

Archery Action

March April 2021



Sambar moments:
MAKING MEMORIES
AND FRIENDS

A deer story:
PERSISTENCE
REWARDED

From 40 years ago to today:
IT STILL LIVES WITHIN



THE ARCHERY ALLIANCE OF AUSTRALIA

Officially recognised by these organisations

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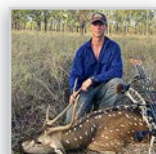
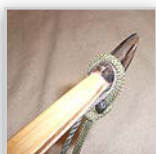
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◀ COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Is anything better than having your family around you as you celebrate a special moment? Adam Clements shares the joy of his long-awaited sambar with his sons Saul (middle) and Levi, and his wife Crystal who was behind the camera.

Photograph by CRYSTAL CLEMENTS

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Calling all writers, would-be writers and hopefully-could-be writers. Try your skills at sharing a story about your club, a field archery competition, a hunting experience or anything else with archery as its theme.

It's a thrill to have your story accepted for publication in a long running and respected archery magazine. Ensure your images are as high quality as possible. This is a two-step process. Firstly, set your camera or phone to take the largest possible files—before you go out to take your photos. When emailing them, watch that the email app doesn't compress the images while it's sending by checking that the setting is for sending at actual size. Also, it's best if they're *your* photos. If you are going to use a friend's images you need their permission to do so, otherwise we can run into copyright issues. And please use original images (not something already published to social media, as sites like Facebook automatically compress the photos when uploading).

DEADLINES

Please submit articles and advertisements by these dates:

editor@archeryactionmagazine.com

ISSUE	DEADLINE
2021	
Vol 46 No. 5 May-June	1 April
Vol 46 No. 6 July-August	1 June
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

(November-December issue = 2021 Yearbook)



A good story with excellent photos is a joy to read and can be inspiring for other archers, so put your fingers to the keyboard and send us your masterpiece! Email story and images to editor@archeryactionmagazine.com.

Don't forget that the Abbey Archery Photo Competition is open for great photos as well. There's the possibility of winning a voucher for some archery products if you're one of the lucky ones.

That segues perfectly into my next topic. There's nothing better than announcing competition winners—unless it's being one of the winners yourself! I'm pleased to reveal that the winners of the 2020 Abbey Archery Photo Competition are Kerri Haslem and Robert Messer. Kerri's photo was taken during field archery and is a magnified look at an unlucky insect caught by an arrow as it hit a target, with a cheeky First Kill of Species description. Rob's photo is a handsome silhouette image of two hunters in the bush. See their photos on Page 17. They each win a \$250 gift voucher to use at Abbey Archery. Congratulations! Abbey Archery has two well stocked locations—one in Sydney and one in Brisbane. They also have a website shop and a roving pro-shop in the form of a 10-tonne truck that travels within Australia.

Jenel Hunt
Editor



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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.

Emailled 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

It still lives within

WAYNE ATKINSON



COVID-19 restrictions had eased in Victoria, Christmas was done and dusted and we were looking forward with hope that we could all get back into shooting a few arrows and getting in some bush time.

The new year was just around the corner, heralding the start of one of my favourite bowhunting pastimes—fox whistling.

My fascination for the old red dog started as a young fellow not quite into my teens. My old uncle (who I guess wasn't that old, now that I look back), had regaled me with stories of sneaking along the steep-sided gullies of the local creeks then squealing through the old standard of the day,

a button whistle, and these so-called cunning, elusive foxes seeming to come running to your feet in a suicidal fashion in search of an easy meal.

I still vividly remember my first encounter with one called into range. I'd got home from school and eagerly waited for my uncle to roll past and pick me up as we'd arranged, and off we went in the old HG Holden ute ... which again wasn't that old when I look back.

We arrived at the bottom of a big gully. The flat farm grassland rolled over into the gully proper with a creek through the bottom. It was lightly timbered but full of bracken fern and blackberry clumps. I was instructed

that this was as good as it got for the old fox. Off we went, dressed in the standard of the day—blue jeans and a flannelette shirt in a dullish colour. No camo in those days, and game still got taken. Amazing, eh?

Unc set me up about 20ft to the left of where he was going to whistle from, poked two crackers in his old side-by-side shotgun, put the safety catch on and said, "I'll get over there and whistle; if one pokes his head out of that bracken in front of us, give it to him." With that, he stepped off and got against a tree and started blowing. I was a bit nervous at this stage. The thoughts running through my head were along the lines of ... these things



come at you hard: are they angry?, do they want to chew on a piece of you?

After a couple of minutes of high-pitched squealing and whimpering created on the button whistle, it happened. Out of nowhere a sleek, slender, highly sheened fox materialised—a dog fox in its prime. The white of its chest and jaw looked sharp, crisp and clean, contrasting with the deep ginger red of its body. It was just standing there staring intently at the source of the sounds.

I was mesmerised, taken aback by how it had appeared so silently, the excitement and adrenaline of being so close to one of these critters I'd heard so much about and had longed to see.

And just like that it was gone. I hadn't even got the safety off. I looked at my uncle and he was laughing. He said if I could have seen my face I'd have witnessed eyes like dinner plates and a mouth frozen wide open.

Forty-plus years later, he's in his late 80s, and he still talks about that moment. Whenever we catch up at family functions, he's always so happy to say "Remember that first fox?" and proceeds to tell everyone the story of my wide-eyed wonder (and distinct lack of action).

But now that's a clear but distant memory, hundreds of foxes ago. I shot a lot with rifle and spotlight when the skin trade was at a high in the 1980s

and 90s. I also have quite a few under my belt with the bow.

On this particular day in the final days of 2020, it was a middle-aged man with aching joints and greying hair waiting in a cool predawn to be picked up by number-two son. I had the same feeling of anticipation and excitement as when I'd waited to be picked up after school 40 years previously. I guess it never goes away.

The boy wonder soon arrived and we set off for a creek we know that's not far out of town and generally good for getting a couple in to the whistle before noon.

With the travel mug of coffee barely finished, the young fella eased

the ute into a side cut beside the old bridge as the cocky went over it ... not that I would trust that bridge to hold up my new tractor!

There wasn't a breath of wind as we set off downstream. The area had experienced a good spring but even so we were surprised at the growth. We were soon wet to the crotch in the thick grass and heavy dew.

At our first stand we tucked back against the thick gorse-line with me out the front in the shooting position and Ty a bit back on the whistle. This was going to be interesting. If a fox came in through this long grass it would be like watching an old movie with the torpedoes coming through the water. Alas, after five minutes of his best efforts no customers appeared so it was off to the next stand.

The next position was an old favourite of mine so Junior graciously offered to call again from 20yd behind, with me being out the front tucked into the centre of a smallish clump of gorse in a natural U shape. With two squirts of the whistle it was on! I saw a young fox bounding in, a little harder to my right than would be ideal but I reckoned it should come around the gorse and present a close shot in front of me.

Great in theory! What went down from that point forward was actually a bit comical. As I stood there ready, I could see the fox through the gorse. He was coming along the edge of it and my expectation was that he would come straight out in the opening of the U shape I was backed into. Bow was slowly raised, pressure on the string and I was starting a slow draw in anticipation. At three-quarter draw, I paused. Where was he? Holding, holding ... nothing. Thinking he'd paused at the point of the U shape only 8ft or 10ft from me, I gently let down. I'd been standing there wound up like a coil spring waiting, then the old typewriter legs hit in, as often

happens to me with the bit of a rush I get from these critters. I could hear Tyler, he was trying every trick up his sleeve to coax the fox so I knew he could still see it, so I assumed it was still propped there just in front of me. The Mexican standoff continued for three or four minutes then I could hear the whistling stop followed by our all-clear signal.

On talking with Ty about what happened, I discovered that the fox had propped as I'd thought virtually in front of me, then went back around behind me and to the other side of the gorse clump then proceeded to sit and stare at the whistle, directly between Ty and me, not offering Ty a safe shot. Then the fox lost interest and sauntered off. It was a bit of bad luck, but that's the way it goes. You can't get them all, nor would you want to.

Next up were the much-anticipated flats, these big flats along the creek, that run back to the hillsides that then flatten out onto pasture lands. These flats, a maze of gorse and blackberry clumps, had a few rabbits and were usually good for a couple of sightings of foxes. This area, however, was to be a disappointment as we soon saw evidence that the farmer was working to reclaim the fertile ground. The majority of the once productive area for us was now long grass and the ground was littered with the mulch from noxious plants that had been slashed. Bugger.

We continued over a kilometre of featureless flats to where a nice side gully ran in from the west, with a shallow gutter in the base of it where water only ran after heavy rain or during a wet winter. The whole bottom of the area was blanketed in spiny rushes and was an ideal haunt for our quarry. I pointed to a good shooting stand in the shade and Ty headed for that while I dropped into the shade of a large yellowbox tree,

lining my body up against the trunk to break up my outline.

Not straight away but within quick time a fox broke cover and was trotting in at a three-quarter trot straight for me. At about 15yd he started to slow, and you could see its ears stiffen as it attempted to identify the exact location and source of the noise. PPPFFFTTTT, is all I heard, and I saw the white fletching of Ty's arrow virtually part the hair on the fox's back. The fox jumped to my left as the arrow clattered into the rushes and ground debris to my right then paused to stare at the spot. Here's my chance, I thought as I tried to ease the recurve up into shooting position, however my movement was spotted by the now fully alert critter and all we could do was watch the white tip of its tail disappear into the rushes. I walked with Ty to try and retrieve the errant arrow. As we were looking for it he laughed, getting a bit of a buzz out of doing a lot more with the longbow lately and how the misses don't hurt as much these days.

That was as far downstream as we had permission to be so we started the long walk back to the bridge, with a couple of muffed shot at rabbits on the way. We arrived back at the bridge and with the breeze picking up in the downstream direction we decided that it wasn't too late or hot so we'd have two quick stands upstream before calling it a morning.

Upstream the walls of the creek gully became quite steep and we ended up calling from quite a distance above the creek with its blackberry and gorse-lined banks. The first stand looked the goods and I spent five minutes longer calling than I normally would in the hope of getting Ty another opportunity with the longbow. Alas I drew a blank, with only a dry mouth and the need of a drink of water for my efforts.

I was about ready to call it a day as

the late morning was warming right up and the next stand would be a bit of a scramble along the steep gully side. However the boy, with younger legs, said "One more," so off we went (I didn't need any real persuading).

After 10 minutes side-hilling to where a draw runs down the gully side, Ty nestled in on his knees backed up in the shade of a low scrubby bluegum sucker while I got into a position standing 10yd further down the steep bank and a little to his right up against some dry eucalypt deadfall.

Ty started on the call, giving it his all to imitate a bird or small critter in distress. When the broken rhythm and pitches had been played for five or so minutes, I was starting to think the day was over ... then in that magical manner there was a mature dog fox seated on his hind legs at the edge of the gorse line 80yd below, his white chest radiant against the lush green of the gorse. It didn't look like he was going to break cover to Ty's serenade of sounds, so Ty switched tactics and started the old mouth squeak, which sometimes is enough to coax these sorts of close customers to make that final commitment to come in for the kill. It worked and the fox was up and coming full tilt, covering the steep gully side quickly. He raced past my level on the hillside, intent on the source of the sounds, hitting the chocks at about three yards in front of Ty, pausing for a second, then began retreating back down the hill at a very slow trot, his head still turned trying to work out what was not quite right back up there. Moving in a slow fishhook downhill, he paused about 12yd below me. With my bow arm already up, I picked the spot, slowly drew to anchor and one was in its way. That telling thwack, pop and snarl told of a good hit, and quickly the writhing blur of ginger and white stilled on the ground in front of us.

So we finished the morning's



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



hunt, deemed successful by some who must always take an animal. Successful to others for time spent outdoors, for time spent with family or friends, for the chance of an

encounter and opportunity at your quarry. Or for the chance to recall an afternoon more than four decades earlier that had sown the seed that still lives strong within.

ABA clubs: Start planning NOW to advance the archery cause and get more members!

Now is the perfect time to make plans for getting 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.

Grab the phone, organise a sub-committee and make a start! Get a pdf of this A4 poster artwork. Email officemanager@bowhunters.org.au




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
- do up a draft post for Facebook
- organise copy for other media, eg your local radio
- decide on additional drawcards. Maybe have a free sausage sizzle for meet-and-greet opportunities!

FAMILIES OR INDIVIDUALS • SOCIAL SETTING

Come and try Archery





Archery is so much fun,
and you don't need to own a bow
to give it a go!



September 25 to
October 3, 2021

Come and Try
is a national initiative of the ABA

Email—officemanager@bowhunters.org.au
Phone—(07) 3256 3976
or contact your nearest club for details on a
Come and Try day near you.



Put
your club
name, date and
contact # here



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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>

GOTO
WEBSITE

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



Gone huntin' (or not)

Things can change in the blink of an eye. Travel between the States has been restricted for obvious reasons and rules are now changing to allow people to move between them. The restrictions have hampered hunters who wish to travel interstate to hunt at their favourite properties. Every hunter needs to be aware about what is happening in their relevant State and work with the rules in place to not fall foul to the lawmakers.

Speaking of hunting, I have been reading an article on a proposal down here in Victoria about making firearms

owners take mandatory shooter proficiency training that will then allow them to hunt. It is being aimed at duck hunters and then deer hunters and no doubt there will be a flow-on effect to all types of hunting with a firearm.

The reason I am talking about this is that my predecessor Mark Burrows has raised a similar point—that maybe one day the authorities will come knocking at the door of our association to implement a similar procedure.

We already have a unique programme that allows our ABA members to gain a Bowhunting Proficiency Certificate (BPC). This educational course is well recognised by other organisations as a well thought-out program. So we are

well in front of the others. If you wish to hunt make sure you have your BPC and naturally follow the rules that are associated with it.

Wild dogs

Something else that I have come across is the increase in numbers of wild dogs in our country.

These pesky animals are just about everywhere we go but are rarely seen as they are very cunning and keep out of sight of humans.

Farmers are raising their concerns about the increased numbers they are coming across near properties which back onto National Parks.

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	John Lopes	108 2/8	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	Christie Pisani	268 3/8pt	2014
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

As you can appreciate, once a wild dog enters a National Park it is protected from hunters.

If you are out and about and see wild dogs, it would help to contact the local Parks department to report the sighting, so that they can work on capturing them.

As hunters, we have a duty to remove as many feral animals as we can to help the environment. When it's not possible to hunt them ourselves, we need to pass on any information we

can to help towards the control of these animals.

Bowhunting Awards

The Bowhunting Awards for 2020 are about to be processed and will eventually grace the pages of our great magazine.

It will be interesting due to the closures from COVID-19. In terms of quantities taken, we expect to it be a lean year. We will see shortly what the results entail.



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

Bnch/Hunter	Club	Game Award	FK/FKOS	Size
A Troy Bullen	Fred's Pass Field Archers	Buffalo TC		86
B Brad Winks	Twin Rivers Bowhunters	Pig RC		30
B Brad Winks	Twin Rivers Bowhunters	Pig RC		29 2/8
B Brad Winks	Twin Rivers Bowhunters	Pig TC		28
B Brad Winks	Twin Rivers Bowhunters	Pig TC		26 2/8
B Brad Winks	Twin Rivers Bowhunters	Pig TC		26 6/8
B Brad Winks	Twin Rivers Bowhunters	Pig TC		25 4/8
B Brad Winks	Twin Rivers Bowhunters	Pig TC		27 4/8
B Brad Winks	Twin Rivers Bowhunters	Pig TC		26 4/8
B Brad Winks	Twin Rivers Bowhunters	Pig RC		30
D Bradley Seagrott	Renegade Bowmen	Red RC		204 3/8
G Christopher Bourne	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters	Sambar TC		156 1/8
G David Luxford	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters	Fox TC		9 6/16
G David Luxford	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters	Sambar RC		165 4/8
G Tim Opie	West Gippsland Field Archers	Cat TC		7 7/16
H Tyler Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Fox RC		10 4/16
H Wayne Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Fox TC		9 15/16
H Dan Podubinski	Buffalo Bowmen	Goat RC		116 4/8
H Dan Podubinski	Buffalo Bowmen	Goat RC		121 5/8
H Dan Podubinski	Buffalo Bowmen	Fox TC		10 1/16
H Christopher Dunn	Geelong Trophy Bowhunters	Rabbit GA	FK/FKOS	0
H Scott Grant	Geelong Trophy Bowhunters	Rabbit GA	FK/FKOS	0
H Ronnie Yap	Lilydale Bowmen	Goat RC		118 6/8
H Ronnie Yap	Lilydale Bowmen	Goat TC		109 7/8
J Peter Griffiths	Independent	Buffalo RC		91 6/8
J Peter Griffiths	Independent	Buffalo RC		90 6/8
J Peter Griffiths	Independent	Buffalo RC		93 4/8
J Peter Griffiths	Independent	Buffalo TC	FKOS	81
J Peter Griffiths	Independent	Buffalo RC		94 6/8
J Peter Griffiths	Independent	Buffalo RC		89 6/8
J Peter Griffiths	Independent	Buffalo RC		102 6/8

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Bowhunting achievements to end December 2020

Master Bowhunter

Dan Podubinski 420

Trophy Bowhunter Award

David Luxford 210

Bowhunter Award

Wayne Atkinson 120

Jack Winks 110

Michael Law 100

Bowhunter Royale

Peter Griffiths

Bowhunter Imperial

Nil further since last report

Bowhunter Supreme

Nil since last report

Senior Member of TBA

Nil since last report

Members Admitted to TBA Club

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

Troy Bullen



Trophy Bowhunters of Australia Club



Introducing TBA MEMBER Mark Spiller

Where do you live?

I live in Maryborough, Queensland

Personal details? Are other family members interested in archery?

I lived in Maryborough about 20 years. I've just finished a two-year stint in Mount Isa. I'm 57 and live with my partner of 10 years, have five grown and moved-away kids. I'm the only one interested in archery—can't afford two of us!

How long have you been hunting?

I started archery about eight years ago and I've been able to hunt maybe the past three or four years.

How long have you been an ABA member?

Around eight years.

What got you into bowhunting?

I was reading a 4x4 magazine and there was a presenter who had a small article on his interest in bowhunting in Western Australia. I found it appealing and decided to pursue the sport; haven't looked back.

Are you a member of an archery club, and if so, which one? Do you hold a position in the club?

While I was in Mount Isa I was Vice-President of Mount Isa Bow Hunters. Since moving back to the coast a couple of weeks ago I am still not affiliated with any club.

How often do you get to go hunting?

I don't get out enough. I'll endeavour to change that in the near future.

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

For the hunt I used a Halon 32 compound bow with 80lb Wake limbs, Spot Hogg The Hogg Father sight, arrows were Blood Sport Evidence with 150 grain Strickland Helix broadhead. The bow was set up and regularly serviced by Cashy at Sioux Archery.

Has this encouraged you to do more hunting?

I don't need to be encouraged to do more hunting!

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

I would like to take out a Trophy Class red in the near future.

Did you know much about TBA before this?

No, I didn't know too much about TBA before this.

The TBA Committee congratulates you, Mark.



The hunt:

“

I had the opportunity to meet up with Craig and Mike from Australian Outfitters last year to chase a camel. Graham Cash and his son George were coming out as well for George to chase a camel. We met early Saturday morning and decided I would go with Craig. Mike, Cashy and George went in a different direction.

Craig and I headed to where Craig knew there was a herd of camels to see if we could get in close enough to them.

We found a herd of about 20-odd around mid-morning and started a stalk as a large cream-coloured camel was in the herd but was being pushed out by the younger males. (Craig made mention that he had not seen that particular animal previously; it was to be the target animal.) We spent considerable time stalking in but we either got picked up by one of the herd or the wind gave us away. After several hours and a fairly lengthy walk back to the vehicle, we had some lunch and a drink. We noted the herd had moved to the area of the vehicle and the old cream bull was within shooting distance.

A bit of work on position and I was able to get a 30yd shot in. I aimed forward as the animal was stepping out, but the arrow passed through behind the rib cage—I hadn't realised how much ground they cover in a couple of steps.

The animal ran for a bit then sat down. I think with the angle of the shot it may have taken the far side lung. I heard Craig say “Get another in him before he

takes off,” and that was all I heard; from that point it was blind focus. I moved in to put in another arrow but the animal jumped up and took off with me hot on its tail. We must have gone another 60yd or more before another shot opportunity arose. The camel had moved slightly to the left showing vitals but it would be a narrow shot. I guessed the distance to be 40yd (I had dropped my rangefinder at the first shot). My single pin sight was still at 30yd so I propped, aimed at his hump and let the Helix fly hoping it would do the job, I couldn't clearly see the shot placement as the camel jumped and turned away at the same time.

Hoping the jump indicated a solid shot, I stayed with him till he dropped about 80yd or so later. He lay on the side of the arrow entry so I couldn't see the exact entry point but clearly it was good.

Craig caught up to me—thankfully he had found my rangefinder—and we started to cape him out as it was getting late and daylight was slipping away.

When we rolled him over we found that the arrow had entered his left rib cage and done the damage to his vitals. We finished caping him out and headed back to Hot Spur where we met up with Mike, George and Graham. They had also been successful and we spent the evening telling the stories of the individual hunts and having a couple of well-earned coldies. The lads put on a great feed and everyone called it a night very happy with the day. Huge thanks to Craig and Mike from Australian Outfitters.

”

MOONTERRA SHOOT

A great start to the year



Top row, from left: Kim Scully; Tiffany Courtney; Stephen Heusz; Zara Palfi; group photo Karl Peck (right), Tony Power (sitting), Shirenne Fulton and Ralph Boden. Second row: Cormac Dunshea; Jason (shooting) and son Ryan.

Early February saw archers travel to Central Coast Moonterra Archers near Wyong for an ABA Branch Invitational shoot.

This was the first time we had been here in many years, and I could still remember how great the ranges were back then. I was looking forward to trying to master them this time.

We made our way out onto the ranges on Saturday morning, enjoying the sound of banter and laughter

reverberating around the whole area.

Well, the ranges did not disappoint, with the use of every range setter's trick evident throughout the course.

For someone starting out as a range captain, this range is one you need to see! The flow of the ranges, the way short and long shots have been intermingled, the use of dead ground and side slopes, showcases what can be done by a clever course setter. These ranges are a credit to the club.

What a great day it was, with a three-arrow round in the morning, and the one-arrow round in the afternoon. When everyone had completed their rounds, there was the usual critiquing of shots and laughter about the one that got away: "I missed it by that much," and "If I had a fourth arrow, I would not have missed."

Sunday saw us back on the range for a two-arrow all-count. With rain having fallen overnight one of the



by Peter Stubbs
NORTHERN NSW BRANCH
CONTROLLER

ranges had to be closed, which put everyone on the same range. Surprisingly, with so many people on the range there weren't many hold-ups, with members enjoying the chance to chat to other groups.

All in all, it was a great weekend, and I look forward to my next shoot at the Moonterra club. Thank you to the club and its members for your generous hospitality and for making us feel so welcome.



A special note of interest about this shoot: The host club fee would normally go to the club, however the Central Coast Moonterra Club committee asked to have their fee donated to the Northern Tablelands Archers, another club within our Branch, that suffered the loss of their clubhouse in a storm last December. Actions such as this are among the things that make me proud to be a part of our Association.



The fisherarchers.



The winners (from left) Tom, Dave and Glen.



What a beauty!

Branch I

ANNUAL CARP HUNT

by HAZEL KIRLEW

The Branch I Annual Carp Hunt was held on the weekend of January 16 and 17. Some keen fishermen have spent months getting their gear ready for this very competitive event. With the weather predicted to be perfect, the archers were checking out the best spots at the backwaters off the River Murray, trying to guess which areas would be most laden with carp.

We settled in at Blushes Bend just out of Renmark at a wonderful free camping area along the River Murray. The area offers flushing toilets, rub-

bish removal and shelter. On Saturday morning, 10 keen archers were up and out of camp as the sun rose. The spots the individuals had chosen were secret squirrel business!

One o'clock Sunday was closing time and everyone came with their carp barbs, hoping to have the biggest. The winner of the Rookie Award went to first-time shooter Tom Stauton. The most carp caught was Glen Hanemann and the overall winner for the longest barb was Dave Hampel.

Glen caught four carp on the Sat-

urday and an impressive 35 on Sunday morning. The amazing thing was that he was shooting a bow that he'd borrowed for the event as his had gone missing. Branch I Controller Brett Raymond said he didn't know what Glen had done to the bow overnight, but whatever he did obviously paid off.

Altogether, 140 carp were removed from the River Murray. A big thank-you goes to Wayne Wilson for organising the event again this year and to everyone who took part. The whole atmosphere over the weekend was great.



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Winners PHOTO COMPETITION



Rob Messer wins a \$250 Abbey Archery voucher for this photo, *Rob and Tim*, which appeared in the March-April 2020 issue of *Archery Action*.

2020

In the bush

In the field

Kerri Haslem wins a \$250 Abbey Archery voucher for this photo, *Rebecca Zammit's FKOS (blowfly at 8m)*, which appeared in the March-April 2020 issue of *Archery Action*.





by ADAM CLEMENTS



Making memories and friends

Beautiful high country view.

C.S. Lewis once said “Friendship is born at the moment when one person says to another; ‘What! You too? I thought I was the only one.’”

This story that involves Timberline Self-Guided Sambar Hunts. If you haven’t yet thought of booking a trip, you should ... but maybe not just for the reasons you think. For me, this place represents much more than simply an opportunity to hunt sambar. You see, I have been visiting this special place for a couple of years now and during that time I have had many adventures, gained invaluable experience and been blessed to be able to make some new friends.

To tell this story I need to first briefly go back in time a little. A few years ago, I had taken a nice sambar stag with my rifle not far from here. I was in need of a taxidermist and that’s how I met David Luxford. Years later on a solo bowhunt, I found myself sitting round a fire chewing the fat and preparing for a sambar hunt with David the following morning!

On my way back to the hut late that morning I had an opportunity on a mature sambar stag that was bedded in the middle of the paddock only a short distance from my car. To make a long story short, I closed the gap to 45yd. My shot felt good but he disappeared.

I spent hours replaying video footage, scouring the paddock looking for blood and walking in circles. In the end I was a very tired and confused mess. David had headed home but when I got back to the hut I found an encouraging note he’d left—which was just the motivation I needed to head back out for the afternoon.

That afternoon I met up with Russell (the owner) who is a wealth of knowledge and offered to come and give a fresh set of eyes over what happened. After some confusing input from me, he quickly worked out what



Young Levi glassing the area. Is there a stag out there?

actually had unfolded and where the stag had gone. There was no evidence of a hit but he obviously saw I was struggling and thankfully after some kind words was able to hit reset on my brain.

The following day I re-enacted what had happened before sitting under a tree to ponder. I asked myself some questions. Did I rush things? Did I choose the right way to approach him? How can an animal so big jump out the way so quickly? Why does this keep happening? Then I remembered some wise words that were written on the wall at camp: “The more I know about sambar, the more I know I don’t know.” After an hour or so of soul searching, I saw that the greatest lesson I could learn from the experience

was to appreciate the opportunity I’d had with such a magnificent animal out in the open.

As I drove home from that trip, I began thinking about a follow-up trip. The next time I would be celebrating my birthday so my wife and two boys were going to come along. If I was to finally accomplish the goal of putting a sambar on the ground, this is when I would want it to happen—while I had loved ones to share it with.

November was here and after setting up camp I headed out for a quick evening hunt to where I’d had a prior run-in with a stag.

Before long, things began to get exciting. As I waited at the bottom of a gully, two hinds fed out of the thick stuff and headed away from me

through the semi-open treeline. I gave it 10 minutes or so as the wind wasn’t the greatest, then I began a stalk to follow them. Just as I did, a stag suddenly popped out 100yd in front of me so I quickly ducked down in the grass and watched as he fed towards the hinds. He stopped to perch on a tree before catching my scent and retreating back to the bush.

By now the sun was going down and I had about 30 minutes of shooting light left so I moved quickly up along the treeline to see if the hinds were still around. Sure enough, I was now 60yd from them but they were still in the trees where it was getting dark.

As I stalked closer, I noticed that further up and out in the open were two more deer so I decided to make

my way up to them where the light was better. Thankfully I made it past the other two without any honking.

By the time I had stalked to 40yd, there were six deer feeding along the fringe towards me! But the light was fading fast and once I had drawn I could only see silhouettes through the peep. I let down and fought my desire to try again. It was just too risky to attempt a shot.

Instead, I decided to see what I could do before they ran off. To my amazement they were not interested in me at all so I tried my new caller which got their attention. The biggest hind took charge and positioned herself between me and the others at 30yd, stomping and honking. This went on for five minutes or so before I started walking towards her. Finally, I spoke to them and thanked them for

the experience before they took off but even then they just stayed out in the open and honked at me as I walked back to the hut.

The next morning I was eagerly up at 3:30am and headed to a gully known as No Name. It had produced some close calls in the past for other hunters and now had a great ground blind built by none other than David! I sat in the dark for an hour or so and just before first light appeared, I got ready and nocked an arrow. The fog drifted in and after five minutes or so I heard the snap of a stick and my heart rate hit the roof!

Through the fog I could see a hind coming my way. She cautiously approached. As she passed a tree I drew back. She was passing me at 30yd broadside so with a quick squeak I stopped her, positioned the

pin and fired. Thwack! The shot felt and sounded good; she stumbled and took off across and up the other side of the gully. I lost sight of her but with the sound of crashing at the top of the gully, I was confident.

I waited five minutes before going to check where she'd been at the time of impact. Sure enough, a blood-stained arrow was on the ground. I followed her tracks but quickly realised there was no blood trail ... and by the time I got to the ridge she wasn't there either. Here we go again, I thought, but this time I took my time and calmly went back to the shot site and retraced her steps. After hours of searching I couldn't find her. Unfortunately she had made it out of the property and vanished into the forest. Shattered, I went back to camp for a debrief with the family and it was decided that six-

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year-old Levi would come back out after lunch to help search again. He had a ball glassing over the mountains, checking out the impressive stockade-style blind and following sambar tracks.

The boys were keen for their first sambar hunt so Russell offered to show us a new spot that would suit. Once there, the boys had fun helping to construct a blind to come back to that evening. This was the pick-me-up I needed! After an early tea, Levi and I headed out and patiently sat in the blind as we watched wallabies feed out 10yd in front of us, watched birds flutter about. We were even surprised by a silent fox sneaking into sight before bolting as he realised a bow was being drawn! I was very proud watching Levi's patience and his natural stalking ability as he attempted to get a shot at a rabbit with his bow. It was great to see his overall enthusiasm for the bush.

After a few hours of sleep, it was time to head out again. This time I was going a little further. Once settled and sitting in the dark, I could hear deer passing by, making their way to cover before light broke. There was still a

half hour or so before first light and I was hoping any more would take their time so I could see but after an hour the sun was breaking over the crest and my hopes were fading.

All of a sudden, I noticed movement up high and three hinds and a stag were contouring across my gully to my right before disappearing in the trees. To my amazement, after another few minutes they doubled back my way and now there were five of them! They were single file and with a new stag at the front and one at the back they were on the game trail that led

straight to me. I was only 10yd off the trail and didn't want to risk my cover being blown while waiting for the big guy at the back. It was going to be first in, best dressed. The deer were 30yd out and as they were all conveniently blocked by trees, I quickly drew back. I was only just in time, for the first stag was now in full view and making his way towards me. He got to 20yd when suddenly a bird changed its tune (maybe it could hear my heart thumping!) and he stopped to look up. The arrow flew, deer were running, birds were flying but I could see that the



A long tall moment of celebration.

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Adam's sambar.

shot had been good as he broke away from the others and stumbled over the rise.

This time there was no trouble finding a blood trail. I followed the river of red and before long was standing over my first sambar stag! Overcome with joy and adrenaline, I wanted to share this moment so I headed straight to

the hut ... I think I floated most of the way! On the way I stopped to look back and noticed my shadow in the morning sun so I raised my bow and snapped a celebratory photo.

Approaching camp, I yelled and got the attention of the boys who excitedly asked, "Did you get one, Daddy"?

It was the greatest feeling in the

world to answer, "Yep, let's go!" Everyone quickly got out of bed, gave me a hug and a kiss and while still in their pyjamas piled in the car. We made our way out and after some high fives all round we soaked up the moment and took our time getting some photos. Then all got to work breaking down the deer and loading him up.



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Levi and his Dad with their rabbit.



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Later that morning while I was enjoying a late breaky Russell arrived and I couldn't wait to share the news. The response with bowhunting is so good and always the same whether it's a rabbit or a deer—an excited 'well done' and a handshake before all re-living the moment as you share the story.

That evening it was eight-year-old Saul's turn for his first hunt and he had the choice of a short walk to where I hadn't seen any deer or a long walk to where I had. He gave it some thought and decided on the long walk. We picked a spot and created a little ground blind before settling in for the next couple of hours. No deer appeared but he excitedly picked up

some glistening fox's eyes from the head torch on the way back.

The next morning I decided to sleep in and hang out with the family. We made a fire, cooked some breaky and enjoyed a coffee while taking in the beautiful view. We told the boys we had a special visitor coming later in the day—David Luxford was in the area and stopping in for the night.

Crystal had a phone appointment that afternoon so we headed into town to get some phone service and a well earned ice-cream. The boys had a ball at the local park while Mum was on the phone then on the way back Levi was determined to try for a rabbit with his bow.

We stopped where there were a couple of well used warrens and let him go for it. If he was successful at hitting one, he was only going to give it a headache with his bow but nonetheless it was awesome to watch him spot and stalk. After some tips and help from Mum and Dad he managed to get in close and let three arrows fly. After his last attempt I was there to quickly fire a follow-up shot then he enjoyed carrying a rabbit back to show Mum with a big smile.

We headed back to the hut keen to share all the exciting stories of the trip so far with David. The following day was my birthday so it was going to be another sleep in, thankfully, as the night quickly disappeared chatting around the fire with a cuppa and an iced VoVo or two! We decided to head home the next day as we now had a lot of work to do preparing meat for the freezer.

It was a nice slow morning and we enjoyed another coffee with a view. We received a hot tip that there were some yabbies in the dam so we had to give that a go before leaving. It wasn't long and we had one pulled in—the boys were fascinated with this strange and colourful creature!

We packed up and headed off, say-

ing goodbye to this amazing spot with full smiles and many memories in the bank. David had mentioned he was helping a friend with a special project and we were going to pass it the way home so we were keen to stop in and check it out. We spent an hour or so getting a tour, some great history of the local area and more quality time as a family.

The excitement of an encounter with a sambar is phenomenal and the adrenaline rush from taking one with a bow is even better, but success here is not measured by antlers or game taken—a quick read of the wall in the hut and you get a sense of how special this place is in making memories!

You also realise you are not the only one who searches for adventures in the wild, who finds comfort in the basics, who wakes at ridiculous o'clock to walk in the dark and sit frozen for hours waiting for a split-second opportunity at a sambar, who fails over and over yet doesn't lose enthusiasm, who finds joy in new experiences and people around them, who experiences nature on a deeper level, who finds every hunt a successful hunt and battles within to find energy, patience and courage to do it all again the next day.

And even though you have never met some of the other hunters who have done the same, you have all made memories that will last generations and share a common bond and an unspoken friendship.



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



One of the yabbies from the dam.



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Nick Lintern

TRADITIONAL TRAILS

Summer is nearly behind us and as a hunter who hates hot weather, I'm always thinking of getting out once the weather cools.

Our yew bow journey is nearly finished. At the end of the previous article, we had our yew bow mostly tillered through to draw weight two inches short of the intended draw length. This means that with a 50# bow your bow weight will increase by about 4# per inch so the extra 2in of draw your bow would be around 57# to 58#. (If going for a 70# bow, that might be a little more.) This extra weight we have available is good, because once we fit our horn nocks, things can change with our bow slightly and if they don't, these 'safety' pounds can quickly be removed.

So—onto the final instalment of our yew bow journey.

Building the yew English longbow

Part 6

As we sit right now, we have our bow 95 per cent tillered, and our nock ends are only filed in tillering nocks. Traditionally, yew bows have been fitted with horn nocks. This is not just for sex appeal, although they do look great, but as with most things our ancestors did, there is a practical reason for fitting horn nocks. Yew, considering that it's a hardwood species, is a actually quite a soft wood. If normal nocks are filed in, the bow string will slowly eat into the bow and damage is sure to result. When we tiller the bow, filed-in nocks are fine, but once thousands of shots

have been taken, the outcome won't be great. The other reason for horn tips is to protect the bow's ends from damage. In the modern age we could glue on Phenolic or Bo-Tuff et cetera for the same result but in times gone by these obviously weren't available, so good, tough cow horn was a great way to go. The biggest challenge you may encounter is getting your hands on good cow or buffalo horn. It is the solid tips we're after (*see photo*). I have a good supplier of buffalo horn so if you are looking for some, let me know.

Apart from horn, you will also need to make yourself a reaming bit.



Solid buffalo horn tip around 4in is good.



Reaming bits in different sizes.



Marked out ready to cut to length.

(see photo). To do this, grab yourself a spade bit (speed bore) and then using a bench grinder, shape the bit down into the conical shape you need. Size wise, look at the thickness of your bow's ends. This will tell you how thick your reaming bit will need to be. Ideally, it will be very slightly smaller than the bow's ends. Once this is done, work out which way your bit will be spinning

and grind a slight angle on each side of the bit. Then gently use the grinder and a diamond stone to sharpen it. This will last for years and ream out 100s of horns without resharping. I have three different sizes of reaming bits as bow ends can vary in their thickness. This is the reason we don't fit horns earlier than this. We won't know until the bow is close to draw

weight and tiller, how thick the bow's ends will be. We might make our horns way too big, or too small. Aesthetically they should match the bow's girth, but we always want to stray towards keeping tip weight to a minimum for performance. Also, we need to know which limb is the top limb. We won't know that in a symmetrical bow till the bow is nearly finished.



Drilling out the tip.



Grinding the rough shape prior to gluing.



Ready to glue.



Left: Horn inlay. This one is actually mammoth shinbone.



Above: Stringer placement on the top horn.

Left: Top horn detail

The buffalo horns I have are around 3 ½in to 4in. I cut the top horn for my bow slightly longer than the bottom tip to accommodate the extra stringing groove. So cut the top horn about 2in. This can be done with a bandsaw or hacksaw. The bottom tip will be what's left over—around 1 ½in to 1 ¾in usually.

Now, with the reaming bit ready to go and the horn cut down into two pieces, grab the end that is going to be the top limb. It is already partially shaped by nature, so the job is half

done for you. You will need to clamp the horn into a vice with a piece of rubber to help stop the horn from slipping as you drill. Now, being very careful to drill as straight towards the tip as possible, drill out the horn tip to a depth that is deep enough for a strong union, but not so deep that you run the risk of penetrating through the horn. Now, there are two options: You can fit the horn as is to your bow's tip and then finalise the horn's shape once it's glued on, or: shape the horn either partially or completely before

fitting it. Personally, I like to partially shape the horn prior to fitting it. This means a lot of the major shaping work is easily done prior to fitting it, then I can finalise the nock shaping once it's glued to the bow tip. This is a good technique as then I can shape the horn to marry perfectly with the bow. I use a multi-tool bench liner to accomplish the major shaping.

The next step is to grab the tip of your bow, and using a combination of planes, scrapers and sandpaper, carefully work your bow's tip into an even

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Stringer placement on the bottom horn.

cone shape that perfectly matches the horn's cone you've drilled out. Regularly check the fit as you shape the tip down. What you want is a *perfect* fit. Remember, the pressure coming through these horns will be immense so if the horn is too tight, the bow's tip can act like a wedge and split the horn. If too loose, it will look ugly as there will be gaps around the bottom of the horn. I go for a perfect fit so the horn can spin freely on the bow's tip but is still touching the limb at every point. This does take practice, but after a while you get really comfortable with it. Another cheat you can employ if the horn is an odd fit, or if it is a tad open at its base, is to heat the horn gently with a heat gun then clamp it in position for 10 minutes or so. The heat will plasticise the horn and make it malleable enough to conform. Once this is done, glue the horn in place using a good, two-part epoxy such as Araldite. Another good hint is to spin the horn so it aligns nicely with the bow's limb. This will save you work in the final shaping. Once the glue has cured, the next job is to shape the horn and file in some string slots. You can shape the horn to any configuration you like. I personally like a bishop's-mitre-type

look. It is neat and strong. Use a power file initially, then various grits of paper until the horn is the desired shape, perfectly aligned with the bow and sanded down to 240 grit. Next grab a 1/8in chainsaw file and carefully file in your string groove. Be careful to leave enough meat on the horn for strength, but cut it deeply enough that your string will seat well and not slip out. (see photos at left). Next, as we are working on the top limb, file in a parallel slot around 1/4in above the first slot. It may not need to wrap around as far but should run parallel. This is for our loop stringer that we'll use to string our bow. Now grab some steel wool and burnish and buff the horn, looking to ensure there are no file marks or sandpaper gouges. Now repeat the process for the bottom limb, only it

will only need one string groove.

Now we're nearly there. There is another piece of horn I apply. I highly recommend this, especially with yew being so soft. That is an arrow pass. Obviously, this goes on the top limb. This is just simply a triangular (or whatever shape you like) piece of horn, let into the side of the bow that the arrow will pass on—on the left for a right-handed shooter or the right for a lefty (see photo far left). This will ensure your bow won't get gouges in its soft flesh as you shoot your bow. It is fairly easy to do this: firstly shape a piece of horn down to be flat and about 1/8in thick. Now, shape the horn to a long triangle shape. It is generally about 1/4in wide at its base and tapers to a point at about 3/4in in length. Next, trace the outline of your inlay onto the bow's



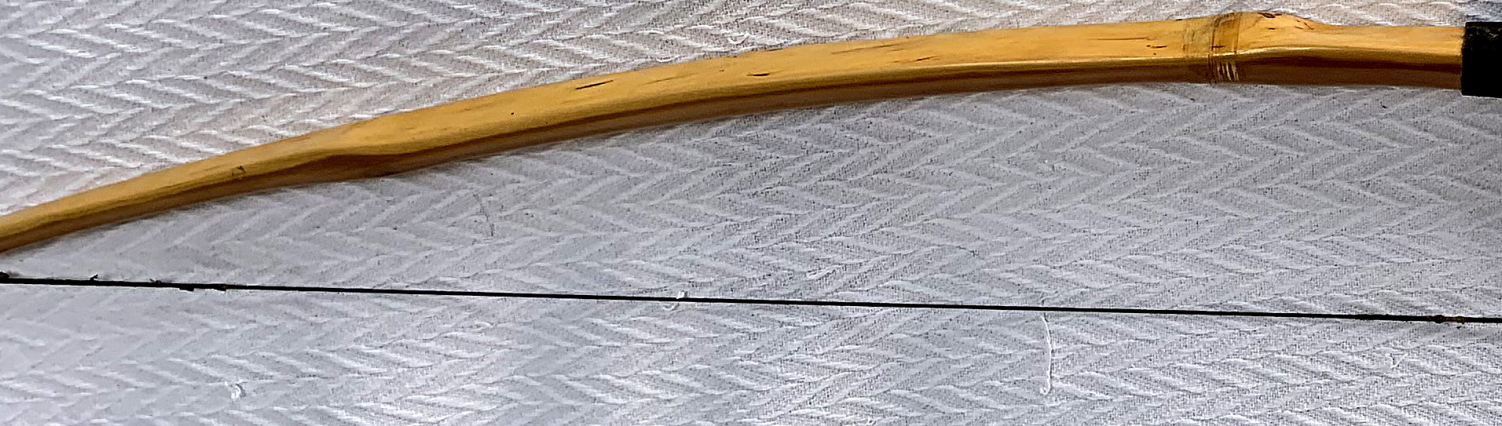
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side at a point which is around 2in up from the centreline and roughly in the mid-point of the limb. If you are unsure quite where to position it, restring your bow and nock an arrow. Mark where the arrow sits. That's where the horn inlay should be mounted. Now, carefully cut the outline slightly *inside* your lines with a sharp Stanley knife. Now, I like to use a palm chisel to surgically remove the wood from the area. Test regularly to see how your horn inlay fits. Once you have a snug fit and the

horn is well seated, (doesn't matter if it sits out) you can glue it in place with epoxy as with the horns. Scissor clamps work well to hold the inlay snugly while it dries. Once dry, sand the excess that's sitting out until it is smooth with the bow.

With the horns fitted, the inlay in place and your bow 95 per cent tillered, you are ready to restring your bow and see if anything has changed. Now is a good time to discuss the loop stringer. ELBs use a double-loop stringer, not

a leather or rubber cup style due to the horn nocks. The stringer is made from a strong piece of cord. Blind cord works very well. It will need to be cut about 90in long. The ends are bowyers' knots which are non-slip but easily adjustable. To use the stringer, slide your bowstring over the top limb and down the limb. Now seat the bottom loop in the bottom horn. Now put one loop of your stringer over the bottom string loop—right on top of it on the horn, and the other stringer loop into the second groove you made on the top horn. Now, stand on the stringer and carefully pull up on the bow's handle until you can fit the top loop in place. Back off the pressure, remove the loops of the stringer and check your string is seated well.

So, with the bow restrung, with the newly fitted horns, go through the exact same process of later stage tillering. Check to see if the alignment is still good. Check the curve, the balance. If you've been accurate in your horn fitment, nothing should have changed, but it can. That's why we left a few pounds on in case we needed them. If there are any tweaks to be made, make them now and work the bow down to your target poundage plus about 2lb to allow for shooting in. Exercise your bow; draw it and draw it again and again. Keep checking it has stabilised and doesn't want to change. Leave it strung for an hour (in a cool place, of course).

After all this, if she still looks the



Above: Finished bow.



Rlght: Finished bow, strung.



goods, you're good to go with final sanding. After you've worked through to 400 grit paper, restrung again and make some final checks. Shoot her a few dozen times. If all is well, congratulations. You're the proud owner of a piece of our history, which if looked after and practised with will be hard hitting, reliable and a force to be reckoned with. All that remains now is a finish. You can coat her with anything you prefer, but as always my prefer-

ence is a hand-rubbed oil finish. It is durable, serviceable and fairly easy to apply without complex equipment, thinners et cetera. To that end, I use a wood finish first called Osmo. It is absolutely waterproof, plus has a natural antifungicide in it. Two coats of that is followed by eight coats of Birchwood Casey Tru-oil. Steel wool between coats. Buff and wax the bow around 24 hours after the final coat. This may seem like a mission compared to some

spray systems but the effort is truly worth it. The beauty of the wood will come to the fore.

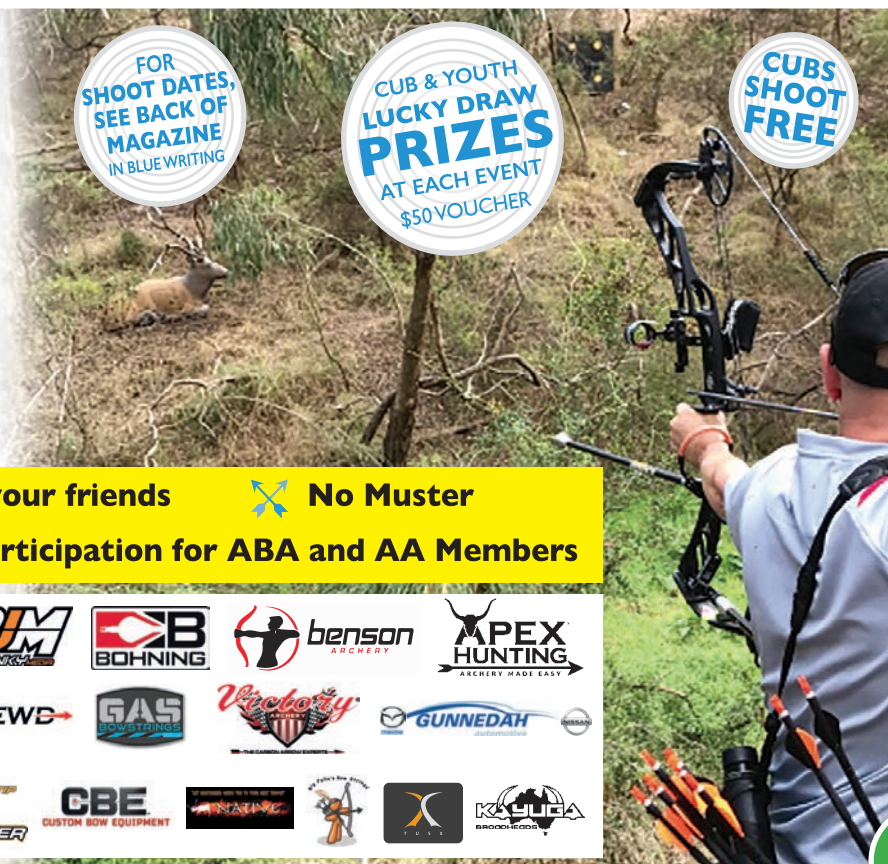
So there we go. What a journey it's been. This is how longbows have been made for thousands of years and the techniques are so perfected, there's really no reason to change.

As always, if you have any questions do feel free to email me on norseman_longbows@hotmail.com.

Until next time—keep traditional.



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Around THE TRADS

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Sue Wallace

✱ It was going to be a hot Queensland summer weekend for the Christmas Campout at Chevallan Archery Park, with some of us arriving on Friday.

We headed down to the course around 4.00pm as it started to cool—well, it had dropped below 35 degrees anyway. We didn't exactly rush around the course. We shot

some targets from innovative places. The crocodile at target 7 was shot from target 6 (in the shade) and as we were heading toward target 10, we shot at the back of the pig on target 13, so when we got to target 13 it had arrows in it from both sides. The heat drained our enthusiasm for shooting a little, and refreshments at camp were calling.

On Saturday morning we headed out before it became too hot, casually strolling around the course. At the swing set four of us managed to get arrows in the bag ball, then at the long shot back to target 14, the sign was hit by Josh.

We went back out onto the course around 4pm before returning for a fabulous feast, as others had arrived by then.

It was a little overcast Sunday morning, with a rather stiff breeze. The course was done in the standard pattern on the way down to avoid delays and the last two groups ended up joining together as the first was now well ahead. Lunch was hamburger with salad, finishing with pavlova.

✱ As the borders had been opened, it was decided some of the members of the White Rose Archery Klub should get together at Irymple in Victoria for a Christmas shoot. The chaps from SA made it through with no problems but one fellow and his daughter who were coming from Broken Hill were delayed for six hours at the border.

Targets included the new Tasmanian tiger. From the castle they shot the targets along the back fence—a dodo, a bear, and a crocodile. A 3D deer that was out a little further was shot from under the pine trees. They used flu flus to shoot at hanging beer bottles at the side of the shed. There were also a mixture of paper and 3D targets inside the alcove, along with the 3D rats, fox, and a paper pig in one of the corner areas. There were 2D dinosaurs targets as well.

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At Chevallan.



Arrowed from both sides.



Oops.

Someone had found glow-in-the-dark balloons so after dinner they attached them to the windmill for some fun shooting at things glowing in the dark. There were also rolling discs with glowsticks attached. Afterwards they settled down to watch a movie.

On Sunday morning they had another round at the targets in the yard. Once the shooting was complete, they presented their host, Roadie, with a late birthday present of a knife in a wooden sheath with the club insignia on the blade and his name stamped on the hilt.

There is always great camaraderie among the White Rose members, and just for fun one of the latest members came dressed as a Russian Cossack.

The next shoot for White Rose Archery Klub will be on the weekend of May 29 and 30.

✱ Trad shoots confirmed for April and May at the time of printing are North Albert Field Archers Trad Rendezvous (Qld) on April 3 and 4, Kurwongbah Open at Lakeside Bowmen (Qld) on April 11, Chevallan Archery Park Trad Shoot (Qld) on May 15 and 16, Mossman Invitational Trad

(Qld) on May 22 and 23, and the White Rose Birthday Shoot (Vic) and Barambah Trad Bash (Qld) both on May 29 and 30.

✱ A report from the Tenterfield Blacked Out Trad Shoot, and possibly the Twin City Trad Shoot (if it is on—still to be confirmed at time of writing) should be in the next magazine.

You will find further information and available flyers for the Traditional Shoots on the following websites:

Traditional Archery Australia:

www.traditionalarcheryaustralia.org > Shoot Information

Wallace Woods:

www.wallacetradwoods.com > Shoot information (proposed 2021 calendar, and will have the link to the shoot flyers as they become available)

Chevallan Archery Park:

www.chevallanarcherypark.com—for customised archery medallions

Ozbow:

www.ozbow.net > Traditional Archery Events > each shoot has an individual thread

I look forward to seeing you 'round the trads.



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Targets at White Rose

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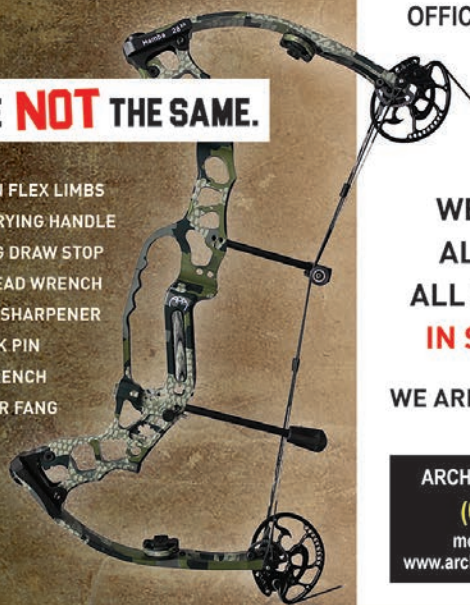


Facing page, from top to bottom: Bradly Hawkless, buffalo. Christopher Bourne, TC sambar 156 1/8pt. Jack Winks, pig 24pt. Dan Podubinski, TC fox 9 5/16pt. This page: Peter Griffiths, RC buffalo, 94 6/8pt.



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PERSISTENCE REWARDED

JOSEPH NUGENT

Having grown up in southeast Queensland, I have spent countless hours in the bush hunting red deer with both bow and rifle. While I have been quite successful in taking red stags with my rifle, success

with the bow has eluded me.

In June 2019, my father and I ventured to the Cape in north Queensland on a pig-hunting adventure of a lifetime. We secured both boars and barra aplenty. Since then, I had been wanting to go back and experience hunting in north Queensland again—this time in search of chital deer. So when the opportunity to live and work in Townsville arose I jumped at the chance.

Wasting no time, I made contact with a cousin who has a cattle station near Charters Towers. I was keen to access the property as I'd been told herds of chital deer frequently roamed the open grassland while the thicker strips of bushland backing onto the creek were apparently a popular location for wild pigs trying to escape the summer heat. My goal was to secure my first chital deer, hopefully a representative stag, with my bow.

A SCOUTING MISSION

My first outing to the property was purely to have a look at the type of terrain in which I would be hunting and scout out a few likely spots the chital deer might be accessing. After discussions with my cousin, I set off to walk the treeline which encircled the whole property about 100m off the boundary fence. It was round midday so I wasn't expecting to see any animals, however after just 200m I spooked two does from where they were bedded in the shade of a large tree. As I was only 30m away from the deer when I saw them, I gained an appreciation of how well the hip-high grass hid the animals in this country. Spot-and-stalk-style hunting, my natural preference, was going to prove difficult in this environment. As I continued to follow the treeline further into the property, I was able



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to spot some fresh sign; some older rub trees and evidence of pigs and deer feeding on wild figs. They were all good indicators that this area often had deer and pigs passing through.

RIGHT PLACE RIGHT TIME

It was the start of December and I had put a weekend aside to chase a chital stag with my bow. I headed out to the property Friday afternoon to set up camp and get everything ready for an early start the next morning. In my experience, early morning and late afternoon offered the best chances of success, particularly on this property where beating the heat would be crucial.

For this hunt I'd brought along a good mate of mine, Liam. While an avid outdoorsman, Liam had little hunting experience so the weekend would also provide an opportunity to teach him the basic skills of reading

sign and stalking wild game.

The first day of hunting provided us with only a glimpse of our target species. In the morning we spooked a group of three does about 250m away and saw a lone doe on the way back to camp as the sun was setting. There were obviously chital in residence ... it was just a matter of being in the right place at the right time in order to bag one. As well as the deer encounters, that day we found a large stag skull with antlers intact, which I considered a lucky find. They were also tangible evidence that the property held some quality stags.

Just like the day before we woke up before sunrise, gauged the wind direction and headed off towards a likely area. Heavy rain in the days prior to our trip had cleared the game trails of old tracks, leaving only the most recent and as a result, tracking and monitoring game movements was quite easy. About 100m into our walk,



*This shows they're here somewhere.
Now to find them.*

Joseph field dressing the young stag.

we were on the trail of some fresh pig tracks. Each mark had a very crisp outline and looked to be only minutes old. The thought went through my head that if I couldn't get a deer this trip I'd happily settle for a pig.

We decided to follow the pig tracks, stopping and scanning the area every now and then. It wasn't long before I spotted movement amongst the trees about 120m away. We both took a knee in order to stay undetected while we got a good look at what was coming through the bush towards us.

SUCCESS AT LAST

To my surprise, it was a young chital stag making its way along a trail adjacent to us. I decided the best course of action was to manoeuvre slightly closer to the trail the stag was on by crawling to a nearby stand of trees. This would put me 45m from the stag as it passed me broadside. As the stag closed the

distance, the wind was in my face and the tall grass covered much of my body. He had no idea we were there. At 50m I drew back and tracked him in my sights. He stopped. I released the shot. It was not perfect but—as I was soon to find out—it was lethal.

He heard the twang of the bow and turned away while the arrow was in flight. The shot didn't quite land true, but I saw the stag give a slight



The two antlered skulls found on the trip.

rearward kick and run a few steps forward before stopping to look in my direction, obviously perplexed. Although he had heard the arrow leave the bow, he wasn't sure exactly what had happened. The stag sank into a nearby patch of tall grass and lay down. I stayed in place for a few minutes before slowly stalking closer in case I needed a follow-up shot. As I cautiously approached I saw his antlers slip slowly from view ... the stag had expired.

It was only 6.00am but it was already starting to warm up as we set up for a few photos before field dressing the stag of his venison and heading back to camp.

We found another old skull along the way. Overall, the weekend was highly successful, walking away with antlers, meat, some lasting memories and most of all not only my first chital stag but also my first deer ever taken with a bow.

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BACK TO BASICS

Improvise or die

‘Improvise, Adapt and Overcome’ is a mantra adopted by the US Marine Corps—and it’s an appropriate mindset to apply to any emergency situation.

Say the slogan out loud and many of us will remember Clint Eastwood’s role as Gunnery Sergeant Highway in the movie *Heartbreak Ridge* (1986). But looking closer, the slogan’s origins run far deeper. Indeed, it came into common use at a time when the Marine Corps was notoriously poorly equipped and received more than its share of Army hand-me-downs.

And this is why the saying ‘Improvise, Adapt and Overcome’ has resonance for those of us concerned with bushcraft and survival. Specifically, in a survival situation, you need to improvise with what you have on you, or can find in your surroundings, adapt to your environment and overcome the

urge to panic. Do this and your odds of pulling through adversity increase exponentially.

Here, fishy fishy

In past issues, we’ve been gradually unpacking the Priorities of Survival in order of precedence; Protection, Rescue, Water and Food—otherwise known as its mnemonic ‘Please Remember What’s First’. We reached ‘Food’ two issues back and we’re going to continue the theme here by looking at improvising fish traps with items we probably carry on us and those we can likely scrounge from our environment.

By catching and eating aquatic food sources we not only feed ourselves, but also hydrate. Indeed, the USDA National Nutrient Database notes that salmon and shrimp comprise 60 per cent to 79 per cent water. When you

consider that we can obtain up to 20 per cent of our water intake from our food, that’s like getting two birds with one stone! (*See attached list for the water content of other foods.*)

Many doctors and nutritionists recommend that we should be eating two to three servings of fish each week. That’s because fish is among the healthiest foods on the planet. They’re high in many important nutrients, including high quality protein, iodine, and various vitamins and minerals. Some varieties also pack omega-3 fatty acids and vitamin D. All of these are incredibly important for your body and brain function, and they can help reduce the risk of cardiac arrest.

Happily, fish make a great hunting snack food. Little tins of mackerel, sardines, tuna, oysters, mussels, and the like, are easy to carry in your



Tidal fish traps like these can give you inspiration for doing something on a smaller scale in a survival situation.



Tidal fish traps can take years to build ... but in an emergency you can create a similar effect by using sticks and bush litter.

pocket to snack on. I have many fond memories of hunting with my father and brother doing just that; sitting on a log, snacking on tinned oysters with a handful of crackers, observing our surroundings, watching for changes in the wind and listening for the bleat of a goat.

It ain't new

While we won't always have access to pre-packaged pilchards, there's no reason to deprive ourselves of fish. And in a survival situation where you may not have a rod and reel, there are other ways of enticing fish and these ways can take relatively little effort.

You don't need to make fish traps as extensive as the indigenous rock pools you find in places like Brewarrina and the Cape. Instead, save your water, energy, time and resources

and consider smaller traps. A simple method is to insert sticks into the river bottom and make a fence to channel the fish into your desired area. You then build on this frame by creating M-shaped pens where a fish swims

into the V part of the M. Because it's a small opening, the fish can't find its way back out, or it gets further funnelled into shallower water, making it easier to catch.

Another method of making smaller

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Trap-making is child's play.

traps, which is used by indigenous people from around the world, is to use sunken logs which yabbies and fish like to rest in.

Alternatively, hollow traps can be woven from sticks and bark. This sort of activity may only take a few hours from go to woe, and it's a task you can complete while sitting down in the shade preserving your water and energy. Essentially, you want to create a funnel where fish swim in one opening and then can't find their way back out.

Start by creating two or three rings 30cm to 40cm wide. Think of them as simple garlands made of saplings instead of flowers. Then tie four to six cane-like sticks (1.5m to 2m long) together at the base before inserting the rings and fastening them to the sticks. You can use green bark from the saplings to tie the structure together or unleash the inner cords from your paracord bracelet. Build on this until you have a cone-shaped basket. You can then weave other branches, ferns and bark at 90 degrees to the canes to close up the gaps.



When you're finished construction, put a rock in your trap along with some dry grass to encourage small fish to in turn attract larger fish.



The trap, ready to put into the water.

Safari 2021



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*To be held at the National Field Venue
ABA Park, Mudgee, NSW
2 to 5 April 2021*

All ABA members are cordially invited to compete at the 2021 National Safari Championships.



ABA Park address is 600 Upper Piambong Road, Piambong

Directions:

From Mudgee take the Castlereagh Highway towards Gulgong for 12.5km and turn left into Lesters Lane and continue 3.7km to a T intersection and turn right into Lower Piambong Road (gravel road from here on). Follow Lower Piambong Road for 2.1km until you come to Upper Piambong Road on your left, take this turn and continue 6km until you find the gated entrance to ABA Park. All turns will be sign posted. If coming from the North (Gulgong) after 16km it will be a right hand turn into Lesters Lane.

Nomination Fees:

All nominations must be completed online at www.bowhunters.org.au and be paid for at the time of registration. Nominations will close on 15th March 2021 and NO late nominations will be accepted.

ABA	Adult \$55	Jnr/Cub \$45	Family \$125
3D	Adult \$60	Jnr/Cub \$50	Family \$135

Closing Date and last day for grading: 26 March 2021.

All archers under the Archery Alliance of Australia are invited to attend.

Timetable:

Muster each day at 8.00am for an 8.30am start

Registration and Bow Checks for both events Thursday 1 April

ABA - Friday 2 and Saturday 3 April (3 and 1 arrow each day) followed by Presentation Saturday evening

3D - Sunday 4 (2 x 2 arrow rounds) and Monday 5 April (2 x 1 arrow rounds) followed by Presentation Monday evening.

Camping:

Camping is ample at the range; anybody wishing for offsite accommodation can obtain further information from the ABA website. Definitely NO DOGS allowed.

Champion of Branches Team Competitions will be running for both National Championships and teams must be registered prior to Muster for each competition.

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A plastic bottle can become a simple trap.



This little fish can be used for bait or food.

Water Content Range for Selected Foods

Percentage	Food Item
100%	Water
90–99%	Fat-free milk, cantaloupe, strawberries, watermelon, lettuce, cabbage, celery, spinach, pickles, squash (cooked)
80–89%	Fruit juice, yogurt, apples, grapes, oranges, carrots, broccoli (cooked), pears, pineapple
70–79%	Bananas, avocados, cottage cheese, ricotta cheese, potato (baked), corn (cooked), shrimp
60–69%	Pasta, legumes, salmon, ice cream, chicken breast
50–59%	Ground beef, hot dogs, feta cheese, tenderloin steak (cooked)
40–49%	Pizza
30–39%	Cheddar cheese, bagels, bread
20–29%	Pepperoni sausage, cake, biscuits
10–19%	Butter, margarine, raisins
1–9%	Walnuts, peanuts (dry roasted), chocolate chip cookies, crackers, cereals, pretzels, taco shells, peanut butter
0%	Oils, sugars

Source: The USDA National Nutrient Database for Standard Reference, Release 21 provided in Altman

To aid the success of your trap, hide bait in a bed of dry grass at the bottom. This will help to draw in the smaller fish and crustaceans like yabbies and shrimp. To help you catch larger fish, make a funnel lid to help stop them from getting out as you retrieve the trap.

Repurpose

You'll be amazed at the locations you can find evidence of human occupation. From old campsites, former homesteads, farm dumps, cattle yards and roadsides. I was in the middle of a World Heritage Area in Tassie when, five minutes after seeing a feral cat, I also saw a water bottle float by in a river that had previously looked to be pristine. And I remember too the day I cleaned-up four ute-loads of rubbish from a Queensland beach in just four hours.

While plastic bottles are the bane



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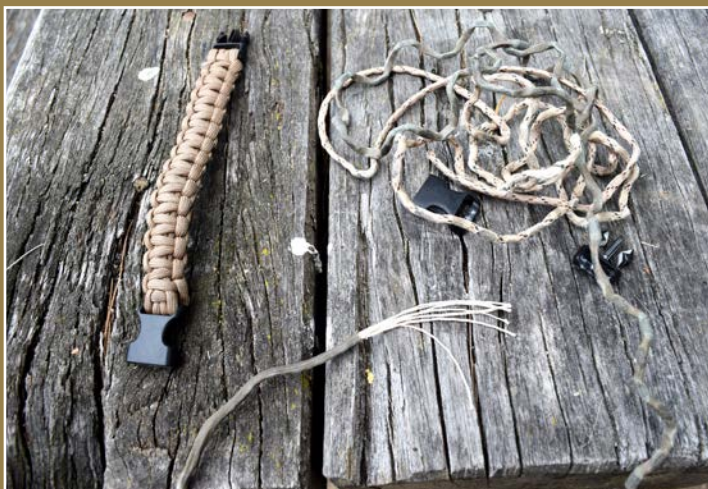
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Always carry these things: a survival kit and parachute cord.



of the earth, they are undeniably useful for improvising a fishing trap. Simply cut off a quarter or a third of the bottle from the top, invert it, and then stick the top part back into the bottom half of the bottle. For bait, use an oyster from the rocks or a wood grub or worm. Throw it in the water and watch the little fish swim in. This is an easy and fun technique to teach the kids. Once you have the small fry in hand, either eat them or use them to bait your bigger trap, depending on your situation.

As for the rest of the rubbish lying around, chances are you can repurpose a lot of that too. I recently took a walk around one of my hunting properties and picked up bottle lids,

plastic balloons (that had popped in the air and fallen back to earth after being released miles away), rifle and shotgun shells, fencing wire, tin lids, chip packets and other assorted junk. The result? Fishing lures! By utilising the parachute cord from my bracelet and the hooks and swivels from my survival kit, I was easily able to fashion several different lures. This reinforces the importance of a well-maintained survival kit. Whether you make it up from scratch yourself or purchase one ready-made and add to it, the point is to have one. If you don't, your capacity to 'Improvise, Adapt or Overcome' reduces and life just gets harder.

Consider all the things you can do with just a few items and a decent

survival kit. With a few hooks from your kit and a few feathers from the ground, you'll be improvising fly lures in no time. If you carry a survival blanket you can cut off a small corner and give your fishing lure some shiny bling. Having a multi-tool on you allows you to change the shape and bore holes into metal items. It's also pretty straightforward to create a gorge hook, or other styles of hook, from a piece of bone or stick. Remember too that if you carry parachute cord as a bracelet, shoelace or hatband, you'll have fishing line to attach to your hooks. Just remove the central threads from the cord. Best of all, these are low energy tasks you can do in the boring hours in the middle of the day as you rest out of the sun.



It was a morning's work to create this colourful fishing assortment from scraps, found objects, parachute cord and small fishing paraphernalia out of a survival kit.

Branch D ABA Shoot

Barambah Bowhunters and Field Archers hosted a great Branch D ABA Shoot in January.

It was the first time in quite a while that the club had hosted a Branch shoot (COVID-19 got in the way last year) so club members were happily anticipating having visitors to the Nanango club's grounds. It was quite a big field of competitors, with 40 or so shooters

taking part in the two-day event.

The one-arrow and three-arrow rounds were held on Saturday and on Saturday night there was a fun novelty shoot that had participants aiming high, as well as some knife throwing to try. Dinner was a delicious roast lamb and vegetables followed by cheesecake for dessert.

On Sunday the two-arrow round

was followed by a lunch of burgers and chips, then the presentations were held.

The range was set up by club president and range captain Bart Simpson (okay, his name isn't really Bart but people call him that). He said the only disappointment of the weekend was that there weren't many juniors or cubs at the shoot.



Photos by
JEANETTE DOWD



Aiming high at the novelty night shoot.

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Special Hunts are available from time to time so if you are flexible you can get a great deal on some hunts. All you have to do is get on the emergency list and you are notified every time a special deal comes along.

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ROY ROSE

Meanderings

Recurve bow tuning for recreational archers *(continued)*



Having ventured through the hows and whys of recurve bow set-up, we are now blessed with a thoroughly prepared recurve and a set of matched arrows and it's time for the all-important tuning processes. It is imperative to realise that basic tuning procedures such as the famous bare-shaft test most certainly produce a well tuned and quality result. Archers at the elite level take tuning to an ever higher plane, and in this article I will guide you through both processes although the second fine-tuning test is probably only pertinent to upper-class competitors whose accuracy level is already well above average.

The bare-shaft test is both simple and effective. A bow which undergoes this test is certainly ready for the cauldron of competition and will serve its owner very well indeed.

If you recall in the previous column, at the outset the plunger tension was set on medium, which was only an estimation; as was the height of your nocking point. The bare-shaft test will now give a precise reading on each. The test is shot at 10m to 15m with three or four fletched arrows, which allows sighting in to obtain a group in the centre of the target. If you are a moderately experienced archer, this group will be tight in the gold on an indoor face. If you are less

accomplished, a group in line with your present level will be just fine. Now it's time to shoot your three or four bare shafts. Without fletchings, these arrows will produce their own group on the target. Unless you have fluked a perfect nocking point and plunger tension, this group will be either above or below, and to the left or to the right of the fletched central group. Whether your bare shafts are up or down is the nocking point indicator and must be your initial priority. If your bare shaft group is below the centre fletched group, this indicates your nocking point is too high. If your bare shaft group is above it, it is too low. Clearly then, a minor adjustment must be made until the bare shafts are in the same line as the central fletched arrows. Left or right of the fletched group is immaterial in this step, as the plunger pressure correction will accommodate that positioning.

Your plunger tension is a little too stiff if your bare shafts are left of the fletched arrows. In other words, the plunger is not being pushed in sufficiently. Conversely, if the bare shafts are on the right, the plunger pressure is not stiff enough. This applies to a right-handed recurver; apply the opposite if you're a lefty. So by adjusting the tension on your plunger either more or less, you will

end up with all your arrows—fletched or bare—positioned together in one group. Your bow is now in great shape tune-wise, to guarantee that it will serve you well competitively.

Elite level recurvers will take tuning to the next level by performing fine tuning at 70m, which is the specific distance at which all major events are shot. The procedure is somewhat laborious but can provide those few extra points which can be vital in head-to-head confrontations. It involves shooting a volume of arrows and plotting the shape of the grouping. The thinking is that a pure circular group will yield the highest score per end, so if the group tends to be at all elongated, minute tinkering with plunger pressure and nocking point can yield the required circular pattern. This can be a tedious assignment, but to the upper echelon shooter, the brevity of the head-to-head set system means picking up even a single point by having your bow fine tuned is well worth the effort.

For the newcomer, the correct set-up, followed by the bare-shaft test to accurately position your nocking point and the tension of your cushion plunger, will afford you a great shooting bow. Your adventures at 70m will be a goal to strive for if you have the time and desire to be the very best you can be in the future.

SA State IFAA Titles

Report by Hazel Kirlew

Photos supplied by Garry Doubleday

The IFAA State Titles were held at Playford District Field Archers on February 13 and 14, with 18 archers from Branch I competing. The weather was perfect except for some gully winds on the Saturday.

Playford, as always, set out a generous but challenging course. On Saturday the field round was shot, with targets set out from 15yd to 80yd. On Sunday the targets were set out from 11yd to 70yd. Competition was fierce, with 112 arrows being shot per day by each archer. By Sunday night every archer had a story to tell about the experience—there were some great tales and a lot to laugh about.

This was my first time participating in an IFAA shoot. As a female archer in a male-dominated sport, it sometimes can feel a bit overwhelming. The whole concept of shooting IFAA with the great distances and the amount of arrows that you have to shoot was certainly a concern for me, but once I got over the jitters I actually enjoyed myself. All the archers were supportive and I had a great group.

Congratulations to the archers who won in their category and well done to everyone who participated over the weekend. Congratulations to Darren Everett who won overall. Thanks to Playford for presenting us with a great course, great meals and making everyone feel welcome. I would certainly recommend that archers give IFAA a go.



A week in Tibooburra

... as told by

Debbie Larkings

Janelle Jones

Rob Messer



Debbie's story ...

We met up with our friends Rob and Janelle (we started calling them Ned and Mavis on that trip) at Nyngan in outback New South Wales on the way to a week's hunting in Tibooburra.

The week wasn't what we hoped it would be for hunting but it was a fantastic week. After meeting up with Ned

and Mavis, we travelled as far as 150km east of Tibooburra then camped for the night on the side of the road. We went to bed early because we had uninvited guests—mozzies. They almost drove us mad. If ABA counted mozzies as game, we would hold the world record for most kill of species! While we talked around the camp before heading for

bed, a car went by slowly and pulled up further up the road. Well, by the end of the night, Mavis had the car driver an axe murderer. "I was pleased I woke up in one piece," she said the next morning. I think Mavis watches too many horror movies!

Anyway, we were up early and headed off to the station 80km north

Graeme and Debbie at the Tibooburra property.

of Tibooburra. We had to go through Tibooburra, so we had a look around and decided to have an early lunch. We all had hamburgers. They were \$15 each but mine was the most beautiful hamburger I've ever had.

Driving to the station, Graeme got caught out—he hit a bad bit on the road and we got a little airborne. After that, Graeme had to put up with being called Dick after a certain racing car driver.

Amid a big duststorm at 1.30pm, we arrived at the station owned by Rachael and Bodie and their two sons Ethan and Edward. It's a 130,000 acre station running cattle and sheep.

The hospitality from the family was wonderful. We all talked for a while, then Bodie and Ethan showed us our sleeping quarters. Ethan is just 12 years old but going from his knowledge of the station, you would think he was older. He told us about the property and a few historic stories about the station. I was very impressed with Ethan. Also as a welcome present, Ethan had cooked us yummy chocolate chip cookies.

After we unpacked, we went for a little drive. After a while, we noticed some goats. It was decided that Dick would do the first stalk. There were about 12 goats out in the open. They were very switched on, so Dick had no luck. Back in the vehicle, we continued. To our amazement, we came across a beautiful old shearing shed over 100 years old. We found out later that when the owners built the shearing shed, they carted all the wood from 30 miles away—a huge job in those days. Inside, the wool table was made out of sticks.

We drove around a bit more but had no luck. We decided to head back to our quarters for some tucker and BS. (Apparently you've got to tell a few far-fetched stories on these trips.)

The next day, it was decided Ned and Mavis would go in their vehicle one way and Dick and I would go on our quad. By the way, if you're won-

dering why there's no nickname for me, they say it's because *Archery Action* wouldn't be allowed to print it.

Graeme and I ... that is, Dick and I ... saw nothing except great country and we had a great time on the quad. As we were riding around we saw heaps of budgies, zebra finches, wedgetailed eagles and other types of birds that we couldn't identify. We also saw lots of birds' nests.

Meanwhile, Ned and Mavis had better luck and saw 10 goats but the goats were too vigilant and soon disappeared. The four of us met back at the quarters for lunch then went our separate ways again. Dick and I saw nothing but Ned and Mavis saw a razorback. Mavis was too scared to get out of the vehicle but Ned was brave and got out for a stalk. But Razorback saw Ned, he took fright and ran for his life. (Razorback was about 30cm tall.)

We all met back at the quarters, had tea, a few cold ones and went to bed listening to the rain. It rained all night so there was no hunting the next day. Dick and I went for a quad ride but we didn't go far as it was too wet. It was a little disappointing that it rained but we had a fantastic time stirring each other and telling stories. (It was this day that Ned and Mavis got their nicknames and I received my not-to-be-shared one.) Times like these when you're having fun with your mates are unforgettable.

The next day, Bodie took us around for the day. We saw a group of about five billies. Dick had a stalk but they were in the open and they wouldn't keep still. The ground was sloppy and boggy. Dick did have a shot but it was very hard. After the stalk, it was time to go back and it rained for the entire return trip.

We borrowed a small TV and DVD player and we watched hunting movies, ate dinner and had a few cold ones before bed.

Dick and I had no luck for the rest

of the week. The goats were hyper-aware and we couldn't take a trick. Still, all four of us had a great time. Our hosts were wonderful; thank you for your hospitality. We got Ethan and his cousin Sophie to make more cookies for us and we paid them for the cookies. They were so excited they thought they might set up a cookie stall on the side of the road—clearly our future entrepreneurs! Now Ned and Mavis and going to tell their part of the story—Mavis first.

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Janelle's story ...

We were thrilled when our good friends Deb and Graeme asked if we would like to go on a hunting trip with them. Of course, we accepted with much excitement as it had been a long time between hunts for us. After arrangements had been made, we eagerly packed and were on our way.

We met Deb and Graeme at our meeting place then travelled for the entire day, camping on the roadside in the middle of nowhere for our first night. The mozzies were as thick as fog but it was an enjoyable night catching up with the gossip, having lots of laughs and anticipating what was to come.

We set off early the next day. The landscape was harsh after the long drought and I was wondering if this was the right time to visit the area, but as we came closer to the property the landscape changed again into a burst of greenery, thick with flowering

native shrubs and flocks of budgies. The area had been lucky enough to receive 40ml of rain a couple of weeks prior and things looked promising.

We were greeted by our hosts, shown our accommodation and spoilt with mouthwatering cookies made by the owners' two young boys. We settled in and got all our gear ready for the days to come.

The next few days flew by. We had a few exciting stalks and saw plenty of signs of goats. Rob spotted a scrawny pig with a hip problem (the pig looked about 20 years old!) and took chase but unfortunately, even with all its disabilities it disappeared into thin air. The rain set in which certainly slowed us down in the 4WD, but we were extremely lucky to be offered the use of another more suitable vehicle by the owner. We were most grateful for his generous offer.

The end of our trip was fast approaching. We had seen some game

during the past few days but had been unable to get close, so we were determined to spend as much time as possible out hunting as our time on the property drew to a close. Rob and I set off early and in no time at all spotted a small number of goats. We started our stalk but thanks to a wind change the goats quickly realised we were approaching and they bolted. Following their tracks on the top of a huge sand ridge for almost a kilometre and glassing the area thoroughly, we decided it was futile to continue so headed back to the vehicle.

On our way we heard Deb and Graeme approaching on their quad. We decided it was time for a little payback for the many pranks that had been bestowed upon us recently, and put our camouflage skills to the test, hiding right next to the track before bursting out just at the right moment. It certainly took them by surprise—they almost fell off their quad!



Submit your story and photos to the Gold Pen Award competition until the end of June and be in the running to **win a red deer hunt with Trophy Bowhunts Australia valued at \$2000** and a gold pen as well as the writer's fee you receive when your story is used.

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editor@archeryactionmagazine.com
Subject: Gold Pen Award entry

All hunting stories are automatically entered in this competition



Janelle and Rob with their borrowed ATV, in front of the early shearing shed.

They had not seen too much in their travels so after a short laugh and chat we parted ways. We headed in the direction that they had come from then turned off to an area that we had not hunted as yet.

Bingo. There they were. A small herd of about six goats about 3km away. We hastily geared up and started our stalk. We had plenty of head height cover for about a third of the distance so managed that quickly as the wind was in our favour. Suddenly there was very little cover and the going got tougher.

I pulled my gators up over my knees for protection as by then we were on all fours one behind the other. I led for a while then Rob took the lead. With hands full of burrs and cover getting shorter and fewer, we slowly crept closer, stopping several times to check the situation. The heat was almost unbearable by then and there were many skeletons of rotting animals that

had not survived the drought. We both chose the goat we hoped to have a shot at and kept going.

Rob signalled to stop suddenly so we both froze. Close by was a cheeky young billy. He seemed a little wary and knew something wasn't quite right but didn't make a fuss. He settled down, watching in our direction intently so we could not move for ages.

Suddenly the wind picked up and the billy stood tall while our camo hats waved at him in the breeze. He signalled to the mob and with much sneezing and confusion about 26 goats got up and charged off. We were shocked at how many were actually there that we hadn't known about. We kept our chosen game in sight and when we were able, took our shots. Both arrows fell just short of our targets.

After about a 1km on hands and knees, prickles, decaying animals and searing heat we were a bit deflated, but

at the same time realised how lucky we were to be in the great outback doing what we love to do, with great buddies and lovely hosts. We walked back to the vehicle discussing the episode.

Travelling many more kilometres around the property without seeing any more game, we decided to have a break and explore an old homestead and an early shearing shed that was amazingly still standing. It had been built by the owner's great grandfather and would have seen much shearing activity during its heyday. The owners hope to restore it to its former glory one day.

While I wandered around taking photos of the homestead and the birdlife, Rob decided he would do some fossicking with his gold detector. Suddenly I heard him shout, "I've found something!" The detector was going berserk when waved over a promising gold-coloured rock. He moved the rock away and waved the detector over the





Rob's goat.

what seemed ages, I looked back and realised I was only halfway there. I almost called it quits as I thought I might run out of daylight, but after this morning's upsetting result I was pumped to continue.

Having plenty of good cover now, I kept going and finally got to within 60m of the goats. There were five billies, with the biggest being about 32

inches. A light brown billy with black shoulders and legs took my eye so I decided he was the one to go for.

I stalked in closer and four of the billies including the one I was interested in walked down to the water while one remained feeding. I continued a further 20m. Suddenly the goat that was feeding raced flat out down to his mates at the water's edge

and spooked them. They regrouped and headed past me at about 40m. I drew back on the goat I wanted, released and hit him slightly high in the shoulder.

The group continued moving on without a fuss. Glassing them again, I could see blood on the offside of the goat I'd hit. The exit wound was lower than the entry so I thought I might be

lucky and be able to retrieve this goat.

Still moving away from me, one of the goats stopped and lay down whilst the others headed into some thicker cover. I thought that was a little weird but realised he wasn't looking too good so I moved closer and took another shot. Walking towards the goat I realised there was a lot of blood. My arrow had gone straight through the first goat and hit this one in an artery on one of his back legs. Having dispatched this goat, I went after the goat I first hit.

There was a lot of blood on the trail I was following so I was confident I would find him but the sun was sinking fast so I took my orange hat off and waved it hoping Janelle would see me and returned to skin the goat. I could only just see the ATV through my binoculars.

I set the goat up for some photos, doing a rush job as I was going to take this skin. I looked back towards Janelle and realised she hadn't moved. I waved my hat again and several more times while skinning the goat. Finally, I heard the ATV approaching. Janelle was a little upset as she couldn't see me through the camera lens and wasn't sure my exact location, but all was good. She then set off on the

first blood trail to see if she could find the goat while I finished the skin and packed the vehicle. Janelle returned and said she'd stalked within 15m of a goat (but didn't have her bow with her). She couldn't find the goat I hit.

It was getting dark by this time so we set off back to camp to salt the

skin. We returned in the morning to follow the blood trail of the first goat for some time until the trail stopped but unfortunately, we were unable to find it.

Janelle has vowed to always take her binoculars and bow wherever she goes in future!



The goat's skin.



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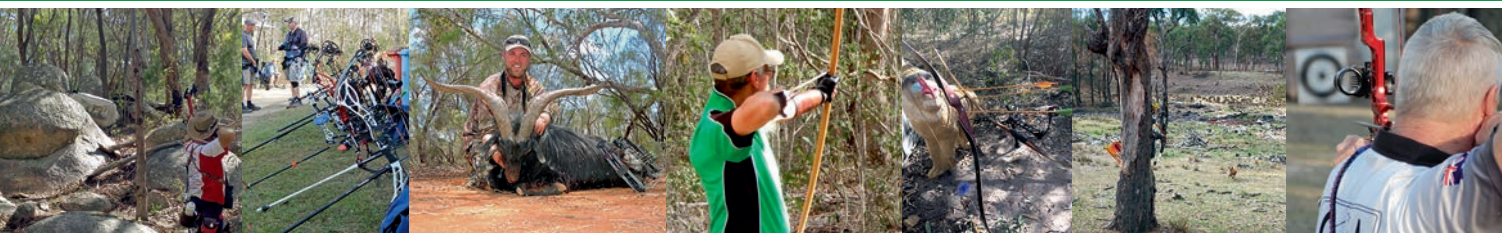
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Outside In the zone

Unwinding

by Nils Spruitt

I am not a people person *per se*. The older I get, the more I seem to shun human contact apart from that of my beloved wife or the rather dubious company of my best mate, Digs. I wasn't always like this and to be honest, I am not sure when I began to drift away from humanity. All I know is that I prefer my own company. Not all the time, but sometimes I actually crave it.

When COVID-19 hit, all organised sport in this country came to a sudden halt. Field archery was out of the question and for a time leaving home without a very good reason was a big no-no. You certainly could not tour around the State although it did not stop some who, for whatever justification, thought themselves immune from the advice given by authorities. This error in judgement by those self-centred few actually bought COVID-19 into my own neck of the woods and I must give thanks to the relevant authorities who were quick to put a lid on it before it could do major damage to the many retired and elderly people who also call the local area home. The Police (God bless them) did a few door knocks on known holiday beachside homes and ordered a lot of the owners back to the metropolitan areas where they were told to stay. Some think themselves above the law, it would seem.

I can only speak on behalf of



myself here, but COVID restrictions did not hinder my lifestyle all that much. No shooting on a weekly basis at the club and the odd four-day or five-day stay out bush were the only changes I was forced to endure. I am not of the 'cafe latte' crowd nor do I venture to the shops unless I need to purchase something. I don't go to the cinema, the local pool, the pub, clubs or even restaurants on a regular basis. I do however, like to walk my dog Chloe at sunrise and I continued to do so as it fell under the guise of exercise. I wholeheartedly recommend a walk on a deserted beach just prior to sunrise. It is calming, soul rejuvenating and sets the tone for the rest of the day. Just you and your dog mesmerised by the waves and marvelling as the first golden rays of the rising sun paint everything they touch in gold. If you

have never done it before it's worth doing, even if you have to borrow someone else's dog for the morning. It sure beats sleeping in and gulping down a quick coffee because you are late for the office.

I am sure I have mentioned it previously, but photography ranks alongside field archery in my personal order of preferences for things I like to do. And just like field archery, I am not very good at taking pictures. I like to think that if we were all experts at everything we undertake then the true artisans of the world would never shine. Try-hards like yours truly are very much needed by the corporate world. We are the reason that giant companies pay experts so much money to use and brag about their respective products. We consumers eat up every word that comes out of their mouths and sometimes we are even duped into thinking that if we were to buy that outrageously expensive bow or camera, we would be able to (effortlessly) become an elite shooter or take professional quality images. If you haven't already worked it out, then let me tell you from experience, it doesn't work that way ... but I suppose it does give you some sense of pride that you do actually own a Black Widow recurve or a Hasselblad camera.

After several months of lockdown and despite my morning forays with

Chloe, I knew I needed something more to ease the tensions of coping with modern-day society. Maybe it is due to age, but I am convinced the world was a more relaxed place 50 years ago. Everything was done at a slower pace and people had time to communicate with each other. I sometimes struggle trying to keep up with today's world and to be brutally honest, I have actually fallen behind in many ways. I am not overly concerned, but at times it can be embarrassing and a little stressful.

When the tight lockdown restrictions were softened slightly, I started overnighting on some of the local farms and adjacent bushland. We were advised not to travel long distances so I chose the next best thing.—just me and a swag together with a billy and plenty of hot black tea. I couldn't do any hunting and to be honest I never even contemplated it, but I did have my camera and I was in the bush and that was all that mattered to me. I think a few of the local landowners thought me a tad crazy when I asked if I could camp the night (and perhaps they were right), but with only a camera for company, I was literally on hand to record what I saw ... and I saw plenty. Deer, wallabies, birds of every description, possums, bats and even a solitary dingo. Then there were the sunsets, the sunrises, the peace, the quiet and above all else, the solitude. For sure, it was not camping in the wilderness as I was never more than 15 minutes from home, but it was the next best thing. I was also home in time for one of Mrs Spruitt's old-fashioned breakfasts, which is always a plus.

It has taken me a long time, a lifetime in fact, to realise that achieving some sense of inner peace is not just about being in the bush nor is it about the bows or the cameras. It is much more than that. Busy corporate people keep the psychoanalysts well employed these days. Their lifestyle

does not allow a time-out every now and then and we all need that. Finding what gives us inner peace might seem difficult at first, but it is probably as obvious as the nose on our faces. We are all different, but for me maintaining a grip on reality is simply seeking out a place away from other people. I have always felt at peace in the bush so it makes sense to seek solace there.

We all have the ability to switch off from the hustle and bustle of everyday life. In fact I do it often ... sometimes to my own detriment. All too often these days, my mind wanders off and I forget to turn right or I drive straight past my proposed destination. It is not an onset of mild dementia as I am still acutely aware of my surroundings, but my mind is simply miles away sitting on a log beneath a broad kurrajong tree watching two stags going 12 rounds over a lady friend. While such episodes have a slight calming influence over me at the time, they are not conducive to a productive day. If I hark back to my school days I think the term daydreaming was what my teacher used to describe this momentary lack of attention.

Unfortunately, such minuscule episodes during our everyday routines do little to calm our over-productive minds. In fact, they often have the opposite effect and we are forced to briefly pay the price for our small indiscretions—like having Mrs Spruitt chastise me for missing the turnoff to the hair salon because I was mentally stalking in on a big trophy boar. However, just imagine you are simply sitting alone beneath a towering tree watching a circling eagle. Now is the time to switch off and you can do so for hours on end if need be without any dire consequences. Since COVID, I have started listening to my body. When I am finding it hard to concentrate for long periods then it is time to seek solitude away from the daily grind. It works for me.

Of course everyone is different and

we all need to find the yin that goes with our yang. I am not really a television type of guy so trying to unwind in front of the box after a hard day is just not me. It may indeed work for some, but if anything it winds me up even more if I watch news or current affairs programs. I do watch a few shows here and there but unlike Mrs Spruitt, I do not have a regular time slot ... which in her case seems to be just about every evening from 7.30pm to sleep time. Perhaps that is her way of unwinding and letting go of all the trials and tribulations a life spent with me has caused her. Hard to believe, I know.

We all need time out. It is unfortunate that so many seem to think propping up a bar on a regular basis is a way to unwind. It is not—and I am someone who speaks from experience about alcohol abuse, albeit over 30 years ago. Some seek the solitude they experience when reading a good book while others need to get it out of their system through strenuous exercise. I am not a gym type of guy, but I do enjoy reading and can sense the seduction a great story can hold over us. During the initial phase of the restrictions, I did catch up on a lot of reading. In hindsight that was a blessing in disguise. For a while there I was actually ahead of my 'Outside the Zone' deadlines, something I am sure our under-the-pump Editor was delighted about once she got over the initial shock.

Tension and stress are killers. There is no denying this and believe me this prognosis is not just confined to people of my generation. We all need to find our path to inner peace. Short periods of relaxation will not work. I can be relaxed drinking a cup of tea at crib and while this is a good start, it is not enough. You need more if you are to succeed in today's world. Think about it and for your own sake, do something about it before it is too late. Until next time.



Date	Host Club	Branch	Shoot Description
March			
6th - 7th	ABA Park *	E	Branch IFAA Titles
6th - 8th	Mt Clay Archers *	H	ABA
7th	Mackay District Bowhunters	B	ABA
7th	Townsville District Bowhunters	B	ABA
7th	Maccalister Trophy Bowhunters *	G	ABA
13th - 14th	Orange and District Archers *	F	3D/ABA
13th - 14th	Playford District Field Archers *	I	Marked 3D
13th - 14th	Mornington Peninsula Bowmen *	Vic	3DAAA
14th	Towers Bowhunters	B	ABA
14th	Full Boar Archery	B	ABA
14th	SOPA *	NSW	SOPA QRE 14/03
20th - 21st	Roma and District Bowmen *	D	Branch 3D Titles
20th - 21st	Lake Glenbawn Field Archers *	NSW	3DAAA
21st	Collinsville Barebow Hunters Club	B	ABA
21st	Hinchinbrook Archery Club	B	ABA
21st	Mt Isa and District Bowhunters	B	ABA
21st	Townsville District Bowhunters	B	3D
21st	Gleneagle Field Archers *	J	ABA
21st	SOPA *	NSW	SOPA QRE 21/03
28th	Dead Centre Bowhunters *	A	ABA
28th	Freds Pass Field Archers *	A	ABA
28th	Full Boar Archery	B	3D
28th	Phoenix Field Archers of Sale *	G	2D/3D
28th	West Melbourne Field Archers *	H	3D
April			
2nd - 5th	ABA Park *		National Safari ABA and 3D Championships
3rd - 4th	North Albert Field Archers *	QLD	3DAAA
10th	Eden Field Archers *	SA	Field QRE
11th	Full Boar Archery	B	ABA
11th	Townsville District Bowhunters	B	ABA
11th	Towers Bowhunters	B	ABA
11th	SOPA *	NSW	QRE Target
11th - 12th	Mornington Peninsula Bowmen *	Vic	3DAAA
17th - 18th	Renegade Bowmen *	D	Branch D IFAA Titles
17th - 18th	Yorke Peninsula Field Archers *	I	Masters Games - ABA
17th - 18th	WAFBC *	J	IFAA State Titles
17th - 18th	National Indoor Championship *		3DAAA
17th	Victor Harbour Archery Club *	SA	QRE – Double Target
18th	Collinsville Barebow Hunters Club	B	ABA
18th	Hinchinbrook Archery Club	B	ABA
18th	Mackay District Bowhunters	B	3D
18th	Mt Isa and District Bowhunters	B	ABA
18th	Townsville District Bowhunters	B	3D
18th	SOPA *	NSW	QRE
18th	Great Southern Archers *	SA	SOPA QRE
21st	Victor Harbour Archery Club *	SA	QRE – Indoor
25th	Full Boar Archery	B	3D
May			
1st	Eden Field Archers *	SA	Field QRE
1st - 2nd	Townsville District Bowhunters *	B	ABA
1st - 2nd	Saxon Archery Club *	C	QLD State IFAA Titles
1st - 2nd	Namoi Valley Archers *	E	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.

1st - 2nd	West Gippsland Field archers *	G	Victorian State 3D Titles
1st - 2nd	Ipswich Field Archers *	Qld	3DAAA
2nd	Mackay District Bowhunters	B	ABA
2nd	Geelong Archers *	Vic	Warralong Trophy
9th	Full Boar Archery	B	ABA
9th	Towers Bowhunters	B	ABA
15th	Victor Harbour Archery Club *	SA	QRE – Double Target
15th - 16th	Pacific Bowmen *	D	ABA
15th - 16th	Colac Otway Archers *	H	ABA
15th - 16th	Border Bowmen *	I	ABA
15th - 16th	Peel Archers *	J	Invitational
15th - 16th	Hallidays Point *	NSW	3DAAA
15th - 16th	Paringa Archers Launceston *	Tas	Paringa Northern Indoor Championships
16th	Collinsville Barebow Hunters Club	B	ABA
16th	Hinchinbrook Archery Club	B	ABA
16th	Mackay District Bowhunters	B	3D
16th	Mt Isa and District Bowhunters	B	ABA
16th	Townsville District Bowhunters	B	3D
16th	Archery SA *	SA	Max Manuel Memorial
16th	SOPA *	NSW	QRE
19th	Victor Harbour Archery Club *	SA	QRE – Indoor
22nd - 23rd	Moranbah Bowhunters And Field Archers *	C	ABA
22nd - 23rd	Eurobodalla Archers *	F	3D and ABA
23rd	Dead Centre Bowhunters *	A	3D
23rd	Fred's Pass Field Archers *	A	3D
23rd	Full Boar Archery	B	3D
23rd	Towers Bowhunters	B	3D
29th	Lismore City Archers *	NSW	QRE
30th	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

DR Archery and Firearms

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MEMBERSHIP FORM

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Post completed form to:
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PO Box 5124
Brendale Qld 4500
Phone (07) 3256 3976

Renewal ☐
New Member ☐

ABA Membership N°:

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

Receipt Number

Computer Entered

M'ship Forwarded

Card Number ↓ NAME OF CARDHOLDER (print)

☐ Visa

☐ Mastercard

Expiry Date (mm yy)

Signature

12/ 2020



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

