to 30 1/2"

Axle to Axle

33 3/4"

Mass Weight

4.2 lbs

IBO Speed

320 - 328 fps

Kinetic Energy

81.6 fpe

Adjustable

Let-Off

65%-80%

**Note: No bow press is needed for the Guardian or Commander!**

This bow could be your's for FREE, yes FREE. All you have to do is enter a story into the Trophy Takers newsletter to be in the running for the end of year grand prize of a TOP of the range [BowTech](#) (worth \$1300), where you get to pick what model you want (either a Allegiance, Tribute, Commander, or the amazing Guardian or Constitution). If your into the traditional side of things you could choose to take home the custom Predator take down recurve instead, worth \$890. You decide!

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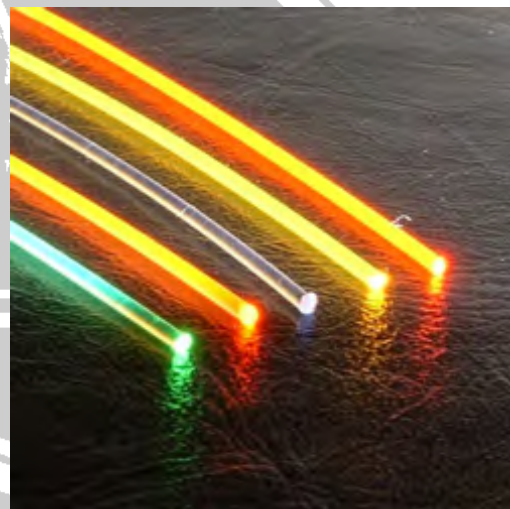


## Gadget of the Month



For all those who use fibre optic pins in their sights (where would we be would out them!) there is a company in the USA that have a fine selection of custom optical fibre that is at least 25% brighter than all standard fibres installed by sight manufactures. Their name is

[www.fitzfiber.com](http://www.fitzfiber.com)



I can tell you with all new FitzFIBER's installed in my Trophy Ridge Matrix sight I can see my pins well after the sun has set, and in most cases they are still visible (without the use on a light) well after the physical outline of a potential target is gone!

The ability to add to, or modify you current sight is also an attractive prospect to many. In some cases the pins can be extended anywhere from inches to feet, increasing the overall light catching performance of the pins, extending the visibility of the pin/s long after you can even see the a target, The FirtzFIBER's are simply brilliant!



For a measly \$25 AUD you get 3 metres of fibre in a choice of 5 colours in a variety diameters to suit your sight.



done mate a very informative and a top story. We will see more of these guys in the rating coming months with no doubt!



Remember to check the website for current updates in the ratings, as with the influx in the qualified deer measures with T.T. (Again a big thanks you Mark and Karen Ballard for looking after us) there will be a good influx of animals rated.

Mark Southwell, and the above mentioned Antonio Lara, and Predrag Novakovic and as well as the prolific bowhunter Mark Wills will be up in lights again very soon with more quality trophies entered, so check regularly as they will also appear here in the next newsletter!

Also this issue we have an award for the juniors and this goes to Nick Hervert with some of the donated **OzCrest Ultimate** custom wraps which will be spicing up your next set of hunting arrows, once he is back in the swing of things!

## Newsletter Contributions

Welcome to the new members of Trophy Takers, Daniel and Mick Lewis along with Glenn Taylor, and Predrag Novakovic. Also a big thank you Antonio Lara for his input to the T.T. newsletter, which has WON him this issues doz **CarbonTech Shafts** (worth \$130), well



Please don't be shy to send in your stories of articles to me for the Newsletter, you could win one of the great prizes on off the year, and you know the saying "you have to in it to win it" so send them in!

Well not long now and its on again (the Fallow rut that is) and like many that have been in the field scouting this year, just might hold that elusive personal best. We will have to wait a see I guess. Good luck to all!

**Don't for get the check out the new Trophy Takers designs by Ian Fenton, on the website or at the bottom of this newsletter!**

**Peter Morphett.**

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



**Coronado 55# Pic1**

2 – Bear Archery “Black Bear” recurve bow. Bow is AMO 60” and is 50# @ 28” Bow in very good condition with felt rest on shelf. \$200 ONO. Please phone Tony on (02) 48 214135.

## For Sale

1 – “Coronado” recurve bow by Howatt Archery. Bow is AMO 60” and is 55# @ 28”. Bow in very good condition with original signage. \$200 ONO. Please phone Tony on (02) 48 214135.



**Black Bear 50# Pic1**



**Coronado 55# Pic2**

OP  
KE

men of the Bush



Black Bear 50# Pic2

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Bowmen of the Bush

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# Trophy Takers Merchandise

I am never  
**BOARED**



The Bowmen  
of the Bush

**LOOK - NEW  
SHIRTS**



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

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

Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Prices: Polo - \$38

T-shirt - \$35



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



## Polo or T-Shirt – 2 Sided Print

Colours: Black, Navy, Dark Green, Maroon.

Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Prices: Polo - \$28

T-shirt - \$25



**Bowmen of the bush**



## Polo or T-Shirt – Pocket Print Only

Colours: Black, Navy, Dark Green, Maroon.

Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Prices: Polo - \$25

T-shirt - \$22



**LIMITED EDITION**  
Only a few left – GET IN QUICK

**Custom Wall Clocks**

Round: 280mm dia **\$65** (inc P&H)  
Square: 330mm X 330mm **\$80** (inc P&H)

- Clocks custom made with TT member number included under logo if requested.
- Made of Plastic (battery operated)



Note: logo is white on a dark background

**Stubby Holders – with Base**

Colour: Black, Navy, Dark Green, Maroon

Price: **\$9**



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

**ORDER FORM**

*Please write number wanted in spaces provided*

**SHIRTS – NEW DESIGNS**

**“I am Never Boared”** Polo: \_\_\_ T-Shirt: \_\_\_

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**STUBBY HOLDER**

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

**CLOCKS** Round: \_\_\_ Square \_\_\_

No upfront payment required with order. Notification of final payment amount (including postage) will be made prior to order confirmation. Please include your contact details with your order.

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