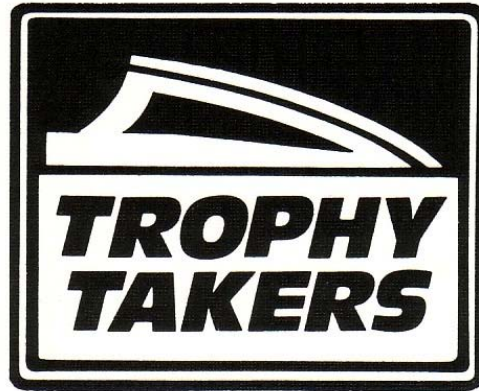




**Newsletter July 2005**

# **TROPHY TAKERS NEWSLETTER JULY 2005**



At present Trophy Takers is running in a interim fashion with a temporary committee performing the day to day running of the club. To move forward however an AGM including the placement of new directors where required needs to occur. To do this a meeting is proposed for the weekend of the 1<sup>st</sup>-3<sup>rd</sup> of October 2005 in Albury NSW. The venue will be the Twin City Bowmans Club.

Below are the positions within Trophy Takers that may need to be filled or at the very least ratified at this meeting.

Chairman  
Computer Central  
Ratings  
Market  
Promotions  
Membership  
3 Associates

As is always the case with a national club meeting in one spot, there will be some members that cannot attend but would be interested in filling one of the above positions or providing valuable input to the proceedings. If you would like to do this but cannot attend then please do so by contacting one the interim committee before the meeting. Feel free to email or write to one of the following addresses.

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

It must be stressed that the meeting will be a relaxed affair, with no formal presentation of awards, as in the past. It will give members a chance to catch up once again and discuss any issues relevant to the club.

Please see this as an opportunity for your voice to be heard and how you would like to see Trophy Takers forge ahead

## **Barcaldine Hunting News** By Doug Church

Easter had come early this year and I was looking forward to the first hunt this year with my hunting partner Peter and his son Nathan. A phone call to Peter to arrange a time to meet so we could get an early start.

Peter was working flat out on the cattle property where he was the working manager to get new dams in place before we headed south to our hunting property. After a discussion we settled on Tuesday afternoon, departing at 3.30 after school came out.

Tuesday morning I packed the last of our stores in the ute and loaded my bow and gear, I was carrying extra rations as my son-in-law and

his hunting mate were traveling from Cairns to meet us at the camp site. The hunt for them had been planned two years ago. But Peter and I managed to get in at least two hunts a year.

We arrived at the sheep yards on the property at 6.30 pm and set up camp.

NOW our camp is a wonder to behold...

Peter had just purchased an off road Camper trailer (\$13,000.00 more money than sense) and I was towing my Pop Up caravan. We like our comfort we do.

All ship shape and we cooked dinner.

My Job is always to peel the veges, so I peeled the potatoes and quartered them ready to be boiled, forgetting that we always have scallops. Peter looked a bit queer at me and said "they are going to be small scallops tonight, "We need a coldie. So that took care of Tuesday night.

Next morning Nathan (who is always up first) had the fire going and the first mug of tea ready for me before I got out of bed. A good sign we were going to have a good hunt. After breakfast it was off to the first spot to scan for goats and plan our hunting for the day. Setting up our blinds on a track leading to water, we sat in ambush, waiting for the goats to appear. The country was the driest I have ever seen in all the time I have been hunting this area. The sheep were in very poor condition and the property owner was feeding out cotton seed every second day to keep his breeding ewes alive. The drought was entering its eighth year with no grass or any ground cover to offer some feed. Most dams had reached a critical stage and we were pleased that we had

brought our own water. The water in most of the dams was less than two feet and the one we were at was expected to dry up within the next ten days or so.

After we had settled in our blinds we heard the bleating of goats and saw a small mob of about 50+ heading for the dam, keen to get a drink before they spend the rest of the day searching for food.

Glassing the mob as they approached the track leading into the dam I realized I would get the first shot, so I scanned and located a nice white billy with horns about 30+ inches. Waiting till all the goats had a drink and the white billy turned and was moving out I drew back and released a shaft tipped with a Ribtek hitting him about the lung area. He spun around and tried to see what had hit him then he slowly walked off to a small clump of broken timber and lay down. The rest of the goats just ambled out on the track before Peter let a shaft off hitting a nice Billy. We had opened our score on the first day.

After lunch we were back at the dam waiting for another mob to come for a drink, a mob of about 40 headed for the track leading to the top of the bank and down the side where Peter and Nathan were located. I saw a couple of nice billies and hoped that they would come along the track after Peter and Nathan had a shot at them. Sure enough Peter hit a billy and the mob spooked heading for me. Waiting so that they ran passed me I put a shaft in another billy and managed to get another shaft away into a smaller billy. Two billies and the one in the morning gave me three for the day. Peter had also dropped a nice billy and a black

nanny. We both had three for the day. Nathan had put an arrow into a goat but not a good location and so it would live for another time. 5.00 pm so we decided to head for camp knowing that it would be dark when we got back.

**Day three.** Up early and after a good breakfast we left camp for the back paddock where we knew goats would be drinking early after the hot day before. Setting up our spots we waited for them to come. The day warmed up to around 35+ so we could expect goats any time. The sound of bleating woke me up after a short nap and a big mob of about 60+ goats were heading our way along the track leading to the dam. Glassing the mob I saw a large white billy with a very nice set of horns. Mine I hope if only he came along the bottom track to the dam.

Peter and Nathan were covering the other side and had the two top tracks to watch.

The goats paused at the junction of the tracks and after what seemed like hours the white billy turned and walked along the bottom track that would take him passed me. About 30 or so goats followed him and the rest went along the two top tracks towards Peter and Nathan.

I waited till all the goats passed me and slowly turned to see how Peters mob was doing, they would reach the water at the same time as my mob. We could both shoot at the same time without spooking the goats. Waiting till I could get a clear shot at the white billy I picked out a spot on his side and released a shaft. The shaft penetrated a fair distance and he stumbled and fell. He got up and slowly walked away from the dam to a clump of dead

trees and fell down to his knees. He was certainly not going anywhere. Turning back to the mob I selected another billy with a fair set of horns and put a shaft behind the shoulder. He fell where he had been hit and the mob milled around wondering what to do. After shafting another billy they started to run off the dam wall back to the safety of the mountains. I got a shaft in a black billy as he ran passed me and he skidded to a stop dead as he fell.

I had shafted four billies. Peter called out I got a nice billy and two others .

We walked over to the white billy and Nathan assisted me to measure him.

Spread 39 6/8

Girth Left 7 2/8 Right.7 4/8

Length Left 30 Right 30

Total Douglas score 114 4/8.

Not a world beater but a very nice goat.

The others all went over 35+ inches.

Final score for the day Peter 3 billies.

Doug 4 billies. We departed for camp at 5.30pm.

**Day four.** Up early heading to a different location to check out some goats. Country very dry no feed for the sheep it's a wonder how the goats survive.

Arriving at the back dam we spooked a small mob of nannies and kids drinking but no billies, so we just sat on the ground and watched them drink their fill of water and wanded off. There did not appear to be any billies in this area so we left for an early return to camp As was our custom we have a coldie each day but Peter suggested we have a couple as it had been a trying hot day so no

argument from me. Peters wife Anne was due to arrive this afternoon .She was to take Nathan back with her on the Monday for school and Peter and I was going to stay to wait for the two from Cairns. Back at camp Anne had arrived and had even brought us a carton of XXXX. Most welcome.

**Day five.** A different location today and after leaving Anne in camp we spent the morning hunting in fairly open country moving into scrub just before lunch. A shout from Nathan, a small mob of goats were heading out way. We left Nathan take the first shot and he downed a large nanny. His first score for the trip. We were pleased for him as he is only 11 and shoots a low poundage bow.

We headed back to camp, as it appeared as if the goats had moved from the area. Back at camp we had just put the billy on when the property owner turned up with a college student. We invited them to join us for afternoon tea. When Anne brought out the lamingtons with the tea the property owner was astonished and said."You blokes certainly like your comfort, but these lamingtons take some beating." We all had a good laugh.



**Doug with a good goat**

After the owner and the student left we walked up to a small water trough not far from camp to try our luck. A call on the radio told us, My son-in-law Jack and his hunting partner Franko had turned up. So back to camp for an early tea.

Franko said he would cook the evening meal of spaghetti Bolognese with his special sauce. So we let him go ahead.

Boy oh Boy was it good. Bed and sleep.

**Day six.** Away to an early start to a different area. The day was spent walking and driving from one paddock to the next with no visual sighting of goats A hard days hunting with no results. Back to camp for five tired bowhunters.

Evening meal and most welcome washed down with a few coldies.



**Nathan gets a double**

**Day seven.** We decided to split up with Jack and Franko (who has the nickname of RAMBO) hunting in a paddock that we had never hunted before, so we advised them to make sure their radios were switched on and carry their GPS.s with them at all times. Peter Nathan and I hunted along a dry creek with no luck until we approached the dam where Peter and I managed to shaft a billy each as they came down to water. It seems that with

no grass or tree cover hunting in the open requires a lot of skill. Back to camp and Jack and Rambo had not had any luck. Better day tomorrow we hope.

**Day eight.** Up early to a good breakfast and away we went. We decided to try a different location this day, as our luck had been gradually getting worse. We hunted around a dam that had the only water in the 8,000 acre paddock. A fairly high range runs down to within 300 yards of the dam bank and we were confident that the goats will be in for a drink about 10.00 am. I must have dosed off, for Franko (Rambo) kicked my foot and said "Here comes a mob passed Jack and Peter" "Right mate your turn to take the shot" I said. Rambo and I had set up a piece of shade cloth on a fence near the water trough and was only 30 yards from where the goats would have to come if they wanted a drink. We were well hidden and the goats, consisting of about 30+ goats with a nice billy leading the mob, started to run to the water. Waiting for Rambo to take the shot seemed to last for hours "Shoot mate for hells sake shoot " I whispered. When he did shoot He missed the billy and hit a nanny high up on the back, which must have hit her rear legs, and she staggered away a short distance and fell down. Trying to get up and run away, she spooked the mob and they were off like the proverbial express train. After this excitement we all gathered in the timber for lunch. As we were waiting for the billy to boil a lone white billy appeared and slowly walked passed us towards the water trough. Peter said to Rambo "sneak down to the bank and when he has

had his drink he will head back this way". Rambo took off and was in position waiting for the billy to come back. Sure enough, the billy had his fill of water and was headed back the way he had came.

The billy passed within ten yards and Rambo let him go then shafted him with a nice quartering shot, but just a little high so the billy just limped into the timber. Rambo followed and after dispatching him called out for us to come and have a look. Not a bad billy 31" spread and measuring 98 on the Douglas score. Rambo had scored two for the day. Peter a billy and Doug a billy. Back to camp and a beer.

**Day nine.** This was Peter and my last day, but Jack And Rambo would be staying a few days longer.

Peter and I packed most of our gear and after breakfast Jack and Rambo headed off to the back paddock. We wished them well and Peter and I left for the drive home. After 4 hours we arrived home and after a call on the radio" see you tomorrow" we parted going our separate ways. Another hunt over with the next one already in the planning stages, its sure tough getting away for a week with the drought having so firm a grip on the country, most properties are feeding out to keep their stock alive. With this lack of water, most properties welcome bowhunters to reduce the goat population so the stock can exist on the little water and feed.



**The author with a nice billy**

### **Game claim report**

Things have been rather quiet on the ratings side of things since the last newsletter, an obvious reflection on the fact that this is a busy time of year for deer hunters so paperwork has a tendency to get pushed to the back of the line. Even so, Chris Burton rated a hard earned billy goat measuring 83 1/8 DP, shot out in the Nyngan area over the hot Christmas period.

There has been some movement in the top of the fallow deer ratings with Peter Morphett rating a nice head of 223 DP he shot back in 2000. This is the new number 2 trophy takers rated fallow deer. Peter also managed to take and record two fallow stags during this years rut in southern NSW. These deer measured 187 5/8 DP and 176 3/8 DP. Well done Peter. Mark Southwell also had a bit of luck on the fallow taking a good stag measuring 196 5/8 DP. This made it in to number 12 on the fallow ratings.

It should also be mentioned that members wishing to rate game taken over the past years are quite welcome to do so. These trophies however will not be eligible for any

awards presented by trophy takers for game shot in the current calendar year.

### **A Birthday Billy**

By Peter Morphett

On the first day I saw him, it was cool and drizzling. He was not to far from me on the same ridge so I made a short detour to where he was, straight down the hill for the first stalk with the wind in my favor. Closing the gap to 50 metres and the wind swung down the ridge line and it was all over that day.

On the second trip I had a even longer walk to where I had seen the Billy's run to from the week before, but I managed to find him again. This time on a spot I saw two pigs from the week before also. The wind wasn't holding any type of consistency in direction at all!

The mob of goats that suddenly grown from only a few to over 20 plus. At 44 meters below me the 40 plus inch goat was moving a little fast and with little to no cover made things even harder especially when one in the group decided that he really liked this little green bush only 25 meters in front of us. This let the group containing the 40 inch billy get further and further away. Also now with the wind hugging the side of the hill in was only a matter of time with us stuck and the main group getting higher on the hill it didn't take long and I was busted again!

To my surprise the mob only moved about 500 meters and bedded down, this time with the light fading I had only about 2

hours left in the day. I made my way around and down a ridge to them to have a second go at the big fella. It was the same old story about 1 and half hours later and closing the gap to under 50 meters the wind swung again, and this time they were not hanging around! I took note of the last place I saw them go over the ridge in the distance and said to my self that's the place to start next week.

Now on the third trip, I was carefully walking down the long knife edge ridges to where I have seen the mob disappear last week. Looking over every edge and under all the cover I could, I checked the surrounding valley and gully's and opposite ridges for the big fella. I started to stalk down though some very, very steep and loose country when I manage to spot a goat sitting down under a tree only 25 meters away. I carefully moved side way's to see if there was any other goats with him, immediately to his right the big fella's horns became visible, I had found him again!

My heart starting to pump now since the distance was only 25 meters, but it was a very terrible downhill angle and not very stable footing. I moved to a better spot to get an angle on a good chest shot. At this point the rest of the mob came running into the group, the wind had seemed fine and some how one of the other's away from the group had smelt me and now the group was alert and very nervous. The big fella was now in such a position I couldn't get a clear shot so I quickly and quietly as possible moved to where I thought the big fella was going to emerge and came to full draw,

waiting, waiting but they didn't come though. I moved again this time sneaking over a large rock to see them all just standing below me. I got on top of the rock for a shot as the group started to move away heading in the opposite direction from were they where planning to head last time I saw them.

I came to full draw and went though the motions, the big fella was less than 25 meters away. He started to move and now since I was perched on top of the large rock with no where to go I had to lean my whole body over to the right so I could clear the branches of a tree in front of us to get a clear shot. He stopped with his body nearly facing away from me, but with me some 25 meters above him the narrow but shoot able angle was there. I lined up the 20 meter pin straight onto his spine half way down his back as it would drive the arrow all the way into his chest if the spine shot didn't succeed. The pin floated and settled on the mark, and I released, only to see the arrow hammer in the dirt next to him!

I was standing there asking myself what the hell happened, as the mob tore off down the hill at lighting speed, I had missed, how? Then I realized in the adrenalin that I had not rechecked my No Peep as I had swung around the tree to clear the branches and had placed a large torque on my bow and that is why I missed. If I had only take 1 second to look back at the No Peep I would have seen that I was out of alignment! Oh did I curse myself all the way home to the car and then the long 3 hours drive home!



This week I was heading back on the same ridge as the trip before, as this is where the mob headed to as I was kicking myself!

I spent a long time and hard walking and went straight to where I thought they were from last week. After the long steep walk to the top of the hill, I spotted another mob of Billy's in the distance with one fella in the 115 range, but this was a different mob so I moved on. As I moved around the hill to glass as much as the country as possible I spotted the big fella and his mob half way up the same ridge I was on last week and heading away from me! They were heading in the same direction as the spot from where I had missed the shot last week. I watched them walk and feed within only 50 meters from the same ridge, damn as now I was over a 1km away and with the steep hill to go back down and the then all the way back up to where they were now sitting, it would take me forever, and it was now getting late, oh well off I went.

As we all know by the time I got half way down my side I could not see the mob anymore so when I snuck into where they were sitting on the ridge I saw them 1 to 2 hours ago they were gone, I had no idea where they had walked to, I checked all the drop off's and close gullies I could in the time I had left but I couldn't find them. I didn't even know which side of the ridge they might have been on. So this meant I didn't have a point to start for next week.

The weather was very over cast but maybe a little to windy, I was back on the same knife ridge as last time. I covered and glassed many a

mile of country and zippo, nothing not a wild animal to be seen, not one goat not one pig or fox nothing! This made me kick myself all over again for missing the big billy 2 weeks ago. Where was the big fella? Was he still in the area, was he even alive, and the big question I now started to ask myself. Had I missed my chance?

I had been watching the weather all week as this was only thing different this time. I was going to have another go on my birthday for the big fella, but the weather man said it was going to be storms and he was right very bad conditions to hunt in so the next day was taken. As before I didn't know where he was so I kept to the normal knife edge ridge I had seen him on mostly. Again I carefully covered and glassed the country as I walked down the ridgeline to where I was most likely to find the goats hiding and feeding.

I was right in the middle of this section that the goats and I like best, and was walking up the back of a little out crop that I had walked over many a time in the last 10 years. This was one of my favorite hunting places; in front of me on a flat part of the ridge there are many drop off's with massive fig tree's growing which the goats like to get under and rest and escape the heat of summer. I always very carefully sneak up to these places as you never know what's in there. I was half way up the little out crop with the wind in my face (the first time in as long as I can remember that it was so consistent!) when I smelt goat, knocked an arrow and started to stalk up and over the top of the out crop.

Standing on the edge looking down into the fig trees for the source of the smell, I heard Billy's fighting so I moved along the out crops edge and I saw two Billy's appear from right underneath me from out of the darkness of the fig tree at no less than 10 meters! I just stood there hoping my 3D Camo would hold true to form, they passed by. I then snuck in on the source of the fighting; I was less than 5 meters from two Billy's standing on some massive fig tree branches looking down at another Billy. It seemed like there was a nanny stuck in and under a massive stump trying to reject the advances of one pushy in love Billy. I could only see two back legs of the main offender trying to get her out from under the fig tree. This billy was tan in colour with black fleck though this coat and I knew from chasing him all over the country for the last six week's that it was the big fella!

I was at 10 metes and as luck would have it there was a huge clear hole to shoot thought and the massive fig tree was coving the Billy's head and chest but I know that he had to back him self out of where he had corned the nanny. I was set in position waiting for him to give me a shot. He was so caught up with the nanny that when the other goats started to feed off he didn't even know or care! It seemed like an eternity before he took a step backward, I drew, anchored and lined up in an instant. The Billy backing out fully exposing his chest, my pin settled and the arrow was gone!

At 10 meters the arrow was never seen and the big fella ran as fast as he could and was gone from my sight in less than 2 seconds! The

nanny now free, headed over to the main mob of goats witch was only 30 meters away. Looking to see what was going on they soon got a real shock as I quickly appeared from around the tops of the fig tree to get some Idea on where the big fella had run. With another goat in the mob over 115 point range standing now at 30 meters he picked straight up where the big fella has just left off. I thought "well he's worthy but I'll leave you for a year or two".

I moved quickly under the fig tree to try and locate the blood trail of the big fella, this wasn't hard as the Magnus Stinger 125 did its job well leaving a massive blood trail. This was easy to follow and I found him expired a little way down the steep hill. With my heart going a million miles an hour I let out some triumphant yells and did a little birthday dance. What better present could you or anyone give!

I set the big fella up for a heap of self timed photos and ran the tape over him to see if my guess that he would go over 40 inch's and 125 Douglas points would be right.

The big fella officially scored 126 1/8 Douglas points and he was 40 5/8 inch's wide.

Bow used was a Darton Maverick set at 82lbs with Trophy ridge sight and Trophy ridge drop zone hunter rest and Gold Tip big game 100+ shafts.



**Pete with the Big Fella**

### **Pigs Pad**

Why should we join a club or organisation that represents something that we love doing, whether it be the cricket club, rowing club or the local archery club. Apart from another reason I will expand on shortly, in this day and age it's important to be counted. Hunting is a sport that is easily damaged by the efforts of few idiots and thus susceptible to intense public and media scrutiny. We have all seen or encountered a sensationist beat up of some sort. This in turn can put pressure on the governing bodies to moderate or even terminate elements of the sport. Join up and you may only be a number but at least you're counted and seen as a potential vote. A good case in point is the NSW Game Licence, regardless of the as yet unproven benefits it may be worthwhile just for the fact it tells the government there are x amount of hunters out there so we had

better look after them or more correctly their money! We are not known to be a vocal lot, unlike the radical minorities who make themselves sound like they represent the masses, so join a body that represents what you want to keep doing.

Trophy Takers and other similar bodies offer more than ratings, awards or kudos, they offer a bowhunters network. This network can provide everything from information on hunting to access to hunting and related activities. There aren't many places you can go and not dig up a local bowhunter to help you out in some way. Maybe that's the real beauty of the sport, you remember your special trophies but you also remember who you were with at the time. Some of my greatest friendships have been forged from simple word of mouth and a phone call, all these years later and I'm still calling those same numbers.

For those keen on taking all the game species Australia has to offer or simply experiencing other parts of the county you either need a packet of cash or contacts in the right places. A lot of it is done through swap hunts with fellow bowhunters but then many of us can't offer that hunt of a lifetime in return so then it's down to old fashioned trust and friendship. This also seems to work for international hunts, and with the advent of the internet the process is probably a lot easier than some people realise. The game you take may not be the biggest but you're still there hunting some critter that on your own you would never have had the opportunity to do. Next time you're looking at the ratings or

sussing out a few hunting pics that name or face could by some twist of fate become a major player in your life, it's funny how things work out.

Speaking of the internet have you seen 'On line hunting '! I'm not talking about a play-station game like Cabela's Big Game Hunter I'm talking real live animals and real live bullets. Log into the site, pay the fee and go hunting with the

guide. Use the mouse to search the game park and pull the trigger. Your critter can be boxed up for meat, taxidermed and mailed right to your door. Only in America of course, but the battle is raging not only over the ethical side but the moral side. Not my cup of tea but if someone wants to do it then so be it. What do you think?

**Chris Hervert.**

## FEATURE TROPHY

This is the first of what we hope will be a regular feature of the newsletter. The first feature trophy is Dave Debrecey's monster Rusa stag he took in Northern NSW in May 2000. Dave shot the stag with his Mathews Conquest bow with carbon arrows and a Blackstump broadhead. One shot from 25 metres put the stag to rest. The head was officially scored by Mark Ballard, assisted by Dave Debrecey.



MEASUREMENT	SHORTER MEASUREMENT DOUBLED		SCORE*
	LEFT	RIGHT	
LENGTH	36 1/8	34 6/8	69 4/8
SPREAD			27
SPAN			18 2/8
BEAM	5	5	10
CORONET	8 2/8	8	16
BROW	9 4/8	10	19
INNER TOP	20 7/8	19 5/8	39 2/8
OUTER TOP	9 3/8	10 7/8	18 6/8
BASAL SNAG	2 4/8		
BASAL SNAG 2	1 7/8		
<b>TOTAL SCORE</b>			<b>217 6/8</b>

# Trophy Takers Merchandise

I am never  
**BOARED**



**LOOK - NEW SHIRTS**



The Bowmen of the Bush

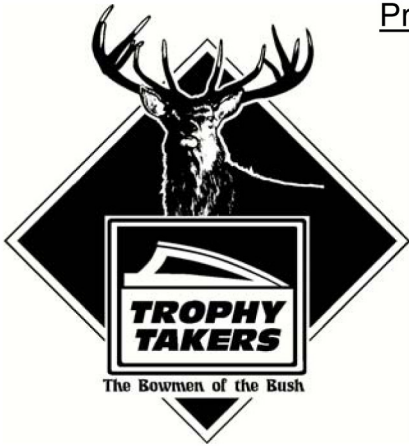
## NEW DESIGNS Polo or T-Shirts – 2 Sided Print

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

Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Prices: Polo - \$38

T-shirt - \$35



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



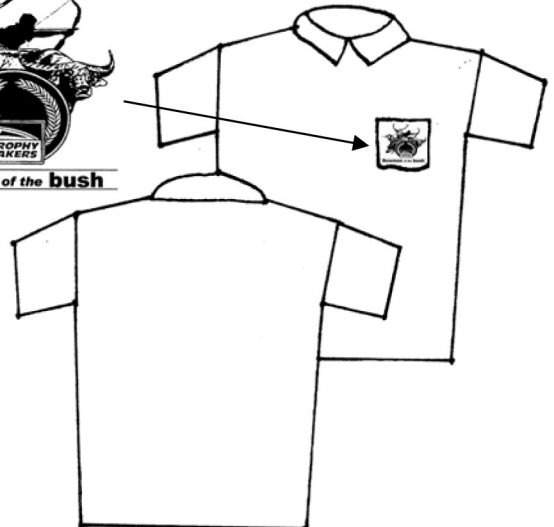
## Polo or T-Shirt – 2 Sided Print

Colours: Black, Navy, Dark Green, Maroon.

Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Prices: Polo - \$28

T-shirt - \$25



## Polo or T-Shirt – Pocket Print Only

Colours: Black, Navy, Dark Green, Maroon.

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.

Order forms to be made out to:  
Trophy Takers Incorporated

And mailed to:  
Trophy Takers  
24 Lagoon Crescent,  
Saunders Beach, QLD 4818