



**Newsletter Oct-Dec 2008**

# TROPHY TAKERS NEWSLETTER Oct – Dec 2008

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## Game Claim Report

### Ratings report 19/12/08

As the year comes to a close there has been a range of game rated with TT, with a handful of new members joining as well. Probably most worthy of note was new member Jim Craze from Cooma. Jim, a long time Sambar deer stalker, had only been hunting with a bow for 8 weeks when he managed to arrow a great Sambar stag with his new PSE bow. The stag sported nice long shanghai tops and was officially scored by Pete Morphett and myself as the new T.T. No.1 Sambar at 185 5/8 DS, beating Damain Zienert's existing record by 3 2/8 inches. Well done Jim!



**Jim Craze with the No.1 Sambar, 185 5/8DS!**



Wollongong bow hunter Pete Novakovic was skilful enough to take a great looking cat several months ago. The big moggy scored 8 2/16 DS and rates as the equal T.T. No.1 cat. Pete also rated a Rusa stag he shot in the 2007 season scoring 182 1/8 DS.

Fellow Wollongong bow hunter Antonio Lara got out for a hunt on the local Rusa population in late September after a couple of busy months on the home front. After some cat and mouse in the Lantana, Antonio got the drop on a nice 30inch stag and put him down with one shot. He later measured 179 1/8 DS and comes in at No. 16.



**Antonio Lara with heavy Rusa Stag 179 1/8DS!**

Further West, Bourke based bow hunter James Warne has been putting in the hard yards looking for that 40 inch

dream goat. On a recent hunt, he started off the weekend with a respectable Billy of 116 2/8 DS then his 20 odd year obsession was completed when he found, stalked and shot a 45 inch Billy scoring 128 2/8 DS. A personal best well done mate, as I know how much it means to you.



**James Warne's short live PB 116 2/8DS.**



**James monster PB Billy 45" wide, 128 2/8 DS!**

Quiet a few other goats have been rated as well. Adam Greentree has been into the hills with his recurve, rating three good goats of 114 2/8 DS, 111 1/8 DS and 104 3/8 DS all taken in this rating year. Also, long time member Shane Dupille rated a couple of goats shot back in May scoring 109 DS and 105 1/8 DS. In addition, new member Keith Hill took a 99 3/8 DS Billy back in 2002. Well done to all these hunters and welcome to the club Keith.

The foxes have taken a bit of a hammering from TT members since the June awards weekend, with Adam Greentree rating three beauties from 10 5/16 to 9 13/16, and Andrew Morrow nailing a solid dog scoring 10 4/16. Well done boys.



**Adam Greentree's very nice 114 2/8 Billy!**



**Adam with an excellent Fox, 10 5/16DS!**

Several closed range trophies have been rated in the last ratings period. Randal Sullings took two Fallow in 2005 scoring 223 6/8 DS and 189 6/8 DS. Pete Morphett also took his Personal

Best red stag back in February scoring an impressive 387 5/8 DS.



**Randal Sullings with his CR Fallow, 223 6/8!**



**Pete Morphett his CR 22pt Red 387 5/8 DS!**

Jason Robinson from Bungendore has rated a number of fallow bucks he shot during the 2008 rut in addition to "poppa moose". The best of these measured 208 7/8 DS and was a great looking trophy. He also managed to bag himself a 10 DS fox. Nice work Jason.

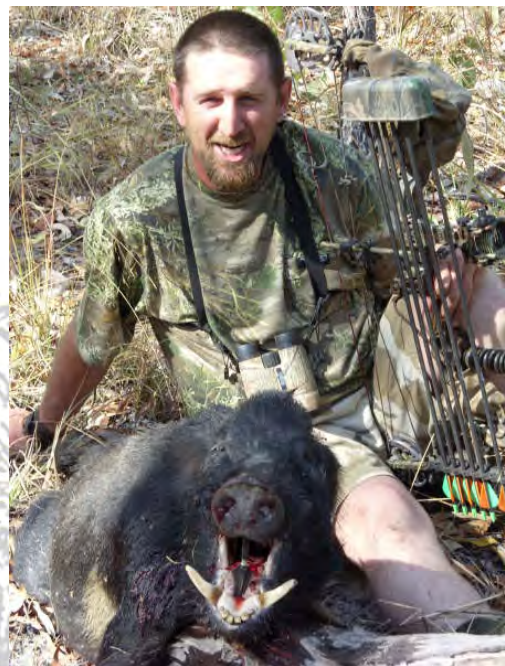


**Jason Robinson with a 208 7/8 DS Buck!**



**Jason with another Buck, 192 5/8DS.**

Local Canberra bowhunter Ron McGrath travelled up to Cape York in September to a week chasing big Cape York boars. He managed to take several nice trophies and rated the best of these at 25 1/4 DS. Well done Ron!



**Ron McGrath with PB Boar 25 2/8DS, nice!**

Finally, new member Paul Nicol from Moss vale NSW, joined the club with a boar he took some 14 years ago scoring 25 6/8. Welcome Paul.

Well that concludes the ratings received up until Chrissy 2008. I wish everyone a merry Christmas and a happy and successful 2009.

**Mark Southwell.**

## Chairman's Report

**October Awards at Upper Sandy Creek Vic.** I inspected the Hall where the 2009 T.T. awards will be held in Upper Sandy Creek Victoria, with Mick & Kath Kernaghan last September. This is an excellent venue just outside of Albury/Wodonga near Hume Weir.

**We are expecting a big attendance** and this will be possibly one of the best standalone venues we have had access to in the history of Trophy Takers. Mick is very confident of being able to organise some Sambar Country access for anyone arriving early or staying longer.

**The Twin City Bowmen boys** (also T.T. members) from down that way are some of the most knowledgeable Sambar hunters in the country so there is perhaps no better time to plan a hunt and a trip to the Awards.

**Hunter Valley traditional Archers "Shoot for life" Queens Birthday weekend.** Plans are well advanced to have a large contingent of T.T. Members attend this years Hunter Valley shoot (10th anniversary I think). Any one interested in more info should ring Dave Whiting on 02 68871352 or Dave James on 02 60401071. Also see advertisement at back of newsletter.

**Australian Archery Hall of Fame banquet.** A Party of 10 members will be attending an Archery Hall of Fame induction "Dinner" at the St George Leagues club in mid March as invited guests to observe the induction of a number of new ARCHERS onto the role of honour.

**Dave Whiting.**

## Pigs Pad

I recently went chasing a few Sambar and had one of those moments that will go into my special hunting memories file. It was early morning and conditions were perfect, some rain through the night, a light wind in my face and plenty of fresh sign. Though I had seen a fair few hinds and spikes previously, when that stick cracked and the tip of an antler came swaggering through the bush my heart pumped hard as the adrenaline kicked in.

This bloke just walked out into a small sunny clearing and began to feed. Though a little dumb struck I stayed what I thought was reasonably calm. I reckoned he was a little further than I like so when he casually fed bum on I began to scamper a little closer. The bow I was using was borrowed and though I was confident with it a few more meters could only help. I actually drew on him and let down, thinking gee this is gunna be like shooting fish in a barrel! It was then out of the corner of my eye I noticed more antlers amongst a bush, attached to a big brown head with eyes boring holes into my now motionless but despairing form. This fella was much bigger and to rub salt in the wound much closer. As he lifted his head over the bush, looked at me and then when he gave the HONK I knew the game was up. IDIOT, how could I miss that! To further sweeten the moment a third stag joined the alerted pair and together they charged into the bush.

I stood for awhile just trying to work out what the hell just went on, was I more dirty that I blew the chance or more excited at what I had just witnessed. I think the latter, the fact that I had not seen the other two was, I think, that my concentration was solely focused on the first individual I saw. Made me feel pretty dumb but, and though I consider myself an experienced bowhunter I am always willing to learn. Not being a seasoned Sambar hunter I was not all that aware that Sambar stags can move in groups. When number one walked out I thought this is it! Certainly was a buzz and one I will be trying to repeat. Speaking of Sambar the fires in Victoria certainly ram home the fickle nature of the world we live in. Our thoughts go out to all those affected.

**Chris Hervert.**

**Three with One....  
By Trevor Willis**

I heard that unmistakable sound - a bugle of a bull elk. It heralded the beginning of the elk's evening ritual; leaving their bedding areas on the steep side of the mesa and going for a quenching drink or hopefully a wallow. We had been sitting near two wallow holes for only a short while when something caught my eye. It was the huge antlers of a monster bull walking straight toward the wallow where I waited with my heart pounding!

It all began with my constant yearning for another trip to the American continent in search of their tremendous array of big game animals. In the last twelve years I have made nine sojourns to Mexico hunting Burra deer (the giants of the mule deer sub specie) I was lucky to secure a fantastic trophy a sixteen point non typical monster on the last hint of daylight on the last day. Unbeknown

to me this situation was to repeat itself this trip. We also took excellent Javelina & Coues deer the smallest White-tailed deer specie of the high arid desert. I have hunted successfully Puma, Bear (three), Moose, Caribou, Mule deer, Sitka black tail, Pronghorn (three) Whitetail (four) Coyote, Bobcat & Elk other minor species, upland game and Waterfowl. I have also hunted Brown bear, Grizzly bear (inland brown bear) & Rocky Mountain goat.

This time after an enormous amount of research on and off of over twelve years I had decided to try to draw a New Mexico archery trophy bull elk tag. As a professional hunting consultant & Taxidermist, I have contacts world wide, my life revolves around big game hunting, so I was well versed with the better states and what areas produce the best antler growth.

Months soon flew by until one afternoon while checking my e-mails I received a surprise. There was a note which said something along the lines of I had done something that takes sometimes a lifetime. I had drawn the coveted tag first try!

While I was on a roll I decided to try my luck further and put in for Wyoming Pronghorn and also Mule deer. The success rate for drawing Wyoming in the areas I put in for is high at 90%, as it is private and unless you have access you can't hunt. As luck would have it, I drew them both as well. The trip was soon arranged. Apart from hunting, I decided to call in and see a couple of friends from previous hunts and an outfitter was contacted in southern Wyoming who I would stay with while looking over his hunting concession for future hunts for my clients.

Before I knew it I was on the big bird heading for LAX. From there to the far

we went to the N.E. corner of Wyoming to an area known as the Black Hills - a game rich area at about 3,500 ft'. Needless to say I was thrilled to be back. The drive to Rawlins was about 4 hours but with 4 lanes each way and a speed limit of 75 mph. (approx 125 km). & dead straight road, on the wrong side of the road the time soon passed. I was met and greeted warmly, the next morning at sparrow's we headed off to look for the "town buck" a giant mulie a 28 pointer that liked to live in the backyards of houses in town. We found him and drove up to 3 m. taking photos and video - he cared none! I was related a story that last year one guy found his shed (cast antler) under the traffic light in the main street, imagine that? Then a mate found the other but they were not willing to give one up for a matched pair!



**The big Mulie that live's in and around town!**

The property I was showed to hunt upon was fantastic, on the edge of the red desert with resident elk. The region is know for huge Mulie's and record book pronghorn also coming from the famed Carbon County.



**A set of 480+ cast Elk antlers!**



After that successful trip visiting the outfitter - what an array of game he has to offer - and spending some time with a fellow taxidermist to further my career we spent time artificial base making, & studying open mouth mounts; mostly elk. It was a very enlightening course. I headed back up north where a day was spent at Cabela's new store in Rapid City S.D.



**Trevor standing outside Cabela's.**



**Full body mounted group of Elk with hand painted background, impressive again!**



**Some of the excellent trophies in store.**



**A truly massive Whitetail!**



**Some very unique non typical whitetail bucks!**



**Another awesome full body mount Elk, with some very impressive antler's!**





**Awesome 200+ Mulie Buck in Cabalás!**



**One of the many excellent dioramas!**

The taxidermy in those stores needs to be seen first hand to be appreciated the time and money spent is unbelievable. All I can say is thank goodness for air conditioning as it was 44 C that day. Next day I readied myself for the start of my Pronghorn & Mulie hunt at a friend's ranch which I had hunted a few years before.

On arrival we wasted no time in going out for a look around the area with his wife whom is a great person and awesome cook. I ate very well. The

country is classified as high desert but is really prairie country with river bottoms, farmed land and badlands - great habitat for deer and "speed goats". I was given the use of a Yamaha Grizzly and a Dodge pickup. As the hosts were busy going about their normal daily activities, I would hunt on my own. Next morning I checked the bucks out on the river flats. I saw a "book" white tail but he wasted no time in vacating the scene never to



**Trevor with his hosts while in Wyoming**

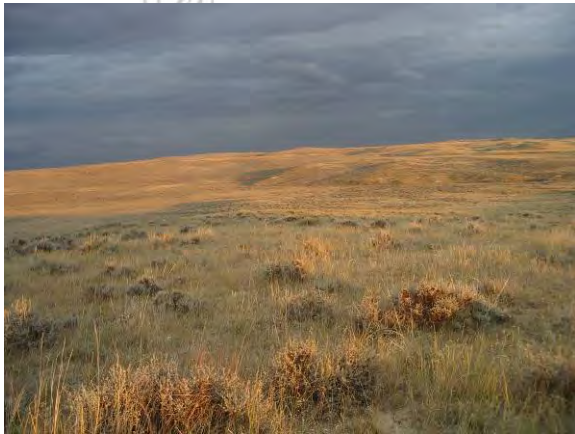


**The open Sage Brush country.**

be seen again, definitely the worlds smartest deer when they get to maturity; described as a different breed by the experts. They were dining high on alfalfa, looked fat and good antler growth was apparent.

After a couple of botched attempts at stalking in on bedded or feeding bucks over the first day or two, I took stock and remembered I was in the USA and

these weren't our deer. I decided to just concentrate on one little flat on a river bend about 120 acres, where about forty or so Mulie & whitetails of various age groups and sex were hanging out. I wanted a Mulie and this was the obvious place to start getting serious about, we talked about making a blind out of round bales with the tractor. However the grass was long I did not think it necessary, not yet anyway.



**More of the open Sage Brush country.**



**One of the many channels in WY.**

One morning, on the river flats the wind blew out of the south opposite to usual and it was perfect for an easy stalk, I got an hour into the stalk and the wind swung around, back to the north I quickly dropped over the high levy bank to the river and skulked back to my vantage point. It wasn't too late so I again took advantage of the wind which was at 90 degrees to me. I managed to creep in on a couple of good bucks

which were intent on continuing to feed on the alfalfa whilst all the other deer had bedded. I had a bunch of round bales to use as cover and as it had been a good hay season the grass in places was shoulder high. The trouble I had was trying not to disrupt the bedded deer but still make ground on the two bucks. I was nailed down for about an hour by a whitey doe and fawn so I had a feed and a lie down in the sun, life was good. After about five hours with a good breeze to really rustle the cottonwood leaves I found myself in amongst a dead fall 30 m from the now bedded pair.

All I had to do was stand and wait. Waiting time was shortened by annoying two little birds which took such noisy offense at me that the bucks stood up to see what was going on. The 4x5 buck I had my eye on unfortunately stood in a ditch and only offered a neck shot – too risky, draw blood and your hunt is over in a lot of states of the USA. The 4x3 offered a hard quartering away shot but the 500 + grain Rhino tipped with the ever faithful Muzzy three blade saw the buck take about six steps and drop dead after the arrow blew right through him. I could not find the arrow but with the help of a rake the next day at lunch time I found it buried in a patch of ever present sage brush.



**Trevor's excellent Mulie Buck 130 P&Y!**



**The Buck loaded and ready to be transported**

That hunt was to be relatively easy compared to the next week as pronghorn don't tolerate you within a "half mile of them" as the Americans put it. There were about six good pronghorn bucks in amongst the herds that were living on the breaks above the river.

During the early part of the season it is customary to sit on water holes in a blind, however with the river nearby that clearly wasn't working. I played with the idea of a decoy as I knew that did work well but as we were so far from the nearest sports store it wasn't an option. I discussed techniques with the family of a night at the supper table. We decided to try the other parcel of land over the highway as it was steep and rough and a few pronghorn had taken up residence there for their rut. This provided some close calls; the weather had changed with a drop in temperature to freezing over night and cool windy days of about 10 to 15 C.

Another day went by, early one afternoon; I spied a lone buck on the prowl, trying to steal the girls from a rival. He was standing on a vantage point surveying the countryside and eating sagebrush every now and then. I watched him for quite some time and decided I could slip out of the pickup and get into the draw when he looked away I did just that. After about two hours I had closed the original 2 km gap

to about 100m. I found the buck feeding down over the lip out of the wind. As he was a few metres above me I got right down in the "washout" and the stalk was on. I have never before spent so much care in moving in on an animal but it paid off when I ranged his horn at 30m about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour later. He was behind a clump of grass, a tussock if you like. I could make out his backline and neck when he constantly jerked his head up to check for danger. I held my ground and prayed the wind would co-operate, I remember thinking about the nearby ranchers saying it can't be done. So now the pressure was on I was in the box seat. I prepared for the shot, I began to nervously shake, his head again jerked up he looked the other way possibly for his rivals, bad mistake I slowly drew, aimed, the pin was already hovering on the mark and released in one fluid motion.

The same arrow which killed my Mulie buck took him high through the top of the lungs and clipped the bottom of the spine on its way through and he never even kicked, dropped on the spot like a head shot rabbit and provided some anxious minutes as he had fallen partially out of sight. It was a great buck with ivory tips good length, mass and big cutters better than my rifle shot ones of years back I was rapt! That was two with one, I did not realize that it was the same arrow until later as when I changed the blades that killed the Mulie to new ones, which I had now used.

I spent a couple of days thinning out the prairie dog population for the rancher, I saw a puma, several coyotes and some more good Mulie's and Whitetail bucks. It was a great hunt! When the locals got the news on the bush telegraph that I got a "goat", the next day at the team roping event in town I was constantly jokingly referred to by my friends mates as "the Indian" liking me to a native

American because of their ability to sneak in on game and kill it with a bow and arrow.



**Trevor's one happy camper, a book Pronghorn Antelope 69 ½ P&Y!**

Things were about to change, the hurricane we were looking at on the TV news of a night, was starting to get awfully close to where I needed to be in a couple of days. It eventually delayed my arrival at the elk camp. When I alighted from the jet in New Mexico the temperature was 40 degrees C. It was like being back to the middle of summer again, but not for long. As we were hunting at 10,000 feet it was back to winter in a couple of hours. It was strange weather the entire time with a 100 F change in temperature some days. One day while walking back from a wallow we'd sat on, we witnessed one of the fiercest acts of nature I've seen. It was an electrical storm like no other, with the clouds racing around the mountain tops like giant building, making sounds like a jumbo jet parked on you head on full throttle. The lightning flashes were so bright you needed to shut your eyes. We wasted no time in getting down off the mountain that night I'll tell you!

Early the first afternoon saw me pass up a bull of about 320 P&Y at close range, as there were about a dozen other bulls screaming all around us on the sides of the lake. We saw around 40, sometimes

60 or more elk a day. The numbers were incredible though the bush hunting was tough because it was so thick.



**One of the many Bulls walking in and past up, this old boy has a broken Bez Tine.**



**The same older Bull leaving with the missing tine, I thought my trip would have ended right there if he was intact!**



**This real heavy mass on this excellent Bull was a sort after trophy, but just out of range of the bow, but not with the guides camera.**



**The same heavy Bull sting chasing the girls all over the place, but never came in range!**

The bulls you could glass up out feeding in the morning were soon back into their thick almost impenetrable haunts with their harems before the sun was barely up.

I soon learnt that a huge bull elk with a bunch of cows keeps well away from any intruders and sends his cows to investigate any cow calling efforts by a hunter. I vividly recall one morning in a sort of semi open saddle where we were cow calling and spotting a big set of antlers coming for a look. Soon another, then 3 big bulls appeared but they stayed out at 100m or so and circled down wind. And you know what happened then! That was repeated several times, it was apparent the videos I watched and often thought they were cleverly dubbed probably were.

We had contact with the other bow hunters in the other camp hunting with landowner tags they were doing it tough too, with success low and some pulling the pin before their time was up, as the hunting – the miles walked in the heat and rain was too much for them. Any success was at an ambush situation.

A change of tack was needed as it was very hot some days. There was a good wallow being used on top of a mesa so we slogged up the mountain in the heat of the day, built a blind and sat it out.



**My favoured spot on top of the Mesa plateau, will an active wallow in the BG.**



**The natural Blind we made and sat in for many hours waiting for my Prize Bull!**

We had no luck two days running. Another blind was built near a wallow in a creek where wet hoof marks were evident on the track. I was frustrated to the point of not being able to sleep that night after a bull bugled several times from up top of the mountain as he had done on the preceding days, I heard him coming, his antlers, hitting the ever present thick, noisy branches.

I knew I could not move for fear of being seen; so I just froze, he walked past the side of the hide at approx. 3 m. he did not have a clue we were there. He crossed the game trail & went to the creek, he disappeared I nervously waited for him to go the 10m. to the wallow I had a clear view of, nothing where was he? I stood, all I could see was the huge tops of his honey coloured

rack, he was drinking I waited praying for him to walk a couple of metres left or right. Instead he walked straight off as luck would have it in line with the tree and gone swallowed up by that bush I now had a hatred for.



**One of the best Bulls, just out of range of my bow, AGAIN!**

He was 350+ and very heavy I was gutted, I did not know if I had the “go” left in me to tackle this mountain again in this climate at the high altitude remember it was from 8,500 to 10,000 feet above sea level we joked about filling our oxygen tanks before leaving camp in the mornings, the legs would want to work but the lungs did not even my young companion at less than half my age felt it.



**The daily slog in thin mountain air felt like a marathon from sea to summit!**

We went back to familiar ground from the first few days; the lake and hunted it's steep sides the next morning at first

light we were greeted by at least a dozen rut stricken bulls. You get to know their bugle and we picked out the big 7x7 we had glassed up in the oak brush at dawn a few days back, he was moving up the side to a saddle the wind was good so the race was on, I got to 60m as he walked away, way too risky and unethical not to mention draw blood and your hunt is over – state law. We let him & half a dozen cows go over the lip then climbed the remaining 150m. and peered in to the dense brush on the “wet side” we could hear them moving down the slope we backed off, took off up the saddle on the sunny side got ahead and dropped over and set up, hey those elk are almost as smart as whitetail we never saw them again.

While lying in the creek we had set up in we heard a bugle it was immediately answered with my cow call, we heard him coming. I got into a better position with water still dripping off my sweating shape. Too easy I thought but I was soon to be brought back to reality as the bull would be lucky to make 280B&C with a couple of broken bits he walked past at 10m. I filmed him as he frustratingly bugled for that “cow”, he crossed the creek and came up the other side I got some excellent video footage. I let him think he could not locate her, I should have thrown a rock at him. Some are really dumb but none of the big ones.

The last day sadly come and went with more failure it was the hardest hunt I have done apart from Rocky Mountain goat hunting. The day I had set aside to get my act together before returning to the airport became my last chance.

Nothing of any consequence was seen in the morning, so I decided to go sit in the blind on the top of the mesa for a last ditch effort knowing full well it would

be a hasty few hours drive to the airport to fly back to home, when the sun got low. We got to the blind a lot later than I wanted and I was cursing, on top of that the wind was almost wrong, as it whipped about the tall grasses on the flat area upon the mesa. The guy that was with me that volunteered to take me to the airport had one of those stinking cow elk urine wafers with him and he suggested it may help mask a whiff of our scent if the wind does swirl the wrong way.



**The small ones have a allot to learn!**

Anyway I had just settled in on a more comfortable log, set my bow precisely where I needed it and got him to move the wafer away a bit further before I spewed, when he reached down and started to zip his pack back up. As he did I grabbed his arm and squeezed it tight. He knew what was going on and immediately kept his head way down and peered through one of our peek holes.

The bull was enormous both in body and antlers he strode up to the wallow which I had previously ranged at exactly 40 yards (36 m) had a good look around

then put his head down and sucked up that putrid water for at least three minutes. I am sure glad I did not draw then as when he had finished drinking he looked our way for another good while. He turned his head and I recall thinking to myself to concentrate on the "spot" not the head gear, I was trying not to shake at least until after the shot, this was it, literally, a shot of a life time, had all my practicing at home at those round bales on the farm been worth it, I was about to find out? With that that I drew, placed the pin tight and low and released my arrow. It was a perfect hit, something my companion and I agreed on. We watched as he took off like a freight train, starting to zigzag then appearing to get the "wobbly boot" on. I am a firm believer of waiting that  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 hour after the shot, just in case.

My companion agreed so we waited as the daily storm brewed and it started to get dark. He commented to me "you know that is the type of bull people pay US\$20,000 come to NM to kill". We had already discussed what to do about the bull in that waiting period, while sitting there we took advantage of having a video camera to document what had happened, exactly, rather than leaving it to my memory. I knew it would be impossible to take him with me as I had to be on that flight in order to get to LAX.

When I could wait no longer we went and found where he stood to drink, then followed his running marks in the wet ground away from the wallow. The forest was thick and with pine needles and tall green dense weeds to look in, you would need to tread on it, to find it now, it soon became black dark and I had to leave anyway. The drive to the airport was agonizing. To make matters worse when we got to the pickup after running down the mountain we ran into a Mexican that said he had "stuck one" the other side of the mesa and he was

going to look for it in the dark. His story did not add up and of course I sure was worried he would luck onto my bull; what rotten luck!



**The country that swallowed up the flatly wounded Bull.**

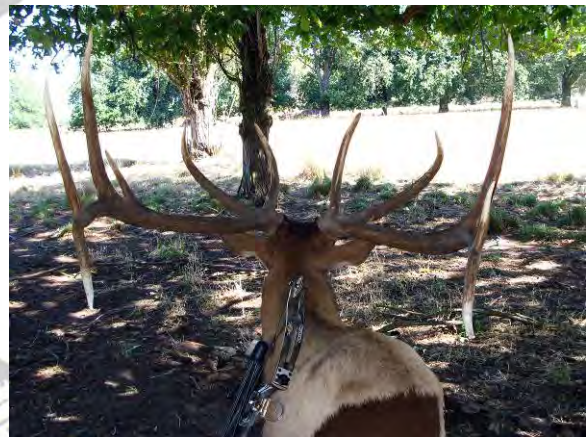


**Taken earlier in the day, this is thick pines that Trevor's Bull was last seen entering.**

Back at home in a couple of days (it takes 2 days to get back) and the wait and wonder was horrendous. I had jet lag worse than normal and not knowing about my elk just made it worse. Then I could not get onto the right guys over there as their cell phone (mobile phone) service is prehistoric. Then a few days later I got the news they'd found the bull. What a relief!

All in all it was a great trip. It had its moments but that can be expected in a month's solid hunting. My pronghorn was scored and is better than I thought. It makes P&Y by 2+ points at 69 1/2.

The Mulie is good at 130 P&Y. The elk a 6x6 has been scored at 376 P&Y which also makes B&C. The minimum for Pope & Young is 280 P&Y so it is one hell of a bull, it has one point shorter than its counterpart, had they been the same it would have been close to 400 P&Y. Even though there is no kill shot photo I will take a good picture when I have it mounted. The way the Aussie dollar has slid unfortunately it has cost me a small fortune to get it onto a plane but it and that lucky arrow are on their way to me as I type this. One last thing the arrow, yes that's right, the same one, three with one!



**What an Awesome Bull, taken from behind to show its wide sand long tines!**



**Trevor with his mounted bugling Bull a real trophy of a life time, 6x6 376+ P&Y!**



## Blinded by the lights! By James Warne

Have you ever been in the situation where you do something you normally wouldn't because you're in the company of someone you don't know very well and you don't want to say no, whether it be pride, lack of courage or peer pressure. Well I had a situation like that recently, I won't mention any names because it wasn't a good thing that I did and I can't believe I did it, but such is the power of persuasion and the desire to impress.

So before I go any further I need a disclaimer. I cannot condone what took place here, do not recommend it and apologise profusely for the entire public image ....blah.....blah ...blah. (This is a private newsletter)

Anyway I was on route to a new hunting destination, we had all the excitement that comes from a long planned trip and an immense desire to let off an arrow (this is all written here as my excuse for what's coming). Anyway we had seen the normal rabbit here and there that wets the appetite. The hunter who I was with (that need not be named) was saying things periodically such as, "if such and such was here we would have had a shot by now".

The pressure was building on me, was I a stickler for rules? a party pooper? Latter in the evening I saw a huge cat just off the side of the road and pointed it out to the driver, who immediately piped up with "oi, get out there and get him". I looked at him with a puzzled expression; I have been around "but how" I asked (It was late at night on a highway). He proceeded to turn the vehicle around and stated that I was going to sit on the bonnet with an arrow

ready and he would drive back the two hundred meters and I was sure to get a shot! "What about the traffic" I asked.

"Oh it's OK, if someone does come along my head lights will blind them and they won't see you up there". "Mmm" I said, "you sure?" "Yeah, we do it all the time!" Well that had me hooked. Funny how the idea that it happens all the time makes it seem not so bad, I liked the idea of a cat and I was shooting the curve O.K. too. With all the reassurance I jumped up there like a 15 year old would have (I don't even have and we stalked that cat in a low gear and high beam. I was perched up there in a not so high, not so American Mazda stand with out my harness waiting for that cat. Can you picture me perched up there on a rather major road looking for a cat in miles of scrub, dreading the car that was now approaching..... We came up the road and the super guide I was with sure enough had called it right and the cat was still there, it was walking and I held waiting for the short crouch I expected when he saw our sneaky arrival (I have a pet cat, I know these things).

Well alas it didn't crouch but leapt for the bushes so I instinctively released. Bang: "what the f#@k!" No sweet sound of arrow in game, but a metallic BANG as my lower limb hit the bull bar. With that shock all my pent up adrenalin from my risqué silly stunt hit me and I scramble for the car, I slammed the door, trying to hide from the stupidity of what I had just done. I looked at my companion, "hang on" there were tears rolling down his eyes from laughing so much, "What" I asked, Amongst the laughter and tears he managed to get out, "NAH, we've never done that before".

## Around the Traps

Hi All,

Well I'm back in Townsville after a week hunting Banteng and Buff on Coberg Peninsula with Luke Dickson from Weipa. Luke was lucky enough to secure Traditional Owner permission to hunt on Coberg and I was luckier to get a gurnsey on the trip.

We had a good trip under testing conditions (temps 35-40 degrees and the usual build-up humidity). The first day on Coberg we had a few good opportunities, with Luke taking a Cow Banteng and myself taking a Bull Banteng from 30m. One arrow through the lungs fixed the big bull and he only took two steps before going down. Stoked! We went for a look on the coast that arvo and i managed 6 small Golden Trevally on soft plastics in about half an hour.

Second day and Luke shot a cracker of a Banteng Bull from 15 yards after he stalked him bedded down. He was an old animal with a 36 inch horn spread. We caped both bulls for shoulder mounts which was a big effort in the heat and nearly killed us.



**Luke Dickson with his top raking Banteng Bull!**



**One for the pan!**

Third day and I managed to shoot an old Cow Buffalo that was feeding with a couple of small Banteng Bulls. I stalked her as she wallowed and took her from 10 metres when she stood up. A good quartering shot and she went down in 5 metres. I then took ten steps and shot a young boar bedded further up the creek in a wallow.



**Mark with his awesome trophy Banteng!**



**Mark with his first Buff, nice one mate!**



**Marks Black Dingo while in NT!**

We headed out that arvo and camped on the coast in Arnhem land where I got a good sized Mangrove Jack the next morning for Breakfast. Back to Jabiru that arvo and i managed to arrow a black dingo that came poking into us as we boiled the heads out a bit out of town. One shot from 30 m fixed him.

I then left Luke who is still up there hunting Buff. I spent a few days in Darwin catching up with mates and then flew back here Sunday.

Hope all is well with you guys.

**Mark Southwell.**

G'day, I have been having a ball out west NSW. On the back of some flood water I hunted clover covered channel country for the first time in years and had some great results. I shot these two good boars (fat one is a barrow actually). I have also managed a handful of other pigs for meat that have been distributed around Bourke. Right now conditions are changing daily. I t is amazing how quickly a few high thirty degree days shifts hunting from grazing game that is spread out to game around water and carcasses. I had around twenty pigs off a carcase a fortnight ago- wow best pigs in years out here. It was nice to have active member Mark Southwell drop by on his way south from Townsville for a beer and some video watching, thanks Mark for capping my big goat.



**James very well build barrow!**



**James Warne.**

Well things have been flat out for myself with work and time has been very precious indeed, but myself and Jordy Appleby have gotten out for some hunts before the year ended, here is some pic's of the Fallow Spiker I took at the end of the season of 08 for the table and my arch nemesis the Hare, yes only took me 16 years to finally nail one!



**Hope it wont take as long to get the next one!**



**Jordy's solid mountain Boar!**

**Peter Morphett.**

### **Newsletter Contributions**

Firstly congratulations again to Jim on the fine Sambar Stag, and welcome to all our new Trophy Takers members!

Well I know it been awhile coming but the winner of the Trophy Takers story competition for 2008 is Trevor Willis with his epic hunt of a life time in the USA, awesome Trevor an awe inspiring effort, congratulations! Trevor will receive a brand new 2008 BowTech which has been graciously donated by our major sponsor Steven Hann of Archery Supplies.

All efforts must go to acknowledging Steve for supporting and providing such highly sort after prizes which included the Super tough Carbon Tech Arrows throughout the last two years. Competition and sponsorship details

have not been decided for 2009, but stay tuned!

We would like to invite our members to join in and contribute to a new section of the newsletter called "Around the Traps" where our members and friends show us what they have been up to of late in the hunting scene. Not every hunt requires a lengthy story so just send some pictures and short details of the hunt, or maybe even a short story and we will add them into this section. Its great to hear when member's have been getting out for a hunt, so don't be shy, send us a photo and a few words to let us know what you have been doing!

**New requirements for scoring of all Red deer has been implemented:**

Following on from discussions at the 2008 Annual General Meeting, in future all Red Deer that are presented for entry into the T.T. ratings will have to have their whole skull intact for measurement. This is to identify animals that are red/wapiti crossbreeds (Hybrid). (No skull capped animals or mounted trophies will be accepted in future)

T.T. will accept Hybrid deer after they have been correctly identified by accredited T.T. deer scorers and these unique trophies will be entered in the T.T. Exotic page.

T.T. reserves the right to reject any entries past or present that cannot suitably provide evidence to rule out or prove the purity of the entered trophies bloodline. Hunters should provide the whole skull with antlers attached, suitable pictures of hunter and trophy (field photos compulsory) and should also supply pictures of the caudal disc (Rump or Tail Section) to aid in animal identification. These photos should include a close up of the coral disc and a picture/s containing the whole animal

including antlers and caudal disc in the same picture.

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

**Peter Morphett.**



© Trophy Takers

# 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

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Prices: Polo - \$25

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Note: logo is white on a dark background

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Colour: Black, Navy, Dark Green, Maroon

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**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 \_\_\_

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