



NEWSLETTER

February – December 2018

TROPHY TAKERS NEWSLETTER

February - December 2018

In this issue:

- **Game Claim Report – Steve Dimitrakellis**
- **Braidwood 2018 Annual Awards Report – James Warne**
- **Pig's Pad - Chris Hervert**
- **Chairman's Report – Mark Southwell**
- **Outplay, Outwit, Outlast – Steve 'Wally' Parker**
- **Newsletter Contributions**

Game Claim Report

With Steve Dimitrakellis

Hey everyone,

Well I must say that the quality keeps coming in, but now there is a bit of quantity to go with it. Darwin member Greg Hilton has been into the big boars as usual and managed another four Boars over the magic 30 point mark, including his new PB of 32 6/8. Throw in a 97 DS Buffalo and the new #1 Scrub Bull that smashed the Ben Salleras long standing record by 8 inches and you could say that he's having a cracker year.

Greg Hilton has enjoyed a dream run on 30 Point boars this year, these four measuring 30; 31; 31 4/8 and 32 6/8 DS respectively!





Another very solid buff nailed by Greg Hilton, this one scoring 97 DS.



Kasey Payne had some great success on the fallow, taking these 115 5/8 DS (above) and 133 DS (below) bucks.



It's always a great milestone to see Number 1 placed trophies get toppled. Greg Hilton did it in style this year with the new Scrub Bull No 1, measuring a huge 76 DS!



The Payne Family are giving the local Fallow a hard time, with Kasey taking a pair of Fallow Bucks 115 5/8 & 133 DS. Not to be out done, Charlie Payne knocked over a pair of foxes that scored 9 5/8 and a ripper 10 2/8 Fox as well as a broken antlered bruiser Fallow buck from the rut that went 65 5/8.

Elissa Rosemond had a good trip out west taking a trio of Billies ranging from 102 2/8 to 104 4/8 DS and a pair of cats 7 2/8 & 7 7/8. Nice work Liss!



Not to be outdone by his sister, young Charlie nailed this big-bodied buck. Way to go Charlie!



Charlie Payne has also been keeping the foxes under control around home, these two scoring 9 5/8 DS and 10 2/8 DS.



Elissa Rosemond added three very nice billies to here growing collection of trophies, measuring 102 2/8; 103 4/8, and 104 4/8 DS (top to bottom).

Paul Southwell has rated his bag from a trip up to the Cape last year. He managed a brute of a Scrub Bull, a good cat, and a pair of 30 point boars. The biggest going 33 DS to just pip Greg Hilton for best boar of the Year by 2/8 of an inch. He then followed it up with a trip to the basalt and scored a 160 2/8 Chital stag and a big Cat with the Recurve that measured 7 15/16.





Elissa Rosemond doing her bit for predator control out west, nailing these two feral cats measuring 7 2/16 and 7 7/16 DS.



Paul Southwell with two cracker Cape York boars, going 30 6/8 DS (above) and 33 DS (below).



Paul also nailed a 7 6/16 cat and a very solid 60 DS scrub bull.





Paul Southwell with his 160 2/8 DS chital stag.



Mark Southwell with a solid fox measuring 9 10/16 DS.



Paul took his stick bow for a walk and secured this 7 15/16 feral cat.

Mark Southwell also ventured to Queensland with Paul, taking a nice 145 2/8 Chital and a 9 10/16 Fox from around home.

Darryl Bulger managed another nice 212 7/8 DS Fallow buck to follow up from his Number 1 from last year. Damo Dwyer scored a cracking Fallow buck that scored 240 DS. Shane Dupille managed a new PB with a tall Fallow buck that went 219 4/8 DS with the 'curve, and Jarrod Vyner finally managed some good luck and scored a very stylish Red Stag that went 252 2/8.



Maxy with his 145 2/8 DS chital stag.

Dan Podubinski headed to the Red Centre and had a great trip with three Bull Camels falling, including the new Trophy Takers #1 that scored 31 8/16. Well Done Dan, the previous #1 held by Nat Neeson stood for 19 years, no mean feat to topple such a long standing record.



Darryl Bulger with a nice 212 7/8 DS fallow buck.



Effort paid dividends for Jarrod Vyner who secured this beautiful 252 2/8 DS red stag during the roar.



Damian Dwyer with a huge fallow buck taken during the 2018 rut that measured 240 DS.

James Warne has rated his excellent Buffalo Bull that he took up Gove way late last year. The big crescent shaped Bull scores 102 DS, not a bad way to round off the first day of a hunt hey Warney?



Warney scored big time in the NT, nailing this monster 102 DS bull, now ranked at Number 7.



Raghead proved to us all he's still got it, taking this beautiful 219 4/8 DS buck with his recurve.

Shannon James had a purple patch a while back, managing to take a nice public land Fallow Buck, quickly followed by a very nice Rusa Stag of 174 DS, and then a Sambar Stag to complete the hat trick.

A few members have been getting across the ditch, with Jeremy Kelly working hard for a Tahr and came up





Shannon James nailed a beautiful 174 DS hard velvet rusa stag and followed up with an 82 DS sambar stag.



Jezza Kelly travelled to NZ in the pursuit of Tahr, and came away with an absolute pearler at 41 DS, the new Number 2 rated with Trophy Takers!

with a cracking Bull that went past the 40 DS benchmark, at 41 DS. Ben Salleras has also rated two Bull Tahr from last year that finally broke the Tahr Hoodoo, measuring in at 33 6/8 & 37 4/8 DS respectively. The Butcher

managed to keep it together right on dark in a treestand with some crazy Yoga/Twister archery shot to bag a stunning Whitetail buck. The beautiful 8 pointer measures in at 109 DS and now sits in the #1 spot for our Whitetail Deer ratings.



Butcher with two nice bull tahr, 37 4/8 and 33 6/8 DS.



Ben Salleras with his Stewart Island whitetail buck, which measured 109 DS.



Dave James nailed this beautiful 10 6/16 fox with his beloved recurve.

The Traditional Crew have also been into it, with the usual suspects Dave James and Shane Dupille scoring a couple of big Foxes, both scoring 10 6/16 DS.

Jeremy Kelly recently knocked over a very nice 10 4/16 Fox as well. Late last year, on the same trip up North as Warney, he managed to overcome a nervous wait on his custom Longbow arriving in time for a Buffalo hunt. Despite the original bow missing weight and coming in under poundage, a second bow was made. This was then held up in transit by a Hurricane in Miami, only to turn up with a couple of days to spare. We won't even mention the broadheads I sent that arrived too late, but he still managed to tune it in and knock over a ripper Bull that went 91 4/8 DS. Well done mate, a big relief after that ordeal, I bet.



Raghead doing what he does best, this fox scoring 10 6/16 DS.



Jeremy Kelly with a 10 4/16 DS fox taken with his longbow.

GIPPSLAND GAME HEAD TAXIDERMISTRY
Licence No. 1452828-TX

WILL ELLEN
 M. 0409 945 645
 E. ggntaxidermy@yahoo.com
 A. 3 Palmgate Terrace
 Traralgon, VIC 3844

www.facebook.com/Will.Ellen.Taxidermy



Jezza Kelly overcame multiple obstacles before nailing this brute 91 4/8 DS buff with his longbow.

Even I managed to take a lovely Whitetail doe on a recent trip to Stewart Island with the trusty old Big Jim Thunderchild.

that scored 106 2/8 DS. Well done and welcome to Trophy Takers.



New member Matt Plain recently nailed this fine pair of foxes, scoring 9 12/16 DS (above) and 9 15/16 DS (below).



Steve Dimitrakellis travelled to Stewart Island along with a number of fellow TT members, and took this beautiful whitetail doe.



The new members have been rolling in which is great to see, and having met some of them at the Awards or sharing a hunt, they're great guys.

First up is Matt Plain from Wellington. Matt has joined the fray with a pair of nice Foxes, a 93 DS Billy and a very nice Red Stag that he took with the recurve. Well done mate and Welcome!

Ronae Camaggi from Quenbeyan has joined us with a very nice mountain Billy





Matt Plain with his 93 DS billy goat.

Jordan Freili of Darwin has rated a swag of game to join the ranks. Jordo has rated a 65 DS drop horned Buffalo cow, along with a 12 DS Wild Dog, 194 DS Red Stag, a 159 Rusa and a 178 DS Fallow Buck. Those of us who were recently at Stewart Island had the pleasure of getting to know him and look forward to sharing a few more campfires with the king of the one man chant.



Matt Plain nailed this impressive 214 DS red stag with his recurve.



New member Jordan Freili with a unique buffalo cow measuring 65 DS.



New TT member Ronae Camaggi recently harvested this ripper 106 DS billy.



Jordan Freili with his top end Wild Dog measuring 12 DS.



Jordo with a very nice red stag taken during this year's rut, measuring 194 DS.



Jordan Freili with an interesting rusa stag taken a few years back, measuring 159 DS.



Jordo with his nice 178 DS fallow buck.

Nick Peterson from Port Macquarie has also joined with a massive Buffalo Bull. The big fella scores a whopping 110 4/8 DS and is the new Trophy Takers #1, well done mate, and welcome to Trophy Takers.



Nick Peterson joined the TT ranks by rating his monster 110 4/8 DS buffalo, the new No 1 rated trophy! Welcome aboard Nick!

That brought us up to the Annual Awards, and here are the winners for the 2017/2018 Ratings period:

Boar Award

PAUL SOUTHWELL – 33 DS

Goat Award

DAN PODUBINSKI - 130 5/8 DS

Red Deer Award

JARROD VYNER - 252 2/8 DS

Fallow Deer Award

DAMIAN DWYER – 240 DS

Rusa Deer Award

SHANNON JAMES – 174 DS

Sambar Deer Award

SHANNON JAMES - 82 3/8 DS

Chital Deer Award

PAUL SOUTHWELL - 160 2/8

Fox Award

SHANE DUPILLE & DAVE JAMES - 10
6/16 DS

Cat Award

ELISSA ROSEMOND - 7 7/16 DS

Banteng Award

GREG HILTON - 71 4/8 DS (New #1)

Buffalo Award

NICK PETERSON - 110 4/8 DS (New
#1)

Camel Award

DAN PODUBINSKI - 31 8/16 DS (New
#1)

Scrub Bull Award

GREG HILTON - 76 DS (New #1)

Bill Baker Deer Award

DAMIAN DWYER - FALLOW 240 DS

Ian Fenton Traditional Award

MATT PLAIN – 214 2/8 DS RED

SHANE DUPILLE - 219 4/8 DS
FALLOW

**Kev Whiting / Dallas Conway No.1
Listings Trophy**

CAMEL - 31 8/16 DS - DAN
PODUBINSKI

SCRUB BULL – 76 DS - GREG
HILTON

BUFFALO - 110 4/8 DS - NICK
PETERSON

BANTENG - 71 4/8 DS - GREG
HILTON

Chairman's Award

CAMERON TULL – 107 DS BUFFALO

Junior Bowhunter of the Year

KASEY PAYNE

Female Hunter of the Year

ELISSA ROSEMOND

Best Exotic

BEN SALLERAS – 109 DS WHITETAIL

Best New Member Trophy

DAN PODUBINSKI - #1 CAMEL - 31
8/16 & #25 GOAT - 130 5/8 DS

Best Small Game

CHARLIE PAYNE - 10 2/16 & 9 5/16
DS FOXES



**TROPHY
TAKERS**

Women of the Bush

Well done to everyone, as the standard of game continues to be of world class. Since the Awards we've had some more ratings come in along with new members. The first lot of ratings has come through to kick off the 2018/2019 ratings period.

First up we have two new members joining Trophy Takers. First up is Dave Faul from Molong NSW. Dave has joined up with a great Fallow Buck from this year's rut that scored 221 3/8 DS.



Dave Faul joined the TT ranks recently registering this ripper Fallow Buck – 221 3/8 DS. Welcome aboard Dave!

Next up is Tom Falck from the Top End, he's joined up with a nice 28 DS Boar, 88 4/8 Buffalo, and one of the biggest Goats ever rated with Trophy Takers that came in at a massive 143 6/8 DS and is the new #6 in the ratings. Well done fellas and welcome to trophy Takers.

We also had more Fallow from the rut measured with Nick Hervert taking a Buck scoring 208 6/8 and Jack Spinks

nailed a bruiser of a buck with his Black Widow recurve that went 209 7/8. Dan Podubinski rated a 7 12/16 DS Cat and



Tom Falck with his 28 DS boar and 88 4/8 DS buffalo – welcome to Trophy Takers Tom!



Tom Falck with one of the largest billy goats ever rated in the club's history, scoring a whopping 143 6/8 DS. Well done Tom!



Nick with his 208 6/8 DS buck nailed earlier in 2018.



Spinksy with his beautiful 209 7/8 DS buck taken with his recurve.



Dan Podubinski with his 7 12/16 DS moggy.



Greg Hilton is never far from the action, recently taking a nice 112 18 DS billy and monster 60 2/8 DS scrubber.



Greg Hilton has also been in the action, rating a nice 112 1/8 Billy and a 60 2/8 DS Scrub Bull.

I've taken over the reigns as Ratings Director from Maxy, so any game claims you can email them to me at stevendimitrakellis@hotmail.com or send them through via Messenger if you are on Facebook.

Stay safe out there and good luck,
Steve.



Braidwood 2018:

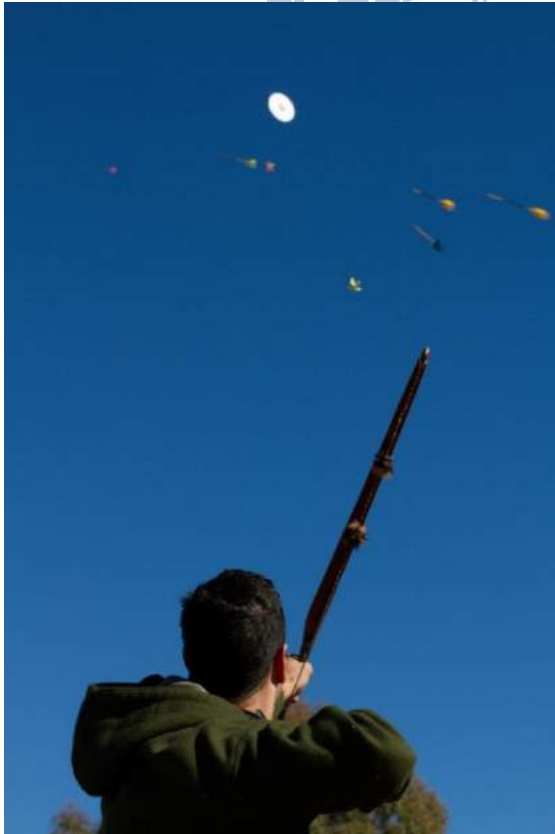
Annual Awards Wrap-Up

With James Warne

Photos: Esben Madsen



There were members settling in for the week before and the number continued to swell through the weekend. By the end I have heard people estimating that somewhere between 60-70 people had attended the awards, held in a little tin shed, off the beaten track. It was a credit to everyone to put the effort in and get there as the awards are always only what they are with people turning up, and this turn up and buoyant mood was as good as I can remember. An exceptional awards!



With wonderful photographs having caught the essence of the awards so well there is probably little I can say that isn't already portrayed through the photos (Thanks Esben!). However, there are a few things I'd like the opportunity to say. For anyone who doesn't know, the awards were held at my father's property, where I have been going since I was 3 years old. I cannot express the pleasure it gave me to see the otherwise quiet hillside on the farm dotted with campfires and makeshift camps.



Most would say we were crazy deciding to host the awards in a paddock without power between Cooma and Braidwood in July, but we are TT! It probably was left to the luck of the Gods and with the weather, things would have been interesting if the winds and dampness synonymous with the area had transpired, however we dodged a bullet and had beautiful sunny days and then temperatures plummeting by night. We had our excuse for a bon fire ultimately x 3!



Most members that turned up probably wouldn't have realised the shed used to host the awards has been in a delapidated state of disrepair for the last thirty years. It was my school holiday retreat when I was in primary school and then wombats and cattle made it home. It was a dedicated group of TT members who repaired and improved it for the 6 months leading up to the awards weekend. A big list of members need thanks for all the time they invested into the hut to make the awards possible, so a massive thanks goes out to Manuel Agius, Chris Hervert, Dave Whiting, Nick Hervert and Dave Keable for making the farm home for various periods in the preceding 6 months, and making a great venue come to fruition. All before

the usual busy awards setup of trophy walls etc.



I think word had gone out before the awards to just bring recent game

trophies and to have a more low-key display wall this year since no members of the public were expected in the private venue and since everyone travels so far to attend. Well, members ignored the memo brilliantly and again there was a fantastic display of bow shot trophies that set the mood and launched endless conversations for the weekend.



Special thanks to Roger Charnock for doing a spectacular job cooking the spit roast – a job done to perfection, it was a hit, a first for me to carve great meat through until its frozen scerecks long before midnight!



What worked so well at these awards is hard to pinpoint. All agree they were particularly good awards, I speculate it was the broad array of members who came, we had life long members; new members; whole families; kids; the

regulars and newbies, multiple generations from all states and overseas represented, all sharing time together, with nothing else to do but share the common interest of bowhunting. I am sure no one who attended could fault it (even cold nights have a charm). You know an event has gone well when the biggest problem was over thinking the 'plumbed toilet' idea, given everything froze for the bulk of each day!



Pig's Pad

With Chris Hervert



Thanks everyone for a hell of a good time and another very memorable awards for 2018, there were heaps of arrows fired, heaps of lazy drinks had, firewood burnt, banter and comraderie. It will be hard to top in Bathurst this year but lets all turn up and give it a try!



"Drive up" Nicks voice crackled on the radio. I started the truck and negotiated the twists and turns of the self-made bush track on the edge of the creek bed. Nick was on his haunches with a wry smile and a very wet arse. With the edginess of someone coming down off a rush he told his story. Seems after putting in a good shot on a wallowing boar he moved down to retrieve his blood covered arrow when another boar appeared out from the undercut creek bed. The Mexican stand-off was the status quo until Nick's arrow entered his throat. The boar charged and the melee consisted of bowhunter fending off hog while back into the water hole until the pig could no longer get a foot hold. The boar swam out and trundled off into the scrub.

OK bit of a charge but all good, but Nicks first and always a timely reminder to be aware. "Let's go get these buggers" was the call, so off we went on blood trail number one. After following a good trail for some 50 meters Nick caught the movement of a boar up ahead. We were a little surprised as the boar number one had been hit well. We watched him bed and Nick moved in to

finish him off. The shot did not quite go to plan and the boar stood and spun. Another staring competition until Nick blinked and the boar launched. No tree to climb so it was bow down and fend. The pig was cranky and actually lifted Nick and dumped him on the ground then continued his assault. By this time I was on the move and raced in flailing everything I could and luckily the boar deciding to move on. Nicked was visibly shaken this time but still high on adrenalin and after a quick physical and mental health check we were determined to get this pig. I paralleled him for some 100 meters then closed the gap behind a large anthill that provided a good vantage for a silent assassin, or so I thought. With a fast tiptoe I got up behind the anthill sweat pissing off my hatless head (it had been lost in the foray, along with Nicks designer thongs and hat) and stepped out for the shot. Well straight away I knew it was my turn as he was staring me down. As he charged I released hitting but only serving to rile him up more. I scrambled up the crumbling anthill as he roared into it. Climb you old bastard!

Nick appeared attracting the boar's attention yet again, I did not know but in his cage fight he had lost his rest so could not shoot for fear of hitting me. The hog seized this opportunity and went him again. As he tried to scamper up a way too small ant hill I yelled encouragement like 'that's way too small mate your gunna have to find something bigger'. With Avenger like skills he bounded on to the trunk of a tree, and wrapped arms and legs around it while hanging on for dear life.

The boar then went between Nick and I ensuring we did not escape. My bow was on the ground so my plan, to get that and finish the job. Meanwhile Nick was struggling to keep his goanna hold until the boar visited him again and miraculously, he pulled himself further up into a fork, impressive feat.

With the boar slowly moving off I jumped down grabbed my bow and went for the finishing shot. At full draw she disintegrated, bits going everywhere. Something must have happened to in the melee. The boar disappeared into the scrub, the victor this time. With wounded pride and a few scratches and bruises, both physically and mentally we decided to call it and head back to the vehicle, tales between our legs. It was harrowing, exciting and at times scary but in the end a real father and son moment to remember!

Chris Hervert



Chairman's Report

With Mark Southwell

The never-ending challenge of managing work, family and hunting has never seemed more real for me. As time goes by, trying to fit in an arvo hunt here or a fishing trip there, mixed with a young family, and a busy job where travel seems to be the rule and not the exception, is an ever-increasing challenge. While I certainly can't complain, a recent two-week hunt across the ditch in NZ really outlined to me how times have changed. Having done a few hunts in the steep country of the southern Alps before, I am acutely aware of how important fitness preparation is for not only being in condition to stay safe in the mountains, but also to enjoy the experience without busting your butt for the whole trip. In the lead up, work got busier and the time to prepare the legs with some purposeful training became less. In short, I knew I was underdone fitness wise when I boarded the plane, but hoped, firstly, that I could convince my legs to keep going, and secondly that Paul ('the whippet') was a little underdone too!

In the end this wasn't the case, Paul wasn't as strong as usual perhaps, but the mountains were still as nasty, and I can safely say they kicked my arse good and proper. During the 1200m vertical ascent from the hut to the tops in the rain, my legs were cramping in places I didn't know existed. We ended up having to camp in a tussock crevice which was only just big enough to lay

two bodies in, as we were too far from flat ground to reach safely given the impending nightfall. Over the next week or so, we 'did the business' on some great critters, but I also had some mental battles to keep going, and purposefully had some easier days to make sure I had enough left in the legs to get home. I was a little disappointed in this, and did vow to change things when I got home to make sure it didn't happen again.

As I type this a few months later in a motel room during a business trip, life is still full and I am struggling to fit everything in. I don't know if there is a moral to the story, suffice to say that for the young guys, appreciate the time and freedom you have when you are young, and if anyone has worked out how to fit all the things you have to do, and want to do, into life then please let me know!

Still on a New Zealand theme, as many of you will know, the New Zealand Department of Conservation (DOC) recently released a plan to cull 25,000 Tahr from an estimated population of 35,000 from the mountains of the South Island. This poorly thought out plan came on the back of almost no consultation and flew in the face of DOC's own advisory committee. It was excellent to see the fast and unanimous response of the hunting community in condemning the plan and instead, offering to work with DOC to produce a more considered plan of management for the NZ Tahr herd. The raising of \$10,000 in a couple of days by hunters to fight DOC's plan and then fund representatives to work with them on a

new plan is a clear sign of the interest that hunters have in contributing to the management of these animals. Good to see hunters standing up and being listened to.

Back to Trophy Takers, and to be honest we have been very quiet recently. The annual awards weekend at the Warne family farm at Braidwood, apart from being bloody cold, was exceptional. An 'old school' awards, with plenty of new and old members, plenty of yarns around the fire, some arrow slinging and a few great trophies and achievements to celebrate. Also, it was good to see some healthy discussion at the Annual meeting which I will touch on shortly. Big thanks must go to the Warnes for allowing us to use their property, and to Dave Whiting and a core group of local TT members for their organisation and hard work to prepare the shed and surrounds for the weekend.

Probably the most contentious thing we discussed at the AGM was the inquiry from Traditional Archery Australia (TAA) to align with TT to promote traditional archery. This included the sharing of our code of conduct and TAA using TT as their ratings service. There was strong feeling from the floor, that TT has strived to stay autonomous and that we should remain a stand-alone organisation, at least until we have had further discussions with TAA representatives to fully flesh out any potential options. These discussions will likely occur at Bathurst in 2019. It's really refreshing for me to see the passion from our members in what TT

stands for and the reluctance to see that change.

We also discussed game ratings and the rating of small game. Dave Whiting and Shane Dupille proposed that we recognise the taking of small game, over and above the fox, wild dog and cat ratings that we currently accept. I would like to encourage members to send in pictures of their small game (rabbits, foxes, hares, and even foxes, cats and wild dogs if they have not been scored) and these will be kept on file and help to inform the selection of the small game award every year. Members are also asked to let me know if they do not require the printed cards when submitting their ratings.

A heads up for the 2019 annual awards. At present, these will be held in conjunction with the Australian Archery Museum and Bathurst Archers in Bathurst NSW on the weekend of 17-18th August 2019. There will be displays, a presentation evening and also a shoot hosted by Bathurst Archers and it is shaping to be a big weekend. We are hoping to provide a large trophy display, so if you're able to attend, please do so, and bring along some hunting related things to display. We will provide some more information as they come to hand, closer to the time.

Well that's it from me, be safe in the bush and good luck in the upcoming rut.

Mark S



Outplay, Outwit, Outlast

By Steve 'Wally' Parker

I suppose a good story can wait sometimes, this is probably my highlight story for hunting this year. Paul Southwell and I had planned this hunt since last year. It was to be a bow only back pack hunt through some of the hardest country I know (flat country that is). Even for such a simple trip it took a bit of coord, especially with the permissions required to transit through Arnhemland and visit a remote outstation. If it wasn't for the efforts of Andrew Garbe, this never would have ended up happening.

Anyway, I drove from Gove and met up with Paul at Gunbalunya. I drove for 10 hours and Paul for 4 and we arrived at the allotted spot within minutes of each other, impressive coord even if conducted by accident. This was to set the example for the rest of the trip which really did go according to plan. I can't take any credit for it but hey, I will give it a shot anyway!

We left Paul's car there at Garbe's and headed for a couple hours back East. We went straight in and visited the owners of the country and they gave us the required authority to travel through their land. We then headed due north and made our way to the start point. I

did notice that this year there had been a lot of traffic on the bush track. So much so that in comparison to the trip two years before where I had to physically bash the track (the old ute still bears those scars....) this year I hardly put a scratch on her.... Except for that big dent and the broken mirror and the gouge and the dent in the sump and the electric switch snapped and the ratchet strap handle smashed and the broken light and bent bull bar, apart from that I got off pretty lightly.

The swamp was as I remembered it. We went for a quick hunt that arvo. Paul found some buff, a boar and a dog, I found a boar and some buff but neither of us brought anything home to show. Next morning we were off. Packs bulging with spare arrows, razor sharp broadheads, food and mozzie repellent..... Oodles of that stuff. We had only gone a click or two and we spotted a small boar on the swamp. He got the good news from about 42m and if you get to see the vid on Facebook, did not make it very far and he trotted to heaven within cooee. Pics as he was the first pig with the bow for a while yet his jaw stayed behind as a mini version of a real one. Off we went again.





Paul, forgive me but my memory is clouded with boars and buff and stalks and mozzies so maybe I am a bit out day and action wise, but I won't tell if you don't.... We actually got excited about seeing something good. So much sign. That wore off as the day got hotter and the sign did not really deliver the number of boars we were expecting. Buffalo too were a little sparse.

Anyway, we found a humdinger of a swamp in the middle of dingo whoop whoop, just a big hole in the ground that had been chewed and ripped up by pig and buff. The water smelled like a septic tank, just the way a good swamp should. Paul arrowed a great boar off that hole too, cracking shot that saw it jump out of its wallow with a bark. The pig made it only a short gallop and piled up. The joy about this country: the sows and half-grown pigs 50m away at the other end of the hole hardly took any notice. I got a stalk on them after we dealt with the pics and butchering of Paul's boar, nothing there that rang my bell so they lived to grow another day.



We then saw a family mob of buff come down to that same water hole, the bull was actually not too bad of a specimen but at the time I didn't really realise it. Anyway, I had only a sketchy angle so probably better I didn't risk that shot, out in the open, no trees to climb, he knew I was there, wasn't happy I annoyed him in the first place.

We camped up nearby. Caught a few Barra in the deeper part of the hole but all about aquarium sized, not quite pan sized.... Just before dark we headed to the big swamp 500m from the hole, but even at dark, nothing was moving, so we hatched a plan for the next day. That plan was awesome, Paul has the credit for that one. We hit the swamp not long after dawn and saw 3 or 4 boars and a family group spread out across the far side. Of course it was a big swamp, the pigs were as far away as they could possibly be and there was nowhere dry to cross it. So, crocs or no crocs (there would be big lizards in that place I'd reckon) we had to keep the wind right so we slopped our way across. The

wind held perfectly. The trees in the best positions and I kid you not, the best stalk to a pig I have ever been gifted. It was my turn so I literally walked to 35m, sat down on the soft freshly cropped grass, waited till old mate gave me the perfect shot and at about 30m sent him the invitation via airmail.

He launched in the air, spun around a time or two and legged it, 30m max I'd reckon, then he fell over and snapped my arrow with a big crack and stayed where he was. I was super excited. he had nice hooks and my second one arrow kill for the trip really set my confidence levels on a high for the trip, a "MUST HAVE" when bow hunting cranky boars.



Paul had a boar to stalk so he set off for it. He had to circle right around and head out into the open. I had the perfect vantage point, even videoed it. But it wasn't to be. I saw the arrow sail under the pig and stick in the mud. Very unlike Paul to not get his range right, he even paced the distance out after the shot: he was bang on. Paul also had an incident two days before this where the arrow was very low on a normal distance shot, but he put it down to user error, now he wasn't so sure. Anyway,

pics of my boar and offered his jaw and we headed back to the packs.

On the way we discussed the bow and Paul put an arrow into a sand bank at a LRF range of 40m. It his 10" low, wow, a relief as much as it was an issue. At least it was mechanical issue.... After a good check over, it turned out the sight had a loose bolt, a quick nip with the Gerber and it was bang on the money again.

Next morning I lost my first buffalo to an arrow. Whilst we always aim for the perfect shot, my exuberance and lack of experience (bow wise) with the big bovines saw me 'dook' a rib crossways, only getting 10 inches of peno' (usual story) He spun and looked but never saw me, I then made my second mistake of not reloading and I missed a chance at the perfect shot angle and he was off. We thought he was gonna go down, though these big critters can live for a long time on one lung. I stalked and followed for the morning but in the end he lost me in the thick paperbark forest. I did follow him in but to tell the truth, probably lucky for me I didn't stumble onto him in that thick stuff..... In the meantime, Paul had followed up a good old boar that had walked across the bare ground behind my buff earlier, while we were waiting for the bull to stand for a shot. Paul caught up with the boar in a small swamp at the edge of the mangroves, and managed to sort him out with a single arrow from 20m.



done, so I took it. Sorry mate, I know it was your shot.....

We took his jaw and some great pics right out in the open. Paul's camera really captured the depth of view. A well-placed stump in the middle of the flat added some context too, probably my favorite picture for the trip. We made it back to the car, a bit of fishing and then it was time to head to a different location. We wanted to check out some escarpment country and find some springs at the base of the massive rocky ledges.



We then caught a few million Barra and catty's and a ripper Mangrove Jack on this little creek. The creek is the tail end of the river and drains empty at low tide. As the tide comes in, the catfish are at the forefront. You can clearly see them forging ahead with the tide. After the catfish come bigger catfish and then come the Barra. I have had some hot sessions on this little corner. It's a nothing corner and you could easily just walk past it. We then started to head for home across the swamps, checking out little stands of dense shade. The days were quite hot and the pigs were not in the open or wallowing unless the wallow was in the shade. We found a mob in the same hole Willsy and me got a good boar last year. It was Paul's shot but I was in the position and he was about to leg it as his comrades had



Look, we bashed the ute into a good spot for a camp and set up for the next day's hunt. We were expecting a hot time in there. We found out that 8 litres of water is not enough in that country, especially if there is not clear springs or the springs have buffalo and pigs residing in them. More on that in a minute.

We walked in, across the river, across the sand ridges, across a dried swamp and entered the paperbark forest that surrounds the river /creek, we split up and hunted a branch of the creek each. Paul slotted an absolute pearler, 32+. He looked every inch of it too. From memory he dropped two boars and a massive sow. The country is untouched. No car tracks, no quad tracks. There is every possibility that there are some really big old boars in there. I had a great walk too. Ancient rock art and some tools in a cave, incredible to see them like that. Left them where I found them undisturbed (these places can have significant meaning and just because those tools were left there, that doesn't mean they were forgotten, maybe they were there for an ancestor).



I hit a creek junction and took it real steady. I literally fell on a boar in a soak. maybe 1.5m x 1m of wet sand in the bottom of a deep creek. Tiny wet spot in an otherwise dry bit of country. He looked at me, I looked at him. He stayed there. Looking. So I backed out of tusk range and angled for a better arrow path. I actually backed out to about 18m and almost stepped on another much larger boar. (I reckon he was my monster). This one was in the dark under a clay overhang and I really got his angle wrong. After I saw him I nocked an arrow and moved to where I could weave an arrow through some brush. I soon discovered, to my dismay, that he was laying on his back and his legs were running UP the bank.... go figure.

He literally had a melt down and smashed the shit out of a nearby tree then legged it into the long grass. GREAT. I just love long grass with really pissed off boars with hooks rising above their lips..... so I let him run thinking he would die pretty quick, even if the arrow was a bit high, it had full peno so it should have cut something important. I then had the angle for the first boar..... he was still there watching me, saw the whole thing with the other boar, but just watched. Further evidence that this country is untouched. So that old mate learned a one way lesson and although he did require another arrow, down he went in a splash and some loud barking.

So I had a better look around and bugger me, there was another one, a brute. A tank. Hooks too. I found him looking at me from about 5m as I

wormed my way through the trees that hugged the bank. He was just looking. I nocked an arrow and shot through the sand that had piled up on his side and let him borrow the arrow for a little while. I shit myself as he exploded in a spray of dust, sand, leave litter and a bark that made my hair stand on end. He veered away from me at last safe moment and ran head long into a log, snapping the arrow off and driving the broad head into his hip bone. I was trying to climb a tree like a drunk possum, I honestly thought I was a gonner..... phew. He piled up in 25m dead as a dodo. The sun set behind him made for some epic photo's too. Time to find the other one.



I did find the other one, 50m from the hit. He was in the long grass and unimpressed. He was in struggle town and I thought it had him finished. As he walked out of the grass into the open I rushed a shot and missed but that put him into a trot. They can really cover some country when they trot like that, deceiving. I chased him up and actually ran to catch him. He turned and saw me and doubled his efforts. I got close and let rip again as he ran directly away from me, arrow disappeared into the tail end of him but he took off into the thick stuff. Both Paul and I searched for him the next day but no go. I was a bit bummed. Not only a wounded critter, but a great trophy too.

We made it to the escarpment but a bit disappointing there too. Nowhere near as much water or activity as we expected, We did find a couple of springs and I got some great footage of buffalo from 5 metres. I found one Big sow in the pandanas and she bought the farm too. Great one arrow job. These Zwickies are an outstanding broad head. Couple with a good shaft all weighing in at 670gn with 300gn on the nose, they penetrate well and make for quick kills.

Water: I ran out. 8 litres just isn't enough. In the end I climbed an escarpment and dry waterfall to find some water. I found some but it was pretty manky. Tasted a little funky too but I can deal with a runny bum later, not dehydration. So I scooped a litre into my gob then went for water bottles. (I can hear you saying why didn't I take them with me in the first place.....) Whatever. So I loaded up the water, put

the pills into the water (can you see my mistake?????), dehydration plays games in your scone. We finished the hunt and headed back to the car. We walked out in the dark and it was a long rough slow trip. So I didn't get crook guts from the water, or the red algae / slime / ooze..... but I did get a temperature and the beginnings of a fever. That night I had a fitful sleep and cold sweats, unpleasant. Next day we split up again and took a creek line each. I was feeling decidedly secondhand. Delirious maybe...

Anyway, I found a bull, he found me and we just looked at each other for a minute and he decided our friendship should end, he legged it leaving me standing there with a fever and a heart rate of 300bpm and a mass of adrenaline in my system. Later arvo I had seen a few buffalo on this creek. Nothing like a bull of my dreams. Found the bones of my bull form two years ago in the thick paperbark. I had a .500NE double rifle that time, makes all the difference to confidence. Then, as I was ambling along, delirious, movement to my front froze me. There he was. 42m in the open, facing my way but eating grass. I saw a red shape to his right, my left. A big red stallion was sniffing his girlfriend and having a little nibble. I knocked an arrow and dreamed of how I was going to make this happen. He fed towards me, away from me past a tree, turned back and headed towards me, took 10 minute I reckon and the wind was perfect, constant. He finally turned broadside at 22m. I was in the open, covered by shade from a big iron bark tree. But in the open. Nothing to climb.... Did I mention I was a little

delirious? So I drew, settled and 'thump'.

That arrow landed on the money up to the vanes. He spun and looked around. I was a tree man. I did not move a muscle, I don't think I was even breathing at this point. He wobbled, like really wobbled and almost fell over. I felt almost relief at this point but then he turned away from me and walked towards the water, bumped into a tree, back up, walked around the tree and then belly deep into the croc infested swamp. Bugger. I had to get another arrow into this other side. He looked done but I didn't want him in that water so I had to get him out of the water without getting skewered myself. But as I got into position, drew and readied my release, he just sagged into the water, rolled further into the swamp and 'blubbed' from view into the cold dark water.



SHIT. 5km from the car. Bugger. I sat down and tried to get my fuzzy head to make sense. Well, I had no option really. I legged it back to the car and found Paul there. We had a cold coke and then bashed that ute through some serious donga. That poor ute. She is

still not speaking to me. By the time we got to the buff, it was approaching dark but the gas had started and the bull was visible as he was floating. The winch dyneema was wrapped around his leg through some acrobatics, a log and well wishes from Paul. HAHAHAHA oh mum, I am glad you didn't see it. The ute pulled him out and we took some pics. He was stiff from the cold water so it was difficult to get him into any position let alone the one we wanted, so pics as he lay. We butchered him for my land owner mate and camped up nearby. I did a green poo that night..... real green. Unhealthy green. I think that water was actually pretty bad..... I felt a lot better after that tho.....

Paul, you are a legend mate. You butchered that critter at my mates house and bagged it for me. I won't forget that. I was in a bit of trouble health wise but by doing that hard work for me, it allowed me to get some water into me and feel a lot better by night fall.



That arvo we went back up top to the big billabong. We cut a track into the

bank and made a comfy camp right there on the river bank. Then we both went for a hunt and fish that arvo. I don't know how many Barra we caught..... just one after the other.

We caught a pile of Barra and bream and saratoga from there. Can't remember if we got any good pigs... I think Paul got a couple of good ones on top of the big Barra billabong, that big saddle back monster with its guts dragging on the ground?..... There will be a pic in here somewhere. Oh well, this story could be told in so much more detail with a heap of funny incidents but if you have read until this point, I have probably bored you enough. Next time we meet, let's crack a coldie and I can tell you some more.



We took a pile of fish to my mate at the community after hitting every waterhole on the way back. A pile of bream and others. We then legged it back to Gunbalunya and then parted ways for our trips back home. 16 boars (plus some sows), 1 bull, 100 Barra, 100

bream, 100 saratoga (probably not as much of an exaggeration as you would think either). Over 100km with a heavy pack through some prehistoric country seeing all manner of wonderful things that only us hunters get to see. Crocs, dogs and all manner of night time critters going bump in the night.

Thank you Paul for being an absolute gentleman, a legend and an all-round top bloke. Welcome at my fire any time mate. Looking forward to next time.



Newsletter Contributions and Final Wrap-Up

What a bumper edition that was! A big thanks to Wal for a cracker of a story, we hope to see more like that for future editions! Also, well done to Warney and Esben for their recount, through great words and photos, of the Braidwood awards weekend – one for the ages.

Apologies to everyone for the delay in getting this edition published, as Maxy touched upon, we all live very busy and

complex lives these days, sometimes it's a struggle to fit everything in!

As we welcome in 2019, I'm sure many of you are starting to plan out a few hunts for the year. Before we know it the familiar sounds of grunting bucks and roaring stags will be filling our ears, and if the last few years are anything to go by, God only knows what might come out of the woodwork this season. Best of luck to everyone wherever you may be heading.

The big event for the year, potentially one of the largest events in Australian archery history, is just around the corner. The Bathurst Archery Festival will be held over the weekend of 18-19 August, incorporating our Annual Awards; the 2nd Australian Archery Museum Awards, as well as a weekend of archery competition (hosted by Bathurst Archers) as well as a swag of displays, appearances and special events. It is shaping up to be a very special weekend celebrating multiple facets of our sport. Sadly, this will be the last opportunity to see the Australian Archery Museum in its current form. If you haven't had the chance to visit, this weekend will be your last chance. The display is beyond belief, and the work by Ian and Roma to create what they have is staggering.

We're aiming to put together the BIGGEST AND BEST trophy display in our history, so please start thinking about what pieces you might want to bring along to display! Don't forget to keep in mind entries for our photography and video award categories, it would be great to see a diverse round of entries this year.

As usual we are always chasing new stories for the newsletter – no matter how large or small, no matter what the story, please be encouraged to put pen to paper and submit a yarn for us all to enjoy.

Ratings Score Sheets, photos and membership enquiries should be directed to Mark Southwell at the TT Mailbox, details are below.

Please ensure photos are attached to all ratings submissions, and also ensure you use the most current Claim Sheets (available for download from the website) and sent to:

**Trophy Takers
PO Box 1804
ARMIDALE NSW 2350**

Email enquiries and newsletter contributions:

info2@trophytakers.org

Best of luck in the bush!

Ben Salleras and Paul Southwell



EVENT
COUNT
DOWN

9 MONTHS
TO GO!

For the first time in Australia!



THE BIGGEST
ALL ARCHERY EVENT
OF THE YEAR

2019
AUSTRALIAN
ARCHERY
MUSEUM
AWARDS
BATHURST

BATHURST
ARCHERY
FESTIVAL

Sat-Sun. August 17 & 18th. 2019

2 DAYS OF
SERIOUS
COMPETITION
AA TARGET
BOWHUNTER 3D



Saturday 2pm.

2019 Awards

Australia's
Biggest Ever
Bowhunting Trophy
Display

Right next to the International Panorama Motor Racing Circuit

Trophy Takers AGM– Braidwood NSW.

Sunday 15th July 2018

Meeting opened: 8.30 am

Present: Lee Payne, Lisa Payne, Kasey Payne, Charlie and Zoe Payne, Col Moynihan, Dave Whiting, Shane Dupille, Dave James, Bruce Elwell, Dave Keable, Fay Hills, Tom Hills, Evan Scott, Howard O'Connell, Paul Southwell, Mark Wills, Ben Chambers, Jim Craze, Manuel Agius, Leigh Craggs, Mark Southwell, Matt Plain, Steve Dimitrakellis, Ronae Camaggi, Mick Kernaghan, Dan Kernaghan, James Warne, Roger Charnock, Shannon James, Wal Parker, Tony Osmond, Jarrod Vyner, Mel Hancock, Holly Hancock, Esben Madsen, Chris Hervert, Nick Hervert, Barb Craig, Danny McMahon, Louise Hervert, Dan Podubinski, Nick Peterson

Apologies: Ian and Roma Fenton, Wayne Anderson, Rod Shorten, Ben Salleras, Glen and Aleshsha Payne, Jeremy Kelly, Pete Fryda, Ben Rieth, Greg Hilton, Al Karaitiana, Jordon Freili, Ulrik Orskov, Jack Spinks, Killer Clarkson, Larni Syddall, Pete Morphett, Luke Lvkmi, Darryl Bulger, Kev Daly, Bill Kernaghan, Elissaa Rosemond, Jeff Rankmore, Paul Butschek, Mike Hogno, Paul and Ros Hardie, Dash Warren, Zoran Art, Damien Dwyer, Elissa Rosemond, Brett Fittock, Jeff Rankmore, Darryl Bulger, Pete Morphett

Minutes:

Minutes from 2017 AGM at Gympie, QLD read and accepted by Dave James.

Business Arising:

Awards appreciation plaques

Yet to get appreciation plaques made up to send to hosting clubs over the last few years. Dave Whiting to chase up wording of previous plaques, Mark Southwell and James Warne to follow up.

Trophy trunks

Motion moved by Dave Keable to purchase trophy trunks so that all our trophies are protected. Dave Whiting moved motion which was passed.

TT Banners

No progress has been made on the new banners highlighting recent game rated, including a traditional based banner. Ben Salleras to follow up. Mark Southwell to follow up with Kevin Daley to see if he can still update the core flute signs or suggest another option.

Trophy Takers trailer

Decision to keep existing trailer but look to get a canvas cover on it to protect equipment inside. Shane to follow up with Leigh Cragg to get a quote to make a new cover.

New Business:

Donation to Australian Archery Museum

Trophy takers offered a donation to the Australian Archery Museum to help fund and support it. The offer was turned down by Ian Fenton, owner of the Museum.

Small game ratings

Dave Whiting and Shane Dupille expressed interest in having small game recognised more formally by Trophy Takers. It was proposed that members could send in a picture of the small game and send it in to the membership director for later recognition at the awards.

Electronic ratings

Mark Southwell ratings director expressed an interest to make all future ratings electronic to cut down on paper usage. Members are encouraged to scan and email ratings forms and game photos to the TT email address info2@trophytakers.org, or to Mark directly at marks@ecoaus.com.au. Mark also asked members to inform if they did not require a ratings print out and game certificate for game which they rate.

Alignment of TT and TAA

Dave Whiting was approached by Traditional Archery Australia (TAA) with a proposal to align TT and TAA for the better promotion of traditional archery in Australia. They proposed that we share links on our webpages and allow their members to rate game with us and for them to follow our Ethical Hunting and Fair Chase guidelines. There was healthy discussion at the meeting around the benefits and risks of the alignment for TT. It was decided not to agree with anything until we have had more face to face discussions with TAA, proposed for the Bathurst Awards in 2019. Members felt strongly that we are a stand-alone organisation, and we want to stay autonomous. Dave W to follow up with TAA.

Australian Archery Hall of Fame and Museum

TT has received correspondence from TAA and has had informal discussions regarding our input to help support the continuation of the Museum and Hall of Fame currently run by Ian Fenton. Ian is proposing to close the museum in 2020. Agreement from the floor that if required, TT work with other clubs to maintain the museum, and work out a solution to keep the museum open and together into the future.

Appreciation for Braidwood awards

James Warne wished to formally express appreciation to TT for the installation of amenities at his family farm where the awards were held. Both he and his father Colin were very happy the awards were held at the farm and were enjoyed by all.

Position re-election

Continuing Director positions for 2018:

Chairman: Mark Southwell

Directors: Shane Dupille

Paul Southwell

Ben Salleras

Steve Dimitrakellis

Peter Morphett

Associate Directors: Dave Whiting

James Warne

Chris Hervert

Upcoming annual awards locations

As was discussed at the 2017 awards, the 2019 TT awards will be held in association with the Australia hall of Fame and Museum, Bathurst Archers and TAA at Bathurst NSW in August 2019. The current proposed dates are the 17-18th August at the Bathurst Archers Club. Darwin NT, was proposed as another possible future location, given the growing numbers of members from up that way.

Account Balances

As at 9/7/18:

Member account - \$2,022

Market account - \$531

Total \$2,552



**TROPHY
TAKERS**

Bowmen of the Bush

Meeting closed: 9.50 am