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▼ INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

THE EAT OF THE TERMINETING	
ABA MEMBERSHIP FORM	98
ABA NATIONAL SAFARI ABA NATIONAL SAFARI NOM FORM	62
ABA SHOP	63 95
	100
ABBEY ARCHERY	38
ABBEY ARCHERY Photo Competition ACTION GRAPHICS	49 47
AFRICA'S BOWHUNTER AND ARCHER	60
AMSO 128 - Top Hat 15	, 66
), 21
ARCHERY ACADEMY ARCHERY ACTION - Deadlines	08 05
ARCHERY ACTION Gold Pen Award	15
ARCHERY ADDICTION	29
ARCHERY ALLIANCE Shoot Calendar ARCHERY ESSENTIALS	96 77
ARCHERY MART	71
AUSBOW INDUSTRIES	32
AUSSIE TARGETS	37
BCE TARGETS BCY BOWSTRING	81 13
), 51
BOWHUNTERS LODGE	48
BROKEN ARROW ARCHERY BUSH BOW 3D TARGETS	74 40
CANGA ARCHERY	33
CHEVELLAN ARCHERY PARK	17
DARRYL REEKS ARCHERY	02
DOCTARI SAFARIS EAGLE ARCHERY SUPPLIES	45 27
EAST COAST ARCHERY SUPPLIES	81
FULL DRAW ARCHERY	70
FULL FORCE HUNTING HIGHLAND ARCHERY SUPPLIERS	79 58
HODDYWELL ARCHERY	14
IFAA NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS	85
INTUNE HUNT & FISH	54
LAKESIDE ARCHERY SUPPLIE LICHENRY HUNTING SAFARIS	81 59
MARSH INSURANCE BROKERS	78
MATHEWS	03
MAVERICK ARCHERY	36
NARIEL STATION NORFOLK ISLAND TRAVEL CENTRE	59 83
NORFOLK PRIZE DRAW AT SAFARI	65
NORSEMAN TRADITIONAL BOWS	31
NORTH COAST FIREARMS ORTECH INDUSTRIES	18 61
OZHUNTING AND BOWS	25
PACIFIC BOWHUNTING SAFARIS	89
PATS ARCHERY	82
PRIMITIVE ARCHER QLD BOWHUNTING SAFARIS	93 91
RAZOR EDGE BROADHEAD SHARPENER	31
REDBACK Bowhunting & Archery Supplies	
REDBACK Bowhunting & Archery Supplies SUN 2 SEA (UV Protection)	99 75
TARWOONA DOWNS	54
TASMANIAN ARCHERY SUPPLIES	72
TEN ZONE ARCHERY	53
TIMBERLINE SAMBAR HUNTS 3DAAA	73 97
TOOWOOMBA ARCHERY SUPPLIES	35
TROPHY BOWHUNTS AUSTRALIA	67
TUSKER BROADHEADS	07
TUSKER TROPHY OF THE MONTH URBAN ARCHERY	41 86
WHAT'S ON	
BRANCH D ABA TITLES (Barambah B'htrs)	95
ORANGE WALKABOUT SNSW BRANCH IFAA TITLES (Campbelltown)	95 95
(eampselifowil)	,,,



▼ REGULARS

- 5 From the Editor
- 10 ABA newsletter
- 15 TBA Profile
- 17 Around the Trads
- 30 Traditional Trails
- 49 Photo Competition entries
- 60 Game Claimed
- 74 Outside the Zone
- 82 Out of the Box
- 88 Products











▼ FEATURES

6	One lucky boar	Tony Salisbury
16	Bowfishing for carp trial begins in NSW	
19	Photo Competition winners	
19	Make plans now for Norfolk Island's great 3D event	
22	Summer rolls around again	Rhys Millington
39	Hunting near home	Rohan Szpitalak
44	Equus asinus—the donkey	Scott Heiman
52	The bowhunting athlete	John Barlow
56	Back to the longbow	John Teitzel
64	Arrows from Rajasthan	Ed Lanske
68	Sambar dreaming	Troy Morris
78	Finally a fallow	Mark Burrows
86	A lesson learned from hunting deer	John Axon
90	Of goats and men	Phil Steele



■ COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Dan Smith with an excellent trophy warthog.

Photo by LENY SMITH

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A Happy New Year's welcome to all our readers. I hope the festive season was all that you wished for and all is well with you and your family as we start the 2016 archery/bowhunting year.

In the previous editorial, I covered some points on what is required to take and get your photo on the cover of *Archery Action* or within its pages. Here are some other tips that will help you present your picture in the best possible way:

First and foremost, turn off the date and time function so it does not appear on the photograph as it is time consuming (and sometimes quite difficult) for the magazine staff to remove it. Set your camera for the highest resolution (largest file) it has available. Present your game photos ethically and pose respectfully: Do not sit on or place your feet on the animal; remove blood by rinsing with water, sprinkling with dust or hiding by turning the animal or using your bow and or equipment to camouflage the area; remember to also check the area around the animal for excess blood and move your trophy before photographing if necessary. Remember that if you take a great photo but have not removed excess blood and there is too much to remove through Photoshop then the only alternatives will be to publish in greyscale or not at all.

In addition to the points covered in the previous editorial, ensure that there are no non-natural objects such as power lines, fences and vehicles in the picture frame; that the subject is centred and focussed and that the camera person has their

back to the sun. If you are taking a time-lapse photograph your camera may be close to the ground and hence blades of grass, sticks and rocks could be in the view finder, so check and remove these obstacles which may also interfere with focussing.

Remember that it is your trophy that should be the central focus of the picture, not your bow and other equipment. For larger animals, position yourself to the side or behind the animal whereas for smaller game consider utilising a fencepost or leaning log to support the animal.

The cover picture on the November-December magazine provides a good example of a well-balanced photo, with the animal defined against a consistent background (in this case a lake). One drawback is that the tips of the antlers are lost in the increasing darkness. In the end, photography is an art but we amateurs can achieve a degree of success by taking multiple shots.

When downloading the pictures to your computer, do not enhance them in any way unless you know what you are doing (or have made a copy of the pic on which you are working)—leave it to the professionals, because what is lost in quality cannot be regained. Digital photos for use within the magazine need to be a minimum of one megabyte (1MB). A prospective cover photo needs to be at least 3MB. Send your digital photos to: archeryaction@gmail.com or jenelh@halenet.com.au.

Eric Creighton

DEADLINES

Please submit articles and advertisements to:

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FREELANCE CONTRIBUTIONS

are welcomed by this magazine and articles should be addressed to: The Editor, Archery Action, at the above address. 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 notification of acceptance or otherwise and return of article if required. Photographs returned only if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Emailed contributions should be sent in plain (editable) text only and any photos should be sent as separate attachments, not embedded in the story text.

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One lucky BOAR



ign of recent pig activity was not indicating that there were many pigs in the area that I was moving through. Pigs had obviously been trying to source nutrition from the roots and bulbs of the dried grasses on the flood plain, judging by the areas where they had scuffled through the top few centimetres of soil. The basalt country had gone through a second failed wet season. It was in stark contrast to the lush open swamp at the same spot that

had held pigs throughout the day some three years ago. Now it was dry, ground cover was very light and there was not a hog to be seen.

Undeterred, I carried on along the creek line. Fresh pig sign suddenly become more and more evident. Fresh wallows and pig beds under the rubber vine indicated that pigs were using this section of the creek as home. I rounded a bend in the creek and a mob of pigs came into view. Fortunately it was at the end of

TONY SALISBURY

A sow in season is worth three boars in the bush!

winter so the breeze was fairly constant from the southeast and I was walking straight into it. Reasonably quickly I could tell that there was a sow in season somewhere in the mob. It was attracting the attention of a boar or two, judging from the roars of the boars fighting.

Finding a sow in season is a blessing when targetting big boars. Usually the big boars lead a solitary life, coming out after dark to feed and bedding down as the birds start chirping in the pre-dawn. However, when there is a sow in season they lose their inhibitions and come out to take their chances. The only issue with this situation is that the boars courting sows are constantly on the move within the mob, whether it is fighting off potential opposition or hounding the sow. The poor sow just doesn't get a quiet moment ... as the following story will illustrate.

There were pigs everywhere—

maybe up to 30, which turned out to be probably two separate mobs. The main boar was having trouble maintaining his dominance and was almost continuously seeing off challengers. Most of the mob, being the sows and younger pigs, were happily nosing along the creek looking for something to eat. My first job was to get past the feeding group to the back of the mob where the boars and sow were hanging.

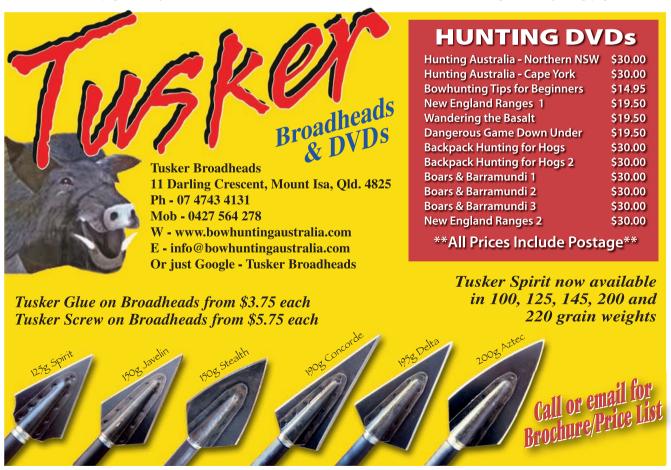
I took to the basalt and slowly crept past the feeding pigs. One sow looked up at one stage but luckily I was quick enough to spot her as she lifted her head and froze long enough for her to lose interest and continue feeding.

I got to within 20m of where the real action was taking place. With pigs moving all around, I could not do anything but be patient and wait for my opportunity. At one stage the main boar took off down the creek

chasing another boar away from his prize. Luckily I did not move off to follow as the next minute he emerged from a gap in the basalt not 10m from my position and moved back to where the sow was. The basalt country has so many nooks and crannies it is easy to miss pigs or areas that hold pigs—no wonder it consistently produces boars of high quality.

Eventually the boar slowly walked along the creek at about 10m from my position. Sensing my opportunity, I drew back my Hoyt Nitrum 34 loaded with a Taipan 300 and 130 grain Northern Broadhead. The shaft was on its way and took the boar a little high as it zipped through him without losing too much velocity. He wheeled around and headed off back in the opposite direction and made it another 15m before going down and expiring in short time.

One boar down! He turned out to be a big-bodied young pig with aver-





age ivory. He would have been coming into his prime in the next couple of years, however he was not going to get a chance to realise his full potential.

At this stage, the pigs split up into two mobs with the sows and suckers heading back the way I had come in from and the remainder—including the boars—heading back upstream. Fortunately the wind had

not betrayed my presence and the quietness of the Nitrum ensured that the pigs were none the wiser. Once I had taken a few photos of the boar, I carried on upstream to follow the boars.

The main mob had crossed the creek and bedded down in a patch of rubbervine by the time I caught up with them. Judging from the squealing, another boar was making the

most of his opportunity to try his hand. I surveyed the area and spotted a lone boar on the bank opposite to where the pigs had camped up.

My stalk was slow and steady due to the thick dried leaf litter from the fig tree that the pig was feeding under. The boar was contentedly feeding at a touch under 20m at a perfect quartering-away angle. Another Taipan was launched and hit per-



fectly behind the last rib and lodged in the off-side shoulder. He took off but like the first boar he did not go far and piled up within 30m of where he was hit. It turned out he was a rather small boar, however judging from his teeth he had some age and at some stage had been participating in mating rituals judging from the fresh cuts that he bore.

I considered my options and thought it would be better to wait out the mob which was still hanging in the rubbervine. From my experience with hunting in rubbervine, there are too many unseen twigs which make accurately arrowing pigs even at close range very difficult. From the noises I could hear, the pigs were moving around quite a bit, which would have increased the likelihood

of spooking the mob at such close quarters.

I sat down a bit back from the mob just in case the wind shifted, had a bite to eat and reorganised the quiver. After an hour or so, the mob emerged and made its way back to the creek. I checked them out through the binos and decided to have a crack at a boar in a small mob of four pigs. Again, I waited for other pigs to move on before closing in on the mob.

Using a small gully in the creek bank as cover, I closed the gap to 20m. The pigs were quietly feeding and the boar offered a perfect slightly quartering-away shot. The Nitrum came into play again with the same devastating result—a perfect shot which took out the boar's vitals. He made it about 50m out onto the

flat. As I walked over to inspect him and recover my shaft, I noticed the remaining pigs from the mob were now standing some 25m away from the downed boar. What happened next was amazing. Seemingly from nowhere, another boar appeared and started mating with the sow. The funny thing was that the sow had seen me walk up to the boar and the new fella simply spun her around the other way so she couldn't see the potential threat any more.

I couldn't be sure if the boar had seen me too, but I assumed that he had so I quietly admired his will to engage with the sow regardless of the threat at hand. I had already bagged three good pigs for the day. There would be another time to catch up with him, so I left him to his business.





Australian_ Bowhunters Association

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BOWHUNTING DIVISION REPORT

by Mark Burrows (Vice-President Bowhunting)



AGM Bowhunting Technical Committee and TBA meeting

As per the usual practice, the full minutes of this meeting have been forwarded to all Branch Controllers and Field Representatives for distribution. The bulk of the minutes was published on the end of the National Minutes inserted in the previous Archery Action, so by now everyone should be aware of what was discussed and voted on at that

meeting. However, to make sure everyone has an opportunity to be aware of what took place I will also discuss some of the major points here.

The attending committee is made up of all the associated hunting departments which includes national representatives from the Measurers, BPC and TBA Branch departments

along with all the Branch Field Reps. So any decisions are made with the best interests of our members in mind. If you wish to get a copy of these minutes, email VP Bowhunting via the ABA's website and I will forward a copy.

TBA round

This has been mentioned several times in the past but not all Branches are offering this division. It was introduced to encourage more participation at Branch shoots. It is not a complicated procedure to add to your current list of divisions. Participants still pay shoot fees but there are no trophies, no grades, no bow types and no gender. How could you go wrong? Branches that are using it report an increase in attendances to Branch shoots, so please give it a go.

TBA booklet

The TBA Booklet has now been printed and is being distributed to each member when they make their first game claim. The booklet explains where TBA came from and what is available to the claimer of game. If Branches wish to purchase this book separately, give Amie a call at the office. Booklets will be available at a very nominal cost.

RC camel

Somewhere in the last three years the Record Class level for camel magically increased from 29 to 30. The only thing possible is a data input error ... probably my fault as I have big fingers. Accordingly, a motion was put forward to have it returned to its original measurement and any hunter affected will have his/her claims attended to retrospectively.

Record Class—all species

It was decided that the formula used to obtain Record Class levels with all species could do with a possible revamp. Currently this is 80 per cent of the Australian Record. One huge head, though, can corrupt this formula as has been the case in the past.

The TBA Committee is going to look at a few new ideas over the next 12 months and bring a recommendation to the next AGM. Accordingly, all Record Class levels will not increase in that period.

Game claims Vs hunter addresses

A small quantity of our members reside in one Branch while being a member of a club in another branch. Because of this, they could be seen to be putting very little into their local Branch but reaping the benefits. If those Branches in this position decide not to present hunting awards to hunters who do not reside in the Branch that they are claiming their game then the BH Tech Committee would support this action. These hunters can still claim and have their game recorded at National. What clubs do is entirely up to them and these people will still be eligible for National Awards.

Emailed claims

Emailed claim photos and scanned measuring forms are now

Summary of Australían Bowshot Records

Species	Holder	Australian Record	Record Class	Trophy Class
Boar	Michael Dacre	37 2/8	29 6/8	25
Goat	James Finlay	151 2/8	113 4/8	95
Buffalo	John Lopes	108 2/8	86 4/8	80
Camel	Kimberley Nicholas	32 6/16	29	25
Fox	Dave Parker	10 15/16	10 6/16	9 3/16
Cat	Tim Pitt-Lancaster	8 5/16	7 10/16	7
Red Deer	Dan Smith	315 3/8	190 1/8	175
Fallow Deer	Jason Robinson	264 5/8	180	150
Chital Deer	Dan Smith	204	150 5/8	140
Hog Deer	Stephen Tilley	111 7/8	70	55
Sambar Deer	Dean Scott	203 5/8	162 7/8	140
Rusa Deer	Craig Richardson	227	168 5/8	150
Shark BHFF	Barry Feeney	35 2/8	28	15
Shark BF	John Van Den Heuvel	51 6/8	41 4/8	15
Stingray BHFF	Barry Feeney	11 3/8	9 1/8	6
Stingray BF	Gleewyn Butson	14 3/8	11 4/8	10

Women's

Bowshot Records

Boar	Lynda Fell	32 2/8pt	1991
Goat	Katherine Agale	127 1/8pt	2010
Buffalo	Emma Johnson	87 2/8pt	2015
Camel	Christie Pisani	30 7/16pt	2014
Fox	Helen Duff	10 11/16pt	2000
Cat	Lorna Hopkins	7 12/16pt	1984
Red Deer	Christie Pisani	268 3/8pt	2014
Fallow Deer	Margaret Cowin	150 7/8pt	1997
Chital Deer	Leny Smith	159 3/8pt	2010
Hog Deer	Nil		
Sambar Deer	Nil		
Rusa Deer	April Stoneman	180 3/8pt	2014
Shark BHFF	Lynda Fell	23 2/8pt	2014
Shark BF	Lynda Fell	23 5/8pt	2000
Stingray BHFF	Carolyn Rundle	9 7/8pt	1987
Stingray BF	Gleewyn Butson	14 3/8pt	1986

being accepted at our office. However the photos need to be minimum 1.5MB to a maximum of 4MB-and don't shrink or enlarge to send. If vou send smaller than 1.5MB thev are less acceptable for the magazine and bigger than 4MB is too slow to download (1.5MB to 2MB is probably ideal). If you are scanning game claim forms, they must be similar in size to the original and any handwriting must be legible. In the subject section of the email you must put the hunter's NAME / DATE GAME TAKEN / SCORE.

Emailing is not compulsory you can still send hard copies by post. As a result of emailing photos they obviously cannot have the current measuring breakdown sticker attached to the back of the photo. Therefore you are no longer required to put the sticker on any photos that you send in by post. However you must write on the back of the photo the hunter's NAME / DATE GAME TAKEN / SCORE.

Bowfishing for Carp in NSW

This trial is now under way and for it to have any chance of proceeding into the future we must support it. To this end we will be offering prizes for most carp claimed next year for Male/Female, Senior/Junior, To keep it easy on claim forms, pictures can be of all carp on that day in one photo and total quantity in the claim section of the claim form. So make sure you get your game award carp claims in.

There will also be a carp bowfishing competition held over a weekend probably sometime in February, with major prizes being offered. I am currently working on the finer details but the location will probably be south central NSW. Due to magazine lead times, I am unable to give you more at this stage but please keep an eye out on our website and in social media.



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

Bn	ch/Hunter	Club	Game	Award	d FK/FKOS	Size
Α	Rohan Walker	Freds Pass	Buffalo	TC		81 2/8
Α	Rohan Walker	Freds Pass	Pig	RC		32
Α	Rohan Walker	Freds Pass	Pig	TC		26
Α	Rohan Walker	Freds Pass	Pig	TC		26 2/8
Α	Rohan Walker	Freds Pass	Pig	TC		26 2/8
Α	Rohan Walker	Freds Pass	Pig	TC		26 4/8
Α	Rohan Walker	Freds Pass	Pig	TC		27 2/8
Α	Shane Argent	Freds Pass	Buffalo	RC		94
В	Shaun Knuth	Towers Bowhunters	Pig	GA	FK/FKOS	0
В	Shaun Knuth	Towers Bowhunters	Rabbit	Ga	FKOS	0
В	Amy Standley	Twin Rivers Bowhunters	Shark	TC	FKOS	21
В	Amy Standley	Twin Rivers Bowhunters	Stingray	GA	FKOS	0
В	Nigel Archer	Twin Rivers Bowhunters	Pig	TC		25 6/8
В	Steve Fuller	Twin Rivers Bowhunters	Pig	TC		25 4/8
В	Steve Fuller	Twin Rivers Bowhunters	Pig	RC		30 4/8
В	Anthony Locke	Mount Isa Bowhunters	Buffalo	GA	FKOS	0
В	Stephen Kidd	Mackay District Bowhunters	Cat	RC		8 2/16
	Gavin Muller	Charleville Field Archers	Goat	TC		103 3/8
D	Gavin Muller	Charleville Field Archers	Goat	RC		114 3/8
D	Dave Pender	Lakeside Bowmen	Goat	TC		109 6/8
	Dave Pender	Lakeside Bowmen	Goat	TC		97 6/8
	Bruce Hanson	Renegade Bowmen	Chital	GA	FKOS	87 6/8
D	Bruce Hanson	Renegade Bowmen	Pig	GA	FKOS	0
	Dale Winks	Renegade Bowmen	Pig	TC		26 2/8
	Dale Winks	Renegade Bowmen	Pig	TC		25 2/8
D	Dale Winks	Renegade Bowmen	Pig	TC	FIGO	26 6/8
	Donald Erskine	Renegade Bowmen	Stingray	GA	FKOS	0
	Jack Winks	Renegade Bowmen	Pig	TC		27 6/8
	Jamie Molloy	Renegade Bowmen	Goat	TC		104 6/8
D	Jamie Molloy	Renegade Bowmen	Buffalo	RC		88 2/8
	Jamie Molloy	Renegade Bowmen	Buffalo	RC		91 2/8
	Jamie Molloy	Renegade Bowmen	Camel	RC GA		30 12/16
D	Dirk Craigie Jeanette Dowd	Lakeside Bowmen	Rabbit Goat	TC	FK/FKOS	0 112
_	Kevin Dowd	Renegade Bowmen	Goat	TC		99
D	Kevin Dowd	Renegade Bowmen Renegade Bowmen	Goat	TC		99 6/8
	Wade Bygrave	Renegade Bowmen	Camel	TC	FKOS	27 8/16
E	Brendon Deacon	Manning District Bowhunters	Goat	GA	FK/FKOS	0
E	Scott Meadows	Cobar Bowmen	Goat	RC	1101100	116 4/8
E	Scott Meadows	Cobar Bowmen	Goat	TC		101 5/8
F	Peter Moore	Orange and District Bowhunters		TC		98 5/8
F	David Longmore	Wagga Wagga Field Archers		TC		9 4/16
F	Daryl Venables	Independent	Fox	TC		9 6/16
	William Ellen	Boola Valley Field Archers	Hare	GA	FKOS	0
	Ben Thompson	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters		GA	FK/FKOS	5 5/16
	Marc Curtis	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters		TC	,	26 2/8
	Ryan Tatterson	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters	-	GA	FKOS	0
	Jake Seddon	Phoenix Field Archers	Fox	TC		9 11/16
	Jake Seddon	Phoenix Field Archers	Fox	TC		9 14/16
	Mark Burrows	West Gippsland Field Archers		TC		9 13/16
	Mark Burrows	West Gippsland Field Archers		RC		31 6/8
G	Mark Burrows	West Gippsland Field Archers	Buffalo	RC		87
G	Michael Luxford	West Gippsland Field Archers	Fox	TC		10
Н	Alain Gouault	Bendigo Field Archers	Rabbit	GA	FKOS	0
Н	Don Moor	Geelong Trophy Bowhunters	Fox	TC		9 4/16

Н	Don Moor	Geelong Trophy Bowhunters	Fox	TC		9 7/16
1	Bruno Feo	Playford District Archers	Rabbit	GA	FKOS	0
1	Bruno Feo	Playford District Archers	Goat	TC		101
1	Jack Gaston	SA Field Archers	Rabbit	GA	FKOS	0
J	Thomas Chard	South West Bowmen	Rabbit	GA	FKOS	0
J	Michael Murphy	WA Field & Bowhunters	Fox	TC		9 14/16
J	Michael Murphy	WA Field & Bowhunters	Fox	TC		9 7/16
J	Michael Murphy	WA Field & Bowhunters	Fox	TC		9 10/16
J	Michael Murphy	WA Field & Bowhunters	Fox	TC		9 6/16
J	Simon Bailey	Western Plains Archers	Cat	TC		7 8/16
J	Simon Bailey	Western Plains Archers	Fox	TC		9 13/16
J	Simon Bailey	Western Plains Archers	Fox	TC		9 6/16
J	Simon Bailey	Western Plains Archers	Goat	TC		108
J	Simon Bailey	Western Plains Archers	Goat	TC		101 2/8
J	Simon Bailey	Western Plains Archers	Rabbit	GA	FKOS	0



Tim Messer, fallow hind.



Brett Fittock, hare.



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FIELD DIVISION REPORT

by Tony Hartcher (Vice-President Field)





New 3D rules

Recently the ABA executive introduced new rules for official 3D competitions. The new rules are as a result of many years of trying different formats, none of which quite fitted the ABA requirements. The criteria used to assist the formulation of these rules include:

- The 3D game needs to be 'gradable'; this means it needs a degree of consistency wherever the 'game' is played as well as the opportunity to declare 'champions' and 'records' that are able to be compared.
- · It should reflect the ABA game that we play that is so popular so that there is limited confusion on the 'course' but at the same time should be different enough that it offers a realistic alternative for archers to participate in.

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- · It should reflect the IFAA International 3D rules sufficiently that an archer wishing to participate in an international event is not disadvantaged.
- · It should be recognised as being 'our' (ABA's) game.

The new 3D game is based on a 10-target unit with a round being 20 targets. There are only four group sizes of 3D targets used—Group 1, 2, 3 and 4—with Group 1 being the smallest and Group 4 the largest.

There are two competition rounds provided for-the Hunter Round (one-arrow round) and the Standard Round (two-arrow round). A full round total is 400 points.

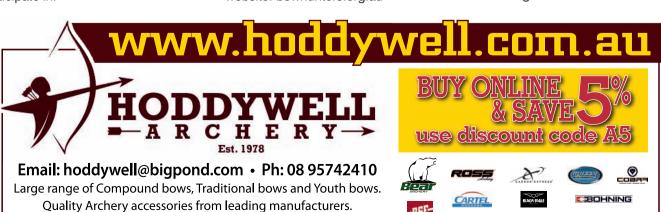
Targets are set using an 'average' distance system with the maximum distance that any target can be set being 55m. A full copy of the rules is available for download from the ABA website: bowhunters.org.au

The new rules will take effect immediately and will be used at the 3D Championships at Mildura.

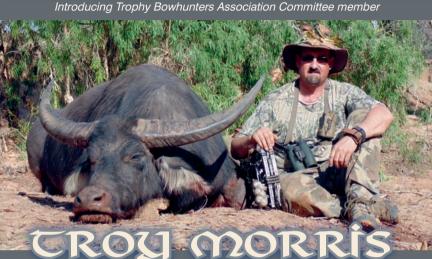
World Field Archery Championships

All archers wishing to compete at the WFAC to be held at Wagga Wagga in 2016 will be required to possess a Class Card which is required to be presented at the time of registration at Wagga. The Class Card is downloadable from the IFAA website. The card should be completed after competing at an official IFAA shoot: Recording your score, round completed, venue and date, then have it signed off by an official where you competed.

Nominations for the WFAC are open online by going to www. wfac2016.org.







- Name Troy Morris
- Age 43
- Club Western Plains Archers Branch J WA
- How long have you been involved in archery/bowhunting?

I bought my first bow when I was 16 years old with the intention of doing some bowhunting with a mate; 27 years later bowhunting, archery and ABA is my passion and comes second only to my family.

· Give a brief outline of yourself in regard to archery/bowhunting; what you would like to achieve in relation to archery and bowhunting?

My personal bowhunting goal that I am currently trying to achieve is to harvest and record all 18 species of game in Australia. I currently only have three more deer species to go. From an ABA member perspective, my goal is to keep educating our members about bowhunting, our bowhunting awards systems, game recording, TBA, our history as well as promoting and protecting our sport.

· What do you like to hunt, what type of equipment have you used or are

Hunting all deer species is my number one passion. Currently I am shooting a Hoyt Spyder 30 and I hunt with an arrow weight of 500-plus grains for most game. Over the last eight years I have been using two types of broadheads, Slicktrick 125 grain standards and Tusker Stealth 150 grain.

Positions held within the ABA

Branch J Field Representative for the past seven years. Full Measurer Branch J. Back-up Measurer for Western Plains Archers and now TBA Committee member.

· Do you attend shoots?

My wife Cheryl and I shoot most weekends at Western Plains Archers in the Perth hills. We attend and help out at interclub shoots in Branch J-Western Australia—throughout the year.

a famíly sport



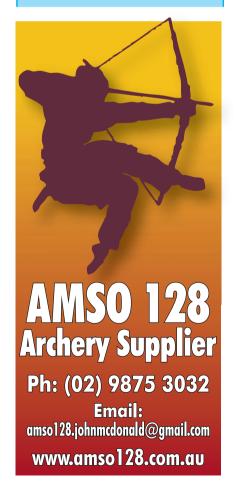


Submit your photos to the Gold Pen Award competition until April and be in

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.

Send your entries to

Archery Action Gold Pen Writers' Award, PO Box 227 Aspley Qld 4034



Bowfishing for carp trials begin in NSW

The Department of Primary Industries (DPI) is conducting a restricted 18-month trial of bowfishing for carp in specified inland waters in New South Wales.

The DPI Game Licensing Unit Director, Dr Andrew Moriarty, said the trial followed a review of recreational saltwater and freshwater fishing rules in 2013, which included the proposal for bowfishing for carp in inland waters.

"Carp are an introduced freshwater species that have been declared a noxious fish in NSW and this pest species can have a significant impact on freshwater ecosystems through their detrimental impacts on native fish, aquatic plants, erosion and water quality," Dr Moriarty said.

Carp can live in a variety of habitats and have destructive bottom-feeding habits which stir up sediments and muddy the water.

The trial is being strictly controlled at limited sites in inland NSW which have met specific safety and access parameters.

The first sites were opened on December 4 and included sections of rivers, creeks and streams in the Riverina, Central West, North West and Murray Regions.

More sites were expected to be



Photo by Joe Amoroso

opened during December and would probably include sites in the Northern Tablelands and designated areas of several impoundments.

"Strict safety protocols will be implemented for the activity which have been based on a risk assessment developed by a stakeholder reference group," Dr Moriarty said.

"As a pre-requisite of the application process, individuals must have a fishing fee receipt and have completed a training course to gain the necessary accreditation.

"Individuals can now apply for a bowfishing permit from the DPI for the 18-month trial. "At the completion of the trial, a survey of anglers will be conducted to provide information on bowfisher effort, catch, expenditure and any specific feedback about the program."

The trial is being managed under the Fisheries Management Act 1994 and involves the Department of Primary Industries' (DPI's) Fisheries and Game Licensing Unit divisions.

Further information about the trial, including application forms, is available at DPI's website at http://www.dpi.nsw.gov.au/hunting/bowfishing-for-carp.

How to get your permit

Because a bow and arrow (incorporated within the definition of a spear gun) cannot currently be used to take fish in inland waters in NSW under the Fisheries Management (General) Regulation 2010, exemption permits are being issued to eligible bowfishers for the 18-month trial. To qualify for a bowfishing permit, you must have:

- a current NSW Recreation Fishing Fee Receipt (unless exempt)
- a current Restricted Game Hunting Licence (R-Licence) or have completed the R-Licence general knowledge and bowhunting education modules.

Successful applicants will receive a bowfishing starter kit including the *NSW Bowfishing for Carp in Specified Waters Guide* and a blaze-orange cap for use when bowfishing.

Bowfishers will have to notify when they intend to bowfish at a trial site and provide a catch report, stay within each site's boundaries, only use bowfishing equipment including tethered fishing arrows and bowfishing-specific line and arrow heads, keep a minimum of 50m from any other waterway users and wear an item of blaze-orange clothing on the upper part of their body while bowfishing.

Around THE TRADS



The Lilydale Trad Shoot was held on September 26 and 27 last year and from all accounts the 40 or so mostly local shooters, enjoyed the great event and good weather, with a lot of club support from the non-trad members. There were Rhinehart 3D targets around the field courses, with various novelty events also shot over the weekend. They often have a twist on the scoring at Lilydale, if you feel you can place your second shot better than your first, then you can forfeit the first shot, take a second and score appropriately. So if you miss on your second shot, you score a big fat zero. Makes you think before

making that second shot, I am sure.

On October 3 and 4, the Hunter Valley Field Archers held their charity shoot and as heard from various sources it was a good weekend. The club would like to thank every one of the 93 archers and all the visitors who attended and dug deep into their wallets to raise money, which included all the shoot fees, for Epilepsy Australia. They had two field courses and some novelties, including a moving target.

I believe on the Saturday night an auction was held as a gentleman had come to the club on Saturday morning and donated three of his bows, which raised \$970.

Once again Jack Crick took out the overall highest score for the weekend. A cheque for funds raised over the weekend totalling \$7500 was presented to Stephanie Doherty on behalf of Epilepsy Australia. Congratulations to everyone who received certificates.

October 60 and 17 saw 80 archers at the inaugural Coffs Coast Archery Trad Shoot. The weekend weather was glorious and we all enjoyed two 15-target field courses (a two-arrow and a one-arrow), a speed





round, hunt round, running javelina, jumping rolling disks which were a little tricky, to say the least, and a flu flu event with a Coffs touch. Both the field courses run alongside a meandering creek and should you miss the target on the bank edge, there was an arrow retrieval service to the relief of most of us who may have misjudged a distance from time to time.

There is flat grassy and quite shady camping ground and the stands of various tree species on their ex-Forestry plantation grounds made for very informative walks around the field courses.

The trad shoots in Queensland drew to a close for the year with the final Queensland shoot at Chevallan Archery Park, Gympie, on the weekend of October 31-November 1. It was a combination celebration and Halloween trad shoot. After doing the two-arrow 3D 25-target field course,

60-second hunt round, 3D 30-second speed round, Kings Rounds, moving target and the Clout and having a refreshing shower, most of us forgot to put our costumes on. It was good seeing everyone enjoying the evening, relaxing around the dining area. On Sunday we had the field course two-arrow round, this time with the rolling disks and the Round yard 45-second speed round.

The presentations were held early so those travelling get home at a reasonable time. There were five camps staying on overnight Sunday to travel on Monday and we are all now looking forward to these shoots in 2016. I wonder how many new novelty events we will get to choose from?

In the next article you will find information from the trad shoot to be held at Manning Valley Bowhunters, Taree NSW.

If you would like a printable Proposed Traditional Calendar, (based

on 2015 calendar and still to be confirmed by associations/clubs) please contact me at the email noted below. You will find further information and available flyers for the traditional shoots at the following websites:

www.ozbow.net > Traditional Archery Events > 2016 Calendar - for dates on all the years shoots. You will find each club has their own forum thread when the flyers become available.

www.wallacetradwoods.com >
Shoot Information – (link to flyers)
www.traditionalarcheryaustralia.
org > Shoot Information – (link to flyers)

Traditional Archery Australia Closed Group is also now on Facebook.

If you have any queries or would like to be added to the Queensland Traditional Archery database for direct shoot information, email me at swallace@wallacetradwoods.com.



PHOTO COMPETITION // inners





Above: Jeffery Evans, Concentration (May-June 2015). Left: Matt Kelly, Smoke in the Air (Nov-Dec 2015).

Make plans now for Norfolk Island's great 3D event

"Without doubt, the finest 3D field I have shot." This high praise came from one of the participating archers in the 2015 Norfolk Island 3D Archery Championships. It's not uncommon feedback for an event that regularly attracts around 70 Australian and New Zealand competitors.

From July 1 to 8, 2016, the local host club Norfolk Island Archery has excellent on-and-off-field activities planned to maximise the fun! Chief amongst these is the introduction of a special Traditional Archery Shoot offered each afternoon as a bonus event. Competitors will use simple and user-friendly bows and arrows—exactly the same as those used by the ancestors hundreds of years ago. The event is planned as a progressive one so offers access 'behind the hedges' to some of the most beautiful, yet hidden properties across the island.

The 3D events are organised for all ages including cub divisions, adult compound, recurve and longbow. It's a fabu-



lous opportunity for juniors to be involved in an international competition in a friendly and safe environment during the school holidays. And nowhere else but on Norfolk Island will you find a special 'chook chaser' division!

Non-shooters can take part in the week's social events plus there's fishing, golf, a World Heritage listed area, snorkelling, glass-bottomed boats, walks and, of course, shopping—all offered on this stunning little gem of an island.

Major sponsor, Norfolk Island Travel Centre, has special packages for travel from Brisbane starting at \$999 per person and from Sydney starting at \$1039 per person for a seven-night twin-share stay. Prices include return economy class airfare (seat and bag) to Norfolk Island, airline taxes, airport meet-and-greet, seven nights' twin-share accommodation and optional rental car at \$20 per day including insurance (excludes petrol), discount shopping card, complimentary miniature golf and complimentary 'A Walk in the Wild'. For those participating in the archery competition, registration of \$100 per archer is additional to the above packages and includes four comp days, the welcome fish fry and presentation dinner.

For details, contact Norfolk Island Travel Centre on toll free phone 1800 140 066, email denise-r@travelcentre.nf or visit the website at www.norfolkislandtravelcentre.com.





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Before long the first group of nannies and kids made their way in and began drinking. As they took their time, more bleats could be heard in the distance, indicating more were on the way in, and after around 30 minutes and 20 to 30 goats later, we remained undetected. We were now fairly confident with our position and if movements were kept slow, a shot could easily be taken from around 25m at any billies watering.

Around an hour passed, with just nannies and young billies watering, before all of a sudden, two nice billies flew straight past us—only metres away—and into the trough. We let them settle for a minute or so, then Koby slowly moved into a shooting position then waited for a broadside or quartering-away angle. The billy

began to move off, pausing broadside at around 15m. This was all Koby needed, and he squeezed off a shot which saw the arrow zip through the billy's vitals, collecting his heart. He took three steps and was out for the count. He had a nice and heavy set of horns and Koby was rapt with him considering it was the first morning on a new place.

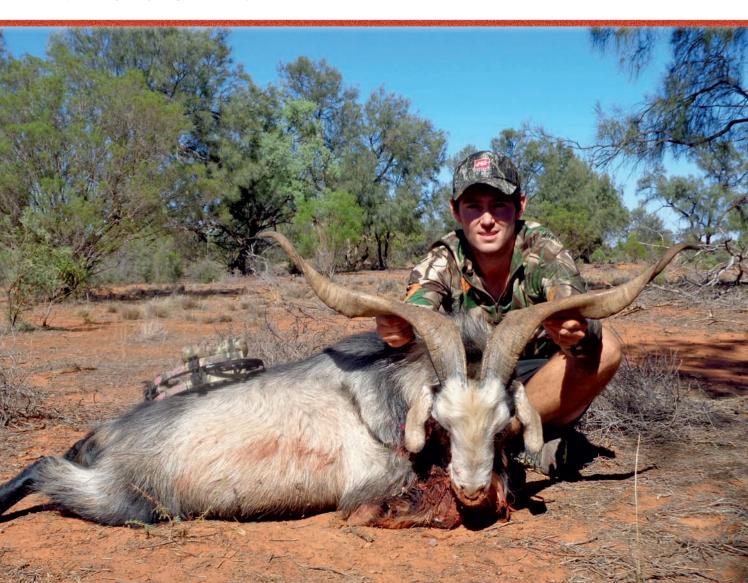
The billy's grey mate, which was of a similar size, milled about while we swapped positions, however this billy knew there was danger and headed off the same way he had come in. We sat back down and watched a thunderstorm roll in, knowing that this would likely slow the goats' watering and hoped we would see a few more before the rain arrived.

As luck would have it, the same

grey billy came back in with another small mob some 30 minutes later, however this time took an age to make his way fully into the water, stopping for a good look around every 5m to ensure the coast was clear.

Finally, he reached the water and began drinking, however the other smaller goats with him made a shot difficult. After 10 minutes he was done and began to move about, shifting to the other side of the trough. As he rounded the nearside, I eased to full draw and waited for him to turn. As if on cue, he stood broadside and the arrow was on its way, pinning both shoulders and taking out the lungs. He didn't move a metre and dropped where he was.

We were stoked with the morn-



ing, however as we were soaking it all in, it began to spit with rain and with lightning and thunder closing in, we knew it would only get heavier. We decided to make the 400m dash to the Hilux with some of the gear but had barely made 50m when the heavens opened, resulting in us looking like two drowned rats by the time we made it to the ute.

The rain took 30 minutes to fully pass then we headed back to our blind, but as expected, the goats had vacated and could now easily get a quick drink in a puddle rather than walking kilometres to a permanent water source.

We set up both goats and took a few photos before removing the horns and back legs for the station owner's dogs. It was now around lunchtime, so we had some tucker before heading back to the homestead.

After a cup of coffee and a few yarns, we walked outside to grab the legs, and not 100m from the house was a big white billy feeding along without a care in the world. Koby hastily grabbed his bow, rangefinder and release aid and was off, bright clothes and all.

I watched Koby through the bino's from the porch as he made his approach, however being so open, he kept his distance until the billy moved into the dry homestead dam. As soon as he was over the bank, Koby raced in and prepared for the shot, as I gathered the camera gear and headed over.

Waiting patiently behind a large bush, Koby readied himself as the

billy fed to the edge of the thick cover. As the billy moved into the open, he spotted Koby and paused, however the release aid had already been clipped, and the arrow buried into his shoulder. The billy took off, but only made 20m and went down. At over 33 inch spread, we couldn't believe such a nice goat was so close to the homestead and headed back to the ute to grab the rest of the gear for photos and the recovery.

After we were done, we were given a tour of the station by the owners and visited various water points which showed some potential for future hunts. For the evening hunt we headed back to our spot that morning, however only saw a handful of smaller goats and called it a day.

The next morning we watched a





number of billies come in to water, however none better than what we had already taken and thus we let them walk with the let-'em-go, let-'em-grow mentality. We were lucky enough to join our mate on a flight over the property in his Cessna, which was a great way to see the country and get an aerial perspective on the property.

As we bid our farewells, before we were out the gate, a meat goat gave us an opportunity that was too easy to be true and it was taken for the pot.

A few weeks later we headed to a property we acquired access to over winter, with pigs and goats both on the station. Unfortunately the pig numbers were quite low due to the season, however the pig traps over the station were filled with pig skulls, giving us encouragement for next year.

Meeting the manager, we headed out to familiarise ourselves with the place in hope of catching out anything having a late drink. Parking off the first dam, we peeked over the wall to find a sow slowly making her way back to the scrub. I hastily gave chase, but after I'd closed in, the wind swirled and she was gone. Not too fussed, I headed back to the dam to find Koby glassing a mob of goats in the distance and we were soon in wait amongst a few trees.

After 30 minutes, they finally made their way to water, and among them were a number of 30-inch billies, as well as a much bigger billy with a cracker styled set. We waited for the perfect scenario, the billy followed a nanny to around 30m from Koby's position, so Koby sent an arrow straight through the boiler room, seeing him make barely 50m. Koby was stoked with his trophy, which went 35 inches.

We continued our look around the property through the day, parking off each water point and stalking in. After the third or fourth tank, as we crept up to a leaking bore, the flick of an ear revealed a pig bedded in the shade. I came to full draw and the pig rose to wallow and stood quartering away at 20m, giving me the perfect angle to slip one through, with the shaft passing through and burying into the mud. Although it was only a sow, it was a pig all the same, and great to get one on the ground.

Finishing the first half of the property by late afternoon, we rested until a few hours before dark and headed to a new area not visited earlier. A lot more goats were found, and due to the low hog numbers, we decided to revisit in the morning. Just before last light, we made out some pigs trotting across a flat and headed off in pursuit. Koby did very well to get into range with no cover and managed to slip one through a sow which was quartering on, getting full penetration and putting her down.

The next morning we headed out to the bore and set up between a concrete tank and windmill 20m from the trough. As soon as the sun peeked over the horizon, in filed the goats, with young goats eventually followed by some older billies. Looking over a few hundred, and a number in the low 30-inch range, two billies the same size caught my

eye. After a hard decision picking the biggest. I decided on the pure white billy. I waited for him to get his fill and finish belting a few young ones, and he stopped long enough for me to slip an arrow through him. He barely went 10m. Although he suffered some ground shrinkage, I was still very happy with him.

In early January, we managed to clear another two days off and revisit the first property again. Arriving late afternoon, we drove around the property to glass feeding goats, with a heap seen but no decent billies among them.

With many different watering points to choose from, the following morning we decided to check a bore that we hadn't visited during the first trip. Arriving a little later than we had hoped due to taking the wrong track, we found that the first goats of the day were already on the trough.

A well placed boxthorn bush only 25m off the trough concealed our approach, and our natural blind was set for the morning.

It took at least an hour and many goats were looked over before Koby got my attention and indicated there was a shooter on his way in. From my position. I couldn't see the billy and had to wait for Koby to give me the nod that there was a shot. Drawing back, I slowly edged out and immediately saw the shooter, with an impressive style and one side broomed off. At 30m he offered the perfect angle and without hesitation I let fly, taking out both lungs. I was stoked with this old billy which was my best for the summer, but unfortunately he had a broken tip on one side—he would have been a cracker in earlier days.

We waited for another hour but no more mature billies showed, so



Koby decided to field test a few more Rush Arrows and took out a billy with a badly broken leg, and another young billy with a long-range heart shot. As the heat set in, we harvested the billies for dog meat before heading to the homestead to escape the heat. Fortunately for us, the owners insisted we rest up inside and watch the test cricket in the air conditioning and so with twisted arms we spent the afternoon obliging before heading out for the evening hunt. Unfortunately a dust storm put an end to that and we admitted defeat.

The next morning arrived with very poor weather forecasts including severe flooding. To avoid being trapped, we decided to leave after the morning's hunt. We again checked out new bores and Koby dropped me off just before sunrise at my chosen location before he headed out the back for his. I had a very quiet morning with a single 30-inch billy coming in amongst 150 nannies and kids, a

fox at 10m that caught me drawing and two emus which came within 5m. I took a young goat for the pot and took as much meat as the esky would fit and waited for Koby.

Koby's morning was slightly better, as he saw a lot of goats including one of decent size. The goat came in to around 15m before Koby took him out for the count.

As the clouds rolled in we packed our gear in haste, said our goodbyes and headed off. As we left the homestead the rain began—our timing couldn't have been better. It was a good summer for us both managing a few nice billies each and although it was a little quiet on the hogs this time, before we know it summer will be upon us once again.





Archery Addiction

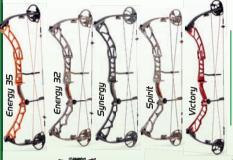
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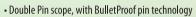












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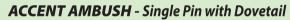


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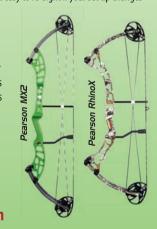
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Nick Lintern ANEXADO (O) CARANTECE

Welcome to our next instalment of Traditional Trails. I hope you all had a great Christmas and Happy New year. It's hard to believe 2016 is here already. The increasing number of traditional shoots being run around Australia is testament to the growing popularity of the traditional bow and the increasing number of hunting articles in Archery Action featuring traditional bows is also testament to a longbow or recurve's efficiency as a hunting arm. All traditional archers out there, make it your business to attend as many traditional shoots as you can. You'll not only have fun, but by supporting traditional events you are supporting the growth of traditional archery as well. Plus, you will get to meet many like-minded archers as well. Okay, on to where we left off last year with our Osage bow:

How to make an osage flatbow

Part 3

When we left off last year, we had our osage staves roughed out of the log and sealed and prepped for seasoning. We had our steamer built and our form ready to go. So, our next step is to look at the steam chamber, and why we need it. In the previous article, before I covered the section on the steam chamber, I was looking at accelerating the drying process on fresh-cut osage. This is one use of the steam chamber. Let's look at how to get a green stave dry and ready to tiller a lot sooner.

Firstly, if we can get our stave nearer to the dimensions of the finished bow, it will dry much sooner. In fact, these same procedures apply to both seasoned and unseasoned staves. The only difference is that seasoned staves are worked to bow shape even more than the unseasoned one. The reason for this is the unseasoned bow may move more as it reaches the seasoned moisture content we are after, so I prefer to leave a little more wood on at this point. The seasoned stave should be reasonably stable in this regard.

The only stave that can skip the steam chamber is a dry one that is really straight and has a degree of natural reflex in it. If this isn't the case, proceed this way: Firstly, we



Specialised clamp for holding logs and splits.

need to get our stave and de-crown it. This means removing the bark and sap wood. For this we need our draw knife. Firmly clamp the osage stave to a bench. I have a specialised timber clamp for this (see photo), but a good bench vice will do. Now use the draw knife to start removing the bark and creamy sap wood. This is hard slog and technique helps a lot with this process. At the end of the day though, you are going to earn your stripes here, a lot of elbow grease and sweat needed. Keep working until the sap wood is nearly removed and the golden heart wood is starting to show through.

At this point, you will need to look

at the end grain and decide which growth ring is to be your bow's back. Always choose the ring that is wide and dark with very little of the snowy appearance of the spring growth in it (I covered this in Part 1). Also don't pick one that is too deep in the stave for two reasons. Firstly, that's a lot of work to get to it, and second, if you happen to breach the growth ring while chasing it, you can always go to the next ring. If you have gone too deep initially, you may start running out of stave for your bow. The photos accompanying this article will show an example of growth ring selection.

When you have decided which ring to use, start working down to



The correct growth ring selection on the stave. You can also see how the stave lies in the quarter split.

it with your draw knife. In this case, you are going to stay one ring above the chosen ring. The reason is that we are going to clamp our bow stave to a form after steaming and we don't want the form to damage the bow's back, so stay one ring above. You will notice that the white, pithy, spring growth crackles and breaks up as you run the draw knife over it, whereas the dark, summer growth whistles and shaves beautifully as you work it. Once you have achieved working to the growth ring roughly above the one you really want, the next thing to do is roughly find our bow within the stave.

Lie the stave with its freshly







Chasing down the growth ring through the different layers of the rings.

worked back facing up in your vice. We want to reduce the stave's width to about two inches by one inch deep. Look down its length for knots and pins et cetera. Hopefully it will be fairly clean, but if not, we have to leave extra wood on around knots and pins that fall near the edges. Preferably, we will try to avoid knots entirely. Remember that knots are stiff, weak spots in the wood, so we either avoid them entirely, or work with them allowing extra wood to support them.

With an idea of where the bow may lie in the stave, next we measure the stave's length then mark halfway. This should be around 36in or so. Draw a line across the stave

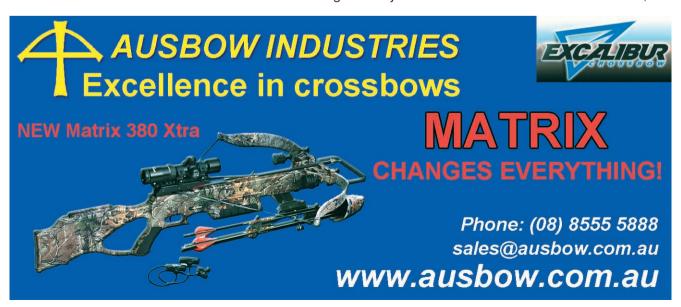
and mark this line with a CL, so there is no confusion. Next. on this centreline, mark the centre of the bow's width (this can be by eye). At this time your stave will be somewhere near 3in across, so your centreline will be around 1 1/2 inches in. Next. mark in 1 1/4 inches each side of this mark. This will be leaving the bow at a generous width. We are playing it safe on the width at this point. We want to make sure we have enough width to accommodate the bow's longitudinal grain. More on this later.

At either end of the stave, mark the centre of the width again and mark 1 1/4 inches each side again. Don't worry if the stave curves around like a boomerang-it really doesn't matter. This normally happens on dried staves as the wood sometimes will curve as it dries. Also, don't be concerned if it is twisted. All will be sorted soon. Now. draw some rough lines between both the centrelines and the width marks on both sides of the stave using a long straight edge or rule. If you have a curvy bowed stave, you will have to draw these lines by eye and freehand. Don't worry too much at this point.

The way I mark curved staves is by freehanding the centreline and then every 4 inches or so I re-mark the width lines. I do this all the way along the length of the stave and this then gives me a 'join the dots' effect, making marking the width lines a lot easier. Either way, at this point you should now have three parallel lines running the length of the stave; one down the centre and two 2 1/2 inches apart.

Now, use your jack plane to remove wood down to these lines. Again, if you have access to a bandsaw it will work well to reduce the stave to these lines, but the large jack plane will suffice. Always leave the line on. Although at this point this isn't really critical, it is a good habit to be in. We can chase down to exact widths later.

Once this has been done, we



have our stave worked to a generous width. Our next job is to work the belly of our bow down to reasonable dimensions. As we have planed the sides, we should have a smoothish surface to mark some lines on. (Even if a bandsaw was used, the edges are usually clean enough to mark some lines on. If not, give the edges a quick plane over.) Turn the stave on to its side and from here the first mark we are going to make is to transfer the centreline around to the side of the bow. We are going to have a non-working handle on this bow so we need to leave some meat in the handle area. To do this, once vou have transferred vour centreline around to the side of the bow, mark two lines each side of the centreline: one at 2 inches and one at 4 inches.

We are building a symmetrical bow, that is, both limbs are the same length. After building a lot of bows of both symmetrical and asymmetrical types, I am yet to be convinced that asymmetrical has any real benefit over symmetrical bows. In fact, I feel that symmetrical bows balance better. So, that's why we are marking both 2 inches and 4 inches each side of half way. We are building this bow with an eight-inch non-working handle/riser section. The two-inch marks are our actual handle area. At the two-inch marks, measure down from the back of the bow 1 5/8 inches. At the four-inch marks, measure down 1 inch. At the stave's ends, measure down 3/4 inch. The next thing to do is to join the lines from the fourinch handle marks through to the end marks. You will see that we are starting to build taper into the stave. Again, a long steel rule works well here. If you are working with a curvy stave, again as with marking out the back, it will need to be a by-eye thing. Now, from the four-inch marks we want to draw an arcing line out to

the two-inch handle marks. A jar lid works well for this job. Next we need to reduce the stave to close proximity of these marks. The draw knife works well to work off the belly stock, but be careful you don't overdo it. The arcing lines are best reduced with the vicious rasp.

If all has gone well to this point, you should now have a stave that is around 72 inches long and about 2 ½ inches wide with a slightly tapered belly that is about 1 inch in thickness at the start of the riser. Our final job to prepare the stave for the steam chamber is to seal the back and ends with Shellac. Again this is to encourage even drying and reduce drying checks or cracks. I use three to four coats of Shellac and leave about 20 minutes between coats. The last coat I leave overnight to really harden up.

With all this done, we are finally ready to steam our stave. You may think that steaming a stave will



encourage it to take up moisture, but steam is just a transportation system for heat. A green stave when steamed for two hours can lose a large amount of its moisture content and be a lot closer to the 8% to 12% we are looking for. Our next job is to place our stave into the steam chamber and put the end cap on. Fire up the gas stove under the billy and watch as the steam starts to pour out of the ends. You can now walk away and make a coffee and get ready for the next stage of the process.

While your stave is steaming, get your form ready to go. Have it on a workbench and have your clamps ready to go and your wedges sitting nearby. After two hours, turn off your gas burner and without delay remove your stave from the steam chamber. CAUTION: Wear gloves. it will be really hot. Quickly take the stave to your form. I'm saying quickly because we want to clamp up our stave while it is still hot. It will be really pliable and elastic while still hot from the steamer and we want to utilise this condition.

Firstly, clamp the stave in the centre of the form. Your centre should be marked on the back board of your form. Now, start clamping out from this position to the ends, placing clamps every 4 inches to 6 inches or so as necessary. We want the stave to follow our form's shape. As you clamp, observe if any part of the stave wants to sit up and not hug the form. If so, place an extra clamp at that point. In this scenario, you will normally find that each side of a section that wants to sit up, the stave will be down snug. You may need to tap a wedge under the stave at that point to exaggerate the pushing down, or evening effect of the clamp on the section that is standing up. Also use your wedges to eliminate any twist that the stave may have. If it wants to sit flat on one side and sit up on



Clamping heated bow blank to form.

the other, tap a wedge under the side that is sitting flat and apply clamping pressure to the other side.

We are trying to over-exaggerate the rectification process of humps and twists et cetera as they will spring back to a degree, so by overdoing it we are more likely to get the effect we are after. Also look down the ends of the form and look at the stave. If it is not sitting straight down the length of the form, clamp it across using the back board as the clamping point. This is why we put the back board on the form. Again, overdo it a little to allow for back spring. When you are satisfied that all is well, that job is done for now. Leave the form for at least a day, but preferably more like 48 hours. The longer you leave it, the less likely it will return to its previous shape.

After the 48 hours or so, remove the stave from the form and look it over. Hopefully, you will have a beautifully reflexed and even stave. If there are still problem areas, you can heat them up with a heat gun and re-clamp. Okay it's getting exciting now, but bear in mind your stave is still not dry. You have a few options from here. You can return the stave to your drying area, where it should dry in eight to 12 months or sowhich is a lot guicker than it would have been had we not followed this procedure-or you can place it in a drying box.

A simple drying box is just a rectangular box with a hinged opening that has three or four 75-watt clear light bulbs inside. Keep the box to around 12 inches to 16 inches square and about 76 inches long. This will keep the bow blank in a temperature of 30 degrees C or so. Putting the blank in a box like this will mean that in about two months it should be seasoned and ready to tiller, maybe even sooner. An alternative to this is keeping it in your roof space during summer or even spring. There are moisture meters available that will let you know where the stave's moisture is at, but a reliable test is that once you start tillering, if the bow starts to set, or lose its reflex before you get the bow to brace height, it is still too moist. Dry wood will normally not start to set and settle to the string until after the bow has been taken past brace height.

Working a dry stave

So, at this point I have covered how to process a green stave. I want to now cover the processes for a seasoned stave. It is actually identical to the green wood process, with one major exception. We are going to work the bow blank much closer

to the finished bow dimensions than we did with the green stave. Exactly as we did with the green stave, we are going to work a growth ring, but this time it will be a little harder now the wood has seasoned.

As before, stay one ring above the actual ring you are after. Mark out the centreline on the bow's back as before, but this time we are going to actually mark out the bow's limb shape. Now we have to consider the longitudinal grain. This is the grain that you can see running down the back of the stave on your golden growth ring. It is very fine. It is critical to follow this grain as well-perhaps not so critical as following the side growth rings, but still important for a reliable bow. As you mark your centreline at the handle area, draw your centreline up the limbs being sure to follow the grain. If the grain is straight you can use a rule, but if it kicks off, follow the kick off freehand with your pencil.

Once the centrelines have been established both width wise and length wise, measure each side of the centre line and mark both 2-inch and 4-inch lines and scribe lines across the limbs. Now we want to measure the width of the limb Measure ¾ inch each side of the centreline and mark it. Before we can go any further, we need to determine how long we want our finished bow to be. The measurement I use is to simply add 40 inches to your draw length. So if you draw 28 inches, your bow will be 68 inches long et cetera. With an eight-inch non-working handle area, this gives you a very safe and smooth 60 inches of working limb. You can make your bow shorter, but I would make it wider than the 1 ½ inches we are using here.

I like these measurements as I can get a narrower thicker limb and a longer bow—all of which contributes to a really sweet, forgiving bow. For

the sake of the bow we are building here we will go with 68 inches, nock to nock thus assuming a very generic 28-inch draw length. This means we need to measure 34 5/8 inches up each side of halfway. The extra 5/8 of an inch allows for a 1/8 inch nock groove and a 1/2 inch nock end. Once marked, use a handsaw to cut off the stave at these marks. The limb shape we are going for here is a very reliable design for osage. This is far from the only possible design, but is one that creates a fast and reliable bow.

Now we want to measure up the limbs from the four-inch handle/riser mark a distance that is two-thirds the limb length from that point. So for our bow this will be 30 inches (34 inches - 4 inches = 30). So our measurement is two-thirds of 30, so we are measuring up 20 inches. At this point, make a mark and scribe a pencil line across the limb. At the top of the limb where we cut the

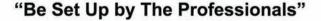


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stave to length, mark ¼ inch each side of the centreline. Now connect these points with the marks made at the 20-inch mark.

With the limbs marked out, our next step is to rough out the handle. For this bow we are going to use a bulbous handle design. You can use any handle you prefer here. I have tried several different handles and for an osage self-bow I find this works really well. The grip will sit comfortably in your hand and once leather is applied, gives a good secure feeling when you shoot.

To mark the handle shape on the back of the bow, I recommend you knock yourself up a simple template. Grab a piece of thin timber, say 1/8 inch thick and 10 inches long. Even balsa wood works for this application. Stick with a soft wood as it is easier to shape out. Cut it to the width of the bow, so in this case 1 ½ inches. After you have completed this template, don't throw it out. It will be useful for future bows you may want to build. Next, draw two centrelines both across the template and down its length. Next, mark the same 2-inch and 4-inch marks each side of halfway you made on the stave. At the 2-inch mark, measure 3/8 inch each side of the halfway mark. At the centreline, measure 9/16 inch each side of halfway: This gives a handle width of 1 1/8 inches at the widest point.



Layout of bulbous handle.

Now using an appropriately sized can or jar, draw a convex curve from the mid-handle marks to the 2-inch marks and draw a concave line from the 2-inch marks to the 4-inch marks. Don't worry if the curves don't flow well for now. We will blend it all in with hand tools. Cut out the template to the shapes you have marked as close as you can, leaving the lines on. If you used balsa wood, a Stanley knife will do the job. Chase down to the lines using sandpaper and a block. At this point, use your sandpaper to make your convex and concave lines blend in a smooth S-shaped curve. The centrelines will give you a good guide as to evenness in your template.

Now we have our template, we want to lay it on our stave. Lay it on the bow so that the centrelines of the

template align with the centrelines on the stave. Now, mark the outline of the template onto your stave. The next job is to cut the back of the bow out to the lines we have marked. As I covered earlier, you can use a bandsaw or a plane, but if you do use a bandsaw, leave the lines on and work down to them with hand tools. The curved handle sections can be worked with the vicious rasp. Most rasps of this type will have a flat and curved side; naturally for this job use the curved side.

The next job is to work the belly side down. We do this exactly as we did the green wood. I always leave a generous amount of wood here as that can be progressively removed as you tiller. The amount you leave on will be different for a heavy bow and





Applying Shellac.

a light bow. But as wood is a natural product it is very difficult to say how thick the stave should be for any given weight. I have had 60# and 80# bows that were the same length, width, moisture content and thickness. Their mass was quite different though ... but that is a story for another day.

So I always leave a generous

amount of wood on here and am only interested in getting roughly the right taper from handle to tip. Plus we still have to work to the next growth ring vet and you may need room to go down to yet another ring if you make a mistake and breach the ring you are after. Getting the taper close at this point will go a long way to making tiller very close to what we are looking for and will help a lot when we come to the tillering process. As a reminder on the belly measurements, flip the bow on to its side and transfer the centreline. 2-inch and 4-inch marks around onto the side of the bow. Mark the stave at 1.5/8 inches down from the back at the 2-inch mark and 1 inch at the 4-inch mark. We will shape out the bulbous handle more later.

Also, measure down 3/4 inch at the nock end. Join the lines with a straight edge, or in the case of a curvy, twisted stave you'll have to

roughly freehand it. For now, join the handle marks straight across. This will make clamping it to the form easier. (As I mentioned, we can shape the handle later.) Now cut the stave down to these marks. Next, Shellac the whole stave. The green stave only got this treatment on the back and ends, but this stave is already seasoned so we are only looking to elasticise it, not dry it out any further, so all surfaces will need to be coated. Three coats again with half an hour between coats. Allow the last one overnight drying and we are ready for the steam bath. Now steam and clamp the bow to the form exactly as I described previously.

That will do us for this article. I hope you are still with me and are not too daunted by the processes so far. As always, send any questions you may have to: norseman longbows@ hotmail.com or phone 0243294074.

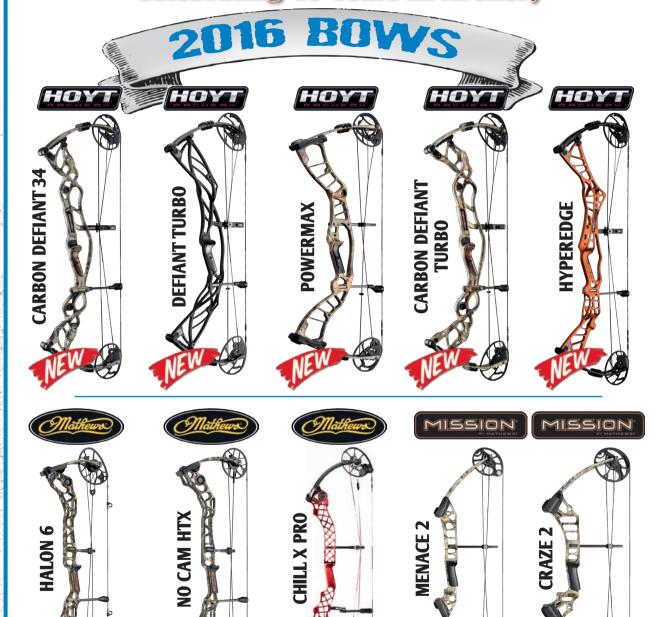
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six months ago, we've been trying to get out and do a bit of bowhunting when we get the time. First chance we got, we headed out to Matt's deer property to set up some game cameras pre-rut. I wouldn't get a chance to hunt the rut because my girlfriend was due to have our baby son around that time.

Despite this, I was keen to help Matt do a bit of ground work. Over the next month or so, stacks of deer were captured on our cameras including a few handy stags. Matt had a bit of tough luck during the rut; things just didn't happen with the bucks, but he did manage to take out two does, which filled the freezer.

After the rut was over we concentrated our efforts on finding a few pigs on some local properties to which I have

access. Matt arrived at my place at 5.30am and we made the hour-long trip to the property. Upon arriving we drove to a high vantage point and looked over all the mountains hoping to find some pigs, but lucked out. We kept on driving to where we would start walking when Matt spotted six or so pigs making their way up to their beds in the thick scrub on top of a hill. We got our bows and packs out and followed them, hoping to cut them off. By the time we got up to where they were grazing, another mob of small pigs had joined them which made it difficult to try to close the gap. In the end, the rising morning breeze gave us away and the pigs left the scene.

We continued looking for pigs with no luck, but whistled in a few foxes which Matt busted from close quarters. We eventually got back to the ute and drove to another



Bucks caught on the game cam.

part of the property. We parked 150m from a blackberrychoked gully and lured one fox out but he approached from the downwind side. We kept on hiking up on a ridge having a whistle every now and then. I was just about to whistle when I spotted a lone boar feeding 150m below us. I sneaked within 20m of him but he wouldn't give me the right shot and bedded in some tea tree just in front of me. Neither of us could lay eyes on him once bedded so

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we threw a few rocks in there and two decent boars raced out, only metres from us.

A few weeks later, we were back at the same property for an afternoon hunt. We did a lot of walking and it was looking like we were going to luck out on the pigs. Luckily I spotted a mob of five just before dark. Matt and I both shot a pig, but I couldn't recover mine due to the long grass and fading light.

I had done a bit of ringing around for Matt and gained him access to a block not far from town which held pigs and foxes. He did a few solo hunts there and shot one pig. The country looked really promising and we were both certain there would be a few pigs about. Plans were made and we headed out for a morning hunt.

We parked the ute on a good vantage point and after just 30 seconds of looking through the binos I spotted a



mob high up on a hill about 3km away. It was a steep hike and got the legs burning, but we were rewarded when we reached the mob-they hadn't moved too far from where we first spotted them. They were in a hard spot to stalk so we waited behind a few trees to see what their next move was going to be. It was about 10am and the pigs seemed pretty content nosing around in the dirt. They eventually moved off into some thick scrub, with us hot on their tail. Matt spotted the mob and offered me the shot. I edged in and shot the biggest pig which turned out to be spotted sow. After the shot she just stood there and took a few steps towards us, I nocked another arrow and shot her through both shoulders. She covered 40m in no time and piled up. We took a few photos and began the walk back doing a bit of fox whistling. Matt shot a big dog from close range, which topped the morning off.

I'd been doing some pretty full-on renovations to the house of late, so the hunting got put on the back burner for a couple of months. Once I got on top of things at



home, I slipped out early one Saturday morning to a new property which held goats, pigs and foxes. The property owner wanted a few thinned out so I wasn't going to be too fussy about what I was going to shoot. An hour after leaving the ute I'd shot two small goats and was pretty happy with how things were going. I was walking in a shady gully and noticed two goats staring at something below them. I picked up the binos and scanned the area which revealed two small pigs foraging around. I got the wind right and closed into 35m and shot a small boar. He

dropped on the spot and rolled 50m down a steep bank. I shot another goat for a bit of dog food and made my way back to the car.

Two weeks later I was back at the same property. I spotted a mob of four pigs from the ute so they would be a good starting point. It was a bit of a steady stalk through the open tussock country and cattle, but I got within 15m of the mob and shot a small boar. After a few quick photos I kept on walking and reached a small creek which looked like a good spot to have a whistle. I set up in front of a stringy bark tree and let out a few shrieks through the whistle. It only took half a minute and I had one customer coming in hot. I pulled him up at 6m and shot him through the shoulders; he made a mad dash for cover but pulled up short. On the way back to the ute, I shot a brown goat for a bit of dog tucker.

The next chance I got, Matt and I headed back down there to thin out a few more ferals. We pulled up on a hill which gave a good view of all the mountains we would be hunting. We saw plenty of goats but couldn't find any pigs. Maybe the frost had kept them bedded up for a bit longer, we thought. We parked the ute 200m off a small mob of goats and Matt wasted no time in sending an arrow through a goat's chest. We hunted on and found a few goats down a steep gully. I had my eye on a nanny





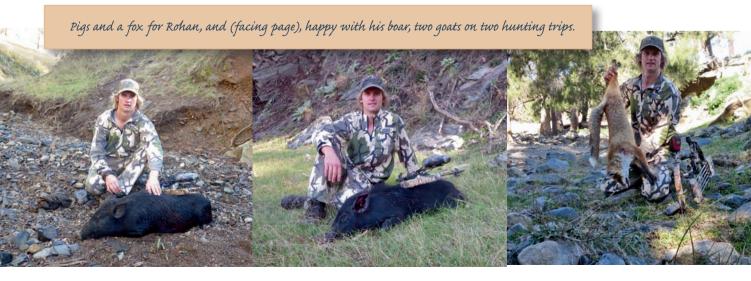


goat but she wandered behind a few rocks so I followed her. When I peered over. I saw a billy that would be the best I'd shot in a few years so I waited for the right angle, drew my bow and released ... only to see my arrow fly harmlessly over him. He stayed there feeding and I didn't make the same mistake twice. He travelled 30m and was down.

While we were taking photos of my billy, another mob of goats could be seen 200m away having a pick on what green grass was available. Matt was up and closed into about 60m when a few billies split and took off across a gully in pursuit of an in-season nanny. We both followed and caught up to them in the long grass. When a small white billy offered Matt the right angle, he took him out from 20m. While we were looking for his arrow, he noticed four pigs grazing out on green knob 400m below us. Matt told me to have a crack and I offered them back to him which he declined. I covered the ground pretty quickly due to the lay of the land and the steady breeze in my face. When I got 40m from them I left my pack in the grass and proceeded to stalk on my hands and knees.

I closed into 23m and felt comfortable about taking the biggest pig, which was a decent boar. He was slightly quartering away when I took the shot, which clocked him through the heart. He made 80m or so downhill in no time then piled up. I was rapt to shoot a good boar in the hills around home ... and sharing it with a good mate was the icing on the cake.







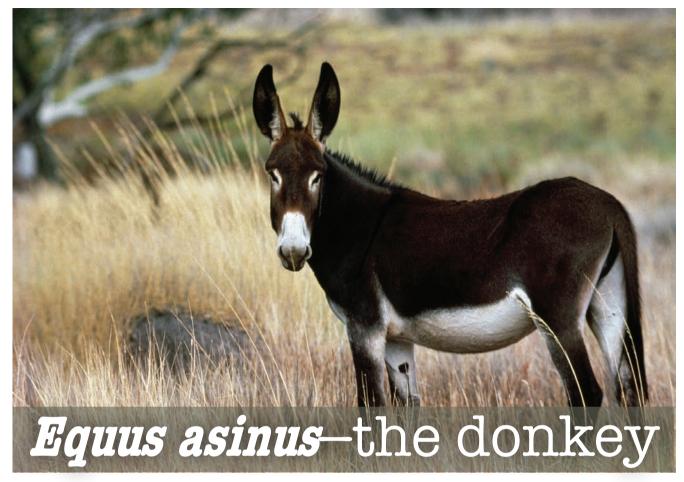


Photo courtesy of DAFWA

by Scott Heiman

onkeys are one of those really odd animals that look like they've been put together by a scientist with a good sense of humour. With disproportionate ears, a big white nose and comparatively short legs, it's hard to shake off the warm feeling that many of us developed towards Eevore when we were first read 'The House at Pooh Corner' by our parents when we were kids.

But donkeys are not as cute as they might first appear. Like any number of other feral introduced pests, donkeys have established themselves in Australia as viable competitors for native vegetation with destructive side-effects. And with a robust physiology, donkeys have the capacity to tolerate wide environmental conditions meaning that their population has expanded across vast tracts of Australian terrain.

Where did donkeys come from?

Donkeys are native to Africa and are thought to have been domesticated by the Egyptians some 6000 years ago. Even this long ago, donkeys were obviously held in some esteem by Egyptian society if we consider that three donkey skeletons were found in an Egyptian tomb dating back to 4500-4000 BC.

Much like horses and camels. donkeys were introduced into Australia in the mid-to-late 1800s as beasts of burden. Donkevs assisted in haulage to support the expansion of European settlement in Australia. They were particularly valued in north-western Australian and in the Northern Territory where work horses were afflicted by a toxic native plant.

Following completion of the rail networks and the prevalence of motor cars (in the 1920s), donkeys followed a similar fate to introduced camels and were released into the wild. From there they formed feral herds and by 1949 the donkey was sufficiently numerous to be declared a pest in Western Australia.

Today there is no combined census of donkeys in Australia. But one thing that is clear is that their numbers have exploded into the millions. Particularly in regions such as the



NT Government's map showing the distribution of the donkey.

Central arid zone, Top End and in the Kimberley, donkeys are all over the place.

Impacts

The Federal Government tells us that "feral donkeys pose a significant threat to the natural environment." A key problem is that—as hoofed animals—they erode soil and waterways causing sedimentation and they trample native vegetation. They also consume native seedlings (leading to reduced biodiversity) and of concern to farmers and environmentalists alike, spread weeds and compete with domestic cattle for resources.

Donkeys proved themselves to be more adaptive to the Australian environment than their cousin horses. This is primarily because donkeys are more versatile foragers that can eat coarser vegetation and can survive in areas without surface water. Donkeys can also tolerate extreme loss of body water and can reduce the water content of their faeces when circumstances require. The fact is that only severe drought and bushfires are significant natural threats to feral donkeys.

Habits

Becoming sexually mature at about two years of age, donkeys tend to have one foal a year (predominately between July and March) when green feed is available. Given that the gestation period for donkey can be up to 12 months, this doesn't leave much time between pregnancies. Left unmanaged, it's estimated that donkey populations can increase at a rate of 20 per cent per year.

Donkeys form small social units of either a dominant stallion escorting one to three mares and their offspring, or a bachelor group. The groups of mares, offspring and a stallion favour areas near permanent water and have loose territories. Bachelor groups range more widely with home ranges extending up to 90 square kilometres in the central Australian ranges and smaller in more fertile areas.

In hot, dry conditions, neither stallion groups or bachelor groups move far from water, preferring to drink every day. In these circumstances, the donkeys' home range will vary from around 20 to 30 square kilometres depending on how arid is the terrain. By contrast, in the best grassland habitat, a donkey group's range may be as low as 3 square kilometres.

How to hunt donkey

The feral donkey is a very alert animal, aided by acute hearing with a sense of smell that's similar to a horse. So approach from downwind and reduce body odours and artificial aromas (for example, laundry detergents et cetera).



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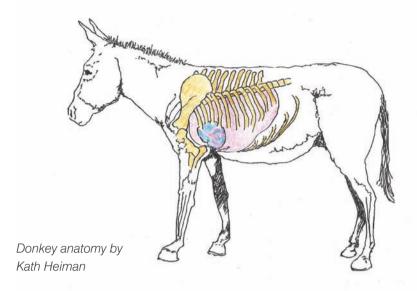
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A donkey's eyesight is not as good as a horse and like the horse they have a blind spot immediately in front of the nose and behind the head. Nevertheless, a donkey's binocular vision is pretty good and they have good peripheral vision when their head is down grazing. (Consider a tree stand, as they have a poor ability to see high objects). Donkeys are thought to have the same colour vision as horses so can clearly differentiate between major colours. So a macro-camouflage like ASAT will work well. Beyond this, your capacity to get close to a donkey will really depend on your field craft.

When considering where to hunt, firstly look at a population density map with a focus on Queensland, the Northern Territory and Western Australia and then start seeking permission to hunt. Then choose your season. Hormones reach a peak just before the dry season breaks



around October. At this time of year, donkeys are likely to be distracted by both offspring and competing males. They're also likely to be centred on areas with permanent water and they'll be foraging for all the new sweet-pick bursts with the new rains. You might not be aware, but donkeys have a very sweet tooth, and are very

partial to fruit and sweet grasses—so they could be anywhere (creek beds. road sides or dams)!

A last note: Please remember that some Aboriginal communities consider the donkey (and the camel) sacred due to the influence of earlier missionaries. So keep some cultural awareness about you.

Donkey tropaion

The word 'trophy' is derived from the Ancient Greek word tropaion which itself is from the word trope—that is, to rout. The custom from which the word comes is where the armaments and banners of a fallen enemy were erected on a tree or stake to represent the routed enemy on the battlefield.

But of course man has collected the 'trophies' of animals for millennia. That is the item they fight with—their specially adapted horns, teeth, antlers for decoration and even building materials with Cro-Magnon man using mammoth tusks as roof trusses.

The donkey does not have such apparatus—but it does fight! Donkeys, like deer that actually fight and defend themselves with their hooves whilst their antlers are only used during the rut, are renowned for fighting with their kick! So much so that donkeys are used the world over as 'quard dogs' and companions for livestock because they use their teeth and hooves very aggressively against attacking predators such as dogs, foxes and wolves. Such respect for this beast's fighting spirit is that taxidermy hoof ashtrays were very popular among hunters of the Victorian times.

If you want to measure a donkey rather than having it simply as a game award, you can petition the Bowhunting Tech meeting at the AGM via your Branch Executive or directly to Mark Burrows if you're an independent. Your submission could be enhanced with a measuring idea for the hoof, skull or even the rear leg (with a life span of 30 years, a muscular donkey's thigh bone will have quite a girth and will be notably shorter than a horse [this assists in differentiating between the species]).

Disclaimer: The author is an environmental scientist and hunter and has drawn from personal knowledge and open source material for the production of this article. The Federal Government Department of Agriculture and that of the States of the Northern Territory and Western Australia were key sources.

Who eats donkey?

Having been domesticated for more than 6000 years, donkeys are also known for their meat. You won't be surprised to learn that eating donkey meat isn't a new phenomenon-after all, humans only started cultivating wheat 3000 years earlier than that! In (relatively) recent times, in 15th century China, donkey meat became popular as a cheaper substitute for horse meat. And around the

same time, in the south of France, donkey meat was also experiencing a boom

Donkey tucker

The best 'hamburger' I've ever had was made with horse meat. But I'm told that, in France, donkey meat is enjoyed as a sweeter and more tender alternative. In northern China. shredded donkey meat is served between slices of freshly baked bread, spiced with green sweet chillies and coriander. And modernday Hong Kong restaurants serve a spicy soup made of donkey. In Italy, donkey stew (straccotto d'asino) is probably the best known donkey dish. Cooked low and slow, braised

chunks of donkey are mixed with onions, bay leaves, juniper berries, tomato sauce, garlic, red wine, olive oil, salt and pepper—for four hours! Not surprisingly, the Italians also make a donkev salami. A little more expensive than beef or pork salami, this would have to be an ideal addition to an antipasto platter.

While donkey is a relatively lean meat (more so than horse), it can still be roasted. Indeed, roasted donkey is reputed to have been a favourite dish of North Korean leader Kim Jong-II and it's also served across Russia. If you roast it yourself, you'll need to keep basting the donkey meat during cooking (much like you would a deer) in order to keep the meat moist. Again, the advice is to cook it low and slow.

Given what we know about donkey meat, I'd recommend a young mediumbodied red wine like Carmenère as an ideal accompaniment to a donkey meal. The fruits, spices and berry flavours of this varietal, combined with the gentler and softer tannins (compared to Cabernet Sauvignon) - and the dark chocolate, tobacco, and leather flavouroids - would be an ideal complement to the meat.

What to drink with donkey



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Bottom left: No place I'd rather be, Will





Goat across the dam, Joy Wood.



Searching, Shane Argent.

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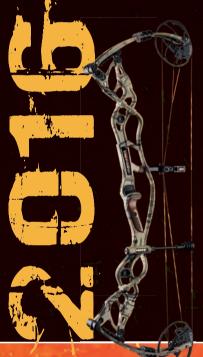














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The bowhunting ATHIRIES

The climb to Thompson's Peak was brutal. August is one of the hottest months in California and I was experiencing the wrath of its 100-degree-plus temperatures. Sweat poured down my back and stung as it dripped into my eyes. It was my first trip to the mountain range known as the Trinity Alps to bowhunt for deer and black bear. And as I hiked up the steep ridge, I was sure it would be my last. With the lack of shade from any tree, my bowhunting companion Rob Kempton and I struggled upward, positive that no one could be as tough as the two of us. The 4516 backpack seemed to get heavier with each step and the temperature seemed to get hotter and hotter. The handle on my Brackenbury recurve bow was not to the touch and in my heart I was praying for a high-country storm to bring rain and the hope of cooler temperatures. My lungs burned and my legs ached. Somehow the words of Shakespeare Seemed appropriate, " Angels and ministers of grace, defend us." If they could defend me, now would be a good time. Because I had trained for such an experience I was able to go on. The countless hours of running, doing squats and other leg exercises gave me the strength and endurance I needed. As painful as it was that day, I wondered what would have happened if I had not trained. That night as Rob and I sat around a back-country campfire and watched an inquisitive young buck deer walk into camp to within touching distance of the two of us, I was glad for my physical preparation to get to where I was, especially in one of the most inhospitable countries on the planet.



John A. Barlow

Facing page: Running
up moderate or
steep inclines is
great preparation for
bowhunting in the
mountains; running
up and down stadium
stairs is a great way to
build leg strength and
balance.

That bowhunt took place thirty years ago, before the term 'hunter athlete' came into being and definitely before working out to bowhunt became popular. In 1985, bowhunter and outdoor writer Dwight Schuh published a book entitled *Hunting Open Country Mule Deer*. In the book Schuh spends considerable time talking about the importance of

physical conditioning. Schuh was, and still is today, a back-country bowhunter.

His premise is that in order to take animals, a bowhunter will have greater success if he gets away from other hunters and deeper into rich game territory. While that may not be true in all cases, it has been my experience that Schuh's rationale is sound. Game animals, when hunted, become very reclusive. Getting away from the madding crowds and deeper into the animal's homeland increases the odds in the bowhunter's favour, be it in the mountains or plains.

On your last bowhunt, did you find yourself taking more rests than usual? Or when you spotted game, did you hesitate? Were you reluctant

to make the stalk because it was just too far away, or the hill was just too steep? In most cases, the successful bowhunter becomes successful because he does make that stalk. or he does climb that steep hill, or hunts just a little longer, even when he wants to call it quits and return to camp.

Whatever the reason may be, if we have the confidence to go on because we have prepared for such scenarios physically, we will do it ... and that is often the difference between success and failure.

Legs and lungs

In his book Back Country Bowhunting: A Guide to the Wild Side, Cameron Hanes, a well-known bowhunter around the world and one who knows the meaning of hard

core, makes a fitting statement: "Keep in mind that for the most part, everything you do in the woods starts and ends with the legs."

Without strong legs, it becomes very difficult to climb up and down mountains and hills and cover great distances which many bowhunts require. Where I live, bowhunting means climbing. With several ranges of tall mountains spanning the western country, most game animals are going to be in high areas. To reach them you are going to have to climb. But even bowhunting on flat pieces of landscape is going to require some form of leg strength. Walking through thick brush and grasses that pull at your body can be exhausting and it is that exhaustion that often causes you to be less than your best as a bowhunting predator.

Does all this mean that you and I are going to have to train to run marathons? Well no, not necessarily.







Cycling or using a stationary bike can build leg strength as well as strengthening the lungs.

It does mean, however, that we might have to step it up a notch regarding our preparation.

Running, cycling, walking and climbing with a loaded pack on your back or lifting weights, are all good disciplines to help gain and maintain leg strength. A friend of mine often shoots at a local archery club. A routine he has developed in his practice is to shoot at a target, lay down his bow and then run up a nearby hill and back again. Not only does this help him physically, but because his heart is beating at a rapid pace

when he comes back and picks up his bow to shoot it again, he must learn to calm himself down mentally and physically so he can make a good shot. He says it helps to put him in a bowhunting scenario, like when he sees game and his heart begins to involuntarily beat faster. The important thing is to do something on a regular basis, both to gain leg strength and to strengthen your lungs for the oxygen intake which most bowhunts require.

My routine consists of weight training one day followed by some kind of aerobic training the next. With leg training, I like to mix it up. Running or doing squats or cycling, which is my favourite, all help to keep my legs strong and my lungs ready. Mixing your routine will help to ward off boredom and keep you enthused.

Upper body

If you will be wearing a backpack to carry in supplies to your bowhunting area, or better yet, using one to pack out a game animal to your vehicle, then upper body strength



will play an important role. This does not mean that you need to have huge muscles. It does mean, however, that your upper body needs to be strong. Big bulging muscles do not always equate with strength. I know men and woman who are very muscular but have very little upper body strength. I also know men and woman who are small in stature but are very strong. Lifting weights can be a very beneficial exercise. The family room in my home is full of them and my two sons and I use them on a daily basis. But there are also other exercises that may be just as beneficial.

In the book, No Shortcuts To The Top. famous Everest climber Ed Viesturs tells how he went to a gym near his home to prepare for a climb by doing traditional weight lifting. While in the gym, Viesturs was approached by a man who helped him change his workout so Viesturs could do what he did best—climb high mountains. Instead of more pushing type exercises, Viesturs' new mentor encouraged him do more pulling type exercises, such as pull-ups using only the tips of his fingers, and one-arm rowing exercises. In the end, Viesturs's hands and forearms became incredibility strong. That, coupled with exercises like running steep inclines over and over again, helped the climber reach his goals.

Before you start an exercise program, first look at the terrain and the type of bowhunting you are going to be doing. Do some research and find a program that will work for you.

The weight factor

Many bowhunters go to great lengths and expense to secure equipment that is the lightest on the market to accompany them on their hunts. Each season bow manufac-







You can cross-train your body by running and mixing upper body exercises like pushups into your routine: there are other less conventional ways to gain strength other than lifting weights in the gym.

turers, clothing companies and other makers of hunting equipment lure us in with claims that their products are the lightest, strongest and easiest to carry. And, to be honest, many times they are.

But the weight we have most control over is not our equipment, but rather our own body weight. Before you rush out and open your wallet to buy the latest in ultra-light bowhunting or backpacking equipment, consider the weight that you carry everyday-your physical body. It may be a better and healthier choice to lose some unwanted pounds. As a high school track and field coach I have seen countless examples of what happens when an individual, young or old, loses weight and commits to a healthy and fit lifestyle. Fitness lies in making correct choices-drinking water instead of sugar-filled soft drinks, eating more fruits and vegetables instead of processed foods and of course being more active, like taking a walk with your wife or children instead of sitting on the sofa all day watching sporting events.

Then, when we choose to go on a bowhunt, we are more apt to enjoy the physical challenges that bowhunting often brings. Not only will we with-

stand such challenges, but we will look forward to them, knowing that the challenges are easily within our limits.

If unwanted weight is a challenge for you, then start with simple things to get rid of it. As mentioned, running and walking can be very beneficial as well as other types of aerobic exercises. Diet, however, plays the biggest part in my experience. Eating wholesome foods and watching how much you eat are very important. There are dozens of books on the market to help you in your journey. Study some of them and you will get a clear idea of what a healthy diet should look like.

The seasoned bowhunter

Many of my friends have given up bowhunting, citing their age as the reason. "I just can't do it anymore," is the excuse I hear most often. And who am I to judge? Maybe they can't. At 62 years of age a few things have changed for me. As my 93-year-old father-in-law reminds me, "John, you are not a spring chicken anymore!" Well, maybe he is right. But when I see legends like the late Fred Bear who bowhunted into his golden years and American bowhunters like Larry D. Jones and Dwight Schuh who are close to 70 years old, or Chuck Adams who is a little older than I am and is still bowhunting, I get motivated. Motivated to do everything I can to stay in the type of shape that will keep me bowhunting. It's true that I do not hike as fast as I once did, but to be honest, slowing down just a little often plays big dividends when it comes to spotting and getting close to game.

Just a few weeks ago, my two sons, my wife and I backpacked into one of my favourite bowhunting areas in the Trinity Alps. The hike was a challenge due to extreme heat and air filled with smoke from nearby wild fires. It felt like the mountain was burning up. But at the end of the day, I sat looking over a high alpine meadow, watching for deer. The sun was setting in the west, and the sky was a brilliant red as the sun poked its way through the smoky haze. I realised at that moment, I did not want to be any place else. And I was glad I had done everything I could to be there.





t had been around 16 years since I had last shot a longbow—back in the late 80s and 90s I took some great game including buffalo, scrub bull and tusky boars with a 70# Woomera longbow and a 72# Taipan longbow, both Aussie made.

I then started hunting exclusively with a Huntsman Recurve in the late 90s and am still using the same bow today. I have also played with the odd compound bow.

In early 2014 while travelling, I called in at Gosford to visit Nick Lintern of Norseman Bows. After some discussion and shooting some of Nick's different designs of longbows, I decided on a straight laid 68-inchlong Valkyrie at 62# draw weight.

In around six weeks Nick had the bow shipped to me in Victoria. After a

bit of bare-shaft tuning I had the 500 spine carbon shafts with 200gr field points flying sweetly.

After a long, cold, wet winter in the bottom of Victoria and SA, we crossed the border at Mildura and headed northwest into the dry country to do some hunting.

I got permission on a couple of properties in the Cobar area. It was very dry and both the places had been de-stocked because of the drought. There were plenty of goats about, but due to the amount of mustering they were only small and none of trophy quality so we turned to whistling foxes. It was amazing how many were in this arid country.

Our next stop was at a property about 300km west of Bourke which was also very dry and the only water around was in dams, though the pigs were still digging around in the dry lignum swamps and there was some good quality goats watering at the dams.

The new longbow performed brilliantly, with most shots being complete pass-throughs on goats and pigs.

On our travels heading back to North Queensland, we stopped in to catch up with friends in Inverell and Glen Innes. While we were there, my mate Mato came down from Brisbane for a hunt on goats and foxes. We were in the hills one morning and I was doing the fox calling for Mato and I couldn't believe it when a fallow spiker came in from my side to the call! I was in the best position so I nocked an arrow and hit the deer



with a chest shot from around 20m—my first deer with the longbow.

July 2015 saw us heading to the Northern Territory to do some travelling and hunting. While in Arnhem Land I had arranged with Graham Williams from Australian Buffalo Hunters to do some guiding and help out in camp with his overseas hunting clients.

Over those couple of weeks we had seen some great trophy bull buffalo and a couple of spectacular buffalo cows with long sweeping horns.

I have taken two bulls previously, one with a longbow back in 1988 and one with the recurve in 2001. Now I was keen to get one off these big cows with my new Norseman bow, so after some discussion with Graham he agreed and we arrived at a fair price for the trophy.

That next afternoon I drove out to an area for my hunt. I spotted a goodsized buff with very long wide horns wallowing in a mud hole about 100m off the river so I ducked over the river bank and worked my way around to get the wind right and some better cover for a stalk.

As I closed the gap, the buff left the wallow and started feeding in my direction. I quickly crawled into some shade and waited in the sparse waist high grass. I anticipated that the buff would feed toward me and that I would get a broadside shot at around 8m, but at the last minute she turned and instantly was at 5m.

This was by no means a good scenario for safety or shot placement. I stayed crouched in the sparse

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cover, quickly deciding my options as the gap closed to 3m. The buffalo lifted its head and peered down at me crouched at full draw, and within that split second I picked the spot I needed to hit the heart and released the arrow. The buffalo reeled from the movement and the arrow contact. I stayed crouched with another arrow on the string and watching as the buff walked some 20m away with its head down. Within a minute it was all over and the buffalo was

down and lay motionless.

I was stoked ... another buffalo with the longbow, and what a beautiful trophy—each horn measured 42 inches long with a total score of 104 points.

I walked back and got the ute and used a rope to pull the buffalo upright to get some good photos before removing the trophy horns and some meat for camp.

Prior to the hunt I had done some extensive testing of broadhead

weights and shaft spines to get the best arrow flight and penetration combination required for a buffalo kill. I used a 400 spine weighted carbon shaft with a 190gr Tusker Concorde broadhead with steel adaptor (315gr) and a total arrow weight of 1000gr. The arrow penetrated the buffalo's chest 26 inches, hitting the heart for a quick clean kill. The combination of a Tusker broadhead and the Valkyrie longbow proved incredibly effective.

The longbow performed brilliantly, with most shots on goats and pigs being pass-throughs.











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ED LANSKE



here is more to Northern India than the magnificent Taj Mahal, as Ingrid and I were about to discover. On our journey through Rajasthan we visited many Maharaja palaces, temples and enormous castles—or forts, as they are called in India.

Many savage battles had been fought between the Hindu Kings and the Mughal Emperors. On our trip, we visited among other places the Red Fort in Delhi, the Amber Fort in Jaipur, the huge Mehrangarh Fort in Jodhpur—one of India's largest and most impressive fortresses. It was described by Rudyard Kipling, as the creations of Angels, Fairies and Giants. All these hilltop forts surrounded by kilometres of walls, towers and bastions were very impressive,

but it was the history of the ancient Fort of Chittorgarh that left a lasting impression on us.

Gunpowder came relatively late to India. Most of the battles were fought with bow and arrow, sword and lance. In my collection of antique weapons, I also own several arrows from Rajasthan. The arrows are unique in their appearance—some have broadheads and some have points similar to our field points. Those points are very heavy so as to pierce armour, which to a large extent was made of leather.

The arrows are made of reed or bamboo. The shafts fitted with broadheads are 27in to 28in in length. The arrowheads are two bladed 2 ½in to 4in in length and 6/8in wide for a total of approximately 30in. The armourpiercing arrow's shaft length is 24in,

the very heavy point 3 ½ in to 4in long for a 28in total.

Some of the other arrows have a variety of points, pyramid shaped, square or triangular. Some are just round with needle-sharp points. The points are inserted to the shaft and bound tightly with fine thread. Several have wraps of silk with traces of painting on them.

One arrow shows a lot of care and imagination with the point fastened with copper rings with bone inlay. The nocks are rather large and carved of wood. The arrows had been four-fletched with 5in feathers. Unfortunately none of the fletching has remained. These arrows had been shot out of recurve bows with heavy thick strings and drawn with thumb rings. Most of these thumb

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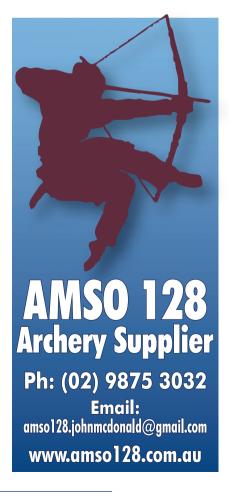


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rings were made of horn, ivory or jade.

Ever since I have had these arrows in my possession I have wanted to know more about the history of them. I knew they were classified as of Indo-Persian origin and came from Rajasthan. In the armouries of the forts that we visited, we were able to establish the approximate age of my arrows. As an educated guess they were made in the 16th century.

To understand the complexity of the history of Chittorgarh Fort, we have to go back to the history of Rajasthan. Rajasthan, in the northwest of India, was known as the Land of Kings.

This diverse State is the home of the Raiputs, a group of warrior clans who controlled this part of India for 1000 years. The Raiputs had a strict code of honour similar to that of the European medieval knights.

While temporary alliances and marriages of convenience were the order of the day, pride and independence were always paramount. The Rajputs were therefore never able to present a united front against a common aggressor. Much of their energy was spent squabbling among themselves and the resultant weakness led to their becoming vassal states of the Mughal Empire.

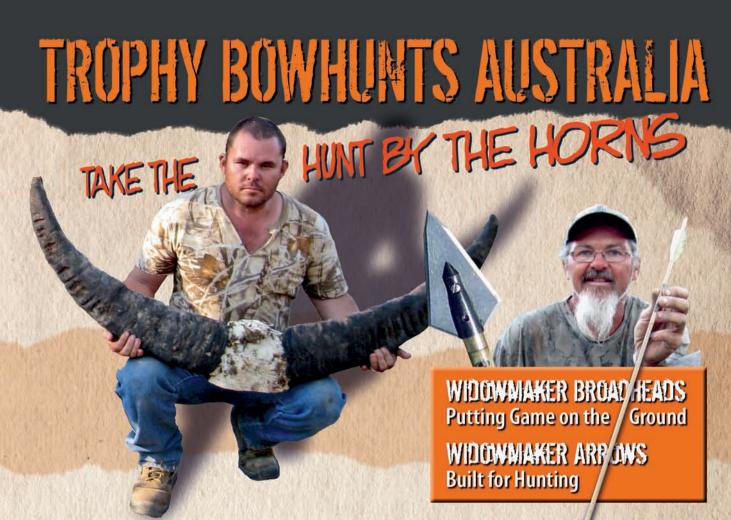
Rajput warriors would fight against all odds and when no hope was left, chivalry demanded that 'jauhar' be declared. In this grim ritual, the women and children committed suicide by immolating themselves on a huge funeral pyre, while the men donned saffron robes and rode out to confront their enemy and certain death. In some of the larger battles, tens of thousands of Rajput warriors lost their lives in this way. Three times in Chittorgarh's long history the women consigned themselves to the flames while the men rode out to their martyrdom. The same tragic fate befell many other forts around the states.

Chittogarh's first defeat occurred in 1303 when Ala ud din Khilji the Pathan King of Delhi besieged the fort. He was told that Rani Padmini the wife of Rana Ratan Singh was extremely beautiful. He moved with his army for several hundreds of kilometres from Delhi to Chittorgarh and demanded to see Padmini, a request that was bluntly refused by the King. After the siege that lasted six month the King was forced to grant the Pathan King's wish to see Padmini. According to legend, Padmini was sitting in her pavilion and Allauddin was permitted to see her reflection in the mirror in the palace. This glimpse was enough to convince him to destroy Chittorgarh in order to possess her. When the defeat was inevitable, the Rajput noblewomen including Padmini committed 'jauhar' and Ratan Singh led the orange-clad noblemen out to their death.

In 1535 it was Bahadur Shah, the Sultan of Gujarat, who besieged the fort and once again chivalry determined the outcome. This time the carnage was immense. It is said that 13,000 Rajput women and 32,000 Rajput warriors died following the declaration of 'jauhar'.

The final defeat of Chittorgarh came just 33 years later in 1568, when the Mughal Emperor Akbar laid siege to the town. Once again the fort was defended heroically, but also once again the odds were overwhelming and the women performed 'jauhar'. The fort gates were flung open and 8000 orange-clad warriors rode to their death. Finally in 1616, Jehangir returned Chittorgarh to the Rajputs, but it was never resettled again.

We were fascinated by the history of Rajasthan. A journey to India was never on our bucket list but we feel richer for our experience and as a bonus I got to know more about my collection of arrows.



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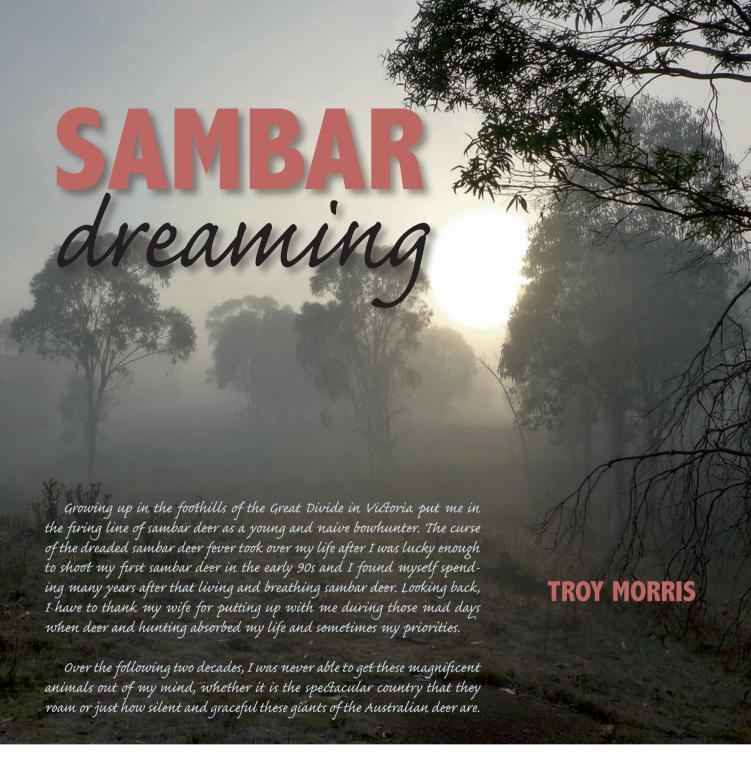
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was organising my vehicle for the dreaded trip across the Nullarbor for hog deer season 2015 when I received a phone call from Russell Cornall. He was ringing to see if I was interested in heading up to the high country to have a look at his property. Russell explained that he was looking at setting the property up to run semi-guided sambar deer hunts for bowhunters. I struggled

to hold the excitement back while speaking to Russell, and with that plans were made to spend a few days at his property before hog deer season opened.

Doug Bourman, my son Nigel and I had made the long trip across the paddock from Perth to East Victoria and four days later we were deep in the Victorian high country, with a four-day window to hunt sambar deer.

Meeting up with Russell at his cabin deep in the mountains was a great moment; to be in such a magnificent place with top company is what our sport is all about. Russell is a man who doesn't muck around when it comes to hunting. Within an hour of our arrival, the Patrol had been unpacked, bows loaded with arrows, camo gear put on and we were off to check out the top pad-

docks. Russell was eager to show us the deer runs, game trails and pop holes that the deer use to move in and out of his paddocks. The thick impenetrable vegetation that twisted and veered off below the mountain tops of his property made this place unique and ideal for bowhunters.

Nigel had hunted sambar deer once with me as a young 12-yearold and this was Doug's first time in the Victorian mountains so it was pretty much new territory to both of them-and there's nothing like a good introduction to an infested dogwood mountain! We left the vehicle high up on a saddle and dropped straight over the edge of the mountain. By the time we spent two hours checking out the impressive amount of deer sign, we had seen three hinds and Doug got the chance to stalk a hind that was amazingly feeding in an open paddock with cattle. Unfortunately the cattle spooked and sent the deer scattering. The rest of the afternoon was spent sitting on different pop holes until darkness engulfed the countryside. Our stories were all the same that night, with no deer movement from the pop holes to report.

The next morning, under the cover of darkness, we crept across the open paddocks before separating to head towards our stands. I had only walked about 300m when I heard the first honk from a sambar and then I could hear them going off all over the place. Something that you will never forget is a close encounter with a sambar deer when they honk at you, it doesn't matter how much you have heard that sound, it scares the hell out of you! The rest of the morning was a little quieter-I had a hind stand and stare at me at 20m from my stand, but unfortunately it was just off good shooting light. Nigel and Doug didn't see any other deer for the rest of the morning. Doug was still buzzing from all the action of the deer honking at him as he made his way into his stand that morning. We spent the middle of the day setting up a tree stand in a lightly timbered gully that contained well used game trails coming from the valley below. We headed to the stands early that afternoon, with all of us a little too keen.

The sambar is a highly alert animal and moves through even the most densely vegetated bush making little to no noise, so I told Nigel and Doug not to go shooting any foxes or rabbits in the first or last hour of day so as not to spook any deer. So here I was, sitting in the tree stand and I had a fox sniffing around right

in front of me! I sat back and watched the fox scratching around until he decided to move off under my stand and was heading back up the valley for the open paddocks.

Suddenly I had drawn my bow as I twisted around and waited for the fox to clear a large tree stump that I had ranged the distance of earlier. The mountain fox didn't move another foot as the arrow did its job (bugger, I had some explaining to do!). Another hour ticked by when something caught my eye while I was peering through my binos. The dark object I was staring at turned out to be a spikey stag as he moved slowly through the scrub in the thicket of the gully, then a pair of velvet antlers



appeared in my binos. The antlers belonged to approximately a 15-inch stag and they were heading my way.

My feet were twitching like mad as I clipped my release aid on the string and got ready. I could hear them moving and could tell they were just off the bush line when I felt a breeze on the back of my neck and then silence. The silence was broken by a honk and the sound of deer crashing through the bush ... and I watched the stag, the spikey stag and a hind that I had not previously seen disappear into the thicket of the adjacent hillside. Nigel and Doug had a quieter afternoon with no deer movement.

Over the next two days, Doug played a cat and mouse game with several different deer as they crossed game trails heading back into the thicket of the bush both mornings. Nigel glassed two hinds in the bottom of an open gully one morning and he put plenty of deer up and sent them crashing off into the safety of bush, with the wind being the number one enemy on most encounters. I watched two hinds and a good stag early one morning as they moved along a fenceline, but unfortunately it was too dark to take a range reading or shoot.

During the middle of the third day,

I broke through the dogwood and blackberries into a thick open fern section ... what a great place this would be for a deer to be bedded up, I thought as I admired the scene ...

Russell took us to a different part of the property that contained a large valley system that was ideal for a stalk. We split up and headed off up three separate gullies that branched off the main valley. The gully I was contouring along was quite thick with dogwood as I made my way toward its head. Arriving at the head of the gully, I cut across to the opposite side following a well used game trail that had fresh deer tracks impregnated along its path.

I broke through the dogwood and blackberries of the gully floor into a thick open fern section that brought me to a sudden halt. What a great place for a deer to be bedded up in, I thought as I admired the sun shining over the fern patch. I nocked an arrow and stood sentry for about

10 minutes before conceding and putting my arrow back in the quiver, I must have only taken three steps when a large stag sprang from out of the ferns and crashed off into the bush 15m from me. He had a great set of antlers that he tucked back along his body as he disappeared in full stride into the thicket. Bugger! I was shattered as I left the gully floor and cut high up the mountainside out of the dogwood and proceeded back down the ridgeline towards the vehicle.

Not far from the vehicle and just off the fringe of the paddock, I could see a shallow ferny basin with streaks of sun shining over it a couple of hundred metres away. I couldn't help myself-I just had to go and investigate further—so I slowly made my way along a game trail and edged up to a large log lying adjacent to the ferny basin. With an arrow nocked, I stood motionless for quite some time before quietly climbing up on the log and peering over the ferns and fallen timber for what seemed like forever.

I finally conceded and stepped down to cut through the basin floor, but as soon as my boot touched the ground something caught my attention just off to my left-a stag had stood up from amongst the ferns and was staring at me from 20m away! My bow was pointing forward so I ever so slowly pivoted around, not taking my eyes off the stag and ever so gently raised the bow. The stag was still fixated on me as I slowly and painfully drew the bow. My cams had just hit the draw stop when he honked and burst off across the hillside. I watched him disappear then slumped back against the log and gathered my emotions; I was totally shattered but pumped at the same time as I made my way back to the vehicle and told the lads what had happened. The rest of that afternoon was spent back in our stands. It



turned out to be a quiet night with no deer movement.

It was our last morning on the property. I had decided to do a big hike back towards the country we had hunted the day before. Doug and Nigel dropped me off on their way to stands well before sunrise. My plan was to hunt a large valley system further back from the gully where I had previously put up the stags. I climbed straight up the open mountain face before daylight, just making it to the top of the spur as daylight shined through the mountain canopy. I contoured around the mountain making it to the start of the valley by 7.00am, with the wind drifting ever so softly down the valley I steadily made my way up the right side of the gully, staying about 100m up from the gully floor.

The hillside was choked with dogwood and patches of blackberries that contained fresh deer tracks and droppings. As I twisted my way through the vegetation, most of the deer sign was indicating the deer were moving further up the side to the fringe of the dogwood. Over the period of the morning, I contoured the side of the gully following fresh deer tracks along their game trails, stopping and glassing over the bush

below every 5m or 10m. The deer activity along the mountainside kept me focussed as I finally crept my way to the head of the gully about 100m from the top of the mountain.

The time was now approaching 9.30am; we had planned to meet back at the cabin by 10 o'clock to start packing the vehicle. I decided to push my time in the mountains out for another half an hour and sit back, have a bite to eat while overlooking the valley and enjoying the serenity of my surroundings. I had just finished eating a Mars bar when something below in the thicket of the basin made the sound of a stick breaking and then another soft crack. I reached over and slid an arrow from the quiver and clicked it

I proceeded to ever so gently step
my way through a maze of fallen
timber and when I raised my head
I was confronted by a large sambar
stag staring at me...

on the string as I glassed through my binos into the dense bush below. There was no sign of movement through the binos and the noise had stopped.

I decided to dig into my back pack for something else to eat when I heard something ever so softly moving below again. This time I stood up, bow in hand, and glassed the area for about 10 minutes before deciding I was hearing things and proceeded to sit down and eat my muesli bar. Crack, I heard it again and this time it sounded as if the noise was moving back off to my left in the direction that I had just contoured on. Quietly, I slid my backpack on and with my arrow nocked I tiptoed back along the game trail, scanning the bush around me.

I proceeded to ever so gently step my way through a maze of fallen timber and when I raised my head I was confronted by a large sambar stag staring at me as he stood face on. Instantly he dropped down and ran around a group of trees that separated us. I drew and spun around, following the stag. For some reason he propped and looked back at me peering around the trees. In what seemed like a split second I leaned forward to







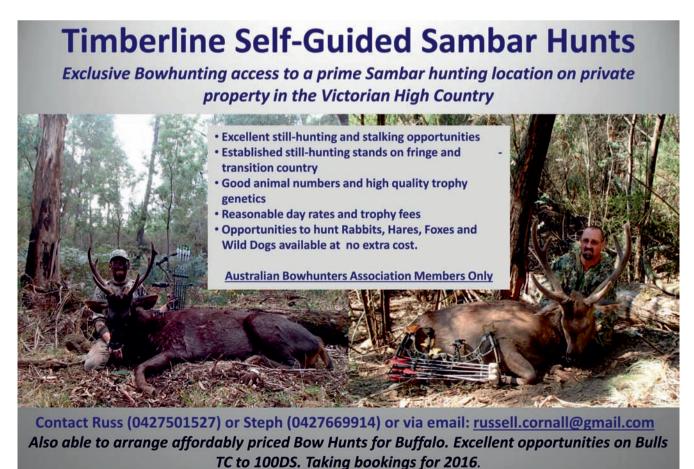
the opposite side of the trees and placed my top pin in behind the stag's shoulder and released. The stag dropped and tumbled backwards down the hill ... with me in close pursuit. I would not normally take this approach, but because the bush was so thick I was not taking any chances and was trying to keep him in my vision. The stag stumbled 50m down into the gully and expired quickly amongst the wattle trees; I couldn't believe what just happened as I sat and admired this magnificent animal. Emotions flowed over as I finally came to grips that my dreams over many years had become reality.

I would like to thank Russell for giving me an opportunity to hunt such a great place and fulfilling a lifetime goal that I thought would never be fulfilled. Over a period of four days we had seen 23 sambar

The writer of this story wins a sharing the moment (from pack of three left)— Doug Bourman, Russell BONECRUSHER BROADH compliments of Cornall, Troy and his son Nigel with the magnificent sambar stag.

deer between us-seven stags and 16 hinds-which is an unbelievable amount of deer when hunting sambar.

If you would like to stack the odds in your favour and you are interested in hunting Australia's most elusive deer in the heart of the Victorian high country, then contact Russell Cornall on 0427 501 527. Hunting is semi-guided, with excellent day rates and trophy fees.



Hontside Honthe zone

The written word

by Nils Spruitt

Ducks, like all birds, have magnificent eyesight and the ability to see colour—or so I am told—but I was confident the pair of blackies circling around the small dam had yet to see me even though their flight path had twice taken them over the top of my position. My hunch proved to be correct when on their third pass the landing gear was lowered, flaps put down and the air brakes applied just moments before they cruised in for an effortless landing upon the still waters. As if enjoying

a moment of self-congratulation in the wake of their pinpoint landing, a brief flap of wings was followed by a delicate preening then all was still as the birds relaxed.

I would dearly love to take a photograph of what I had just witnessed. Especially that precise moment, a split second before touchdown, when the bird's body is braced and held upright for maximum wind resistance, webbed feet splayed out ready for the landing. To capture that on a still would be wondrous indeed.

Such a sight is what waterfowlers the world over hold dear to their hearts. It's a picture made famous by many artistic prints, several of which I once had framed and on display in my study (somewhere along the way the word study has been lost and replaced with the repulsive title 'man cave'). To add that little special touch I used to have half a dozen or so ducks mounted and on display around the prints. That was years ago and I miss it.

Waterfowling was the love of



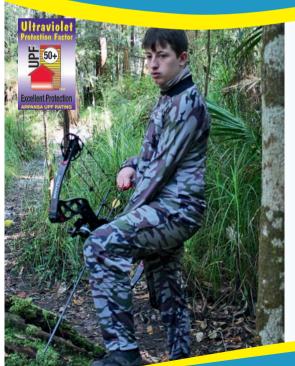
my life even though I hunted a lot of alternate game, both big and small. It holds a special place in my heart and is the only firearm-related hunting I miss. Not that I was one of those dedicated bird men who would spend long hours standing in a rough blind surrounded by artificial decoys, patiently waiting for a passing flight. I learnt the art of waterfowling by dam jumping my birds on rural properties near home. I am sorry now I never did try the more traditional ways, but to do that meant a very long drive to one of the inland lakes situated way down south where duck shooting was allowed. It also meant the inevitable confrontation with the antiduck shooters. I have never been one for face-to-face confrontation. especially when the other side has the media in tow. We all know how it ends no matter how good an orator you happen to be. You simply cannot beat film editors, cutting room floors

and an anti-hunting agenda.

Nevertheless, at that particular moment relaxed as I was, lying on the side of a hill glassing for game, the thought did occur to me, should I go down that path again? Purchase another shotgun and try my luck on the fast flying birds? The only problem is it will probably be just like my bowhunting. Pathetic comes to mind but I feel that is being a bit harsh. Then again, I do seem to miss far more shots at game than anyone else-at least, that's how it seems when I read the plethora of hunting stories in magazines and books. Perhaps I am just too damn honest whenever I write a few lines about my little adventures (or more to the point, misadventures). Other than my own admissions and those of one or two other saps, what other authors or writers openly admit to missing more game than they take? Very few ... or so it seems.

Reading has been one of my hobbies ever since I can remember. I have always had a fair-sized library at home and I add new volumes every month or so. As I write this, I am awaiting three new titles to arrive in the post. My love is books pertaining to the outdoors and the hunting of game and this does include some firearm-related books as well as those on bowhunting. I have a particular fondness for the older works penned during the times of yore when hunting was not politically incorrect and restrictions were few. Big game hunting in Africa was a true adventure back then, not the commercial money-making machine it is now. Animals were free to come and go as they pleased and 'safaris' were conducted for months on end with an army of porters, gun bearers and several big game rifles chambered for cigar-sized cartridges with big numbers and all

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ending in the word 'Nitro Express'.

Back then there were no motor vehicles to traverse the land, no spas to ease the pains of a particularly tiresome day, no swimming pools (unless you count the crocodileinfested rivers) and an abundance of game of the like which will never again be seen. This was the era of hard men and hard times. It was hunting few of us will ever experience. I have no doubt some would find the very concept of such hunts disgusting. I will be honest and say the slaying of elephants for their ivory and rhino because of their nuisance value, is not something I hold dear to my heart, but attitudes were different back then. For example, in 1909 Teddy Roosevelt's much vaunted safari in central Africa received a lot of positive media attention and his exploits were published in chronicles all around the world. I just cannot imagine that happening now.

What I also like about the older hunting books is that all the authors had a great respect for the animals they hunted and it shows in their writing even though some hunted nothing but man-eaters. To be sure, a great many big game animals died at their hands, but to a man they were not without remorse and some actually tried to give back something of what they had taken. Many of these big-game hunters were either directly or indirectly involved in the creation of the world's great game reserves and national parks. This is a subject the animal rights people tend to conveniently forget or never mention.

There is a certain romanticism associated with these older tomes. It is difficult for me to explain but very few of the more modern works have the ability to capture the imagination like Hemingway, Taylor, Selous, Corbett, Patterson, Ruark and quite few others. And yes they missed a few shots here and there and they admit

it. Too many of today's books centre around self-congratulation and egotism based upon the achievement of a specific goal or more correctly, a certain grand slam. Somewhere along the way the concept of telling the truth has also been lost or at least, distorted.

In my library are also works by Hill. Bear and Swinehart to name a few of the bowhunting pioneers. All good books but not without some controversy and by that I mean the distance at which they took shots at game. I also found Hill's book Hunting the Hardway to be a bit of a double standard. On one hand he strongly advocates only taking shots at close range (maximum range formulated by the poundage of the bow you use) and yet he rather glowingly reports on game he shot at extreme ranges and beyond. Even Bear admits to shooting his tiger at 70-plus yards although in his defence he does give a valid reason for taking the shot. But what you rarely read in any of these books are detailed stalks where the end result was a miss on the target animal. Why is that? Perhaps they never missed a shot ... but I find that concept highly suspect.

Maybe the authors did not want to openly show some weakness or character flaw as after all, they were and still are placed on some very high pedestals by devout followers. But to err is human and any bowhunting story where every stalk ends in a kill is not one I put much faith in. So much so, I actually start to look at the whole account as more fiction than fact which is probably a little hard but I can't help that.

Magazines are notorious for this. I am not a big reader of periodicals even though there is a vast number of them available at most big newsagencies. I subscribe to one bowhunting magazine printed in the States and as a member of the ABA

I receive Archery Action. I purchase no others nor do I read any others. It has nothing to do with the actual quality of the stories; it is more based on the content. It is always the same synopsis ... I saw it, I stalked it and I shot it and here I am with the photo to prove it. No one seems to miss a shot or stuff up a stalk no matter what type of bow they use or the distance they shoot at. Inspiring stuff? Maybe to some, but not to me.

I would prefer to read I saw it, I tried to stalk it, but I blew it or I just never even saw the damn thing until it was too late. Not all the time, mind you, but every now and then would make a nice change. For starters, this gives credence to the author which in the world of corporate sponsorship, over exposure and outrageous self-promotion, is so very refreshing and downright honest.

I have spent enough time both on the range and hunting in the field to know I am not the only one who can muff a shot or blow a stalk. I have shot with some extremely good archers who through lots of regular practice and skill are at the pinnacle of their chosen sport but even they miss the A zone on Group 5s occasionally. I also hunt with a sighted compound shooter and I know firsthand just how good a shot Digsev is. I would place him well above average as far as accuracy is concerned and yet I have seen him miss-and on more than one occasion. So I ask myself, if it happens to us, why does it not occur to others?

This is especially so when said writers of such ilk do not seem to shoot on a regular basis and yet they can still pull out their Mathews, Hoyt, PSE or whatever once a blue moon or on a hunt and drive nails at 40m without fail. Either I am a complete dead loss when it comes to bow shooting (and then so too are my inner circle of friends), or the writer and teller of



such tales is utilising poetic licence a bit much. Just because we pen a few stories every now and then does not automatically qualify us as experts and I am sure we are not viewed as such. I am inclined to think we are more like entertainers than anything else-granted with little to no talent—but it is my hope some people actually read my articles and enjoy them. This is the reason I write them in the first place ... although I don't mind getting paid for what I enjoy doing either.

So what has all this to do with lazing on a hillside watching a couple of black ducks coming in to land and thinking I might take up waterfowling again? Actually... absolutely nothing but suffice to say, apart from

enjoying the late afternoon sunshine and contemplating hunters and hunting stores, I was glassing for pigs. And did I see any? Well, yes, as a matter fact.

Not long after the arrival of the ducks a small pig wandered out from a patch of blackberry and started mooching about not 40m from where I was trying to impersonate an astute bowhunter. To cut a long story short, I successfully stalked up close to the feeding porker (yeah, yeah ... boring), without walking on a stick or doing something really stupid like tripping over. (Not an uncommon occurrence with me, the treading on sticks bit, and I have fallen over once before!)

When I figured I had pushed my

luck to the absolute limit I stopped and took a photo of the pig feeding only 18m or so from me as the crow flies. I hope you like the photograph. A quick change of hats and I was no longer the wildlife photographer; I became a bowhunter. My first shot with the recurve at the slightly uphill but completely broadside boar whistled straight over the top of his shoulder and disappeared forever into the backdrop of blackberries. My second arrow was a repeat of the first and so was my third and then my fourth. Just when I figured I had his number, the blighter took offence at all the noise caused by passing missiles and decided to move off. That pig doesn't know how lucky he was-I am positive I would have nailed him with my fifth arrow.

Perhaps in hindsight, I am the only chap out there who does miss. I don't think anybody could match this episode. At least you know I must be telling the truth because only a complete idiot would make this up, let alone put it out there for all to see. And so I say this to Mr Garry Pitt the head honcho of Tusker Broadheads, should you be looking for a suitable bowhunter to sponsor with your fine Tusker range, look elsewhere as I don't really think I qualify, although I can utterly guarantee that your 125grn Spirits cut through blackberry like butter. Until next time.





runt, grunt, grunt, grunt ... finally I was in the right place at the right time. I thought the fallow grunt, or croak, had been going to leave me behind this year.

David Luxford and I had managed to get away mid-March, but it was really too early where we were hunting and there was nothing to be heard at all. A couple of long distance fleeting glimpses of bucks were all we got. We did see quite a few does though and David put in a good stalk to take one for meat. For one reason or another we couldn't get back out until nearer the end of April. It was starting to get a bit late in the month for the bucks to still be croaking by then, but you don't do any good sitting at home.

We were sitting at what had become our favourite place to listen. The light was just starting to make a smudge on the eastern sky and the mist was lifting enough that our binoculars were beginning to become useful. The buck mentioned at the start was croaking away just below us and as the light strengthened two more bucks joined in the challenge. This gave us a couple of options.

This was a relatively small block so we decided to hunt together. David was kind enough to offer me the first opportunity as he was aware that I was hanging out for a TC fallow, and he already had one. For reasons beyond

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my understanding I have never been in a position on a good fallow buck. It's certainly not for want of trying. Maybe if I had waited that little bit more on the smaller ones in the past the bigger ones may have given me an opportunity. The other deer species have given me their own problems from time to time, but the fallow just seems to be my nemesis deer. The other two were grunting a little more spasmodically.

As it was now light enough to shoot we decided that we would check out the buck below us first as he was making the most noise. We left our little hill and worked our way down a small ridge which by the sounds of things should put us within sight of the buck. At this point he really started making a racket so we made a relatively fast descent and located the buck almost straight away. When I say located, we could see his does, which were feeding just outside the bushline, but he was hanging back in the scrub a little. Try as we might, we could just not see his antlers well enough to decide how good he was.

The wind was well and truly in our favour so we decided to watch and wait to see what he would do rather than take the chance of either spooking him or one of his does. It took nearly 30 minutes, but eventually he came trotting out of the scrub to round up some of his does that had drifted a little further away than he liked. He was okay, but just not what I was after so we backed out and continued our way around the hill to one of the other bucks that was still grunting every now and then.

Surprisingly, it didn't take long to find him. As with the first buck, we spotted his does first and were just deciding on a plan when he came prancing over a small depression. He was showing a lot of interest in one particular doe, which he was aggressively pushing along. A quick look through the binos convinced me that he was definitely worth a closer inspection.

To get the wind in a more favourable position we had to swing back and around a small saddle then continue around the hill. The closer we got, the better he looked.

We stuck just inside the bushline and descended further down the hill, getting to within 50m or 60m of him. At this point, one of the does did one of those girly sprints they sometimes do, running flat out in a big circle for reasons that fail me.

As a result she ended up about 10m or so from us and right on the edge of our wind. I was pretty sure that she couldn't make us out but she had some clue that all things weren't as they seemed. She baulked and headed straight back to the mob. Initially she seemed to settle back down, but the rest of the herd just seemed a little more alert now and they began to filter off in the opposite direction to us. What had been looking like a good set up turned to garbage pretty quickly.

We tried a couple of grunts of our own to see if the buck could be fooled into checking out what the problem was, but it wasn't to be. I think they actually moved off a little faster! We either sounded like a bigger stag or nothing at all like a fallow buck; either way he was getting out of there. Rather than push them unnecessarily, a decision was made to check out the third buck we had heard earlier that morning and if that didn't work out we could follow this bloke up later when he had maybe settled a bit.

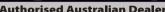
The third buck was playing the silent game at the moment, but when we'd last heard him he seemed to be grunting on a ridge behind our current position. We knew the general area and headed off back over the hill to have a look and a listen. Most of the area we were hunting in would be about half bush and half cleared farming land, ideal habitat for fallow deer. It also makes for good stalking opportunities.

Twenty minutes of walking had us overlooking the gully we were confident the buck was in so the best thing we could do was sit and listen rather than risk putting everything on alert. The gully was cleared in the bottom and had bush along the top of both ridges. We were sitting on one side expecting the buck we were looking for to be about the same height and somewhere roughly opposite. There were several eastern grey roos feeding in the bottom of the gully,



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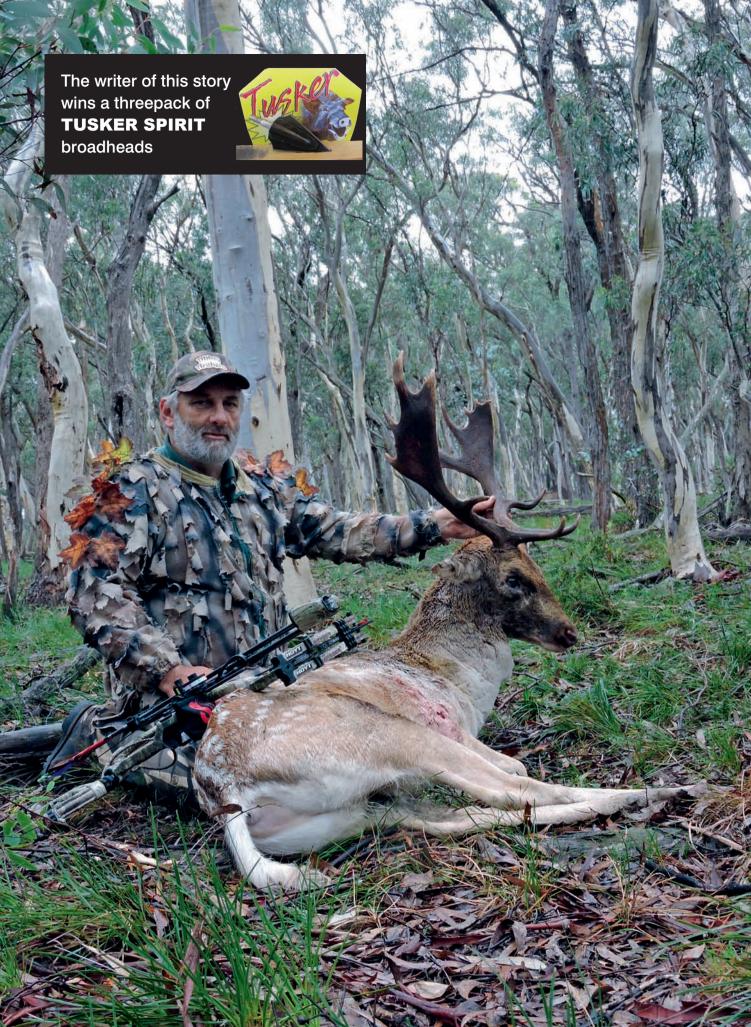




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but that was all we could see for the present.

About half an hour after setting up I was doing my now expert scan of the area with my binoculars, checking the bush and the open paddock, in a systematic pattern. As I moved the glasses down the face opposite, something caught my eye. There he was. A menal buck majestically standing there, surveying his turf ... and he looked a pretty good buck. I pointed him out to David and we were just devising a plan of attack when an unseen buck started with a few croaks in a patch of thick bush further up the head of the gully. What to do?

This new buck we couldn't see so we didn't know his size or how approachable he may be. The buck I could see was definitely what I was after and in a position for a stalk. Well, sort of. All I had to do was move down the gully 300m or 400m to get below the sight of the roos still feeding in the gully bottom, then come up an open paddock with one tree as cover, crawl through a three-strand wire fence, push past the tree using the lay of the land as further cover, then poke the top half of my body over the hill while at full draw, and then shoot the buck. No worries. Surprisingly, I actually achieved all of the above, but when I poked my head up the buck was no longer there.

My first thought was that I had stuffed the stalk somehow. Had I made some noise or movement that alerted him? Had some unseen wind drift given me away? I moved a little further forward hoping he had just moved out of my sight, nothing. Had I stuffed another opportunity? I broadened my search from the immediate area and caught a guick look of his rear end disappearing into the scrub about 100m away. He didn't appear to be alerted; maybe he was just checking on his does, which at this stage we hadn't seen.

I dropped back, picking up David as I went and telling him the buck had moved and that now we had to move up to the treeline. Picking a dead tree as reference for where the buck had vanished. I picked another to head towards. This should put me well above the buck again and hopefully in a position to plan further action. Arriving at the top, we paused to consider our options. Immediately, I felt David's tap on the shoulder and turned to see him pointing down the bushline. I looked, expecting to see the buck we

were following coming back out, but it was actually a brown buck of similar size heading into the bush where my deer had disappeared to.

A couple of seconds later we heard smash, smash. They were fighting. I took the opportunity to make some quick ground down the hill while they were concentrating on bashing each other up. I moved quickly to within 50m. The two bucks had their antlers locked together and were pushing each other backwards and forwards. They were working their way down the hill at about the same speed as I was approaching so I wasn't gaining any ground.

A small spiker had come to watch the contest. He was another obstacle I didn't need. He had caught my movement and was looking between me and the two fighting bucks. I knew I had to chance it otherwise the opportunity would be lost. I waited until the spikey was facing away from the two bucks and hoped that when I began to move down again he would just run off, and it worked. As soon as I moved he locked onto me but was obviously a bit distracted by the whole scenario and moved off without causing any drama. If he gave any warning then neither the still fighting bucks nor I heard it.

By now, the battling deer were pushing each other backwards and forwards in a show of strength. They seemed to be evenly matched in both body and antler. Hopefully this meant the fight would go on long enough to give me an opportunity to get in for a shot. Every time their heads were obscured by trees or their own bodies, I would make a little more ground. At 30m I decided I was close enough. I would take the first buck that gave me the best shot angle. After two more circles the menal buck offered the perfect broadside shot and I was ready. There was no reaction to the shot. They pushed again, backwards and forwards, one last time, then the menal buck went down. The brown buck looked on for about 10 seconds then trotted off the victor. Neither of the bucks ever knew that I was there.

I had finally broken the mozz. It had taken a while and a lot of hunting, but I now had all six deer species at ABA Record Class level.



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OUT OF THE BOX TO SHOOTING ON THE WORLD STAGE

Tuning your rest: Paper tune or not?

The old debate of whether or not to paper tune/bare shaft your arrows is something that has raged on for many decades. I have been asked more times than I can remember whether or not I bare shaft tune my bow, or if and how I paper tune my arrows. Over my many years of shooting I have tried paper tuning my arrows as well as bare-shaft testing, however I am yet to see any benefits to either method on my score card. In this article I will discuss some of the theory behind each method and conclude with the methods I use in setting up my arrow rests.



by STEVE CLIFTON

BARE SHAFT TUNING AND SPINE SELECTION

The first thing I will cover is bare shaft tuning and shaft selection. The basic idea behind bare shaft tuning is that you begin by shooting fletched arrows at the centre of the target (from about 15yd to 20yd away to begin with), and then shoot some bare shaft arrows afterwards. You compare where the fletched arrows land and where the bare shaft arrows land and make judgements about the spine of the shaft. This system works for recurve and finger shooters, but I am yet to see any evidence that it is beneficial for compound release shooters.

With compound release aids and

vertical arrow rests, the forces used in casting the arrow downrange differs to that of a finger shooter (both compound or recurve), and therefore has a different effect on how the arrow's spine influences the 'archer's paradox'. For finger shooters, bare shafting is definitely something you would want to use in selecting the right arrow for your bow. However, for the outdoor release shooters the best way I have found to select my arrow spine is using the manufacturers' charts (always being on the stiffer side of the tuning chart) and leaving the arrow shaft about 1in to 2in of overhang from the tip of my rest. Also, always start with the heaviest point available for your shaft (unless you are trying to get an increase in speed) as a heavier point is important in steering the arrow in the right direction (especially in the wind!).

After I have made up all my arrows, I then shoot my most common distance (which is 50m) and check out how they group. If they aren't grouping as well as I would like, I will either change my poundage up or down to see if a weaker arrow groups any better. It is very rare to have to mess around with arrow spine this much with a compound, as I have found that as long as you order the right spine (slightly stiff), have 1in to 2in overhang on your rest and use a heavy point (120g preferably), it's unlikely you will need to do anything more than tune your bow correctly and get the arrow rest set-up right.



INSTALLING AND TUNING THE ARROW REST

Before I discuss paper tuning, it might be best if I firstly discuss how I set up my arrow rest and get my centreshot set. I have tried several different arrow rests in the past and the most trustworthy and reliable rest I have found is the Trophy Taker series. For outdoor, I prefer to use the Spring Steel 2 Pro which has the two-hole blade and blade angle adjustment.

How I like to install my rest is firstly by angling the arrow rest slightly forward so that the bar of the rest doesn't hit my hand on the after shot (this varies for everyone, but the way I drop my bow after the shot it sometimes hits my hand). Then I like to install the 0.010in narrow blade so that the centre of the blade is 0.75 of an inch in from the riser. This is just a











standard starting point and may be changed in the future, but for now this is what it is set at. I then make sure my bottom nocking point is level with the tip of the blade and both are just slightly low of centre in the berger button hole.

The reason I like to have my arrow resting low on the berger button hole is that when the bow is canted slightly (even by mistake) it can cause the arrow to go either left or right, and the amount of left/right can be exaggerated by the distance between the arrow rest and your hand (pivot point). For this reason, I like to keep my arrow rest as low as practically possible (without hitting my hand with the fletches) to reduce this potential influence.

Now that the arrow rest is installed and set up, the next thing we need to do is get our centreshot aligned. There are a couple of theories on how to do this, but the simplest and most accurate way I have found is using the walk-back method. How I do this is I set my sight at the 50m mark and shoot an arrow at around 5m, and then another at 50m. The 5m test shows me where the arrow is coming out of the bow (I move the sight windage left/right to get it hitting the centre of the X), and the 50m shot shows whether the rest is in the centre of the riser. If the arrow at 50m lands to the left of the X, move the rest right to bring the arrow in line, and

the opposite if it lands left. Once the arrows are hitting the same place, I then set my sight to 70m and perform the 5m and 70m test again. Do not change your sight between the short/long shots; this needs to remain the same so that any differences in your sight angle do not influence where the arrow lands.

You should then be able to move your sight freely between 5m and 70m and the arrow should land directly in the middle of the target at each distance. If it is not, it is likely that your sight elevation is not correct and this will need to be adjusted.

PAPER TUNING OR NOT?

The next question I often get asked is whether I paper tune my arrow or not. The idea behind paper tuning your arrow flight is to get the arrow leaving the bow as straight as possible, leaving a 'bullet hole' when shot through paper. Now I do feel that paper tuning has a place in arrow and bow set-up, however I have found no real benefits to getting a 'bullet hole paper tune' over one slightly left, right or high. In fact, in several tests I have done my arrows actually grouped worse with a bullet hole tear compared with my usual of a slightly high tear.

It might be worth noting that if you are having very wild tears (after getting a centreshot set up correctly) the likelihood is that you are

shooting an arrow that is well underspined. I would first check this out before going any further as tuning a bow with a badly spined arrow will be counterproductive.

As I like to set my bottom nocking point level with the tip of the blade, this will cause the fletches to be slightly higher than the shaft and thus, I will always get a slightly high paper tear. This is desirable to me as it indicates that the fletches are above the rest blade when coming out of the bow, lowering the chance of any contact. This is the only factor that I use paper turning for. If there is a slight left or right tear, it doesn't concern me as I prefer to use group tuning methods (poundage adjustment, draw length tweaking et cetera) to get the arrows grouping as best they can, rather than to have the arrows flying perfect out of the bow and not behaving how they should.

Hopefully that gives another perspective on arrow rest set-ups, bare shaft tuning and paper testing. What is best for everyone to remember is that you don't have to follow everything others say without testing it for yourself. I would encourage people to go out and test these theories (and any others they have questions about) for themselves and see if they work for your set-up. The more you test theories like these, the more you will learn about archery and that is a win-win regardless of whether the theory is supported or not!

June 8 to 13 IFAA Field Archery Championships 2015

To be held at the National Field Venue ABA PARK, Mudgee, NSW

Timetable: Muster for each day at 8am sharp

Wednesday 8/6/16 Nominations and Bow Checks from 2pm

Thursday 9/6/16 28 Targets Field/Hunter

Friday 10/6/16 28 Targets Hunter/Field (afternoon Bow Checks)

Saturday 11/6/16 28 Targets Field/Hunter Sunday 12/6/16 28 Targets Hunter/Field

Monday 13/6/16 28 Targets Animal followed by presentations

Competitors have the choice to shoot either 5 or 3 days with the best three scores submitted but must include 1 Animal, I Field and 1 Hunter, which means that some competitors may not wish to arrive until the Friday afternoon.

Nomination Fees:

Adult, Young Adult, Veteran \$45 three days and \$60.00 five days; Cub/Junior \$35 three days and \$50 five days; Family \$125 three days and \$160 five days

Nominations closing date: 27 May 2016

A \$10 late fee will apply to nominations received after this date

Last date for Grading is 22 May 2016

Send All Nominations To:

The General Secretary,

P.O. Box 227, Aspley, Qld. 4034

Ph: (07) 3256 3976 - Fax: (07) 3256 3985 Email: generalsecretaryaba@gmail.com

Or on the ABA Website

Please make all cheques or Money Orders payable to Australian Bowhunters Association





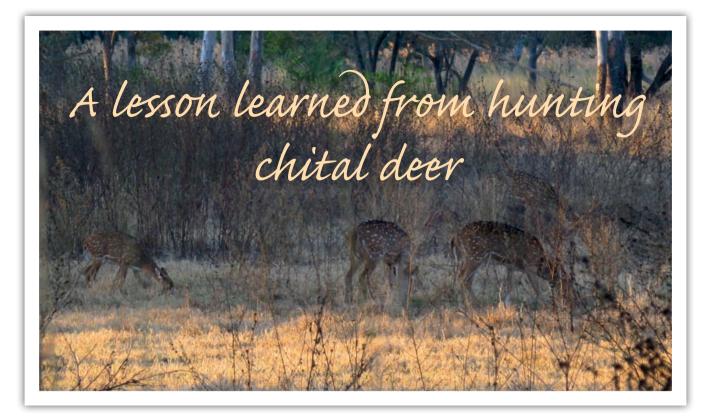
ABA Park address is 600 Upper Piambong Road, Piambong

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.



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JOHN AXON

am a big believer in education, however the journey from novice bowhunter has been a hard one for me as I moved straight from the easily targetted feral pig (Sus scrofa) straight to the incredible chital deer (Axis axis). Stalking these well camouflaged pretty spotted deer has proved highly addictive and I never get bored watching them ... but I must admit that it has been a steep learning curve for me.

The following stalk highlights the culmination of many lessons—however, the most important for this stalk was scent control.

Despite their prowess, the indomitable chital deer do sometimes slip up, and when they do it's about the bowhunter being in the right place at the right time.



Just after dawn, I was moving across some very open pasture with the wind at my back when I saw a mob of chital deer 200m ahead of me. As I paused to see what I was contending with, I saw two hinds escorted by six stags. I slowly closed the gap to 100m, at which point the hinds moved off, followed by the two most dominant stags.

Much to my amazement, the remaining four stags then proceeded to pair up for some intense sparring. Their tempers were on edge and all eyes were engaged, so I made up some ground behind a tree the width of my leg. I was now 40m from the closest of the locked-up sparring stags with an arrow in my whisker biscuit and release aid clipped on. Watching the sparring stags, I willed the hunting gods to deliver me a deer.

At this point, the nearest pair came locked up towards me and disengaged at 25m. The nearest stag spun to its left, offering me a great quartering-away window, so I took the shot and the stag pretty much dropped on the spot. I was shocked that the stag's sparring partner stood its ground at 25m facing me straight on and seeming very confused about what to do next. Indeed, he stood his ground for a good 30 seconds before departing rapidly.

Scent control seems to be a largely overlooked aspect of bowhunting, with many hunters using perfumed deodorants and wearing their hunting attire in the car, around

camp and even when smoking. This allows a greater retention of alien smells which act as a warning flag for any animals which may wind your scent trail.

I have found that adequate scent control should include rigorous hand washing of hunting attire and air drying away from noxious smells. The use of an antibacterial, scent-free body wash pre-hunt will also significantly reduce body odour production. When

hunting, I always use a surgical hand scrub.

An understanding of wind direction is also critical and the use of a small handheld wind puffer has often been invaluable to me. But sometimes even if the wind isn't in your favour, the gods conspire to keep the deer busy while you're getting near enough to draw your bow. And that's when meticulous attention to scent control, although laborious, pays off.







APEX HERITAGE LONGBOW

Review by Mark Burrows

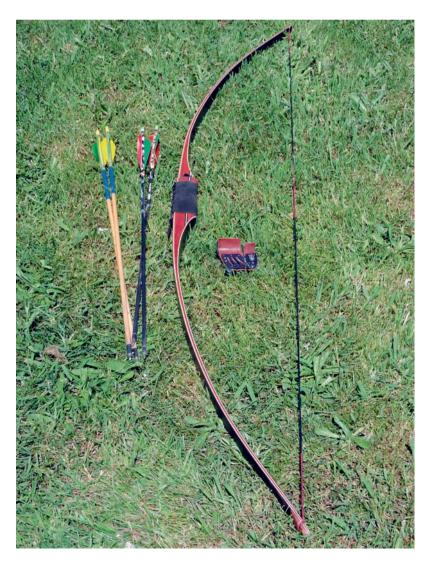
I was pretty impressed with the look of the Apex Heritage Longbow when I first pulled it from its box. Considering the price line, the craftsmanship that has gone into the production of these bows is quite good. The riser, according to the Apex website, is crafted from Bintangor, Cassia siamea and Gmelina arborea. These are some type of exotic hardwood that I am unfamiliar with but it definitely creates an impressive finish that feels really good in the hand. The limbs are made from maple and makore, with black fibreglass overlays on front and back, the tips are reinforced with more exotic hardwoods and look to be well made. As a matter of fact the bow on the whole seems to be very well made. The grip is covered with soft leather, which laces at the front to tighten and adjust. Also included with the bow is a self-adhesive horse-hair tab to install on the shelf.

The limb design is slightly deflex/ reflex which will help alleviate hand shock and also give the bow a little more speed. The riser is shaped well for the bow and the grip is very comfortable with a narrow throat spreading wider at the base for consistent hand placement. When strung, the bow has the standard D shape with no sign of the inbuilt reflex. The shelf is cut not quite to centreshot, which is fine for a longbow. All the above also means that the bow conforms to the IFAA standard for the traditional longbow division.

The AMO length is 68 inches and the bow comes with a 16-strand BCY B55 endless loop string which is 64 inches long. I think this is a little short as the advertised brace height is 7.3 inches but I couldn't get the test bow below 7.8 inches. As a result I would probably prefer a 65-inch string as it would allow the archer to play around with brace height for maximum tuning. Having said that, the bow shot well with the 7.8-inch brace. The Heritage weighs in at 1lb 6oz or 630 grams. It is available from 30lb

to 55lb and currently only comes in right hand and retails at \$399.00.

My test bow came at 45lb. I am assuming that is at 28 inches but it doesn't say so anywhere. I did put the bow over my bow scales and at my draw length, which is about 27 inches, the bow measured 42lb so the 45 @ 28 is probably pretty accurate. I shot the Heritage with both 50/55 spine 11/32 Sitka Spruce arrows and 500 Lightspeeds. The





spruce had three 4-inch feathers with 125 grain field points for a weight of 430 grain and the Lightspeeds had three 5-inch feathers with 145 grain points, which included insert, for a weight of 360 grain. I put both these arrow combinations through the chronograph. At my draw length, the spruce averaged 151 feet per second and the Lightspeeds averaged 157 FPS. I was a bit surprised at the small variation in speed considering the weight difference in the arrows. But the Lightspeeds did have 5-inch feathers and the extra weight of the

spruce would have absorbed more energy.

Now this is definitely no speed demon but it is not the slowest longbow around ... and speed is not everything. The bow is very smooth to shoot, does not stack, has very good cast, and considering its lightweight and relatively compact riser has very little hand shock. I shot several groups with both the arrow combinations and was pleasantly surprised with my groups. I also took the bow out to our local club and gave a few of our traditional archers the chance to have a go. Most were pretty impressed and I nearly had to fight one bloke to get it back.

If you were in the market for a longbow to set you on the path of the traditional shooter I don't think you could go wrong with the Apex Heritage longbow. It is aesthetically pleasing, accurate, quite a joy to shoot, and won't break the bank.

It's available from Apex Hunting at 22 Tombo Street, Capalaba, Qld 4157, phone 1300 883 770 or you can view it online at www.apexhunting.com.au.

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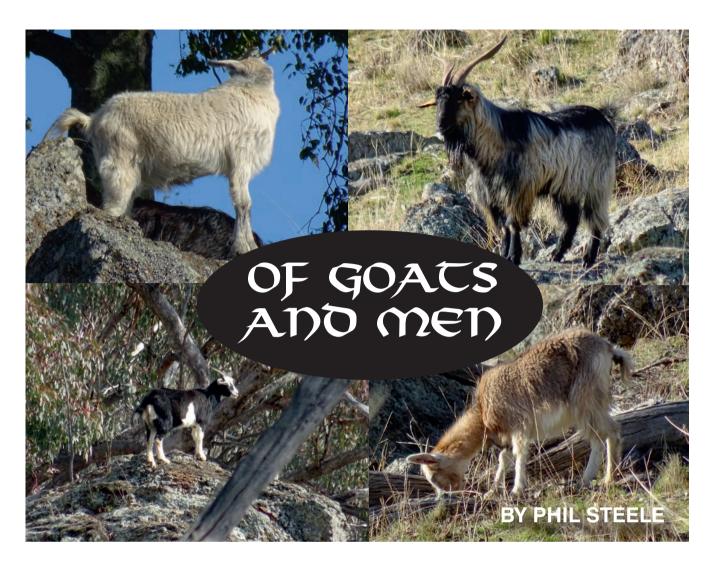


by Graham Foley

Keeping your water intake up when hunting, on the field course or over long periods of physical exertion, is crucial. Caseback International has introduced a bottle holder that can be worn on a belt and will hold a 600ml bottle firmly in place. It can also be secured to the wearer's thigh. The bottle holder is made of durable matt brown leather.

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n 1786, world renowned Scottish poet Robert Burns was ploughing a field on his family farm when he upturned and destroyed a mouse nest. Obviously the destruction of the nest must have played upon Burns' mind because later that very evening he wrote what was to become one of his most famous poems. Simply titled 'The Mouse', it is a tribute and an apology for his actions. It reads as thus:

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane (you aren't alone)

In proving foresight may be vain. The best laid schemes o'mice an' men Gang aft a-gley, (often go awry) An, lea'e us nought but grief an' pain For promised joy.

In 1937 John Steinbeck used this poem as a source for the title of his controversial novel Of Mice and Men.

Over time, the line from Burn's poem 'the best laid plans of mice and men' has been used worldwide to describe any well thought out strategy which does not quite go as predicted. You will note the original word 'scheme' has long been dropped and replaced by the word 'plan'.

I guess you are probably wondering what in the world a poem about a mouse has to do with a hunting story. Well, it's not so much the poem but the line 'the best laid plans of mice and men'. Off the top of my head, I cannot think of a better quotation to describe a hunt Doug Cane and I recently undertook. Like Steinbeck did in 1937, I too have altered and shortened the original text for the title of this story but its meaning remains unchanged.

Ever since our previous hunt back

in January, both Doug and I had been talking constantly about the goats we had seen and the nice trophy billy Dan McKibbin eventually took on that particular hunt (see September- October issue of Archery Action). As I have mentioned previously, big trophy billies are not renowned for this particular area, but on that hunt, Doug and I saw at least three billies with horn spreads way above the norm. Unlike Dan, we had not been as successful in the trophy horn department. It was our aim and our intention to change all that.

The planning and preparation for another hunt on the same property began pretty much as soon as we arrived back home. I don't think a weekend went by without Doug and me talking about nailing one of the three billies or any other of equivalent proportions. It had not become an obsession, but let's just say we were both fired up and keen.

As is so often the way, work and family commitments (think odd jobs around the home as set by our respective wives) put paid to an early return to our hunting ground, but that was no matter. The delay gave us plenty of time to practise and discuss tactics. Both Doug and I have a routine when we hunt this particular property and this routine has been tried and tested. Not always with success, mind you, but never has a hunt transpired where both of us have come away empty handed. And the more we talked about it, the more I was convinced Doug would finally achieve his goal of putting a decent trophy billy up on the wall when we next hunted the property. All we had to do was find a window of opportunity in our wives' busy schedules where we could sneak away for a few days without upsetting the domestic harmony.

This window was a long time coming (wives are cunning that way). I suppose I should be grateful because in her mind (think wife), the act of allowing me an occasional Sunday off domestic chores so I can attend the local archery club for a shoot, is kindness personified and more than enough time for 'male bonding' as she likes to put it. To all you young fellows out there who are thinking of or have just tied the knot, take a tip from an old experienced hand. Make sure your wife has a hobby she is passionate about and one which can occupy her for days on end. This will alleviate future issues when it comes to important events such as bowhunting trips with a mate.

Seven months passed before said window finally opened, but both Doug and I were still confident of at least one of us nailing a good trophy. I really was hoping it would be Doug. Over the years I have shot more than my share of really good goat trophies including one over 40 inches and several others just shy of that mark. In my mind I have had my day. I am still keen and I take hunting seriously but these days I don't really take myself all that seriously ... if that makes any sense. Certainly not like I used to. Years ago it was all about the eventual outcome when it came to a hunting trip, now I am just happy to be there and I get a lot of pleasure seeing a mate score a good trophy.

After a six-hour drive from home, we arrived at our destination and promptly established a camp which would be home for the next four nights. We had carefully planned everything and deliberately timed our journey so we would have a couple of hours remaining after the settling-in process. It goes without saving that we made good use of the daylight and set off down the small creek for a look-see.

Our normal routine is to hunt high in the morning and stalk the valley floor in the afternoon. This simple plan has never let us down and it is common to see 50 or more goats in an outing and not all in the one mob either. This time however, and despite quite a walk, all we managed to find were three lone nannies-quite a contrast to our last trip and a little mystifying, but not necessarily troubling at this early stage of the hunt. Besides, both Doug and I have found we normally encounter far more goats on our morning forays high up on the ridges. We retired early that night, filled with much anticipation for the new day to come.

One thing I like about hunting goats is that you don't have to get up before the roosters and be out stumbling about before first light as you do with most game animals. Goats keep reasonable hours and are generally not all that active until the sun is up. The next morning following breakfast, Doug climbed straight up to the top of the highest peak where he has a little blind established adjacent to an exposed flat. It's a good spot and one that is heavily visited by any goats which bed

down high on the mountain peak. This glade catches the early morning sun and has sufficient grazing to attract those animals wanting to warm up following a chilly night—and the night before had been chilly, as evidenced by the ice on the tent roof.

I too went high but only as far as I needed in order to reach a side ridge which parallels the property boundarv. I have seen and shot quite a few goats on this particular ridge and it is my favourite hunting spot. It has lots of early morning sunshine and plenty of grazing for the resident mobs to use as they head down from their night roost to their regular watering holes along the river's edge in the neighbouring property.

Despite the wee hour, I spotted a mob of goats as soon as I reached the ridge. This was an added bonus as generally I have to wait an hour or two before any goats turn up. The very nature of the terrain along this ridge makes for comfortable stalking. Many large boulders line the top of the ridge and whilst there are only a scattering of trees, the rocks can be used to completely conceal your approach to game. The only thing you have to watch out for are those pesky young-



sters who like to show off by climbing onto the top of the rocky ramparts. These lookouts can ruin your stalk very quickly if you fail to see them.

On this morning I was lucky and I managed to move in very close to the feeding mob without being detected. Give or take, there were about 25 goats grazing about and the mob was mixed. A couple of bigger bodied billies stood out, but disappointingly they lacked decent horns. The rest were an assortment of nannies and a lot of last year's offspring. Had I been interested in a bit of meat, there was plenty for the taking and at times I had a goat or two venturing past me at only 10m, but I had no intention of shooting. In the end, the mob moved off and made their way down towards the valley floor. A good start to the hunt. I thought.

When the goats had disappeared from view, I made my way up above the ridge where it joins and becomes part of the actual mountain slope. On our last hunt a goat pad running from the ridge and up this slope had been used by any mob venturing down from Doug's position or any mob seeking to reach the lofty heights where Doug lay in wait. It was a good place for an ambush and to top it off a lone stringy bark clung to life just adjacent to the goat's well-worn pad. The deep shadows it provided would aid my concealment should any animals happen to pass by.

I had only been in position for about 20 minutes or so before I saw goats slowly filtering down from the rocky peak above me. The roughand-tumble nature of the terrain prevented me from eyeballing every animal but I knew that would change as they approached. I can't speak for every hunter, but the very concept of any game animal closing in on you instead of the other way around, really gets my adrenaline racing. Sometimes, but not always, I get so wound up it is an effort to stop my hands from shaking and my limbs turning to jelly.

I know goats and goat hunting is not for everyone and I am not going to proclaim them to be the ultimate game animal to hunt, because that would be untrue. They do lack the general wariness of deer, for example, and they are certainly not as unpredictable as a big boar, but to me they are a challenge and even more so in the rough, mountain terrain. In the dry outback where most goats are taken by patient hunters sitting on scattered waterholes, that overall challenge is not as pronounced. In such an environment and providing there are goats about, it is just a matter of patience before you will be eventually rewarded with animals coming in for a drink. I am not condemning this style of hunting as I too have enjoyed success on a variety of game with this type of hunting and I enjoy it. In the mountains, however, you must adopt a different attitude and technique if you want to be successful.

In my experience, such terrain demands spot-and-stalk hunting or if you are lucky you may find a location where goats commonly visit such as both the locations where Doug and I have a blind. It most certainly works, but unlike sitting on a waterhole in a hot, dry climate where all animals drink on a daily basis, ambush hunting in the hills is fraught with failure. Just because vou see goats utilising a certain area on one day does not mean they will be there the next or even any time soon. It can be a case of hit or miss but when it does work, I certainly get a thrill from it.

Akin to the first mob, this second herd had close enough to the same number of individuals and was almost identical in composition. I am fairly confident that the entire mob walked past me without a single goat noticing my presence seated as I was in the shade and in front of the tree trunk. And no, I was not wearing a facemask, face paint, camo gloves or even camo pants. Just jeans, floppy hat and a camo shirt. I am not against camo clothing, but I am not entirely convinced of its worth either, but that in itself is another subject entirely.

When the goats had passed by and moved off along the ridgetop below me, I just eased back on my little folding stool and surveyed the vista before me. It was a grand morning and the native wildlife was out in force. Lots and lots of kangaroos could be seen down slope grazing and dozing in the morning sun. There was also an assortment of birdlife dodging and weaving throughout the scattered clusters of trees which dot the terrain. Most were too far away for me to confidently identify, but needless to say there were the ever present magpies, eastern rosellas, kookaburras and mynah birds.

I am not sure how long I stayed in position but it was for some hours. Not another goat approached my location, but there was a neverending parade of goats making their way along the contours of the slope below me. I guess the closest would have been about 80m with the furthest being right down on the valley floor. Even at that distance, I could still adequately judge potential trophies with my binoculars and sadly there were none. There were plenty of goats, but no big-horned billies. In the end, I packed up and headed back to camp to see how Doug had fared.

We both arrived back at camp within minutes of each other. Doug's morning had been pretty much the same as mine. He'd seen plenty of goats about (all up we calculated we had seen near enough to 130 animals) but there had not been a decent trophy amongst them. It was obvious the billies were herded together, but where these bachelor herds were was anybody's guess.

That afternoon we stalked the creek flat and its adjoining slopes but with very limited success. I opted for the western side of the valley and

worked my way along the bush fringe, but only spied one lone nanny whilst Doug, who was on the opposite side of the stream, did encounter a small mob about 200m above the creek. Unfortunately they were all nannies and a couple of voungsters. It was becoming frustratingly obvious the billy herds had moved out of the valley for the time being.

The property we hunt on lies adjacent to a big area of uncleared forest and assorted properties. There is plenty of country for goats to use so it stands to reason the various mobs move about depending upon the season and local conditions. There are always goats in the valley we hunt, but that does not mean they live there permanently-although I suspect some of the nannies do. I base this assumption on the fact I have seen the same nanny on more than one visit. Obviously this does not apply to the mature billies. Still there wasn't much we could do about it as we did not have permission to hunt beyond the boundary fences.

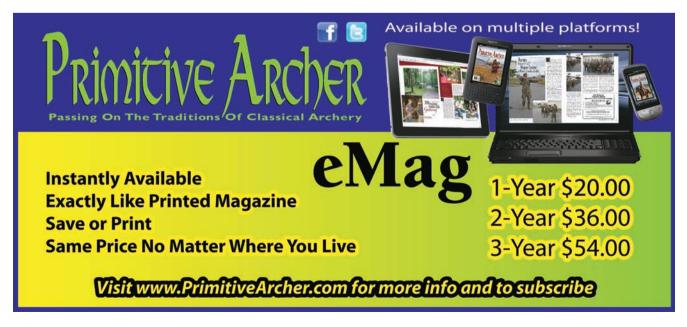
The next morning found us repeating our regular hunting routine. Whilst I did not have any mobs walk up to me on this day, there were still lots of goats coming and going on the open hillside. At one stage a mob of billies put in an appearance about 200m away from my hide and for a brief moment the adrenaline started to surge, but not for long. There were about a dozen big bodied billies in the mob. but not one of them had horns worth getting excited about. Still, it was good to at least see a mob of mature males. Doug fared no better.

In the afternoon I staved at camp and cooked us up a beef casserole in the camp oven whilst Doug tried his luck downstream again. To be honest, I couldn't really see much point in the exercise as we had seen virtually nothing both times we had hunted that location. A pretty big mob of young billies, nannies and assorted offspring did venture down from the mountain to within 70m or so from camp and stayed there for most of the afternoon. In between stoking the fire and stirring the stew, I kept a pretty close watch on them just in case something big just happened along, but it was not to be.

Doug arrived back at camp just as the sun slipped in behind the western rim. Over a plate of steaming stew, he told me that he had encountered a few goats but again no trophy billies. He had also stumbled upon a dead billy which had been shot quite recently. I knew from the owner that he knew of no other hunters who had been on the property of late, so it was obvious somebody had been there doing the wrong thing. I hate poachers. They ruin it for the law-abiding hunters amongst us and I don't care what I might see just over the fence, if it is not on land I have permission to hunt on, then I will not chase it. Fortunately, the number of lawbreakers is only small ... but it would be better if there were none at all.

After a beautiful stew which had a flavour one can only appreciate when it is cooked on an open fire in a tried and tested campoven, we discussed the business at hand. As much as I regard every aspect of a hunting trip on an equal footing, we both agreed to call it guits after a morning stalk. It made sense. Both us had work to go back to and it's no joy arriving home late, unpacking, cleaning up and then having to get up after only a few hours sleep in order to get to work on time. Sometimes it is nice to have that bit of free time up your sleeve when you arrive back in the real world. Retirement does sound good when you look at it this way.

Besides, on this hunt our goal had been trophy horns, but the gods were not smiling. It was only now that I felt a slight pang of regret for not loading in my butchering tools. I have no doubt we could have filled both freezers with nice fresh goat meat had we





been hunting for meat animals. Both of us had been presented with numerous opportunities to take young goats. some at ridiculously close range.

Still, I had no regrets. I don't have to kill something to enjoy my hunting trips. Simply relaxing around a warm campfire or lying in a warm sleeping bag listening to the sounds of the bush at night (and I don't mean Doug's snoring), or feeling the first rays of warm sunlight on your cold hands whilst you sit quietly in a blind, is what a hunting trip means to me. It's not all about the killing and never should be.

Early the next morning and after a light breakfast, Doug did the unthinkable. Instead of removing his compound bow from its case as is the norm, he reached in behind the back seat of the vehicle and pulled out his Hoyt Tiburon recurve. This was a first. Doug does play around a bit with a recurve and often shoots ABA with it. He is a fair shot to boot, but I never thought I would ever see him hunt with it. I had been trying to talk him into changing over from the cable guns to a proper bow for over a year now, but his reply was always the same: "Not until I put a decent trophy billy on the wall."

Obviously, he could see the stunned expression on my face, but he did not offer me a reason and I did not ask for one. This was to be the first time I have ever hunted with a partner who was also using trad gear and I did not want to give him an excuse to unstring the bow and grab the compound instead. I really did hope his morning hunt would be

successful, as there is nothing like making a shot with a traditional bow.

As is our routine, we parted ways halfway up the mountain and headed towards our own little hunting areas. Once again, it was a beautiful morning. The mountain air was cool and crisp, with just the hint of winter still stubbornly refusing to make way for the warmer days yet to come.

Goats started to appear only minutes after I arrived at my hidey hole but once again, there were no trophy-sized billies among them. I waited for about an hour and a half just to make sure no big billy was going to make an appearance before I decided to try stalking a few of the feeding animals I could see grazing near the top of the ridge below me with my camera. I am not sure how long I spent trying to capture that amazing wild game shot and as is the usual, that amazing photograph still eludes me, but I had a great time. In the end I managed a few frames but mostly the subject animal is head down or turned away. I seem to be very proficient at taking backside shots or blurred images and of course I don't realise my mistake until I have got back to camp and by then it is too late to rectify it. Just like learning to shoot a bow, proficiency with a camera is a long process I guess.

I arrived at our rendezvous point about 20 minutes before Doug. His morning had not been as successful as I had hoped but unlike me, he did take a couple of shots at a mediumsized billy only to have his two arrows sail harmlessly over the top of its shoulder. Welcome to my world, I thought as he related his first experience in trying to take game with a recurve bow. I could see he was frustrated by what had happened, but he was also excited at the same time. Yep, another traditional bowhunter soon to join the ranks, I think, and if nothing else I was pleased with that.

And so that concluded our long awaited and well planned hunt. If you judge a hunting trip solely on the amount or the size of the game you might be lucky enough to kill, then this little adventure was a dismal failure, but I don't see it this way. I guess there was a time long ago when I thought like that but no longer. Hunting is more than just killing an animal. It's about being in the bush and trying to understand how nature has put all the pieces together. To be honest I don't think I will ever be able to work it all out, but it does not stop me from trying.

On this hunt we had thought of everything. We had our hunting routines worked out to a tee, we had all the equipment and camping gear to survive no matter what the weather could throw at us (we even had a portable shower) and we had more than enough food. It was well planned for sure, but what we did not plan for was a total absence of trophy goats. I have no doubt the presence of poachers in the valley only a day or two prior to our arrival had contributed in some way but I think it was more a case of bad timing.

As the poem so rightly suggests though, despite the best laid schemes o' mice an' men ... you simply cannot win them all.



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AUSTRALIAN BOWHUNTERS ASSOCIATION INC.

Southern NSW & ACT Branch

2016 Branch IFAA Titles

Hosted by Campbelltown and District Field Archers Inc. Saturday 20 and Sunday 21 February 2016

Saturday

7-7:30am Registrations & Bow Checks 8am

28 Target Field followed by 8:30am 14 Target Animal

Sunday 7:30-7:45am 8am

Registration & Bow Checks

Muster

8:30am 28 Target Hunter

Note for IFAA Shoots, a round must be completed in six (6) hours or less

Fees: Single Day Only \$20 Single, \$40 Family Both Days \$30 Single, \$50 Family (all fees include GST)

To pre-nominate: Brian Coole Ph: (02) 6352 5628 or Email: branchfscores@gmail.com

Facilities include: Camping, Bush Showers, Toilets and Canteen Lunch and Saturday night meal

For more information contact: Club President Rob Messer Ph: 0438 930 707

All ABA Members Welcome - the range is situated between Camden and Picton on Donalds Range Road

No Dogs Policy Applies to this Shoot

AUSTRALIAN BOWHUNTERS ASSOCIATION INC.

Southern NSW & ACT Branch

Hosted by Orange and District Bowhunters Club Saturday 23 and Sunday 24 January 2016

Saturday - ABA Round

8-8:30am Registrations & Bow Checks Muster & Start 3 Arrow Round

Start 1 Arrow Round Presentations ASAP

7:30-7:45am Registration & Bow Checks Muster & Start 3 Arrow Round Lunch Start 1 Arrow Round

Presentations ASAP

Sunday - 3D Round

Fees: Single Day Only \$20 Single, \$40 Family Both Days \$30 Single, \$50 Family (all fees include GST)

To pre-nominate or for further info, contact: Brian Coole Ph: (02) 6352 5628 or Email: branchfscores@gmail.com

Facilities include: Camping, Showers, Toilets and Canteen For Further Information Contact: Rod Schick Ph: (02) 6362 8581 No Dogs Policy Applies to this Shoot

Saturday 20th and Sunday 21st of February 2016

Saturday

9-9:30am Registrations and Bow Checks 10am Muster & Start 3 Arrow Round followed by lunch and a 1 Arrow Round Saturday Night - Branch Bowhunting Awards Ceremony

Sunday

8am Muster & Start 3 Arrow Round followed by Junch and a 1 Arrow Round Presentations ASAP after completion of 1 Arrow Round

Fees: Adult \$25, Junior \$15, Cub \$15, Family \$50 (Fees are halved if you only shoot one day)

Nominations to: abasqscorer@gmail.com or 0402 074 788 (Email and text are the preferred methods) Please nominate by 8:30 p.m. on Monday February 15th and include full name, ABA number and bow division

Facilities include: Camping, Running Showers, Flushing Toilets, Canteen.

PRODUCTS



ABA Cloth Badge	\$10.00
ABA Metal Badge	8.00
ABA Car Sticker	4.00
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ABA Junior Advanced Badge	6.00
ABA Cub Advanced Badge	6.00
ABA Target ID Cards	5.00
ABA Coloured Identification Card	5.00
National Bowhunter Education Manual	19.00
Bowhunting Pocket Guide	5.00
National Measuring Manual	10.00
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IFAA Car Sticker	4.00
IFAA Chevron (eg, Hunter)	4.00
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Robin Hood Metal Badge	8.00
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*TBA Cloth Badge	10.00
#Game Award Badge	9.00
#Game Award, T/C & R/C Chevrons	6.00
FAA Car Sticker	4.00
ABA Peaked Caps	15.00

See previous magazine, Page 96, for order form

Archery Alliance of Australia









SHOOF CANENDAR

January-February-March

Date	Club	Branch	Shoot Style
January			
2nd	Sydney Olympic Archery Centre*	NSW	QRE Target
9th-10th	Ballarat Bowhunters *	H – Branch	Invitational
10th	Fred's Pass Field Archers	A- Branch	ABA – 3D
10th	Towers Bowhunters	B – Branch	ABA
17th	Collinsville Barebow Hunters	B – Branch	ABA
17th	Fred's Pass Archers	A – Branch	ABA
17th	Townsville District Bowhunters	B - Branch	ABA
17th	Emerald Archery Club	C – Branch	IFAA
24th	Fred's Pass Archers	A – Branch	ABA
23rd-24th	Lakeside Bowmen*	D – Branch	ABA
23rd- 24th	Orange Walkabout*	F – Branch	ABA – 3D
23rd- 24th	Canberra Archery Club*	ACT	Target
24th	Mount Isa Bowhunters	B – Branch	ABA
31st	Hinchinbrook Bowmen	B – Branch	ABA
February			
7th	Fred's Pass Field Archers	A – Branch	ABA
7th	Townsville District Bowmen	B – Branch	ABA
7th	West Gippsland Field Archers	G – Branch	3D
7th	Fred's Pass Archers	A – Branch	ABA
7th	Mackay District Bowmen	B – Branch	ABA
7th-8th	Manning Bowhunters*	E – Branch	3D
13th-14th	Wide Bay Archers*	C – Branch	ABA
14th	Dead Centre Bowhunters	A – Branch	ABA
14th	Katherine Archery Club	A – Branch	ABA
14th	Towers Bowhunters	B – Branch	ABA
20th	Dead Centre Bowhunters	A – Branch	FITA
20th -21st	Barambah Bowhunters*	D – Branch	ABA Titles
20th-21st	Campbelltown & District F A*	F – Branch	Branch IFAA Titles
20th-21st	Ballarat Bowhunters *	H – Branch	ABA
20th-21st	Peel Archery Club*	J - Branch	



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21st	Fred's Pass Field Archers	A – Branch	ABA
21st	Collinsville Barebow Hunters	B - Branch	ABA
21st	Mount Isa Bowhunters	B – Branch	ABA
27th-28th	Diamond Valley Archers*	Victoria	3D AAA
28th	Hinchinbrook Bowmen	B – Branch	ABA
28th	Dead Centre Bowhunters	A – Branch	ABA

March

4th-6th	Samford Valley Target Archers*	Qld	Australian Open
5th-6th	Southwest Bowmen*	J – Branch	State 3D Titles
5th-6th	Gloucester District Archers	Branch E	ABA
6th	Townsville District Bowhunters	B – Branch	ABA
6th	Fred's Pass Field Archers	A – Branch	ABA
6th	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters	Branch G	ABA
12th-13th	Playford District Field Archers*	I – Branch	ABA/3D
12th-13th	Emerald Archery Club*	C – Branch	3D
12th-13th	Northern Rivers Field Archers*	NSW	3D AAA
13th	Towers Bowhunters	B – Branch	ABA
13th	Dead Centre Bowhunters	A – Branch	ABA
13th	Katherine Archery Club	A – Branch	ABA
12th-14th	Mount Clay Archers*	H – Branch	Invitational
19th-20th	Lilydale Bowmen*	H – Branch	LB 100 3D
19th-20th	Twin City Archers*	Victoria	3D AAA
20th	Mackay District Bowmen	B – Branch	ABA
20th	Collinsville Barebow Hunters	B – Branch	ABA
20th	Hinchinbrook Bowmen	B – Branch	ABA
20th	Fred's Pass Field Archers	A – Branch	ABA – 3D
20th	Mount Isa Bowhunters	B – Branch	ABA
25th-28th	Mallee Sunset Field Archers *	I - Branch	Safari ABA & 3D
25th-29th	Penrith City Archers*	NSW	Youth National Championships

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



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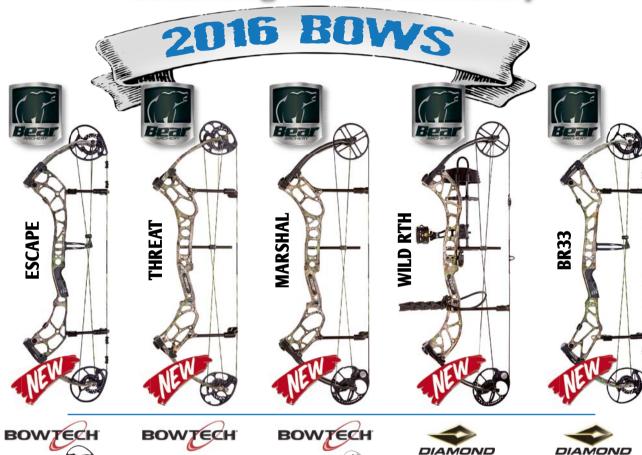
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