

**THE SOUTHERN HUNTER**  
Southland Branch NZDA Newsletter  
November 21



Windley Basin Eyre Mts ( from above Windley Biv)  
Branch email is: [enquiries@southlanddeerstalkers.org.nz](mailto:enquiries@southlanddeerstalkers.org.nz)  
News Letter [douglasgordon@xtra.co.nz](mailto:douglasgordon@xtra.co.nz)  
Branch website <http://www.southlanddeerstalkers.org.nz/>

**Monthly Meeting**

Monthly meeting 7.30pm Wednesday 17<sup>th</sup> November at the Branch  
Club Rooms Longbush Hall McKerchar Road off State Highway 1  
between Kennington & Woodlands

**GUEST SPEAKER**

Dave Burgess of Environment Southland on Pest Control

**FACEBOOK:**

HAS MOVED WITH THE TIMES AND NOW HAS ITS VERY OWN FACEBOOK PAGE  
FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE ON FACEBOOK, CHECK IT OUT, YOU WILL FIND HELPFUL INFO ON THERE  
AND IT WILL HOPEFULLY ENCOURAGE NEW MEMBERSHIP AND CLUB INTERACTION. WE ENCOURAGE ALL  
MEMBERS TO CONTRIBUTE TO IT

**NEW MEMBERS**

New Members please welcome them  
Hudson Parker, Blake Jennings, Nicholas Whyte, Jack Hurley,

**Club Hunts**

All hunts for Southland Branch NZDA Members (with full NZDA membership)  
as Public liability Insurance required).

## Office Bearers

### **Club Office Bearers**

**President:** S McKelvie 027 635 0490 **Vice President:** T Caldwell

**Secretary** A Nesbit      **: Treasurer** T Mead

**Magazine Editor:** D. Gordon 216 6383      **Immediate past President**

**Membership** A Nesbit                      **Huts** N Miller

**Executive:** W Ashmore, N Dawson, E Garrick, D Howden, J. McCallum,

L Payne, R. Phillips.

### Sub Committees

Hall	Luke Payne
Young Hunts	Nathan Dawson – (Need to confirm this)
AGM	Shaun McKelvie & Andy Nesbit
Trophies	Tony Caudwell & Luke Payne
Pistol Range	Doug Gordon
Rifle Range	Andy Nesbit
DOC Liaison	Ray Phillips & Shaun McKelvie
Library	Shaun McKelvie & Tom Mead
Club Hunts	Shaun McKelvie & Tom Mead
Guest Speaker	Shaun McKelvie & Andy Nesbit
Photo Competition	Doug Gordon
Social Media	Erin Garrick, Tony Caudwell & Shaun McKelvie

## Wanted

Stories, ads, letters to the editor, or whatever for the newsletter, send to or contact the editor. Guest Speaker's needed, Ideas wanted, who do you want, and names needed, suggestions to Executive.

# **JM WILKINSON CUP POSTAL SHOOTING CHAMPIONSHIP**

The Southland Branch intends to run a shoot to be part of this postal championship on 19<sup>th</sup> 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



## Presidents Report November 2021



It's been a pretty wet old spring this year I haven't got out to much yet but it's starting to warm up and dry out and daylight saving helps gives us all time to get out after work for an evening hunt. We did manage to get Ellie her second deer which was pretty cool and with fishing season starting the kids the kids and myself have been out a fair bit and with some

success Mya and Ellie are both on the board this season already, I'm yet to get myself one yet.

Myself a few of the committee members attended the Gore NZDA trophy night recently it was great to see such a good turn out and done bloody awesome heads on display. We received the interclub trophy for the best Chamois head which will be presented to our member who took the animal at our next meeting is great to get the interclub trophy's competition going again. Congrats on a great night to the Gore Branch.

We've started or summer boot camp of your thinking about coming along just do it it's a great social night an you get a bita exercise to what have you got to lose..

The working bee at Te Anau Wapiti lodge is on the 5,6,7 the of Nov we will likely have another working bee up there soon as we are aiming to paint the roof trim the hedge and get organised to re do the kitchen so any help would be greatly appreciated.

The Invercargill rifle range is back open hopefully you've seen the schedule on Facebook on that note if anyone has any photos they'd like to share private message them to the branch Facebook an we'll get them up for you .

The southern lakes branch has there lady's hunt coming up if anyone's keen and hasn't received the information on it please let me no and we'll put you on contact with the right people.

Rayioners is due to roll over now If anyone hasn't received the information it has been emailed out to all members so if you didn't receive it please let me know the more the merrier.

We'll see you at the Next meeting....

Hot Barrels and safe hunting

Cheers Shaun



## **Editorial**

November already time for that spring hunt. It's been a funny year with Covid 19 dominating the land. I know most of you are tired of hearing about it. But it will be a major influence for some time yet. It has exposed a lot of failings in this fare land. One being the News media and portions of society's mistrust of them flowing into vaccine resistance in the populace. (They no longer trust anything told them or worse take anything told to be lies, this sentiment in USA helped Donald Trump.)

They the news media have a bad habit of publishing misinformation. To highlight a couple of instances that should be of concern to Hunters as they have a pro Forrest and Bird twist.

- There is a build-up of Deer numbers in the Wellington Area fuelled by lack of Hunter access. (Good to see National Office on to this, though getting our message into the same said press is an issue.) What really grated my gears was an article run on stuff & co on line that featured footage of Whitetail deer running down the Hutt Valley streets somewhere. Fake footage to push ones point. (Or as the press often says File footage, they have a very bad habit of using any photo to hand, when they don't have photos of an event). Note that these Deer are Deer that hunters can't get access to hunt.( See National Office October Newsletter)
- Then there was a headline also in stuff & co online. Which indicated that the blood of New Zealand's most endangered bird was staining Tuna being sold in USA. Reading the article one found concerns about Albatross being caught and killed by bad fishing practices, not good and needs attention. But on page 3 of the article one finds that there are approx. 31000, of these birds left. Not exactly NZ's most endangered species as headlines read, or have I missed something.

It has been good this year to see National Office come alive and try to put facts out there to counter some of this green left wing rubbish. After all that is one of the reasons we are members of and support NZDA. It's a pity the Media often only go for comment on things that concern us to their green friends, not very balanced. (No wonder they are losing credibility with the more knowing public). But we also lose some creditability as our story is not getting out there.

This same so called politically correct group claim that all those not signed up as pro hunting/ firearms are there supporters. Something that evidence coming out of the Covid situation indicates isn't true. As significant portion are just concerned with living and surviving day to day. No wonder there is mistrust and division in this fare land.

At Branch level it is good to see finally a working bee on the Wapiti lodge, it is a start but more will be needed to be done to get it up to scratch. Hopefully some of those who did not make it this time will be able to help out later. Remember NZDA is largely run by volunteer hunters for hunters. The stronger and more united we become the better our chances of having better outcomes for hunters this is what we are about is it not. Time to start planning for next year.

## Sponsors

Southland Branch would like to thank its regular sponsors and recommend them to its members.



**SOUTHERN  
ADVENTURE**  
THE IN STORE FOR THE OUTDOORS



**Southland Branch Polo Shirts**



The following are in stock and available for purchase @ \$35 each

5 x Medium

5 x Large

5 x Xtra Large to arrange payment

5 x XXL

Available at Branch Meeting or by emailing

[enquiries@southlanddeerstalkers.org.nz](mailto:enquiries@southlanddeerstalkers.org.nz)

Subject line Polo Tee Shirts

Payment prior to delivery by online banking to the Branch Account

06-0925-0270758-000 with details of *your name Polo Shirt and Size*.

(If unable to do online banking contact Tom 0278471882)

First in best dressed

# Freeze Dri



Purchase Back Country Cuisine freeze-dri meals direct at special prices, email Tony on [info@bcfoods.co.nz](mailto:info@bcfoods.co.nz) to order or find out more information.

SOUTHLAND DEERSTALKERS PRESENTS

# SPRING BOOT CAMP



**A 6 Week Program designed at  
boosting hunter Fitness.**

**Sessions held every Tuesday and  
Thursday. First session Tuesday**

**26th October 2021**

**Carpark area off**

**Kiosk Road Queens Park, Queens  
Drive.**

**\$10 per session hosted By J&T's  
Fitness Studio**

**Sessions start @7.30pm**

**No equipment needed**

**For more info contact**

**Andy 021 917 808**

**Tom-0278471882**

**Shaun-0276350490**

## JOKES FOR THE MONTH

. A man dashes into the A&E dept. And yells . . 'My wife's going to have her baby in the taxi'.

I grabbed my stuff, rushed out to the taxi, lifted the lady's dress and began to take off her underwear. Suddenly after protests from the lady I noticed that there were several taxis - - - and I was in the wrong one.

Submitted by Dr. Mark MacDonald , St. Andrews Hosp. Glasgow

2. At the beginning of my shift, I placed a stethoscope on an elderly and slightly deaf female patient's anterior chest wall. 'Big breaths,'. I instructed. 'Yes, they used to be,'. . . Replied the patient..

Submitted by Dr. Richard Barnes , St.Thomas's Bath

3 One day I had to be the bearer of bad news when I told a wife that her husband had died of a massive myocardial infarct. Not more than five minutes later, I heard her on her mobile phone reporting to the rest of the family that he had died of a **'massive internal fart.'**

Submitted by Dr. Susan Steinberg Royal London Hosp.

4. During a patient's two week follow-up appointment, he told me that he was having trouble with one of his medications. 'Which one?'. . . I asked. 'The patch; the Nurse told me to put on a new one every six hours and now I'm running out of places to put it!' I had him quickly undress and discovered what I hoped I wouldn't see. Yes, the man had over fifty patches on his body! Now, the instructions includes removal of the old patch before applying a new one.

Submitted by Dr. Rebecca St. Clair, Norfolk General

5. While acquainting myself with a new elderly patient, I asked 'How long have you been bedridden?'

After a look of complete confusion she answered .'Why, not for about twenty years - when my husband was still alive.'

Submitted by Dr. Steven Swanson- Maidenhead Royal Kent

6. I was performing rounds at the hospital one morning and while checking up on a man I asked . . . .' So how was your breakfast this morning?' 'It's very good except for the Kentucky Jelly. I can't seem to get used to the taste.' . . Bob replied. I then asked to see the jelly and Bob produced a foil packet labelled 'KY Jelly.'

Submitted by Dr. Leonard J. Brandon . Bristol Infirmary.

7. A nurse was on duty in the A&E when a young woman with purple hair styled into a punk rocker Mohawk, sporting a variety of tattoos, and wearing strange clothing, entered. It was quickly determined that the patient had acute appendicitis, so she was scheduled for an immediate operation. When she was completely disrobed on the operating table, the staff noticed that her pubic hair had been dyed green, and above it there was a tattoo that read ...'Keep off the grass' Once the surgery was completed, the surgeon wrote a short note on the patient's dressing, which read 'Sorry . . . Had to mow the lawn.'

Submitted by Staff Nurse RN Elaine Fogerty , KGH London Dr. Wouldn't submit his name

## **MONGOLIA 2004**

In the later part of 2004 (after our guide seasons in New Zealand and New Caledonia had finished) Chris Bilkey and I embarked on our much anticipated adventure to Mongolia, with the intention of hunting Ibex.

We travelled to Ulan Bator, the capital and main city of Mongolia by Air Korea, via Incheon airport in Korea. I might add that Air Korea seemed like an excellent airline – the only one I have ever had come to my seat before take-off to let us know that our rifles had been safely loaded on the plane!

Our flight from New Zealand into Korea, got into Incheon in the morning, whilst the onward flight to Ulan Bator didn't leave until late at night, (I think that it has something to do with waiting until the North Korean radar people have gone to bed). But Incheon is a very nice airport with a good hotel inside, so Chris and I had showers and a sleep before having a late lunch then waiting for the departure of our flight. Needless to say North Korea must have been asleep or generally favourably disposed to our flight, as we didn't get chased by any fighters or missiles and duly arrived at Ulan Bator in the early morning.

My first taste of Mongolia was a guard in uniform standing at the aircraft doorway. He was yellow and tough looking and gave the impression he was about 2 metres tall, he didn't stop us or say anything so we assumed that we were welcome. In the baggage area we were met by a young Mongolian guy who introduced himself as "Beaver", saying that he was our interpreter and would look after us during our

hunt. A group of American hunters arrived on our flight as well, but they were quickly shunted off with a separate guide (we found out about them a bit later).

A ride into town and a visit to our actual outfitter followed with payment of the final amounts due for our hunt, along with meeting a young Australian hunter, Durham, who was to share our camp before leaving to hunt Wapiti (Maral?) further north and east towards Siberia.

Then book in and breakfast at a hotel, which seemed to carry the dubious title of the “Ulan Bator Hilton”. I am sure that that was made up, but it was nice, 1970’s Russian architecture, 6 or 7 stories, grey concrete and it came complete with air conditioning, which did not work, other than staying full hot all the time.

Showers. which sometimes were hot, sometimes cold and sometimes, when you were fully soaped, had no water at all. Interesting place.

Well when you are in a new country you have to do the “tourist thing”, so a trip to see a huge Buddhist temple – large, dusty and covered in pigeon shit, some large monuments to something, actually just big chunks of concrete stuck in the ground and a view of some Gers or Yurts on the outskirts of the city.



A typical Mongolian monument.

We were to learn a lot more about Yurts later, as these are generally the accommodation used in Mongolian hunting camps and in fact by much of the population. Used since the days when the “Mongolian Hordes” swept to the middle of Europe, they are easily transportable, can be quickly packed up and re-erected, while providing a warm and spacious living area, necessary in the harsh, cold and windy environment. The high side walls make them more spacious than normal “western” tents.



The inside of our Yurt at the hunting camp note the high wall lattice work.

Once back at the hotel the three of us decide that we would look for a bit of “local colour” in the form of a restaurant and dinner.

Mongolian restaurants are different – the walls of the one we found were decorated with the preserved heads of Taimen (the largest freshwater salmonoid) and capes of Snow Leopard. Both of which are endangered species. The buffet was however excellent, meats barbequed in the traditional manner, plus we were serenaded by a

guy playing, singing or however it is done, Mongolian Throat music. Strange but hauntingly beautiful stuff.

Morning saw us, our gear, Beaver and several cardboard cartons of food off to the airport again, for our flight to "Altai City" and, seeing the photo of it you will understand the " " marks.

Beaver got our tickets (looked like bus tickets) and got us through the departure area, across the tarmac and onto the plane, it looked like a Russian knock off of a Fokker Friendship.

Pick a seat, any seat, I got the one next to Beaver, opposite the guy with the pig and behind the woman with the chickens. Off, down a runway passed wrecks of planes and helicopters bulldozed to the side, we went, to begin the actual hunting part of our adventure.

Flying Air Mongolia is different, they fly close to the ground! Maybe the ground is higher there or maybe it has something to do with the roads we seemed to follow, but we were airborne and nobody seemed concerned. The hostess talked to the captain on what looked like a windup telephone, just like we had in about 1940 for party lines in the country, announced something and returned to her seat. Beaver said that we were going to make a short deviation but would proceed to Altai City once we had completed the change. No problem we have all day.

Our new route took us to a partially completed airport building in the middle of NOWHERE. The building was in the best Mongolian concrete style, devoid of windows, doors or an inside toilet (go behind the sacking screen about 100 metres away across the slush). The reason for this stop was to deliver a coffin and body to a group that appeared once we landed.

Beaver collected Chris, myself and Durham, telling us that we should board the plane and that the pilot was hopeful he would be able to land at Altai City, even though it was raining there and the strip was dirt. We made it.

On arrival we met our driver who was to transport us to camp, he turned out to be a local, who drove the kids to school in his Russian jeep, and his wife was the school teacher, so it was something of a community effort. Packed into the jeep was Beaver, in front with the driver and us three plus our gear and the food etc., we were taking to camp, in back. Russian jeeps are not Land Cruisers so it was going to be a very intimate journey. But we were sustained by what seemed to be a local dish

– a cold, minced sheep meat pie, no sauce, just warm coffee from a flask. They really stay with you, I can still taste the congealed fat!



Views of Altai City, take when we returned after our hunt.

Four and a half hours to camp we were told. OK we can handle that, even if we are cramped and need a mouth wash, no problem. So off we go, following a single phone line and some ruts in the dirt. Cross country travel in Mongolia is just that, travelling on tracks of varying brutality and sometimes just following washed out riverbeds. Most of the terrain we travelled was rocky and barren.

Four hours later the phone line long gone and the ruts now just a memory, as we travelled over a seemingly featureless landscape, Beaver called a stop to brew some coffee. Why? We are only half an hour from camp, let's keep going. No the bad news is it's still 5 hours to camp, seems that they felt it would put us off to tell us the

full extent of the journey before we were committed. One could only be astounded by the stamina of our driver.

Arrival in camp was about 3AM and we were informed that we would be called for breakfast at 6, then we would sight in our rifles before having an easy day scouting for Ibex.



Base Camp – Yurts, Russian Jeep and scenic outlook.

We enjoyed a pleasant day roaming over the Mongolian plateau but saw no Ibex, the reason became clear later, but it was interesting, we saw eagles, and Marmots (careful with those as they can carry Bubonic Plague), a Marmot hunter and the skull and horns of a mid-Altai Sheep, a few scattered yurts and associated goats. The locals lived a very isolated life with just horses or a motor bike for transport. Probably took several hours travel to see your girlfriend at the next camp





A Marmot hunter with his village in the background

The Mongolian plateau area that we had our camp in was almost devoid of vegetation, so the locals just released their goats each morning and allowed them to wander for food, then late in the afternoon they called them down to put them into rock compounds to protect them from the wolves. As their only source of water was a small spring at the camp and this was kept covered until afternoon this system of herding worked really well.

Late that afternoon the group of American hunters, who came in on our flight from South Korea, appeared in camp. They had been taken directly from the airport in Ulan Bator to this camp and then hunting – they were shattered after their journey and then a couple of days hunting with no rest.

They reported that they had seen many Ibex and one of them had taken a trophy in excess of 40 inches while operating out of a secondary camp at higher altitude. Obviously our outfitter and guides had a plan that involved them getting in and completed before the dumb kiwis! Also this camp was not now available as there was snow coming in as they left.

We had spent a happy day looking for non-existent Ibex in areas where there were none. Later I realised that the driver and guides didn't make any pretence of looking, they were just out for a day driving to occupy us.

At dinner that night, cooked in an oven fuelled by dry Yak dung, plans for the next day's hunt were laid. Chris and Durham were assigned a guide and driver, they were to hunt together, while I was also given a driver (the school bus driver) and a guide, plus I was told we would pick up another local on the way to the hunting area. It seems that the guides were going to look after the old gent.

Dawn saw me laying on a rocky ridge looking into a large valley. As the sun light the slopes below, several groups of Ibex could be seen, all nannies or young Billies, certainly nothing of trophy size. After a lot of looking I saw a group of 6 Billies in a small basin, probably 3 kilometres off to our right. These looked bigger than anything below us and the old local guy gave a thumbs up when he saw them through the spotting scope. They certainly looked impressive to me, who was used to seeing Chamois or Tahr with dinky, (in comparison), horns.



Chris Bilkey with a Mid Altai sheep skull and horns.

A stalk was devised with much pointing and gesturing and we set off.

Myself, the original guide from camp and the goat herder. The old guy had no English and needless to say I had no Mongolian, so our communication was by sign language. However hunters seem to have a natural ability to get their message across during a hunt. BIG and SHOOT are universal I think. Climbing down from our perch and into the valley, so were out of sight of the group, then up a dry creek bed, we started to cover the distance to our quarry.

Along the way we passed one of the few patches of green grass I saw in the whole trip and on it was quite a lot of droppings. When I made big curling motions from my head trying to imitate an Argali, the old hunter nodded and when I pointed to the old rifle he carried and made shooting motions he nodded again and then indicated himself eating! A US\$25,000 meal no less.

We approached the ridge and rocks, which screened us from the Ibex and peered over, NO IBEX in sight, just an empty basin.

Then I made my first mistake and assumed that they had left. My second mistake was having the scope sight still on 9X when they exploded out of the rocks almost at my feet.

Knowing two were bigger just added to my confusion, it was like trying to sort out one quail from a covey and then shoot it with a rifle. Over a close by ridge they went, then to reappear some 500 plus metres away on the other side of a gully.

SHOOT! SHOOT! My guide is shouting. And I am thinking, you must think I am Superman – that distance, running and off hand, no chance. I can't even tell which is the biggest. He is irate, saying we go back to camp and he is pointing to the jeep parked about 400 metres away! Christ! They had driven up on the same side as the Ibex were grazing, we could have driven up and shot directly off the front of the car. I would have had no inhibitions about that.

Chris and Durham were already back when I arrived, Durham had secured a very nice Billie just after dawn. Chris ever the gentleman giving him first shot.

Our American group departed that afternoon for Altai City, to catch a flight back to Ulan Bator the next day, they had the one trophy they had taken, plus a set of "pickups" between the three of them. Not a great result. I think the non-stop nature of their hunt had effectively destroyed them physically and mentally.

The next couple of days saw Chris and me traversing a lot of country in our little Russian Jeep. On one occasion we were taken to overlook a huge high basin from the ridge above it, no animals were sighted. But it was interesting in that our look out must have been a favoured spot over much time, many of the rocks showed drawings of animals, the quarry of these old hunters, Ibex, Altai sheep and Maral stag wandered across the rock faces in the drawings. Maral had long since disappeared from the mid Altai, but obviously had lived there at some time in the distant past.



Our Russian jeep perched on the ridge by the rock drawings

On another day we watched a mob of wolfs stalk some Ibex, a lone wolf tried to herd a young Ibex towards the pack, which was waiting above, then several mature Ibex charged in and drove the wolf off. Once a standoff was reached the wolf laid down and the Ibex returned to feeding, just another day in the wild.

That day turned bad for me after I missed a Billie. It didn't look like a really big one but my guides were most unhappy, I returned to camp and was given a lecture by the chief guide. Basically he said that I had been given two chances and that was all I could expect. I went into my best impression of being indignant, pointing out loudly that the first "chance" he referred to was screwed up by his people driving up on the scene. He relented and I promised to be a good boy.

My chance finally came when we returned to the same ridge lookout used the first morning. First light revealed a few Ibex but no Billies and as we glassed the weather started to deteriorate, with a strong wind and snow flurries. I was getting cold even

with a down vest, wool shirt and jersey, SWAZI coat and windproof trousers. The Mongolians clad only in thin clothing seemed impervious to the cold.

I finally spotted a couple of Billies way below us in the valley and pointed them out. "Not Big" was the comment.

Twenty minutes later the weather was obviously getting worse, the snow was getting heavier, dark grey clouds were rolling over the ridges and it was damned unpleasant. Time for a decision and my decision was that the ones down below looked really good to me even if they were small. A quick conference followed and I was told that they could get the jeep down into the valley, better and better, so we were off.

It was a circuitous route but finally we ended up on a rough trail that followed the valley floor. Driving along several immature or female Ibex were seen but nothing of note until almost the trail end, when we rounded a corner startling a good group of mature Billies.

I would like to say that I sorted the biggest of the mob and took him with one well-placed shot, however that would be a lie. Ibex were running and disappearing over a small rock outcrop, guides were shouting "SHOOT" and I was fumbling my way out of the jeep.

One Billie made a mistake, he stopped and looked back just before he got to the rocks, after a fusillade of shots from my Blaser, he slumped to the ground.

I had my Ibex and everyone including the guides were smiling and happy. It was actually a lucky and easy hunt in the finish, he was only about 40 metres up the hill from the trail so we could easily recover him to the jeep for the necessary photo op.

The weather continued to get worse, even though we were now at a much lower altitude so I became concerned about the guys we had left high above us. The jeep retrieved them and then we had more photos of the whole group all happy even if cold. Loaded up, a happy group returned to camp for me to head skin my trophy and get the cape salted.

Chris had again drawn a blank.



My Ibex, guides and me.



Where he fell!

Two down and one to go, we were looking good or so we thought. That night, at the yak dung cook house, while eating stew from Durham's Ibex - excellent, the boss guide informed us that we didn't have as much time as we thought. Flights out of Altai City didn't go every day and that unless Chris got an ibex within the next two days he would miss out. We needed to leave by then to make a connection with our international flights. Pressure on.

First pressure day Durham and I spent in camp, attending to our trophies, boiling skulls and renewing the salt, while Chris and a group of guides searched for a suitable Billie. They actually did see and stalk a large Billie, which escaped them, out onto what I think was the start of the Gobi Desert.

Pressure day two Durham and I again spent the day in our main camp hoping that Chris would score. Late in the afternoon the jeep arrived back with what appeared to be a dejected group of hunters. Then Durham looked in the back to find an Ibex hidden under a sheet of canvas, we all erupted with pleasure. Chris had his trophy Ibex, even if it was taken at the last throw of the dice.



Morning saw us packed into the jeep again, still loaded as we had the three trophies and not looking forward to nine hours cramped together, especially as none of us had had a decent wash since leaving Ulan Bator. Water was at a premium in the camp.

We rolled into Altai City in the dead of night to find the compound of the Yurt we were to sleep in locked. The caretaker was finally located, drunk in the jail, relieved of his key and the compound opened. We had a very colourful and warm Yurt for the rest of the night plus breakfast supplied by the school mistress the next morning.



Chris and Beaver taking breakfast in our Yurt at Altai City.

A day back in Ulan Bator sightseeing completed the hunt for Chris and I, while Durham was picked up to continue his adventure to the North and East chasing Maral.



Typical of the terrain we hunted in our little jeep!

Flights home always give time to reflect on your hunt and for me it was to reflect on a very memorable hunt in a very different country. The people were hospitable and did their very best to ensure a successful hunt under difficult and fairly primitive conditions. A hunt I would very much recommend to anyone who likes mountain hunting.

It also gave me time to reflect on the trophy I had secured. It was not the 40 inch model that I thought I wanted, but it was old and heavy and MINE! Maybe we put too much magic in the last couple of inches of the stuff we seek.

[John Berry](#)

**Invercargill Rifle Club**

## Cobb Road Rifle Range

As honorary members of the Invercargill Rifle Club, Southland Branch members now have the opportunity to use the Cobb Road Range for sighting in of rifles and also participating in programmed Invercargill Rifle club events.

You will need to bring

Firearms Licence and Deerstalkers membership card.

Ear and eye protection

Target capable of being stapled to the target frame

Rifle (bolt out) + ammo – Up to and including .308/762 calibre

Bipod or other front support and rear support.

The range will be operated by a designated Rang Officer who will make themselves known at the range.

General format will be

Allocation of target frame

Validation of rifle being able to hit target at 100m

Shooting 200m and beyond after validation

Dates: The range is not for casual use but is available for use on the following dates:

If you are interested in attending and for further details please first contact

Andy Nesbit 021 917 808

Shaun McKelvie 027 635 0490

## Rifle Sighting In At Invercargill Pistol Club

With the start of daylight saving the Invercargill pistol Club range will be again available.

To Financial Members for the sighting in of Rifles on Wednesday nights from 5.30 pm finishing 7pm. At the cost of \$10 per person. Ear & Eye protection required

**Please Note with the changes to the Law NO Semi Automatics allowed. (Other than .22R)**

To use this facility you **MUST** contact the roistered person in charge **no later** than the previous Sunday night.

10<sup>th</sup> November Doug Gordon 03 216 6383/ 027 637 2206

24<sup>th</sup> November Andy Nesibit 021 917 808

1<sup>st</sup> December Nathan Dawson 027 235 8063

8<sup>th</sup> December Tom Mead 027 847 1882

15<sup>th</sup> December Doug Gordon 03 216 6383/ 027 637 2206

22<sup>nd</sup> December Andy Nesibit 021 917 808

# J & T'S FITNESS STUDIO



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## Wapiti Lodge, Thicket Burn Hut & Red Stag Lodge Mavora



Bookings to Neville & Carol Miller Phone (03)216 8654  
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Please Note the Red Stag Lodge is on Doc land a hunting permit is  
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Received within seven days or bookings will be cancelled.**

. Wapiti Lodge still available over summer due to no takers for Christmas ballot

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