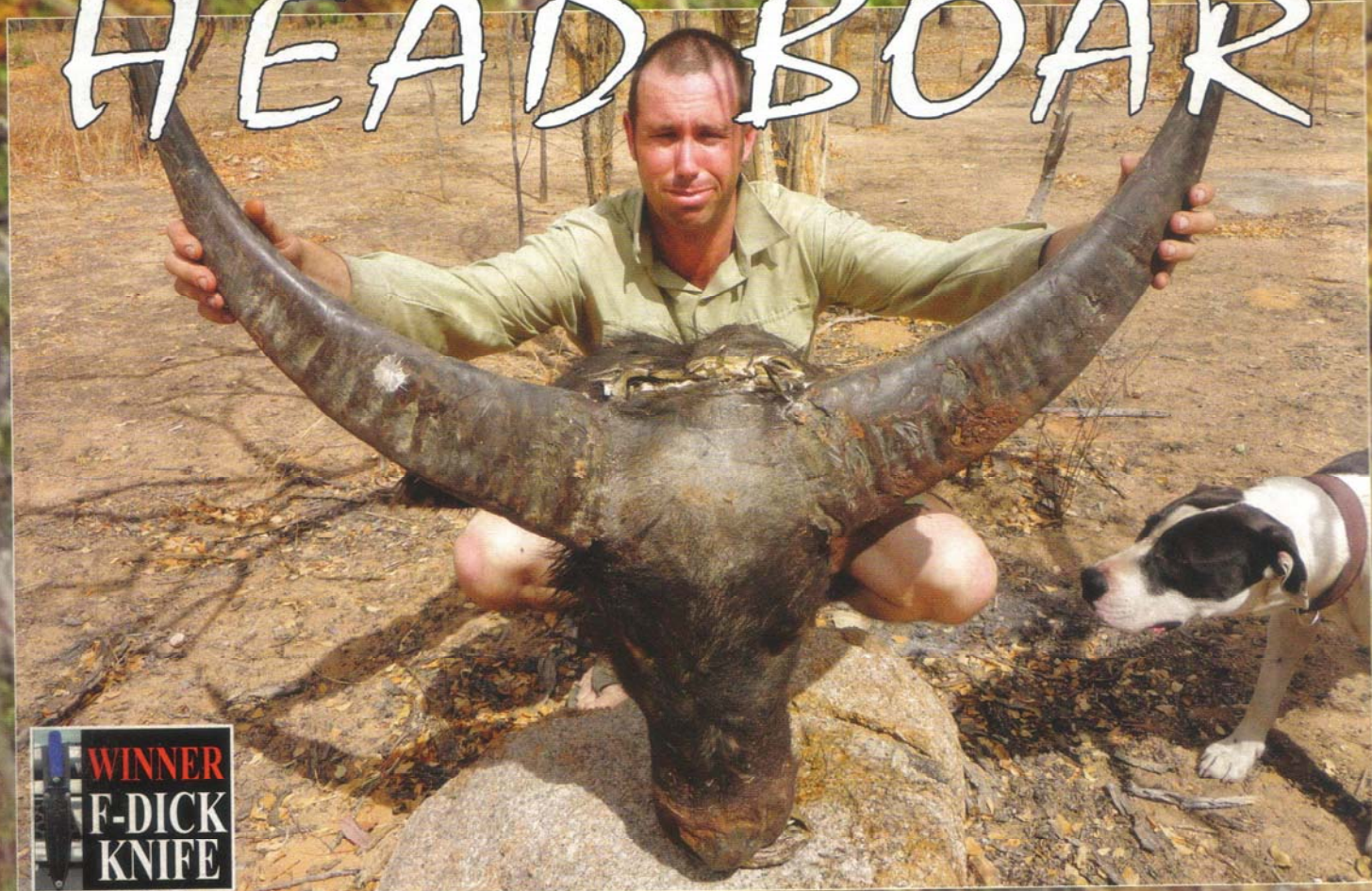


# BUFFALO HEAD BOAR



**WINNER**  
**F-DICK**  
**KNIFE**

It was July 2008; I was up on my annual pig hunt in the Northern Territory, with my Bull Arabs and a mate from Canberra, Fred Lederer. We were on a 500km<sup>2</sup> station, north of Larrimah and we were in some harsh granite country, which was surrounded by savannah country. All of my mates know I love this type of country, as I get some big angry boars each year up here and my mates are usually impressed, as they don't often come across pigs of this size down South.

I had asked the station owner, if my good mate, Ken Millard could join us for a quick pig hunt, as he had a couple days leave out of Jabiru. He was the Manager of Kakadu National Park, at the time and I was looking forward to hunting with him, like we do most years up North. He had his Bull Arab X Axe with him, who was out of the best dog that he had ever owned, Boof from Normanton. Axe was much like his father,

with a good blocky build and a nice, strong jaw and neck. He could run really fast and had been showing some potential on past hunts.

We met at the front fence of the property and met the station manager for a few beers. We sat under the shade of their verandah, next to a nice creek. It was good to hear the stories of the boar sizes that had been shot by the station manager and we were looking forward to catching one with the Bull Arabs. After a few beers, we headed off at 7:30pm towards the campsite, which was 15Km away. My main dog, Duke was not happy to see Axe and started kicking up a fuss, as he did not want any competition in catching pigs – he wanted to catch them all. Greedy bugger! We set off and sure enough 3km later Duke starting howling, like he normally does, when he smells a pig off the back of the Tonka. I wondered whether he did or not so I let him and



**Chewy** off anyway. They took off into the scrub at high speed and we waited to hear the hit up. We waited and waited and waited and heard nothing. We drove down a bit and waited some more and there was nothing, no hit up, no pig squealing, no noise at all.

I was starting to get worried as it was still 29 degrees at 8pm and my dogs were from Canberra's winter weeks before. Anyway to cut a long story short, they bailed off for nothing and Duke was an idiot, as he had smelt no pig and carried on like that, because he did not want Axe to catch one before him.

One hour later we caught up with them, after they looped back onto the track and they were stuffed. They must have run 10Km or so, as I can't remember seeing Duke ever so buggered. We loaded them back up and noted how foot sore they both were, especially Duke, so I decided to get an early night in the camp.

We had an early night, but I awoke at 2am, as Ken was screaming out to me that there was a pig in the camp.

I said "Yeah right mate, whatever" and went back to sleep in the swag.

Axe was barking and then the other two started barking. Ken shone the torch 30 metres away. I couldn't believe my eyes. There was a big boar that had made his way into our camp. I wondered why and then realised! Fred had mounted the buffalo head, which I had got a few days before, when we were out shooting, in a tree nearby about 100 metres away.

The boar was looking for a free feed. He had come up from the nearby dry river and headed towards the scent of the Buffalo head. I jumped out of the swag, put my shoes on, plated up Chewy, the 19 month old Bull Arab bitch and let her go. She chased him all of the way down to the river,

which was 800 metres away. I followed with Ken, Axe and Fred close after. Chewy had bailed this monster hard on the way down to slow him up and lugged him, only to get a good upper-cut and a small rip in her leg. She did well and held the boar in position, until Axe arrived. He got a big slamming in his mid section, which created a welt later on.

With us all on the scene, we finished the boar off and marveled at what had just happened. Ken and I were happy, as we always catch pigs, when we get together. He had brought good luck into our camp that night, as the buffalo head had been there for days, with no signs of pigs on other nights.

We setup the boar and took some photos. Ken went home in the morning, back to Jabiru. It was good to see my mate again and catch a knarly boar to boot with our dogs teaming up together, whilst still young. I am looking forward to our next hunt together and will always remember the Buffalo head Boar.

Happy Hunting,  
Matt Klement.

