



Newsletter Sep-Oct 2010

TROPHY TAKERS NEWSLETTER Sep/Oct 2010

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Game Ratings Report
August 2010

TT Sambar record broken!

Yep, that right, TT's sambar record held by Jim Craze has been smashed by new member and keen sambar hunter Dean Scott. Deano was lucky and skilful enough to take a cracking stag several months ago in the Victorian high country. With antler lengths of 33 and 32 inches and a spread of 35 inches, the stag's final measurement, after being panel measured by Daryl Venables and Mark Burrows was 203 5/8DS. This is the best of several Sambar Stags Dean has shot with the bow, so he is certainly a worthy addition to the Trophy Takers ranks. Well done Dean, a great achievement!



Dean Scott Aussie Record Sambar 203 5/8 DS!

Well guys, it's been a little while since the last update in the newsletter and as always there has been a steady trickle of game hitting the ratings.

Before the usual April fallow and red rut's we had a number of members getting into the chital and goats, as well as a couple of others joining the club with some older trophies.



Rodney Collings with his Chital 170 7/8DS!

Rod Collings was first to kick off the chital foray with a cracker of a stag that scored a smidge under 171 DS. This great stag rated at number 6 before Pete Morphett and Ron McGrath headed north for a week in the basalt and the boys got a couple of good-uns, Pete's best scoring 175 4/8 DS and Ron's 171 3/8 DS. Pete also managed a

smaller stag of 163 6/8 and a good-sized wild dog of 13 11/16 DS. Well done boys, check out the photo's in Pete's story later in the newsletter

Never far away, Ben 'Butcher' Sellaras rated a chital he took back in 2009 scoring 165 5/8 and travelled down to goat country to hunt with Casey McCallum for a week or so in the sand hills over chrissy. Ben arrowed his PB goat on this trip, a beauty with a 42 inch spread scoring 122 1/8th DS. Good to see he shoots better at the goats than he handles boats.....



Ben with his PB Billy 122 DS!



Ben Sellaras with his PB 165 5/8 DS Stag!



Sean Walsh with PB Billy 121 2/8 DS!

Other notable ratings before April were Jordy Appleby with his PB goat of 109 4/8 DS, new member Sean Walsh from Cobar with a few goats, the best of which scored 121 2/8, and Brad Smith with a Buff taken back in 2009 scoring 85 6/8 DS. Welcome aboard Sean and Smithy and well done Jordy!



Roy Ellis with his PB Buff, 89 DS!

Roy Ellis also joined the TT ranks with a Buff he took in 2009 scoring 89 DS. Roy is a keen hunter from Darwin, and a welcome addition to Trophy Takers, so welcome to you Roy.



Jordy Appleby with PB Billy 109 4/8 DS!

As the fallow bucks were starting to sort themselves out, Lee Payne put pay to some early scouting, getting the drop on a very nice spotted buck sitting in his scrap one morning. One shot from 40 metres put the beast to bed, and the tape later proved that this buck was certainly a taker recording a score of 242 2/8 DS. A great buck Lee, well done.



Lee Payne with monster Fallow Buck, 242 2/8DS!

As the fallow started to croak, TT members started to get out and about. Pete Morphett and Jordy Appleby were into it early taking a couple of cracking chocolate bucks in the Southern Tablelands. Jordy's buck of 211 6/8 DS was shot from 25 metres after a long 2 hour sit in order to get the buck to stand and present a shot; this buck is a truly magnificent trophy and looks a lot better than it scores, so well done Jordy. Late in the same hunt, Pete managed a long shot on dark to take a big old buck scoring 218 6/8 DS. Well done again Pete on another nice trophy.



Jordy with his PB Fallow Buck, 211 6/8 DS!

A couple of weeks later and Pete was back at it, this time in the paddock with Shane McNaughton, who shot his personal best buck of 185 5/8 DS that Pete called up to him. Well done Shane.



Pete with another big Fallow, 218 6/8 DS and 30" neck!



Shane McNaughton with PB Fallow, 185 5/8 DS.



Mark Southwell with his PB Fallow, 221 6/8 DS!

While all this was going on, Dave Whiting and Shane Dupille were into the foxes, scoring on a couple of beauties around the 10 point mark. Well-done boys.



Dave W and Doug D with there 10+ DS Foxes.



James Warne with one very "Wild" Buck!

In the hills a little further north, James Warne and I had a good week on the fallow, with me taking my PB buck scoring 221 6/8 DS. Certainly nice to get a good one on the ground I can assure you of that! Warney also did well, shooting himself a wild looking buck on the last morning, which really put a smile on his dial. Just reward for a hard week in the hills.

Ever consistent Jason Robinson had a good year once again. For his two-week stint in the mountains in Southern NSW he grassed a few bucks, the best of which was a nice chocolate coloured buck of 204 5/8 DS. Robbo also managed his best goat to date before the rut scoring 111 2/8DS. Well-done mate.



Jason with his PB Billy, 111 2/8 DS.



Jason Robinson with his 204 5/8 DS Fallow for 2010.

The real standout effort of the rut for mine was Paul Hardie. After many years travelling in excess of 2000 km south from his home in Gladstone to hunt



Paul Hardie with his PB and monster Fallow, 238 DS!

fallow, he finally nailed a grand old white buck with his recurve scoring 238DS, rating in at number 5. He came upon this buck fighting another late one night, closed the gap and got a fatal shot into him in the fading light. A quick search the next morning and he had his prize - outstanding effort Paul.

As the fallow were getting chased around, further to the north west, the Cocking family were out harassing the goats. Gee the local Barcaldine goats must be getting jack of being chased around by this crew! They had another good trip, with Nathan shooting his PB

goat of 118 DS, something, which I am led to believe, he is over the moon about; very well done Nathan. Mum and Dad Cocking also got in on the action, with Anne taking a 76 2/8 DS billy and Peter a fine 104 5/8 DS billy. Well done to the Barcaldine connection!



Nathan Cocking with his PB billy 118 DS, awesome!



Anne Cocking with her PB Billy, 76 2/8 DS.

More recently, Steve Dimitrakellis from Wadonga smacked a great billy with his longbow, his new personal best goat of 132 2/8 DS. New member, Cameron Bryant, also hit the hills with good mate and Canberra bowhunter Ron McGrath, for two good billies of 109 7/8 DS and 96 1/8DS – great work boys and welcome to the club Cameron.



Steven with his awesome Billy, 132 2/8 DS!



Camron with his PB Billy, 109 7/8 DS!



Peter Cocking with his PB Billy 104 5/8 DS!

Oh yeah, and I also got out for a hunt there a few weeks back and scored myself a nice sambar stag scoring 141 4/8 DS. Gotta be happy with that!



Mark Southwell with his PB Sambar, 141 4/8 DS!



Camron Bryant, with a 96 1/8 DS Billy.



Mark with his first Sambar!

Well that's about it for now. Word has it that there have been a few other good critters to hit the deck of late courtesy of some TT members and maybe even a new number 1 Rusa. With a bit of luck they will be scored and rated, and I will tell you all about them in the next instalment of the game claim.

Good hunting,

Mark Southwell.

For more information please contact either Mark Southwell (0427 785 344)

info2@trophytakers.org

or Jim Craze (0264 535 517)

crazy1@activ8.net.au.

We hope to see you there!

TT Awards 2010

2010 Trophy Takers Awards – Dalgety, NSW.

The 2010 Trophy Takers awards will be held at the Town hall in Dalgety in Southern NSW over the weekend of 2-4th October, 2010. Dalgety is a sleepy little town on the banks of the in the snowy river, about 2 hours drive south of Canberra, in the heart of the snowy mountains region. There are NSW state forests close by that can be hunted with an R-licence, as well as some great trout fishing, including both Jindabyne and Eucumbene lakes are less than an hour's drive from Dalgety. This will prove to be a great location for another Trophy Takers get together.

Presently we have the hall booked from the 28/9/2010 to 4/10/210 to allow a few days for set up of the displays. There is a Caravan park in close proximity to the hall site

(<http://www.snowyriverholidaypark.com.au/>), which has a range of accommodation options available:

10 cabins @ \$90 for 2 persons, \$10 extra person..... Holds upto 6 persons
Powered sites @ \$17 per person
Non powered site @ \$10 person

PIGS PAD

This year's fallow rut was one of mixed emotions for me, but I vividly recall anger being high on the list. Let's set the scene, I chase the fallow around for a week, seeing a few but with minimal chances, I decide that to change my luck I may need to change my location. A day later I am setting up camp at one of my usual haunts and wondering what I will find. Talking to my good mate who works and lives on the property he mentions the manager is letting a spotlifter on tonight. That feeling of dread briefly manifests itself but over the last few years this is becoming more prevalent here so I get over it and so the story goes 'these guys never usually shoot the deer'. As foretold a 4wd drive comes through the gate then within 5 minutes of the latch being closed the report of a rifle can be heard over the din of the Friday night footy, hopefully a fox or rabbit just bit the dust but the timing of the visit leaves a little doubt in my mind.

Anyway next morning my headlights pierce the fog as I drive down the back paddock, something white reflects back in the lights, straight away I know what it is...a fallow buck belly up. As I drive closer I see the head missing, cut off at the base of the skull, the anger rises.. I drive past telling myself its done, move on get one for yourself but I cant help but wonder what sort of person gets a

Chital Hunt 2010

By Peter Morphet

thrill out of shooting a trophy buck under the light. I have seen plenty of deer in a spotlight and they are pretty dumb. Real quality trophy, something to be proud of and show your mates! You wonder what the point is, sure if they shot the deer for meat I could probably understand, at least it got used but too shoot it and believe it is some sort of trophy by taking the head, that's a dam disgrace. Next time I see them I intend fill them in on my feelings, the legalities and possibly get an understanding of their thought process.



Chris with 2010 Fallow Buck.

All's well that ends well they say and I ended up pushing into some new country (no 4wd can get in here) and scoring myself a gnarly old fella, no monster but when you get one at the last minute they are oh so sweet. I wondered later at my feelings, was it personal? Was I dirty they took one that then reduced my chances? I don't think so, it was more out of respect for the deer, they deserve a chance as well.

Well the Awards are coming quickly so hope to see you all there, until then be safe and happy hunting.

Chris Hervert.

We were very well prepared this year even better than last year, but we were lucky just to get there really as Townsville's had 2" of rain over night and it looked like there was going to be another 2" by the time we got there, but lucky for us the property only just caught the outer portion of the weather front and only isolated showers hung around over the next few days, we hit the trail on the first afternoon we arrived at the property and I ran out of light as I was about 80m out from a good 165-170 point Stag.

First day or so, we both did the normal spot and stalk, or wait off ridges in case the deer moved to them later in the mornings from the lower preferred feeding areas, with all the rain they had had over the last month the lower ground was still quite wet and the deer would normally move through or past the little ridges at some point, it was just a matter of playing the lucky dip game on which ridge they would move to and where on the ridge you would sit in and wait, also at this time of year the rut is going well, lots of roaring stags are heard at various distances and locations. But with the large groups of deer in big numbers on many occasions over 100+ deer getting close to those eagle eye hinds was almost impossible unless you had miraculously picked the spot where they would walk past you, the only good point the Stag were definitely distracted and if you could hover around the edges without being picked up, often one would break off and you could get a stalk on them.

I should have gone down through the middle of timber that was below the ridge I was on, as their unpredictable nature showed itself, one hind decided

she wanted to head to the ridge, and she lead them quiet quickly in my directly as I tried to move to a very big tree that was in the middle the timber, I was thinking if by chance I get there I will pull up and wait and see what happens, but she just moved a little to quickly before I could get where I wanted to. I had to stop some 80m from it, before she and 3 others behind her got to close for me to move, and of course only another 50m behind them was the rest of the mob in toe. So before I knew it she stopped right at the tree I wanted to get to, and 2 minutes later they were all there, some 150+ deer at 70m to 90m, all running around doing their thing. Stags roaring and chasing hinds, immature Stags following the larger ones, while others decided to sit with others just feeding. All the better Stags were out of range and I kept my eye on the original hind that led the group here. She was slowly moving forward still, and I knew she only had to travel another 50m to my right before she would cut my scent. So I sat there and watched the show, until it all went south!

One morning we awoke with light rain so we went looking for a boar, after about a half hour walk along the basalt wall I found myself following a solid boar, I could see from 50m out he had big tusks, and by the time I caught up with him after some 100m, he was hammering a bigger but younger boar over some sows nearby. I was only at 20m by this stage and just out in the open but with all the tall grass getting a good angle on the big tusky fella was difficult, they were moving around too much, and before I knew it they had both disappeared into the long grass in front of me, and in the blink of an eye the next thing I knew was the younger boar had lost and made his way into the thick cover next to the basalt wall. Now I'm at full draw still looking for a shot,

but the grass had swallowed up the big fella, and the next thing I knew the young boar comes out right behind me at 10m, and he is taking a hard look at me, I thought ok, he going the charge us when he makes a small growl, but takes off down the wall towards Mick and Ron, I turn back to where I saw the tusky bugger last, and here he is now coming straight at me! At 10m I can see 1 1/2 inches of tusks hanging over the top grinders, and of course it's a totally crap angle, he has given me a small and narrow angle but when he stops to check me out and turned his head towards me to have and look at what the hell I am. So now that tightens the narrow hole I have to get an arrow through, I wanted to wait till he moved around me hopefully giving me a better angle and shot but when he stopped and looked straight at me, he still had attitude from the fight only a 1mintue before I knew he was still in fighting mood, I didn't want a to take this shot but when he gave two quick sharp snaps of his tucks and with all that formidable ivory I didn't what all his cutlery in my lap so I took the shot, the arrow drove into about 3/4 of its length and instantly the arrow was busted so I thought maybe I clipped the shoulder joint on the way in and the arrow has stopped and was busted at that point instantly and he took off at full speed!

After some 300m of blood trailing with good amounts of lung blood, but with the light rain and wet grass it was becoming harder and harder to track, it was clear I might have lost this one. When suddenly 3 dingoes came walking in our direction and stoped under some bushes to get out the rain, I slipped into 37 metres, and let one fly at the biggest dog while he was sitting down, the shot looked really good and as he took off at a million miles an hour howling like a banshee., So we got back on the trail of the boar and we only got another 50m

before a big 100+kg boar got up from on top of a small ridge (the wind was going that way now), well we thought it might have been him, but this boar looked a lot bigger, but the one I shot would have only been 70-80 kg max in my opinion and it didn't even look like he was hit, thinking maybe it wasn't him we kept on the last of the blood trail and his tracks, it might have been him as the trail ended on top of that ridge with no sign left at this stage to figure out if indeed it was him or where and if it was another boar or where my boar had gone, so it was game over unfortunately. With that we walked over and started on blood trail number 2. The blood trail and the direction we all saw the dingo run flat out was heading back to where we started some 30 minutes earlier, again I was shocked to find how far he went, he only died some 30m from where I shot the tusky boar! So hopefully that was my bad luck out of the way.

Later that arvo Ron and I found 2 stags, one bedded with the other feeding next to him on a patch of succulent grasses, it was just about the perfect setup we needed, but we had picked up a family of pesky happy jacks on the stalk up the creek some 300m back. I said to Ron "way you go mate", sneak up the creek and stay in the shadows I'll stay back and keep the happy jacks entertained, and good luck mate. Ron put in the hard yards as I sat back and watched from 180m. Ron's plan was to get to a massive dead tree and see how close it was and maybe make any other moves from there. On his hands and knees he closed the gap slowly but steadily till he made it to that tree, now only with a small bunch of trees in line with the Stag, Ron made his way closer and closer to the bedded Stag. With the other still feeding in sight through the small obstruction I watched as he got to those bushes and started to try get a range on the feeding 165 to 170 point

Stag which through my bino's look like Ron was really, really close, but I knew from early on that getting an accurate range on the Stag in the tall grass was going to be a problem and making sure to stay low wasn't helping, eventually I figured he managed to get a good reading when the Stag lifted his head I guessed he got a range off it, as he came to full draw, I fixed my eyes firmly on the Stag trying to see if I could pick up the arrow, on the sound of the shot, I watched the Stag run forward only a small distance and stopped and looked around to see what was going on, I saw Ron load another arrow and draw and take aim again I concentrated hard on the Stag, but this time being fully alert he ducked and twisted and was gone well before the arrow got anywhere near him!



Pete with his 13 11/16 DS Dingo!

As I walked over and asked "how close?" he said he couldn't get a range, I thought so, "So how far do you think it was mate?" I asked as we spent some time looking for the two arrows, Ron

said he thought it was 30m, and had used his 30m pin, so I asked "where did the shot go?" Ron said he had no idea and admitted he had buck fever bad and just blew it. I respect anyone who can say when they just blew it or made a mistake, when many would either blame their equipment or other factors, Ron just said I blew it, "not to worry mate we will get another go I'm 100% sure", its all valuable experience your getting as we talked and ran through the whole scenario again and again, we are only human (this would be well proven for us both by the end of the trip) I said and you just have to keep chipping away at them eventually luck and the stars will align mate, as we headed back to camp in the failing light.

The next afternoon we all were out in another section of the property looking for another ideal setup, the wind was blowing quite hard today and this makes the deer nervous and makes them move around a lot. We spotted two Stags slowly feeding and eventually they sat down, and it was Ron's turn again, by the time Mick and Ron were at the 200m mark the smaller of the two had wandered off leaving the 155+ Stag all by himself, I had stayed back at around 300m and watched the events unfold. As Ron closed in on the Stag using the usual big tree to cover his approach with Mick pulling up some 50m behind and letting Ron cover the remaining distance, Ron was settled in behind the tree and he looked close again well under 40m, and after about 10 minutes of standing there fixed on the deer, the wind still blowing hard, I could see Ron getting itchy feet, constantly checking the distance and looking back at Mick, I was a long way off and wished we had mental telepathy.

I would have told him to wait till the Stag stands, don't force it, either way a

buffalo fly will make him stand, he will get up for a stretch or the strong winds will unsettle him, but either way just wait till he stands. After 20 min it got the better of Ron I saw him take his final range and draw and slide out slowly from behind the tree, again I fixed my bino's on the Stag, looking for the arrow, the next thing I see the Stag is up and running, has he been hit, I'm not sure, then he pulls up a fair way from Ron and starts looking for danger, obviously he's not hit, the next shot goes over him I think and he's out of there, again it's all experience I said, I could see he was disappointed so I gave him a little pep talk, not to tell him what he did or is doing is wrong there are many ways to skin a cat (and there is no definite right or wrong way to hunt deer) but to get confidence back up, and to fire him up a little as we could see his confidence was taking a bit of beating, I just told him to relax, breath take your time mate, don't rush it, and let it all fall into place, so we regrouped and headed off in search of another Stag.

Not long after that we spotted another lone Stag with one hind, it's my turn. I moved into about 180m before I run out of cover and I am waiting for the hind which is now 60m to the Stags right and looking my way to either sit or do something other than stand there looking for danger. I have to wait about 10 to 15 min and she walked back over to the now bedded Stag and sits down facing away from me.

Great so I crawl in on my hands and knees the final 100m and close the gap to what I thought was under 40m right in behind a half fallen black tree, the wind had covered all the noise from the rapidly drying out ground which is also by now starting to irritate the old knee caps, but I carefully stand in the shadow of the tree which is easily large enough to keep me completely concealed, I can

see he is bedded up right next to a fallen log and his body is behind it, now with the longer grass definitely no shot on offer again. Getting a range was difficult through the grass he was in, as I managed to range the trees next to and around him nailing down that he was only about 35 or 37m away, so the waiting game was well and truly on, 10 min, 15min, 20min, has passed and I'm just waiting for the wind to swirl and stuff the whole deal but it's still holding well. He eventually stands for a stretch, I draw and raise my bow and it touches the fallen tree in front, I had to lean back to get it to clear then line my No-Peep back up and then lean out, I was going through the process of slowly moving my 35m pin on to his chest, only a few more inches to go and I see front legs relaxed and instantly he sitting back down, and no shot through the grass, damn I carefully lean back in underneath the tree and let down, one more second and it might have turned bad, I settled back in, did some breathing to relax again and got set for hopefully for the next attempt.

Another 10 minutes pass and I haven't taken my eye off him, I've moved back a little so I don't touch the tree this time when I get to draw, and bingo he stands and turns quartering away from me, again I draw line up my No-Peep and take aim, this time he is looking away into the distance when the pin finds the mark right in behind the last rib the arrows gone, the distinct sound of a razor sharp RAGE 2 blade broad head hits and he bolts away from me in straight line, I watch as he makes 40, 50, 60 metres and then just disappears in the long grass, no cartwheel, no normal action like when a fallow is hit and slow down spin topple over, he just disappeared, I load another arrow just in case and step out from behind the tree, to get another shock the hind was still standing there she had no idea what

had just happened! I made my way over to the spot I saw him last and there he was down and out for the count, you beauty! Called Ron on the radio, and it's a done deal, he said yeah he had watched it all, and he better go wake up Mick time to put him to work!

After the pictures we hung the stag and showed Ron to where to make the cuts for removing cape and took the few



Pete with the first Chital, 163 6/8DS.

choice cuts of meat, and started heading back, Ron following we turned and "were are you going, what are you doing", "I'm coming with ya", "no way man it deer' o' clock, go find a Stag mate!", we can handle this, we could see in the distance the was a mob of deer moving out for the afternoon, so Ron went to check them out, as we made the 3km walk back to camp to finish the capeing job.

We had just finished the capeing job and it was getting pretty dark by now and we thought we better see where

Ron is, a quick call on the radio to see where he is, and he "on route and not far away", "so did you get anything", instant response, "I'm not saying!" ok we thought maybe he had another bad arvo or he's holding out on us, again we asked "what did you shoot?" again "you'll see!" now we knew that he had cracked it. As Ron walked into camp he starts to tell us the whole story. It was only 20min after he left us he had checked out that mob of deer and managed to get in front of them, and gotten in behind some cover which was just thick enough so the deer would not see him as they passed, waiting patiently and taking some of my advise he knelt there waiting for the Stags to move through, and as they did some were only 20m out as two decent ones walked past he let them go, as there was another Stag that caught Ron's eye.

The Stag was in hard velvet with awesome outer's and heavy mass, and he patiently waited till the Stag was at a mere 12m, before he dispatched him, he was surprised we didn't hear his screams of elation from camp! We congratulated Ron on his first chital and he is a ripper, massive outers and excellent mass and also with very good inners! We had a few drinks that night with Micks excellent home cooked meals to celebrate.

The next day we went for a bit of drive to out the back to where I had taken my 177+ Stag from last year as the main property roads were now drying out enough to safely travel on, it didn't take long before we spotted a very good Stag by himself on a very small ridge, so I got dropped off and made the 500m stalk from there, using the normal trees again and using my bino's to keep an eye on the Stag, I made my way towards him, when I was about 200m out the wind really wasn't holding any type of

consistency, but seemed like most of the time it was blowing in a good enough direction to continue the stalk, as I stopped at the last big tree before I had to cross the open stuff to get the same patch of bush he was in, I had to wait till he moved from original position as he had moved to the back of the ridge to take up a new position in the shade, now at 100m the Stag looked big, he was wide and long, good inners, excellent brows, and easy over 180+ mark, so I carefully made my way across the open to get into the cover he was originally bedded in and I knew he was only 45m max and I had more big trees to totally cover my approach for the final stalk, but the wind turned just that little extra and he was gone!



Ron with his first Chital Stag 171 3/8 DS!

Later that arvo, Mick dropped Ron and myself off in the same area, and we had only gotten only some 100m before Ron spotted some Stags on top of the ridge in front of us. As we made our way toward them, Ron moved up and took

up a position right in behind a big tree, but I stayed on the bottom side of the ridge watching from there at some point the Stag's looked like they were going to walk straight to Ron, but the 3 of the 4 gradually moved away and from my position they looked like they were going to walk off the end of the ridge at the other end, which was almost shaped like football, one of the bigger of the two Stag's in the group had broken off from the others and was heading in opposite direction, it looked like he might come back and come closer to where Ron was lying in wait. The other very good Stag in the group was in hard velvet, the other two Stag's were immature. I weighed up the situation, and I tried to get Ron to come back over to me, hand signalling saying I think they're going to go that way mate and we can use the small gully in our favour and get setup right near the end and wait till they come past, but Ron wouldn't move, he said "you go!", I'm saying "no come down this way!", but he said you go there and if they come back my way they might come past me a little closer still, even though Ron was only 50m out as we spoke.



The other big fella looks like he going Ron way.....

I quickly made the move around the outside, got behind a big tree, loaded and arrow and moved half way up the side of the ridge the deer were on, and in behind another tree and waited, the wind was a little switchy at times but was blowing straight in my face most of the time. It didn't take long and I could see their antlers coming through the grass, so I got set.



The best of them is on the far left...



Ron lies in wait, while Pete slips away...

By this time they all were back together, but I still had my eye on the one in hard velvet as I thought he was the pick from the other that was rubbed out, but either would have done they were nearly identical in size and shape. As the group moved to within 40m, one at the back got spooked by something this made the others run, for a short distance, and the best stag was only 35m from me now

looking for what had spooked the other, I held there and dared not to move, I waited till he turned his head away from me looking at the other stags behind, him, I drew, and anchored he actually flinched and turned back my way, but didn't bolt, I quickly slid the 35m pin onto him and settled and released, crack the arrow strikes him in the spine and down he goes, the rest bolt and I take another arrow out and move in quickly for the finisher! Wow what a rush, Ron comes over and shakes my hand, he is a very beautiful trophy, very wide and even and will look awesome on my wall.



Peter with his 175 4/8 DS Chital Stag!

We took the pics and cape, and headed off looking for another, as there was plenty of time. Only about 30min later and we have located 2 stags, one of which is another cracker, I stayed back watching Ron working his way in on the big fella, as he roared and rubbed trees along a long small ridge with a small rows of hardwood trees, Ron was making good progress moving up and in behind the Stag, when the Stag met up

with nine hinds that just materialized out of the grass they must have come from the other side of the ridge, but as he moved through the group checking to see if any were on heat, as always the eagle eyes on the girls ruined it for Ron, so that was it for that excellent arvo we headed back to camp.

Well the last day was upon us, always too soon in my opinion, but normally the mornings didn't really produce anything for me but Ron over the week had managed to get himself in some good positions only to have the deer move, wind or birdlife ruin it for him, and this morning was to be no different. We got dropped off right at the back of the property and would work our way all the way back to camp from there the first hour was uneventful as we didn't see any deer, we figured the dingoes must have been working the area that night, but as we closed in to about 1km from the house we spotted one hind, which turned into two, three etc, etc then 10 then, it soon turned into 100+!

As we moved into a better position we glassed the massive mob looking for the better Stags in it, and an angle and enough cover to get in on them, we had placed ourselves, some 180m out, and we sported a big Stag easy in the 185+ range bedded on a small ridge some 100m on the outer left hand edge of the main mob and he had only one or two hinds sitting 20m metres away from him, so away Ron went, I stayed back a little and moved away from where he was heading in case the main mob might get up and come my way, as I watched Ron closing the gap, he was getting into under 45m when the big fella got up and moved over to the hinds, Ron had to make a small adjustment realigned the trees he was using for cover and kept making his way just on the side and under the ridge top and was getting back into his bow range again, but again

just as he was getting into range the hinds get up and slowly walk back to the main mob with the Stag in toe.



One of the big ones on the last day!

I was some distance from Ron on the other side of the stands of timber by now and some ways back, when I saw a group of about dozen hinds move out from the main mob, with one monster Stag following them, I mean and absolute monster he was over 33" long he was wide as hell with brow tines that went all the way up to his inners, and with outers that would be 16+ inches and were round in shape, and inners that were at least a foot long! I watched through my bino's and got my camera out but with only 6x lens just couldn't get a good pic, but Ron was in the hot seat as I looked at him sitting there and occasionally looking at me as if to say do you see that mate, you bet ya!

He was hassling one particular hind continually, they moved up and toward Ron's position but still about 80 odd metres out from him, I waited and watched as Ron was pretty much out of cover but he knew they could do anything, so he waited in his chosen ambush spot, and watched the Stag do his thing, for 30min hoping the monster would walk his way. At that point I moved a little closer the main mob as the Stag that Ron was originally after had bedded back down on the outer left hand edge again some 200m from me,

and now I was in a very good position with plenty of cover to move into range I could see a good path to hopefully get within bow range and enough cover if I crawled on my guts the last 150m so the girls hopefully wouldn't see me.

So it was back to watching what would unfold up at Ron's end, it didn't take long I saw a small stag break away from the group and start walking straight at Ron, he looked like he was determined to head that way no matter what, he was heading straight for Ron, bugger I thought he going to walk right on top of Ron any minute now so we will see what happens! It will all depend on which side of Ron he takes, the wind has been great all day and it still was running pretty mush straight in our faces just slightly moving off to our left, of course Ron tried to hide as low as possible but the young Stag took the left hand side and just about shit a brick when he cut Ron's scent at 3m, Ron stayed still and he turned and unfortunately ran straight back to the group with the monster Stag in it, even though they didn't really know what had happened this was enough to get the hind he was chasing to move again and up and over the ridge the whole group went, and disappeared. Ron signalled he was going to crawl over to where he had seen them go.

I made my move on the still bedded Stag only 200m out made the first 150m, and from there I dropped my utility belt and got on my guts for the final section, I soon noticed the wind and a little bit of sun does dry the ground out quickly up here and by the time I reached the small stand of small trees only 35 to 40m from the Stag I knew there wasn't much skin left on my elbows and knees. I lay there just putting my head up slowly to check the distance to the tree the Stag was sitting in the shade of, it was only 30m, and he was no more than 5 or so metres away

from that I thought, so with an arrow knocked I was lying face down on the ground I was ready just had to wait and get to my knees for the shot as soon as the Stag stood, waiting, waiting, waiting feels like an eternity, when it's really only been 5 minutes and he finally he stood up, I carefully get to my knees now I feel fully exposed with only a small 8 inch diameter tree concealing my bulky frame and with so many keen eyed girls at only 60m out to my right I drew and lined up my No-Peep and look for my 35m pin, to my surprise the pin was already there floating around the mark, so I fired, I watched as the arrow took that split second trip, only to see it slide just under his chest, he ran back to my right stoped, still oblivious to my position but doesn't hang around long enough for me to get another arrow on, and moved back into the 100+ deer and blends into the mob as they all move away from me at a steady pace.

I got up and I was pretty livered with myself really I should have known better, I had been giving good advise all week, and I broke the number one rule, I rushed it! I walked over and picked my arrow out of the ground and then took a range from where he was standing, bang on 36m! Felt like giving myself an upper cut, so I guess I'm only human too.



The final stalk on the mods of the trip!

That arvo after lunch we headed out again, and Mick dropped us off in two different sections, and within half an hour I had located the big mob from this morning and moved to 200m again and methodically combed the mob for the two big Stag's we stalked this morning but after about an hour I didn't see them, and with the knees and elbows sore from this morning I was left to Micks method of hunting Chital, line up a tree on their head and walk in, well I played cat and mouse all arvo with one good 165+ Stag but I just couldn't get close enough with so many eyes about, might work for Mick but doesn't work for me, and before I knew it was too dark so that was my hunt over.

This was one of the most memorable hunts I've been on, being there when a mate takes his first Chital the quality of the game and the amount of it is absolutely awesome and as always the food was top notch and the company even better!

I have said it before and I'll say it again, I've been on a lot of guided and semi guided hunts and this one is the best I have been on again, I couldn't fault Mick on anything and this still is the best Chital hunt period!

Up the Cape

By Leigh Cragg.

October 2009 saw Warnie and I up the Cape chasing a few good boars and scrub bulls. It was on this hunt that we decided that come the Fallow rut in 2010, we would hunt it together.

With the Ute packed, I made the journey out to the block. A bit of a yarn with the cockie, followed by a short drive brought me to the spot where we would be hunting for the next couple of days. Warnie wasn't due in camp till about

11.30pm so table, chairs and fire going I settled in for a few quiet beers and an eager ear out for any grunting fallow.

Warnie arrived, and with the mandatory catch up beers over with, there were only a few hours sleep to be had before the morning hunt. Unfortunately no grunting fallow could be heard or any does were seen. As I later found out this property have quite a few rifle shooters that frequent it.

Warnie had a bit of luck nailing a good dog fox from 30yards on the first day and also a nice trad billy goat, to christen his new longbow. I on the other hand didn't really have too many opportunities till late on the second day, taking a nice billy to open the account, he had a couple of inches broomed off but still went 34" and 106 DP.



James with the first nice fox of the trip!



Leigh with the 106 DS Billy!

We weren't due at Warnie's block for couple of days, so we took another alternative. Late on the first afternoon after losing a fox to the blackberries, I spied a fallow spiker trotting across a paddock about 800m away. He was trotting towards where I had to go to get back to camp and with darkness not too far away it seemed like the perfect excuse to try intercept him.

A quiet call on the UHF to Warnie to let him know my intentions, and I was off. I made the first 150m pretty quickly, legged it over a fence and crouched over like a half opened pocket knife made it to a pretty handy blackberry bush. It was there the spiker materialized out of the creek. He caught movement at 25 paces as I drew back, and turned to run but I pulled him up at about 40 with a doe call.

I wasted no time in letting the arrow go which found its mark and 60 yards later I had some prime venison and a nice skin.



Warnie with fine Trad Billy!

As I walked down to claim my prize I called Warnie up on the UHF and decided I might gee him up a little.

"Copy Warnie?"

"Yeah copy, how did you go mate?"

"Yeah punched one through him, and as

I went to claim him, he jumped up and ran the 500m across the flat and made it into the scrub."

As if nothing had happened.

"Oh mate I don't know what to say."

"Well I do!! And that's could you bring a couple of beers down in your troopy so we can take a few pics?"

"Oh you bastard!! You had me going there!!"

With that the troopy lights came down onto the flat and with a beer in hand I recalled the event to my eager mate. Photos taken and spiker loaded onto the bulbar, we made our way back to camp like 2 texan rednecks. Several more celebratory drinks and the deer was dressed and its skin salted.



Leigh with a Fallow Spiker for the table.

After a little bit of a late start, the carcass was broken down and boned out. Vehicles were packed and we were on the road to Warnie's block. This by all the reports was a good spot for fallow so we were both keen on getting out for a look.

It wasn't until late afternoon that I heard a buck fire up and with binoculars glued to my face I spied one very agro buck about a km away, he was in what I aptly named the boxing ring. A 50m square

patch of young native scrub, surrounded by hundreds of meters of open grassland, in every direction. He was grunting his head off, so with darkness now upon me I made my way back to camp contemplating on the next days hunt.

Daybreak saw both Warnie and I on this knob and with binoculars up and ears pricked we waited for him to start up. The distant grunts echoed back to us and it didn't take long to pick up that this was the same buck from the previous afternoon in the boxing ring, chasing his girls around going off his dial. I told Warnie to gear up but he insisted on me moving in. With UHF's on he guided me in. Once down on the flat country a few puffs of the powder puffer to confirm the early morning breeze and I approached when Warnie told me it was safe to do so. Unfortunately things didn't pan out on this buck as the wind swung round and alerted them of my presence. We both decoded that we might need to explore some new country. There were a couple of alright bucks around it just seemed that the rut wasn't in full swing just yet.

So with troopy parked, Warnie and I parted company, and looked over some new country. A number of new deer were seen, still no standouts. A couple of stalks were had on both our parts that didn't pan out as planned, but that's bow hunting I guess.

Come early afternoon and a few calls up on the radio, Warnie and I met on the last hill before the long walk back to the troopy. After discussing our mornings events we casually made our way back along the saddle. Nearing the end I motioned to stop, a 100yards down the hill a young spiker and a couple of does were bedded under a tree. I waved Warnie closer and with a bit of sign language and a few whispers he started

his stalk, to try and secure some meat and a skin. As I sat there motionless watching the action unfold, 2 solitary grunts echoed out of a scubby knob 150 yards to my left. Not long after that the breeze gave Warnie's position away and the bedded deer were up and gone in an instant. I asked him whether he heard the grunts to which he simply pointed and said "Goodluck."

So off I went down the hill across the gully and up onto the scubby knob. The previous night's rain made stalking very quiet, and with an educated guess of where I thought I last heard him I slowly made my way forward. One step glass, one step glass. The wind had picked up and was cutting from left to right. I was taking my time as I thought that at this time of the day they would be bedded. Then there 25 yards ahead the bedded shape of a doe appeared. I carefully scanned ahead and picked up another 5 does all bedded facing all directions. I knew the buck would be around here somewhere. So carefully, a couple of more steps forward and there he was around 20 yards away bedded broadside maybe, quartering on slightly.

I thought about waiting for him to stand but with the wind blowing from every direction during the day I knew it would only be a matter of time before it swung around. So with that I picked my shooting lane to which I had made a couple of sidesteps, I drew back my Mathews and centred the pin on his chest. I cut the shot. My arrow punched through him and he jumped to his feet and ran 20 yards and paused.

Binoculars on him I am trying to see blood, nothing, he trots out of view so I walked into the clearing and listened. Ten seconds go by before I heard some saplings crash and I heard the lion like growl as a breath of air left his lungs for the last time. I make my way forward to

where I last saw him and look 15 yards through the tunnel of saplings and there he is. A quick tap on his leg to make sure he is not going anywhere, a few pumps of the fist and its out with the UHF to gee Warnie up again.

"Copy Warnie?"

"Yeah copy, how did you go?"

"Mate no good on the deer but I shot a good fox!"

"Oh brilliant"

As he started making his way down to me he was asking me all the questions under the sun, did you see the deer? How many was there? How big was the buck? How far did you shoot your fox from?

I think I did pretty well containing my excitement. As Warnie made his way up towards me I showed him where they were bedded and where they exited the scene and then where my "fox" was when he copped an arrow!! Ironically he did say, "What an unusual place for a fox" as it wasn't the usual blackberry gully foxes hideout. Anyway I pointed in the direction of where my spotted fox had ended up and as I pointed through the tunnel to where he lay, Warnie's eyes lit up.

A few punches, backslaps and handshakes along with a long line of expletives to follow and a comment on why again, we were pulling him out to have a look, and a few photos. He was a big mature buck with a few battle scars on him and more luck than good management was the biggest either of us had seen on this block. So with the photos taken and cape and antlers slung over my back it was back to camp for a few celebratory drinks and finish capping him out.



Leigh with PB Fallow Buck, 191 5/8 DS!

That was to wrap up our hunt together as Warnie had another week with Mark Southwell chasing fallow down south. So with camp packed up we parted company, my buck later measured 191 5/8 DP.

I would like to dedicate this story to our late friend Pedro Lever. We miss you mate.

Good hunting

Goat Ambush

By Tom Baxter

After three weekends laid up with the flu, it was bloody great to get out in the hills again for a hunt. Half an hour after leaving the car and a mob of seven goats consisting of a lone billy, nannies and kids were spotted on the other side of the river.

As usual they were right up high so a bit of a climb was involved to get above and in front of them as they fed along the ridge top. Getting up high and slowly contouring around the timbered hill, the pace slowed as I tried to set up an ambush along a rocky pad. Better to be lucky than good I thought, as the first goat materialised less than thirty metres

away and virtually headed straight toward me.

I carefully nocked an arrow to the string while I still had the chance. I had the trunk of a small tree between myself and the goat which helped conceal me a bit, but one that might become a pain when trying for a shot. I didn't want to risk moving at this point so simply waited to see what would transpire. The other goats soon followed with the chosen target, the billy, bringing up the rear.

At this point I could only manoeuvre ever so slightly on the steepish incline or run the risk of being picked out by the goats that had now fed to not less the fifteen metres away. I was slightly out of position when one of the nannies headed straight at me only to veer away and begin feeding a mere three metres below my feet. Her pint sized kid was with her and I was praying the wind would hold. The billy had ambled his way towards me also and certainly close enough for a shot, but was obscured by a burnt out stump of a snow gum. He was no monster in the head gear department but I still was trembling with excitement. Within a ten metre radius I had five goats happily feeding and none knew I was there, I was loving it.

A bush moving behind the stump showed the billy had stopped to eat and while I could not see him I was very confident he would pass broadside about five metres below me. Needing to lean out to clear the arrow from the tree in front of me I risked being spotted but I had no option if I was going to get a chance for a downhill shot.

A nanny caught the movement. While straining her neck and trying to work me out I squinted my eyes and dipped my head so that the brim of my hat covered my eyes. She could have seen the whites of them at this distance.

Not now, not now, so close and it's going pear shaped, I thought. None of the other goats caught on and without any warning sneezes from the alert nanny, the Billy was none the wiser when he stepped out from behind the stump, taking several steps that brought him directly below me.

Raising the bow I could see the now very agitated nanny in my peripheral vision, but as I started to draw I locked in on the billy's vitals. The Magnus tipped shaft zapped right through him at four metres without him ever knowing I was there. He ran thirty metres down the hill before expiring. It was a short but exciting hunt and a very satisfying end.



Tom with his new Recurve Billy taken at 4m!



Tom with his first Fallow Buck!

Kept the rack and despite being a bit poor in condition at the end of the rut, he has eaten very well.

Couple of other kills with the older bow too.



A medium size Boar!

Around the Traps!

My first Fallow Buck a nice way to blood the new bow. I called the young fella into twenty metres with him going forty to fifty metres after the hit.

56" PCH 54#@28, using a CX Heritage 250 shaft with a Magnus 2 blade doing the business up front.



.....and this one from a couple of weeks ago!

Tom Baxter.

Got out for a hunt on the weekend and managed a decent chital, first stag I have got on the ground for over 12 months so happy with that, 1 arrow through the heart from 30, ran 25 yards. Not too bad, 28x29 inches long and around 165 points. Was within 50 yards of a howler in hard velvet for about 15 minutes on Saturday and couldn't get a shot, he would have been 32-33 inches long but had small inners (cull!!). Maybe next time....



Paul with another fine Chital Stag...

Paul Southwell.

A solid PB Boar I took just only last week from up the cape, 29 2/8 and a nice Rusa Stag in took from the year's 2010 rut about 173+ points.



Antonio with a very nice Rusa Stag!



Antonio with his best Boar to date!

Antonio Lara.

This trip brought back some memories, took Friday off and did three days, didn't do to bad, and saw hundreds of sows and small pigs. We shot the best of them but nothing in the next stage of maturity. However we didn't even get a mud map from owners and some determined doggers had been there a week before we got there? Anyway, very promising, should get a few down the track, and only 2 hrs 45mins from home (not 12 hrs!)



James with a medium sized Boar.



Darren Hayman of Bourke with a nice Boar.

Been doing the normal rounds around home took a few deer for meat, took out a couple of cull Bucks this year and nice fox and a few nice Billy's of late and the few bunny's, always a good stress reliever to be able to get out for an arvo walk every week!



Doe taken from 62m, while bedded.

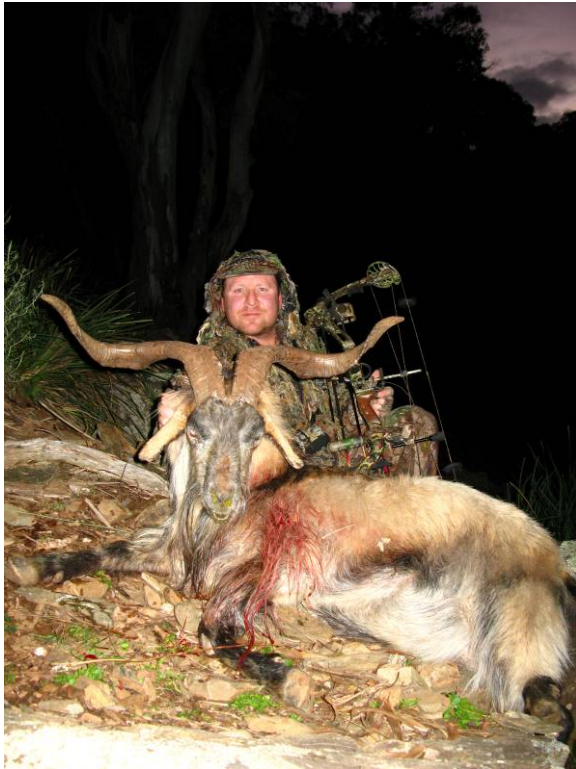


Darren with another good Boar from the same trip.

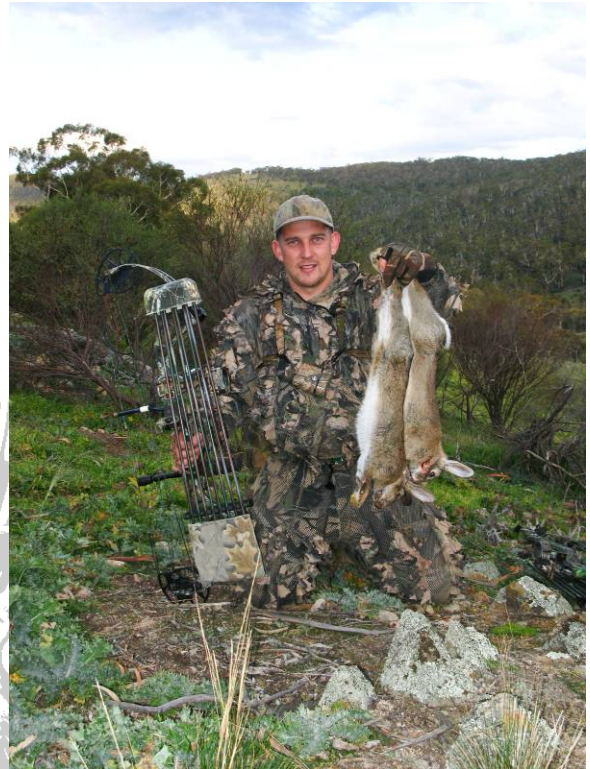


Nice Fox called in 6m, and RAGED!

James Warne.



A 103 DS Billy taken from 56m, Steep uphill shot.



A couple of bunnies while waiting for the deer to show.



One very annoying buck, taken at 50m.



Shane with his fist Fallow Buck!



6 Bunny's for the arvo, not bad!



No luck finding a Sambar Stag but got one for the table....



Almost 232!



Shane and I with a double for the day, lots of meat!

Peter Morphett.

Some of the many trophies Trevor Willis took in the 2010 some from the rut and some locally, a very nice Red stag and Billy and Boar.



Jordy Appleby with a very old Fox!





Trevor Willis.

Newsletter Contributions

Thanks again to all who contributed to another excellent newsletter, top effort and I thank you for all!

Welcome to Dean Scott and Camron Bryant, Roy Ellis.

Again don't forget to send in your hunting pic's with a bit of info for our very popular section "**Around the Traps**" it is still going strong and is so popular it is a grate way to add to the newsletter and share some of your hunts and success without taking up so much of our precious, precious time.

Please don't hesitate so send us your pic's. Not every hunt requires a lengthy story so just send it to us with some details about the pic's, or maybe even a short story and we will add them into this section.

Please note the change of the address to send your **Merchandise Forms**, they are all heading James Warne's way, Thank you.

Also I am all setup and are making custom Strings from home, so check it out I have a for range of colours to suit most hunting situations, and some S4, Fast Flight and B50 for older and Traditional bows also, all the compounds strings and cables are pre-stretched!

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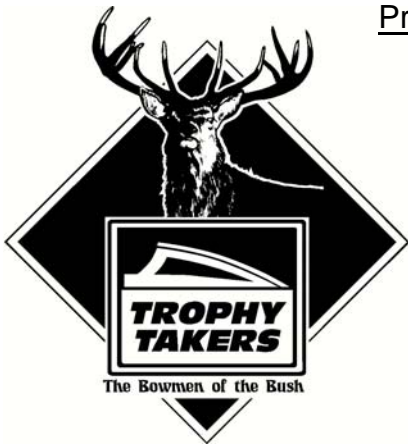
NEW DESIGNS Polo or T-Shirts – 2 Sided Print

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

Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Prices: Polo - \$35

T-shirt - \$35



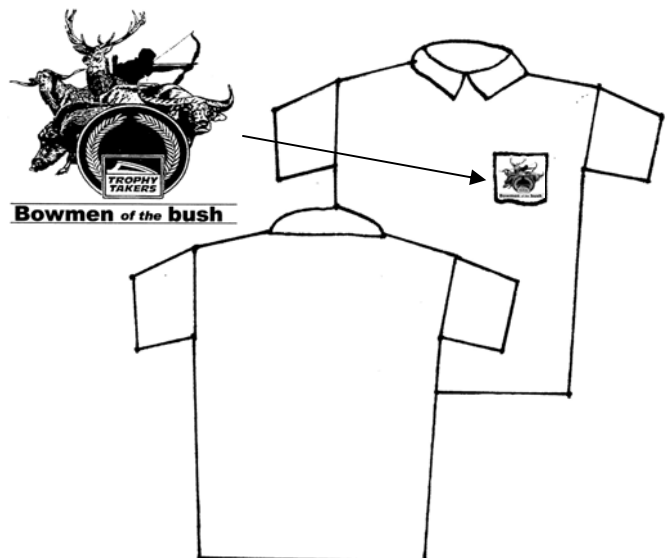
Polo or T-Shirt – 2 Sided Print

Colours: Black, Navy, Dark Green, Maroon.

Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL

Prices: Polo - \$30

T-shirt - \$25



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