

# Archery Action

July August 2021

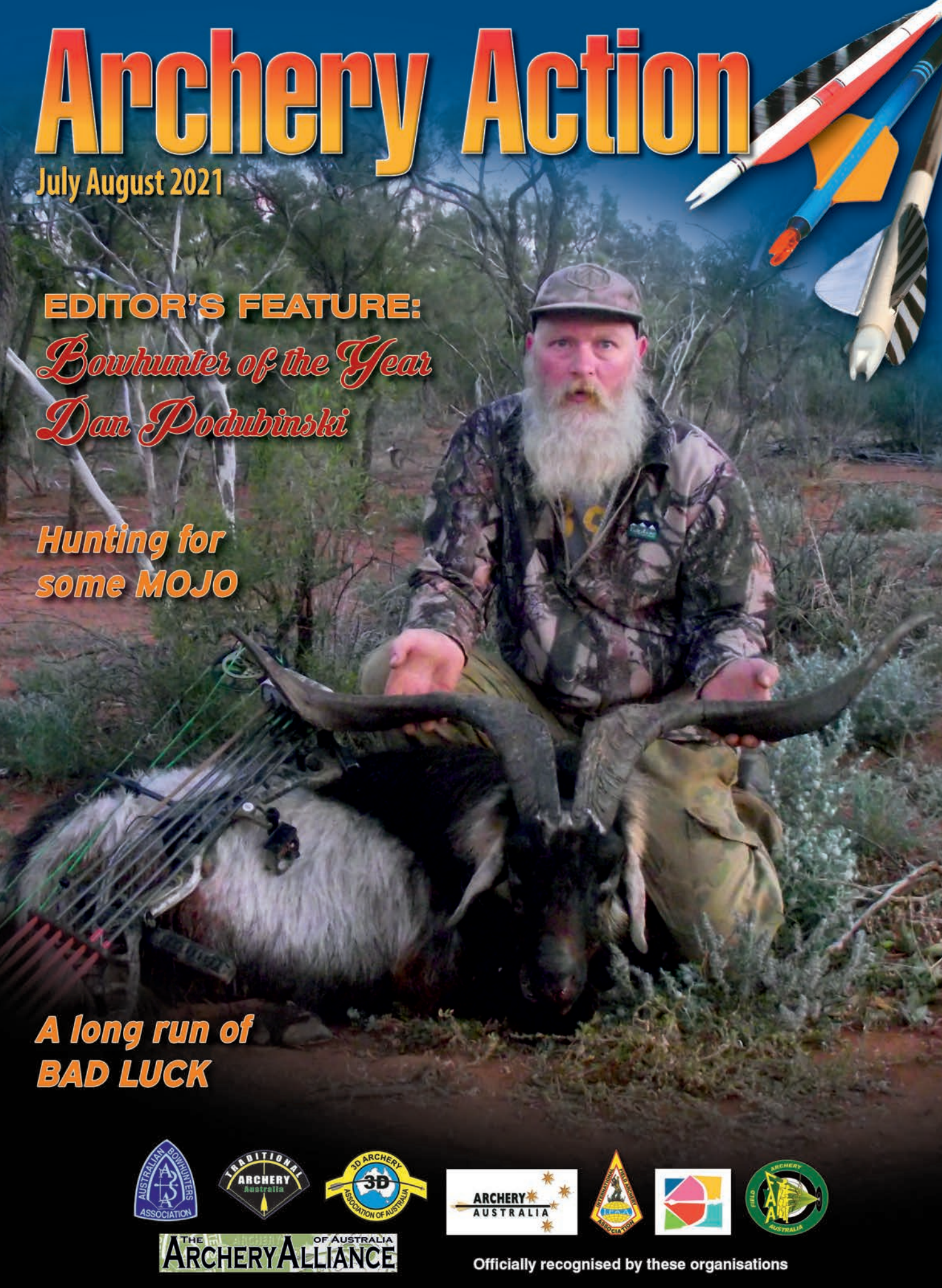


EDITOR'S FEATURE:

*Bowhunter of the Year*  
*Dan Podubinski*

*Hunting for  
some MOJO*

*A long run of  
BAD LUCK*



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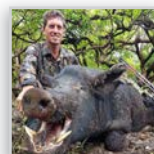
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## ◀ COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Trophy Bowhunters of Australia Bowhunter of the Year, Dan Podubinski, with his Record Class goat which was also the Best of Species taken nationally last year.

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*The time has come ...* so said the walrus in the famous Lewis Carroll poem, *The Walrus and the Carpenter*. And while the nuggety old walrus was talking of things like shoes, ships and sealing-wax, cabbages and kings, I must admit that the subject for today is considerably less whimsical than a poem personified by a sense of the ridiculous.

For me, it's time to step back from my role of Editor of the *Archery Action* magazine and follow a slightly different path—caravanning holidays, gardening and maybe taking music lessons to get my money's worth out of that old piano at last.

I started my professional life as a reporter for the Gold Coast Bulletin newspaper (at the end of the manual typewriter era!) and learned sub-editing at the Daily News in Warwick before getting a job closer to home with Action Graphics. I have been involved with *Archery Action* since the days when ABA

## DEADLINES

Please submit articles and advertisements by these dates:

**editor@archeryactionmagazine.com**

ISSUE	DEADLINE
2021	
Vol 47 No. 1 September-October	1 August
Vol 47 No. 2 November-December	1 October
Vol 47 No. 3 January-February	1 December
Vol 47 No. 4 March-April	1 February
Vol 47 No. 5 May-June	1 April
Vol 47 No. 6 July-August	1 June

*(November-December issue = 2021 Yearbook)*



Executive Director Syd Green was at the helm and subsequently I had many happy years working with the Association's last Executive Director Eric Creighton both before and after I took up the editorship five years ago. After racking up the best part of 30 years with the magazine, it will be a huge wrench to lay down my pen and push back my keyboard.

If you have journalistic and editing talents along with the ability to lay out a magazine and would like to throw your hat in the ring, please contact the office for more information (*below*).

I am intending to present at least one more magazine before taking the plunge into retirement, so it's not goodbye yet.

*Jenel Hunt*  
Editor



The ABA is seeking a new Editor for *Archery Action*. The successful person for this role will have writing and editing abilities and should be able to lay out the magazine to a professional print-ready standard. Expressions of interest are invited. Please email:

**officemanager@bowhunters.org.au**



### Advertising Bookings and

**Editor—Jenel Hunt**

Mobile 0427 756 546

editor@archeryactionmagazine.com

PO Box 638, Stanthorpe Qld 4380

### Publisher

Artemis Productions ABN 79 750 431 225

PO Box 152, Redbank Qld 4301

### ABA contact details—

Phone (07) 3256 3976

officemanager@bowhunters.org.au

www.bowhunters.org.au

### FREELANCE CONTRIBUTIONS

are welcomed by this magazine and articles should be addressed to: The Editor, *Archery Action*. The Editor accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Colour photographs or high resolution scans are suitable for publication. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your articles to enable return of photographs if required.

Emailed contributions should be sent in plain (editable) text only and any photos should be sent as separate attachments, not embedded in the story text.

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### REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS

Traditional Trails—Nick Lintern

Bushcraft and Survival—Scott Heiman





# When luck piles up

**T**he day started like any of my other work days; the alarm sounding at 5 o'clock, getting up and going straight to work. Lunch time came around. The weather was nice and the wind was good so I made the decision to do one of my usual little afternoon hunts after work; this time to a local spot to look for a velvet fallow buck. I finished work around 4 o'clock and quickly ducked home to

pick up my bow and hunting bag, then I was on my way.

A short drive and a couple of kilometres of walking had me up on a little point where I like to sit of an afternoon and do some glassing. An hour or so in, there hadn't been a ton of activity around. I'd seen half a dozen fallow does feeding and moving around through the bush and shrubs I was overlooking and had seen a small group

of red deer hinds a couple of times but they were about 1500m away across a couple of gullies and ridges.

It was getting late in the afternoon, so I decided that I would try to make a stalk on the hinds as I hadn't seen a fallow buck moving and I was going to end up running out of daylight if I left it much longer. I picked up my things and set up a little game plan for a stalk. I set off down the hill I'd been glassing from





## Tyler Atkinson

and made my way towards the gully bottom. I was keeping an eye on all the kangaroos and making mental notes for the stalk so I'd know where to dart around to avoid spooking kangaroos so they didn't blow out everywhere and alert the deer.

I was approximately 500m out from the deer and everything was going to plan. I had kept low and out of view and had managed to still be completely

undetected by the kangaroos spread through the area. Still slowly closing the gap, I skylined myself over a small ridge to try to keep closing the gap.

Just then, a couple of kangaroos that I hadn't previously seen moved from a thicket situated below my position. They headed to the left away from the deer. That was promising: they would not spook the deer going that way. They were out of view

in seconds. I continued my stalk, quickly forgetting about the spooked kangaroos.

Soon after, from the gully to my left, a large dark animal came flying out. It was about 400m ahead of me and I couldn't immediately identify it. At first I thought it might have been a red stag fleeing the gully that the kangaroos had run up and heading towards his hinds. I took a quick look through my





*The lay of the land.*

binoculars and my first suspicions were thrown out the window. It was a boar ... and a big one at that. Extremely shocked and still trying to decide if I was just seeing things, I mentally scabbled to figure out a bit of a plan. Everything seemed to happen in a split second and in a blink, the boar was out of view. He was heading across a finger ridge towards a main gully—the gully leading up to the red deer.

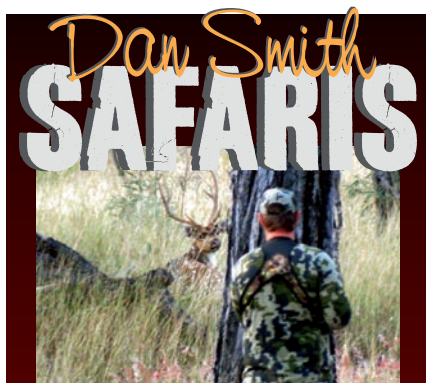
Thinking about the lay of the land, I guessed he wasn't going to

break up the gully through the red deer as there was nowhere to go for a scared animal looking for cover. That gully went into semi-open bush and out onto paddocks not too far up. For me to get up the opposing side of the gully would mean a steep climb. Being familiar with the area, I knew there were no game trails going up that hill. Plus, I had never seen an animal head up and over in that spot. So I ruled that out as an option, which left me with one idea. He was going to cross the gully bottom and head down the gully along the opposite side to where I had seen him. While this was all spinning round my head, I made a full sprint to get to a bit higher ground on the face I was expecting him to travel on and towards some cover where I wouldn't immediately be seen. Still running, I picked a game trail about a third of the way up the face and headed through the top end of some thick coffee bush. A major game trail was approximately 25m above me on the hill. Rounding a small finger, I spotted a bit of movement towards me only 50m away, but it disappeared instantly behind a large blackberry bush. I quickly halted my run and started to take a few steps

backwards to clear myself for a view past the blackberries and up the hill. While moving back, I raised my bow and drew back. A split second later the boar emerged from behind the berries, broadside and still at a full sprint. I knew there was no chance of him stopping or changing speeds. He was on a mission and nothing was going to stop him or change his route. I followed him through my sight, quickly working out a lead. I think this guesstimation was really helped from the years of ABA novelty shoots with running targets and aerial targets. My pins moved forwards from his chest, though his neck, past his eye. And as they reached his snout, things started to feel right. Still swinging with him while he was running, I squeezed off the shot. Something with the sun and the light must have been just right, as I saw the arrow the entire way. Watching the boar running and the arrow flying was something special, both objects at full pace destined to collide. I knew as soon as I saw things in flight it had happened, the shot had broken just perfectly and was on a perfect path.

Then thump, the arrow drove deep into the fighting pad of the boar, tight behind the shoulder. All you could see was vanes and a nock. The boar changed his course and veered away from me to charge up the hill. He would soon be out of sight so I set off at a sprint. Now this wasn't a little hill, it was steep and nasty, and I still don't know how I moved up it in the time I did. Despite how quickly the shot had happened, the boar had still made it up and over the hill and out of sight. All I could think about was the likelihood of losing him—I needed to get eyes on him again as quickly as possible.

As I reached the crest, it took me a split second to spot the boar again—he was working his way up the other side of a small gully only 80m away. I pulled up in the hope that he wouldn't swing



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GO TO







*Tyler was looking for velvet fallow, but as luck would have it, he found a great boar instead.*

The writer of this story wins a threepack of **TUSKER SPIRIT** broadheads



around, see me and spook. But he was slowing up now, almost at a walk and starting to swing downhill. Suddenly he made a full spin on the spot, partially losing his footing. Then he made another full spin and completely lost his footing this time. He landed flat and didn't move another muscle. That was it, he was down.

With a ton of adrenaline running through my system, I threw a fist pump in the air and headed on over to put a hand on this awesome trophy.

The closer I got, the bigger he got. Closer and closer, he just kept getting bigger and bigger until I was standing at his feet. He was the biggest boar I had ever seen in the wild and I'd found him virtually in my backyard! For everything to work the way it did was

a complete miracle.

After a few photos and a bit of contemplation, I came to the decision to cape him out and have him shoulder mounted. I don't think it was 15 minutes later and I was already hating myself and really second guessing my decision—it was hard going and nothing like the deer I had done in the past. The rock-hard shoulder pads weighed a ton, and having to hold them up for every cut was completely destroying me. Trying to manoeuvre a near 100kg animal into positions to work on was overly difficult. But an hour or two later and well into the darkness, it was all caped out and spread on the ground. I gathered everything from my pack and stuffed it all back in—double, triple and

quadruple checking I had everything in as I knew this push back up the hill was going to be murder on me. With the cape and head over my shoulders, I set off.

One foot in front of the other was all that I needed to think about rather than the entire task ahead. Another couple of hours passed (I took a couple of breaks) and I was finally back at the car, all too happy to finally have the weight off my shoulders that was driving me into the ground. It was nearly midnight by then so I had to send a quick message to the taxidermist to check he was still up. Luckily he was and he was happy for me to drop the boar around on my way home. What an adventure! I'll remember this one for a long time, that's for sure.





# Australian Bowhunters Association INC



## NATIONAL OFFICE

Office Manager, Kerry Chandler  
PO Box 152  
REDBANK QLD 4301  
Ph (07) 3256 3976  
Email: [officemanager@bowhunters.org.au](mailto:officemanager@bowhunters.org.au)

## NATIONAL OFFICERS

PRESIDENT  
Tony Hartcher  
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Ralph Boden  
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Allan Driver  
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NATIONAL COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER  
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DIR BOWHUNTER EDUCATION  
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DIRECTOR OF COACHING  
(vacant)

## COMMUNICATION PROTOCOL

The protocol for contacting officers is: Member speaks to relevant club officer. If the club officer cannot answer the query the officer passes it to the Branch representative who then contacts the relevant National Officer if required.

If you have any queries for National Officers, please direct your communication to the National Office (contact details as above).

## AFFILIATIONS

BOWHUNTING: WORLD BOWHUNTING ASSOCIATION  
FIELD ARCHERY: INTERNATIONAL FIELD ARCHERY ASSOCIATION  
CONFEDERATION OF AUSTRALIAN SPORT

WEBSITE <http://www.bowhunters.org.au>

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## BRANCH CONTACTS

Northern Territory	Ken Henderson	0413 820 818
North Queensland	Wayne Salmon	0429 438 925
Central Queensland	Andrew Little	0420 925 834
South Queensland	Brett Willaton	0401 326 132
North New South Wales	Peter Stubbs	(02) 6743 1559
South NSW and ACT	Rod Moad	0417 695 316
Gippsland, Victoria	Mark Burrows	0419 550 510
Central and Greater Victoria	Steve Old	0418 177 980
South Australia	Brett Raymond	0418 810 598
Western Australia	Ken Neill	0418 926 862
Tasmania – see Victoria		
Trophy Bowhunters of Australia	Ralph Boden	(02) 4392 6810





# BOWHUNTING DIVISION REPORT

by Allan Driver

Vice-President Bowhunting Division



## Bowhunting Awards

It has been a bit quiet on the bowhunting side of the equation lately. There are, however, a couple of things to mention. One of those is the Bowhunting Awards, publicised in the previous *Archery Action* magazine.

We had a few errors in the tallies of game claimed for 2020 and a couple of avid readers contacted the office about the numbers. We looked at them again and have updated to give a correct account of game claimed.

It is not an easy process to get right but we all try to do so.

Hopefully next year it will be on the mark.

## Yabbying in NSW

Something outside of bowhunting which will affect people in New South Wales is the banning of Opera-House-style yabby traps. Many bowhunters fish and look for a good feed of yabbies when they are away.

Opera-House-style yabby traps can pose a risk to native wildlife which can inadvertently get caught in the traps. This is particularly problematic for platypus, water rats and turtles. Open top nets allow mammals to exit through the top, unlike Opera House traps which only have openings on the sides. By transitioning to the use of open-top nets, fishers can keep fishing, while

continuing to do their part to protect wildlife and ensure the ongoing health of our inland river systems.

The traps are already prohibited east of the Newell Highway as well as parts of the Murray, Edward and Murrumbidgee Rivers west of the Newell Highway, where platypus are most abundant.

More information about the recreational fishing rule changes are available at <https://www.dpi.nsw.gov.au/info/yabbytrap-faqs>, or contact your local NSW DPI Fisheries office.

## Carp in NSW

In NSW, discussions on bowfishing for carp are continuing. Meetings have

## Summary of Australian Bowshot Records

Species	Holder	Australian Record	Record Class	Trophy Class
Boar	Michael Dacre	37 2/8	29	25
Goat	James Finlay	151 2/8	110	95
Buffalo	Peter Griffiths	114	86 4/8	80
Camel	Kimberley Nicholas	32 6/16	29	25
Fox	Graeme Duff	11	10 2/16	9 3/16
Cat	Tim Pitt-Lancaster	8 5/16	7 10/16	7
Red Deer	Dan Smith	315 3/8	200	175
Fallow Deer	Darryl Bulger	276 4/8	190	150
Chital Deer	Dan Smith	204	160	140
Hog Deer	Stephen Tilley	111 7/8	70	55
Sambar Deer	Dean Scott	203 5/8	162 7/8	140
Rusa Deer	Jay Janssen	236	170	150
Shark BHFF	Barry Feeney	35 2/8	20	15
Shark BF	John Van Den Heuvel	51 6/8	41 4/8	15
Stingray BHFF	Barry Feeney	11 3/8	7 4/8	6
Stingray BF	Gleewyn Butson	14 3/8	11 4/8	10

## Ladies Best of Species

Boar	Kristan Bell	34 4/8pt	2017
Goat	Katherine Agale	127 1/8pt	2010
Buffalo	Christie Pisani	87 4/8pt	2017
Camel	Christie Pisani	30 7/16pt	2014
Fox	Helen Duff	10 14/16pt	2016
Cat	Lorna Hopkins	7 12/16pt	1984
Red Deer	Elissa Rosemond	275 2/8pt	2021
Fallow Deer	Elissa Rosemond	205 7/8pt	2019
Chital Deer	Elizabeth Proctor	161 3/8pt	2019
Hog Deer	Cheryl Morris	60 5/8pt	2018
Sambar Deer	Nil		
Rusa Deer	Elissa Rosemond	197 6/8pt	2020
Shark BHFF	Lynda Fell	25 4/8pt	2016
Shark BF	Lynda Fell	23 5/8pt	2000
Stingray BHFF	Carolyn Rundle	9 7/8pt	1987
Stingray BF	Gleewyn Butson	14 3/8pt	1986



been held with all of the concerned parties to work out the necessary details to hopefully bring this back into being.

It has been a long process to get to this stage and we will keep our fingers crossed for a favourable outcome.

## Deer plan

An article has just come to my attention on the impact of feral deer, pigs and goats.

There are calls for more to be done

to control these species which cost agricultural businesses hundreds of millions of dollars.

A report from 2018 said that these types of animals were a major threat to Australia's biodiversity and posed a significant challenge to containing exotic diseases which could get passed on from feral animals to livestock and sometimes humans.

It was concluded that deer and pig populations were growing but the data was out of date or incomplete, so the committee looking into this recommended new data gathering should be prioritised.

The thoughts are now it should be recommended that all states should legislate to ensure wild deer are treated as an environmental pest.

A proposed National Feral Deer Action Plan is being considered. This would give landowners and Park Management the power to control feral deer on their land and in National Parks.

This could make hunting for deer with a bow very interesting.



## T/C and upward and/or First Kill/Species

Bnch/Hunter	Club	Game	Award	FK/FKOS	Size
C Elissa Rosemond	Full Draw Field Archers	Red	RC	FKOS	275 2/8
C Elissa Rosemond	Full Draw Field Archers	Fallow	RC		191 7/8
D Mark Woolacott	Darling Downs Field Archers	Feral Cat	RC	FKOS	7 12/16
D Mark Woolacott	Darling Downs Field Archers	Rabbit	GA	FKOS	0
D Graham Newell	Grange Bowmen	Fox	TC		9 14/16
D Graham Newell	Grange Bowmen	Fallow	RC		207 1/8
D Kev Dowd	Renegade Bowmen	Red	TC		175 6/8
D Kurt Teitzel	Renegade Bowmen	Red	GA	FKOS	167 6/8
E Damien Pinchen	Central Coast Moonterra	Fallow	GA	FKOS	0
E Scott Meadows	Cobar Bowmen	Chital	RC		184 6/8
E Ben Ireland	Namoi Valley Archers	Fallow	TC		185 7/8
E Ben Ireland	Namoi Valley Archers	Fallow	RC		207 2/8
E Darcy Galliano	Namoi Valley Archers	Red	GA	FKOS	0
E Darcy Galliano	Namoi Valley Archers	Fallow	GA	FKOS	0
F John Calleja	Shellharbour Field Archers	Fallow	GA	FKOS	0
H Paul Mascoll	Bacchus Marsh Bowmen	Fox	TC	FKOS	9
H Dan Podubinski	Buffalo Bowmen	Fox	TC		9 5/16
H Dan Podubinski	Buffalo Bowmen	Fox	TC		9 9/16
H Dan Podubinski	Buffalo Bowmen	Red C/R	RC	FKOS	324 1/8
H Dan Podubinski	Buffalo Bowmen	Fox	TC		9 5/16
H Dan Podubinski	Buffalo Bowmen	Fallow	RC		236 5/8
H Dan Podubinski	Buffalo Bowmen	Fallow	RC		216 5/8
H Dan Podubinski	Buffalo Bowmen	Feral Cat	RC		7 11/16
H Anthony Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Chital	TC	FKOS	140 6/8
H Tyler Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Pig	TC		25 2/8
H Tyler Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Fallow	RC		202 1/8
H Tyler Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Fox	RC		10 5/16
H Jason l'Anson	Independent	Fox	TC		9 12/16
H Dean Hawkey	Lilydale Bowmen	Fox	TC		9 11/16
H Paul Virgo	Lilydale Bowmen	Fallow	TC	FKOS	152 4/8
J Peter Griffith	Independent	Fallow	GA	FKOS	0
J Peter Griffith	Independent	Rabbit	GA	FKOS	0
J Peter Griffith	Independent	Hare	GA	FKOS	0
J Peter Griffith	Independent	Red	GA	FKOS	0

# GAME CLAIMED



Kev Dowd, red deer TC 175 6/8pt.





# Trophy Bowhunters of Australia Club



## Introducing TBA MEMBER Mark Woolacott

### *Where do you live?*

Gatton, Queensland.

### *Personal details? Are other family members interested in archery?*

My wife Kylie does archery and so does my son Michael. My daughter has too, but as an adult now she's not really involved. I got my brother Robert back into hunting not that long ago. In fact, my wife and brother both did their Bowhunter Proficiency Certificates at the same time. I think it's great that Kylie has done her BPC and will come out with us even if she doesn't hunt. My brother has already got a Record Class stag, right here in the Lockyer Valley.

### *How long have you been hunting?*

I've been into archery all my life. My father, Ashley Woolacott, got me into it. Back then it was more about bowhunting than field archery. You went to the club to hone your skills for hunting. Dad was in the ABA even before it was called ABA back when they gave ribbons for first place. I think it was around 1978.

### *How long have you been an ABA member?*

This is my second time around. We drifted away from it when we had kids. I know my original ABA number was 1254, but my new number is thousands higher than that. But one of my proudest memories of my previous membership of the ABA was that I won the 1990 IFAA World Titles at Valla Park in the cub section. I won it with my longbow, competing against cub recurvers because they didn't have a longbow division back then. I won it with one of Dad's homemade longbows, too.

### *What got you into bowhunting?*

Definitely my Dad. And although I shoot a compound most of the time, I still think it's great to get out with a longbow in hand. You don't get too much with the trad gear—it's more like a walk in the bush, exchanging stories and chewing on a bit of homemade jerky, but there's nothing quite like it. Dad had quite a name for the longbows he made and I still love being out in the bush with a longbow or a recurve wood.

### *Are you a member of an archery club, and if so, which one?*

### *Do you hold a position in the club?*

I'm a member of Darling Downs Field Archers. It's up the range in Toowoomba. I don't have a position because I've only been back in it for a year, but maybe assistant range captain is on the cards for the future.

### *How often do you get to go hunting?*

At least twice a year, preferably more. Sometimes it's one a month just for a scout around, and sometimes it's a bigger hunting trip out west of Mitchell looking for pigs.

### *What equipment do you use (compound/recurve/longbow)?*

I've just changed to an Xpedition Denali. It's a 3D compound/crossover target bow. I was using a Darton DS-3800, which I loved, but I've had to retire it to the naughty corner because it got a splinter in the limb.

### *Has this encouraged you to do more hunting?*

I'm pretty selective about my hunting. If I'm not taking an animal specifically for meat, I'm a believer in 'let it go, let it grow'—leaving an animal for someone else to have the privilege of getting in the future when it's something amazing and will really make someone's day. Good things come to those who wait.

### *Do you have any hunting goals that you would like to achieve/bowhunter awards et cetera?*

Not really—I like going out for meat shooting. If you go to a property, you can't just go for your own benefit and do nothing for the owner. If you can find a doe without a yearling, it's good to try to put that doe on the ground so you can provide some meat for the property owner.

### *Did you know much about TBA before this?*

My Dad was always talking about "getting that Ishi patch". He took a Record Class goat years ago—I think it was Christmas 1988—but I don't think he claimed it, which would have been a disappointment. Still, the goat is a great trophy and Dad still has it on the wall at home. So TBA was something that I think I always knew about.

*The TBA Committee congratulates you, Mark.*



## Bowhunting achievements to end May 2021

### Master Bowhunter

*Nil further since last report*

### Trophy Bowhunter Award

Dan Podubinski 210

### Bowhunter Award

Tyler Atkinson 150

Benjamin Ireland 110

Elissa Rosemond 100

### Bowhunter Royale

*Nil further since last report*

### Bowhunter Imperial

Dean Hawkey

### Bowhunter Supreme

Dan Podubinski

### Senior Member of TBA

*Nil further since last report*

### Members Admitted to TBA Club

*(membership granted after taking  
first Trophy Class or better animal)*

Mark Woolacott



*The past ...*

## The hunt

“

I live a fair way from my club so I have my own archery range set up at an old friend's place on some land that he doesn't use for anything. It's a 140-acre block so there's lots of space there. There are 10 targets set up, so you go around them twice and you've done a 20-target course. I like to make the targets realistic, you know, half hidden behind a tree so it's more like a true hunting shot.

I go down there and have a shot, fix a few targets, and every now and then I see an animal. I like to wear my camo gear so I'm practising for hunting. It's a good idea to make sure your outfit is suited to archery and hunting. You don't want to hit your sleeve with the string or anything like that.

My friend said to me one day, "There's been a feral cat around here lately. If you can get that, you'll be doing good."

Anyway, I was sitting at the dam at the back of the property just eating beef jerky and killing some time. I saw a movement and thought it was

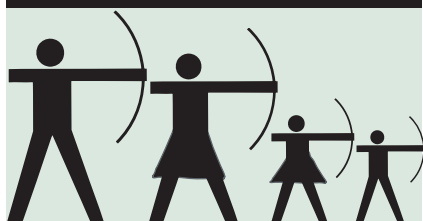
a bird—you know, just a water hen poking amongst the grass and reeds—but when I looked again it was a big old tomcat.

It was strange, because I wasn't there to hunt. I was just taking an enjoyable break. But I was in my camo jumper and camo beanie and I had my bow. I was cool, calm and collected. If I'd been trying to hunt maybe I'd have had nerves, but I hadn't even seen the cat coming in. He was just there, about 20m away, having a drink. He was looking right at me as he drank. I was in plain view but I think he couldn't make me out because of my camo gear. I had nothing to lose so I made ever-so-slow movements to get an arrow nocked.

I shot him through the front of the chest and the arrow came out the back. He sat there, spinning and carrying on, then took off over the dam wall. I went over the dam wall after him, and there he was, dead but still carrying on!

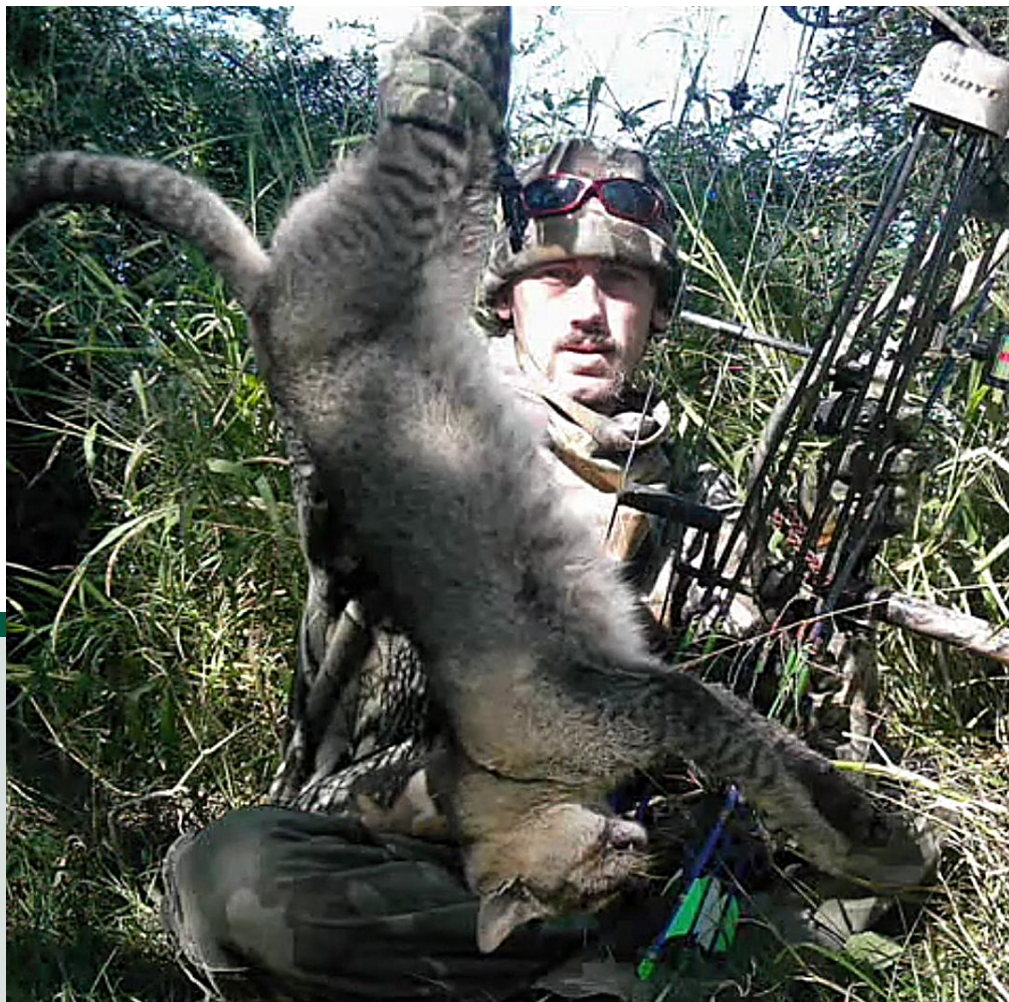
He was silver-grey, had half a tail—who knows where the other half got to—a big pumpkin head and big feet

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The present ...



*Feral cat, Record Class, 7 12/16pt.*

like a dog. He was legit feral alright!

Well, my phone battery was flat so I didn't have any way to take a photo. I'd done my BPC and the president had drummed it into us, whatever you take, you claim, and if it's any good you get it measured as well. So I got my friend to snap a photo on his little phone then send it to me. And that was the end of it. I'd got a cat, and I'd claim my game.

Then he said something along the lines of, "Make sure you get rid of that—throw it a long way away! I don't want it stinkin' up the place here."

That cat smelled bad, really bad. And it was only going to get worse, so I took it away and threw it way out into some lantana-infested thick scrub, then I went home.

When I got home, my wife asked, "What's that smell?"

The smell was coming from my gloves. My good hunting gloves.

"In the bin," she told me.

Not my camo gloves?

You know the look you can get from your wife.

Into the bin they went. One less bird eater in the wild and one less pair of gloves in my possession.

Then my game claim photo came in for some close scrutiny.

"That's a big cat," I was told. "Where's the skull, and we'll measure it."

So I had to go back and retrieve the cat.

"You're off your head, boy," my old friend said.

But I ventured back to the lantana and picked my way in to get my stinkin' cat. And the rest, as they say, is history.

But before I go, let me tell you another true tale about something that happened on that property. My friend was mowing around the property and I was shooting at targets using the freestyle bow, stabiliser, scope, the lot. I was at full draw on Target 4. I think the mowing must have flushed this fellow out, because suddenly there he was. I thought he was a hare because he was so big. He became Target 4B, and once he was hit, he was sitting on the spot and spinning and squealing like a rabbit. Which was pretty right, because he was a rabbit after all.

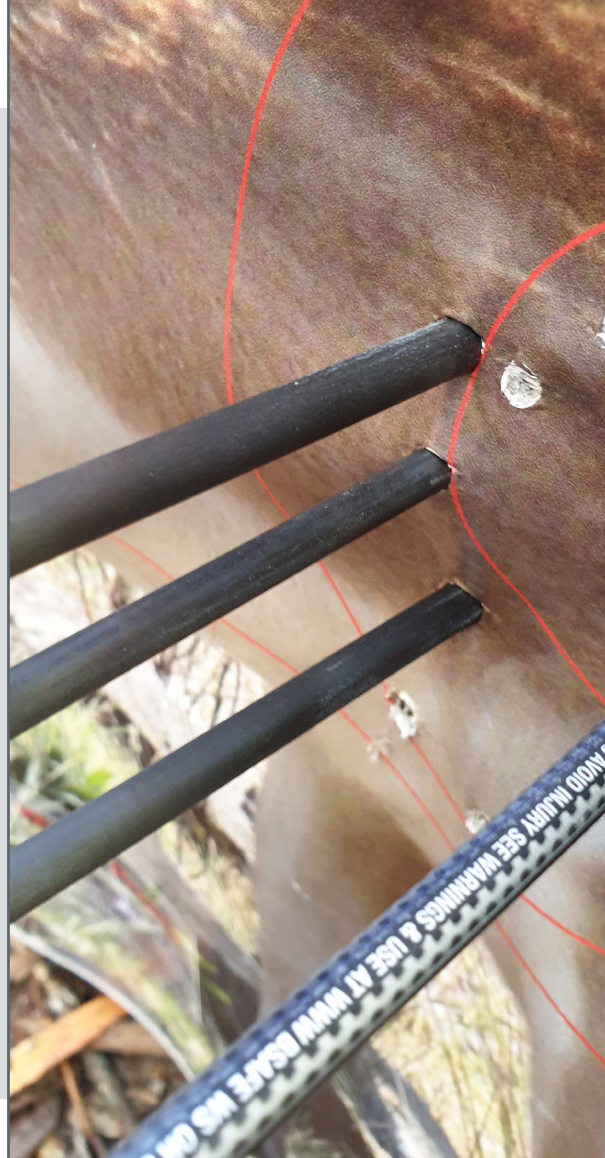
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# New South Wales ABA Titles

## at Macleay Valley Archers

by BRETT HODGMAN

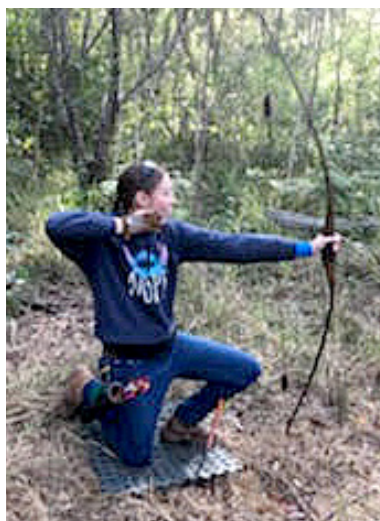


With snow on the Tablelands, it was going to be a cold weekend in Tamban Forest for the NSW ABA Titles in mid-June. This didn't deter the group of keen archers who started to filter into the campgrounds on Friday afternoon. Nachos around the campfire were popular as everyone caught

up before two days of shooting.

The next morning was a cold start but fortunately Scotty was up early to warm everyone up with freshly brewed espresso coffee. I think this will become a standard feature in the future. The day was cool but sunny—perfect archery weather, so no excuses

there. Macleay Valley members are very proud of their two ABA ranges. Goanna Range has been around for a while and has some spectacular shots on tree-filled hills and then down into a shady gully with some interesting shots. The Anthill Range has just had a total revamp with 20 totally new





shots. The new range has only been shot a few times at club shoots so was new to everyone. It had some tricky longer shots with lots of dead ground, and plenty of shots affected by light depending on the time of day. I think everyone had their photo taken on the very popular new Stump Shot.

At the end of the day Anthill Target 6—a long Group 5—had caught out most of the contenders in Free-style Unlimited. The trad boys and girls enjoyed the well thought out trad peg placings with two kneeling shots on both ranges. Everyone seemed to enjoy the new range and a big shout-out to those involved in building the range over the past months.

The campfire was roaring after the hard-working kitchen crew served up a delicious dinner and dessert. Everyone turned up to watch the axe and knife under lights. It seemed as if everyone had a go, with lots of encouragement and advice from the raucous mob. Skill

level ranged from the absolute beginner to Shrek. It was good to see everyone keen to participate or watch the axe and knife. It seems to be having a resurgence in popularity and I hope more clubs get their blocks up and running.

Sunday started with thick heads, caffeine, bacon and eggs. It was another beautiful sunny day as everyone turned out for an early muster. The three-arrow and one-arrow rounds were on the opposite ranges to the previous day and the ranges looked totally different under the morning light.

There was very little separating the leaders in a lot of the divisions so a good round was needed for a win. Ethan Bowden knew this so went out and shot a 398 followed by another 398. Great shooting and a worthy winner. Many other good scores were shot. Most importantly, everyone seemed to have a fun weekend, with



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smiles all round. A lot of competitors stayed for the Sunday night as well and another big night was spent around the campfire with the hard workers in the canteen serving up Thai pork and rice soup, pumpkin soup, chicken curry and spaghetti bolognese for all.

A successful shoot like this doesn't happen without a lot of work. Macleay Valley Archers is only a small club so everyone knows who is responsible for the canteen, excellent ranges, campground and practice butts. Our last working bee had a great roll-up. Every-

one did their bit and thanks to those who didn't shoot but still turned up to help in the canteen or around the ranges.

We hope to see everyone back for Macleay Valley Archers' end-of-year ABA shoot on December 4 and 5.

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# Entries PHOTO COMPETITION

Pretty as an outback picture,  
Eric Creighton



Long walk back to camp,  
Jeanette Dowd



Velvet rusa lads feed up,  
Graham McComiskie

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by DEBBIE LARKINGS



# Hunting for some

# MOJO

**Y**ou know how it is. Sometimes—for no apparent reason—you just lose your mojo.

That was me, just a little while ago. At the same time, my husband Graeme was keen as mustard and a bit frustrated about not having any hunting trips on the horizon so he decided to do something about it.

He thought we should go camping over the weekend. That usually meant hunting as well and I wasn't overly enthused about going. In the end, though, I didn't want to disappoint Graeme so I agreed. I even threw in my bow, although I still hadn't found any motivation for the trip.

Saturday came and we packed the ute and headed off on the two-hour drive to get to the camp. We stopped and had a cuppa and a yarn with the landowner before heading off to our campsite. We unpacked quickly and got ready for a short hunt.

It was decided to head towards the hills and walk around the base of one of them. We hadn't been there for a while, and we thought that as the area hadn't been disturbed for a while we might see something.

Unfortunately, there was no

breeze, and every step we took sounded like we were walking on large cornflakes. We were pretty sure that wasn't going to increase our chances of finding game!

Heading back towards camp, we came across a pig. It was about 22m from Graeme, so he had a shot and hit the spot. Graeme was hoping the pig wouldn't run too far into the scrub because it would make it harder to find him, but we were lucky because the pig only ran about 30m before dropping.

After the pictures were taken, we realised we'd better hurry and get back

to camp because it was getting dark and, silly us, we had both forgotten our headlamps. When we got back to camp, we immediately put our headlamps in our backpacks so we didn't get caught out next time.

One good thing when you go camping—besides the hunting—is the chance to have a barbecue for tea. I prepare the food and Graeme cooks. As he's a very good barbecue cooker, I consider that a win! We sat around the campfire yarning about what we might do the next morning before we went off to bed.

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*A couple of pigs for Graeme.*



I've always been lucky with hunting, but it was bound to happen one day and I'd have a trip where Lady Luck was looking the other way. This was going to be the one—my worst ever. Graeme, on the other hand, was destined to have a great trip. (Does that make it better or worse? Better, obviously. Thank goodness one of us was going to be lucky.)

We got up before sunrise and went to where there were pig tracks going in and out of a wheat paddock. As the sky grew lighter, we glassed around and noticed a boar coming towards us. It was decided that I would have a shot. The pig got about 20m from me, then suddenly he put his head into the air and took off. Yes, the wind had changed. After a few muttered "beep beeps", we went back to camp for breakfast.

After filling our bellies, we headed towards the base of the hill and we suddenly heard goats. We followed the sounds and we found what we thought were three goats. The area was very bushy. I thought Graeme

should stalk in because he's very good at stalking but he said no, he wanted me to. So I took my boots off and started to stalk in. At first, I saw a billy and two nannies but the closer I got to the goats, the more I saw. There were about 30 of them! The mob kept moving slowly away and I slowly followed. After what seemed an eternity, the goats stopped moving away. Suddenly, there was a huge ruckus to my right and five billies came running in, wanting to have their way with a nanny. I was within 15m of the goats but I couldn't shoot because there were shrubs in the way. Aarrh! Graeme wasn't far from me and as the goats moved on he was close enough to have a shot at a billy about 34m away.

It took off and we lost it in the bush. After searching for a while and not finding the billy, we decided to head back to camp. We got to the track and Graeme said to wait there while he went to get the ute. When he'd gone, I put my spot in the GPS and had a little walk. I was just daydreaming that it would be good if I shot a pig and had it waiting for Graeme to see when

he got back. But my daydream was interrupted by the sound of Graeme calling me. Confused, I quickly went to him. He'd found the billy, which had gone 420m after being shot.

We took photos, caped the goat and went back to camp then had another beautiful barbecue and went to bed.

The next morning, I decided to be lazy and not get up early with Graeme. He went and checked the track into the wheat paddock, just in case there was something happening over there. On his way back to camp to have breakfast, he heard goats so he followed the sound but the wind changed and then there were no more goats.

Once again heading back to camp, Graeme heard pigs and he followed them to where they were camped. He waited a while and then stalked in and shot a sow. When he checked the sow, he also saw an expired piglet. His arrow had gone through the sow and through the piglet as well. He took pictures of the sow and went back to camp.

After breakfast, we both went for a big walk but saw nothing. Back at camp



again, we had lunch and chopped some wood for home. After getting the wood, the plan was to pack up and go home. but I suggested that we stay one more night so that gave us time for a small hunt instead of packing. We went to the top of the highest hill on the property and saw a trig station and goats.

But for me it was the usual story—too much bush in the way. I took a difficult shot and thought I had a hit but wasn't sure. It was getting late, so we went back to camp.

The next morning we were up early to check the track into the wheat paddock. We saw a pig walking around and watched it for ages. Finally, it was moving slowly towards us but to the left. Then it kept going to the left, so we had to run and try to get in front of it. Unfortunately, it smelled us and took off. We didn't get the pig but we got some exercise. Hmmm.

We checked the hill but to no avail. Graeme did find my arrow from the previous day, so that was a plus.

We had to get back to camp to pack to go home. Not far from camp, we saw goats. We stayed under cover till the goats got closer. While we were waiting, two foxes went by but neither of us could get a shot off.

Then the goats came and were in shooting distance. It was my moment at last! But you guessed it, I got buck fever and ballsed up the shot. I was so disappointed with myself, but that's hunting. I was very happy with how close I'd managed to stalk in to the goats, so with that I had to be content. Hunting is not always easy, but the camping had been great and I was with my hubby.

The tally for the hunt:

Graeme—three pigs and one goat.  
Debbie—fresh air. Oh, and I got my mojo back!

A little postscript: We took mousetraps with us and we got 87 mice. I wonder if we could get the ABA to count them in our tally ...?



*Graeme's goat.*

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**Nick Lintern**

# TRADITIONAL TRAILS

I've just returned from the Hunter Valley Traditional Archers' annual Gathering. After last year being cancelled due to the insanity that was 2020, it was nice to see more than 150 shooters turn up, including many women and kids—all shooting and enjoying the weekend.

In this issue I'm going to talk about one of my recent builds; a bow that was actually a combination of a few bows that were started a few years ago. I'm doing this to get across the open mind and think-outside-the-square mentality a good bowyer needs. I hope you'll find this interesting and informative. While there are some definite rules regarding bowery that are quite important and time tested, this bow will show you that amazing things can happen if you apply a freedom of spirit, a lot of experience and a willingness to wipe aside design dogma.

This bow can best be described as the Bride of Frankenstein.

## *The Bride of Frankenstein*

### **Bow number 1**

This bow began its journey about two years ago. I had an order for a 40# English longbow which was a hickory-backed osage bow. My usual supplier of pignut or smooth bark hickory (*Carya glabra*) in the US was struggling to supply the usual quality of hickory and sent me out a shipment of hickory that definitely wasn't pignut. It was hickory, but not the strain I insist on. I contacted them and was told that this was most likely shagbark due to a supply issue and that it would work really

well, but truthfully, I was concerned. Being open minded and knowing that all hickories are potentially okay and that the bow in question was a light one, I decided to use it to make the bow. The worst case scenario was that I'd learn something along the way. I've made over 100 ELBs—some from yew, some tri-lam hickory and some hickory-backed osage, but they have all been good bows that have served really well. 98 per cent of them tillered out beautifully. All the tri-lams though, were backed with pignut hickory, so we were now in experiment land. I laminated the osage, walnut centre



core and osage as usual and cured the bow out. The next day I began shaping and tillering the bow as always and things were progressing well.

Early the following day, I had the horn tips on, the horn arrow pass inlaid and was putting the final touches on the bow. All was progressing well. Just a final sand and she was ready for oil. I drew her on my tiller for the last time to double check the weight and *bang!!!*, she blew to pieces. The hickory backing had an invisible fault on the bottom limb, a mild blemish that was nigh on invisible, and this hickory was far more brittle than pignut, which didn't help. I have to add that this can happen even on the best bow materials so it's not really a major slur on the shagbark. Nonetheless I absolutely went berserk (as I do when this sort of thing occurs), and was about to throw the busted near-finished bow across to the corner of shame when an idea came to me. The top limb was still perfect. So I carefully put a dead square cut right through absolute centre of the bow's handle and put the top limb aside. The bottom half became firewood. The plan in the back of my mind was that down the track I would be able to make the top half into a takedown. I've made a lot of socket-and-sleeve-style takedown bows, and have added a new bottom limb like this before, so figured that down the track I'd find time and do that again. I made another bow for my client and she has been shooting that bow now for a long time, so all's well that ends well. Time passed and the top limb just sat there, got covered in dust and slipped from my mind.

## Bow number 2

Last year, I set out to make a heavy English longbow for another client. This one was to be 90# @ 28in—a real beast. I love making these bows; they're real cannons that pump arrows with real ferocity. This one was osage backed with hickory and a

US black walnut core. Once again, the more brittle hickory had to be used, but I felt sure I'd picked some good, clean timber. As always, I prepared the components and glued up the bow and cured it out in the hotbox. The next day, I shaped her out and started the tillering process. Things went well, and she didn't fight me at all. (Some bows will make real cows of themselves and throw challenges at you left, right and centre.) This big lady was being very agreeable ... not trying to twist, holding shape and generally being very well behaved. From the tiller post, she went to the tiller board, and she started on her journey through to 28in. Progressively she moved on down the board, stopping for tweaks and adjustments every inch or so, then back to the board again. Down, down, down. At about 27in she was still showing about 95#. This was a perfect time to add the horns. I stopped for lunch, came back and re-strung her, for another run down the tiller before fitting the horns. Bang! At 27in, she blew to pieces. Another failure of the non-pignut hickory. It was the top limb this time. When bows blow like this, it puts you in shock for a minute. Then comes the rage. @#%&@!!! After an hour I had calmed down enough to think straight. Then it came to me. I'd cut her in half, right through the middle of the handle just as before, then put the clean limb aside for takedown duties in the future. After a month I forgot that limb was there as well.

## Maybe there's hope ...

Early this year, a lady contacted me for a takedown English longbow, 35# to 40# @ 28in. No problem, I took her order and added it to my book. Another month passed and it was time to start work on this takedown ELB. Then, like a bolt from the blue, I remembered I had two limbs sitting there—one top, one bottom. They were very different thicknesses, but



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both were made from hickory, walnut and osage. Could I blend them? The fact that they were both tapered and nearly completely tillered, not to mention wildly different in thickness, made connecting them accurately in a takedown sleeve a serious challenge. When building a takedown bow, the best procedure is to laminate the bow as normal, cut it in half, but leave it full width and do no tapering or limb shaping of any kind until after the sleeves are fitted. Then, if there is any misalignment that has crept in, you still have tons of width in the bow's tips to still lay a straight centreline and cut out the bow accordingly. But when the limbs are already tapered down to half inch at the ends, and one has the horn already fitted, your accuracy in fitting those sleeves must be beyond precise. If you are out the slightest bit, the limbs will misalign and major (and almost definitely permanent) twist can result.

The other major challenge of this was that the top limb was already the right weight, so there was zero room for tiller adjustments. The bottom limb had to lose 50#. This is where that open spirit comes into it. Both limbs were made from beautiful Australian grown osage. I'd harvested both pieces from a log. The hickory had held despite its



*Brass socket of the bottom limb visible with the limb removed.*

neighbour self destructing. This could be an amazing bow if—and it was a big if—I could pull it off. I decided to go for it. Serious care had to be taken. This was like doing a heart transplant. Everything had to be aligned perfectly. There could also be no twist in how the sleeves connected. The takedown sleeves are a mild steel female D-shaped component that is 4in long. The male is 2in long and made from brass. This is so fusion won't seize the sleeves together. Half the female is glued to the top limb and the male to the bottom. This alignment is always critical but in this case with the limbs already shaped, it was on another

level of critical. Slowly and purposefully, I started removing wood from the top limb's handle area. Once I had the sleeve seated and as straight as I could assess it to be, I did the same with the bottom limb. Now it was time to suck it up, glue the two components on to their respective limbs and pray I'd nailed the operation.

### **She's alive!**

The next morning, I took the two halves of the bow out of the box and cleaned up the sleeves. Removing excess glue from inside the top sleeve can be a bugger of a job but has to be done. The next job is to push the two sleeves together and see how they fit. Usually, they're way too tight and you'll need to use emery cloth or even coarser wet-and-dry on the brass sleeve to get it to fit. The trick is to get the brass sleeve fully fitting inside the other one without being too loose or too tight. If too tight, it'll take an army to separate them after a day of shooting, if too loose, there is leverage that can shorten the sleeve's life. The best trick is to favour a slightly loose fit. It shouldn't fall out when you hold the bow vertically, but should pull out easily with a slight popping sound. Once the takedown bow has been fitted together, it's just like tillering a normal one-piece bow.

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Once I had the sleeves sorted out and fitting nicely, it was time to floor tiller the big bottom limb.

The top limb, remember, was perfect for weight and curve. The bottom had a great curve but was 50# too heavy. So the floor tillering began. I slowly removed osage from the bottom limb with my cabinet scraper, testing the power of the limb regularly as well as keeping that nice curve. I needed that limb to feel similar in weight to the top. So, on and on went the scraping, testing and scraping again. Eventually, the bottom limb felt similar to the top so it was onto the tiller post. This was where I knew I was going to find out how well I'd aligned these sleeves. This was going to make or break this Frankenstein creation. So, onto the tiller post and on with the tillering string. A very short pull only to begin with so I could assess where I was for limb stiffness and alignment. With bated breath, I looked down the bow's end. If it was out of alignment, I would see that here. One limb would be sitting high on one side. If both limbs looked flat and even, it was a good bet there was little or no twist or misalignment. *Yes!* She was sitting true. When I looked from the front, the limbs looked similar as well.

I took her down a few more notches on the tiller post and checked everything again. Still good. I was starting to get a good feeling that I might get this bow going. After a few minor tweaks, it was time to string her with a full brace height string ... and as always, it's at this point that you really see what's what. This was interesting too as one limb had a fully finished horn and the other was still only at the tillering nock phase. So, I strung her up. As I pulled up on the bow stringer I held my breath and slowly put the string into the grooves and let the stringer back down. I removed the stringer and looked her over. *Perfect!* The string tracked dead centre and



*Here you can see the core thickness difference.*

the balance between the limbs was near perfect as well. The top limb was about  $\frac{1}{4}$ in weaker than the bottom. I then took her to the tiller board and started to draw her down the board, slowly and carefully, looking at the curves of both limbs and their relationship to each other. Because the top limb had been tillered previously, I knew it would be good, but I'd taken

so much off the bottom limb it had basically been re-tillered from scratch. Plus, both limbs hadn't been exercised for a long time, so caution was definitely required. Down the board she came, inch by inch. Small tweaks on that bottom limb here and there, down and down.

Finally, I had her down to 28in. At this stage, I fitted the bottom horn and





*The Bride of Frankenstein ... a great bow and well worth the effort.*

shaped it out. This was starting to feel like an amazing success. Now I took her outside for the ultimate telling factor—shooting. I shot six or so arrows through her and she was everything I'd hoped for. Fast, quiet and gentle in the hand.

Then it was back for the final sanding, weighing and first coat of finish. This was literally a Frankenstein creation from two dead bows. The hickory backings were a similar thickness, but the walnut cores were wildly different. The bottom limb's walnut core was a third again as thick as the top limb as it was originally being made to be a 90# bow. And now the osage bellies were different too. The bottom limb was thinner than the top because it had to be reduced to compensate for the thick inner walnut core that I obviously couldn't adjust.

On any day, I would not prescribe having this mismatch in laminations in any bow, but here she was. I had approached this with an open mind and got a great result. So for me, even after nearly 700 bows over the years, and having a very definite level of craftsmanship and accuracy that I won't compromise on, I still apply a freedom of thinking that allows creations like this to come into being. What a terrible loss this would have been if I'd just thrown the whole of the two dead bows onto the fire heap.

The overall message here is: don't get too wound up over scientific perfection. The natural world has a way of showing us magic, and teaching us to open up our minds to many possibilities. To quote Maurice Thompson from the *Witchery of Archery*: *Here was a triumph of savage cunning and skill over enlightened science.*

As to where the Bride of Frankenstein is today: she's out there shooting well for her owner and doing what she was designed to do.

Until next time, keep traditional.





# Women in ARCHERY

*Joanne Bogie*

*How did you start in archery?*

My nephew did archery and I thought it was something I could do on my own.

*Number of years involved in archery?* Eight. I started archery at the age of 50.

*Local Club?*

ABA is Manning Great Lakes Archery and 3DAAA is Lake Glenbawn.

*What type of archery do you do?*

ABA and 3D archery using a compound bow with sights using fingers.

*Do you hunt?*

I am considering it.

*Favourite archery memory?*

Competing in my first World Field Archery held in Wagga Wagga and coming a close second.

*What appeals to you about archery?*

It's something you can do on your own (once set up) and it takes you to various locations where you can catch up with existing archers and meet new ones.

*Are any family members involved in archery?*

My son now travels with me and he shoots a recurve.

*Bows:* First bow: Bowtech. Arrows PSE Phenom with Timberdoodle 11 arrow rest, Axcel pin sights and Goldtip Velocity Pro 600 arrows. This is my main bow, however, I also have a Diamond Medalist 38 with a Trophy Taker drop-away arrow rest. I change sights and arrows depending on use.

*Great achievements inside or outside of archery?*

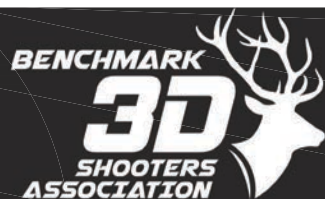
Family first; but as for archery it would be competing in World Field Championships in Wagga Wagga and South Africa, winning gold in New Zealand at the World Indoor Championships and breaking a record. My special award for my achievements from ABA. And making the Top Ten at 3DAAA as a finger shooter and winning the longest shot at Moonan Flat.

*Sponsors:*

No current sponsors. I was previously sponsored by Benson for two years.

*Last Word:*

Archery is a great family sport in Australia and I wish I had started earlier in life.



*Benchmark 3D Shooters Association is keen to help promote women in our sport—from the good sport who helps unstintingly at the club through to the top-level archer. If you know someone you think should be featured, please contact us.*

*Email: [Benchmark3DArchery@gmail.com](mailto:Benchmark3DArchery@gmail.com) Phone: Robert Vayro 0438 997 638*



# Victorian State 3D Championships

## hosted by West Gippsland Field Archers



Although the West Gippsland Field Archers didn't know it at the time, the setting out of the courses for the State 3Ds held on May 1 and 2 this year started way back in April 2019. That's when the club was awarded the Victorian State ABA titles for 2020. The club has hosted numerous State events over the years and members are very proud of what they have to

offer for such a relatively small area.

As 2020 was to be a celebration of the club's 40th year, it was decided to have some totally new courses. Working bees were held, major activity ensued, totally new laneways were built, new access tracks were made, new tree stands constructed, open paddock shots decided upon—it was all going to be there. They had 12

months to get it all organised and were well on track.

The club committee members were working overtime. New 40th anniversary shirts, commemorative pins, stubby holders, dinners, speeches; they were on fire. Then *bang*. COVID19 struck and everything was cancelled. There was huge disappointment. Some faint hope was







held that it was only a postponement and we could possibly host the State ABAs towards the end of the year. But no! Victoria was in a spin and all sport was on hold. Regional Victoria had some free range now and again but never enough to see a State shoot. So the West Gippsland Field Archers 40th anniversary year slipped by relatively unnoticed.

However there was some hope on the horizon. The club was scheduled to host the Victorian State 3Ds in May 2021 and—all being well—they were going to make it a cracker. All the work on the ranges was not going to go astray; the 40th may have slipped by but they were still going to showcase their grounds.

The week preceding the event


was a nervous week for the club. Everything was ready and fine-tuned; nothing was left to chance, except a little virus that seemed to have the world in knots. Victoria was still having spot lockdowns and that would be all that we would need two years in a row. The club held its breath.

Saturday dawned fine and clear, no lockdown, the State was open and







 <b>Victorian State 3D Championships</b> <b>Hosted by - WGFA</b>								
Place circle around correct arrow score								
Target	1 <sup>st</sup> Arrow			2 <sup>nd</sup> Arrow			Tgt	Running
Number	K	V	W	K	V	W	Score	Total
1	20	16	10	8	6	4		
2	20	16	10	8	6	4		
3	20	16	10	8	6	4		
4	20	16	10	8	6	4		
5	20	16	10	8	6	4		
6	20	16	10	8	6	4		
7	20	16	10	8	6	4		
8	20	16	10	8	6	4		
9	20	16	10	8	6	4		
10	20	16	10	8	6	4		
11	20	16	10	8	6	4		
12	20	16	10	8	6	4		
13	20	16	10	8	6	4		
14	20	16	10	8	6	4		
15	20	16	10	8	6	4		
16	20	16	10	8	6	4		
17	20	16	10	8	6	4		
18	20	16	10	8	6	4		
19	20	16	10	8	6	4		
20	20	16	10	8	6	4		
K=Kill V=Vital W=Wound				<b>Total Score</b>				
Name .....								
Division .....								
Scorers Signature .....								
Archers Signature .....								

it was a magnificent day for this time of year in this part of Victoria and the forecast for Sunday was just as good. Someone was smiling on the club as 120 or so archers from all over the State prepared to get out for some competitive arrow flinging.

To try to keep the cost down for both the competitors and 3D target replacement, Branch G decided to trial a new scoring method (*pictured left*).





Over the weekend we were having two one-arrow rounds and two two-arrow rounds. The two-arrow rounds were not the usual two arrow/two score (which puts a lot of holes in targets), but more along the lines of the ABA three-arrow round.

The scoring system would remain

the same: 20, 16, 10 for the first arrow and 8, 6, 4 for the second arrow. This way those who required a second arrow to score could still shoot one and those who hit rubber with the first arrow were good. Everyone seemed very accepting of this new format.

Overall, it was a great weekend. The

weather turned out to be fantastic. The WGFA club put on some exceptional and deceptive courses. After a year of unknowns, archers were again able to get out on the courses and enjoy shooting arrows.

This, after all, is what we really want to do.



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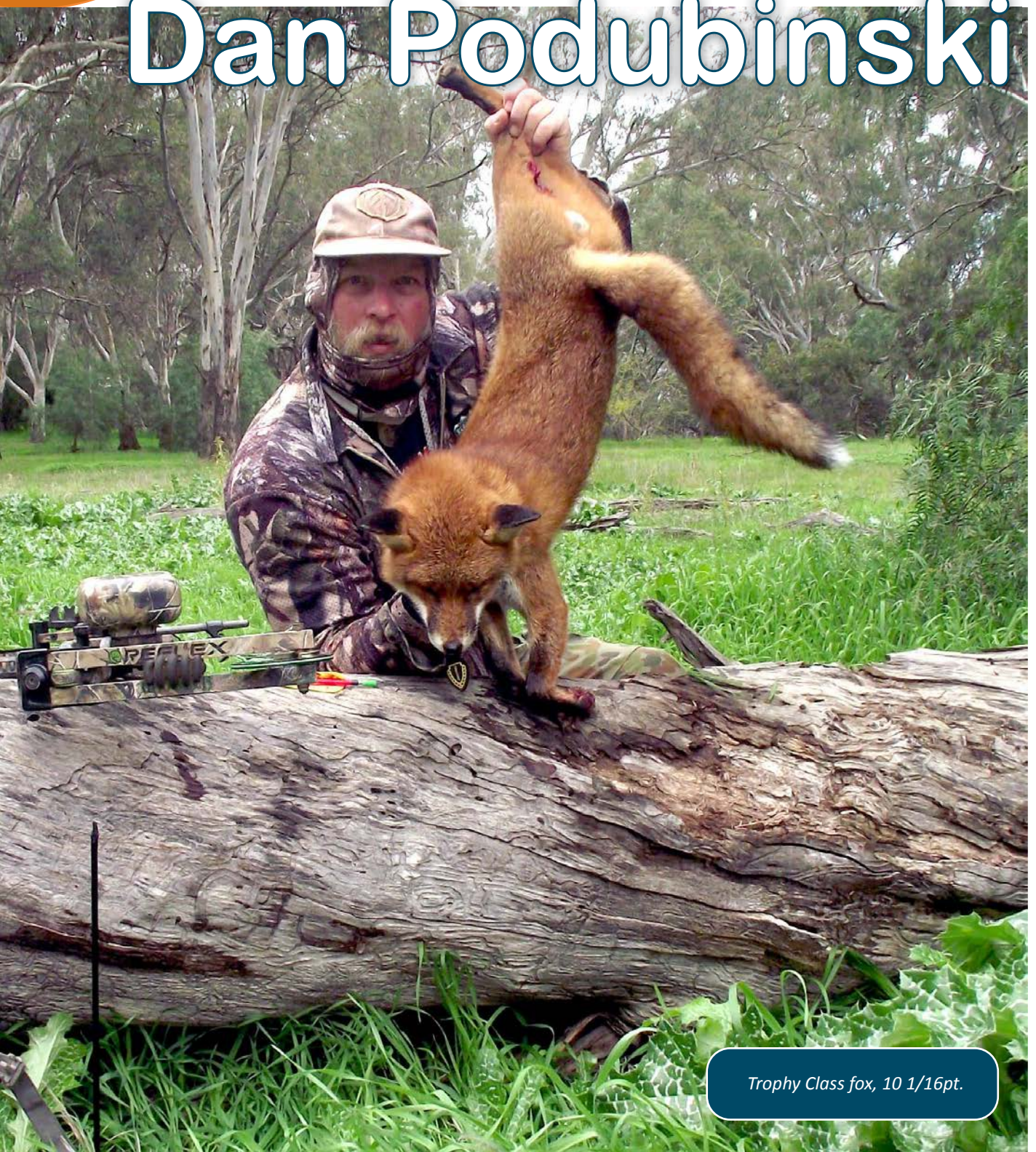




EDITOR  
INTERVIEW  
**JENEL HUNT**

TROPHY BOWHUNTERS OF AUSTRALIA

# Bowhunter of the Year Dan Podubinski



*Trophy Class fox, 10 1/16pt.*



*In 2020, Dan Podubinski took the most measurable species within TBA—including four Record Class animals and 10 Trophy Class animals—to win this year's prestigious Bowhunter of the Year Award.*

Dan Podubinski probably wouldn't tell you this himself, but his results speak for themselves: He is—without doubt—a smoocher extraordinaire.

And before you scratch your head and ask out loud, “A what?”, I'm talking about his ability to pucker up and kiss-call for foxes.

Dan, who hails from Jindera in New South Wales, has been named the TBA Bowhunter of the Year, and what a year it was to get hunting's top nod. The award, which is one of the finest and most sought after achievements in ABA hunting circles, recognises the best bowhunting claims by any one hunter in the previous year

COVID restrictions put a stop to many 'away' hunting trips, but Dan's ability to smooch is probably what got him over the line, as he took 14 foxes along with many other species.

It's definitely not society air kisses we're talking about here. It's an amazing mix of sounds he has perfected over the years that, without a doubt, sound like a little animal in

trouble. And this particular form of lip service draws the foxes like bears to honey.

“To start with, I thought you *had* to use a whistle to get a fox to come in. I didn't know a lot about it, but I'd go out into a paddock and try to whistle up a fox. I didn't have much luck,” he said.

“One day I didn't have a whistle with me and I'd spooked two foxes at a creekbed, so I tried the smooching sound and it worked. And once I really learned how to smooch, they started to come in hot.

“I think one of the advantages of smooching is that the sound changes a little every time. I could smooch up a certain way today and tomorrow I won't exactly replicate it because I might have drier lips or they're not in quite the same position. The foxes come in because it's a real sound. If a fox has been whistled before, it won't come in to the whistle again past about 70m. It'll just sit and watch and look around, but with smooching you can get it to come all the way in.

The technique is unbelievable—they come in hard and fast, and they're close. It's exciting.”

In fact, his favourite hunt for all of last year was a fox that he 'smooched in'—and it wasn't the Record Class fox that won him a national place in the Best of Species list. either. It was the thrill of having his 10-year-old son with him for the experience.

“We spooked two foxes up the creek and eventually got one of them; a game award fox. The size of the animal wasn't the main thing—it was more about the memory and the shared experience. Mostly it's pretty quick to get a fox to come in once you know where they hang out, but that one was a lot of sitting and waiting. A good time, though. Plus, the skin is in the freezer to make into a rug.

“Actually, my son and I do a fair bit of hunting together. He tags along for the walk, takes photos—he enjoys it. He's happy to watch and whistle in the foxes and just loves the close encounter. He's learning to engage with the species and wants to head

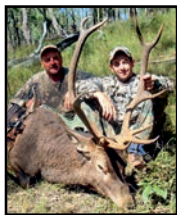
*Trophy Class fox, 9 10/16pt.*







*Record Class fox, 10 6/16pt.*



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down the TBA award system path one day. He's seen my brag vest and he wants some of the badges so it's on the cards that he'll get a compound one day soon."

For himself, Dan is a Hoyt shooter but in recent times he has tried other brands and liked them too.

"I shoot a different set-up for bowhunting and competition. My hunting bow is a Reflex, which once upon a time was made by Hoyt but it's a 2009 model and they're no longer available. For competition—FITA, ABA or IFAA—I shoot Men's A Grade Freestyle Unlimited with a Hoyt Carbon Defiant Turbo. So, I'm a compound shooter ... but my kids all shoot recurves."

Dan is a family man. He and his wife have three children. In the early days, they had three under the age of two. Dan just says that although it was a pretty hectic time, it "got it out of the way quick". They have a daughter, 12, who used to go bowhunting with her Dad but doesn't now and 10-year old twins, a girl and a boy.

They might not all have inherited the hunting bug, but they do all eat meat—the kind that is taken in the wild and dressed in the field

Dan's interest in hunting has encompassed both rifle shooting and bowhunting, and he sees it like this:

"If I'm in a hurry and I need some meat for the freezer, I'll take the rifle.



If I'm out for enjoyment and want to take a nice trophy, I prefer a bowshot job. I like the challenge and prefer to take a good trophy animal with the bow. The rifle just doesn't have the same appeal."

Dan is an out-and-out meat eater—and all the edible animals that he shoots go on the table.

"I was always a meat hunter. I used to go out with my brother, who was a trophy hunter. As time progressed and I've evolved through the TBA process in the game claiming process, that's driven me to the trophy side of things, but in saying that, all those animals have been put in the freezer. The horns or antlers are a bonus to filling up the freezer.

"The majority of the meat we eat is game meat; it's our staple. We eat everything at our house. I love goat hunting and rabbit hunting is something I've always done and still do—I used to get a bit of fun poked at me because I enjoy it so much, but they're great target animals. Rabbits are great to hunt and we all like eating the meat as well. We have a KFC-style rabbit recipe that the kids love. They smash those nuggets

down so quick I hardly get any!

"And when the missus serves up another game meat dish with a fancy French name, the kids think it's fun."

I reckon even a non-game-meat-eating person would try rabbit bits covered in a salt-and-vinegar-chip crumb then fried until the shell is hard and crunchy, with delicious moist meat inside.

The way Dan talks about it not only makes you salivate over the meals he describes, it makes sense in the bigger picture.

"I'm a bit old school and I'm pretty blunt, but I've never been to a barbecue and told a vegan that I like killing stuff," he said.

Sensitivity to other people's feelings aside, his respect for the animal itself is deep and abiding.

"It's a humane death, whether you use a rifle or a bow. The animal is unaware, and I prefer it that way. I'm getting fresh organic meat rather than meat from a stressed-out animal that has gone through the knocking docks. People think you're just killing things, but it's really not the same. I've seen it grazing, I've seen its behaviour and I know what it was doing in the

moments before its death.

"It's sort of hard to explain, but it generates respect for the animal that has given up its life so you can have meat on the table. I'm not sure you get that when you buy meat in a tidy little pack at the supermarket.

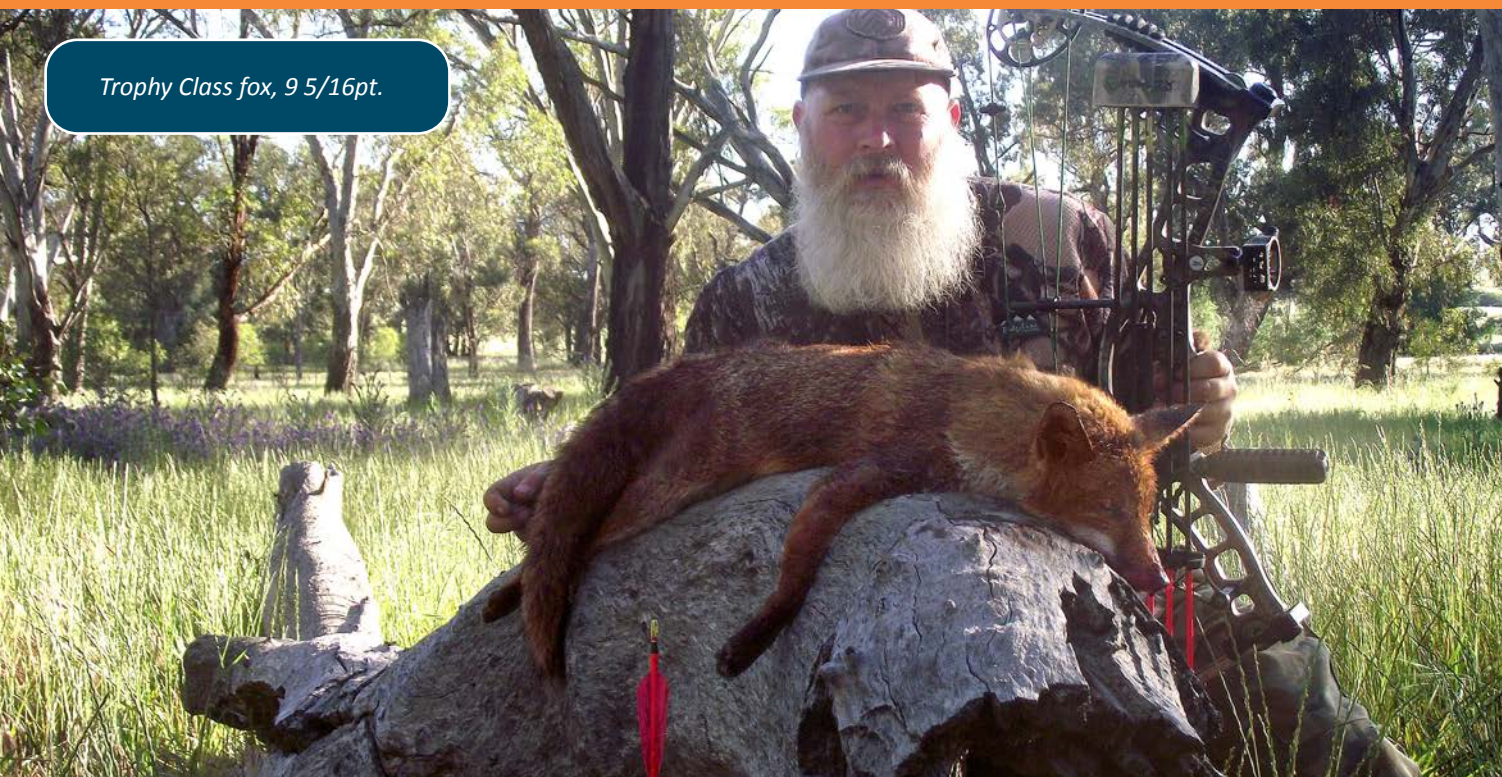
"It's a back-to-nature experience. There's something calming about being out in the bush. There's a sort of connection with the land ... almost a spiritual thing."

For Dan, it's part of the fabric of his entire life.

"I started rabbit trapping when I was really young—I used to sell the skins on the way to school. Then I progressed to rifle shooting. I did some dogging then went back to rifle shooting and then around 2009 two of my brothers had compound bows and one of my brother's friends was selling a bow so I bought it. It sat in the cupboard for a while because I didn't know anything about archery, but after moving I found a local archery club in Albury and started shooting targets at the local club.

"Then I decided I wanted to hunt and it progressed from there. I wasn't a serious bowhunter in the beginning.

*Trophy Class fox, 9 5/16pt.*







Trophy Class fox, 9 3/16pt.

I'd take it out once or twice a year on a really big trip then the bow would sit in the cupboard again. It wasn't until 2016 when I shot my first fox—which got me into TBA—that I grew more serious about it. Now I use it all the time."

He has been a member of Twin City Bowmen (an independent club) since 2011 and is also a member of Buffalo Bowmen in Mertleford, Victoria.

In his mid-40s, Dan works in road construction so he's used to spending his days in the sun and being close

to 180-degree asphalt. He also has worked in a foundry, so he knows hot. That means when he's out bush in 40-degree temperatures it doesn't bother him or make him change his normal hunting style.

"I'm not a sit-and-wait hunter. I've



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made the odd hide in the bush and I've been successful, but it's not my strength. I need to get up and move around and make it happen. I don't care if it's 40 degrees in the shade, I'd rather walk and stalk," he said.

So even on a melting summer day out west, if he's there on a goat hunt he'll be hoofing it, not sitting in a hide.

"I have to travel for billies. Even then I have to do my homework to find a good Trophy Class one. They're not around in the numbers they were, say, 20 years ago.

"For deer, I mostly go into Victoria—but there wasn't much chance for that in 2020.

"Most of my hunts are pretty close to home. We have a healthy population of rabbits within a couple of minutes of home, and foxes are about a 50-minute drive away.

"I'm away a bit for work, but when I'm home I like to hunt most

weekends. I get up really early and go when the family's still in bed. When I get back, they've only been up for a couple of hours. It works well. I get my hunt in, and I don't miss out on being with my family."

It was no accident that Dan made it into TBA's top echelon, the Master Bowhunter Award, for last year's hunting. He set out with that goal in mind, although he never really thought he'd be win the coveted Bowhunter of the Year title.

"We have a lot of foxes within an hour of home—and there wasn't much chance to travel for hunting because of COVID—so if I was going to get to Master Bowhunter I was going to have to do it by racking up a lot of my points with Trophy Class foxes," he said.

But while the TBA claim system means a lot to him and is thrilled to have received the Bowhunter of the Year award, he never forgets the true

value of hunting.

"Last year the landowner (where I hunt foxes) lost \$3000 worth of lambs, so he's glad I'm there helping to thin out the foxes. For edible animals, I get the meat. I used to do a lot of leather tanning many years ago and I still tan the odd skin for knife sheaths, hip quivers or rugs. I try to go through the whole process—the trophy is just a bonus."

There's always something more to aim for—and Dan says there are more in the TBA's recognised 18 species that he has yet to take.

"That's one goal—to get all 18 TBA species and then to go further afield and take some species in New Zealand and possibly go on to hunt in America or Canada. In the meantime, I don't have to go out of the country but I do have to travel for my biggest short-term goal—a buffalo!"

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### TUSKER TROPHY OF THE MONTH

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### BEST GAME NOT TAKEN WITH A TUSKER

**Mark Woolcott, Darling Downs Field Archers, Feral Cat, 7 12/16 pts, Record Class**



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“

Last year I took 14 foxes, all within a 50-minute drive of home. The fox in this photograph was the one that measured Best of Species—10 11/16pt. I was out rabbit hunting and it was going to be a quick hunt because I didn't have a lot of time. But I saw a fox looking at me and ready to run so I sent an arrow its way. I thought it was a poor shot because the arrow went into its neck. The fox ran and I tried to follow it up, but the gully system split three ways and by the time I went to look for it I couldn't find it.

The next day I went back out there. It was really hot. I was standing on top of the gully but it wasn't until I stepped out on a shelf and looked down that I saw a fox tail. It was very humid and the fox's body had already started to melt. I wasn't even sure I'd take a photo because he was really stinky and I didn't want to go too close. I turned away to leave, but for some reason went back and had a better look. The average fox skull is about six inches but I thought this one was heaps longer than that. I put my middle finger and thumb to his head and thought, hey, that's pretty big. Maybe I will take it. So I got the head, cleaned up the skull and was

blown away. He was a cracking fox—amazing to think I'd nearly left him.

By hunting standards, that was a pretty ordinary hunt. But the most unusual was when I was walking along one of the local creeks where I knew there were often some really good foxes—you know, the sort of place that when a dog fox runs out, if he keeps running and doesn't look back you know it's a good one!

Across the creek was a nice peppercorn tree and a flat grassy area. Foxes like sitting under peppercorn trees or even in them so it was a good spot to do some smooching. I smooched for a good 10 minutes, but nothing was happening.

I was ready to go, but for some reason I looked to my right. There was a fallen gum tree, lying high up across the creek, and lying right in the middle of it was a fox.

My heart started pumping, because he looked like a good fox. The grass was wet and I wanted to stalk in, so I took off my shoes. I could hear the zips on my bumbag jingling, so I unclipped it and fumbled a bit and it fell to the ground. I thought, jeez, he's going to hear me! I was standing there, my feet saturated, heart pounding. And he was still lying

there, facing away from me. Asleep!

I slipped in an arrow, and he woke up quickly and ran off across the log to where the peppercorn tree was on the other side, near a little beach. He was just looking around and I thought, I gotcha, I gotcha! He was there for probably 10 minutes. I could see blood starting, then he just ran off and went under the peppercorn tree. I could just see him, so I thought I'd let him go and I'd put my wet feet and socks into my boots before I tried to follow him.

I was a bit scared going across that downed tree. It was pretty high across the creek, but the only way I was going to find my fox was to follow him. He was expired by the time I got across to him.

I was amazed. You don't usually come across a fox making a silly mistake like that, sleeping out in the open. He'd obviously been trying to be smart by positioning himself in the middle of the log so nothing could get him.

I was pretty happy with that hunt. I wasn't carrying my rangefinder and I'd instinctively sighted the distance pretty well considering there was a lot of dead ground with the gully and the creek between us.

”



“

I was out rabbit hunting on this particular day. Once I'd done my normal routine of following the big gully systems, I came up out of the gully to a clear, flat area where I sometimes do some broadhead shooting. There's an old abandoned house there and it's always worth having a look around. There are old

chook pens along the back of the house with chicken wire netting, a heap of corrugated iron and doors off the house, an old tree—maybe a plum—and some blackberry bushes.

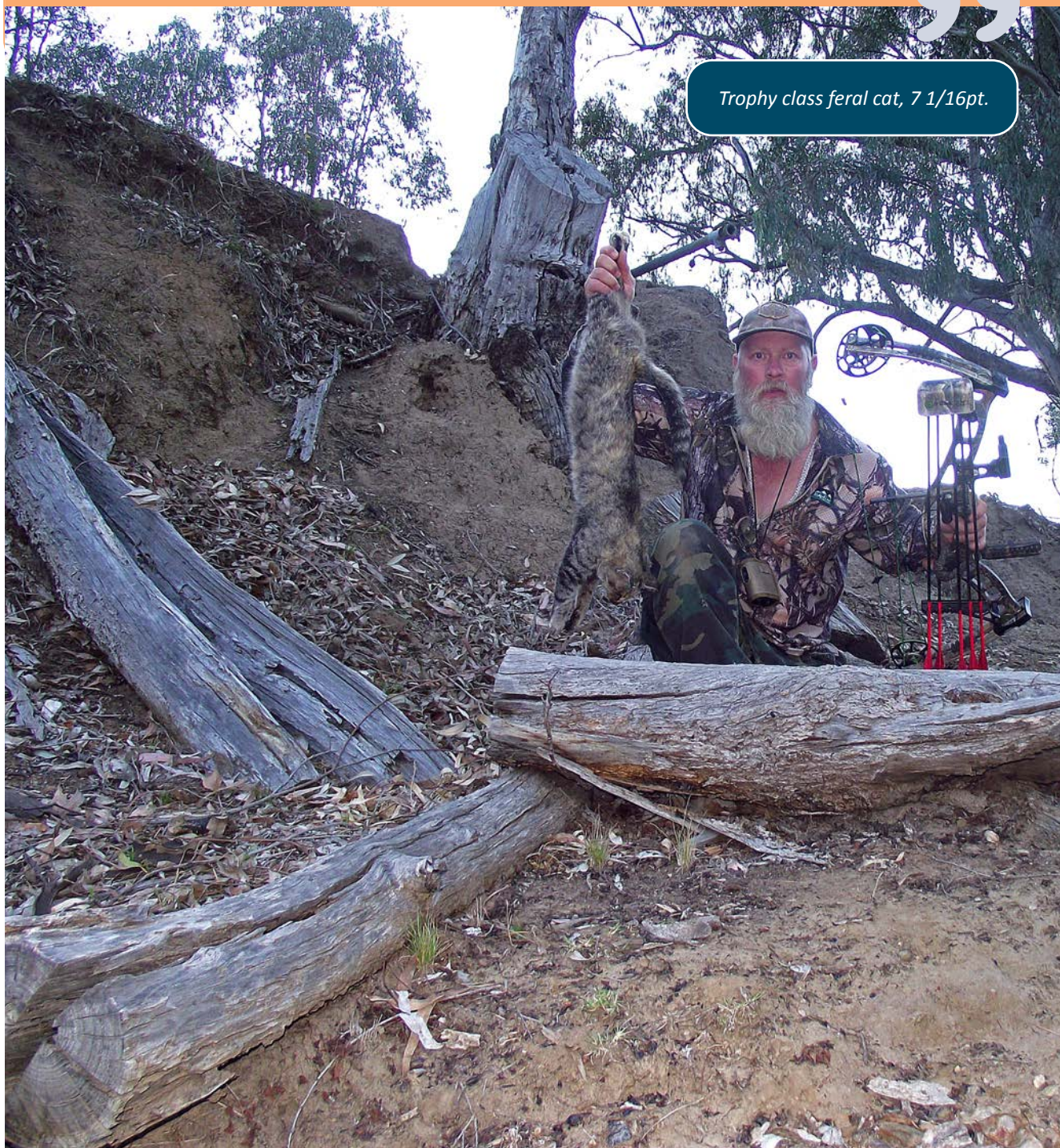
Just near the old chook pen, I saw the cat sunning itself. It saw me at the same moment as I saw it, and I was lucky enough to get a shot off.

That's sometimes how it goes. You're looking for something else—in my case, rabbits—and you find something unexpected. But you have to be out looking in the first place.

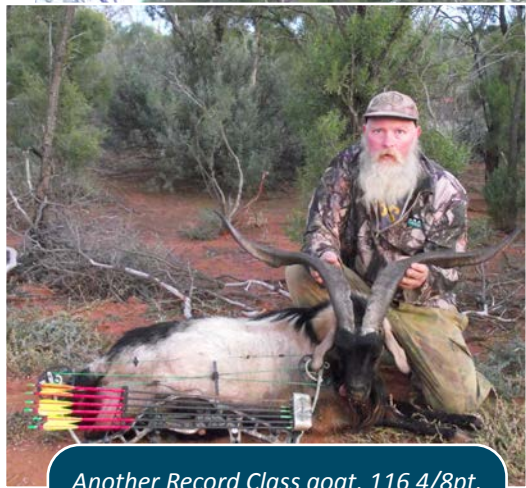
It's good to get a cat. They're the apex predator. They just hunt, hunt, hunt our birds and native animals—not just for food but for fun.

”

*Trophy class feral cat, 7 1/16pt.*







Another Record Class goat, 116 4/8pt.



TBA Best of Species goat—Record class, 121 5/8pt.

“

I did a reasonable amount of travelling to get my goat and I had to do a fair bit of homework to work out where to go to get a good one. I arrived at the property about mid-afternoon one day in July and set up camp. I'd been on the phone to one of the workers and asked him where he'd seen goats. He gave me an idea about where to look and said there might be a couple of good ones amongst them. Also, the owner flies over the property now and then so they pointed me in the right direction.

When I started walking, I saw goats and heard goats, so I started stalking through the scrub. I was probably only 20m into my stalk when a couple of nannies started

feeding in my direction. I panicked a bit and sat down, and luckily they started to feed in another direction. I could hear a billy smashing his horns against a tree, and when he presented an opportunity I set the 20-pin on his chest and took the shot. He would have been 35in to 37in across.

But he ran off. I thought, uh oh, what's happened here? I waited a minute and saw him running with the rest of the mob. I walked to where he'd been and couldn't find any blood. Then I found the back part of my arrow. There'd been a branch between me and the goat, and the arrow had never even made it all the way to the goat.

I was very disheartened at that

stage but I kept walking and walking. I walked perhaps another 3km then saw some more goats—a nanny and a couple of kids. I was out in the open so I just squatted and sat there and waited. Then a big billy came out and presented a shot. Right, here we go! I took the shot.

It was getting late by then. I couldn't get a vehicle in there so I retrieved my arrow, propped the goat up, walked back to the vehicle, came back and put a tarp over him so he wouldn't get a frost on him overnight. By then it was dark, so I had my photo session with the goat the following morning. He went just under 40in.

It had been a disheartening start but all's well that ends well!

”



“

It was November, I think, when I took the fallow. The young bloke and I had been out in March, before COVID, hoping to find some tracks where deer had been walking. It was just coming in to the start of the rut and we wanted to see if we could find some scrapes and do some homework on where the stags might be cruising around.

Then there was COVID and the bushfires as well, so it wasn't until nearly the end of the year that I got back there and I had to go to an area further up from where I'd normally go because my usual spot was totally killed by the bushfires.

I saw a tail flick up before I saw the deer, then I saw another. In total there were four does there. Two looked fairly young, one was half grown and there was a larger doe.

I sat and waited and waited. Then one of the deer spotted me and I thought it was all over. But it kept just watching me. Then another started looking around and I thought she had spotted me too, but she turned and presented a shot so I drew my bow even though I thought she was looking at me and might balk. But as I drew back, the thought in my mind was something my brother always said to me,

“If you don't take the shot, you've already missed”.

That was my first kill of species and it was only game—non-measurable size—but it was my fourth measurable species for the year. And it was at that stage that I thought I might actually be in the running for the Bowhunter of the Year because the foxes had given me my Master Bowhunter points.

I've taken plenty of deer with a rifle but for all sorts of reasons when I've gone out to bowhunt a deer I haven't come home with one. I was just fortunate that particular day, and it all worked for me.

”

*Fallow deer, game.*





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# Bushcraft Survival

## BACK TO BASICS

### A glass half full



So, you're lost in the scrub and you have to put your 'action plan' into effect. The trouble is that you only have available the gear you're carrying and whatever resources you can scrounge from the surrounding bush.

If you were to find yourself in a situation like this, would you be restricted to scavenging for sticks, stones, branches and bush tucker? It's unlikely. Chances are that, wherever you find yourself, someone has been there before. Evidence of mankind can be found almost everywhere—and some of it doesn't break down easily.

Take, for example, corrugated iron. It can be used to help make shelter. Fencing wire is good for sheltermaking too, and it will also be useful for fishhooks and snares. And how about

---

*In a survival situation, this could be a game changer.*





discarded bottles? Glass can take thousands of years to decompose. And it's a sure bet that when people head out scrub they'll have bottles with them. Beer bottles.

Whether you're on a grazing property or in a State Forest, you're likely to find long-necks and stubbies everywhere. They're in the dumps of old loggers' camps, around old homesteads, mustering yards, former campsites and near fishing holes.

You can do more with a bottle in an emergency than shove a message in it and let it float out to sea. Apply some ingenuity, and an old bottle could prove to be the lifesaver you're looking for.

## Bubble, bubble

The practice of boiling water to disinfect it can be quite a challenge without a fireproof container. If you can lay your hands on a bottle, you're ahead of the game. After you've washed out the years of debris and dust, a bottle can be filled with water and used as a billy around a campfire.

The key to success is to ensure you don't subject the bottle to thermal shock, which would make it shatter or crack. To achieve this, sit the bottle near the fire but not in it. Eventually, you'll see bubbles start to rise on the

near side of the bottle. Don't touch the bottle at this stage. Let it boil for ten minutes. Then use two sticks as chopsticks to lift it off and allow the container to cool before enjoying your drink.

## UV rays

If you've been unable to make fire, you can still use a bottle to disinfect water. It will simply take more time. Solar disinfection is a process that will need, at minimum, six hours before water is safe to drink.

Clear glass bottles are better for

this purpose, but any colour will work with more time. Again, wash out the refuse and then place the bottle in an open area. Better still, have several bottles with water sitting out in the sun. Place them on top of your survival blanket.

Using the survival blanket and bottles this way will achieve two things. Firstly, the bottles will hold down the blanket and stop it from blowing away as it does its job as a passive signalling device to any aircraft looking for you. Secondly, having the bottles on the blanket will enhance the



*All will do the job, but some glass colours are better than others for some tasks.*





*As well as solarising your water, bottles hanging like this are a passive signal aid.*

sun's rays by reflecting them back up through the water for a second chance at solar disinfection.

## Fire lighting

You won't be able to make fire from just any glass bottle, but you will with some. Again, clear glass will work better than dark brown. Simply place a little water in the bottle. Then rotate

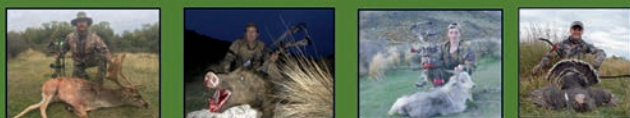
it, and try different angles, so that the water-and-glass combination acts as a lens to focus the sunlight into a point (much like a magnifying lens). You'll need plenty of patience.

You'll also need to pre-gather adequate tinder, kindling and fuel. After all, you don't want to go to all the trouble of generating a focal point, only to see it die because you've failed

to collect what you need to stoke the fire and keep it going.

## Broken bottle

Even if you can only find broken bottles, that's okay. There are plenty of uses for them too. How about making a crude knife? You can use the resin from a grass tree (*Xanthorrhoea australis* and other subspecies) to



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*Do you have room for this tool in your survival kit?*



*A bait trap can be created from a bottle.*





*An improvised knife can be made, using the internal strands of a paracord to secure the piece of glass.*

attach a glass shard to a stick. Firstly, split a stick at the top, insert the shard and bind it with your parachute cord bracelet or some grass fibre. Then heat the resin on a rock by the fire and mix in some ash as it gets soft, push it into the cordage and gaps as it dries this will allow it to harden like superglue. You could also fashion spearheads and arrowheads the same way.

To attract the attention of ground and air search and rescue parties, string up excess bottles (and larger pieces that include the neck) on a tree or along fence line. An arrangement like this is known as a tinsel tree. The name is due to the fact that shiny surface of the bottles will reflect the sun's rays, making the pieces of glass glint like tinsel as they sway in the breeze. It's also not 'normal' and will attract the attention of anyone nearby.

Many people carry a tea light or candle in their survival kit. If you have one, a broken bottle or jar can make a fine glass lantern. By placing the candle inside the bottle, you'll maximise its light emission and stop the wind from blowing it out.

## Container

When it comes down to it, the simplest use for a bottle is its primary purpose: as a container. Whether it's a vessel for water, food, or bait, a bottle has lots of utility. To make a

stopper, simply whittle a makeshift cork from a stick. This will help stop the evaporation of your water, and keep critters from crawling inside or out of it!

## Get knapping

Indigenous people worldwide developed knapping techniques to create knives, arrowheads, spearheads and the like from flint material and obsidian. In more recent times, they've used the same techniques on discarded glass bottles and other materials.

During the pioneering period here in Australia, Aboriginal people found the glass insulators from the overland telegraph line an excellent source of flint-like material for spear-making. Indeed, it's interesting to reflect that these insulators were considered to be so useful that indigenous efforts to reach them led to the destruction of many telegraph poles and contributed to the frontier conflict when staff at repeater stations sought to retaliate.

Knapping is a skill that you should seek to develop well before you need to rely on it in a survival situation. All you need is a nail, a shed antler (or piece of hard wood) and a hammer stone. The best pieces of glass to use are those from the flat bottoms of spirit or wine bottles (more on this in future articles).

## Disclaimer

Take note, we're talking here about using bottles that have clearly held fluids meant for human consumption. Beware of bottles that may have been used for other purposes. Any old random bottle or jar discarded on the ground could have been utilised to store poisons on a farm, or as a makeshift container for refuse or other non-edible matter. Unless you are confident that you know the purpose for which a bottle has been used, the suggestions in this column should be regarded as options for emergency use only.

## In the kitchen

Perhaps you're not lost. Maybe you're simply trying to dream up an original meal in the camp kitchen. If that's the case, here are plenty of uses for empty bottles and jars around camp. While we tend to think of damper as the quintessential Australian camp bread, for indigenous cultures it's often flat bread all the way.

So, rather than placing your dough ball in the camp oven, change things up a bit by using an empty wine bottle as a rolling pin. From here you'll be making pizza, tortillas and other kinds of flat breads. Alternatively, the heavy thick wall of a scotch bottle can be used as a nut cracker.



*A broken bottle makes a credible glass lantern.*

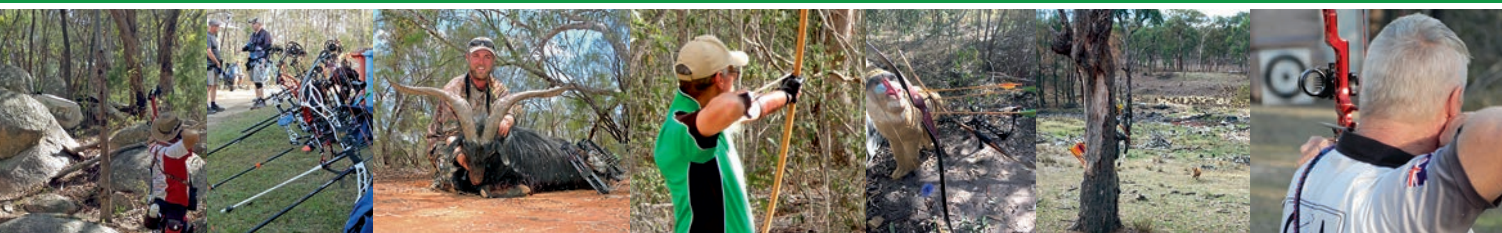




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# CLUBHOUSE

## news & views



### Lakeside Bowmen

Lakeside has been going along well this year in spite of the odd lockdown and ever-changing COVID rules. We have still managed to have a good club shoot every month and host an inter-club and invitational a few times a year. Our senior members meet every Thursday morning for a friendly round and tea and bikkies. Our coaching and introductory classes are always full, in fact usually booked out months in advance. We have our annual Jules Trad Shoot happening again on July 4 and 5.

Our members are fairly diverse in their choice of gear—we have sighted compound and recurve shooters as well as a strong barebow and trad following. We are big 3D fans and hold two invitational 3D shoots each year, the Karwongbah Open Hunt and the Jules Trad. IFAA is also well

catered for—we have a full 28-target field/hunter range and have begun to hold monthly IFAA club shoots using the international round to get new shooters interested in IFAA.

Lakeside is conveniently located on Scout Road at Petrie on the north side of Brisbane. We have approximately 24 acres of old-growth bushland and a lush green corridor in the Lake Kurwongbah catchment area.

Anyone interested in joining can check our 'how to join' page on our website which can be found at <http://lakesidebowmen.com.au/> or we have a Facebook presence at <https://www.facebook.com/groups/Lakesidebowmen> where you can also make an enquiry.

**Jason Tilgals**  
President





*Mount Isa resident and well known in bowhunting circles, Garry Pitt is also the ABA's National Measurer. Lately he has only been measuring other people's trophies. That's because he's had ...*

# A long run of BAD LUCK



*Garry's hunting photo album has looked like this for the past couple of years ...*

**I**t all started back in 2018 just before a planned end-of-year hunt up in the Gulf. Actually, that's not quite right because, really, that's when it all stopped. All my plans came crashing down when half a tonne of steel rolled over me, breaking my right shoulder and right ankle in seven places.

So, no trip for me, and no archery either. A shoulder injury is difficult enough at any time, but mine was pretty wrecked and needed two attempts at fixing to get right.

By then it was 2019. I had healed and I was ready for anything. (Well, maybe not *anything*.) I was just two days from a clearance to return to work—and bow and arrows—when I tore the bicep off my right shoulder. So back to BrisVegas I went and that was the end of 2019.

Surely 2020 would be better. The year started out looking good—I was back shooting my bow and I had a red deer hunt to look forward to. The hunt

by GARRY PITT

had already been paid for—two years before—and I couldn't wait! And you know where this is going ... the week before I was due to go on my hunt, along came COVID and the travel crackdown. So it got put off again but next year was going to be the year.

You would think your luck would have to change. Well, it was time that mine did. My run of bad luck was going to end in October last year. I planned a one-month trip, leaving straight after the Annual General Meeting of the ABA National Management Committee. The meeting was on Skype (or Zoom, or whatever they call it these days), so I didn't have to travel for it. Pretty much as soon as we signed off, I was outta there!

I was so sure of a big trip that I took—I kid you not—seven dozen arrows. I even boasted to my mates at

the AGM how fantastic it was going to be. They were all jealous of my luck!

Accompanying me was Richard Morrison, who at the age of 75 still has the urge to put arrows in big old boars.

We headed off bright and early. It would be a 2000km trip up there, stopping at one of our old places to see the owner and drop off some goodies for them, before continuing the next morning to arrive early in the afternoon.

But there was a cloud on the horizon. Well, not exactly a cloud. Smoke. And there it was again; good ol' bad luck. The smoke was way down the back of the property. Talking to the owner that night, we were told it was down the coast at Kowanyama.

But the next morning we found that the fire was only about 18km away so we changed our plan of travelling 60km in that direction to set up camp and instead moved east of the fire and found a clear and very dry swamp to



camp on. Off for a hunt we went and I got the first boar, a nice Trophy Class.

But we were still worrying about the fire so we headed off for another look at it. The fire was now just 15km away. Finding some good water on that drive back, Richard rolled a very nice saddleback boar. It was TC as well.

If there was any sleep to be had that night it was very little, as we both kept an eye open on that very big red glow in the sky.

The next day we went looking for pigs and to check the fire. There were no pigs but lots of fire, so the following morning we packed up. We checked the waterholes and swamps on the way back to the station but there was nothing to be seen. At the homestead, the owner told us the fire now had a 40-mile front, so there would be no going next door (our Plan B).

Back down the road where we had spent the night on our way up, we set up camp again, planning to get an early start to hunting the following morning.

And there it was again. This time bad luck was lurking under the bonnet of the truck I'd borrowed from my son and it took 10 minutes to start the engine. Still, the vehicle got going eventually and we drove off to spend the day 60km from the station. We didn't have any luck with pigs, then it took 20 minutes to start the truck when we got back to it. The ignition had carked it. It looked like our month of hunting was up after just six days.

We packed up the next morning, spent 20 minutes getting the truck started and did not turn it off until we got home. And that was the end of 2020. I think the only good luck I had was that I never lost an arrow.

But you've gotta be a bit optimistic, so along came 2021 and—at last—the red deer hunt I had been waiting for. Darby Knudson was to be on this trip as well and nearly didn't get there because COVID popped up again. And in case you think I'm the only one

running with a little bad luck, there was a lot more for the whole Morris family from WA who missed out again on the red deer hunt this year. Better luck next year!

So, we made it to the deer hunt, but it rained for four days straight, then the day after the rain cleared it was so hot the deer stayed under cover and were not seen by anyone.

I had four shots. No deer. Darby had three shots. No deer. We saw lots of deer a long way away ... and they were on the move all day and night. The hunt was still great: just to see old mates and to meet new ones makes it worthwhile.

I've been back home for a little while now. Would it be too much to hope for a change in luck?



*It wasn't all bad luck. Garry (above) and Richard (below) managed one boar each on the Gulf trip.*





# Around THE TRADS



*To receive trad shoot information direct, email a request to:  
[swallace@wallacetradwoods.com](mailto:swallace@wallacetradwoods.com)*

✿ We hadn't been to Chevallan Archery Park for a few weeks and were looking forward to the weekend shoot being held in May. The event was originally planned as a two-day tournament, however as the property is up for sale, it was changed to a trad fun weekend, with no scoresheets and no trophies.

To extend the campout, a few of us went up Friday morning but didn't head down to the course until mid-afternoon. By that time, a few others had arrived too.

At target 1 we had a small audience of Medieval archers who had joined us for the weekend. There was a light breeze as we wandered around the course but as time went by it became considerably cooler so on the way back we only shot a couple

of targets that were in the sun.

It was a little chilly overnight and morning dawned with clear blue skies. The field course was made up of moving target, rolling discs and clout range.

Target 1 was a 3D blesbok, Targets 2 to 6 were a mixture of 3Ds and vinyl, while target 7 was a pig placed between two bamboo stands. It had to be shot from the fenceline, behind the bamboo.

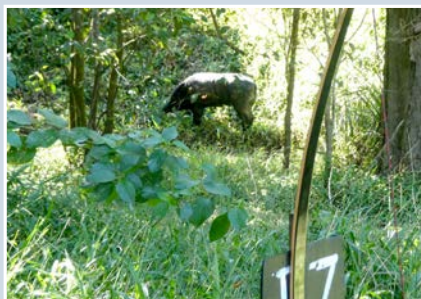
The turtle target was challenging under all the lantana, another target was a croc trying to escape up the bank, then there was the deer beside the swing set, an upside-down carp on the swing set and a pig against the bank.

The course completed, we shot a select few on the way back then

detoured to do the moving target. Morning fun complete, we headed back to camp for a late morning tea which turned into lunch.

While I was sitting eating my sandwich, my better half spotted a pardalote sitting on top of one of the logs around the fire. I watched it fly in a downward direction and it didn't come back up, which piqued my curiosity. With camera in hand, I walked slowly towards the tree beside the log to see where it had gone, and spotted a little head peeping out of the log centre. They were cleaning out the log for a new nest.

A little later in the afternoon we headed back down to the course, and after we had shot Target 1, we spotted the futuristic silver space wagon (well, a 21st century car really) filled







## Sue Wallace

with medieval archers on their way back up from the moving target. That's one way to get around!

As it had been a little warmer, one in our group had changed out of her shooting trousers into a summer dress and was quite happy to stay that way for the afternoon round. Once we'd finished, she needed to head back to get the coals ready for the pot roast. After we had all eaten, we sat around the fire making big plans for our Saturday evening meal at the upcoming State Titles.

On Sunday morning a couple more local people joined us. My better half was in one group and only did the course, while the group I was with shot the moving target as well as the course. The others went on to do the clout range.

Everyone thorough enjoyed the fun weekend, and it's always great when one gets to shoot arrows, camp out with friends, enjoy a fire, eat good food and enjoy plenty of conversation.

✱ Trad shoots confirmed for August-September are (at the time of writing) are North Burnett Trad Shoot (Queensland) and Dunolly Victoria Trad shoot July 31 and August 1; Tully Trad Invitational September 4 and 5.

✱ Reports from White Rose Birthday Trad, HVTa Gathering, Coffs Coast Archers TAA NSW State Trad Titles, Jules Shield at Lakeside Bowmen, TAA Queensland Titles (Chevallan Archery Park) may appear in the next issue.

You will find further information and available flyers for the traditional shoots on the following websites:

*Traditional Archery Australia:* [www.traditionalarcheryaustralia.org](http://www.traditionalarcheryaustralia.org) >

*Shoot Calendar and Information*

*Wallace Woods:* [www.wallacetrad-woods.com](http://www.wallacetrad-woods.com) > *Shoot information*

*(proposed 2021 calendar, and will have the link to the shoot flyers as they become available)*

*Ozbow:* [www.ozbow.net](http://www.ozbow.net) > *Traditional Archery Events* > *each shoot has an individual thread*

I look forward to seeing you 'round the trads.



*Twenty-first century horsepower—  
not exactly in keeping with medieval  
archery.*

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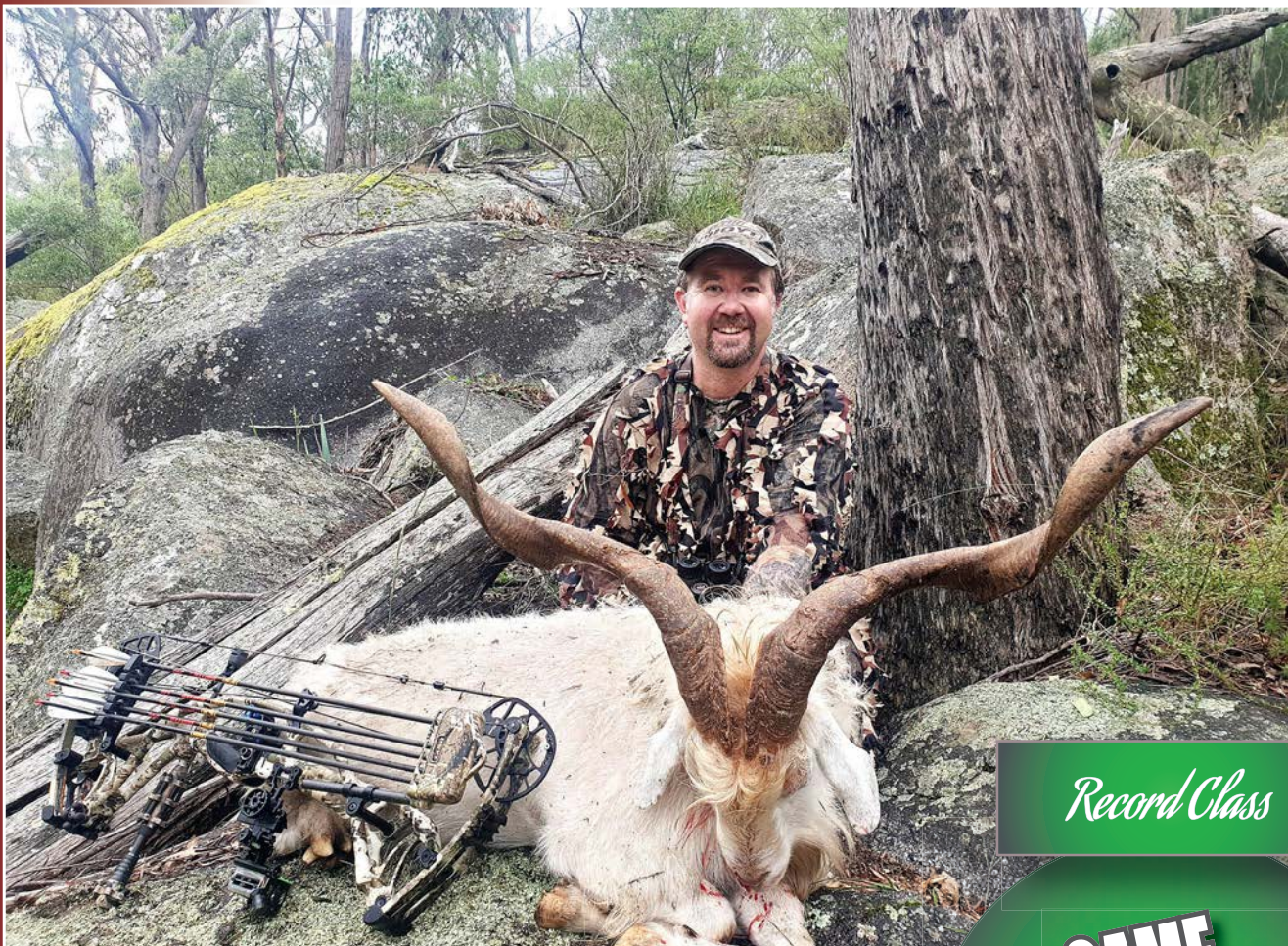
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**BROADHEADS**

Email your photo entry to:

[editor@archeryactionmagazine.com](mailto:editor@archeryactionmagazine.com)

Subject: **Junior Photo Comp**

Include your name and address







**Elissa Rosemond**

Record Class red deer, 275 2/8pt.

Record Class fallow deer, 191 7/8pt.



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# ROY ROSE

## *Meanderings*



### Blank bale shooting

Shooting a bow without a target has long been a procedure used for productive practice. It ticks a number of boxes and can assist competitive archers in attaining improved scoring. From a purely physical angle, it is a drill which is performed at close range (which is very convenient) so can be utilised at home in a garage or safe shooting area.

It allows the archer to focus on technique without the added implementation of scoring or specific aiming. The complete focus is on form and execution, either past the clicker for recurvers or an unanticipated break of the shot for compound release-aid archers. While it can be viewed purely as a method of maintaining positive form and execution, there are clearly mental pluses, especially if the archer is experiencing any anticipation concerns, problems coming through the clicker or hang-fire release-aid maladies.

Removing the aiming aspect not only frees up the mind to focus entirely on specific form requirements and quality execution but also trains the shooter to put their mental focus where it should be—on the technique—and not on the desire for perfect aiming (which is not possible.)

There are also specific tweaks

which can make blank bale shooting more productive and a whole lot more interesting. While the benefits of form and execution focus seem obvious, often the return to a target and competitive distances appears to show little reward from the blank bale experiences. One advantageous tweak of the blank bale drill which many top shooters employ is to have a target in the background but simply not shoot at it.

This enhances mentally the concept of shooting without the aim being the prime focus. For anyone with anticipation or anxiety issues, this addition of the target can be a very positive mental plus.

Blank bale shooting is a regular strategy in the armoury of top shooters, both recurve and compound. Being a close range activity allows a volume of arrows to be shot in a relatively brief time space and permits the archer to really concentrate on feeling what a good shot produces, both mentally and physically. If it has not been a regular practice for you, I highly recommend it.

One important recurve drill which I have talked about in a previous *Meanderings* is strengthening the area just past the clicker. This involves

drawing through the clicker and instead of firing the shot, continuing the expansion a further centimetre or so before letting down. The purpose here is obvious: it enhances the passage past the clicker process, which is a vital asset in attaining the fluency which is so obvious in world-class competitors. If your expansion, or pulling procedure, does not reach its peak at the actual positioning of the clicker, then a stalling predicament can be experienced. Repetitious practice of this drill on a blank bale can greatly enhance your fluency. This was taught to me decades ago by the great American archer, Ed Eliason, and was a major factor in my improvement as an aspiring recurver.

There is nothing more important than bone-to-bone alignment in attaining quality form and execution. Blank bale practice with the addition of having yourself filmed from various angles as you shoot, provides an undeniable check as to whether or not your line is at 180 degrees—a critical requirement, particularly for recurves with a three-point release.

The world's best archers make blank bale practice an integral component in their preparation. If you have aspirations to become an



elite competitor or just upgrade your hunting potential, or a simple desire to more regularly hit what you are aiming at, then make blank bale drills a regular part of your archery experience. The champions do.

## Handling composure issues

One of the most asked questions in archery revolves around handling composure issues.

Despite a very lengthy and successful career as both a recurver and a compounder, I have had an ongoing battle with tournament composure and aiming concerns.

I have written numerous articles about target panic and agree it is definitely fixable, if one is prepared to work through the accepted drills and the associated boredom.

Here is one approach which may be of assistance if you are in the throes of aiming anxiety: simply remove the pin or dot from your sight and shoot with an open aperture, or a clear lens if you are a compounder.

Just aim by looking at the x. Without a bouncing dot or pin, you may find that your aiming composure will be markedly enhanced. All I can say is that it worked for me.

## Age is not an issue

Most sporting ventures are curtailed quite early in life because you have to be able to run fast, jump high, lift a big weight or endure some kind of physical impact from an adversary. But we are blessed to be part of a special fraternity who can enjoy a lifetime of participation and camaraderie.

There are sensible progressive options that an ageing shooter can

access. A decrease in poundage will enhance aiming steadiness and execution. A switch to compound immediately brings the pleasure of lighter holding weights—and an upgrade in scoring is an obvious psychological boost to one's enthusiasm. Also fulfilling is the ability to pass on knowledge and receive the respect of your fellow club members who know that you have been there, done that.

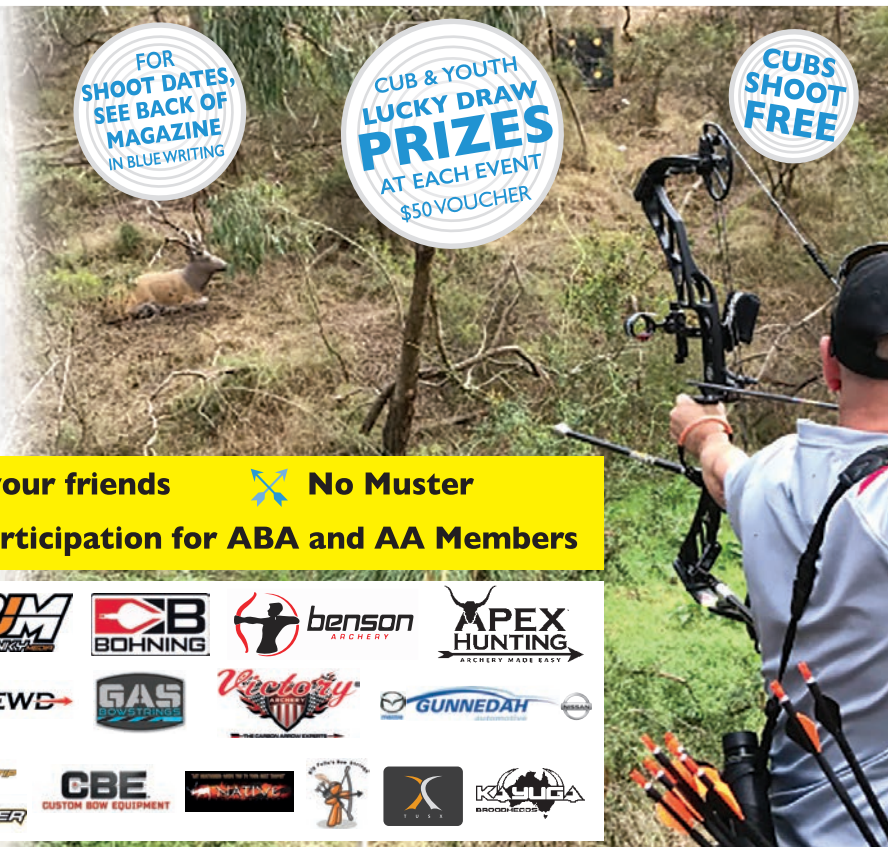
Our sport is very cognisant of the fact that many older archers remain competitive, with many Masters Games events incorporating archery as a sport.

If you're a retiree who likes to travel, you will be a welcome participant at clubs around Australia.

If I had one crucial piece of advice for younger archers, it would be this: Don't stop. Archery is a sport which can enhance your life, even in your very latter years.



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# BRANCH B SAFARI

by LORRAINE BRUCE



*The weekend's participants.*

The Branch B Safari was held on the weekend of June 12 and 13 at the Towers Bowhunters Club in the Charters Towers area.

The prediction was for a cold weekend but the weather was kind and a lot milder than most of us had prepared for. The rain that teased us on Sunday morning even stopped before for the day's shoot.

We had more than 100 shooters representing Towers Bowhunters, Mount Isa District Bowhunters, Townsville District Bowhunters, Full Boar Archers, Hinchinbrook Archers, Collinsville Barebow Hunters, Mackay and District Bowmen, Twin Rivers Bowhunters and a few independents. Many members travelled long distances to get to the shoot.

There were about 50 more people who visited over the course of the two days to support the event. It was great

to see some of the old faces again.

The overall winners for the 2021 Branch B Safari were:

**Cub of the Year:**

Jackson Hammond

**Junior of the Year:**

Clay Colls

**Senior Male of the Year:**

Daniel Parsons

**Senior Lady of Year:**

Tracey Smith

Some of our hunters who weren't there to shoot for the weekend were able to travel and receive their awards for their hunting efforts this past year also. Our members enjoyed being able to see and meet with some of our Branch hunters, who don't always make it to the clubs to shoot regularly.

We had many shooters moving up in gradings to B and A, especially within

the ranks of the cubs and juniors. They had some incredible scores and a few even appeared in the Top 10 shooters. It was good to see a few shooters returning to the sport they love for the weekend and there were a lot of personal bests from our members.

At Branch B, it isn't about having the highest scores but about encouraging each member to enjoy and try their best. Branch B would like to continue its support and acknowledgement to its members.

Sometimes a few do stand out. This year there was a presentation of an award to Clay Colls for his achievement while he was a cub. At our last Branch B Safari, Clay was 11 years old at the shoot. Clay was shooting Bowhunter Compound (no sights) and he was in our Top 10 shooters for that weekend. Clay has since become a junior and is continuing his success by going





*Jackson Hammond.*



*Clay Colls.*



*Tracey Smith.*



*Daniel Parsons.*

straight to A Grade for Bowhunter Compound at the Townsville District Bowhunters Invitational in May and then also setting some new personal challenges for himself by moving into the sighted division for the first time at this Branch B Safari shoot, where he achieved A Grade for Bowhunter

Unlimited Division and had a score of 1540 for the four rounds.

Next year this award could be awarded to a member who has shown exceptional leadership, volunteering, coaching or team encouragement.

Our host club currently has a smaller member base and they did an

exceptional job on hosting, setting up ranges, preparing the club grounds, providing meals and organising raffles. It was good to see the support from other club's members who stepped in and helped out in many of these roles too. This is what brings our clubs together.

## Branch B Hunting Awards Report

G'day all. Well, after the disappointment of not having a Safari in North Queensland last year, it was great to catch up with old friends and new on the course and at the Branch B Hunt-

ing Awards this year. As the time grew closer for the Awards, you could almost feel the anticipation humming in the air. The atmosphere was amazing—most of the hunters were in attendance

and had brought along antlers, tusks and other hard-won spoils to adorn the display tables alongside some of the handcrafted perpetual trophies.

Not all species were covered this year—as would be expected with travel being restricted—but numbers and quality of the more local species available were admirable.

Firstly I would like to congratulate hunters who recorded game from what will always be one of their most memorable hunts, that of First Kill. These were Damien Smith, Davina Morrison and Colin Morrison, who all recorded a pig as their first kill. Well done, all.

There were also quite a few hunters who added to their list of species taken with the bow last year. These were Andrew Gosper, stingray; Tony Manthey, fallow deer; Chris Nelson, rabbit; Mark Spiller, camel and Chris Nelson, chital deer. Congratulations, lads, keep up the good work.



*Graham McComiskie at the awards table.*





*Daniel Ferguson was named the Male Hunter of the Year for Branch B.*

Also worthy of a mention was that at a national level, our Branch's hunters took out five of the Best of Species awards and three hunters gained recognition under the Master Bowhunter system. Congratulations go to Daniel Ferguson who achieved a Trophy Bowhunter Award with 270pt, Toby Gall with a Bowhunter Award (150pt)

and Laurie Goudie with a Bowhunter Award (120pt).

The prestigious Bill Hill Award for the most Trophy Class boars taken went to Dan Ferguson. The Male Hunter of the Year Award also went to Dan Ferguson.

My sincere congratulations to all and many thanks to those who partic-

## Branch B Hunting Awards

Best of Species—

Boar: Toby Gall 33 6/8pt RC.

Camel: Mark Spiller 30 6/16pt RC.

Cat: Tony Manthey 8pt RC.

Red deer: Daniel Ferguson 191 5/8pt TC.

Rusa deer: Toby Gall 195 2/8pt RC.

Chital Deer: Daniel Ferguson 175 5/8pt RC.

Shark: John Fell 24pt RC.

Stingray: Toby Gall 7 7/8pt RC.

ipated to make a great event, may you enjoy your adventures in the bush this year.

The Branch Committee would like to thank Lorraine Bruce for all her hard work and also Beck for assisting with the Hunting Awards. Thanks ladies.

**Graham McComiskie**  
**Branch B Field Representative**



*Tony Manthey accepts the award for Best of Species cat.*



*Daniel Ferguson receives the Bill Hill Trophy for taking the most boars in the year.*



*Peter Ellis accepts Toby Gall's Best of Species rusa award.*



# ABA clubs: Get more members as part of the country-wide Come and Try Day!

Get on board with the ABA's national Come and Try Day—or even make it a whole weekend! Come and Try will be held over two consecutive weekends from September 25 to October 2, 2021 so as many clubs as possible can be involved.

Email [officemanager@bowhunters.org.au](mailto:officemanager@bowhunters.org.au) to get a pdf of this A4 poster artwork to help promote your event




## Plan your publicity, plan your day—

- decide on coaches and field archery instructors
- plan what might need to be done to prepare club grounds and club equipment (bows, arrows, targets)
- get your ideas together for the activity programme you will be running
- write a story for your local paper and find a photo or two
- put a post on Facebook and other social
- organise copy/interviews for your local radio station
- decide on additional drawcards, eg a free sausage sizzle for meet-and-greet opportunities!

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# Come and try Archery




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September 25 to  
October 3, 2021

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or contact your nearest club for details on a  
Come and Try day near you.



Put  
your club  
name, date and  
contact # here





# TELL ME MORE

In the previous issue of *Archery Action*, Darwin man Troy Bullen was featured in our *Introducing TBA members* section.

As I was collecting the information I needed for the column, he told me a bit about his past. Then he searched through his photos, old and new, that he has stored on his smartphone and sent me a few. I enjoyed the backstory so much that, dear reader, I have written it for you.

**Jenel Hunt**  
Editor

**B**ack when Territory man Troy Bullen was a kid, he used to spend his pocket money on publications like *Archery Action* and *Sporting Shooter*. It was a lot of money for a child who had just reached his early teens, but in one of those unusual

twists of fate, archery was already his passion. Unusual, because his interest didn't originate from his family or his friends.

"I lived in suburbia but I think that in my heart I was always a bush kid," he said.

Growing up in the suburbs of Perth with a family that had absolutely no involvement in archery, it was a tenuous link that started him on his lifelong journey.

"I first got into target archery through my librarian, believe it or not.





Once I discovered archery, I saved all my pocket money and bought a compound bow when I was 13.”

It was a PSE Pulsar Express (he was a finger shooter) and Troy would go down to the local bush area to try his hand at shooting rabbits. He even

managed to get a couple.

By the age of 15, he had made his move to a station to live the life he craved.

“I’d have a day and a half off after muster and would take my bow and a packet of two-minute noodles and

head out. It was like living off the land. I had to work it out real quick or I’d go hungry. That was when I was 16.”

Now 48, he lives in Darwin and describes himself as a jack of all trades.

“I’ve been a bricklayer, plasterer, jackaroo ringer, slaughterman for

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*Packing out the buff's head that won Troy entry into the Trophy Bowhunters of Australia Club.*

sheep and emu—the first emu slaughterhouse in Australia—a pro roo shooter, driller and storeman. I think the only thing I haven't done is drive a grader. I'm becoming a refrigeration mechanic now.

"Being a pro shooter with guns took me away from archery until I got up here. Now I find it so much better being behind a bow than a gun.

"I'm still a licenced gun owner but I haven't shot a gun for years. I just love the bow and arrow.

"There's a lot of support in our hunting community within the Northern Territory. There's a lot of feral animal control to be done, a lot of fish to catch. We're all hunter gatherers here, and it's a pretty good place to be.

"There are many factors behind why I hunt. I feed my family. I'm doing a service when I shoot a feral animal. But honestly, for me it's all about being in the bush."

Troy's children Tyrone, 10, and Paige, 8, also do archery.

"They come with me to Fred's Pass



*A young Tyrone comes to full draw.*



Archers. My boy loves it and has been shooting since he was 5. Paige used to only go for the social part of it but she's shooting more these days as well. You know, if there's one thing better than taking a fantastic shot yourself, it's watching your kids having a shot."

For Troy, the Bowhunting Proficiency Certificate counts as one of the best courses he has ever come across.

"Such a good course. On one of our sessions, our BPC instructor Rohan Walker had a pig to dissect to show us where to actually shoot an animal and how it worked. It was amazing," he said.

"Our club VP Bradley Hawkless has stepped up and does the same as well now. It really drives home the importance of knowing the anatomy of the animal before you let an arrow fly.

"I think it's great you can do the course, go to the club and make sure you're proficient and confident and then be able to go into the bush and take the shot with one arrow.

"I love my archery. It's brilliant."



*Paige at the target butt.*







## A new benchmark for archery competition

If you're on the lookout for a new event to give your archery some extra zing, the inaugural Benchmark 3D Competition is the perfect opportunity for some exciting competition.

The beautiful Pioneer Country in Tweed Heads, New South Wales, is the venue for this energising outdoor event which will challenge archers to show off their talents as they shoot the newest and best 3D targets. Forty brand new 3D targets, including two Delta McKenzie elk targets, will be set out for the competition. Benchmark 3D offers a variety of classes and divisions so that everyone has a chance, regardless of skill level or experience. There could be no better way to hone your skills than to enjoy the glorious outdoor atmosphere while you compete.

The two days of competition are on August 28 and 29. You can register online through the website, <https://benchmark3darchery.com.au/product-category/event-tickets/pioneer-country-tickets-2021/> where you will get an instant download of your ticket.

The event will be marked distance for all divisions. AA, ABA, Traditional and 3D shooters are encouraged to come together for a weekend of keen competition. There will be 19 divisions and a team shoot. Shootouts will include Benchmark's Top Five, Men's Top 10, Women's Top 10, Barebow Top 10.

The fun starts early with Friday night pizza and nibbles. A two-course roast dinner will be served on Saturday night. The weekend will offer \$5000 in cash and prizes.





# WHAT'S ON

Where applicable, please use this as your tax invoice: **Australian Bowhunters Association™**  
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## COLLINSVILLE BAREBOW HUNTERS CLUB INC

### Invitational Shoot 2021

Saturday 14th and Sunday 15th August

**Saturday Night's Dinner Theme - "Beach"**



**Complimentary Meal  
Friday Night**

**Must be in ABA to shoot  
No Card - No Shoot  
No Exceptions**

**Shoot Fees: Adults \$25,  
Cubs/Juniors \$15,  
Families \$50**

**STRICTLY NO DOGS**  
By order of Property  
owner

#### Program - Saturday 14th

6am Breakfast  
7:30 - 8am Bow Check and Muster  
8:30am ABA 3 arrow Round  
Morning Tea  
10:30am ABA 1 arrow Round  
12:00 Lunch  
1:30pm ABA 1 arrow Round  
3pm Fun Rounds, Knife & Axe  
6:30pm Evening Meal

#### Sunday 15th

6am - 7:30am Breakfast  
8:00am ABA 3 arrow Round  
ASAP: Lunch and Presentations

*Program times are a guide only and subject to  
change at any time.*

#### Contact numbers for Nominations:

Lindsay 0473 452 502 • Hayley 0417 148 545 • Andrea 4785 5991

Email Nominations to [cbhc@antenna-tech.com.au](mailto:cbhc@antenna-tech.com.au)

Please supply ABA numbers and Shoot Divisions



## Not quite The Last Word

A lot of us make this mistake—we look at people who are good at something and we think they've always been able to do it well.

Dan Podubinski, who is featured in this magazine because he has won the greatly sought after Bowhunter of the Year title, was talking to me the other day and remembering some rookie mistakes that he's made and the fact that no skill is without its learning phase.

"I was on a hunting trip. I'd just finished setting up my camp and the guy I was hunting with suggested we go for a walk. We got 200m or 300m through the scrub and he turned to me, saw I had my hands empty and said, 'Where's your bow?' I said it was back at camp. He said, 'You always bring your bow! You never know what's going to happen.' So I walked back to camp to get my bow. And only half an hour later, I had a billy on the deck."

In fact, the humble goat has been the cause of more than one lesson. He vividly remembers his first encounter with a massive goat and the moment he lifted his bow.

"I've read about people having buck fever but didn't expect it to happen to me. I've always thought I was a pretty calm sort of bloke but as I was aiming for this billy, I was so excited that my bow was shaking. It ended up being a pretty ordinary shot but some part of the arrow went through the vitals and I got this 44-inch billy on the ground.

"I learned a couple of things from that experience. I've learned how to breathe properly when I'm taking a shot and not to concentrate on the headgear. Concentrate on the spot and concentrate on the shot. I'd never seen a big fellow like that before, but now I when I see something like that I think, 'That's a good animal,' and I don't think past that. I think about shot placement. And I've never had buck fever again."

## Lachlan Valley Archery Club invites you to Forbes Archery Shoot



*At a recent Lachlan Valley shoot.*

A small club that wants to keep archery on the map at Forbes, the Lachlan Valley Archery Club has sent out an invitation to archers to come to their two-day shoot on August 21 and 22.

With ABA three-arrow and one-arrow rounds both days (vinyl targets), novelty events, a canteen and plenty of room to camp, all they need now are visitors to share the fun! The course has wheelchair access.



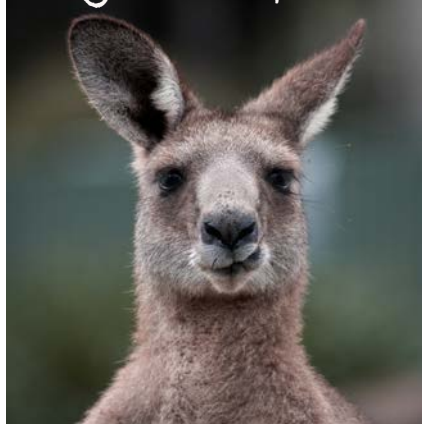
# Outside In the zone

## One of those days

It's one of those days. Outside, a healthy south-easter is blowing the rain at an angle I would never have thought possible given Newton's Law of Gravity and such. The temperature has dropped, and for the first time in months my T-shirt, shorts and thongs have been replaced by a pair of track pants, a well worn flannelette shirt and my five-year-old Uggies. I am thinking that next Fathers Day a new pair of these wool-lined boots might be at the top of my list, but that could easily change. I wear them a lot during the colder months and they should have been replaced last year, but you know how it is. Your commonsense for a practical gift just flies out the window as soon as you hear your wife say those magical words "What do you want for Fathers Day?" A new pair of emus becomes easily replaced by yet another fletching jig, a Thunderhorn bow quiver with embossed leather hood or—if the year has been particularly profitable and the planets are aligned—a new 50# Bear Montana.

I really should be doing something constructive with my time when inclement weather strikes. There is always a chore or two to do, but to be quite frank, I really don't feel up to it today. Last autumn (or was it the previous autumn? I am not really sure now), Mrs Spruitt presented me a long list of tasks to attend to. I think I may

by Nils Spruitt



have ticked off a couple of minor jobs as listed in bullet form and I would check my progress in this matter if I could only find the list. I dare not ask my beloved if she has seen it because I am certain she has kept a copy and no doubt has added a few extras bullets by now.

At my time in life, the days just seem to fly past. I still have not got over last Christmas and already my wife and her well organised friends are discussing plans for the next. I must point out I am writing this in the middle of autumn so with that in mind I am certain you will concur with me, or at least offer some sympathy when I tell you I am just not ready to feast on an abundance of turkey and ham. Why, even the thought makes my stomach rumble rather unpleasantly ... or perhaps that's last night's sausages. Either way, I am just

not mentally prepared to hear about Christmas yet.

Talking of the weather and the jobs on my missing list, our roof has developed a small leak and with the wind pushing the rain like it is, I can hear the occasional drip hit the plaster ceiling directly above my head. It is not a major leak, not yet at least, but it is annoying. I myself have tried to find it without success. That's the trouble with leaks. Seldom is the cause of the problem directly above the damp patch. Often it is nowhere near, what with the pitch of beams, the condition of your sarking and the state of your exterior roofing material.

I am by and large a safety type of guy and I will not try, under any circumstances, to climb onto our tiled roof while it is raining. I see this as common sense and not just an excuse to get out of the work. I am also unable to gain access into the roof cavity, full stop. I can get my head and shoulders through the manhole, but a combination of criss-crossed trusses restrict anyone of my proportions from going much further. I have called upon the services of a roofing specialist half my age, but despite at least 30 minutes spent trying, he too was unable to manoeuvre to where the leak was (approximately) situated. So I have a problem and it is one that can really only be remedied by a professional



man/woman who is slim, agile, young and of short stature. In other words, I am looking for a roofer who could easily double on the weekends as a jockey. My chances are slim, I feel.

I suppose I could grab my camera gear and try photographing the effects an east coast low is currently having upon a couple of headlands close by and I would, if it wasn't raining. I love photography, but I consider myself sane and besides, it is a hobby—a pastime you do for pleasure. I do not consider getting soaked to the skin or risking being blown off a sea cliff as self gratifying. The same goes for those photographers who are foolhardy enough to stand in the midst of an electrical storm so they can photograph lightning. I will not even venture out on my verandah during such an event let alone go stand atop some vantage point to capture it.

A few years back, Digs and I were camped high in the mountains hunting goats. We both like our relative comfort in the bush and usually that consists of a small tent each plus all the trimmings. On this trip, however, we only had swags and a small tarp held up by extendible poles and ropes. Early on the second evening of our three-night stay, a big storm hit us with unimaginable fury. Like all storms, it did pass over us quickly, but at its worst Digs and I could do nothing more than hang onto a pole each and pray. The lightning lit up the entire valley below us with every bolt and the claps of thunder reverberating off the cliff faces above us were deafening. Personally, I was terrified. We survived (obviously), but I never want to experience that again.

Due to the current weather conditions the archery range is closed so practice is out of the question and I could really do with some. I haven't shot much since the fires and the emergence of COVID. The fires totally destroyed the local archery range and the COVID restrictions have severely

hampered the rebuilding progress. What really shocked me when I did eventually return to the range was how utterly devastated the surrounding forest was. It was once a vibrant green environment with moss-covered logs, a leafy canopy of eucalypts, native orchids in abundance, elkhorns and a clear mountain stream. It was a pleasure, even if your shooting was off, to walk any one of the four ranges. Now the moss is gone, the canopy is gone and the trees are just blackened sticks protruding from a sea of weedy undergrowth which is growing as high as your head. It will, given time, return to what it once was, but for now, it is not a pleasurable place to be.

This is the third morning in a row it has been raining and whilst I enjoy a shower of rain, Chloe is far from happy. Her early morning walk along one of the local beaches or the lake's edge had to be cancelled yet again. As a rule, she lies on the floor next to me when I'm sitting anywhere in the house. Not today, as I am obviously in her bad books. It is funny how your pets blame you if their routine is interrupted. If she were to venture outside I am sure she would understand why we are stuck indoors yet again. Maybe she thinks that it is only raining above our house and that the beach will be bright and sunny as it always is whenever we go. The fact that we only go there whenever the weather permits has probably never occurred to her.

I have no doubt if I were to look for her I would find her asleep on top of the spare bed. She knows the beds are off limits, but whenever something doesn't go her way or she is sulking over something that I have or haven't done, then that is where she heads. I am convinced she thinks she is invisible if she just lies quietly and closes her eyes. If only that were true, I would try it myself whenever I hear Mrs Spruitt call out my name.

So what is a man to do on a day

like this? There is nothing of interest on the television. I am not really into watching sports, new age movies or reality TV. How anyone can sit and be entertained by watching two complete strangers get married is beyond me. Then there are the surviving-in-the-jungle shows, Big Brother, Bachelorette and my favourite, Gogglebox. I think humanity has sunk to a new low if people actually enjoy watching other people watch television. I ask myself, who in their right mind came up with this little gem? If this isn't bad enough then all of a sudden, the so-called contestants (for want of a better word) who appear on these shows, suddenly become overnight celebrities. They are interviewed on morning programmes, appear in commercials, some even get a start on a local soapie and they are adored by the social media crowd. It would seem natural talent or the ability to act is no longer mandatory these days for a career in television. A buffed body and a face full of Botox are all you need.

Maybe I am just getting a trifle cynical in my old age, but it is hard not to. The world has changed. Young people today are always in a hurry. Time is money, they say, but you try purchasing groceries in your local supermarket with nothing other than time and see how far you get. And everyone wants to blame something or someone else for the failures in their lives instead of looking no further than the image in front of them when they glance at the mirror. I often wonder if my long departed grandparents felt the same way when I was growing up. Perhaps they did. Perhaps it is a constant cycle in life. If that is so then I do actually find some comfort in the thought that my children will one day feel the same way about the world as I currently do.

Now, where is that novel I was reading? On a day like this, there is nothing much else to do. Until next time.



# SHOOT-CALENDAR

July-August-September



Date	Host Club	Branch	Shoot Description
<b>July</b>			
4th	SOPA *	NSW	QRE
3rd	Full Boar Archery	B	ABA
3rd - 4th	Mackay District Bowhunters *	B	ABA / 3D
3rd - 4th	Lower Eyre Archers *	I	ABA
5th - 9th	Wide Bay Archers *	C	National IFAA Championships
10th - 11th	Twin City Archers *	Vic	3DAAA
11th	Mount Isa and District Bowhunters	B	ABA
11th	Towers Bowhunters	B	ABA
11th	Townsville District Bowhunters	B	ABA
17th - 18th	Manning District Bowhunters *	E	IFAA Indoor Branch Titles
17th - 18th	Wagga Wagga Field Archers *	F	3D / ABA
17th - 18th	Stawell Bowhunters *	H	ABA
17th - 18th	WA Field and Bowhunters	J	3D State Titles
18th	Dead Centre Bowhunters *	A	3D
18th	Fred's Pass Field Archers *	A	3D
18th	Collinsville Barebow Hunters Club	B	ABA
18th	Full Boar Archery	B	3D
18th	Hinchinbrook Archery Club	B	ABA
18th	Mackay District Bowhunters	B	3D
18th	SOPA *	NSW	QRE
24th - 25th	Townsville District Bowhunters *	B	3D
24th - 25th	Darling Downs Field Archers *	D	C vs D ABA
24th - 25th	Mallee Sunset Field Archers *	I	ABA / 3D
24th - 25th	Hinterland Field Archers *	Qld	3DAAA
31st - 1st Aug	Phoenix Field Archers of Sale *	G	Vic IFAA State Titles
31st - 1st Aug	Pub with No Beer *	NSW	3DAAA
<b>August</b>			
1st	Full Boar Archery	B	ABA
1st	Mackay District Bowhunters	B	ABA
7th - 8th	Namoi Valley Archers *	E	3D Branch Titles
8th	Mount Isa and District Bowhunters	B	ABA
8th	Townsville District Bowhunters	B	ABA
8th	Towers Bowhunters	B	ABA
8th	SOPA *	NSW	QRE
14th - 15th	Collinsville Barebow Hunters Club *	B	ABA
14th - 15th	Yorke Peninsula Field Archers *	I	ABA / 3D
15th	Dead Centre Bowhunters *	A	ABA
15th	Fred's Pass Field Archers *	A	ABA
15th	Full Boar Archery	B	3D
15th	Hinchinbrook Archery Club	B	ABA
15th	Mackay District Bowhunters	B	3D



*All shoots must abide by COVID-19 government requirements in your State/Territory. Please check with your local archery association to make sure your event will be going ahead.*

21st - 22nd	Grange Bowmen *	D	Celebration Shoot - ABA
21st - 22nd	Forbes Lachlan River Archers *	F	ABA / 3D
21st - 22nd	West Melbourne Field Archers *	H	ABA
21st - 22nd	WAFBC *	J	3D / ABA
21st - 22nd	North Albert Field Archers *	Qld	3DAAA
21st - 22nd	Lake Macquarie Field Archers *	NSW	3DAAA State Titles
22nd	SOPA *	NSW	QRE
28th - 29th	Saxon Archery Club *	C	Nic Heenan-Jalil Memorial Shoot
28th - 29th	Twin City Archers *	Vic	3DAAA
29th	Full Boar Archery	B	ABA
29th	Archery SA *	SA	State Clout

## September

4th - 5th	Southern yorke Field archers *	I	ABA / IFAA
5th	Mackay District Bowhunters	B	ABA
5th	Mount Isa and District Bowhunters	B	ABA
5th	Townsville District Bowhunters	B	ABA
5th	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters *	G	ABA
11th	Great Southern Archers *	SA	GSA Unmarked Field
11th - 12th	Towers Bowhunters *	B	ABA
11th - 12th	Gloucester District Archers *	E	ABA Branch Titles
11th - 12th	Caboolture & District Bowmen *	Qld	3DAAA
11th - 12th	Mornington Peninsula Bowmen *	Vic	3DAAA
12th	Full Boar Archery	B	3D
12th	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters *	G	ABA
12th	SOPA *	NSW	QRE
12th	Archery SA *	SA	State Field
11th - 26th	Australian Indoor IFAA Mail Match * *		Organised by Branch G
11th - 17th	Dead Centre Bowhunters *	A	NT Titles 2021
18th - 19th	Full Draw Field Archers *	C	Branch ABA Titles
18th - 19th	Campbelltown District Field Archers *	F	3D / ABA
18th - 19th	Bacchus March Bowmen *	H	ABA
18th - 19th	Mallee Sunset Field Archers *	I	State ABA Titles
18th - 19th	Peel Archers *	J	3D / ABA
18th - 19th	Dubbo 3D Archers *	NSW	3DAAA
19th	Hinchinbrook Archery Club	B	ABA
19th	Collinsville Barebow Hunters Club	B	ABA
19th	Mackay District Bowhunters	B	3D
19th	Townsville District Bowhunters	B	3D
19th	Paringa Archers *	TAS	Paringa Northern Clout
25th - 26th	Roma & Districts Bowmen *	D	Branch D Gold Cup
26th	Full Boar Archery	B	ABA
26th	SOPA *	NSW	QRE

Black type shows ABA events, green type represents Archery Australia events and blue type denotes 3DAAA events,  
**ABA national events are in red. Shoots marked with an \* are cross-participation events**



# MEMBERSHIP FORM

Post completed form to:  
Office Manager ABA  
PO Box 152  
Redbank Qld 4301  
Phone (07) 3256 3976

Renewal ☐  
New Member ☐

ABA Membership N<sup>o</sup>: .....

or email to:  
officemanager@bowhunters.org.au

12/03/2021



I, (full name) ..... (M-F) .....  
Of (street # & name) ..... (town-city) ..... (p-code) .....  
Postal address (PO Box #) ..... (town-city) ..... (p-code) .....  
Phone number ..... Date of birth ...../...../.....  
Email address.....

do hereby wish to make application for membership of the Australian Bowhunters Association Inc (ABA), and if accepted, do undertake to conduct my/our membership in accordance with the Constitution, Rules, Policies and Code of Ethics of the ABA. Additionally, I/we acknowledge that Field Archery and Bowhunting are shooting sports conducted in the natural environment which can impose inherent risks and this application is made in full recognition of the Association's requirement for responsible and ethical behaviour. I/We undertake to do all in my/our power to preserve the good image of the sport and ABA. I/We understand that members breaking the Code of Ethics and/or ABA's regulations may be subject to sanctions as per the Constitution.

I am a member of ..... (Club)

I agree my contact details can be provided to form a contact list to be used within the Australian Bowhunters Association only.

If you do not agree, tick this box: ☐

I agree for photos to be taken and used for promotional purposes by the Australian Bowhunters Association.

If you do not agree, tick this box: ☐

I enclose the required fees of \$.....

Signature of Applicant .....

I, the applicant above, also wish to make application for membership of ABA (Inc) on behalf of the following persons, who are members of my family and reside at my address:

Full Name of Applicant	Male-Female	ABA Number	Date of Birth
.....	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	.....

I am prepared to accept the responsibility for the above applicants who are under the age of 18 years, until they attain such age.

Parent-Guardian Signature ..... ABA Number if Applicable: .....

The Australian Bowhunters Association Inc reserves the right to refuse, suspend or terminate the membership of any person whose conduct contravenes the Constitution, Rules and Policies of Association of the ABA. Failure to provide information sought or supply of incorrect information may result in application being rejected.

## RENEWALS and/or Advance Memberships for existing members

	12 months	3 years in advance
Adults	\$75	\$205
Juniors-Cubs	\$50	\$145
Families	\$160	\$435

## New Members (12-month membership including joining fee)

Adults	\$100
Juniors-Cubs	\$75
Families	\$205

PENSIONER DISCOUNT: Deduct 10% from fees listed.

Quote Pension Benefit Card Number: .....

All fees include GST

Note: Dates of birth must be shown for all persons listed. Club name must be shown. **Family membership applies only to parents and their children under 18 years of age.** Separate single membership must be taken for children over 18 years. Couples without children under 18 years also pay separate single membership. In the case of family renewals, state ABA membership numbers. If insufficient space, use additional form.

## ASSOCIATION USE ONLY

M'ship #s Allocated

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APPLICATION FORM FOR MEMBERSHIP TO THE  
**AUSTRALIAN BOWHUNTERS ASSOCIATION**™  
INCORPORATED (Inc in NT No A01978C) GST TAX INVOICE GST ABN 79 750 431 225



GO TO  
WEBSITE

Card Number ↓	NAME OF CARDHOLDER (print)	.....
<input type="checkbox"/> Visa	<input type="checkbox"/> Mastercard	.....
Expiry Date (mm yy)	.....	Signature