



**Newsletter Oct-Nov 2006**

# TROPHY TAKERS NEWSLETTER Oct-Nov 2006

Items in this Newsletter:

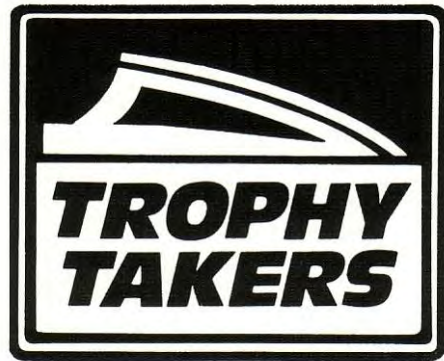
- Game Claim Report
- Pig's Pad
- AGM Minutes 2006
- Change of Affidavit
- Trophy Takers Annual Awards 2006 by James Warne
- The Block 06 by Chris Hervert
- Ahhhh.... the Memories by Jarrod Vyner
- Needle in a Hay Stack by James Warne
- T.T Website
- Sponsorship by Archery Supplies
- Gadget of the Month
- Good Publicity by Joel Pukallus
- Newsletter Contributions

## Game Claim Report

Since the last newsletter, there has been an influx of trophies to hit the T.T. books, and some mighty fine trophies at that!

The Hervert's, Wormald's and big Stan Kwasigroch hit the hills for a week of hunting fun. There are now a few less critters walking around with Eddie, Tom and Allan Wormald scoring on some fine Billies ranging between 66-98 DP.

Nick Hervert got into the action as well taking a nice goat of 103 6/8DP, but not to be outdone, Stan managed to bend the old recurve and bring home the goods on a beaut billy of 111 5/8. He also managed to find his



way back to camp, which must have been a nice relief!



Allen Wormald's, 87 DP Billy.



Eddie Wormald PB, 98DP.



Nick Hervert PB 103 6/8 DP!





**Stan Kwasigroch 111 5/8 Billy!**

The last rating period saw three new number one trophies hit the T.T. records. Jamie Lynch travelled across the ditch to take an outstanding Chamois with his bow in NZ, scoring 29DP. As far as we are aware, this may be the second biggest bowshot chamois to be taken in the world, so a big congratulation's goes to Jamie.



**James Lynch world record Chamois!**

Damain Zeinert had a rough year, rating three bowshot deer all taken in 2006. Earlier in the year, 'Crusty' joined Jarrod Vynner in the land of the long white cloud for a red deer hunt and was successful in arrowing the new number one T.T. overseas shot red measuring 326 5/8 DP.



**Damain's Awesome 326 5/8 Red Stag!**

Back on home soil a few months later he managed to get within bow range of a mighty sambar stag and a single shot from his BowTech ensured that he bettered his previous T.T. number one stag of 169 4/8<sup>th</sup> with a cracking 26inch stag going 182 3/8 DP. A few weeks later he was at it again, decking a fine 27inch Rusa stag scoring 175 1/8 DP, which currently rates as the 9<sup>th</sup> biggest Rusa on the T.T. books.



**Damain with another T.T. number 1!**



**Not bad for a small walk from camp!  
175 1/8 DP.**



Some fine rewards for a bloke who puts many long hours in chasing critters in the scrub.

The 2006 fallow rut was kind to Dave Whiting, Paul Hardie and Paul Southwell, who all took great trophies with their bows. Dave's long quest to take a stag with his longbow ended with him scoring on a pretty buck of 172 7/8DP!



**Dave Whiting and his excellent Longbow Fallow Buck!**

On the same trip Paul Hardie also nailed a nice young buck measuring 139 3/8 DP.



**Paul Hardies fallow for 2006!**

A little further north, Paul Southwell waited until the last minute to entice a ripper buck into 15 yards. One shot and it

was all over – the result, his best fallow to date scoring 223 neat. Well done fellas.



**Paul Southwell's Awesome 223 Buck!**

The Barcaldine trio of Doug Church, Peter Cocking and Nathan Cocking have also been out and about, rating a number of billies ranging in size from Nathan's goat of 86 4/8DP to Doug's cracker at 114 2/8DP.

A mention must also go to a couple of young lads who joined to T.T. ranks with a couple of Billies taken in the last few years. Andrew Morrow managed to nail a nice billy of 94 2/8DP and Rory Smith took a good'un in 2004 measuring 97 7/8 DP.

Welcome to trophy takers fellas.



**Andrew Morrow 94 2/8 Billy**



For a full list of game rated in 2006, why not check out the rest at the T.T. website in the Game Rating Menu and the link 'Game Rated In' at:

[www.trophytakers.org](http://www.trophytakers.org)

**Mark Southwell.**

### PIG'S PAD

A recent hunting trip reminded me how fickle the sport of bowhunting can be. Early on I missed what I would call good opportunities on game and this played havoc with my confidence. Eventually I got it right in my head and subsequently I ended up having a pretty good trip game wise.

The high and lows can be pretty severe on those of us that are not as steely as others. You try and get on with it but those 'failures' do play tricks on your mind. For me I just like to get back on the horse and get a critter or two under the belt.

Maybe the big secret is having confidence in the gear you're using and being familiar with it. I did tinker with a gadget early in the trip and that I have no doubt started the trouble. I should know if it ain't broke don't fix it!

On the same trip we used a few of Trophy Taker member Stan Kwasigroch's Cullum broadheads. They performed well with a few good boars ending up on the dirt after a very close encounter with a Cullum. I think Stan is a little way of production due to the construction of a new home but keep your eye out for them they go good.

It would be remiss of me not to mention that plenty of game also fell to the [Ribtek](#) as it always does.

They have been around for years and are still one of the preferred heads, I know Stuart and Mono won't leave home without them on the end of their arrows.

I guess by now everyone has heard about the Awards one way or another. It was a good weekend, not a huge turn out but I think that will change in the years to come. Next year I think Damain should bring a bigger boat because those catfish can go a lot harder than a bass!

Well done to the committee for organising the event.

Xmas around the corner then before we know it the fallow and reds will be on the radar. I wish you all a happy festive season and that Santa is good to you. Be safe and be happy.

**Chris Hervert.**

### 2006 Annual Awards AGM Shallow Crossing via Bateman's Bay NSW, 1<sup>st</sup> Oct 2006

Meeting opened at 4.40pm

#### **Apologies:**

Damain Zeinert, Jarrod Vyner, Shannon James, Paul Hardie, Roslynn Hardie, Wayne Anderson, Col Graham, Graham Cash, Wayne Preece, Gary Piper, Paul Southwell, Col Moynihan, Simon Steele, Doug Church, Pedro Lever, Stuart Hervert, Stephen Gear, Mick Evans.

#### **Attendance:**

Mark Southwell, Dave and Jenny Whiting, Evan Scott, Luke Edwards, Peter Morphett, Mark and Karen Ballard, Dave and Judy James, Taryn James, Lani Syddall, Merv Smith, Mark Wills, James Lynch, Stan Kwasigroch, James Warne, Chris Hervert.

**Minutes:**

Minutes of previous Extraordinary Meeting in Albury, October 2005 read out and accepted by Dave James.

**General Business:**

**T.T. measurer's course:**

Discussions centred on the organization of a deer scoring course for TT members and whether it should be run by the ADA or kept as an in house T.T. accreditation process. A motion was moved that a weekend be set aside early in the new year for an internal T.T. deer scoring weekend be held by Mark Ballard, at a time and place that best suits him. Motion was passed unanimously

**Changes to the scoring of deer heads for T.T.**

Three options were presented regarding the process of which deer heads can be scored and entered into the T.T. books. These included:

**Option 1:** No change to the present system i.e. trophy to be measured by either an ADA or T.T. accredited scorer.

**Option 2:** Head can be measured by non-accredited scorer and go into the books with asterisk. Left up to hunter to get trophy officially scored at a later date.

**Option 3:** Trophies can be scored by non-accredited scorer and go into the books. Quality of scorer left up to the discretion of Ratings Director.

A vote was cast on the above three options and **option 1** was unanimous.

**Scoring of mounted heads for T.T.**

It was raised that T.T. should allow the scoring and rating of mounted heads, as many hunters did not get their heads scored in the period when T.T. was dormant, but now wish to rate these animals. A motion was moved that T.T. allow the scoring and rating of mounted

game for a period of two years to finish on the 1<sup>st</sup> October 2008. After this time mounted heads will not be accepted into the T.T. books. Motion was passed unanimously.

**Cut off for yearly game awards:**

The issue of when the cut off date for acceptance of trophies for yearly awards was raised. Karen Ballard informed that it was traditionally a month before the awards weekend. It was decided that this process would remain with the exception of trophies shot in 2006. Due to the lack of accredited scorers during this period, trophies shot in the 2006 calendar year but rated in 2007 (before the 01/09/2007 cut off date) will go into the running for the 2007 yearly game awards.

**T.T. merchandise and promotions:**

It was stated that acknowledgment should go to Paul Southwell and Paul Hardie for their efforts in organizing and making available a new set of T.T. merchandise. Also, Archery Supplies of Canberra has agreed to come on as a sponsor of T.T. This is greatly acknowledged.

**T.T. website:**

Many positive comments as to the quality of the newly created T.T. website with acknowledgement to Peter Morphett for setting it up! All present were happy with the exposure T.T. is getting in 'Bowhunting Downunder' and several bowhunting websites. It was decided that James Warne would collate a report of the Awards weekend and pass onto 'Bowhunting Downunder' for publication.

**Changing of T.T. Affidavit:**

A motion was passed to add a line in the affidavit on the game rating forms to state that the game was taken in agreement with state laws regarding hunting licenses and seasons.



### **Rating of game behind wire:**

The issue of rating game shot behind wire with T.T. in a different category to free range game was discussed. A motion was passed that T.T. would continue to reject game shot behind wire, however there was a need to revisit the issue in subsequent meetings.

### **Annual general meetings:**

A motion was passed that we leave the T.T. annual general meeting and awards weekend on the long weekend in October each year as the deer rut interferes with the Easter break, and by having it on the one weekend, it allows members to plan their holidays more effectively.

### **Addition of signatories to T.T. accounts:**

A motion was passed that the following people be added as signatories to the TT Commonwealth Bank accounts; Mark Southwell, Paul Southwell, Peter Morphett, Dave Whiting and Chris Hervert.

### **T.T. account balances:**

As at the 1<sup>st</sup> October 2006 the two account balances were:

T.T. working account: \$1,035

T.T. marketing account: \$362

### **Committee position election:**

Current position bearers were stood down and a new TT board of directors was elected. They are as follows for 2007:

**Chairman:** Dave Whiting

**Computer Central:** Mark Southwell

**Ratings:** Mark Southwell

**Marketing:** Paul Southwell

**Promotions:** Peter Morphett

**Membership:** Mark Southwell

**3 Associate Directors:**

Doug Church

James Warne

Jarrood Vyner

Meeting closed at 5.36 pm

## **Change of Affidavit on scoring forms**

In response to the issue raised at the 2006 AGM, the affidavit on all scoring forms has been amended. It now includes the statement 'I hereby declare that the above mentioned Trophy was taken in a manner consistent with the rules of Fair Chase, the ideals of Trophy Takers **and in accordance with the relevant state laws**' with changes in bold. All rating received from this point forward will have to include this new affidavit or will not be accepted by computer central. New T.T. score sheet's can be downloaded off the membership page of the TT website. Alternatively you can contact T.T. at L.P.O. Box 5129, University of Canberra, Bruce ACT 2617 to request copies.

## **Trophy Takers Awards 2006 Shallow Crossing**

On the long weekend Trophy Takers held their first Awards night and annual general meeting since the organisation was re invigorated over a year ago. To members of the past it was exciting to be in the familiar company of bowhunting friends, for others it was an opportunity to meet new people and to experience complete immersion in a like minded group of people who love to talk about the hunt.

This meeting had one thing unique to it, it was a celebration of the new phase of Trophy Takers, a huge congratulations, thanks and applause should go out to Mark Southwell, Peter Morphett, Chris Hervert, and Paul Southwell for recognising the valuable and unique place Trophy Takers has in Australian Bowhunting. Also for giving so much time, energy and passion into bringing Trophy Takers back!



**Trophy Takers A.G.M in full swing!**

Members will benefit from the energy and talents of these individuals for many years to come. They have done a fabulous job of updating systems, photo records, and web sites and re-establishing Trophy Takers.

For those who do not know the history of Trophy Takers meetings, they have traditionally been held on the Easter long weekend at different locations each year to accommodate for the fact that this is a national organisation (so different people have the convenience of a close location, and different people travel each year). Some meetings in the past were in Bendemeer, Albury and many even travelled to a meeting held in Darwin which is still talked about. This year saw the first meeting in the October Long weekend to cater for the increase in deer hunting that goes on around Australia over Easter.

The Trophy Takers meeting is a relaxed affair, it was interesting to see the diverse group of people that are 'Trophy Takers', there were families, hunters and their partners and individuals both young and old.

Some members turned it into four days, other who were not able to set up for the whole two or three days went to the trouble to drive some long distances to attend the awards night and meeting.

The venue at Shallow Crossing was superb, allowing the traditional campfire (just made it before fire bans) and a few beers, camping and many squeezed some fishing between the hunting talk. A special thanks to Stan Kwasigroch for supplying a lovely fallow deer for the spit, the effort was appreciated by all who attended as it was cooked up a real treat.



**Stan receiving the Traditional Award for 06.**

The Trophy Takers awards night encapsulated what the organisation has been trying to do from the beginning, recognising the taking of quality game and enjoying friendship as we talk of hunting. Trophy Takers it is not made up just of the big names in Australian Bowhunting, though many are there.

There are the up and coming hunters, some would say the next generation listening on, as well as less prominent hunters who are keen to be associated with a group of hunters who prioritise the taking of quality trophies and mateship. Keeping in mind what constitutes a trophy is a very personal thing.





**Stan & Mark putting the final touches to the spit!**

Always a feature of the weekend is the astounding quality of game that members seem able to harvest. This year some incredible trophies were recorded: Special mention should go to Damain Zeinert who shot an outstanding Sambar Stag, beating his previous stag to get a new Trophy Takers number one shield.

To do this is a fantastic achievement and a great reward for a hunter who puts in so much effort. Also to new member Joel Pukallus and his awesome goat which won him the goat award and puts him on the shield with some fantastic trophies of the past.



**Joel Pukallus name is added to one of the perpetual trophies of all time best goats taken!**

The best boar for the year was an astonishing 36DP from Colin Moynihan who has been taking fantastic game for as long as I can remember (meant as a compliment not disrespect to age).

Listed below are the awards presented for the 2005/2006 year, they represent a huge result for committed hunters, and something to aspire to for the rest of us.

### **Awards list:**

#### ***Perpetual Awards***

**Boar Award:** [Col Moynihan](#)  
[36DP 2004](#)

**Goat Award:** [Joel Pukallus](#)  
[146 1/8 DP 2006](#)

**Traditional Award:** [Stan Kwasigroch](#)  
[Goat 111 5/8DP 2006](#)

**Chairman's Award:** [Dale Furze](#)  
[Sambar 154 6/8DP 2005](#)

**Junior Bowhunter:** Nick Hervert

**Legend Award:** Pedro Lever



**Pedro receiving his Legend award 06!**

#### ***Yearly Awards***

**Best Fox:** [Joel Pukallus](#)  
[9 12/16 DP 2006](#)

**Best Fallow:** [Damain Zeinert](#)  
[213 5/8 DP 2005](#)



**Best Rusa:** [Paul Southwell](#)  
[187 5/8 DP 2004](#)

**Best Sambar:** [Damain Zeinert](#)  
[182 3/8 DP 2006](#)

**Best Chital:** [Jarrod Vyner](#)  
[70 3/8 DP 2004](#)

### Photography Awards

- Best Framed Photo:** Mark Southwell
- Best Unframed Photo:** Adam Greentree
- Best Wildlife Photo:** Chris Hervert
- Best Photo Album:** Mark Southwell
- Best Scenery:** Mark Southwell
- Best Presented Trophy:** Dick Tulloh

Photography at the awards is always great. Mark Southwell took out three photography awards and I can attest to his efforts in this area contributing to driving his partner crazy so this was well deserved. Members should keep the photo competition in mind throughout the year as they hunt and update their albums. It is amazing how they form the basis of so much of the discussion.



**Mark S receiving the award for best Photo Album.**

It would be remiss of me not to single out a few individuals; Mark Southwell made preparation trips to Shallow Crossing to suss out the venue for a great awards weekend. He along with Chris Hervert, and Dave Whiting organised and ran a fabulous awards weekend, thank you to them on behalf of all who attended and

from all members for keeping the concept going so well.



**Nick Hervert receiving the Junior Bowhunter award.**

We would like to thank Jarrod Vyner for arranging prizes in such a short period of time for the raffle, he arranged some great prizes, ranging from a fishing rod set to CamelBak's, to Swan Dry tops, T-Shirts, hats etc, etc also we would like to thank Mark Ballard for the donating the Ribtek's, and Graham Cash for the magazines and T-shirts, Even Scot for the photo album and also Manuel Agius donated some fine custom made arrows, which were exquisite, and yeah Mark Southwell won those too, he didn't want that fluoro green T.T. hat for some reason, and noir did anyone else for that matter!

**MASON'S**  
**Compleat Angler**  
*"When you need to know"*

<b>Proprietor</b> Russell Mason	<b>Manager</b> Gordon Graham
------------------------------------	---------------------------------

343 Wagga Road, Lavington NSW 2641

Ph: (02) 6025 1346 Fax: (02) 6025 8258

**ELK'S**  
**HUNTING & FISHING**  
**STORE**

COL ELKINGTON  
Proprietor

Corner Wilson & David Sts,  
Albury. N.S.W 2640. Ph: (02) 6021 849-  
Fax: (02) 6021 7251





**ADVENTURE**  
camping & apparel

Gino Giglioffi

Telephone: (02) 60 216 200  
479 Dean Street Albury NSW 2640  
adventurecampingapp@bigpond.com.au

Mont	Salomon	One Planet	Merrell	W.E.	Hitec	Petzl
Ice Breaker	Caribee	Deuter	Leki	Blackwolf	Trangia	MSR
Scarpa	Thermarest	Meindl	Leatherman	Stoney Creek		

With Over 20 Years Experience

This year we were lucky I think we only got a total of 40 mm, last year it was three times that! The rain was welcomed by all though, including us who knew it would quieten the ground, get the creeks running and maybe get a hog or two cruising about.

This year every one of the boys had their goal, Nick was keen to get a PB goat and a pig, Eddy a boar and young Thomas his first kill with the bow. I was just happy to get back into the recurve, Al likewise though his '.243' as the boys affectionately named his compound was on hand, Stan wanted to do some more testing with his Cullum broadheads but was happy to just go with the flow.

So member should be out there striving for good quality game, hopefully this year hunters will beat a personal best or at least enjoy the challenge of its pursuit. The awards weekend was a great opportunity to learn something through discussion with so many other hunter's, it was an opportunity to meet other hunters and to further immerse in hunting as a way of life.

**James Warne.**

**The Block 06  
By Chris Hervert**

'Marge the rains are here' was the call from the local farmers once they saw the bowhunters vehicles heading up the valley.

As has been the case for the last few years every time we hit the block for our winter assault the heavens open.

Early on we did some big miles checking out all the likely areas but the first few days yielded very little. Plenty of game sighted but nothing worthy of an arrow.

Thomas was the first to score with a nanny taken right on dark and as is often the case at the end of a huge walk. Being his first kill with a bow he was happy and the pressure was off. One arrow at about 15 meters did the trick and the old girl went nowhere. The 'elders' celebrated his achievement with some fine sipping port later than evening.

Next cab off the rank was Stan. Like a sly old fox he decided just to poke around on his own and upon his return to camp laid a fine billy down beside the fire. It was a good goat with a 38 inch spread and solid horns, measuring out at 111 plus DP. Stan had found him bedded on the side of a cliff with a few of his mates.

An hour or so of careful manoeuvring and a razor sharp Cullum slid behind his shoulder and embedded itself in the ground.



The old fella went nowhere (the goat not Stan) and expired very quickly (the goat not Stan). All of us were impressed and Stan broke out the finer sipping port to celebrate.

Next day it was decided Nick and I would head over the 'hill of death' and into the valley beyond. The idea was to check out some country that held a few deer and just see what was going on. The weather was against us, cold and very windy so I figured not much would be about on the bare ridges so better to check out the tighter gullies in amongst the timber.

Around mid morning we got onto a good mob of Billies that held a couple of potential PB's for Nick. First stalk was time consuming and ended up unsuccessful, too many eyes, But as goats do once they got into the dog bush and steeper country they slowed up and forgot why they ran in the first place. It wouldn't be easy to get in on them but there were enough game trails and small clearings to give us a pretty good chance.

Anyway a couple hours later Nick drew back on a nice black billy as he fed past him at about 10 metres, the arrow flew true and goat took one step and dropped on the spot. Nick was happy it was a fitting end to a difficult stalk. The billy was very small in body so he deceived us a little but still managed to be a PB by a smidgin or so, 102 plus. Back at camp and Thomas had that big cheeky smile plastered all over his dial again. He had managed to take a nice billy after a venture into the ' block triangle ' with Al. Despite the fact they had been geographically challenged for a few hours Tom still nailed his billy with one arrow.

He measure about around 70 points and Tom was now a Trophy Taker. Well done Tom. I broke out the finest Hervert home made port and as Stan and especially Al can testify, it's something special!



**Nick Hervert first Recurve Rabbit!**

Speaking of bewilderment of a geographical nature I guess it would be remiss of me to not mention Stan's first return to place with the ' hidden valley '. The first few days he never went far but once we found a ball of string we allowed him to venture out of sight.

Anyway it was decided later in the week to go and find this mystery hut and valley, purely so no one got caught out in the future.

Over the saddle we went, did a little scenic tour past the waterfall which was pumping nicely with the recent rain. 'OK meet at the top hut, you know where that is Stan'? 'Yep ' came the reply ' been there heaps '. Well myself, Tom and Al got to the top hut, had a little look around, played the piano, ate a bit of tucker and waited and waited.

Looks like he's gone again came the reply but I figured he might be a little on down the road. Sure enough a 10 minute walk and found Stan at his wilderness abode, looking a little confused but none the less happy enough to see us.



The place where he had spent nearly two freezing nights a few years ago was quite roomy but a little grubby, still it would have looked like the Hilton ( not Paris though then again at least he might have been warmer ). For those who don't know, Stan (who is a big bloke) lay shivering under his postage stamp survival blanket while a bag full of sleeping bags hung a few feet above his head.



**Boy I bet Stan wished he had a torch that night!**

You gotta laugh! If he walked back up the road that same 10 minutes he would have immediately know his location and could have sauntered home under his own steam.

The two huts are close but that mountain country can be confusing late in the day so we let Stan off pretty lightly, we have all been there or very close. A piccy and rat hunt and we were on our way.



**Chris Hervert, with his Trad sow.**

On the return journey I was lucky enough to nail a fat sow with the recurve which I was pretty happy about.

Back at camp the excited ranting of two teen age boys came cracking over the radio. Had they found Paris, no even better they had got onto a heap of pigs and had a great day.

The tale was one of jubilation and woe, as are a lot of hunting tales. Eddy managed to bag his pig, a big sow with a well placed arrow.

Though the fly on the wall tells me there were a few nervous moments when the sow decided to get up and roar around a bit.

Well done Ed, made up for passing up those Billies earlier in the week. Nick was unlucky on a good boar, I think the sight of 3 or 4 good hogs frothing at mouth and blueing over a sow may have got to him and he shot high. Oh well still a site to see and we all agree great fun.



**Allen Wormald with his first pig!**

Last day we ventured back out to the valley's the boys had been in. Al got himself a sow with his '.243' and was justifiable happy about that. Plenty of pigs sighted but no further luck

We had a good week and the boys stuck to their guns and didn't kill for the sake of it which for me was the most pleasing aspect. At times game was a little hard to



find as opposed to being scarce but we all came home with something and plenty of good memories which is what it's all about.

## **Ahhhh..... The Memories** *By Jarrod Vyner*

Hunting trips always produce memorable moments, be they good or bad. I know I treasure each trip, whether any game is shot or not. Just getting out there in the bush, pitting your skills against nature's is what it's all about, and I think if that's not enough for you then you're in the wrong game.

Some would say that I've had an eventful hunting career, albeit short by many standards, as I'm still only a whipper-snapper compared to some of the old timers. I won't deny that it seems that if it can happen at all, there's a bloody good chance it will happen to me!

My hunting paraphernalia has probably been unlucky to have been acquired by someone like me, 'cos not many people can claim to have tortured themselves or their gear like me...let me explain

In 2001 I packed up with a mate to head way the buggery out in the middle of no where to hunt goats with Wayne Preece. We drove like demons possessed and pulled up near Bourke to sleep for the night. As we reached for the swags, Damain stopped, and asked sort of nervously "Where's your bow case?" My case with bow, arrows, bino's, spotting scope, and camo was missing!

After a long silence, intermittently broken up with outbursts of swearing, it was decided I had to go back as it may have fallen out on the side of the road. It was a 16 hour round trip, when, still bow-less we pulled up just short of home, to sleep for a

bit. I was shattered, my whole hunting ensemble was gone, all of maybe \$3000 worth and I had no idea whether it had been stolen, or fallen out of the Ute!

I placed an ad in the local newspaper, as well as giving all details with the police. I wasn't worth talking to, and had been sulking for about a fortnight, when I got a phone call one arvo, from a bloke who had picked it up on the side of the road about two hours from my home!



**Jarrod with nice Cape boar, shot while looking for camp!**

The only identifying piece in the case was a T-Shirt from the local archery club, and seeing this, my saviour had tracked down the local paper, and seen my ad, I damn near kissed the bloke!

In 2002, I found myself geographically confused while hunting in Cape York. I was running low on water, and the only batteries I had with me were flat in my GPS. I sat down for a bit to ponder my situation. Eventually I did make it back to camp, only to discover I had left behind my bino's.

Well, I was lost when I left them, so my chances of finding them were slim to none. I still had a hunt to go on the Chital deer, and I wasn't going with out for that, so in Cairns I stopped off and bought a new flash pair. I think I'd had them for about 4 days, when while glassing for deer from the house, I dropped my new bino's on the concrete. From that day on



they worked really well if you shut one eye, and squinted a bit!



**With his old faithful Darton returned Jarrod did manage to take down a billy only after some 3000km of driving!**

I suffered with these for a few months until the fallow deer rut loomed, and I decided to bite the bullet, and buy pair number three for the year. I tell you, no one was surprised when I walked in to camp one day without my bino's. In between chasing croaking bucks, I stopped for a toilet break (that canned food sure gets your stomach moving), and left my bino's behind. I wasn't too concerned, as I knew I would remember the log I'd perched behind, I just needed to find the log! Three days later, I did find that log, and quickly strapped those bino's back around my neck.

It's not just in hunting that I've had misfortune. I can even find problems when fishing also! It was summer of 2003, and I was in about my second season of self-taught fly fishing.

What a fantastic past time fly fishing is, taking you to the some of the most picturesque stretches of mountain

streams, walking the water, and drifting dry flies down the rapids, followed by 20 minute fights to land a monster out of the swarms of rising trout.... At least that's the vision I had in my head. Truth be told, I spent just as much time un-tangling knots in the fly line, as I did drifting flies past trout that just couldn't care less about my imitations!

One particular night, I had fished three nights in a row at the same spot, and had very limited success amongst a good number of trout rising. I tried almost every fly in my possession, and watched in frustration as fish rose all around my little floater, with out so much as an enquiry. As I drove up to Mitta on the fourth night, in my fly vest was one little white fly that hadn't been tried, and I was sure this was the holy grail of dry flies, as I'd seen a small white moth land on the water the night before, and quickly get gobbled up. So with about an hour of light left, I was sitting on the edge of the water, trying to concentrate on tying on this fly.

As the fish began to rise, I waded into the freezing river, until the old boys were almost wet (terrifying moment it is when you first reach that depth!). I picked the line up and began false casting, trying to get enough line out to fish the rapids in front of me. With 3 or 4 false casts I had the length right and gave my final push to lay the line out.

There wasn't a loud noise or any thing like that just this feeling like I'd been hit in the neck with a red-hot sinker, and the fly line fell on top of me in a bundle. I knew straight away that I'd drilled that little fly into the back of my neck.

Not being able to look at what I'd done, I gingerly felt around, and realized quickly it had buried past the barb. Plenty of twisting, yanking, and swearing was followed by me sitting on the bank, fly still



in my neck, thinking how lucky it was that I was fishing alone!

I sat contemplating the situation for a while, but as more trout began rising in front of me I decided I wasn't heading home without fishing. Using a pair of clippers, I cut the line as close to the fly as I could, tied on a new one, waded back out and resumed fishing. Staying until it was pitch black, I did manage to catch a trout, a monster that would've been close to ¼ of a pound!

In the dark I packed the gear up, jumped in the car, and started to head home. By the time I reached the little town of Eskdale, I decided a beer would be ace, and wheeled the Ute into pub-wards. I hadn't even stopped when I remembered my predicament and thought "*You idiot! You can't sit down in the pub with a fly and half a foot of leader dangling from the back of your head*" and so kept driving....

Being the '*Malcolm Douglass want to be*' that I am, 2004 found me wandering around Cape York again. Eventually I found myself way to buggery out on aboriginal land, camping with two other hunters I'd just met. It only took three days before my knack of attracting drama, found our camp.

A log left smouldering in camp by one of the other boys, let's just call him Mick McCormack, had flared up while we were out hunting for the morning. The three of us were all piled in the front of Mick's landcruiser, heading back to camp, when Mick made the comment that it was surprising the fire had kept burning all morning while we were away.

'Plumes of smoke', probably the best description I can offer, could be seen in the distance, and we were still a good Km, or two from camp. I felt a nervous tingle go right through my body about this time, and a tense silence went over the car, broken eventually by "OH SHIT!" as we

realized what were driving back to. Without going into too much detail, for the next hour or so, we held our very own Ash Wednesday re-enactment!

All told, we lost two swags, two mozzie domes, a spare tyre, a chair, and a fishing rod. The fire had burnt all around my car, singeing the tyres, as well as the sump, burnt the poly pipes which pumped water up from the swamp, and had burnt about an acre around our camp!

Could've been much worse I thought, as I had a plastic barrel out on the ground, which held some of my supplies. The fire had melted one side of the barrel, and starting to fall through the melted plastic was a four pack of butane canisters! Now that would've made things interesting!



**You can almost see the smoke in the background!**

I've never really been one to keep up with the latest technological trends, so when I finally bought myself a digital camera in 2005, it was pretty big news. To a certain degree, if any one item had more than two buttons, I was sure to struggle with it. It was after much playing and experimenting, that I hadn't actually stuffed the camera, but found I could use it with some degree of competency, and soon was snapping photos off like a champion.

I managed to get some reasonable photos of trout swimming in little streams, wild dogs cruising around the paddock, and



even an up close study of a fox that taunted me one day while I was bowless! It was during the fallow deer rut that my precious camera's life was cut ever so short. I was doing trips up to a property I had access to, hunting the mornings, before heading home to work an afternoon shift.

My day would start at about 4.30am, driving 45 mins to the property, hunting until lunch time, and then heading home to start work at 2pm, until 10.30 that night. As much as it hurt me more and more each day, I just couldn't help myself as long as the deer were croaking..."*it's only once a year*" I would tell myself!

I hunted Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning, getting an average four hours sleep each night. I had an unsuccessful stalk on a good buck late on the last morning, and then found I couldn't drag my sorry ass out of bed on the Friday to head back up. "*It's OK*", I consoled myself, "*I'll be back tomorrow, and I'll stay for the weekend.*"

The alarm once again jolted me awake on the Saturday morning, and I trudged wearily around the house, gathering the necessities to stay on the property for the weekend. By 5 am. I couldn't find my hunting pack, and was beginning to panic...don't tell me I've lost my whole pack!

I left home with out finding it, thinking maybe I left it up the paddock while hunting. I was stressing all the way to the property, but as I drove up the hill to the ridgeline where I sat and glassed, the Ol' Nissan's headlights eventually lit up my little pack sitting all by its lonesome in the flattened grass.

To say I was relieved was an understatement! I knew my mates would love to pay me out if I'd managed to loose a pack. Everything looked kosher until I

pulled up beside the pack and realized that in the one day it had sat in the paddock, the cattle had found it, and in typical cattle fashion, had investigated this strange object as best they could. The most obvious evidence of tampering was that padding had been eaten out of the back, but upon opening my pack, I realized they had also decided to give it a good hard stomping as well!



**He did get some revenge for his digital camera..... Latter that year!**

My four month old digital camera was folded in half, my GPS was in about three pieces, and just to add insult to injury, a long life coffee milk had been popped, allowing all the other items in the pack (knives, toilet paper etc.) to swim in a dirty, stinky, brown milky mess!



**Getting up so early every day while deer hunting has some rewards!**



To this day I'm still trying to think of what to tell my insurance company, cos I don't ever recall seeing a "cattle stomping" box on any claim forms...

So many incidents, occurring on such a regular basis, never seem to dampen my enthusiasm to head for the bush, and, as yet, 2006 is no different!

I think it was January, when Shannon and I hauled his boat way to buggery up northern New South for a long weekend of hunting and fishing. The hunting was a bit slow, and in the incredible heat, we were losing interest in marching too many hills. Fishing from the boat looked like the go, so we spent the midday heat trawling around or tied to a dead tree throwing lures. There was one stand of trees not far from camp, with a steep rock face beside it.

A likely yellow belly hang out, we thought, and so roared over in the punt, killing the motor early in order to drift into the nearest tree.

I remember it as clear as a bell, even with my memory being similar to that of a gold fish, I don't reckon I'll ever forget it. We drifted in under the first dead tree, and I was tying on a new lure, when I both heard and felt it as our boat was splattered from above. I was trying my hardest to hide under my leather hat, thinking a bloody pelican just shit on us...but oh no, that just wouldn't be funny enough now would it!

I heard Shannon say '*what the f\*%\$...*' and I just knew he'd have to look up and investigate, when SPLAT! We copped a second blast. "*Ahhh..., my eye!!*" Came the cry from the other end of the boat. "*Just go man, go, let's get the hell out of here!*" I pleaded, and as he roared the out board to life I peeked from under my hat and up the tree. Peering down from an over hanging branch about 30 feet above us,

was a dirty big goanna, obviously checking out his handy work! To tell you the truth I think he may even have been smiling!

The little tinny at this stage was fairly well covered in white, stinking, slippery goanna crap, as was a bow case, the fish finder, an open lure box, and two now very pissed off bow hunters! By the time we sped to the other side bank, the smell had both of us near vomiting, and I don't reckon the boat had even stopped when we rolled out either side to rub and scrub as much off as possible.

It was then time to clean the boat, and all the gear in it, and don't think for a second that we didn't contemplate sinking the boat in shallow water then recover it. After a good hour or so of scrubbing it looked like new, but certainly didn't smell like it!



**Jarrod shot this massive Red stag in NZ and is an epic story of survival and some luck in it self!**

I can tell you now, that if it was the middle of summer we probably would've lit the base of that tree and burnt that bastard out, but instead we just cringed around all



weekend end, nervously looking above at every tree we went near. So there you have it, how many blokes can say they've been shat on by a big lizard, TWICE!

These are but some of the memories I treasure. Then there's the time I burnt 4 inches off my best set of goat horns, or when a carbon arrow shattered in my bow as I fired on a good boar, giving him a target to charge, or the time I got lost in NZ.....

### **Needle in a hay stack** **By James Warne**

I live in Bourke so a local hunt for me is now a frustrating exercise that often has me reflecting on what used to be out here. To go for a little hunt just on speculation is fraught with frustration as pigs are so thin on the ground and under a lot of pressure from doggers. For the last year or so my hunting out here has been concentrated on a couple of properties and building up my background knowledge on them. My hunts on a couple of other larger properties that I don't know very well only occur after a hot tip!

A few months ago I had a tip off from a local jackeroo as we watched the local rugby; the pigs were coming into the grain that was out for stock. He in fact joked that all the stock on the place were now fit for grain fed classification. Anyway during the week after that particular tip off I managed a couple of small pigs.

Another time off the same property the overseer spoke of other pigs on grain, on that occasion I hit and lost a really nice boar that I played cat and mouse with as he followed the trail of a sow with some other boars until I shot fractionally low as he crossed the dry Bogan River, the arrow connecting from above and probably only clipped one lung. I blood tracked a decent blood trail on that boar for about a

kilometre and a half before I lost him, a very frustrating hunt.



**The start of many a mile, looking for sign.**

Anyway I had this overseer over for dinner last Saturday night. He was quick to say he had seen pigs during the week whilst mustering. That was all I needed to decide on a hunt the next evening. I was particularly enthused when some clouds and a decent breeze were about on the Sunday, hopefully getting the pigs out a little earlier than usual.

The overseer sent me to a paddock I hadn't been to before, it sounded right with a name of Lignum paddock. It was around 7000 acres out of the 200,000 acre property total. Getting to know this property really is slow going, you can see why inside information is handy.



**Finally James spots something in the distance!**

He had mentioned a thin strip of water that the pigs were bedded close to in the middle of the paddock. I walked up the fence line from the car, heading south the wind was coming from the North West so I



had to go down the fence so as not to spook this feature in the middle. Keeping in mind I was trying to do these calculations just from a mud map, and you know what these cockies are like, they real off the directions like you have also been working the paddocks with them for the last ten years “go along about half way up the paddock, in the middle etc, etc,” but how do you know half way when you haven’t been to the other end?

Anyway I probably did head back up into the wind a little early as I hit the water too early in the afternoon and about half way up, I did my best to adjust and skirt around. The cloud I had left town in had blown over and again it felt like my only chance was to see pigs bedded up. The next problem was that the beds were empty, I only saw four kangaroos for two hours walk witch is disheartening when the cattle, roo’s, and pigs all seem to be scratching around for the same feed since the big dry. I stuck to my guns, crawling along nice and slowly looking under the most likely of trees, it was proving to be a long and slow stroll, there really wasn’t anything about this patch of county that impressed. The name of the paddock Lignum paddock was even a bit misleading. Maybe it was full of lignum once upon a time.



**Scanning all the scrub intensely!**

I turned for the car, there was still probably 15 minutes of light left, but my wife notices my absence and I didn’t want to push my luck with her when things on

this hunt were so lousy. Oh but the pigs don’t think about relationships do they!

As I turned there was a sow, with the most suckers I have ever seen on a sow, over twenty all the same size. I don’t know if this is possible but there was no other sow there and they were all acting like one big happy family. As I watched her poke her way around me I saw the rest of her cronies under a tree about a hundred meters away, a boar had stood up, adjusted himself and gone down again, this had only taken 2-3 seconds but it was enough to reveal their position. I had seen his nuts and now I had a target way above and beyond that good mother sow. Believe me we need those sows and suckers out here at the moment.

I edged my way slowly closer to the meter wide strip of water, my thinking was that if the sow was up and about whatever was under the tree would do so soon as well, they would probably poke around the water for a little while if they got up anyway.

I took off my shoes and used socks and the soft quite soil of the water edge to move in quietly. Half way to the unsuspecting pigs they got up. Seemed there were about half a dozen, at least one was a mature boar, and we were on! Everything went to plan the next eight to ten minutes, the mob poked their way along the trees on the other side of the water. If they kept this up they would get to 15 yards before the wind would take my scent from me to them. I used the couple of minutes I had to ready myself for the shot. I looking at the different paths the lead boar may take and what distances they would equate to. It is amazing the decisions and judgements we make throughout a hunt and then particularly in making a successful stalk.

The Boar slowly made it to twenty five yards, there was a nice lane in five yards



time, I consider my twenty yard pin my bread and butter shot (especially since I am a short ass and I call a pace a yard when I step out distances, 20 yard pin is a normal persons 17), Seventeen yards with a CSS, trophy ridge sights and a Scott's calliper release should certainly be easy. I am confident at that range and that's the important thing.

My procedure now involves stopping my stalk at the twenty yard pin, my rationale being that game is less likely to see my draw at twenty, I am more relaxed, there is less time for the wind to change and ultimately for the animals to jump the string. I don't bother pushing my luck past this anymore unless I am playing with sows, nannies for meat etc where I am not too concerned with the consequences of pushing in closer.

No matter how perfect the build up is with a stalk it is never over till the shot. In this case the clockwork squeaky clean build up went up in the puff of wind had drifted back to the boar. In an instant he had gone from a relaxed grazing pig to 'head up and a quick sprint' out to forty yards in a flash. There was just time to instantly estimate range and shoot. I pulled off a great shot! The arrow had arched high and come down within an inch of the imaginary spot at 40 yards.

I settled in and watched the other pigs settle a hundred yards further up the water. Whilst watching others move around I was lucky to see fletches through the trees so I could follow the boar's progress, he had pulled up within sight! As I gave the pig a few minutes another boar from the mob grazed back down to me. He was the next best boar, not quite mature. At twenty five yards a small bush covered his vitals, he moved back out to around thirty and I felt I had to take the shot. Unfortunately I hit him just a fraction to far forward, rather than being on the crease I was in the flesh on the shoulder

and forward in to more hard stuff and non vitals. He took off like a scalded cat.

I went forward and looked over the first boar, he was a good mature boar and I was thrilled to bits, it has been awhile since I got a mature boar. Unfortunately both his tusks were snapped off so photos will have to suffice for the trophy.



**James with his tough old boar!**

I had ended up 3.2 km from my Troopie, it had been dark for an hour by the time I was finished taking photo's, by jingoos I was late for dinner, even half running back with the GPS and a small torch (essential hunting kit in this country) I was in trouble at home.

Partners just don't seem to understand the unpredictability of the hunt. A little strife was a small price to pay for a great hunt!

### **T.T. Website**

Well most would know the NEW T.T. website was lunched on the 27-07-06 and it has received some 3500 plus hits since then, and really looks sweet!

Please check the website for regular updates and ratings and news, as they do change regularly.



**Note:** As stated all the new ratings forms and are available from the website, please update your forms please.

Also if members have any of the missing photos (141 still missing as of 11/10/06) that I need to fill in holes in the website lists (Top 100 and top 50 in there respective page), please email or send them in the PO Box or myself, as I have been trying to track down these photos to complete the site, I have emailed, phoned and sent mail out to many members in a hope to retrieve these pictures, with little success at this point.

Also the boar ratings were expanded to the top 100!

I plan to add some more pages on the annual awards and the history behind them, once I have all the details in front on me.

[www.trophytrakers.org](http://www.trophytrakers.org)

**L.P.O. Box 5129  
University of Canberra  
Bruce ACT 2617**

**New Major Sponsorship  
For Trophy Takers!**

As all who attend the T.T. AGM, will know that Trophy Takers has received a major sponsorship from Archery Supplies of Canberra!

I have been in discussions with Steven Hann and he has gratefully donated to T.T. every newsletter (Quarterly) an Dozen CarbonTech hunting shafts or gift voucher (to the same value) to the best story submitted to the newsletter each edition. But that's just the start he has also put up a major prize of a 2007 top of the line BowTech or Darton compound bow (model to be named upon there

release soon) to the winner of the best story submitted to the news letter for the full year with the winner announced at the annual awards 2007! Now if you are a traditional shooter and obviously don't want a modern compound we have in no way forgotten you as your prize will be a new Predator Traditional Custom take down recurve worth \$890!

To be eligible for the 2007 prize the stories authors must be a financial member of T.T. All stories must be submitted by the ratings cut of date of 01/09/2007. All stories including this issue are now in the running, so get typing people!



I would like to thank Steven Hann for his grate generosity and support of T.T. so for



those who don't already order their gear from them, and who would like to try please don't hesitate to tell them that you are a Trophy Taker member.

Winners picked by Archery Supplies.

**Check out their excellent range and prices at:**

<http://www.archeryshop.com.au>

### Gadget of the month



Well this issue I have something that anyone who doesn't have much time to turn out custom arrows will really appreciate. When it comes to making arrows, some love the art of custom made arrows, while others like myself can't stand making them, but these little beauties might help put some fire into the never ending choir of making arrows, and there are [OzCrest](http://www.ozcrest.com) custom arrow wraps, and boy let me tell you they really light up a room!

Take some of these anywhere, to any archery comp and everyone will ask and want to know where you got them, simple just tell 'em head to the website, they come in many patterns and designs, and all sorts of custom details can be added in the wrap, upon request to Richard.



There are many advantages with these wraps when it comes to hunting, one is the obvious brightness when trying to see your arrow in flight, and also the benefits of trying to find your arrows after the shot is made a lot easier. They also add a little extra weight for the hunter's shafts providing extra penetration and they can be removed when re-fleching is required after you may have shot the vanes to bits while practicing!



So check out the website to see the full range of colours and patterns along with all the benefits of these excellent wraps!

Richard has kindly donated some packets of wraps to T.T. and I will award them to members over the next few months, thanks Richard!

### Good Publicity By Joel Pukallus

Hi all, after the local reporter in my town found out about my goat, she wanted to put it in the paper, so after much long, hard thought about whether we should keep bow-hunting "under the radar" the



following story appeared in the Border Times.

**Note:** some of the embellishments and are not mine and embarrass me slightly, but that's reporting for you. I took the chance to put as many positive bow-hunting quotes in as possible.

**Newspaper headline read:**

**“Large Goat caught by local bow hunter”**

Pastor Joel Pukallus has killed what experts say is one of Australia's largest Billy goats ever killed with an arrow. Mr. Pukallus and fellow bow hunting enthusiasts Adrian and Nijel Lloyd returned just over a week ago from six days of stalking in a central South Australian property where both goats and camels had reached feral proportions.

"Ethical bow hunting demands going close so you are certain where you are hitting an animal" said "Puk", as he is widely known.

"It's so that an animal doesn't get away injured. The aim is a humane kill with little or no suffering."

The hunters stalked their kill by walking five hours a day carrying all their gear across "challenging" rocky country. At one stage Mr. Pukallus discarded his boots to be quieter. It was not until the last afternoon that he made his record breaking kill, some time after Adrian and Nijel had bagged several Billy goats. "Perseverance paid off" Mr. Pukallus said. "I think I lost two to three kilos when walking five hours a day."

Mr. Pukallus' billy goat had horns which measured 47 3/8 inches across. Under the international scoring system called "Douglas Points", a trophy class goat was one which scored 96 points, while a record class was a goat whose horns

were more than 113 points. Mr. Pukallus' goat scored 146 1/8 points, one of the biggest seen by the organization "[Trophy Takers](#)" who made the official measurement.

Many might think bow hunting a strange sport for a priest to take up. Mr. Pukallus said he first bought a bow because his wife Anne didn't want a gun in the house. "Most Australian bow hunters consider themselves conservationists, as we only hunt introduced feral animals," he said. "I'm going to mount them (the horns) on a wall in my bow room."

Mr. Pukallus said his next bow hunting challenge was to hunt Rusa deer in the state's South East in mid-winter, while a long-term goal was to hunt feral pigs with a bow.

"Bow hunting teaches you respect for the outdoors and the animals you hunt," he said.

"You have to learn about each animal's habits and senses. It's good stuff to learn." Mr. Pukallus said that goat meat was the most widely eaten meat in the world.

Well, there it is. I wish she hadn't used the word "kill" so much, I prefer "harvested" or "taken", but overall I think it came across pretty well.

**Puk.**

### Newsletter Contributions

Well its been a busy time for the T.T. and myself over last few months and the awards was very enjoyable even though I could only stay for one afternoon, and it was good to see many old faces, with allot of grey hair now present, and yeah I know I had allot more hair when they saw me



last too, it was a pleasure to be at the annual awards again!

With the major sponsorship with [Archery Supplies](#) I hope this will fire up our members to submit articles, and what better than and \$1000 plus bow to do it hey, or some of the toughest hunting shafts made by [CarbonTech](#) might be enough to make you put pen to paper?

Also we are still supported by [Ribtek](#) and we will be awarding his broadheads to juniors for ratings and photos submitted in future issues.

Also a big welcome to our two new T.T. Members, Andrew Morrow and Rory Smith I hope to see you in the ratings often guys!

And as always thank you to all that contributed to the newsletter!

Oh sorry you want to know who one won this month CarbonTech shafts or gift voucher, ok I'll tell ya.

**The Winner is..... Jarrod Vyner!**

I will be in touch with you shortly mate, well done a very entertaining story, I can see you name on the legend award one day!

And don't forget the other stories are still in the running for the bow at the end of the year!

**Peter Morphett.**





# Trophy Takers Merchandise

I am never  
**BOARED**



**LOOK - NEW SHIRTS**



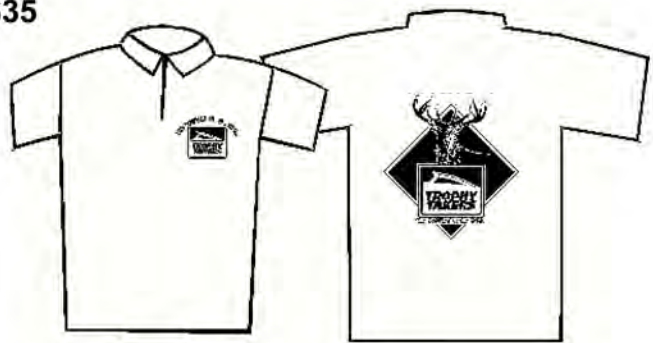
## NEW DESIGNS Polo or T-Shirts – 2 Sided Print

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



## 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 Bored”** 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