

Gore and Districts Branch Monthly Newsletter

Oct/Nov 2021

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Secretary: Mark Heaps

Treasurer / Social Convenor: Tim Sanford

Deer Park Controller: Ivan Grant

Search and Rescue: David McFadzien

Club Trophy's: Andrew Eason

Newsletter: Peter Welsh

Advocacy & Safety: John Howes

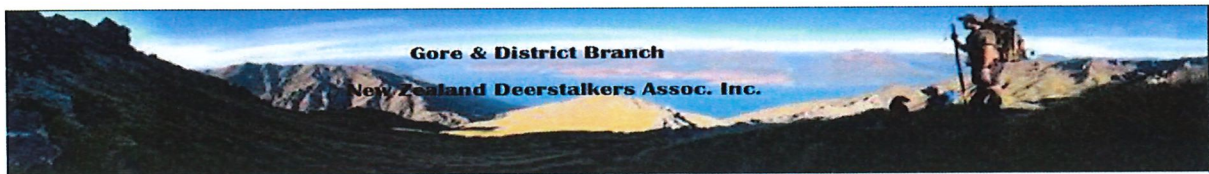
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Glenaray Convenor: Glenn Dickson

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Executive: Mark Brady Gary Cuthbert, Ivan Grant, Geoff Hinton, John Howes, Glenn Dickson, Andrew Eason, Hamish McLean, Mark Heaps, Matt McKelvie, Tim Sandford, Peter Welsh, Lester Paisley, Hayden Gutchslag, David McFadzien, Gavin Roy, Carl Johnstone, Courtney Morrison





Welcome to the October / November newsletter for 2021.

Well had has been a disruptive year, that's for sure, let's hope going forward that 2022 will be more like what we are accustomed to. I guess one positive already is that the Government has signaled that there should be no more lockdowns, so let's hope that is the case. There was certainly a lot of frustration in this part of the country when our abilities to access the outdoors were taken from us.

In the last newsletter, I mentioned that there was a planned 1080 drop in the Takatimu Mountains before the end of the year. That 1080 drop has occurred, so if like me you enjoy hunting this area, you will have to find somewhere else for at least a couple of years. There was no mention of deer repellent being used.

Trophy Night was a great success. Great to see such a large selection of impressive heads on display. Such was the high standard, that there were many heads that in past years would have won trophies. It was great to see Catlin Brady win the Young Deerstalker of The Year Award, not only showing the boys how its done, but putting the pressure on dad Mark as well. Congradulations to Grant Gutchslag for winning the big raffle prize of the ATV tyres, and thanks also to Nathan Jordon from All Tyres for donating not only this great prize, but also the other donations he makes to the club.

Peter

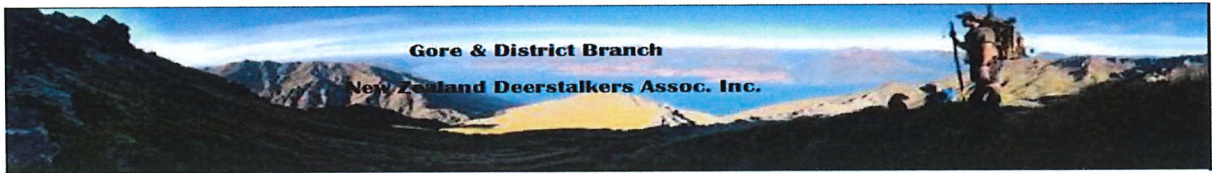
peter.welsh@fonterra.com 0276545362



All Tyres, 66 Bay Road, Invercargill

- For every new car tyre All Tyres will donate \$5 to our branch
- For every new tractor tyre, All Tyres will donate \$20 to the branch
- For deerstalkers and associate, please make yourself known to Nathan Jordan at All Tyres
- Supplier of a major raffle price last trophy night, please support our sponsors





Presidents Report

Well, what an interesting last couple of months!!

As you will all be aware, Covid is on its way south and this maybe life changing for a lot of our members. We now have QR codes in our club rooms and we need to be mindful regarding social distancing when we have our general meeting. We are fortunate that we have a good size club rooms and are able to separate members comfortably during these meeting.

On a positive, what an outstanding trophy night we had this month!! I did a head count at one stage with 94 members present and enjoying each other company. It was also awesome to see some members from our follow branches come along to enjoy the evening. I was talking to some of our older member's and they were saying it was the most heads that they have ever seen at a Gore and Districts trophy night. That tells me, we are going in the right direction as a club and the support from our members for our bigger events is great.

A special thank you must go to Mark Heaps and Andrew Eason for all their hard work in the lead up to trophy night as there is a lot of work behind the scenes. Also, our executive who once again helped with setting up and pack up.

In my life- time of hunting I have never seen so many deer around as what we see when we are hunting at present. I would suggest that we all need to shoot more hinds and do our part to restrict deer number in our hunting areas. If we don't, then DOC will at some stage get involved which will be a major concern going forward.

I have talked with a number of our members regarding their experiences hunting Tahr over the past few months. From conversations, it seems like Tahr number are good in some areas and decimated in other area's. They are an amazing animal that lives in some of the most beautiful hunting areas in the South Island. If you do get the chance to hunt Tahr, make the most of the opportunity and enjoy the country they live in.

Once again we are in uncertain times at the moment but remember hunting is a great sport to just leave your worries behind and enjoy what our great outdoors has to offer.

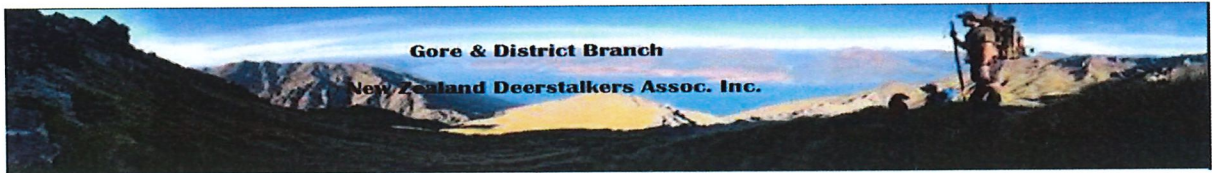
Be safe and hot barrels!!!

Glenn Dickson

Branch President

Gore and District Branch





Wilkinson Postal Shoot

Doug Gordon from the Southland Branch sent through information inviting members of our branch to participate in this competition. It sounds like it will be a lot of fun, and a good opportunity to ensure you are on target. Most of us tend to rely on bipods these days, and shooting from a prone position, so now's your chance to test your aim over different positions.

JM WILKINSON CUP POSTAL SHOOTING CHAMPIONSHIP

The Southland Branch intends to run a shoot to be part of this postal championship on 19th February at the Invercargill Full-bore Range (Cobb road which is on the left going to Otatara past the turn of to the airport on the right.) starting 1pm. One will need 20 rounds of ammo plus 1 sighter if desired.

Shoot is over 4 positions at 100 metres

If interested and or desire more information contact Andy Nesbit 021 917 808 or Shaun McKelvie 027 635 0490

PLB -Personal Locator Beacon



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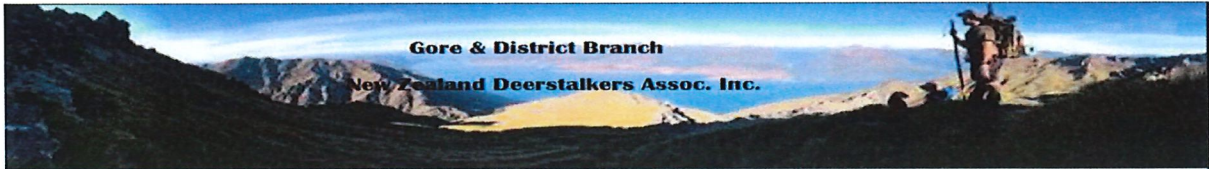
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Orbell Trophy Article

For those who have not read the last Hunting and Wildlife Magazine, and did not attend the club Trophy Night, I have included Patrick Howes article that he wrote about the hunt for that monster stag:

"Our family had enjoyed a long lazy Christmas break, not even heading into the hills for a couple of nights chasing Chamois and Thar as we normally do. Every other day seemed to be blowing or raining, with only one good day in between. Leading up to the roar, my brother and I had shot a good number of meat animals, both reds and pigs in Southland, thanks to generous access to forestry blocks.

By April dad and I were starting to become a little itchy to get back into the big country, but all the blocks were balloted and we had not been successful. Our family was heading away to our crib for Easter Weekend. We generally chuck a rifle in just in case, probably more through optimism than any tangible opportunity to go for a hunt. Just to rub salt into the wound, my brother was off chasing roaring reds with his old school mates. They had good access to hunt in the Takitimu Mountains.

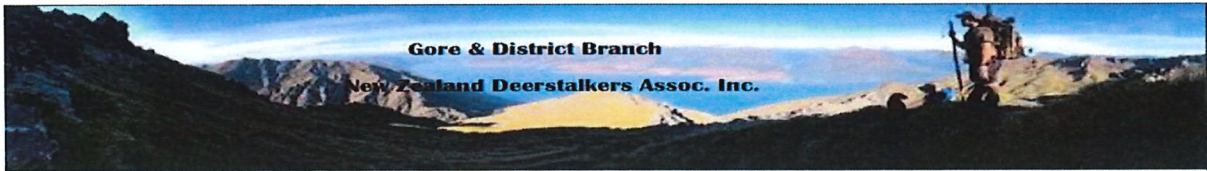
As happens when you don't have a block, your observations seem to be that much more acute. We drove past hunters on the helipad loading up gear to be flown in. We seemed to see more good heads on the back of utes and jet boats passing the crib than normal, while the sky seemed to buzz with helicopters dropping hunters off. It was "game on" for everyone chasing red skins except us.

We popped in to see friends and as happens, conversation between the dads often comes around to hunting. Our friend told us he was picking four hunters up the next day, they had been up in the head of a big Otago Valley for five days. He offered to drop us off for an overnight trip. I could see Dad's face and I knew what he was thinking, "game on". Now he had to think about how he was going to make this work. We were not organised for a night out.

Nothing like a bit of pressure to improvise and get you organised. We had left the sleeping bags behind, so grabbed some old woollen blankets off the rafters in the garage to sleep in. We were doing this old school. Megan and Mary (my Mum and Nana) were put to work on sandwiches and snacks. I grabbed a pack of crackers and some tinned tuna. We had a generous offer to borrow a tent for the night.

The Otago red deer herd we were hunting has a long history of producing great heads. We had been told by other hunters that numbers were not high due to 1080 drops in recent years. Talking to other hunters, some blocks are very unproductive, with no deer seen for a five day





trip. Not like back home in Southland where numbers are becoming a problem for some farmers.

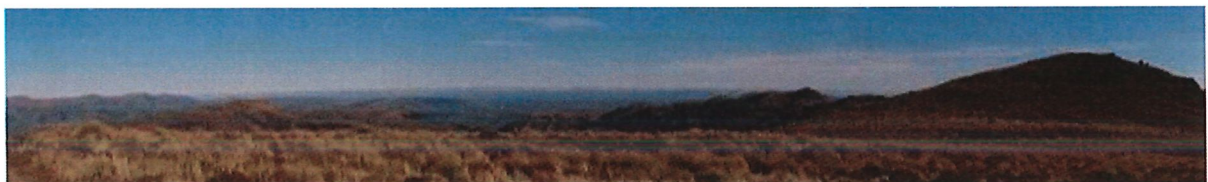
As the party being picked up loaded their gear, we did not see any antlers or meat. We like to see fellow hunters do well and felt for them as they would have been feeling a bit flat after all that effort. They waved as they passed us but there weren't any huge grins. This didn't fill me full of confidence.

We set up camp and looked out over the country we were about to hunt. It was sinking that there was no easy way to get to the tops. The contour of the mountains hid any obvious routes. We started off walking the bush edge, listening for a moan coming from a stag, however, it was the middle of the day and dead silent. We sidled inside the bush edge until we struck a tributary coming off the mountain. It was open and washed out. Checking the wind, we decided to start gaining hight and maybe access to the open country on the tops. It was a steep walk as we climbed to a point where we could glass open areas in the gorge. Sitting down for some lunch, we had a good look over this new country. Nothing, only the occasional buzz from a helicopter.

After a short climb Dad let out a roar. Dad would never win a roaring competition, but it works for him. When stags hear Dad's roar, they just want to smash him.

Sure enough we heard a moan not far away in the bush and it was all on. Dad gave him a reply roar, he wasn't impressed with this nerd stag challenging him. Dad pointed out that we had to gain hight quickly as our wind was drifting straight to the stag and he would bust us. We quickly gained height and then sidled above the moaning stag, found a good shooting zone, and sat in readiness. I started videoing. Another roar from Dad and the stag let rip with a huge roar that seemed to shake the bush. Holy Moly! We were much closer than I had expected, probably within 30m. Dad held the rifle up, looking through the scope, bolt ready to drop while waiting for the stag to climb up to us. Unfortunately, he had the scope wound right up on full power from sighting in and somehow the focus had been wound in as well. Straight to panic mode to get the scope wound back and focused.

In no time the stag had made his way up the bank from his rutting pad. I didn't initially see him until he had squeezed off, even though I was looking over Dad's shoulder. BOOM. Dad did not reload. Sometimes he can be pretty sure of himself. We climbed down to the stag. Dad had smoked it right in the head as that was the only target that presented. Dad told me the stag was staring straight at us. We admired the head, a nice 12 pointer. We could see why the stag had not scented us. He had been tucked in under a bluff. Dad told me he should have given me the rifle as this was a better stag than I had ever shot before. Luckily for me he had not handed me the rifle.....Read on.





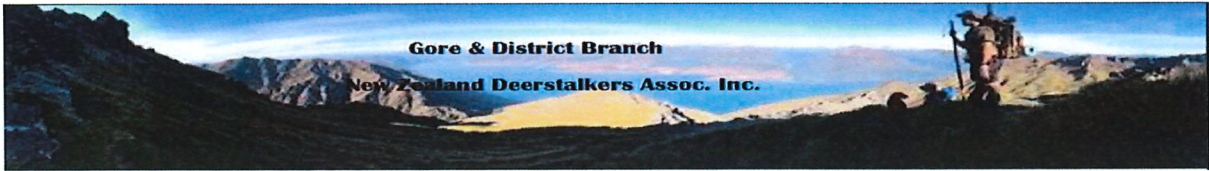
We generally have turn about shooting. After Dad had his moment of excitement it was my turn. We started to gain height again. The alpine shrub was starting and the beech trees were getting small and thinning out. We climbed until we hit the monkey scrub and dropped our gear. Dad told me to see if I could find a way through to the tops, but it was going to be difficult carrying antlers and would take too long so we decided to drop back down into the bush to avoid any tricky descents in the dark. We returned to the edge of the gut where we first heard the stag. We were keen to check out new country but that meant crossing a huge washed-out gut and climbing up to the bush on the other side, then hunting our way back into the wind while descending to the river flats. The gut dropped away below us. We couldn't see if there were bluffs below so we had to be prepared to turn around and climb back out. The crossing turned out to be uneventful, just the kind we like. Dad was slowing a bit because his knee was playing up.

We began to glass back over the country we had just walked across before entering the bush on the other side of the gut, making sure we hadn't missed any animals. An occasional roar in the bush ahead of us seemed to be coming from high up in the bluffs. We pushed through the thick scrub on the bush edge and into the open beech forest where we let out the odd roar here and there hoping to get another reply but it was very quiet. We were about 100ms from breaking into big stands of red beech on the flats. As we sat there talking, the cracking of sticks and pounding of hooves as an animal took off startled us. A stag must have been stalking us after hearing our roars. We were both getting very tired and were disappointed and not getting a look at the stag, so pushed on through the beech forest and out onto the open river flats.

It was a relief to get to the flats. It was magic hour. We sat at the edge of the bush listening and glassing for any animals in the area and were just about to start heading back down the river to our camp when we heard a roar from up in the bush bluffs. Dad gave him a quick reply to see if we would get another roar out of him. He explained that it would be near impossible to stalk that stag, it would be dark before we got close enough, and he would most probably wind us before we saw him. Dad continued to roar, but the stag went quiet. It was good hearing him anyway. We sat glassing the river flats and were enjoying the rest when we heard a loud low roar down in the red beech forest. Now we knew why the stag had gone quiet, he had left the safety of the bluffs and come down into the bush. We thought he may come in on us so we positioned ourselves in readiness. After a standoff with roars exchanged, we realised he was not moving.

I knew we had to enter the bush if we were going to get a look at him. We went in slowly and snuck into the area we thought he was in, keeping our eyes peeled. He was closer than we thought. When we sighted him, he was rubbing his head on a beech tree. We were fortunate





that he was busy otherwise he would have seen our approach as we were exposed in the open with no cover. On seeing him we dropped behind a fallen tree.

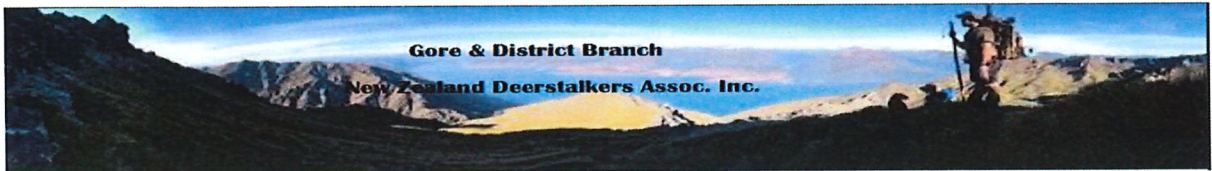
The stag was behind some young beech trees. I could not get a look at his whole head, only his lower tines and they were massive. I leaned over the log that was in front of us and tried to line up on him, but did not have a clear shot. Dad whispered to get ready, he would try and get him to take a step forward. He let out a small moan in the hope that I could get a clean shot. Neither of us expected the reaction we got from the stag. He stopped rubbing and spun around, was this a huge mistake? He was on the move, not running but very deliberate in his actions. He was trying to take a wide circle around us, probably to catch our scent. I really thought we had blown it. I had stopped looking at the antlers and was focusing on getting a clean shot. He quickly passed through a gap in the trees but I did not foresee the opportunity for the shot, so wasn't quick enough. Dad sighted another gap through the trees and told me to get ready. I could not believe my luck. He stopped in the gap and roared. I squeezed off. BOOM, the shot echoed through the bush.

Dad's rifle is very light and kicks a bit, so I lost sight of the stag on the shot. As I looked back through the scope, I could see a mass of antlers on the ground. He had dropped on the spot. I made the rifle safe, and we walked up to him. You might hear hunters say "he looked massive through the scope, but when we got up to him and it wasn't what I thought it was". This was the opposite; this boy did not suffer from ground shrinkage at all. We were speechless for a moment. I had just shot the stag of a lifetime. Dad said "looks like you are the first in the family to break the 300+ Douglas Score drought". The head was much bigger than what Dad had ever seen or shot. I had never seen Dad so happy. He was jumping up and down on the spot like a kid on a trampoline. Dad and I just sat there admiring the head while still trying to believe our luck on an unplanned Easter weekend hunt. We took some photos and decided to return in the morning to head-skin the stag before packing for the trip out.

In the morning we were up early and carefully took the head-skin off. Back at the crib we got a photo sent from my brother Oliver showing a nice 12 he had taken in the Takitimu Mountains, 280 D.S. We flicked him a photo of my big boy. The Howes family had a successful roar we all agreed.

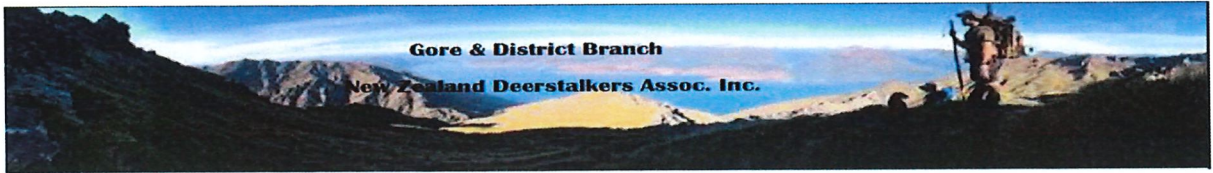
Initially Dad thought I could not enter my head in the NZDA National Antler. Horn and Tusk competition. He thought you had to be a full member and I was only a family member. Luckily for us Dad was talking to Ray Phillips from the Southland Branch. Ray was a national judge and explained that I was eligible to enter the head. At the national competition the head was scored at 406 3/4 Douglas Score.



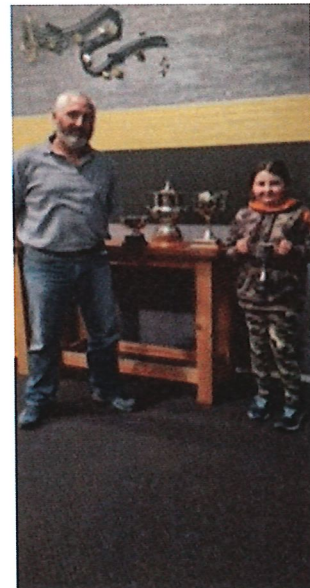


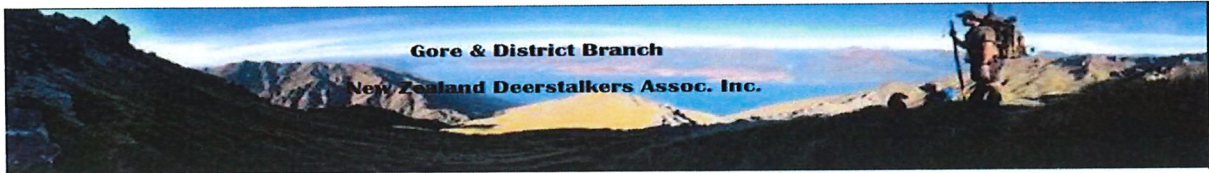
My parents were good enough to take me to the National Conference in Queenstown for the AH&T Competition prize giving as Dad believed I had a good chance of winning something. I knew of the Orbell Trophy as Geoffrey Orbell was a pretty famous Southlander know for his work as a doctor, discovering the Takahe, and founding the New Zealand Deerstalkers Association. The trophy is awarded for the best head of all species and I was fortunate to be awarded this prestigious trophy on the night. My head also took out the Mel Larritt Trophy for best red deer”





Trophy Night





Ayers Trophy – Fallow

1st Craig Cubitt

2nd Matt Duggan

3rd Jarred Nicholson

McBride Trophy – Chamios

1st Jarred Nicholson

Grant Trophy – Pig Tusks

1st Regan Kollat

2nd Oliver Howes

Rod Barclay Trophy – Red Deer

1st Patrick Howes

2nd Steven Stewart

3rd Oliver Howes

Spedan Trophy – Thar

1st Jarred Nicholson

Milne Trophy – Best Head by a Veteran

Mark Brady

ESDA Trophy – Best Head by a junior

Patrick Howes

Skerrett Trophy – Best Head Overall

Patrick Howes

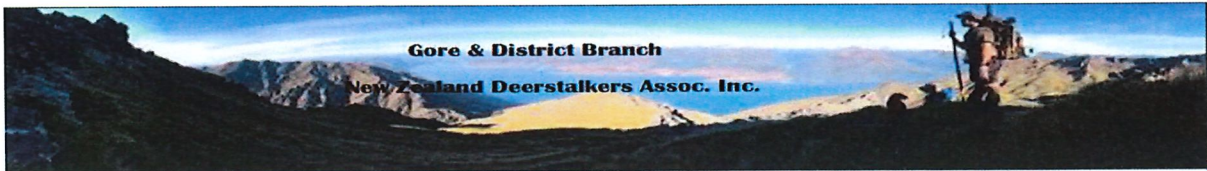
Gore & Districts Trophy – Young Deer Stalker of the year

Catlin Brady

NZDA Trophy

Jarred Nicholson





Des Gutschlag Memorial Cup – Best Red Deer Glenarary

Mark Brady

Jack Crawley Trophy - Best Waikaia Head

Mark Brady

Lance Peat - Combined Southern Branches Red Deer

Patrick Howes

Combined Southern Branches NZDA Southland Trophy Chamios

Tom Hopkirk

Claybird Trophy

Patrick Johnson

Claybird Inter Branch

Jack Dickson, Bevan Pirie, Patrick Johnson

Combined Southern Branches NZDA Gore & Districts Trophy Thar

Jarred Nicholson

Combined Southern Branches NZDA Gore Districts Trophy Fallow Deer

Craig Cubitt

Combined Southern Branches NZDA Gore & Districts Trophy - Best Pig Tusks

Regan Kollat

Combined Southern Branches NZDA Southern Lakes Trophy Best Goat

Invercargill



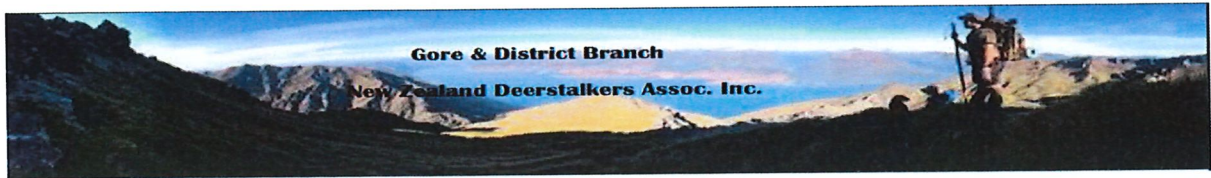
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Certificate for a Sika Deer

Jarred Nicholson

NZDA Photography Results

Human Interest

1st Phil Green

2nd John Howes

3rd Phil Green

Other Wildlife

1st Jarred Nicholson

2nd Jarred Nicholson

3rd Glenn Dickson

Scenic

1st Jarred Nicholson

2nd Glenn Dickson

3rd John Howes

Game Animal

1st Glenn Dickson

2nd Jarred Nicholson

3rd Phil Green

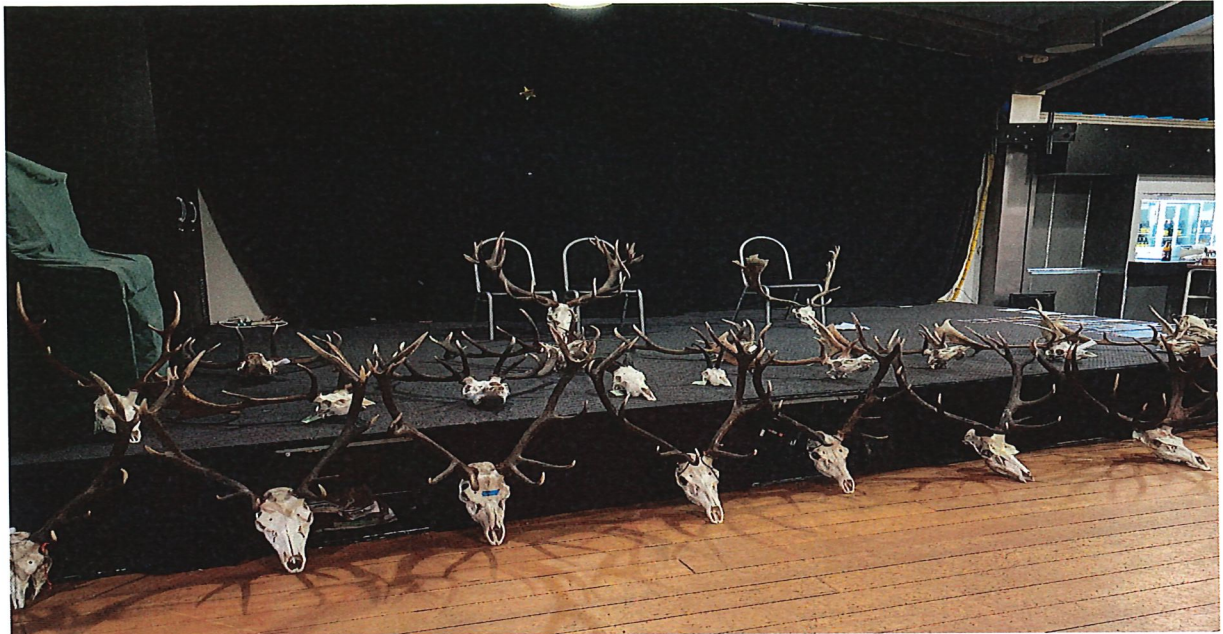
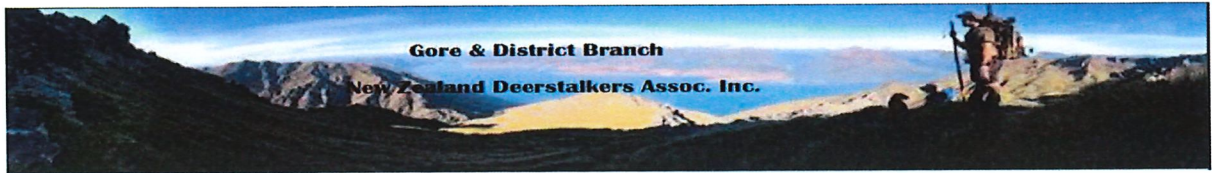
It was a great trophy night this year with many heads entered of such high standard and mixed variety.

We also had a high turn out of members which was pleasing to see, and great for our club going forward.

Bring on next year for another positive hunting session and successful trophy night.

Andrew

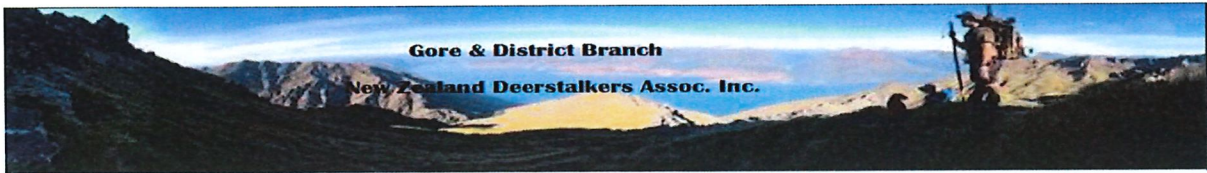




We were privileged to have four of our five life members in attendance.

L to R, Gary Cuthbert, Geordie Milne, Ivan Grant, lance Peat





Jacobs Story

In the last newsletter I included two photos of the stag he shot on Junction. I now have the article that Jacob has written about his experience. Thank's Jacob for the photos and for sharing your experience of a young hunter enjoying the privilege of the special place that Glenarary is:

Hi my name is Jacob Pirie and I am 11 years old.

Recently I was fortunate enough to hunt Glenarary Stations Junction block on the 24 of April.

The Junction block is one of my favourite blocks to hunt because I like staying in the old gold miners hut and it is close to where my Great Grandad used to hunt on the Flaxy block.

After spending four days at home in bed sick (not Covid) I managed to convince Dad I was still capable of going hunting and we left home on Friday evening. We unloaded the motorbike and drove to the hut in darkness, fording the creek and climbing up the hills which was very exciting. On arriving at the hut we had a Back Country meal and went to bed. The next morning we got up, had breakfast and crossed the creek, using Dad's gumboots; great idea Dad! We climbed through the bush and walked about two hundred meters. Then we sat down to catch our breath and I saw two hinds departing and one in patchy bush. We tried to stalk her as she was so close to the hut but she slipped away.

We continued to walk up a massive hill until I felt the effects of four sick days in bed. After climbing the last steep piece we decided to sit down for a rest. We could hear a stag roaring on Patterson's Spur so for entertainment Dad roared at him for a couple of minutes then we packed up and left. Dad was walking ahead and I saw what I thought were two Magpies. I continued to watch and the two white magpies turned into the tips of a stag's antlers. I watched in amazement as he climbed the hill and I quietly called to Dad, "Stag! Stag!" Dad turned and saw the stag with his head down walking straight towards us. Dad said to stay still as we were in the open with no cover. We allowed the Stag to approach and shot him at sixty metres. I ran down to it and to my amazement it was a twelve pointer. Both Dad and I were very pleased. We took our meat and I carried the head back to the hut. Eating bacon cooked on the open fire was also something I enjoyed and feel privileged to have been able to hunt with my Dad at such a great place. I would like to go back to Glenarary again next year.

From Jacob Pirie.

