



Newsletter Mar-Apr 2008

TROPHY TAKERS NEWSLETTER Mar–Apr 2008

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Game Claim Report 27/3/08

Well, I'm just home from Pete Morphett's place where I laid eyes on and double checked T.T.'s new number one fallow buck, scoring an impressive 238 3/8 DS, being officially measured by Trevor Willis. Pete took the big white antlered buck from 48 metres on the 20th of March while it was bedded down. One good shot from his tribute and it was all over in 60 metres, and to say Pete is happy about it is an understatement!



T.T.s New Number 1 Fallow Buck, 238 3/8 DS!

This caps off a very successful summer period for Pete, which started with a nice 33 inch north Queensland chital



stag. Due to a missing inner top tine, this stag scored 131 4/8 DS but was 'non-the-less' a fine trophy. Pete also took a couple of closed range animals that mark the first in the new closed range ratings for T.T. His fallow buck of 244 DS is currently the biggest closed range fallow buck in the ratings.



Pete's long shot and long Chital Stag 131 4/8, very nice!



Another monster Buck for Pete, 244 DS!

Speaking of fallow bucks, the 2008 season couldn't have started off any better for Andrew Morrow of Canberra. On opening day, he arrowed a nice 207 DS chocolate buck with one arrow from 35 metres. Andrew had located this buck while in velvet earlier in the year, so his pre season scouting certainly paid off.



Andrew Morrow with his very good 207 DS Fallow Buck!

Other than these deer, there has been plenty of game taken in this rating year and rated since the November Newsletter. Randal Sullings spent some time in the gulf country late last year and nailed a couple of cracker boars of 25 4/8 and 27 DS.



Randal with one of his good Boars, well done Randal!

Likewise, Pedro Lever and Sylvia Szabo also went north and took some good boars. Pedro also managed to



T.T.s resident Bullfighter at it again, excellent Buff mate, 86 4/8 DS!

take an 86 4/8 DS buffalo which is a brave effort given his past indiscretions of the bovine nature! Stephen Gear from Roma also got into the action with a great boar of 26 4/8 DS, and new member Paul Thomson loosed the string of his recurve to secure a 23 6/8 DS boar. Well done Paul, and welcome to the T.T. ranks.



New T.T. Member Paul Thomson with a very good recurve Boar, 23 4/8 DS.

The goats have also been copping a hiding from T.T. members over the past summer. Most notably were two cracking mountain billies, the first taken by Pedro Lever back in early February scoring 131 1/8 DS. Not far behind was

a goat taken by Steven Nowlan in early March. One arrow from 40 yards put the 131 DS billy to rest. It sure is nice to know there are still goats of this quality around.



Steven Gear with a top end hog, 26 48 DS.

also took a high curly billy scoring 111 1/8 DS and judging from the photo, it seems as if Warney might be preparing a 'naked hunters' of T.T. calendar for the upcoming year!



James Warne best Billy to date, 115 6/8 DS!



Pedro's best goat to date, 131 1/8 DS!



James in his birthday suit, but the Goat scored 111 1/8 DS, the calendar out in 09!



Steven Nowlan 3rd goat in the 130's!

Not long before Christmas, James Warne had a great weekend on the western dams, shooting his best goat to date, a black goat of 115 6/8 DS. He

The Barcaldine connection of Doug Church and the Cocking clan also ventured out to chase the goats with a number of good billys hitting the deck.



One of T.T.s longest active serving members, Doug Church with his nice 109 DS Billy.

Sylvia Szabo has been doing her fair share of goat and boar hunting, rating three billies around the 100 DS mark, and also two boars. Last but not least, new member Daniel Hill recently took out a nice billy of 90 DS in the southern highlands of NSW – a good way to start with Trophy Takers.



Sylvia's Best Billy yo Date, 103 18 DS.



To top it off Sylvia's best Boar also 24 6/8 DS, well done Sylvia!

Further west, our current junior bowhunter of the year Casey McCallum packed up the Ute and headed north from his home in SA to chase a few camels, donkeys and brumbies around just south of Alice Springs. Casey was successful in taking two camels of scoring 29 5/16 and 28 13/16 DS, which rated at number 4 and 6 in the T.T. lists respectively.



Casey McCallum with a massive Bull Camel, scores 29 5/16 DS!



Casey with another ship of the desert, 28 13/16 DS, well done Casey!

The summer period has seen an influx of new members. Jeff Barton, joined T.T. with a boar he took in the NT scoring 23 6/8 DS, as did Matt Daniel and Tom Baxter with boars of 29 4/8 and 24 4/8 respectively. New members Ron McGrath and Mark Bates also joined TT with a couple of goat trophies. The addition of these keen bowhunters takes the current number of financial

T.T. members to 86, which is great for the club and Australian bowhunting in general.



New member Daniel Hill with his 90 DS Billy.



New member Tom Baxter is very happy with his 24 4/8 DS Boar!



New member Jeff Barton 23 4/8 DS Boar.

A number of current members have been dusting off past trophies and sending them in to add to the T.T. ratings. Pedro Lever rated a mixed bag of goats, a camel, 10 1/16 DS fox and a large cat that measured 8 1/16 and sits at number 2 in the ratings.



New member Matt Daniel with excellent Boar 29 4/8 DS!



Pedro with an excellent 116 DS Billy and Fox!



Pedro Lever with an exotic Camel from some time back, 26 4/16 DS.

Jason Robinson of Bungendore also rated several boars, a nice chital stag he took at Charters Towers scoring 151 1/8 DS and a 99 DS billy goat.



Jason Robinson excellent Chital Stag, well done Jason!

Graham Cash recently sent in a number of ratings of game taken over the passed 10 or so years. Most notably would have to be a very light coloured 182, 5/8 DS red stag he took in 2002 with his longbow from 7 metres, a great 210 3/8 DS fallow buck, and a massive closed range red stag scoring just shy of the magic 400 DS mark.



Graham Cash with a swag of top trophies! 182 5/8 DS Red Stag, 210 3/8 DS Fallow Buck, and the number 1 Closed Range Red, 399 1/8 DS!

For a full list of the recent ratings including trophy photos, just click on the pictures to go straight to the website.

Mark Southwell.

PIG'S PAD

Technology is everywhere and the world of bow hunting is no different. All the fandangled bows and their bits, range finders, bino's, scent lock boots and clothing the list goes on. However one thing I know a lot of hunters have been playing with is the various array of Game Camera's. Now how good are they? Wack it on a tree somewhere, leave it for a period of time and see what happens to come by. Some of the pics that have been flying around the email have simply been outstanding!



I have been using two in an area only recently revisited and found to maintain quite a huntable number of deer. Now this is big country and a little hard to work out, and unlike some of the more open pasture commonly associated with fallow deer is an array of creek flats and semi open forest. The early camera efforts were a little disappointing and in

fact it took months just to get a picture of a deer. However those early camera forays flicked out many portraits of our native wildlife that under normal hunting conditions you simply would not get. Eastern Quolls, rare, yet we got numerous pictures of them, wedge tail eagles, possums, sugar gliders and of course the odd Roo or two. Good stuff but not what we wanted.



Our first deer was a doe with fawn, and then a mob of does, then as the rut approached a nice healthy looking buck. Now it was pretty exciting to see that on the game camera, not the size or score but the fact an antlered deer was enshrined in that little box. As the scrapes appeared I figured this was a good chance to not only see what was about but to get some indication of when that critter was in the area. What surprised me a little was how many bucks actually visit a single scrape. I guess it is a sign post and it's there to be read. One scrape we monitored had

6 bucks visiting it over 3 days, numerous does and spikes also had a sniff. Now keep in mind the area does not have hundreds of deer, and to date no world records but purely from an educational viewpoint the pictures are very beneficial. It's actually quite exciting to put that SD card into the reader and see what you get, I guess in a basic form its hunting as well.

I reckon it was money well spent, and if memory serves me then it was only around \$150 for the basic camera. Good fun and I have a few other spots on the list, might have to get another camera!

Chris Hervert.

A 'SICK' hunt in W.A. By James Warne

(Tales of a spooky ass and poor mothering skills)

I have more access to good goats at the moment than anything else, but even so I was about to fly to a hunt for the first time, to Western Australia of all places where people generally say the hunting isn't all that great! It all started last year when Adam Greentree and Ben Chambers were publishing some stories on awesome W.A. billies in country that I would describe as magnificent and striking. I was talking with Adam at some points about the goats just trying to here something about the circumstances of the hunt and the country.

Adam got the message and eventually invited me over for a chance at them myself. That was about all Adam had to do with it, I think he has been in NSW ever since. Ben Chambers was always going to be part of a three person hike hunt in W.A. in search of monster billies,

and from early on he became my contact for this W.A. hunt. Pretty special when you think I had barely ever met him (maybe around the glow of a campfire in Gulgong) and then here he is going out of his way to create a hunt for the two of us! That's a very special part of Trophy Takers as a network of like minded dedicated hunters and what it can offer participants if you get into it.

For a hunt of this magnitude there were a mass of phone calls with the too and throwing of dates, times, whether expectations and enthusiasm. The administration side of it also involved a heap of contact searching for Ben as he sought out more good country. For me it involved every manner of leave I could muster as a teacher, study leave, personal leave and leave without pay as the last resort.

I squeezed out of Bourke a little before those students again. It's not easy to sneak a loaded Troopy out of a car park that's full of small hatchbacks and is overlooked by the Principal's office. Now in my thirty's and a teacher, not a student, the game should have changed, but no! Here I was still sneaking out of school early. I had to drive to Dubbo, 4 hours, get a flight to Sydney and a connecting to Perth. What a fabulous age we live in (in some respects, we will ignore the cost of fuel etc) when I can leave work in Bourke one day and be in Perth that same night ready to hunt the next day, all for under \$750 return!

On arriving in Perth there was further reason for me to reflect on how lucky I am in my current behaviour intervention teaching job as when Ben picked me up at the airport he looked terribly tired, stiff necked, tormented by the amount he still had to do and if all this wasn't enough he had the stresses of leaving his fledgling business in the hands of

others for the next week hanging over him. Poor fella, once I left the car park I felt relaxed.

Eventually we did make it out of Perth (after Ben had been to Physiotherapy for a shocking neck and shoulder—hardly ideal for the bowhunter!) We were away late but this had an upside as we would make it to a small property up the Coast where I could have a crack at some small game. Pulling up we got straight into it, I grabbed my poor looking Bear Grizzly recurve and Ben his new Horse bow which made me inwardly chuckle. Every time I saw that Horse Bow it reminded me of the gimmicky tourist souvenirs I had seen in Indonesia—(and I didn't miss an opportunity to tell him so). Things were packed pretty tightly so we grabbed what ever arrows were easiest to retrieve. They were Ben's carbons and this helped me out. You see at our first stand for a fox whistle Ben played a fine tune and brought in a curious fox. I was fifteen or so yards further along the scrub edge to Ben and the fox was coming straight into him. I had to shoot early at the 20yards as that fox was about to cross my line. I concentrated, drew back down the line and shot, smacking that luckless fox on the shoulder, with the shaft excited out it's paunch. I think I would have shot a foot underneath if I was using my heavier Carbon express traditional shafts with heavier brass inserts.

That was the end of my luck however as he made it very untidily into that scrub line just down from us. We gave him a few minutes as I collected my shaft but this wasn't enough. Unfortunately when we followed him up we heard him inside the first big scrub patch as he pushed through out the back and even with nearly an hour of looking we just couldn't find that well hit fox. What a disappointment, it was a good shot and

would have been my first traditional fox and a great start to my W.A. hunting. With the early success we opted to move down the scrub line a tad to target some long grass behind a dam.

With some excellent rodent mimicking from Ben (Boy he can play those assorted whistles) another young fox came towards us. He was in no great rush, poking around here and there on his way in. He did eventually make it to us a few minutes from when we first saw him. He came up to around seven or eight yards in front of Ben who then made that bow of his look like a lovely souvenir bow and shot along side that lucky fox. He moved off up in my direction and I also shot underneath as it pranced past. Oh well! It did seem all a bit too good to be true, two foxes in two stands. Ben then continued around a big flat trying to see if the rabbits would be out grazing the fringe and having another whistle here and there. I veered off left as I saw some old rural buildings and as we know rabbits seem to love a nice abandoned cluster of building and junk.

I mozzed along through the junk but the first rabbit bounded off at fifty yards and into the scrub, sometimes when they spook like that you wonder how you ever get any. I saw one other that was also onto me early but a slow approach that the rabbit watched keenly all the way. Finally I didn't think I could push it any more and I took the twenty yard shot. Again those light carbons flew great and smacked that well conditioned bunny right through the neck. He made such little commotion it took me a second to realise I had hit the thing.



James first Trad Rabbit!

My first rabbit with the recurve was a W.A. model which was very pleasing. I then got my first dose of how pedantic Ben is with the camera (when he isn't sick that is, as I will explain later). The results to that photo session speak for themselves and show that the effort is worthwhile.

We dropped into a camp at around 2.00am and had brief introductions to one of Ben's regular hunting companions Dean and eventually hit the sack, what a long first day!

This was just to be a brief stop, just long enough to go for a quick walk to see what we could find in the morning I was greeted by an awesome view out across a ranging river. We didn't see many of the resident goat mobs and it seemed we had picked the wrong sport to pursue on this stretch of water. I was told generally this river was just a series of waterholes but this was hard to believe that day as the water roared down and the white water kayaks I had

seen on trailers heading north the previous day all of a sudden made sense.

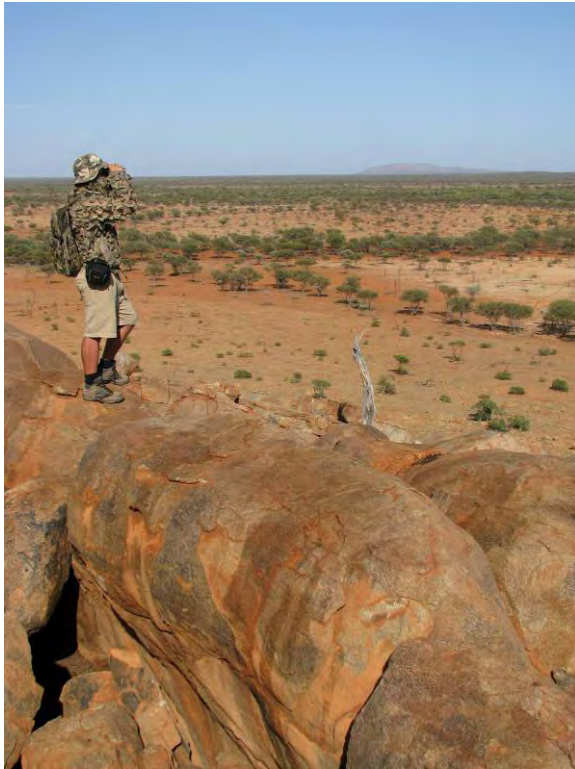
We packed up our temporary camp for the first time, we were to get into a routine of this over the next week, and boy weren't we sick of it by the time we made it home. I missed the room of my Troopy and the ladder to my roof racks, some of the things I take for granted back home. But gee this was like a car on the Highway, cannot have everything in a vehicle I suppose.

From here we made our way up to one of Ben's regular goat hunting properties. A place that had been very run down in the past and left pretty much to disintegrate. Well! What a difference a year can make. New owners had come in and spent a fortune on fence lines, goat traps and infrastructure. Needless to say a few tanks were hunted with very little sighted. In fact I have never seen a trapping program be so complete in its harvest of goats. I sat at one bore in a trap and only had two goats come in for the morning; Ben at another had a group of three for the morning, mmmm! Time to pack up again!

So next stop was a mere 250km to a new property that Ben had come across in an exhaustive effort to rustle up some new country for us to look over as he had a hunch there were going to be problems at the other property. The country changed quite miraculously over that drive and we were chomping at the bit when we finally got there.

This would be a timely opportunity to explain that Ben was excited but only between fits of tiredness, fatigue and a general "feeling like crap" He would be good for half an hour and struggling for the next 3, that's life and certainly not what he or I had wished for but that's the way the cookie crumbles some

times. This was to persist for the whole trip unfortunately.



Glassing for Billies.

We arrived at the homestead right on last light, a wonderful coincidence as it lead to a beer or three with the owner who was only to pleased to tell tales of the dogs, cats, donkeys, clean skin cattle, horses and goats. His enthusiasm even extended to him changing his plans and committing the next day to showing us around. This was a classic, I have had many a mud map drawn for me before by generous landholders and always consider any information they provide as a wonderful heads up on what game is about. I have even been shown a few hot spots, but boy wasn't this fellow thorough. And he gave a grand tour of all the hotspots plus some on his 500,000 acre property.

We must have driven nearly 150km, considering waterholes on the Eastern boundary alone was 70km away! This was a super long days cruising and probably saved Ben four or five trips to get the same low down on the lay of the

land. It was also nice to see the owner was generally excited about what we were doing and was sharing the "ooing and arring" at goats as we went around. It was a little disconcerting however when he called a pretty average Billy "a nice set" at one stage.



Checking out the new watering holes.

That night the hot drive and exhaustion from sitting there being polite had Ben down for the count early, the rude blighter slept right through my lovely sausage, onion, tomato sauce, and bread specialty! At that point I new he was really sick!

During our guided tour of the property we were shown a big flat of salt bush country that the owner said always had its fair share of wildlife. This was proven at the time as a couple of Donkeys and some cleanskin cattle were seen making a hasty departure as we drove up to its edge. So the next day when we were off the leash and out there with our first chance to hunt the block we went out there.

Ben really wanted a donkey (that's what he said, I just think the flat defined areas appealed to a sick Ben). We parked 300 metres from the flat in the tree. Even thou it was early March it was still seriously hot and we always had packs full of water. As we approached, two donkeys were in much the same spot as the day before. However they were onto

us in quick time and have definitely left me with the impression that they are no push over as a species to hunt if they are not shot coming into water.

From that bungled stalk we veered across the flat towards a clean skin bull that was out on his own grazing. Ben had not had the conversation about whether or not he could shoot a bull so this fella was safe. Murphy's law prevailed and this bull came towards us and then presented himself at about 30 yards, the perfect scenario. Ben will probably go along time to get such a good opportunity on a bull when he has permission. Such is Murphy's Law. We got some great photos and video of the bull anyway and it was a first encounter with them for both of us.



Murphy's Law at work!

The potential of this property was being realised on this flat; as the bull took off he disturbed some goats along a waterhole in the middle of some tea tree. So with one species disturbed we were right onto the other. We crept up onto the waterhole. As each new goat showed himself my excitement grew and grew.

The first dozen turned into thirty and eventually thirty probably 80 to a hundred goats. As with any big mob there were all different antics going on; there was obviously a nanny coming on heat spicing things up, they were also

coming to the end of their morning forage as some were bedding up next to the water other under scrub twenty to thirty meters back. We were up one end of the waterhole and the strung out mob, it was the situation where I truly thought no matter what we stalked and shot I assumed a bigger Billy would end up rising from the bushes and leading the mob away. It just seemed like we could not possibly look over all of them. Since the mob was not moving around anymore we still had a lot of manoeuvring to do.



Allot of eyes, the guys have to watch their step!

The positive side of this was the time it ensured for us to look over them and to photograph. We came up with a plan of attack, to retreat and come back wide around and half way up the water hole. This would bring us into the middle of the spread out mob on the opposite side of the water to them. We would just do the best we could there were many sets of eyes.

The ever alert nannies were sprinkled everywhere. Ben's slow sneaking loop was about my normal walking pace, such is the difference in out length of leg. I eventually caught him and was waiting five yards behind, thinking I would take photo's from here as we still has some waiting to go. Well you just never know what's going to happen do you, Ben was soon saying "...get up

here “or words to that effect. One of the two best Billies was walking up through the mob and across the water from us. By the time I had moved forward and was ready Ben had ranged it for me 53 Yards. I placed my fifty pin half up, behind the shoulder and released. It flew well, looked good all the way but dropped low and with a crack hit its front leg hard.

He reacted by running back towards us and at 25 yards I hit him again. The Billy was down and I was excited, we both new I had shot a good Billy and that he was definitely one we had singled out.

quartering away behind the last rib angling forward.



Prime real-estate!



James with his excellent Billy!



Got him.....

Ben then took a shot at another Billy that had been parading around for the last hour. Bens shot was interesting. It hit the tree up near the Billy’s horns. I don’t know whether we worked out what happened with that shot but we got many laughs out of it. Take a look at the photo, has to be tall goat to get shot by that arrow? The Billy wasn’t so lucky with Ben’s next shot and he was hit



.....well eventually!

The five days of slow hunting now showed as we scanned the mob for further targets. As you can imagine they were making a fair bit of fuss by now and they were easier to assess as they looked at us trying to make out the disturbance. I was easy for them to see as I was laughing about Ben's high shot.

There was one more stand out Billy a little further down the waterhole. We went out wide again and came in on that end of the mob. Ben very generously offered me the shot, as I had already shot one of the two standouts I threw it back at him, but he insisted someone travelling from N.S.W. to W.A. deserved some quality game. It was difficult to accept but we couldn't discuss it forever so I snuck forward again. At around thirty metres the Billy was very distracted and moving about. The biggest difficulty was picking a whole through the other goats. Eventually I shot, not a great shot and a quick follow up was needed. After reviewing the video I swore I will be getting a nice forgiving bow when I get back, I should have shot way better than that!



James with another cracker Billy!

The surprises were not over yet. As I turned around to give Ben the thumbs up there he was clothes off, down to his boxes. Funny old post hunt ritual they have in W.A I thought! This was compounded by him promptly coming up to me a dropping his boxes and

showing me far too much of his behind, you can imagine my surprise! Very forward, not even a kiss to break the ice!!

Only after his pants were down and his ass was in my face that he started to explain about the ants in the tree he was filming from. His ant antics were obvious when we went back though the wobbly video; I was relieved there was a half decent explanation.

Near the car three decent Billies walked past, they appeared on a mission to get out onto the flat as well. Ben awoke from his sick and semi comatose state and placed an arrow perfectly for the tight angling shot required. He had placed that arrow in front of the back leg to come out the front of its chest. The Billy only made 20yards, and ended up around 40 yards from the car. In the heat that was a ripper!

Finally back at the car and then more donkeys were seen heading away from the flat, that owner wasn't kidding when he said this place was a hot spot! Like a lot of these big properties that seem good everywhere, there still ends up being little pockets that stand out massively from the common ground around, usually better feed I think, sometimes you cannot even make out what's different, but the numbers of game tell you something certainly is.

On the drive out we saw another mob close to the car, perfect for Ben to put in a quick stalk with his pretend bow. The scrub was thick and Ben's skills were good, at around 10yards he made that little bit of wood flex and that arrow did enough to secure an average Billy, but with that bow it was great for the album.



A classic pose for the camera.

Ben was knocking up pretty quickly after these jaunts; we swam and cooled down in the afternoon. I started to clean up my horns and Ben took another snooze (I think he was sleeping about 17 hours a day, and he calls himself a keen hunter?) During the cleaning job I heard a girly shriek that even scarred a Goanna. It seemed a Goanna had smelt my goat heads and was coming to investigate. It had run into Ben on the way in .and had difficulty distinguishing between my half rotten heads and Ben. The Goanna thought he would have a few licks on Ben's arm. Another disconcerting thing from Ben, in his subconscious half sleep he thought it was me licking him on the arm as a prank??? He has some funny old dreams or some strange hunting partners if that's what came to mind first!



Its lunch, Ben didn't taste as good as this!

That night, a wild storm brewed in the North, thunder, rain and lighting were coming our way. We set up amidst the wind and sprinkle of the edge of that storm, Ben offered me some ear plugs which are a great way to get over the flapping of tarps and brewing of wild whether. Reaching under the tarp Ben said "where's ya tent", "what do you mean" I replied, It not here", oh S..... A little walk downwind and there it was, it had survived a 50 metre cartwheel. What a legend of a tent.

After all the sleep Ben had had over the five or six days he wasn't feeling any better and I was struggling to get into the hunt or offer the mothering Ben was looking for so we made the tough call to head back to Perth early. I couldn't see the sense in sticking around if Ben wasn't well enough to really get into it, and as it was big country and knew to both of us so it really didn't seem fair to dump Ben and for me to carry on solo!. I had taken some great photos and two nice Billy's. I had demystified domestic air travel to pursue hunting which will provide many great hunting opportunities down the track.

I must thank Ben for going to extraordinary length's to make this hunt a reality for me. He left his business at a very bad time and I am extremely grateful. Unfortunately he was sick but that's life, we had a great time anyway, you can see we made a lot of fun memories. He had better work less and I will brush up on my mothering skills before next trip.

Red Centre Camels BY Casey McCallum

It was with droopy eyelids I awoke, as Ben our host started moving around camp in the eerie darkness of the morning. We had bugger all sleep that night for all the mobs of horses and camels coming right past camp at a gallop, even the bloody donkeys came past making that awful noise they do.

The plan was to stake out the dam today and try and get ourselves a big bull camel each if they came in. We weren't sure if they would come in because they can go a long time without water but with so many around, we were pretty confident. Ben was first off and he made it to the dam and saw there were 2 huge bull camels on it. Simon and I stayed well back watching the action. Ben circled around the dam but the bloody camels, which stand 3m high, looked right over the dam bank and spotted him. They both casually walked away out of there with Ben in pursuit in case they slowed down. That was the last we saw of Ben for the morning, Simon and myself sat on the dam and waited to see what would come in. We didn't have to wait long and we had mobs of horses moving around us everywhere. A big stallion turned slightly quartering away at about 45m and Simon sent an arrow his way.



Simon's first Donkey.

The shot looked good and we found him about 150m off the water, which was covered in a gallop. Simon was happy as he now had 2 firsts of species for the trip, a donkey and a horse. Next we met back up with Ben on the water and he had shot himself a horse as well. So we went to grab a few pics for him.



Ben's Stallion.

On the way back there was a big mob of brumbies that had come in. we weren't real worried about spooking them but when the lead stallion spotted us he kept dummy charging us coming to within 20m. I had enough of this and when he came into the clear for the first time I dropped him on the spot with a shoulder hit. The 80# tribute did the job well.

After leaving Ben at the water Simon and myself went to have lunch and on our return to the dam we spotted Ben stalking a big white jack donkey. He closed the gap and shot him from no more than 20m. He had also dropped another stallion while we were gone. All this action was good but we were a bit disappointed about not seeing any more camels.



Casey's first Donkey.



Bens Male Donkey.

Ben went back to the vehicles and started to pack up as he was leaving this afternoon. Simon and I were staying one extra night to see if anything came in on evening. After a snooze when Ben left we got our gear together and moved off into position in a hide on the dam. We were not there very long when all of a sudden two huge bull camels emerged out the scrub and made their way past us. Simon had the bow in hand ready and lined up the big bull at the front.

We don't really know what happened next as the arrow went way low and about a meter to the right. After watching the video footage we can hear 2 noises and think he clipped some gum tree leaves on the hide deflecting the arrow. The big bulls made their way back into the scrub and we were left scratching our heads wondering how anyone could miss a camel from 30m.

It was soon in the back of our minds as we spotted another pair of bulls coming in. I had my bow out this time and when they came into drink on the other side of the dam I was ready. One turned almost broadside and I let rip over the 55 or so metre distance and the bow nearly jumped out my hand. My cam had struck a branch in the hide. The arrow smashed into the bull to far back angling through its liver and into its back leg. He walked up the bank and fell over within a few seconds. The other bull was on top of the bank now and I sent a G5 Montec his way.

The shot was perfect, tight behind the shoulder and he galloped off into the setting sun out of sight. We both walked over to my first fallen bull to have a look and hardly had enough time to take the moment in when Simon spotted another 3 coming in. We sat in behind a couple bushes about waist height and waited. Next thing we could hear a soft stampede sound and we looked behind us to see a cloud of dust way of in the distance. The noise was getting louder and louder and soon we were watching the most unbelievable sight I have seen while hunting. There was a mob of camels of around 100-150 animals at full gallop coming straight towards us. I hear a little voice "ah should we get out of here" coming from Simon but the chance of getting trampled was out

weighed by the chance of a camel for Simon.



The mod a ships of the desert!

The massive mob circled around the dam and we were soon blind from a cloud of dust then out of the gloom they all wandered down to drink. I had the camera rolling the whole time and a twang soon rang out and Simon put an arrow through a good bull. The rest of the 100 plus mob drank for about half an hour and the dust and low light let us sneak in and Simon finished off his first camel. The trip was a blinder and I had shot myself 3 new species and got a couple good camel skulls.



Waiting and watching for that big bull!



Simons first Camel!



Casey's 28 13/16 DS Bull!



Casey's 29 5/16 DS Bull!

My two big bulls later measured out at 29 5/16 DS and 28 13/16 DS. It's a trip I will be looking at doing again some time within the next couple of years.

RAGE Broadhead Review



There seems to be a never ending array of new products and designs entering the archery world every year, but not many will have an impact on the way we perceive one of our most important tools in modern archery like the RAGE range of mechanical broadheads.

Broadhead design has come a long way in the past few years, and while this has included some admirable features, many so called 'improvements' are just a plain waste of time and money in my opinion. The RAGE 2 blade broadheads however, are an improvement over any other mechanical broadhead on the market today. So much so, that I think many will change the way they view mechanical heads from now on - I know my view has changed dramatically from when they were first introduced.

The RAGE 2 blade heads weigh in at 100 grains, and are a slip cam style of mechanical broadhead. This design allows the blades to slip backwards and be fully open to their full width of 2 inches; yes I said 2 inches, on contact with the target. The main benefit of this design is the resultant increase in penetration over the older styles of 'swing open on contact' mechanical broadheads.



I have been trailing these heads for the last 12 months and I am impressed - not

only do they fly like field points, but they also make massive entry and exit wounds that almost turn bad shots into good shots, well almost! They are tough and take a lot of punishment and can handle heavy bone as well as any fixed 2 blade head. Don't believe me? Well a few spine shots and one major hit in a deer's front shoulder joint at 40 metres, have well and truly made me swap all my Magnus Stringers to a full quiver of RAGE 2 blade broadheads!

Included in the packet of three heads is a nice blue practice head, excellent for all the long hours practice every year getting ready for future hunts and keeping your shooting skills sharp. This practice head also doubles up as a pretty good rabbit head, and with the installation of replacement tips, blades and "o" rings, these heads can be turned into another hunting head in seconds, giving you four hunting heads instead of the normal three.

The advantages in the field are this; on windy days fixed blade heads are not as accurate as a closed mechanical broadheads, the RAGE heads are quieter though the air, suffer less wind deflection, and create blood trails that have to be seen to be believed. In most cases with good shots using the RAGE heads there is no looking for tiny spots of blood in the grass on your hands and knees, it's normally just looking down and walking the thick blood trail with ease.

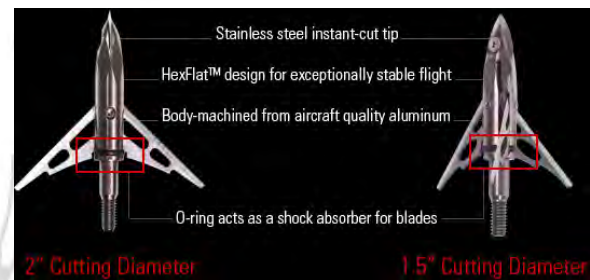
In addition, when a less than desirable shot has been made, the larger entry and exit wounds created by the wide cutting diameter, leads to a quicker death, and increases the recovery of shot game.



A 40m shoulder joint shot, plenty of penetration with bone slitting power, and still with a good blood trail!

While these heads are close to perfect, there are several slight drawbacks to their design. In my opinion, the so-called Sure-lock system, which they claim to be revolutionary, needs to be improved. Most Aussie hunters hunt by using the spot and stalk method. While walking around with an arrow on the string, however, the blades have a tendency to come loose if they are pushed or caught on unsuspecting sticks or branches. This is a problem as you don't really want to come to full draw on the animal and find that there is one or even two blades lose. Therefore,

care is needed when walking around to make sure that they are still locked in place and in the closed position.



The RAGE heads are also a little fiddly to resharpen in the field, as you need to replace the “o” rings as they are cut or damaged on just about every shot. Three replacement “o” rings are provided in every pack of heads, and using a small Allen key to unlock the blades they can be replaced. After that, they resharpen easily and can be resharpened for many, many more shots!

Overall, even with these small drawbacks RAGE mechanical broadheads will not let you down when it comes to massive wounds, easy blood trailing and shear animal knock down power using modern archery equipment!

Check them out at:
<http://www.ragebroadheads.com/>

Peter Morphett.

Early close of rating period for 2008

Members are reminded that due to the 2008 T.T. annual awards being brought forward to the June long weekend, for game ratings to be eligible for the 2008 awards, they will have to be submitted before 15th May 2008. Game claims submitted after this date will not be considered in the 2008 awards period.

Newsletter Contributions

More information on the 2008 Annual Awards will be passed onto members shortly, conversely you can contact Paul or Roslyn Hardie on 07 49783904

Welcome to all our new T.T. members, Paul Thomson, Daniel Hill, Jeff Barton, Matt Daniel and Tom Baxter, Ron McGrath and Mark Bates hope to see in the newsletter again very shortly, and hopefully a story about your successful hunts!

All Membership and Rating forms to be sent to:

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Remember to enter your stories in the T.T. newsletter to be in the running for the end of year grand prize of the a TOP of the range 08 **BowTech** (worth \$1300), yes you get to pick what model that best suits you, that could be either a new General, 82nd Airborne, 101st Airborne, Tomkat, Allegiance, Commander, or the amazing Guardian or Constitution, but remember you also could take home the custom Predator take down recurve instead, its still worth \$890, so you decide!



Well this issue's winner of the Super Tough **Carbon Tech** Shafts is none other than **James Warne**, again for another great story!

Peter Morphett.



Trophy Takers Merchandise

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