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TUSKER TROPHY OF THE MONTH

TUSKER JUNIOR PHOTO COMP





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⋖ COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Jeanette Dowd with grandson Alfie Mann, who enjoyed his first ever ABA National Safari experience with the whole family. Photo by Alfie's mum, Katie Mann. Story on page 40.

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3DAAA



HI archers!

Well, it's safe to say I've experienced quite a learning curve over the past few months editing this magazine. I definitely know a lot more terminology around archery and bowhunting, and I'm getting a pretty decent grasp of events and even a few names.

Thank you to everyone who has sent me wonderful photos and stories, and those I've spoken to over the phone. Also a big 'thank-you' to Kerry in the ABA office and also Jenel, for responding to my questions as they come up.

I'm absolutely loving the stories from the IFAA National Field Archery Championships & ABA National Safari 2022. It looked like such a great time for young and old, and we have many stories—including from the point of view of a four-year-old, and also a dog (in a rare instance of a very special one being allowed on course). Check out the wrap up from the nine days of shooting and camping fun on page 26.

We also have the 2021 Bowhunting Year Results Awards Feature. A huge congratulations to all the

DEADLINES

Please submit articles and advertisements by these dates:

editor@archeryactionmagazine.com

ISSUE DEADLINE

2022

Vol 47 No. 5 July-August 1 June Vol 48 No. 1 September-October 1 August Vol 48 No. 2 November-December 1 October

2023

Vol 48 No. 3 January-February 1 December Vol 48 No. 4 March-April 1 February Vol 48 No. 5 May-June 1 April

(November-December issue = printed yearbook)

winners on your achievements!

As we approach deadline for the next issue, I ask (or perhaps beg?) you to get in touch with your hunting stories, club news and events, or anything else you've enjoyed while taking part in this sport.

Oh, and we finally have the winners for the Abbey Archery Photo Competition! It was very difficult to choose—I had so many screenshots and tabs open to view all of the entries. Head to page 45 to find out more, and don't forget to email me your submissions for next year!

Kelly James, editor



Send story submissions to: editor@archeryactionmagazine.com **Phone enquiries to:**

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

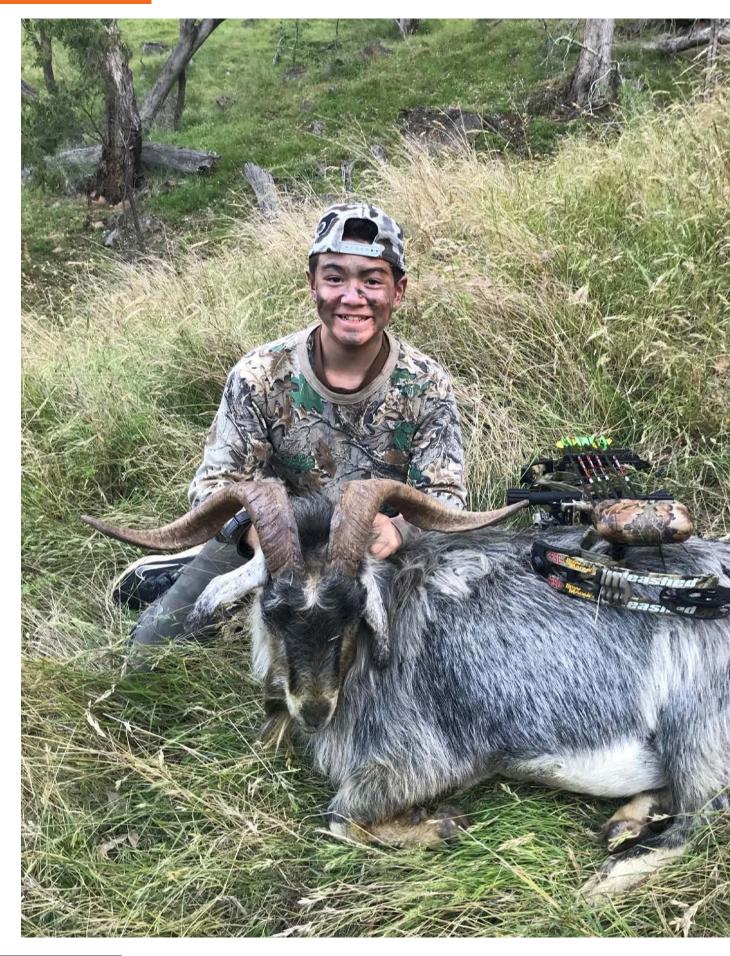
return of photographs if required. Emailed contributions should be sent in plain (editable) text only and any photos should be sent as separate attachments, not embedded in the story text.

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By Jason Robinson

It's been a hard few months due to lockdowns, so for us, getting out for a hunt has been limited to chasing a few bunnies close to home. While this has been good practice for Stephen, he has been itching to get amongst some bigger game.



"A rather large goanna poked its head up from the rocks only inches from his feet...

estrictions eased and on a free weekend, we headed off to a mate's place.

Arriving at the property at about 11pm Friday evening, we set up camp in the usual place, high on a ridge line. The wind was howling like it had been all week due to a series of low pressure systems, but we were hoping that the rain and wind would peter out by the morning. We awoke to see our wish had been granted, with blue skies and less wind, so the day looked promising for an awesome hunt in the bush.

With our day packs and bows

ready, we headed off down into the saddle below camp and before too long, we discovered fresh pig ripping.

The wind was starting to blow up our backs so we changed our course to improve our chances. Edging up to the next bluff we spotted two pigs, and, with a few more steps forward that turned into about a dozen, not counting all the baby suckers. We watched them for a couple of minutes to see if there was a mature boar amongst them, but no luck there.

A couple of previously unseen pigs then got wind of us, and with a

few loud grunts they alerted most of the others and trotted off downhill. A nice little red boar was still milling around in front of us along with two sows and at least a dozen suckers, so I told Stephen to shoot the red boar if it presents a clean shot.

As if on queue, he turned broadside at 20m and Stephen released the little Tusker Spirit, hitting him nice and low in the chest. Within seconds he got the wobbly legs but still managed to travel about 150m downhill before expiring. He was in prime condition given the wet year, so I removed some choice cuts of pork and hung

them in a tree to cool for a while before continuing down the ridge in search of more game.

Finding a good vantage point, we stopped for a while and glassed the opposite hillside. Before long, we spotted a nice looking billygoat sitting below on a large rock, tucked up out of the wind.

The only trouble? It was about 500m from us down a particularly steep section. In reality, it was more like two kilometres to travel down, cross the creek and back up to his position.

I looked at Stephen and asked if he was sure he wanted him, because it's an awfully long way to carry him back out.

"Yeah, no worries," was his reply. From there, we made our way down to the creek, found a suitable point to cross and stalked up to where we had seen the billy. The wind was playing havoc with our plan, so I didn't hold much hope for our chances of finding him, but when I looked up the hill, I saw him chasing a nanny around about 200m away.

As we got within 80 meters I felt the breeze up the back of my neck and before too long, it had carried our scent straight to them. After that we had no chance and they both disappeared over the hill, out of sight.

We followed the creek for a kilometre or so before the country began to flatten out a little—making it easier on my ageing legs—but we still had a long haul back to camp.

The trek found us in some country that I hadn't hunted before and it was promising to see a few rub trees and old wallows. Crossing a side gully, I looked up to see two deer break from cover about 60m away and gallop across

a clearing in full view. I looked back at Stephen to see him in awe of what he had just witnessed.

"Sambar?"

"Sure were mate."

After that encounter, our legs became lighter as we explored on our way back to camp.

The next morning we slept in a little as we were both still busted from the mammoth walk the previous day. A couple of coffees later though, we were hunting along the same ridge as yesterday but with a plan to veer off in the opposite direction to find a good vantage point and glass for game. We made it to the end bluff on the ridge and sat down for a breather.

There were a dozen or more goats feeding below us with a nice breeze wafting up, so Stephen crept down towards them and picked out a nice young eater. From about 15m he harvested some tasty young chevon and a couple of hours later we had it packed in the fridge alongside the pork from the day before.

That afternoon saw us tucked up under a currajong tree, glassing a mob of about 30 goats feeding below. There was one nice black billy—about 30in—which would easily better Stephen's personal best.

We studied their movements for an hour or so, knowing from previous hunts that they would eventually feed back up towards us. All of a sudden, Stephen jumped back towards me.

"What the?"

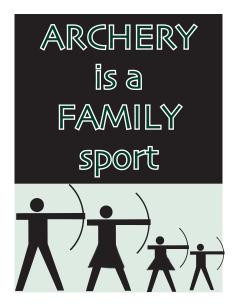
Then I realised what startled him—a rather large goanna poked its head up from the rocks only inches from his feet, its tongue flickering with inquisitive instinct, but then slowly moved off to

another tree.

Focusing back on the goats below, they were feeding around to our right, so we backed out from our position and tried to get in front of where we thought they would emerge. The lead nanny had led the main mob around the hillside a little further than we anticipated, and we couldn't see the black billy we were after.

Standing up on tippy toes, I spotted him following a young nanny and billy back to our left so we hastily headed back that way to try for an ambush. It worked a treat! The nanny appeared about 20m away, totally unaware.

When I spotted the billy's horns, I whispered for Stephen to draw and seconds later, the black billy was standing broadside at 20m. The only problem was that it was behind the other billy, not presenting a shot. Every time it moved, so did the other until eventually they were out of range. We followed, but unfortunately the wind turned in the goats' favour, spoiling any chances that we had.





Stephen's red boar provided some good cuts

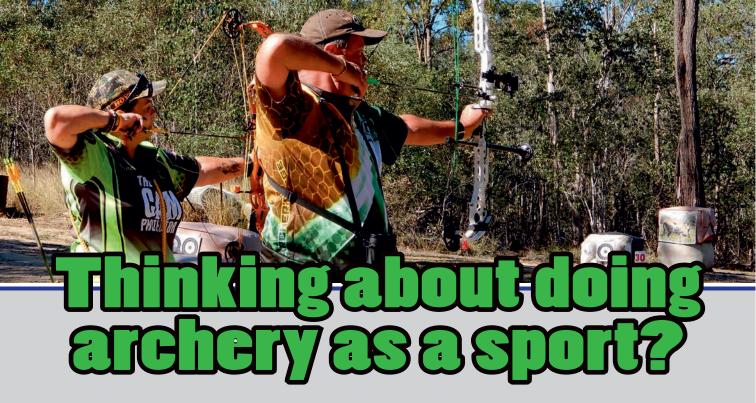
Making our way back to camp we sighted a few more goats, with one in particular catching Stephen's attention—a nice looking blue billy with a full twist that was focused on a nanny as we closed the gap to about 100m. The pair were slowly making their way up the hill, so Stephen stalked in behind them when their heads were turned away.

He was gaining some ground on the pair and before too long had closed the gap to about 30 meters, but with their rear ends facing him, no shot was presented. As they moved off again, Stephen drew back and let out a loud bleat which caught the billy's attention, making him turn enough to open up the shot angle. From 30m, he let fly the little Tusker Spirit, striking him in the rear leg and making its way through to the far offside shoulder.

Apart from a few shots on rabbits, this would have to be one of the quickest clean bowshot kills on an animal that I have ever witnessed, dropping him on the spot without so much as a sound.

Stephen looked up at me with a huge smile and I gave him the big thumbs up then made my way down to congratulate him on such a sweet shot.

Inspecting the billy, he was easily Stephen's best goat at 28-plus inches and was later officially measured by Drew, our club rep, at 92 1/16—just under trophy class, but an awesome set of horns for Stephen to hang on his wall along with the other trophies he has collected in his short bowhunting career!



Would you like to try field archery or become a bowhunter?

Maybe both?

Join the Australian Bowhunters Association



Membership benefits include:

- GO TO WEBSITE
- Organised field and 3D archery competition at club, branch, state, national and international levels
- · All variations of equipment catered for
- Access to insured affiliate clubs across Australia
- Subscription to the Archery Action magazine
- · Access to a game award registration and recognition system at national, state and club levels
- · Free coaching programs
- Bowhunter proficiency and education programs at club, state and national levels



For online membership and further information go to www.bowhunters.org.au





COMMUNICATION PROTOCOL

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

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

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Ralph Boden

VICE-PRESIDENT, BOWHUNTING

Allan Driver

VICE-PRESIDENT, FIELD Brian Taylor (appointed)

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Garry Pitt

NATIONAL ASSISTANT MEASURER

(vacant)

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RECORDER (vacant)

NATIONAL COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER

Alan Avent

DIR BOWHUNTER EDUCATION

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South Australia	Brett Raymond	0418 810 598
Western Australia	Ken Neill	0418 926 862
Tasmania – see Victoria		
Trophy Bowhunters of Australia	Ralph Boden	(02) 4392 6810

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n the bowhunting front, it is good to see many hunters out and about trying to find worthy feral animals to claim in our Association.

It has been a very tough time for everyone and now the majority of Australians are moving freely throughout our nation to get back to some normality.

In this issue of our magazine is my report on the game claimed in 2021by our hunters who have managed to get out there and claim some quality feral animals.

It is good to see many new names in the results and a few other well-known hunters also.

It takes a lot of hard work to find those classes of animals and eventually take them with a bow.

A huge congratulations to the ABA Bowhunter of the Year. Peter Griffiths, who did an amazing job in claiming 18 species—one of which is a new Australian Record Class Buffalo. When you see the photo, its size will amaze you—it is a monster!

Something like this one doesn't come around too often, but Peter has managed to nail it and will no doubt never forget this trip.

Lately, there have been severe floods happening down the East Coast of Australia affecting many, including rural properties.

In many ways, it is a good thing for the land as it gives new life to areas that have missed out over many years, and this, in turn, can lead to hunting opportunities.

Numerous feral animals will use this as a reason to travel far and wide to new feeding areas and give us hunters the chance to help farmers.

At present, things are a bit quiet on the government side of the hunting equation, which may have something to do with the Federal Election coming up. Remember, your vote counts, so use it wisely. Until the next issue, stay safe. @

OF AUSTRALIAN BOWSHOT RECORDS

Species	Holder	Australian Record	Record Class	Trophy Class
Boar	Michael Dacre	37 2/8	29	25
Goat	James Finlay	151 2/8	110	95
Buffalo	Peter Griffiths	130	86 4/8	80
Camel	Kimberley Nicholas	32 6/16	29	25
Fox	Graeme Duff	11	10 2/16	9 3/16
Cat	Tim Pitt-Lancaster	8 5/16	7 10/16	7
Red Deer	Dan Smith	315 3/8	200	175
Fallow Deer	Darryl Bulger	276 4/8	190	150
Chital Deer	Dan Smith	204	160	140
Hog Deer	Stephen Tilley	111 7/8	70	55
Sambar Deer	Dean Scott	203 5/8	162 7/8	140
Rusa Deer	Jay Janssen	236	170	150
Shark BHFF	Barry Feeney	35 2/8	20	15
Shark BF	John Van Den Heuve	l 51 6/8	41 4/8	15
Stingray BHFF	Barry Feeney	11 3/8	7 4/8	6
Stingray BF	Gleewyn Butson	14 3/8	11 4/8	10
Stingray BHFF	Barry Feeney	11 3/8	7 4/8	6

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



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

Branch	Hunter	Club	Game	Award	FK/FKOS	Size
	Jordan Blakeley-Smith	Mackay & District Bowmen	Fallow	GA	FK/FKOS	0
	Jordan Blakeley-Smith	Mackay & District Bowmen	Pig	GA	FK	0
	Brian Duynhoven	Townsville District Bowhunter	Chital	RC		166 2/8
	Andy Alderson	Full Draw Field Archers	Pig	TC	FK/FKOS	25 2/8
	Johan Van Der Merwe	Full Draw Field Archers	Pig	TC	FK/FKOS	25
	Paul Withers	Moranbah Bowhunters	Pig	TC		28 2/8
	Zachary Kronk	Darling Downs Field Archers	Hare	GA	FKOS	0
	Scott Young	Lakeside Bowmen	Goat	GA	FK/FKOS	60 1/8
	Stephen Robinson	Capital Field Archers	Goat	TC		92 2/16
	Andrew Robertson	Boola Valley Field Archers	Goat	RC		136
	Colin Brownlie	Independent	Fox	TC		9 6/16
	Colin Brownlie	Independent	Cat	TC		7 4/16
	David Luxford	Macalister Trophy Bowhunter	Fox	RC		10 2/16
	David Luxford	Macalister Trophy Bowhunter	Fox	TC		9 5/16
	David Luxford	Macalister Trophy Bowhunter	Fox	TC		9 4/16
	Tara Brewer	Macalister Trophy Bowhunter	Fox	RC	FK/FKOS	10 7/16
	Adam Clements	West Gippsland Field Archers	Fox	TC		9 8/16
	Adam Clements	West Gippsland Field Archers	Fox	TC		9 5/16
	Adam Clements	West Gippsland Field Archers	Fox	RC		10 3/16
	Tyler Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Goat	TC		95 1/8
	Tyler Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Goat	TC		103 4/8
	Tyler Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Goat	TC		102 4/8
	Tyler Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Goat	TC		105 7/8
	Tyler Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Goat	TC		103 3/8
	Tyler Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Goat	TC		100 4/8
	Tyler Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Goat	TC		97 4/8
	Tyler Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Goat	TC		100 6/8
	Wayne Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Goat	TC		95 2/8
	Wayne Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Goat	TC		97 5/8
	Wayne Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Goat	TC		96 6/8
	Wayne Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Goat	TC		96 1/8
	Wayne Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Goat	TC		95 3/8
	Wayne Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Goat	TC		103 6/8
	Andy Prossor	Colac Otway Archers	Rabbit	GA	FK/FKOS	0
	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Buffalo	AR		130
	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Cat	GA	FKOS	0
	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Hog Deer	GA	FKOS	0
	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Samba	GA	FKOS	0
	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Rusa	GA	FKOS	0
	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Fox	TC		9 15/16
	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Rusa	RC		189 2/8
	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Camel	RC	FKOS	30 8/16
	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Camel	RC		29 10/16
J	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Chital	GA	FKOS	0



Branch	Hunter	Club	Game	Award	FK/FKOS	Size
J	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Stingray	GA	FKOS	0
J	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Scaled Fish	GA	FKOS	0
J	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Shark	GA	FKOS	0
J	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Cat	RC		8
J	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Stingray	TC		6 3/8
J	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Stingray	TC		6 4/8
J	Peter Griffiths	Independent	Stingray	TC		6 7/8
J	Tayla Morris	Western Plains Archers	Stingray	GA	FKOS	0
J .	Tayla Morris	Western Plains Archers	Shark	TC		16 2/8
J	Troy Morris	Western Plains Archers	Stingray	RC		7 6/8



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introducing... TARA BREWER

Where do you live?

I live in Sale, Gippsland.

What club do you belong to?

Macalister Trophy Bowhunters.

How long have you been involved in archery and bowhunting?

Around 2.5 years.

How often do you go bowhuntina?

Not often enough! I attend our club a few times a month on a Wednesday night for practice but getting out bowhunting is a little more difficult with two little kids. I probably get out bowhunting once every couple of months. Living where we do, we are extremely lucky and spoilt for choice with opportunities to hunt locally.

What archery equipment/style do you use when bowhunting?

I have an Elite Kure bow which I love. I also have a Diamond Prism.

Has anyone helped you with your archery and bowhunting?

I've had many people help me, the first being my husband and then many members of our club and close friends who have been in the game for years. It's definitely a hobby you can get addicted to



Bowhuning achievements TO END MARCH 2022

very quickly. I wish I had taken it up years ago. I've been extremely lucky to have people around me who are very passionate and generous with their time.

Do you have any bowhunting goals that you would like to achieve?

The main goal would be to shoot a deer with a bow. Sambar is the main target at the moment. I love to cook and to be able to take game meat back to family and friends and share the animal in various ways is really important to me.

Do you have an understanding of the TBA bowhunter award system and did you know much about TBA before this?

My knowledge was very minimal to be honest. I knew it existed but just hadn't researched it. I've now learnt a little more about this exclusive system of recognition and feel very lucky to be part of it. David Luxford scored my fox and when he called me to tell me it was RC, he was super excited about it. When David gets excited about how good a fox has scored, you know you've knocked a good one! ©

Master Bowhunter
Nil further since last report

Trophy Bowhunter AwardNil further since last report

Bowhunter AwardTyler Atkinson 190

Bowhunter Royale Brian Duynhoven

Bowhunter ImperialWayne Atkinson

Bowhunter SupremeNil further since last report

Senior Member of TBANil further since last report

Members Admitted to TBA Club (membership granted after taking first Trophy Class or better animal)

Tara Brewer





big pat on the back and congratulations to all ABA hunters who claimed game last year. It takes time and patience to get out and about to hunt feral animals—sometimes you are successful and other times its just an enjoyable walk watching nature at its best.

Please claim all game, no matter what it is.

The total claims for 2021 was 694 (well down on 2020). The claims comprised 88 Trophy Class, 54 Record Class (well up on 2020) 1 Australian Record Class and 551 Game Award claims (well up on 2020).

The Greater Victoria Branch (H) again submitted the largest number of claims with 181, followed by Northern NSW (E) with 105 claims and Southern QLD (D) with 100.

The total of First Kill (85 claims) and First Kill of Species (16 claims) were well up on the figures of 2020.

- Allan Driver, VP Bowhunting

TBA BOWHUNTER OF THE

PETER GRIFFITHS

The winner of this prestigious award has to have achieved Master Bowhunter status in the calendar year of competition. The Master Bowhunter with the most measurable species claimed from that year will be declared the winner. In the case of two hunters having the same quantity of measurable species then the hunter with the most Record Class, then Trophy Class will break the deadlock.

The TBA Bowhunter of the Year for 2021 is Peter

Griffiths, taking 18 of our recognised species which included Australian Record Class species, Record Class species and Trophy Class species.

A huge congratulations to Peter on his achievement in exceptional circumstances, with COVID-19 and Omicron causing great difficulties getting out and about to hunt feral animals.

18 ON

MASTER BOWHUNTER

This award is presented to those Bowhunters obtaining 300 points or better, in a minimum of three species of game under the Master Bowhunter Formula.

PETER GRIFFITHS (J) 520

DAN PODUBINSKI (H) 460

DAVID LUXFORD (G) 340

TROPHY BOWHUNTER

This award is presented to those Bowhunters obtaining 200 points or better (but less than 300) in a minimum of three species of game under the Master Bowhunter Award Formula.

JOHN SCOTT (H) 270 TOBY GALL (B) 250 TYLER ATKINSON (H) 220 DANIEL FERGUSON (B) 220

BOWHUNTER AWARD

This award is presented to those Bowhunters obtaining 100 points or better (but less than 200) in a minimum of three species of game under the Master Bowhunter Award Formula.

MARC CURTIS (G) 170

JACK WINKS (D) 120

ELISSA ROSEMOND (C) 110

GRAHAM MCCOMISKIE (B) 140 JOSHUA BALSLEY (J) 110 JOHN TEITZEL (B) 120 BENJAMIN IRELAND (E) 110

2021 LADIES BOWSHOT RECORDS

RED DEER ELISSA ROSEMOND 275:2/8 pts

OVERALL BEST OF SPECIES

BUFFALO	PETER GRIFFITHS (B) AUST RECORD	130:00 PTS
FERAL CAMEL	PETER GRIFFITHS (B)	30:8/16 PTS
FERAL CAT	PETER GRIFFITHS (B)	8 PTS
FOX	TARA BREWER (G)	10:7/16 PTS
FERAL GOAT	MICHAEL PICOT (B)	135:3/8 PTS
FERAL PIG	DALE WINKS (D)	29 PTS
CHITAL DEER	SCOTT MEADOWS (E)	184:6/8 PTS
FALLOW DEER	JOHN CALLEJA (F)	237:4/8 PTS
RED DEER	ELISSA ROSEMOND (C)	275:2/8 PTS
RUSA DEER	TOBY GALL (B)	227:00 PTS
SAMBAR DEER	DAVID LUXFORD (G)	176:3/8 PTS
HOG DEER	DAVID LUXFORD (G)	67:7/8 PTS
SHARK BHFF	GRAHAM MCCOMISKIE (B)	17:4/8 PTS
STINGRAY BHFF	TROY MORRIS (J)	7:6/8 PTS

LADIES BEST OF SPECIES

RED DEER ELISSA ROSEMOND 275:2/8 pts

JUNIOR BEST OF SPECIES

FALLOW DEER MITCHELL BREWER (C) 177:5/8 PTS
GOAT JACK WINKS (D) 102 PTS
FERAL PIG JACK WINKS (D) 28 4/8 PTS

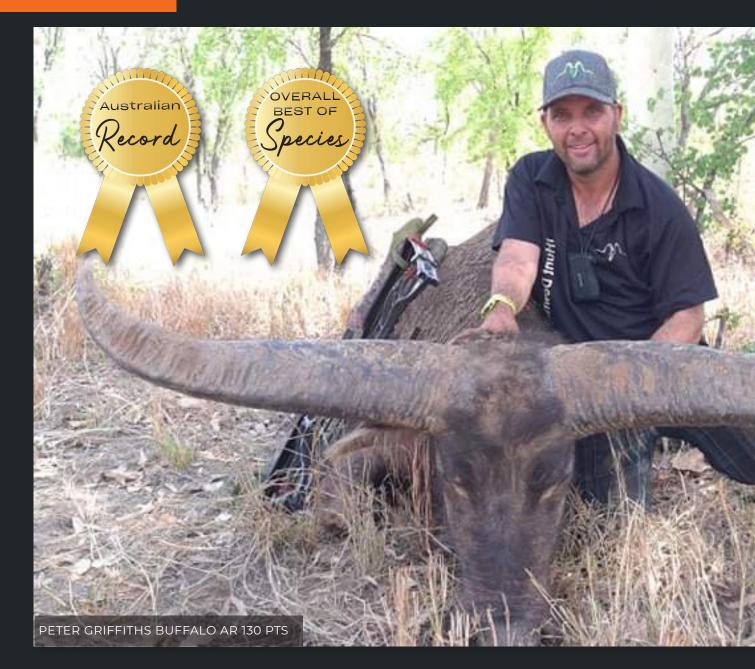
Overall TBA Bowhunter of the Year: PETER GRIFFITHS

Female TBA Bowhunter of the Year: ELISSA ROSEMOND

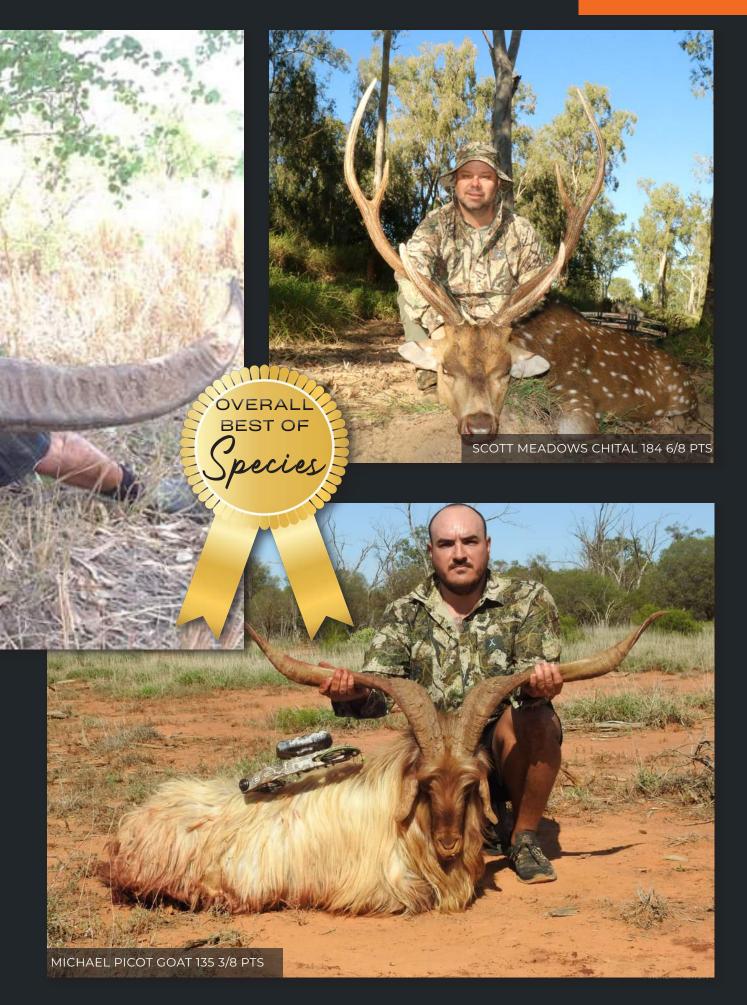
Tusker Broadhead Trophy of the Year: MARK SPILLER CAMEL 30:6/8 R/C

Most Game Award Claims: BERNARD HAYNE 71

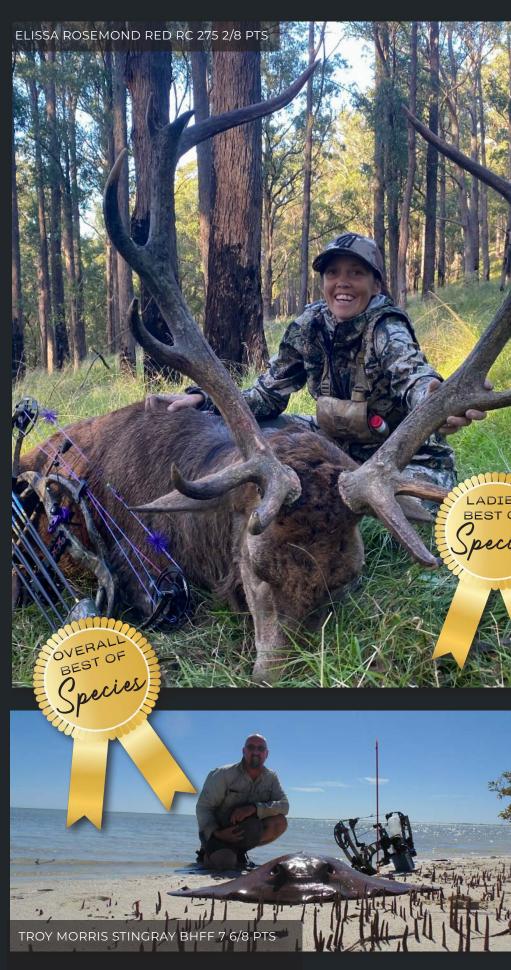
All So Close (or just under TC) Winner: JEANETTE DOWD PIG 24:6/8

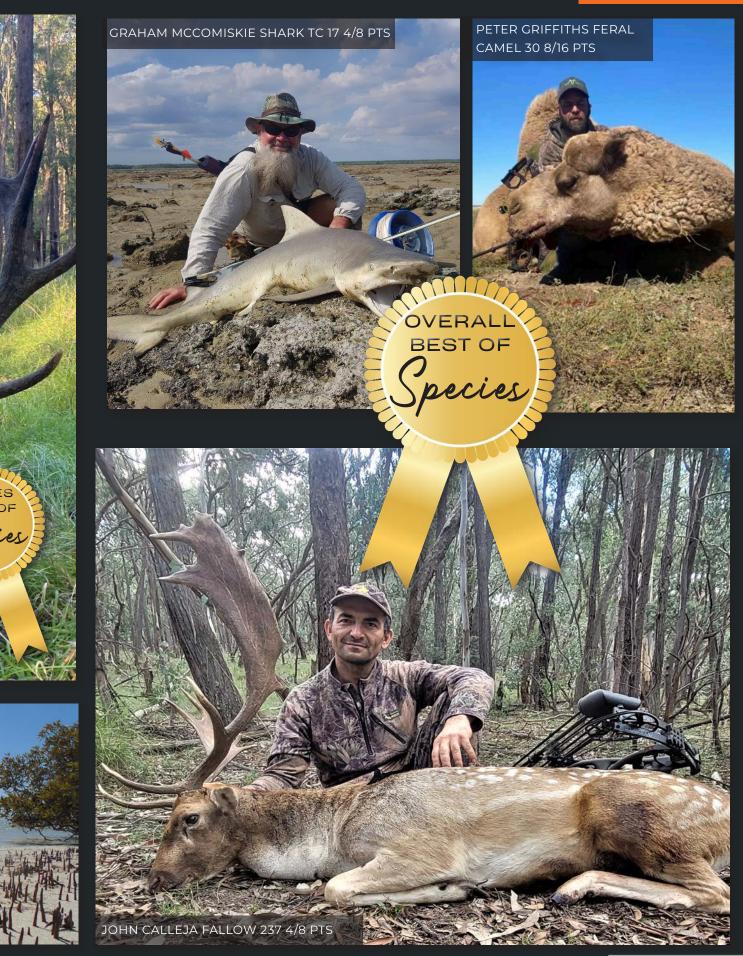
















Branch	Aust Record Class	Record Class	Trophy Class	Game Award	Total
Α		0	0	1	1
В		12	20	47	79
С		2	7	18	27
D		8	13	79	100
Е		3	3	99	105
F		1	1	14	16
G		7	14	25	46
Н		14	21	146	181
1		0	0	56	56
J	1	7	9	66	83
Totals	1	54	88	551	694

CLAIMS BY:

species

Species	Aust Record	Record Class	Trophy Class
Species	Class	Record Class	Tropiny class
Buffalo	1		
Buffalo		2	3
Pig		1	26
Goat		8	3
Fox		8	24
Cat		4	4
Camel		4	2
Sambar		2	0
Fallow Deer		16	10
Red Deer		2	3
Rusa Deer		6	0
Chital Deer		1	2
Hog Deer		0	1
Stingray Open BHFF		0	6
Shark Open BHFF		0	4
Totals	1	54	88









By Jeanette Dowd

fter three years of trying to hold the Nationals, the dream finally became a reality for the Wide Bay Archery Club.

Not too many clubs have the ranges and volunteer members to host all three events: IFAA, ABA and 3D—nine days of shooting, with many archers camping on the ground for 11 to 14 days. The Wide Bay Club certainly put the hard yards in on their ranges, club grounds and facilities.

As the sun set over the Hervey Bay club the day before the IFAA Nationals started, the campground was abuzz with excitement. Old friendships were renewed, and new friends were made amongst the many campers.

IFAA was going to run over the first five days, but competitors only needed to shoot three of the days if they wished, as only the best three days' scores were counted.

As the sun started to rise, the first archer appeared on the practice range. For some, competing in the Nationals is something they have worked and practise for, while for others, it's a thing they have done many times and look forward to each year.

Camping on the grounds and being close to the practice range was a joy and a hindrance at the same time. In our camp, we had young three-year-old Alfie who just loves to shoot. This was his first Nationals—his mum Katie also grew up in an archery-mad family and has done many family holidays in the car travelling to these events around Easter. Alfie's dad, Nelson, has also joined in and has participated in the sport over the last nine years. Couple that with Granny Jeanette and



DadDad Kev, who live and breathe archery. Each morning when the first archer went to practice, Alfie would spin around from the breakfast table and say, "ready to shoot". We would have to try to calm him down, race to get ready, then go over while he shot one shot after the other.

Looking around on the first morning as everyone lined up in their shoot groups, you could see we were in for a great week. Our sport is fantastic as people of all ages can compete, male, female, young or old were seen with a bow in hand, roaring to go. It's one of the only sports people of all ages can compete in together.

Each day started with muster at 8am. The Wide Bay Club had some great ideas with a coffee van rocking up each morning and a 50/50 raffle drawn each morning, which was a great fundraiser for the club. Food and drinks on the range refreshed the archers throughout the day and they even ran an indoor shoot one night.

Some truly fantastic scores were shot over the first five days. Justin Olexienko shooting in the

Professional Men's Unlimited Division shot a 552, 552, 559, 549, then a perfect animal round of 560. Shooting a 559 means he only dropped one point in his hunter round, which beat his own previous Australian National record of 557.

Only six people shot perfect animal rounds: Justin Olexienko, Mark Spiller, Adam Richards. Damien Ormiston. Timothy Wheat and Jock Thompson.

Presentations for the IFAA Nationals were held on the Wednesday afternoon as soon as the National score recorder could organise and calibrate the scores. Kerry, who runs the ABA office, was on hand at the Presentation selling badges, water bottles, backpacks and all the other items available from the ABA shop.

Thursday was a lay day, and some archers used it to explore Harvey Bay, swimming, fishing or even just doing their washing.

By Thursday, the campground had doubled in camper numbers, as many people were only shooting in the ABA and 3D events. A big notable difference from IFAA



to ABA game is there are more kids and families shooting the ABA. Good Friday was the first round of ABA.

It's so great to see so many families enjoying the shooting and camping, besides our family's three generations of archers competing, there is also:

Rob Graham, who has been a top recurve shooter for many years from the Saxon Archery Club. He was there along with his daughter Jasmine, her husband Geoff and his two grandsons—all shooting.

Young Heath McKenzie from Lakeside Bowmen, who is an excellent Bowhunter Compound Cub shooter put down some very respectable scores with a 762 Saturday and 720 on the Sunday. His dad James still shoots in the Bowhunter Compound division, the same as he once did when he was Heath's age.

Russell Carlson is a legend when it comes to recurve shooting. He made the trip up to Wide Bay to compete as his grandson Cody was also competing in the Men's Recurve division. I'm not sure who was prouder between Russell and Cody when Cody had scored the highest in their family competition.

The ABA scores did not disappoint either. Two perfect rounds were shot over the two days by Brad Stephan and Jock Thompson.

The highest score went to Brad Stephan with a 398, 396, 400, 396 total 1590 out of 1600. Brad shoots in Men's Freestyle Unlimited.







Junior Boys Freestyle Unlimited shooter Tomas Long also shot excellently with 398, 394, 398, 398 for a total 1588.

Once the ABA Nationals were over and presentations were done, there still was no time to relax as Easter Sunday would mark the start of the 3D Nationals.

First up Sunday morning saw ABA recruit two junior Easter bunnies, who happily distributed Easter eggs amongst the many archers.

The highest score of the two days of competition went to Jock Thompson with 390,386, 388—a total 1164.

Each National event also had a Branch Team event, and 2022 saw the South Oueensland Branch D win all three events.

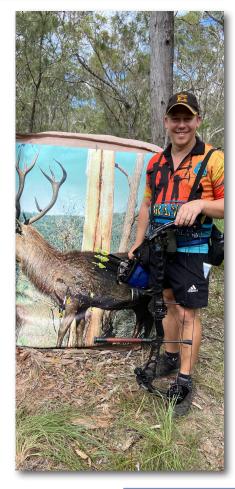
Their IFAA Team consisted of Brad Stephan, Kev Dowd, Al Bell, Troy Hughes and Susan Green, while their ABA Team consisted of Brad Stephan, Wayne Bertelsen, Al Bell, Troy Hughes, and Josie Hughes and their 3D Team consisted of Brad Stephan, Jeff Inch, Al Bell, Troy Hughes, and Josie Hughes.

Some archers started packing up and making the long trip home on the Monday after the 3D presentation, while others stayed the extra night, winding down from the full-on last nine days of shooting.

Three-year-old Alfie woke up Tuesday morning and as we were all packing up to leave, he asked why we weren't going shooting. It certainly put a smile on my face, as the rest of us were a little tired and over the walking and shooting from the previous nine days of competition.

Alfie's mum Katie says we now have created another mad keen archer in the family, as he asks and shoots his bow every day. To think he and all the other kids that enjoyed the Nationals are the future of our shoot... I just hope he keeps loving it in the future.

If you have never experienced an ABA National event, why not book your holidays now for next year. They are always held over the Easter break, and it sure does make for one hell of a great family time camping, shooting and socialising. @





Long family weekend

Some archers look for time outside of their work and family duties to practice their sport, but for the Long family, everyone is down for a long weekend of shooting.

atherine Long, her husband Brian and their children, ▶ 16-year-old Tomas and 14-year-old Charlie, all packed up their bows and arrows and made their way to the Wide Bay Archers club for the ABA National Safari over Easter.

It's probably quite rare to find a sport that the entire family gets enthusiastic about, but it isn't an issue for this family, who were all led to archery by Brian who has been shooting since he was just a kid himself.

"Brian started archery when he was just a young thing, around four years old—he had a little plastic bow and sort of grew up doing it," Catherine says.

Then in his mid-20s he moved

interstate and stopped doing archery until we had the kids. When Tomas was around 10, we started up again and got new bows and everything and went from there. We got back into the sport just as a family activity."

The Long family are now in two clubs: Gladstone Field Archers and Full Draw Field Archers. and while they've been to a few competitions, this was the first time they've made it to Nationals—but not for a lack of wanting!

"I always wanted to go, years and years ago, but they were always in Orange," Brian says.

"It was just too long a trip for us to get there."

The whole family took part in the ABA round, with Tomas also Brian started archery when he was just a young thing...





entering the 3D shoot.

"I guess we all went there as a sort of family adventure," Catherine says.

"We went well, but Charlie was the only one in her category, so she had no competition which was a bit of a shame.

"I'm in B Grade Bowhunter Unlimited and I won my category against two other competitors including one from interstate—so I was very happy with that. And then Tomas did exceptionally well; he shot really well. He did three 398 and a 396."

Brian and Tomas also like to go hunting on weekends when they can find the time—and when they can find somewhere to go.

Now, Catherine says the Longs are looking forward to more competitions in the future.

"The boys, last weekend gone, were headed to Ipswich for a 3DAAA shoot, but that got rained out and postponed," she says.

"But we have a few shoots coming up—we've got Moranbah, and then our home one at Full Draw next month." @









Come and try Atrone

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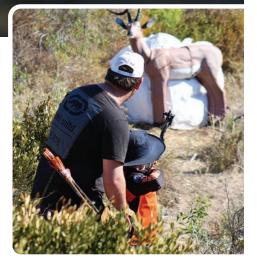




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Comeback king

Having lost contact with the sport he once loved, Anthony Pirrotta found his way back to the bow and was thrilled to compete in this year's IFAA National Field Archery Championships, saying, "it's just like riding a bike".

By Kelly James

nthony started archery at around eight years of age after some trial and error trying to find a sport or activity he liked.

"My mother introduced me to it and it was a time where other sports weren't clicking with me," Anthony says.

"I got stuck into and continued through until I was about 14.

"Unfortunately, life got in the way, being a young teenager and getting a job, et cetera, it kind of cut me out of archery."

In fact, Anthony didn't pick up a bow again for more than 15 years, when he joined Grange Bowmen in Brisbane and got right back into it. After two years there, Anthony and his family moved back to Maryborough at the beginning of 2021, where he joined Wide Bay Archers.

"A lot of things came back pretty easily," he says of picking up the bow again.

"Just like riding a bike."

Starting up again was also Anthony's first foray into the world of competetive archery, which he delved into in 2020. Unlike hobby archery, he says that getting into competitions encourages him to strive for a higher level of achievement.

"I guess it sort of pushes you a bit to do better than you might on your own," he says.

In April, he took part in the three-day IFAA Nationals, which he describes as being "full on".

"I did the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and I placed third in men's open, but also went back out there and did some media coverage through



my own (social media) page.

"It was quite good—a good turnout. A lot of people there."

In addition to getting out on the range, Anthony has managed to pick up some sponsors through his archery Facebook and Instagram pages, Lifestyle Archery, where he promotes the sport and runs giveaways.

Trying his hand at hunting is on the bucket list for Anthony too, but with six-year-old and two-year-old daughters at home, finding the time is the tricky part. He's also looking forward to some more Branch competitions, and overall is pretty pleased with his progress since taking the sport up again.

"Honestly, I think I'm getting to the point where I'm achieving a lot of what I set out to do," he says.

"And at the moment, I'm trying to see if I can get the girls on my side with archery as best as I can." ©









BONDING

The 2022 National Safari at Hervey Bay was a family affair with father and son team, James and Heath McKenzie, shooting, while mum, Tara, served as their crew support.

It was Heath's first Safari and James' first since 1985.

"As a family we all enjoyed the friendly atmosphere at Wide

Bay Archers club, making new friends—and getting to catch with old friends was just as exciting," Tara says.

"James enjoyed the thrill of watching his son compete as much as he loves to compete himself, and they enjoyed encouraging each other to do their best." ©



A HELPING PAW

Generally, dogs are against the rules. But for Melanie, her dog Roma is key to getting out on the course with a disability.

By Melanie Jones and Roma

i, my name is Roma. For those of you who didn't attend the National Safari this year, I'm the one in the photos with long ears and red jacket, standing on all paws, knee high to my mum, Melanie. She's not all that keen on being in the spotlight, but for me, she is always in the spotlight. If you haven't guessed by now... yes, I am an assistance dog.

Mum has a condition called narcolepsy—people with this disorder experience sudden, irresistible bouts of sleep that can strike at any time. These "sleep attacks" usually last a few seconds to several minutes. Narcolepsy has other major symptoms as well and I have been learning ways to help her on a daily basis for quite some time.

One of the best things about being her personal assistant is getting to go everywhere with her. Which brings me back to the topic at hand, the 2022 National Safari!

We didn't stay on site at the Wide Bay Archers grounds but instead, my family chose to camp across the road at Susan River Homestead Resort. This gave me some down time and a few other four legged friends to play with. It also meant that when we attended the range, I was definitely on duty.

Good Friday was the beginning of our Safari. I could tell mum was relieved when our shoot group welcomed me along for the day. We fell into our usual work routine and enjoyed a day of ABA paper shooting with some great people.

By the time the afternoon round started, I caught mention of my training being extended into other areas, such as arrow scenting and retrieval.

I totally sided with the boys in my family on this point: "Just don't miss the target then, Mum!"—a statement which is usually followed by us all rolling around laughing.

While we were shooting the ABA, I noticed some unusual animals lurking in the grass, but could not catch any scent that matched. Slightly puzzled, I didn't give it much thought, until we approached a butt for scoring and my spooky radar really went crazy! Right behind our target and in plain view was a big black boar, but my nose disagreed. I could see the danger, but I couldn't smell any. Was I going crazy?

Everyone around me was laughing. Mum tried to reassure

I could tell
mum was
relieved when our shoot group

me but it was the most confusing thing I had come across in some time. It wasn't until the next day that I discovered what 3D shooting was all about. Mum had only ever taken me to our home range with paper targets. This was my first experience of 3D animals.

While I spend most of my time focused on my mum, it was great to meet those that I did at this year's Safari. We love working as a team and wanted to say a big thankyou to everyone in the archery community for the support and encouraging comments we received over the Safari weekend.

Navigating life with an invisible disability has its challenges and we are extremely grateful to be able to continue enjoying this sport. @



hen mum and dad told me we were going on a big holiday, and we get to take our bows I was pretty excited. Normally we get to do archery every few weekends, but the idea of doing it for a whole week was super exciting.

The drive to the holiday was long—very long. My brother Levi and I had lots of snacks in the back as dad drove us down with the camper. My favourite snack from the drive was the apple juice and Cheetos, but Levi loved the snakes and kept asking mum, "more", so she would pass more back to him.

When we arrived, Granny and DadDad (Grandad) were already there! I ran up and gave them a big hug straight away, then mum and

dad set up camp. I love camping—the best part is helping Daddad make a fire and getting to sit and watch it before going to bed.

The next day we woke up and I was amazed to see so many mums and dads at the practice range shooting their bows. This made me even more excited to get my bow out.

I went to the practice range and picked a little pig to shoot at. Little did I know a lot of people were watching me shoot and checking out my little Bear Paw Recurve. Some people even wanted to look at my arrows.

Mum originally didn't want me to shoot the circle targets on our holiday, as she knew it would be a lot of arrows and walking around in the bush, but with all the people around shooting their bows there was no way I was missing out. So, we went to muster with the buggy all loaded up and headed out into the bush for our first day of shooting.

After about 10 targets I was starting to get tired, so I took a little nap in the buggy and Dad came to get me. That afternoon Mum came back, and we all got to hang out by the fire. Having a camp shower with Levi was fun—we had a little bucket to splash in and got to put our Ugg boots on afterwards.

The next day was another day of shooting circles, which are not my favourite but getting to be out in the bush playing in the mud was fun. One guy in my group was called "Fish" which I thought was

a very funny name.

Mum told me that if I came on the range the next few days. I had to stay out the entire time. I did ask to go back a few times but when I got tired, I could just go in the buggy and eat some snacks. Everyone on the range was always super friendly and wanting a chat, even if I didn't feel like it. I got to change teams every few days and got to meet heaps of new people. Everyone I shot with was nice and either shared their snacks with me or cheered me on when I hit the target.

After four days of shooting circles, we got to shoot at some animal pictures, though they did seem very small and far away. I loved getting to see my favourite archery mates, Donna and Damo, out on the range. On this day a boy also came and videoed me shoot a target to put it on the news—I acted like a pro and smiled at the camera.

This was a big day and luckily granny was close by to give me a shoulder ride back to camp. At the end of that day there was a presentation to celebrate everyone who shot. I was so excited when they called my name to get a medal for shooting and being out on the course for all those days! I got to shake Fish's hand and stand up on a box.

The next day everyone was tired from all the shooting, so it was lucky we had a day to rest and recover. Mum and granny cleaned up camp a bit and we headed into town to do some fishing. We tried a few spots, but it was all too windy, so we decided to go for a swim.

A lot more people seemed to arrive this day and were getting ready for the next few days of shooting. On Friday we got to go out into the bush again after muster and shoot at the animal targets. This seemed to go very quick and then after lunch everyone got ready to head out again, but I was keen to play with all the extra kids back at camp.

The next day, our team for the animal targets was Jamie, who shot recurve like me, and John, who was great at helping mum carry the bag of snacks.

That night we went to bed tired







but excited for the next day, and when we woke up, we discovered that the Easter Bunny had left Easter eggs everywhere! This was the best day, as not only did I get to take my chocolate out into the bush, but we were also shooting the "squishy" animal targets.

These next two days were probably the best days as we were shooting my favourite type of targets—even though I really only like shooting at the bums and beards of the animals.

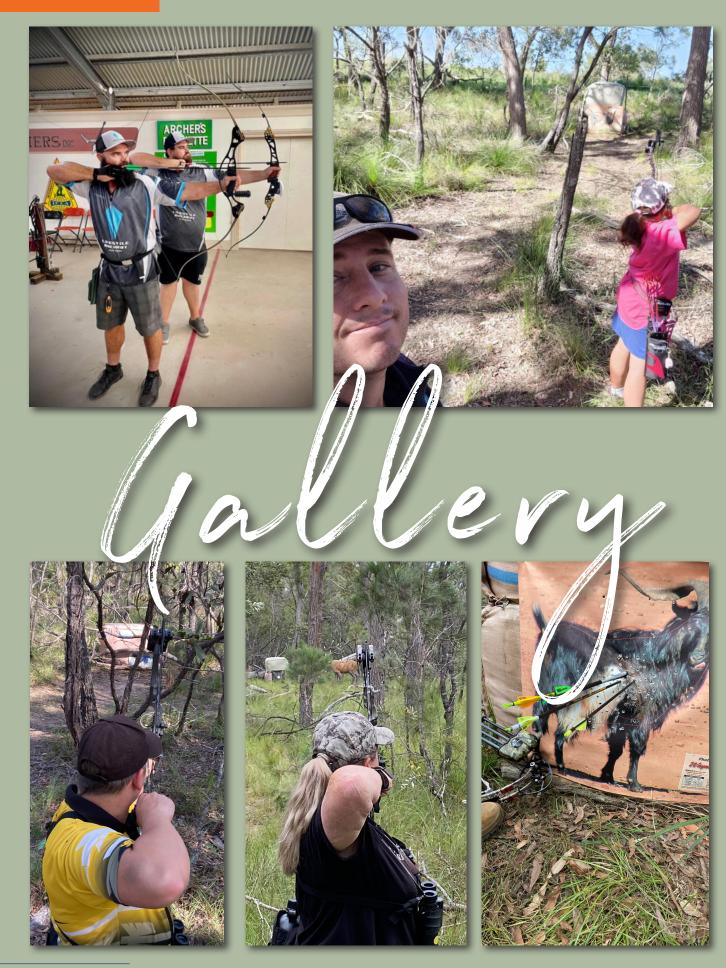
I'm pretty sure I shot the best I ever had on these days.

I slept well that night and was ready to head back to Mackay after such a huge adventure. It was such a great experience at my first National Safari. I loved getting to

see everyone else's style of shooting and even tried to copy a few.

It was such a special week and everyone I got to shoot with made it even better, so a special thanks to Fish, Ann, Kaitlyn, Sue (who apparently shot with my mum at her first Queensland Titles when she was my age) John, Jamie, Al and Cody for putting up with my slowness at times and also helping Mum drag all the extra gear around the range—without you, Mum would not have been able to also enjoy the week shooting.

Also, a shout out to our camp friends who made the week so enjoyable and to Granny for feeding us each night. I'm sure there will be many more Nationals and Safaris to come. @

















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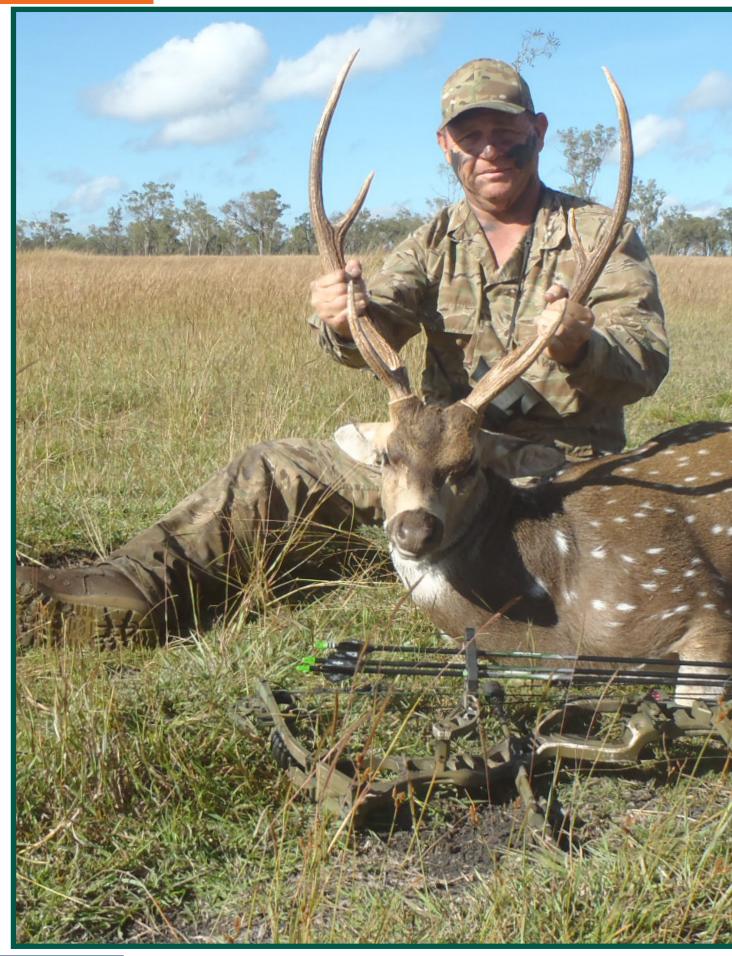
GO TO WEBSITI



Dyllan Bernhardt wins a \$250 Abbey Archery voucher for this photo, 'Glassing the mountain', which appeared in the September-October 2021 issue of Archery Action.



Jeanette Dowd wins a \$250 Abbey Archery voucher for this photo, 'Long walk back to camp', which appeared in the July-August 2021 issue of Archery Action.





THE WAITING one

The late afternoon shadows of the tree behind me kept me rather comfortable, compared to belly crawling out in the open grassy paddock with scant cover to hide my movements. There were keen-eyed does feeding under the scrub tree, darting their heads up, scanning for anything out of the ordinary.

t wasn't that ordinary. The voices of the stockmen working in the cattle yard about 800m away would amplify as the breeze gusted, having a curious reaction from the deer. One of the deer would hear something and snap it's head up to strain to hear if the next heifer was to be turned out or not, only to dip her muzzle down to pick another chew of grass. I had all afternoon, no time limits—bar sunset—and I was alone.

By Jyri Iivonen

Jolting back awake, my head resting in my hands, I glanced left and right without moving to see if the deer had moved away, which they had, now leaving only the matriarch hinds and the prime stag bedded. I inched forward again, carefully pushing my compound bow another foot

or so forward and using my toes to scrunch another four inches at a time closer. After a careful scan with the binoculars, I continued my snail's pace process, stopping to the side of a large dead tree. Once again, I rested my head in my hands and nodded off, with the same reaction as before—though this time the younger spiker bucks and does of the herd apparently returned with the fawns frolicking about them.

The shadows crept on. Waiting was my only option—if I'd made a rash move or tried to close the remaining 120m, the jig would have been up, as they say.

A short time earlier, as I was wandering about looking for the herd and standing next to a big dark-trunked Currajong tree, I glassed ahead but did not take

the time to check my nine and three o'clock field of view. Stepping forward, swiveling my head to the right I froze, seeing the lone doe looking in my direction. I couldn't tell if she'd seen me or was just lifting her head from feeding, but I dare not move until she'd moved on. When I was able to start the epic crawl, I found she was not alone!

At the 100m mark (rangefinder verified) the shadows lengthened, the wind had picked up and the youngsters had moved off again. My glacial pace had got me to 85m, where two mature hinds remained bedded and the third was up feeding in front of the bedded stag who was rocking his long tines back and forth.

Open, sparse grass isn't the best to crawl through towards deer at any time, and this ground was about a one-in-ten downhill gradient before it flattened out. I was determined not to let them see me leopard crawling toward them. I waited, dozing off again with my arms as a bipod for my head. I had a micro-dream and snapped to again to see the stag had moved off to the left of its bed and was now raking a leafy bush in the scrub.

My excitement levels had me hatching a plan. Only one bedded hind remained, which got up, walking to the left outside the shaded shrub to feed, all while the stag preached, stripping leaves off the poor little shrub. His head was obscured by the bushes and the hind was occupied with looking at three approaching white cattle feeding slowly in from the left. I got up on my hands and knees to close more distance, as 75m was my maximum pin which I'd practiced with (due to the rifle hunters making these deer extra skittish on this property).

My eyes flicked between the hind and the stag as I gingerly crawled into 75m. His body was obscured by branches, not offering a clear shot so on I went to 70m. Movement on my left caught my eye as the alert hind looked hard at the approaching cattle, her ears twitching in the forward position. I pressed on to the 65m



mark, thinking the distance could narrow down even more as the hind's eyes weren't looking at me, as well as the 'shrub wrecker' being preoccupied.

I was staring at the stag while still placing the bow ahead to crawl a bit further when I heard the nerve shattering alarm bark of the hind. Stock still, I looked with my eyes only, keeping my head stationary—she wasn't looking at me. I now turned slowly to my left to see a horse and rider weaving through the trees at a

slow walk towards my position. Another alarm and call, and the hind departed to the right, taking the stag with her at a fast run.

Stunned, I rocked to sit back while still on my knees, openmouthed and devastated. I stared as Joe-Ann, one of the contractors in her lilac long-sleeved shirt on a chestnut horse with a blue cattle dog tagging along, rode up to the bushes the deer had just departed from until I waved my hands at her. Stopping, she said, "Oh! Jyri I didn't see you there.... Oh no... did



I just scare off those deer? Oh, I'm sorry!" To which I croakily replied with my dry mouth and throat from the two-and-a-half (or was it three-and-a-half?) hour effort, "Yeah, but it's not your fault. What are you looking for?"

"Health check on an old horse that's not got long to go," she said.

I'd seen the horse earlier about a click away, near a corner strainer post. At least it wasn't me that spooked the deer. Departing to search for the poor old horse, Joe-Ann said (referring to the deer), "He'll be here in the morning, they only walked off after the first run, you'll see".

And with that thought in my mind, I walked back past the yards with the workers seeing me look like I'd just put my life savings on green only to come up with red seven. Finally, I got back to the station quarters, vowing to shoot a young doe with my rifle for meat the next day.

I was invited to dinner with the owners and crew but needless to say, I wasn't much of a conversationalist that night. I kept reminding myself that I was on a working cattle station and the wanderings of an invited guest bowhunting aren't high on the priorities of the daily runnings.

The bow was packed away and arrows clipped into their case. I slept, but not well that night.

I got up reluctantly at first light on the last day. I could try to bring home some venison, but sadly I was forcing myself to use gunpowder. I've done it before, but the feeling of achievement just isn't there and the meat has a bitter taste of irony (metaphorically speaking) when I call myself a 'bowhunter' and need to use a firearm to bring home the bacon... or make that Bambi.

After a big breakfast put on by the owners due to a guest instructor involved with better stock-handling procedures in the yards staying over, the workers ribbed me about my glum looks, giving encouragement like, "You'll be right mate, you'll get a deer with your rifle this time, there's always

another time for your bow". I thanked them for such a great brekky and the kind words and wandered back to the quarters to get my stuff ready for the day.

As I was tying up my boots on the landing out the front of the rooms, Joe-Ann, sitting nearby, suddenly blurted out, pointing frantically, "Look, down there in the gully... a doe." I saw it walking in a little gap between the tea trees and said, "That's good, I won't have to go far to shoot it with the rifle".

That's when the big fella walked out behind the doe. Joe-Ann said, "See! I told you he'd be around in the morning! Quick! Grab your bow—go! Get going!"

I lurched off the chair in the direction of my room, ripping out the bow, four arrows and my range finder binoculars. The rifle stayed in the locked case. I was still wearing my glasses thinking 'gun', not 'bow', so I dashed into the washroom and my contacts were in super quick (contacts make my archery so much better

as I look hard left across the bridge of my nose) along with a quick splat of black camo paste on my face, throat and backs of my hands. It was now about quarter to eight.

Joe-Ann was now saying, "Hurry, hurry! You've gotta be quicker!"

"There are few things in bowhunting deer that are a 'hurry'," I replied.

Though a quick wind check and out-wide scurry down to the gully now had me slow "still hunting" along the reedbed edge, my senses and nerves on overdrive. I needed to keep convincing myself to bring it down a notch and watch my breathing as I was quietly huffing out my mouth. Eventually keeping my mouth shut, breathing steadily through my nostrils and calming myself down thinking, "It's only a deer, it's only a deer, it's only a deer.... with decent antlers.... oh heck!" Composing myself, I edged on, scanning the tangle of trees on the higher bank up on the other side, hoping that I'd see the movement of the deer first and not them my movement.

Strange, quiet grunts came from the reeds, making me freeze. I strained to see or hear it again only to notice a little disturbance in the water in the gaps between the reeds. Seems it was probably a swamp hen or some such—if it'd been a pig, I would've seen it for sure as the stand wasn't that thick with the sky reflecting off the water. A shallow path to the opposite side allowed me to slip through it, each step bringing up a fizzing set of bubbles. I nearly tipped over as I stepped out of the mud on the exit side, needing to fast-step to the right to compose my balance and making a bit too much noise for my liking.

Luckily, nothing had noticed me so far. Rain had washed previous tracks away and the ground was wet clay. Small deer tracks led up away from the water's edge. I normally take small 'baby' steps forward to avoid being caught mid-stride while stalking and ending up off balance.

Obviously, left leg bent and lifting my right leg from just behind



it with only my right toe in contact with the ground is when the hind let out a single "Yip!" Frozen in this odd position, I dared not move as she looked at me through the branches of the fallen tree on the higher bank. I don't know for sure how long I stood there in that position with the hind staring at me, bending its head down to feed and instantly snapping back up to try to catch me move, but my left leg was tremoring. I gradually straightened out so I could stand without being in said 'stress' position—I even made sure that my cap wouldn't move out of the position by referring to a spot on a tree beyond.

I then noticed the antlers moving in the same 'nodding' motion of yesterday—the bedded stag had been trying to get the attention of the hind all this time. I waited for something to distract her, to take her attention away from my position—maybe a vehicle would start up—but there was nothing except the occasional flight of a Willy Wagtail.

Time passed... indeed, strange things go through your head when you're trying to be a statue. Several times I thought of my younger, less-patient self probably giving up. I had nocked an arrow prior to the water crossing and the weight of the bow now on my release, hooked to the 'D' loop made my right hand go numb-my forefinger and thumb felt like big toes with no feeling as the strap had pressed nerves; not what I needed to try to make an accurate shot. So, I took pressure off, and the pins and needles blasted in. Wonderful! Feeling back in the fingers. I just kept pushing through the discomfort thinking, "I could be at home wishing to be hunting, but I'm here now to hunt deer, so let's do it!"

The tell-tale burping motion signaled the hind had brought up a lump of cud and started chewing. She's relaxed at last! I could try to kneel so I started bending

down, but she glared back onto my position. Oh Shit! Her head went back down without lifting and that was my trigger to drop to my knees out of sight and take the strain off. What a relief!

"Now!" I thought, "Don't mess this up! Well, damn it, even if I do, I'll remember this for a long time!"

Crawling on all fours again I made the last 8m up the side of the muddy bank and, finding a position behind a big fallen tree trunk incorporated into the top level of the higher bank, I ranged the tree above the stag with my Steiner RF Binoculars. Wow, 23m! Then. I saw him off to the right with the hind feeding and thought, "That's worth the wait".

I put the bottom limb of my 10-vear-old-but-trustworthy Hovt Vector on the dirt atop the log. The deer fed right to left diagonally towards me, with the stag now walking, head down, more

to the right, clearing the fallen tree branches, then turning to quarter toward me from the left. With my bow out front, obscuring its view of my face as it looked up and back down again, I drew, anchored, and from a sitting kneel rose to an upright kneel, my closest two sight pins on its shoulder, but the right antler was in the shot.

The stag flicked its head up and looked through me to something beyond and put its head down to feed again. The antler was clear; I'd chosen the spot. "Squeeze", was my mental command. The 100-grain Slick Trick Vipertrick-tipped Easton Axis shaft hit its mark, doing a fine iob.

They both spun around, with the stag leaping through the thicket it'd been bedded in and the hind charging right and away to the open paddock behind. As the stag

twanged through the three-strand fence unseen, I heard the thump as it fell. The hind was alarm-calling in the direction of the fallen. but it quickly vacated the scene. Making sure she was out of sight, I stood and walked around the side of the thicket to see the antler sideways, the deer on its side. Adrenaline started to surge through me like a freight train and my hands trembled as I turned and walked back, using a set of stones to cross the water back to the house, feeling overwhelmed with fatigue though so elated.

The first person I saw was the owner, so I raised my bow in the air over my head, calling out, "I got him!" "Good on ya! Well done", came the reply. Apparently, everyone was waiting for me to get the job done and they knew something was up when the hind alarm called around nine o'clock. It was humbling, to say the least. @

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Back TO BASICS: Bushcraft &

By Scott Heiman

BUG OUT BAG

A bug-out-bag is an extension of your personal survival kit. Call it your 'vehicle survival kit', 'grab-and-gobag', 'BOB', '72-hour bag' or 'get out of dodge bag'. Regardless of its name, we're talking about the portable bag that contains all the gear you'd need to survive for up to 72 hours.



ou can contrast the bug-outbag (BOB) with your personal survival kit which includes enough emergency kit for up to 24 hours and fits in your pocket, handbag or backpack pouch.

If you're wondering why you might want to carry a BOB, consider the following scenarios:

- · Your vehicle is in flames due to, for example, an engine bay fire or spinifex caught-up and igniting under your scorching hot exhaust.
- · You're involved in a vehicle accident on a remote mountain

track that's left your rig hung-up precariously by the roadside.

- · You've left the campsite to drive towards the dam at the back paddock to wait for game. But you're now bogged 15km from camp and can't get out, no matter what you try. It's late in the afternoon and there are storm clouds approaching.
- Or perhaps you've come upon another traveller who's in need of warmth, food, water and rescue.

What do you do? The answer is, reach for your bug-out-bag.

Bug-out-bags are common

among people who consider themselves to be 'preppers', but you don't need to be planning for the Zombie Apocalypse to realise their utility. If they're packed properly, they can be the key to turning a 'shit hits the fan' scenario into a manageable predicament.

For hunters and overlanders, the importance of a vehicle-based bug-out bag can't be underestimated. While you might expect that most of the things you may need to deal with an emergency are already spread around somewhere

inside your 4x4, could you grab them quickly if you needed them? The primary purpose of a bug-outbag is to keep the important things together, in one place and readily accessible. Indeed, your bug-outbag should always be left in exactly the same place, so you know instinctively where it is in an emergency, in the dark and even if you're distracted by what's going on around you.

When putting a bug-out-bag together, there are a few key principles to follow. Firstly, you need to adopt the survival mantra of 'Please Remember What's First' (Protection, Rescue, Water and Food). So, your bug-out-bag should contain provisions, tools, communications and first aid to help you get through a crisis situation should the need arise. It should be lightweight, durable, and portable (a back-pack works well, as does a duffel bag).

Secondly, remember that the bag's contents will vary depending on your location and purpose. For example, if you live in a flood, cyclone or bushfire prone area, the contents of the bug-out-bag in your daily runabout might be different to the bag you keep in the vehicle for remote area touring and hunting.

When deciding what to include in your bug-out-bag, it's helpful to ask yourself, "what if?" Then focus on those items that are hard to create out of nature. What we're talking about here is the five Cs: cutting, combustion, cover, container and cordage. Whatever the circumstance, you'll probably find that there are common items for inclusion in any bug-out-bag. So, consider the following and add to it to meet your own unique needs:

Consider packing

- Food for 72 hrs (non-perishable)
- Water (minimum 6 litres) in varied containers
- Cooking materials—kidney cup or Dixie set
- First aid kit
- Medicine for those on prescription
- Survival flip cards
- Maps of the area
- Transpiration bags
- Distress day/night flares and signal mirror
- Emergency/micro blanket or bivvy bag
- Shelter—tarpaulin, Army hoochie or pup tent
- Fire starting kit—matches, lighter, flint, 9V battery)
- Lightweight waterproof jacket
- Knives—fixed, folding and a multi tool
- Parachute cord—550 cord (minimum 5 metres)
- Roll of duct or silicone tape
- Copies of your birth certificate and passport
- A change of clothes suitable for the area
- Combination battery and dynamo radio
- Electronic rescue aids (PLB and hand-held CB)
- Torch—ensure it takes the same size batteries as the CV
- Snare wire
- Compass
- Entrenching / camp tool or machete



BE PREPARED ...

- 1. A lightweight sleeping bag can be used as a tarp, strecher and more.
- 2. A dynamo-operated combo lantern, AM/FM radio, siren and USB charger is a handy option.
- 3. Cryo vac'd rice and flour can feed a family for a week.
 - 4. Boil, filter and cooking apparatus.
 - 5. First aid is high on the agenda.
- 6. A robust torch and spare batteries not only to see with, but to signal at night.
- 7. Rope for rapelling, shelter building, making a strecher etc.
 - 8. Survival blankets and bivvie in rescue orange

have 101 uses.

- 9. The first item on the top is a splash proof windcheater.
- 10. Keep your BOB easily accessable, like under a canopy window.
- 11. Never underestimate the value of 'lecie or gaffa tape.
 - 12. Small tarps are useful in many ways.
 - 13. Other useful goodies such as these are handy.
- 14. More ways to make fire than you can poke a
- 15. More commonly associated with boats, rescue flares will help get you noticed.

































OTHER SURVIVAL BAGS

Bug-out-bags aren't the only form of emergency grab bag you might hear talked about, whether by members of zombie resistance groups or emergency responders like the military or search and rescue operatives. In every walk of life, there are different bags with their own special names. So, while this article has focussed on bug-out-bags, here are a few more carriers that you may hear of and-depending on your own circumstances-may need to keep close at hand.

EDC-EVERYDAY CARRY

As its name suggests, an EDC is what you carry every day, everywhere, and includes those essential bits of kit that you can't live without. Examples could include a multi-tool, a single battery torch, your mobile phone, a Bic lighter or a whistle etc. Truth be known, the contents of your EDC might not even be stored in one, single-purpose bag. Rather, you might have the gear distributed throughout your pockets or in a special section in your hand (man) bag.

IFAK—INDIVIDUAL FIRST AID KIT

As archers, we all carry some form of IFAK. It's generally the Band-Aids and necessary meds that live in our quivers. Once we head off the range and into the scrub, however, our IFAK needs to include more. A snake bite kit should be high on the list, and that's not only for hunters. During field archery events, we're all likely to find ourselves in rural settings with long grass and shrubs and some time or other. And while we may have permission from the landowner to use the range, it's unlikely that anyone's also checked-in with the snakes who call the place home. To them, we all look like trespassers.

GHB-GET HOME BAG

This bag has everything in it that will get you home, or that you might need if you can't get home at the end of a long day in the office. It's primarily used by people who work in the city but who deal with an hour (+) each way commute every day. So, this is the bag that helpsout when the highway gets blocked due to a massive truck accident, or the train drivers go on strike just as you arrive at the rail station. Think too about situations where your plastic doesn't work in the ATM or the weather just unseasonably changed. Generally, a GHB is what you keep at work to last you 12-24hrs. Inside it you'll keep things like a jumper, collapsible umbrella, cash, a water bottle, and some high-energy long-life

snacks like muesli bars. Your GHB could be an actual bag, or simply the bottom drawer at your office desk.

INCH—I'M NEVER COMING HOME BAG

This is the bag (or even bags or large containers) that you'll be loading into the back of your car to leave home, forever. Think societal collapse or a pandemic, the sorts of scenarios where you'd rather deal with the crisis somewhere other than in downtown suburbia. If you're lucky, you'll be heading to your bug-out location in your bug-out-vehicle. Or you may not have the luxury of a firm base. Either way, your INCH needs to include photos, hard drives, documents that help prove your identity, a few sentimental items, as well as long-term survival gear for the whole family. A good way to start is by storing your passports, birth certificates etc. in fireproof safes the shape and size of a briefcase—this will help in case of a catastrophic fire event in your home.

BB-BLACKOUT BAG OR BOX

A BB is kept in the house and contains the items you need if there's an unexpected blackout. The contents of the BB usually include things like candles, matches, torches and spare batteries. And you'll be glad you have them next time there's damage to the electrical supply caused by, for example, floods, cyclones or storms. It happens all the time, and sometimes it can last for weeks. A classic example is the 2016 storm in South Australia that knocked out the state-wide grid for a week, affecting 850,000 people, and more recently during the floods up and down the East Coast.

GO BAG

Nominally, GO bags are kept by military personnel, emergency services or pilots. What's packed in it is the things you're going to need if you get the call. One moment, you're playing soccer with the kids, the next you're in the car heading to the airport because the SHTF somewhere in the world, you're needed, and you don't know when you'll be back. @





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Meanderings

COMPETITIVE ARCHERY EVOLUTION

Shooting a bow revolves around one basic premise: We all want to hit what we're aiming at!



ot every archer has the desire to be a competitive shooter, but nonetheless, whether one is just a recreational participant or only shoots occasionally, when we draw back that bow, our motivation is to hit what we're aiming at.

The famous Japanese Zen Archers would repeatedly shoot arrows into the air just for sheer exhilaration, but clearly the are the exception which proves the rule.

Not only do we wish to hit what we're aiming at, the obvious reason we continue is the excitement factor when it actually occurs. And should it occur somewhat repeatedly, that's when the mindset changes, and there is then a desire to perhaps become competitive and to also learn a whole lot more about what needs to be done to make that happen.

Now we have an aspiring shooter, a new club member and someone who needs to be taken under the wing and given positive information and personal support. Their excitement level is high, their level of motivation for learning and practicing is elevated, and an efficient club program is now imperative to meet that enthusiasm.

When I came to the sport in

the early '60s on the Gold Coast, accommodating the new archers' appetite for advancement rested solely with the quality of instruction and interest shown by the club hierarchy.

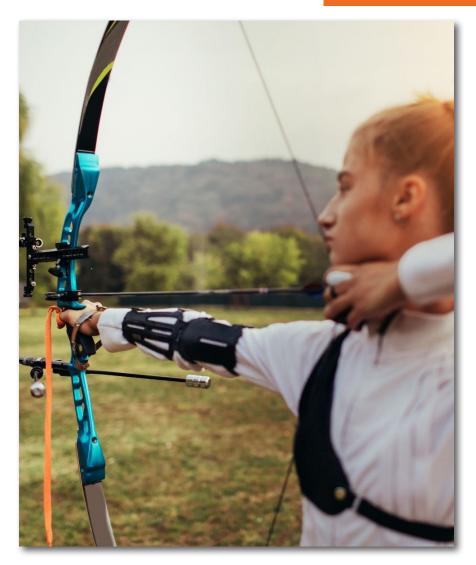
There was no iPad to seek out knowledge, no mobile phones to film and critique form and execution, and no archery on television. We had the American archery magazines as our chief secondary source of information and apart from that, we were completely dependent on the best shooters in our club to spare us time and knowledge.

There is no doubt that having a shooter and a coach of the calibre of Bernie Adams, a national champion, a superb coach, extremely versed in all aspects of proper equipment function and preparation, and always willing to give his time, was clearly a major factor in my development and success.

Clubs that were blessed with such quality people produced the best new talents because 'learning on your own' was simply not feasible, and none of today's innovations for instruction existed.

Today, the quality club coach and coaching program remains a huge asset, but there is so much knowledge that can now be accumulated from our present technology to take advantage of.

There is no question that in the past half-century or so, the technological advancements, plus the upgrade in equipment design and manufacturing, has seen an extraordinary increase in scoring and potential accuracy. Certainly, the gear we shoot today is superior to what I shot in the '60s, but that upgrade simply does not account for the accuracy level so



evident today.

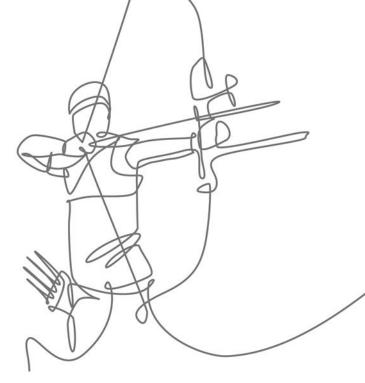
When I shot my first nationals in 1970, the world FITA 1440 round record was just in excess of 1200 points. Bernie Adams won that event with two of the world's best recurves.

Hans Wright and Graeme Telford in close attendance, and scores close to that magic 1200plus mark. We shot one-piece wooden recurve bows with stabilisation Easton XY aluminium arrows and an end at 90m in the high 40s was quality accuracy.

Today, the record is 200 points better and end of 58.59 and even 60 at 90m are being achieved. Such a rise in accuracy cannot be simply attributed to today's tech-

nology—obviously the imparting of knowledge via's today's numerous avenues, the coaching advancements and just the ease of access to information have elevated scoring to levels I could not have imagined back then.

Today's environment offers so much more to the prospective shooter. An aspiring archer has at his or her disposal multiple learning opportunities, all of which should be utilised. It is relatively easy for an enthusiastic novice to become a very proficient shooter in today's world, but the bar is so much higher now, so to become elite requires special talents, devotion to practice, focus and dedication. ©



By Sue Wallace

IT IS A LITTLE SAD WHEN YOU LOOK BACK IN TIME, TO SEE THE SHOOTS THAT ARE NO LONGER BEING HELD. AND THEN IN 2020, WE HAD ALL THE COVID-19 CANCELLATIONS OF ARCHERY AS WELL.

n a lighter note, here are some antics from a local shoot in 2022:

"Rain, rain, go away, come again some other day."

A song from my primary school days, that I found myself singing out loud this morning. Thankfully it was just a passing shower, and as we drove down the highway to Sunshine Coast Bowmen on Sunday, February 6, the clouds did begin to part.

There were a few people already at the clubhouse and the kettle was on the boil. We still had a little while to wait so we had a couple of shot at the practice butts and catching up with folks as well. A call went out to make sure everyone had filled in nomination forms before the AGM was called. It was quite an informative and concise meeting, with all club officials re-elected for 2022. Meeting done, on with the archery.

It was a three-arrow round (with diminishing score), and a change for today saw the all-trad groups going out to the back course, while the other groups of compound archers mixed with target recurve archers, with a few trad friends thrown into the mix, did the front course. It was great to see an all-female group of mixed bows too.

Our group started on target five, and we soon caught up to the group in front as they hadn't heard the shooting commence, so we slowed

down to allow them to get away. It didn't help there weren't very many second or third arrows from our group—at one point we thought we were just doing a one arrow round, but that didn't last too long.

At target 12, you shoot the deer target through the saplings, or, as one of the chaps in our group did, you deflect an arrow off one of the saplings and it lands in the other side of the creek and is then quite





a mission to retrieve it! While the fellow was over the other side. he found another arrow which had been there for some time, and just by chance, it happened to belong to one of the chaps in the group behind us. Then at target 16, we found an arrow had been left in the tree by an archer from the group in front.

We were all pleased to score on the chooks at target 20, then around to do targets one through four and back to the clubhouse for lunch.

I am pretty sure at some stage I may have mentioned the yummy sausage sandwiches, and I was so keen to get one I picked up the napkin and placed it on my hand, then with the tongs gently placed the sausage straight onto the napkin—seems I forget the bread, much to the amusement of not just myself, but the others around me.

It's good to sit and chat at lunch time and catch up with those you missed in the morning. After lunch, some went out to shoot the other course as a one arrow round, while others packed up, said their goodbyes, and headed for home. It's always a great day at Sunshine Coast Bowmen, be it a club or a social Sunday.

Here's hoping 2022 is a better year for archery overall, and it's great to see the Traditional Archery Australia Inc. clubs are holding shoots as they come on-board.

The following shoots are confirmed on the Proposed Calendar (at time of writing) for Jun/Jul 2022:

- The TAA NSW State Titles, Coffs Coast—June 14/15
- Jules Shield Lakeside. Queensland—July 9/10
- Trad Knot Shoot. Sunshine Coast Bowmen, Queens land—July 31

The Gathering at HVTA is, unfortunately, not being held this year due to access issues/shed relocation but will be back in 2023.

Reports from the following Trad shoots will be in the next issue:

- Kurwongbah Open
- Barambah Traditional Archery Festival
- 2022 TAA Qld State Titles

For the readers who are on Facebook, check out Travellin' Round the Trads; you can read the shoot writeups and view many photos, and get the flyers for all the Trad shoots being held, plus grab a copy of the Proposed Trad Calendar for the current year.

There is also a Facebook page called Traditional Archery Australia Forum, where group members exchange thoughts, ideas, questions and stories, plus you will find the Proposed Trad Calendar and flvers for each event.

You can find further information and available flvers for all the Traditional Shoots at: Wallace Woods: www.wallacetradwoods.com > Shoot information and Traditional Archery Australia: www.traditionalarcheryaustralia.org > Shoot Calendar and Information for TAA approved shoots

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

I look forward to seeing you 'round the trads. @

SELVAH

Age: 57

How did you start in archery?

I always like the idea of shooting a bow, so I researched where the clubs were and simply picked a day and drove to one. I have been well and truly hooked ever since.

How long have you been involved in archery?

18 years.

Are you in a local club?

Caboolture & District Bowmen Inc (and I'd like to add that it is the most fantastic club—great friendly and dedicated people).

What type of archery do you shoot?

3DAAA—where 3D rubber life size targets are set at unknown distances.

Do you Hunt?

No, but have been out with hubby a few times.

What's your favourite archery memory?

In 2010, when both Chris and I won the Queensland and Australian Titles, Shooter of the Year for our respective divisions and I was privileged in being awarded the Margaret Cowan Award. I was so honoured to be recognised for such a prestigious award, it is very humbling. To top it off, I also



robin-hooded the last arrow shot for the National Titles, which was a real buzz.

What appeals to you about archery?

The camaraderie of the people in archery is just amazing, and also shooting with people that have a passion for the sport. Everyone is willing to help each other. Getting out in the bush to shoot is fantastic too, what we all love to do... It

is a sport that also mentally challenges you to perform your best if you want to achieve to a higher standard of shooting. You can be competitive with fellow archers or only within yourself. It is up to you how you want to pursue the sport.

Are any family members involved in archery?

When we initially started back on 2003, our family were all participating in the sport—



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



Email: info@benchmark3darchery.com.au Phone: Robert Vayro 0438 997 638







Chris, myself, my daughter, Rebecca, and my son, Joshua. My daughter has found other interests and challenges in life and is not shooting archery anymore but Chris, myself and Joshua are still shooting archery and still enjoying it.

What was your first bow? Recurve bow.

What do you have currently? Elite Victory X, 50lb, Shrewd Scope & Lens, B3 sight, QAD drop away rest, Black Eagle Carnivore arrows, Carter Just B-Cuz Release Aid.

What are your great achievements in (or out of) archery?

As I only started archery at a later stage in my life, it has been

rewarding to have been able to achieve and obtain the awards that I have over the years in the few different divisions that I have. However, of late, I get great pleasure in providing help and assistance to fellow archers new to the sport, young and old, to assist with them to develop their skills in archery and providing them much needed support—this is something that I find far more rewarding nowadays.

Sponsors:

My husband, Chris, as he is always there to assist me with the technical side of my setup and also supporting me to acquire the skills needed to shoot.

Last Word:

I would like to fully acknowledge my husband, Chris, as he has been the rock that has aided me to what I have achieved in archery to date, not only in assisting to set up my gear but also in mentally challenging myself. He is a great mentor and is always willing to help fellow archers. I'm sure other fellow archers can vouch for that. Chris really knows his stuff when it comes to archery. So, for that, thank you Chris for all what you do and have done over the years we have been shooting archery. For the women out there, don't be afraid to give archery a go—join a club and you won't be disappointed. @





SAMBAR HIND COOM

By Scott Brown

With a lot of the covid restrictions being eased, my wife and I finally had the chance to get away, back into the bush.

t was back to Timberline Self-Guided Sambar Hunts where we would be spending a week at the property in search of a sambar.

The freezer at home was running really low on venison, so I was hoping to stock up with some meat on this trip. Easier said than done given that I was hunting sambar with a bow. Seeing them is one thing, getting within bow range is something else, then to actually draw back on one is another story altogether, but I was going to give it a red-hot go.

After arriving at camp and having a chat to Russ, I was quietly confident in the possibility of getting onto a sambar, as he had been seeing quite a few around the property.

He suggested I head up into one of the gullies that afternoon for a stag that had been seen regularly feeding in the open, just on the fringe of the bushland. I had a few hours of daylight left and had nothing to lose in giving it a try.

Unfortunately, there was no stag to be found, but I did see a few signs around and I decided on where I would place my pop-up ground blind the next day. I was honked several times heading back to the car in the dark, I think by the same deer, which I couldn't see in the paddock below me. I'd only arrived at camp a few hours before and was already getting honked at, so I knew I

was in the right area.

During daylight savings, the hunting days can be very long as I'm up and in the bush about an hour or so before daylight, and in the afternoon until after dark. By the time you get back to camp and have something to eat it's time for bed, and after only a few hours of sleep you are back into it again. It can be hard some days, dragging yourself out of a nice warm bed into the freezing cold, but that's what we do, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

I'd seen a few deer in the first couple of days on the main block but never had a chance at any of them. One of the afternoons I decided to hunt in a different area. While driving from camp to the hunting area I spotted some movement in the top of a paddock. Grabbing my binoculars, I could see a few sambars already out in the field feeding, which was unusual to me as they normally leave it until the very last minute to break cover and feed.

As luck would have it. Russ was driving in the opposite direction and stopped to see what I was looking at. I pointed out the deer but mentioned the wind was pretty bad and blowing in the wrong direction for me to have a go. He quickly corrected me, saying the wind was perfect, and all I'd have to do was get up behind them



and hope they feed back into the bush before dark. This meant heading back to camp and hauling arse a good couple of kilometres up over the hill and coming in above their position. I decided that I'd rather have a go at deer I knew were there than try this different area and hope to come across something.

A quick plan was hatched between Russ and myself and I was off. There was a fair bit of country to cover and most



of it uphill. By the time I got within a couple of hundred meters of their position, I was buggered and dripping with sweat. It was quite thick scrub between me and where I'd last seen sambar out in the field so I had to really take my time, as I wasn't sure if they would still be out feeding. Had they moved off back into the bush? Had they moved further into the open? Had they heard or picked up my scent and taken off? All

these questions and many more were running through my mind as I tiptoed through the cornflake-like debris under foot.

As I approached the fence line. I could see some fallow deer that had moved out of the thick scrub and were sunning themselves about 200 meters from me, but I could not see any sambar deer. I was standing on the trail they had entered the paddock from and was glassing across the open fields, but there were no sambars to be seen. In typical sambar deer style, they had done a Houdini and vanished into thin air.

I still had about an hour or so of huntable light so decided to head back in the direction I had come from hoping to see something in the other gully systems. There was a small game trail that led up the hill and even though it was crunchy to walk on, it was a better option than

pushing through the bush. I was moving slowly, but not stalking-slow, as there was a wallaby above me that I didn't want to spook and have jump off in the same direction that I was going.

As I looked up at the wallaby, my eye caught something out of the ordinary along the ridge. A quick check with the binoculars and I could clearly see a set of legs and torso, but the neck and head were behind a tree. It was standing there like a statue, and I expected to hear a honk any second but to my surprise, it dropped its head and took a few steps, just browsing along.

The wind had changed direction slightly and was in my favour, for now. My heart was already racing and pounding like a drum in my head. I ranged it at 48 metres but there were a lot of branches and bushes which didn't allow for a shot.

All I could do was watch as the big hind fed across and down behind some other bushes. I couldn't move at all from my position but had already picked out a few shooting lanes if the opportunity arose. I watched her meander back and forth. and—to my surprise—she started heading across towards me into a perfect shooting lane.

I was already drawn back just waiting for her to take those couple of extra steps, and at about 30 metres she offered a perfect broadside shot. I released the arrow and watched it hit low in the chest but wasn't sure if the arrow had deflected slightly off a small branch. She took off after the shot but only went 20 meters and I could see her go down beside a tree.

My adrenaline was off the scale, so I took a moment to try and calm myself down before assessing the situation. Daylight was disappearing very fast, and I had to make a decision. I could just make out her shape and could see a slight ear twitch every so often. I was confident in my shot but wasn't 100 per cent sure. I closed the gap to about 20 meters and took a steep quartering away shot which sealed the deal. The first shot proved to be fatal but it's our job as hunters to make it as humane and ethical as possible, hence my follow up shot.

It was about half an hour before it would be dark, and I had this big hind on the ground in front of me. It was too heavy for me to haul up a tree and come back in the morning, and I didn't want to leave it out all night and have wild dogs find it either.

My wife was back at camp which was a couple of kilometres away and I wanted to try and have her experience as much as possible with me. My wife has a serious chronic pain condition which

limits her in what she can do. She can walk short distances but there was no way at all she would be able to get up where I was.

I couldn't reach her on the radio from where I was, so I decided the best plan was to drag the hind 90 meters downhill to the paddock fence line where I'd be able to drive my car right up to. This proved harder than I first thought as the deer weighed a tonne and even though it was downhill, it was one hell of a struggle. With only maybe 10 minutes of daylight left, I dumped all my gear at the fenceline, except for the radio, and tried to make my way back to camp as quickly as possible.

I was about halfway back to camp when I realised I'd left my headtorch in my pack and by this stage, it was getting very dark. I managed to contact my wife on the radio and tell her the good news as well as telling her what a dumbass I was for leaving my headtorch. After a bit of touch and feel navigation, I was out of the bush and could see our camp.

As I had hoped, we were able to get the car right up to where I'd dragged the deer, where we took the usual photos and video and prepared the deer to take back to camp. This proved to be another mission—I could have roughly butchered it where it was but Daylight was disappearing very fast, and I had to make a decizion...

preferred to take it back to camp where we could hang it up and do it properly the next day. I believe that if I take an animal's life. I want to make sure I utilise all that I can and not have anything go to waste. It was 2am and we were exhausted by the time we crawled into bed.

We spent the next day butchering and took as much as we possibly could from the animal. The esky was that heavy with meat I couldn't lift it and I had to rig up some old bits of timber to make ramps to drag it into the car.

This is only the second sambar that I have taken. Both have been with a bow. and each time I hunt them I learn something new about these ninjas of the bush. Big thanks to Russ and Steph at Timberline Self-Guided Bow Hunts. You can watch this hunt on YouTube under Urban2Outland.

Gear used: PSE Xforce Decree HD @ 70lb, Gold tip Big Game 100 arrows, Widowmaker 100gn 3 blade solid broadheads. @





2022 Archery Alliance of Australia SHOOT CALENDAR

May			
1st	Mackay District Bowmen	В	ABA
1st	West Gippsland Field Archers *	G	3D
7th - 8th	Peel Archers *	J	Invitational
7th	Eden Field Archers *	SA	Field QRE
8th	Full Boar Archers	В	ABA
8th	Mackay District Bowmen	В	ABA
8th	Towers Bowhunters	В	ABA
	Ipswich Field Archers *	QLD	3DAAA
15th	Collinsville Barebow Hunters	В	ABA
15th	Hinchinbrook Archery Club	В	ABA
15th	Kurrimine Beach Archers	В	ABA
	Mt Isa District Bowhunters	В	ABA
15th 15th			ABA
	Townsville District Bowhunters	B	
15th	SOPA *	NSW	SOPA Matchplay Series Round 4
15th	ARCHERY SA *	SA	Max Manuel Memorial World
4/ 45		_	Archery Star Tournament
	Eurobodalla Archery Club *	F	3D Branch Titles
	Border Bowmen *		ABA
	Granite Belt Bowmen *	D	ABA
	Namoi Valley Archers *	E	ABA Branch Titles
	Colac Otway Archers *	Н	3D State Titles
	Dubbo 3D Archers *	NSW	3DAAA
22nd	Dead Centre Bowhunters *	Α	ABA
22nd	Freds Pass Field Archers *	Α	ABA
28th - 29th	Townsville Target Archers *	QLD	NQAA 2022 Field Championships
7			
June 4th	Edon Field Anghons *	SA	Field QRE
	Eden Field Archers * Moranbah Bowhunters & Field Archers *		
4th - 5th			ABA
4th - 5th	Greenough Archery Club *	J	Invitational / ABA
5th	Full Boar Archers	В	ABA
5th	Bairnsdale Field Archers *	G	IFAA
	Hinchinbrook Archery Club *	В	Safari
	Northern Tablelands Archers *	E	3D
	Northern Rivers Field Archers *	QLD	3DAAA
	Mallee Sunset Field Archers *		ABA/3D
12th	Mackay District Bowmen	В	ABA
12th	Mt Isa District Bowhunters	В	ABA
12th	Towers Bowhunters	В	ABA
	Shellharbour Field Archers *	F	ABA State Titles
	Geelong Trophy Bowhunters *	Н	IFAA State Titles
	Twin City Archers *	VIC	3DAAA
19th	Dead Centre Bowhunters *	А	3D
19th	Freds Pass Field Archers *	А	3D

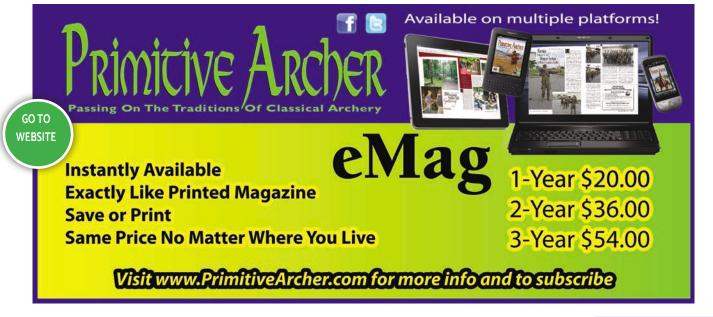
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19th 19th 19th 25th - 26th 25th - 26th	Kurrimine Beach Archers SOPA * Full Draw Field Archers * Pacific Bowmen *	B NSW C D	ABA ABA SOPA Matchplay Series Round 5 ABA ABA
July			
3rd	Full Boar Archers	В	ABA
3rd	Boola Valley Field Archers *	G	IFAA
9th - 10th	Mackay District Bowmen *	В	ABA
9th - 10th	Manning District Bowhunters *	Е	ABA
9th -10th	Lower Eyre Archers *		ABA
9th - 10th	SQAS *	QLD	SQAS Indoor Championships
9th - 12th	Freds Pass Field Archers *	A	NT - Titles 2022
10th	Mt Isa District Bowhunters	В	ABA
10th	Towers Bowhunters	В	ABA
10th	Townsville District Bowhunters	В	ABA
16th - 17th	Wagga Wagga Field Archers *	F	3D/ABA
16th - 17th	Bendigo Field Archers *	Н	ABA
16th - 17th	Western Plains Archers *	J	3D State Titles
17th 17th	Collinsville Barebow Hunters	B B	ABA ABA
17th	Hinchinbrook Archery Club	В	ABA
17th	Kurrimine Beach Archers SOPA *	NSW	SOPA Matchplay Series Round 6
23rd - 24th		C	C vs D ABA
23rd - 24th	Gympie Field Archers * Silver City Archers *	I	ABA/3D
23rd - 24th	Hinterland Field Archers *	QLD	3DAAA
24th	Phoenix Field Archers of Sale *	G	2D / 3D
30th - 31st	Lakeside Bowmen *	D	IFAA Branch Titles
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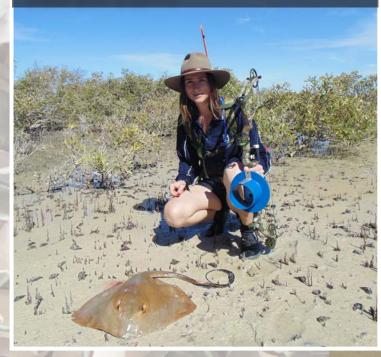
Collinsville Rarehow Hunters

19th



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Si	gnature of Applicant		
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I am prepared to accept the responsibility for age. Parent-Guardian Signature			·
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Families \$160	\$435		Receipt Number
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