



RB SELLARS –

Spring Summer '25 Catalogue: Barkly Downs, QLD

For RB Sellars, the Spring Summer '25 Catalogue is more than a product showcase, it's a story of rural resilience and connection.

Produced by the brand's in-house team, the catalogue embodies the spirit of life on the land and celebrates the communities that wear the brand with pride.

the catalogue highlighted both seasonal and core collections alongside human stories of endurance, passion, and pride.

50,000
units mailed and
distributed in
17 stores across
Australia

Many recipients keep the catalogue as a keepsake, extending its lifespan well beyond the sales season.



The key objectives were to:

Build brand affinity and emotional connection with rural audiences.

Strengthen loyalty and inspire new customer engagement.

Celebrate real people and stories from rural Australia through authentic storytelling.

Storytelling,
increased
brand trust,
engagement
and loyalty

The creative team travelled to Barkly Downs, a remote cattle station 150 km west of Mount Isa, to capture the essence of rural Australia. Featuring real farmers, families, and workers, the catalogue highlighted both seasonal and core collections alongside human stories of endurance, passion, and pride.

With 50,000 copies mailed through Australia Post and distributed via 17 stores across five states, the catalogue was supported by digital campaigns to maximise reach and engagement. All production and print were managed by IVE Group.

The Barkly Downs edition deepened community connection and reinforced RB Sellars' identity as an authentic rural lifestyle brand. Many recipients keep the catalogue as a keepsake, extending its lifespan well beyond the sales season.

The campaign successfully merged commerce with storytelling, increasing brand trust, engagement, and emotional loyalty among rural Australians.

CREW ONE Learning the Ropes

The machinery shed is an island of fluorescent light in the dark, and inside, there's a motorbike belly-up on the bench, surrounded by station hands working fast to fix a waste. The big muster starts at first light and there's no time to waste.

Last year, these four teenagers were strangers. Now they're Crew One, led by Will Forrest from Augathella, the only country kid among them. "I came to get more knowledge of cattle and horses," he says. "I grew up with it, but that doesn't mean you know much about it all."

The wheel is back on and a convoy of vehicles charges out to Bullock Hole Paddock, where more than 2,000 cows are scattered across open country. It's Crew One's job to find them and, with the help of two helicopters, push them towards Number Eleven Yards for pre-testing.

"Girls are on the bikes today," says Keeleigh Wise as she rolls one backwards off the tray of a ute. She's back for another season and this time has 19-year-old Millie Swindle for company, a newcomer who liked what she'd heard about life out here.

By lunch, two mobs converge on a road so straight it looks drawn with a ruler for the 12-kilometre home stretch.

Leading them is the unlikelyst of drovers: Zach Lia Lorenz, who traded Bondi for Barkly and now zigzags ahead of the mob to keep them tight, circling back when the lead cows drift too far.

"I've definitely changed my mindset on problem solving," he says. "I reckon if I came out and did a tough day when I first arrived, I would have just given up."

In the yards, Will drafts cows in the back pens, bouncing over two-metre-high rails like they're hurdles while Millie darts between sliding gates, pausing only to shoot a tiny grey calf back to its mother. Dust swallows the scene, but no one minds. "You just filter it through your teeth," Zach grins.

"Only 900 to go," calls Keeleigh who's on the laptop near the crush, where vet Dan is pre-testing cows and shouting weights and gestational ages to be logged. He's able to determine the month of the foetus just by touch.

Smoko is called and water bottles become back rests as everyone crumples into a heap. In ten minutes they'll be back in the yards moving like a well-oiled machine, but for now, there are TimTams.



The letterbox harnessed community spirit and trust for the Barkly Downs community.



"I don't know what they mean," he says, "and help them discover what they're good at. They build on that." Many are proud of a high school and team drama with more often than not. These moments in time are precious.

"There's quite a lot of looking in a mirror and finding some love that's about maintaining momentum."

They're down by something they can't always articulate. The way it's about the pursuit of a way in agriculture. For others, it's a change of scenery. But all of them go home changed, if they go home at all.

"I just keep being there and much," says 20-year-old Sam from Barkly who made a medical degree, but returned to a summer to do some "via Barkly". The work was not hard, the people were the good. I couldn't leave. "That was three years ago, and now I've come back."

There are 26 staff, a number that swells and contracts throughout the year as contractors roll in and out - including animal bands, boat repairs, machine operators, sheep farmers, and sheeping parties. Like here in a town, they're not in the business of coming back, meaning when the world does turn, they're not in the business of coming back.

In the camp kitchen, cook Mikaela drops a kilo of butter, sugar, creamed eggs, and a bowl of fruit. "I'm making a cake, and cheese and butter for the cake," she says, smiling to herself. It's a little bit of a ritual. "I'm a little bit of a ritual."

"They're on a bit," she says, looking at a clipboard. "We'll be back in a bit." A former restaurant owner in Sydney, she doesn't know if making a cake with all the ingredients for the 30, or a hundred, is really a ritual. "I'm a little bit of a ritual."

It's a private-cooked existence that's a little bit of a ritual. "I'm a little bit of a ritual." "I'm a little bit of a ritual." "I'm a little bit of a ritual."

Back at Number Six Yards, gates swing open and strong cattle spill out. Sam and his crew sit on their horses, looking at the cattle. "I'm a little bit of a ritual." "I'm a little bit of a ritual." "I'm a little bit of a ritual."

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