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Front cover pic: Alex Kitching, photo by Mitch Warren, Jamboree Heights, QLD



Welcome to the final emagazine of 2015.

As El Nino and drought affect many places across Australia we feel for our farmers and note the hardship that many face.

Feral animals will always compete on the land for water and food, adding more pressure for the livelihoods of our farmers.

Recreational shooters can and do make a difference by limiting the effects that ferals have and this is usually done at no cost to the farmer. Organisations need to utilise recreational hunters more by integrating them into their pest management plans which would provide a win-win for all.

AusHunt thanks all for their contributions to the forum, facebook, gallery and the many emails we receive. Without you we would not be demonstrating that we as recreational hunters are helping Australian farmers through these dry times.

Happy huntin' and stay safe in the field,

Aushunter

Editor: Bernie (aka Aushunter)
Publisher: AusHunt



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Hell, where do I start. This has been a journey for me, I have hunted high, I have hunted low, seen plenty of deer on the way but never able to get one. Sure i have let some lead go at a few, just haven't been able to find them. So I decided that I want to do something different next year and I needed to do a trip or two to find out what works and what doesn't. I wasn't able to do the first trip in the end because of poor health, and this trip had the dates changed to coincide with the long weekend.

Matt (samburstalker) met me at my place just after 7am and we made the 2 1/2 hour trip to the gate, a 20 minute down hill ride had us at camp, 1/2 hour later and we are all set up. How easy is this I thought as we prepped some lunch and made a plan for the arvo. Lunch downed gear ready, we set off on the bikes with rifles over our back and rods in hand. We were going to have a look at a few waterholes for the arvo while searching for somewhere to watch over in the evening. Matt managed a couple of small trout, I wasn't so lucky as we made our way to a spot Matt thought might be worth a look. We sat there for about an hour before deciding to move back to another spot with a greater field of view. Having been there for not long, but nothing happening we tried another spot. Matt picked his spot to look over and I moved around the creek a bit further.

I had been slowly making my way along when I could hear something below me, so I paused to listen for a few minutes, which turned out to be about half an hour. There was something below me in the blackberries moving around, then I could hear something to my right, heading back in Matt's direction. The animal in front of me was moving up and down the blackberries, but it was just over a ledge, and I had no way of getting down there without making more noise, so I decided to sit tight and wait for something to show, hopefully.

The deer below me was still making enough noise to keep me interested, but I still couldn't see it.

At this time Matt was coming along, so I waved him down and with some handy finger pointing and gesturing he stopped, back tracked and headed from where he had come, then made his way down towards the creek, and out of sight. Some birds behind me and up to the left were making some noise, possibly a warning call, but I was more interested in what was happening below me, the deer still moving about and getting lower towards the river flats. I could hear some more noise to the right, maybe Matt had pushed a deer back, but then it stopped. I looked down the hill again, binos up but couldn't

see anything, I looked to my left, deer, crap STAG. Not sure how but he had made his way silently down and was now standing 30m away rubbing his pre orbs on a tree. I have to point out that at this time I had been so determined to see the deer below me that I hadn't given another thought to what disturbed the birds, I was standing there holding my rifle by the scope, sunny's on my head and not trying to blend in, I was standing there and he didn't even know it.

I had made a mistake on a previous hunt in the Wonnangatta, when I waited to get a better shot on a hind that didn't eventuate, she busted me and high tailed it out of there. Not today, I raised the Savage 111 30-06 to the shoulder, found a spot and pulled the trigger, the stag leapt forward and down the hill towards the river. Oh bugger, there was nothing but

blackberries, and they were tall. I could hear a couple of deer running off, the stag making a lot of noise as it headed down, and then it was quiet. I made my way to where the stag was shot and looked down to where he had run. Well if you are going to pull the trigger then the least I could do was find him now.

I was making my way down when I caught sight of him, he got back to his feet and tried to get across the flats and to the other side. I was watching him as I couldn't get a shot out of the spot I was in, he moved behind a tree and just vanished. Just then I caught a glimpse of a 6'6" Matt on the flats doing his best impression of a hurdler trying to get over the berries. I raised him on the radio and let him know I had shot a deer, but didn't say what it was. I didn't want to get him excited if we couldn't get him. I directed Matt to where



I had last seen him, Matt doing his best to get there when the stag broke. Matt started yelling, I was trying to get to a spot to shoot, Matt let a shot go, I finally got to a spot just as the stag stopped, and stood there broadside at about 150m. The 30-06 roared again, the stag disappeared again. I thought it was a hit, but not sure now.

With Matt hot on his tail and me still scrambling down the blackberry face, it wasn't long before I got to the blackberry filled gully floor. At this point it might be worth pointing out that there wasn't any grass to be found, because of all the berries. I was making my way in the direction of Matt, but had a couple of obstacles to get over first. There is a couple of billabongs I had to negotiate, and you guessed it, they were covered in berries. With Matt yelling at me to hurry up, and me yelling back "I'm Friggen stuck", I found a way to man up and get out of there, and push through the pain of the thorns. Actually, I found a spot where a branch had come down off a tree and flattened a track up and out, I just had to get waist deep to get to it, and I did. I thought I was going to drown, but I didn't. Back on the trail, I could see Matt, he had the camera on me as I made my way over. The stag was down, but required a kill shot. I stood there, fired the shot and watched him expire.

I can't really describe the feeling that came over me, jubilation, relief, satisfaction, remorse for such a mighty animal. I let out a gut wrenching woohoo, punched the air and took a deep breath. I payed my respects to the deer, then Matt bought me back to reality. It was late, soon to be dark and we had a lot of work to do.

A few pics and then the knives were out. I had left my head torch back at camp, so we had to be realistic with what we could get done. The cape was done but we had trouble getting the head off, and it was time to go. In a blackberry filled gully we had to be realistic, we could come back in the morning and retrieve the head and cape.

Over the campfire and a couple of coldies thanks to Matt, we recounted the hunt several times. The next morning we were back in the valley of scratches and ouches to recover the cape and head. It was good to see that the dogs hadn't got to it, just a few flies buzzing around. This time I bought down the pruning saw, and in just a couple of minutes the head was off and I got to tying the head and cape for the carry out. It wasn't long till we were back at camp, I cleaned some of the cape and we packed camp and got ready for the trip out, but that is another story.

I have to give a big thanks to Matt for his help, his guidance and making the trip.



Author: Joe



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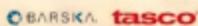
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Being warm I wasn't too keen to get into the hills in the afternoons so the lad and I went and busted some bunnies, the RAR accounting for a few so I was happy with that. We had beef curry and rabbit for dinner.

Next morning I was a bit woozie for some strange reason, I blame the dodgy curry. The lad needed a sleep in anyway. So, more bunny busting for the day, pub dinner as it was persisting down, sunburnt to buggery then bed.

On the Monday (Grants theory at work again) I got up at Duncs o'clock razzed the lad up and headed bush before it got too hot. We crossed the paddocks, cattle making a hua of a lot of noise, me thinking well there goes the neighborhood. We hit the swampy gully and made our way up to the first wallow. Wind was light and in our favour, it was damp from the night before. It would appear they had been

crossing between the swampy wallows and an adjacent clear patch for graze. So, I changed tactics from the usual and decided to criss cross between the two. After about an hour, we'd covered about half a K. I doubled back to one of the upper wallows (I found a few new ones) looked up the creek and saw a grey shape standing there with its head in the scrub about 40 yards away.

Some of this is from my son, as I don't remember it too well. I pulled the rifle up and lowered the bolt and placed the cross hairs on his shoulder. I went to pull the trigger but I could feel the adrenaline setting in and started to flinch. Stopped myself, took a deep breath, concentrated and pulled the trigger. According to my Son I actually dropped to one knee to steady my shot. I don't remember that as I was fixated on dropping the Deer as quickly as possible. Gently squeezed off and the Deer went bang flop. I raced



over to it as it was thrashing a little and saw antler. Holy shit. I was shaking like a leaf, he was in his last throws so I put another into him to speed things up.

What I figure is he may have been stalking us in prep for a back door honk. Doubling back was the key, he was looking right into the clear area where we should have been coming up the gully. He didn't know what hit him.

He was bloody huge, probably at least as big as a mature Red stag, I reckon more. With his landing gear removed he didn't look so big.

Anyway, I raced up to the next track to see if we could drive up, it had been pissing down the night before and it was pretty wet. I had no camera on me and wanted to get a quick photo as it was warming real quick. I took the back legs off, dropped them in meat bags and off we went. I had to carry both packs and the rifle as well as one leg, the lad carried out one leg. Fair credit to him, I don't know too many 13 year old's who could do that. We got back to the bridge and he looked at me and said "I need to rest". I told him if he puts it down and stops now he won't want to pick it up again. This is an All Blacks moment, dig deep and got the last 200 yards. He did and we walked into camp with a leg each to some pretty confused looks from the guys, they'd heard the shots so it was a smug moment.

I grabbed one of the other blokes at camp, jumped in the wagon and drove over the paddocks up to the gate. Took off into the

bush to rescue the rest of the meat before it got hot. After a bit of hack sawing (I need a new set of knives) I got the back straps and front legs off, moved the had so we could get it next winter (hopefully) and off we went. Still loaded with adrenaline I was powering through the bush till I narrowly missed a red bellied black. Stay awake I says, this is a bloody swamp. I took off again and the lad behind me pulls up with my mate, Tiger. I'd just straddled it. That's it, head can stay there.

Back at camp I threw the legs into the truck cleaned my Sons leech's off (blood everywhere) and took off down to the farmers. He had a sheep hanging in his cool room so we hung the legs next to it. Called Ian for a quick Woo hoo then back to camp for a clean up, beer and bacon and egg sandwiches. Phew. 1 hour of hunting, 4 hours of carry out and clean up.

Today I think I can finally call myself a Deer hunter. I'm still on a high, the pictures do not give justice to this thing. It is HUGE. Antlers would have been 35cm to 40 cm long just coming into his third time, 3yo and not much older than the Fallow I'd shot 3 weeks ago. It is just awesome to finally get there. TBH, I was hunting not thinking I was going to walk one up, I was still paying attention, but did not expect to see anything with the limited staking time I had. To get the drop on him was just as exciting as shooting him. Funny, to date I have not shot a Doe or hind. That's it for me this year. Bloody snakes. Roll on Winter.

Oh, and I have not missed a Deer yet with the T3 .300 WM. Certainly is the berries.

Mark

We had some strong winds Friday getting up to around 50-60 km's, had been hunting all day when our quads started to get real low on fuel. We were right out the back of one of the stations and stopped to see what the next move would be, having not hunted this section in a long time we decided to check out one more thick looking section with some good shady gum trees.

As soon as we got in the thick it was tough goin I had to stop and back out as there were too many low lying branches and dead timber on the ground, the wind was hitting our faces hard and I could smell something rank I knew we were about to wake a good boar somewhere.

With my mate staying out to the left in the open paddock I poked along through the shady cover when a good boar flew from a grassy patch and took off, I got right up on him and mustered him along knowing he had no where to go eventually he'd be in an open paddock 30km by 30km wide.

I let the pup have a good smell and bark off the quad before a clean dispatch. No tusks at all on him but fat and in good



nick, we strung him up to get a weight going in at 76kg. I dropped him down cut out the back straps and knocked off the back quarter.

So we turned around and headed for the ute, coming back through one paddock a small section of pines sit around the bottom of a sand hill, we had lost a good mob yesterday here due to coming through the other way they got to the fence before we could get a clean shot.

I pulled up my quad and hopped off for a piss when 4 pigs legged it from the sand I shit myself and quickly jumped back on the quad, they bolted straight for the pines



and the fence as 3 peeled off my way and one to my mates side.

The first boar fell with a good running shot still sitting on the quad, I then motored for the second, nailed it as it tried to double back behind me.

There was one more but I couldn't see it so I took off into the open paddock to my right and caught a glimpse of him trotting along so I belted along and eventually caught him and he stood there so I dropped him.

That was bloody fun! got on the two-way to find my mate had got a boar so I back tracked and collected mine 2 boars and a sow. Not bad goin!

Mick



Author, Mick and his pigs

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Wazas Excellent NT & Gulf Adventure

[Started by Waza, Sep 17 2015](#)

I am finally on my way north after an eternity finishing the mods on the new tuff triton. All loaded up and left Sydney yesterday arvo & I am now having a morning coffee in Coffs. Now the caffeine has kicked in and I have left a most important item at home MY FRIGGEN SHOTTY! I will have to throw rocks in the mango farms with Mick now?

Next stop is the gold coast to get some rims and tyres for the boat trailer more suited to corrugated roads etc. Then its off to Gladstone and Lake Awonga for a spin in the Busta & a fish.

I will keep [this](#) posted and with pictures as the family gave me a new ipad with a chip for fathers day and i can now use photobucket again. The ipad 1 operating system is too out of date these days.



Waza and Glenn

I dropped into the SFP Bunker and grabbed some bumper stickers to hand out along the way, have to keep spreading the word and uniting all us enthusiasts ;-)

Anyone in Qld or NT that want to catch up for a Fish Hunt or Beer post on here or PM me.

Waza



Geese in the morning

Started by 264, Oct 17 2015

Early start meeting Chris, Rob, Marcus and Brigty this morning. Lots of birds flying before we reached the property.

Plenty of birds on arrival so a quick sort of gear and into them. Lots of good shooting, with bag limits taken.

Styer was overly keen but worked well once he settled down. Behaviour changed as he got tired but overall very happy with his progress.

cheers Mick

(Photos all taken by Joey)



Mick and Styer

Rob and Chris, Greener Empire and Browning Citori



Emergency call from farmer

[Started by dutchhunt, Nov 02 2015](#)

Just got a call from my mate, he's managing a property an hour away.

There's a fair few dogs around, killing calves every day or every second day.... so....if I could come and try to catch a few. So last minute trap boiling, getting stuff ready and told the boss I'm having a day off tomorrow... Hope for the best!

Dutchy



Calf had to be put down after wild dog attack

Finally equalled Duncs

[Started by Kikka, Oct 10 2015](#)

Dropped a young buck this evening, 10 to 15 meters with the T3 .300WM. I don't know who was more surprised, me or him. What I do know is I need a smaller gun for these critters, it ruined a back strap.

The key to Deer stalking is leave the camera at home and hope your mate bought a smart phone. At least it broke this years hoodoo and blooded the new Deer fridge as well as the Meopta.

Kikka

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