

April 19, 2020

ABA membership during COVID-19

Thank you for your continued patience as members of the National Executive evaluate the options available to us in order to provide members with a membership remedy during the COVID-19 pandemic.

Following our statement made on April 9, the National Executive has held a National Management Meeting via Skype that has allowed us to comprehensively discuss our position and thoughts surrounding our membership fees.

The National Executive will need to conduct a **full review** of the impact the virus has had on our Association, our financial position and long-term viability as a not-for-profit organisation. In the meantime, it's important that we update our members and provide a formal remedy based on this stage of the crisis. This decision may need to be reviewed down the track should restrictions still apply in eight weeks' time. To date, the ABA has restricted archery activities for four weeks, which was followed by further mandatory Federal and State/Territory directives.

As of April 19, all current financial members (and new joining members who join during the crisis) will have their membership expiry date **extended** by three months, allowing a 15-month membership time. For example, if you are due for renewal on May 31 2020, this payment is now extended to August 31 2020. If you have paid your membership due March 31 2020 already, it is now due June 30 2021. Please allow some time for the members' portal to be updated and administration changes to take effect. Some members may choose to pay earlier and this action is most welcome.

This extension will remain in place until all restrictions relating to club activities **Australia wide** are lifted. The National Executive will release a further statement once we have this clarification and membership renewals will revert to 12 months.

This decision is therefore subject to further review should we find that the crisis continues to affect our sporting activities. Furthermore, we understand our clubs may be financially impacted from the COVID-19 crisis and may experience some difficulties. I take this opportunity to issue a reminder that the national body is open to enquiries about financial assistance on a case-by-case situation.

Thank you again for your understanding over these unprecedented times and we thank you for your continued financial support. This helps our Association to keep running.

As advised in our original statements on March 18 and April 9, if you have a specific membership query, please email officemanager@bowhunters.org.au. Questions or statements on Facebook will not be addressed.

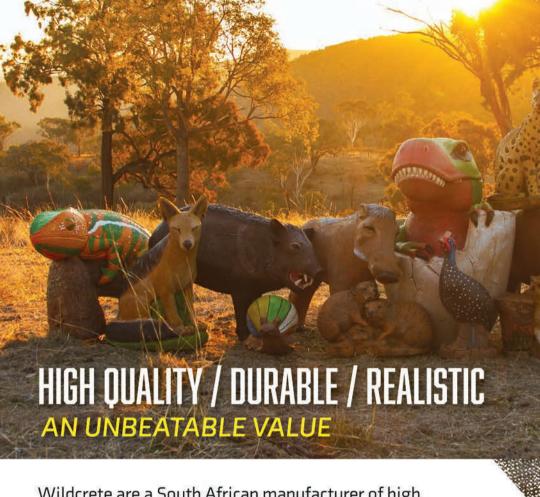
Kind regards

Amanda Skinner
National Treasurer



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⋖ COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Chital are addictive ... just ask David Brewer.. See his story, *A date with Dan*, on Page 27.

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So, you're staying at home instead of going to archery practice days and shoots. The events you've been looking forward to have been cancelled or postponed indefinitely. If you still go out to work, it's work, grocery shopping, home. If you're working from home, retired or not working at the moment, it's home, home, grocery shopping, home. There's a little more time in your schedule these days. Perhaps now is a good time to think about all the positives that archery brings to life, and to share your thoughts. The magazine could certainly do with your input as we don't have any field archery shoots to cover for the next issue! As long as the printer can keep printing, we're happy to publish—to be a placemarker in the archery world so that when life returns to normal we're still here. Send in your favourite photos and your stories. Here are a few ideas to get you started.

DEADLINES

Please submit articles and advertisements by these dates:

editor@archeryactionmagazine.com

ISSUE		DEADLINE
2020		
Vol 45 No. 6	July-August	1 June
Vol 46 No. 1	September-October	1 August
Vol 46 No. 2	November-December	1 October
2021		
Vol 46 No. 3	January-February	1 December
Vol 46 No. 4	March-April	1 February
Vol 46 No. 5	May-June	1 April



How it all started—my first day as an archer
My best experience with archery so far
What archery means in my life
A day in the life of an archer
Bowhunting's biggest bonus
The most amazing hunt of my life
The funniest thing happened while out on the range ...

You get the idea! Take this opportunity to think more deeply about your favourite activity. Maybe archery has taught you patience or an additional new skill (like making your own arrows), given you confidence to do things you've never tried before, forged deep friendships you would otherwise never have had. Delve deep and see if this exercise can help you appreciate the positives in life during these unusual times. If we have to stay at home more, using some of this time for self reflection can only be a good thing. And if you write something that gets published in *Archery Action*, that's a feather in your cap to be sure! It can be a story or a couple of paragraphs. Just start writing and see what you come up with. Send to editor@ archeryactionmagazine.com.

Jenel Hunt Editor



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FREELANCE CONTRIBUTIONS

are welcomed by this magazine and articles should be addressed to: The Editor, Archery Action, at the above address. The Editor accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Colour photographs or high resolution scans are suitable for publication. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your articles to enable notification of acceptance or otherwise and return of article if required. Photographs returned only if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

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

DISCLAIMER

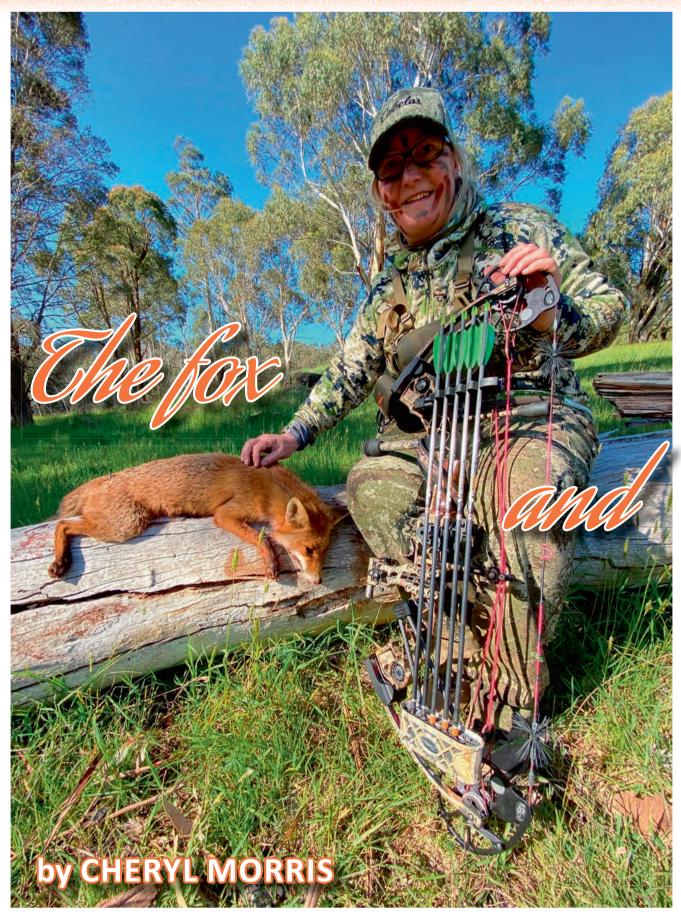
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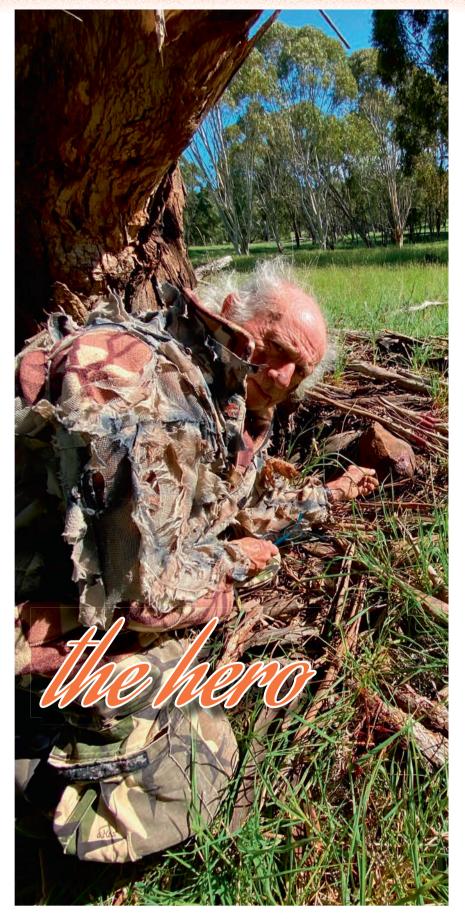
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Cheryl with her fox.



David, checking the blood spatter.

veryone has their own hero;some have more than one. Icertainly do.

In my teens, my now husband Troy introduced me to David Luxford who he had met through archery and bowhunting. Soon I was joining them shooting arrows at the Macalister Trophy Bowhunters Club. I was never a great shot and lacked the passion for the sport that they both had. When our children arrived and we moved interstate, it was the perfect excuse for me to hang up my bow.

Fast forward a few decades, and I decided it was high time I gave it another crack. (If you can't beat them, join them!) Troy did a lot of research, making sure my equipment was set up properly and with the help of great mate Doug Bourman, spent many hours fine-tuning my shooting and building my confidence. Soon I was joining them most weekends at Western Plains Archers Club and going on various hunting trips in Western Australia and Victoria.

It was on one such trip in November 2019 in the Victorian high country that David joined Troy, Doug and me at Timberline Self-Guided Sambar Hunts. Our primary aim was to hunt the elusive sambar deer with the possibility of getting foxes, hares and rabbits.

On the afternoon of the second

day, I had the opportunity to head out with David. While we had been friends for more than 30 years, I had never had the chance to go fox whistling with David. I had always wanted to shoot a fox with David. To me, he is a fox-hunting king. His yearly skull collection hanging in his shed is mind blowing and testament to this. When he suggested we have a quick whistle on our way to our hunting location, I was beyond excited.

As we strolled along, David explained the plan. We would set up standing in the shade beside a tree. I would stand on one side while he stood off to the opposite side and whistled. I was very nervous when we stopped at a spot David said we would give a try, but I dutifully stood there with an arrow nocked while David kept whistling without any results.

We walked another 500m before David suggested we would have another whistle so we set up again,



Sharing a special moment with the man who was there all those years ago when she fired her first arrow and who, three decades later, whistled in Cheryl's first fox.



with me about 3m in front of David on the right side. David tried a different whistle this time and fairly gave it a good blasting and for a long time. I would have given up when suddenly David leaned over and said that there was one coming up over the far ridge in front of us. David kept whistling as I waited in anticipation. The fox's head popped over the crest about 20m to the left of where I'd thought it would appear.

The fox was on a mission, cresting

the ridge then stopping for a quick look around before heading straight for us as David whistled away.

I drew my bow and I was locked in as soon as I saw the fox appear over the hilltop. I had no idea how long I should hold on as she kept approaching—I just kept my focus on her chest as she was running directly towards us. When I guessed the fox was about 10m away, I let my arrow fly.

All I saw was the fox backflip and run off. As I turned to David I saw a

huge smile on his face; it took a few seconds to register that the shot was on the money as David pointed out my fox that had expired only 20m away.

I was so emotional that I shed a few tears as I gave David a huge hug. David walked me through the blood-splattered trail even though we could see my fox just waiting for us. These moments were memorable and important for any development and future solo hunting I may do. On examination of my fox, we found it was a good-sized vixen with a great coat. Luckily for me, I know and hunt with a great taxidermist!

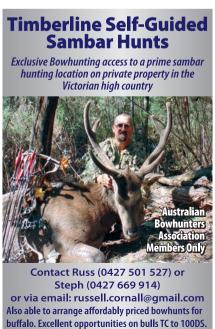
Heading back to camp that night to meet Troy and Doug was exciting. It was amazing to share this achievement with three of the most influential bowhunters in my life.

Thank you, Troy and Doug for your never-ending support—taking me on your trips and for everything you have done and continue to do for me, even though I complain most weekends I do really appreciate it.

David, what can I say? Thank you for being there when I fired my first arrow all those years ago and for fulfilling my dream of hunting foxes with the man, the myth, the legend.



The vixen ... mounted as a permanent memory of a special hunt.





Australian Bowhunters Association Association

AFFILIATIONS

BOWHUNTING: FIELD ARCHERY:

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

WORLD BOWHUNTING ASSOCIATION
INTERNATIONAL FIELD ARCHERY ASSOCIATION
CONFEDERATION OF AUSTRALIAN SPORT

NATIONAL OFFICE

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Email: officemanager@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).

NATIONAL OFFICERS

PRESIDENT Tony Hartcher SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT Ralph Boden (appointed) VICE-PRESIDENT, BOWHUNTING Allan Driver (appointed) VICE-PRESIDENT, FIELD Bruce Kelleher **TREASURER** Amanda Skinner NATIONAL MEASURER **Garry Pitt** NATIONAL ASSISTANT MEASURER **Troy Morris** NATIONAL SCORE RECORDER **Brian Taylor** NATIONAL ASSISTANT SCORE RECORDER Sally-Anne McGrigor NATIONAL COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER Alan Avent **DIR BOWHUNTER EDUCATION** Ray Morgan DIRECTOR OF COACHING Tom Cornell

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

BOWHUNTING DIVISION REPORT



by Allan Driver

(Vice-President Bowhunting Division – appointed)

2019 season Bowhunting Awards

We've had some very interesting times so far this year with severe bushfires, continuing drought and now the COVID-19 virus taking hold of our great nation.

The national body has put in place restrictions as recommended by the Federal and State Government bodies on the virus situation, as you should all be aware by now.

Hunters in our association may be a little bit better off as many of us

are solitary hunters or travel in pairs to hunting destinations out in the bush to stalk feral game away from the multitudes.

No matter how keen you are to hunt, naturally you must obey any travel crackdowns. You wouldn't want to unwittingly spread the virus.

Talking about virus threats, it is important for hunters to take precautions with regard to handling

animal carcasses. Some animals such as foxes and pigs can carry nasty things that can be dangerous to humans. Make sure you carry disposable gloves with you at all times to handle dead game.

In the north of Australia, there are concerns that African Swine Fever may eventually come into the country. There are no health risks to humans from ASF, but it can be devastating to the pig industry and we as hunters need to practice safe handling with any taken feral animal.

Be alert to the signs and report it immediately if you see multiple pigs suffering from:

- fever-blotching of the skin
- unco-ordination
- diarrhea
- vomiting
- pneumonia

Membership

Please remember that you must be a financial member of the ABA and a holder of the ABA's Bowhunting



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

Bnch/Hunter	Club	Game Awa	ard	FK/FKOS	Size
B Chris Nelson	Townsville District Bowhunter	Pig	GA	FK/FKOS	0
B Lorraine Bruce	Townsville District Bowhunter	Pig	GA	FK/FKOS	0
B Rebecca Nelson	Townsville District Bowhunter	Pig	GA	FK/FKOS	0
H Anthony Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Fox	TC		9 8/16
H Anthony Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Fox	RC		10 3/16
H Grant Bowd	Ballarat Bowhunters	Fox	GA	FKOS	0v
H Grant Bowd	Ballarat Bowhunters	Hare	GA	FKOS	0
H Tyler Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Fox	TC		9 5/16
H Tyler Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Fox	TC		9 3/16
H Tyler Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Fox	TC		9 12/16
H Tyler Atkinson	Ballarat Bowhunters	Fox	TC		10
H Dan Podubinski	Buffalo Bowmen	Cat	TC		7 1/16
H Dan Podubinski	Buffalo Bowmen	Fox	TC		9 10/16
H Dan Podubinski	Buffalo Bowmen	Fox	RC		10 11/16
H Dan Podubinski	Buffalo Bowmen	Fox	TC		9 9/16
H Alastair Meldrum	Geelong Trophy Bowhunters	Scaled Fish	GA	FKOS	0
H Don Moor	Geelong Trophy Bowhunters	Fox	RC		10 11/16
H Don Moor	Geelong Trophy Bowhunters	Goat	TC		100 5/8
H Jason l'Anson	Stawell Bowhunters	Fox	TC	FKOS	10
H Mark Benjamin	Western Melbourne FA	Rabbit	GA	FK/FKOS	0

Summary of Australian Bowshot Records

Species	Holder	Australian Record	Record Class	Trophy Class
Boar	Michael Dacre	37 2/8	29	25
Goat	James Finlay	151 2/8	110	95
Buffalo	John Lopes	108 2/8	86 4/8	80
Camel	Kimberley Nicholas	32 6/16	29	25
Fox	Graeme Duff	11	10 2/16	9 3/16
Cat	Tim Pitt-Lancaster	8 5/16	7 10/16	7
Red Deer	Dan Smith	315 3/8	200	175
Fallow Deer	Darryl Bulger	276 4/8	190	150
Chital Deer	Dan Smith	204	160	140
Hog Deer	Stephen Tilley	111 7/8	70	55
Sambar Deer	Dean Scott	203 5/8	162 7/8	140
Rusa Deer	Jay Janssen	236	170	150
Shark BHFF	Barry Feeney	35 2/8	20	15
Shark BF	John Van Den Heuvel	51 6/8	41 4/8	15
Stingray BHFF	Barry Feeney	11 3/8	7 4/8	6
Stingray BF	Gleewyn Butson	14 3/8	11 4/8	10

Ladies Best of Species

Воа	ar	Kristan Bell	34 4/8pt	2017
Go	at	Katherine Agale	127 1/8pt	2010
But	falo	Christie Pisani	87 4/8pt	2017
Car	mel	Christie Pisani	30 7/16pt	2014
Fox	1	Helen Duff	10 14/16pt	2016
Cat		Lorna Hopkins	7 12/16pt	1984
Red	d Deer	Christie Pisani	268 3/8pt	2014
Fall	low Deer	Elissa Rosemond	205 7/8pt	2019
Chi	tal Deer	Elizabeth Proctor	161 3/8pt	2019
Ho	g Deer	Cheryl Morris	60 5/8pt	2018
Sar	nbar Deer	Nil		
Rus	sa Deer	Emma Johnson	195 6/8pt	2016
Sha	ark BHFF	Lynda Fell	25 4/8pt	2016
Sha	ark BF	Lynda Fell	23 5/8pt	2000
Stir	ngray BHFF	Carolyn Rundle	9 7/8pt	1987
Stir	ngray BF	Gleewyn Butson	14 3/8pt	1986

Proficiency Certificate (BPC) to claim game through our association.

Don't let your membership lapse. Check your membership card for its expiry date and renew it when it comes

2019 bowhunting year results

In this issue, we present the results for the 2019 bowhunting year.

My sincere thanks go to Mark Burrows for his assistance in collating this information—no mean feat in itself.

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 it's just an enjoyable walk in the bush watching nature at its best.

Please claim all game no matter what it is. Even if it is a non-measurable animal, it all counts towards our association's records which go back many years in detail.

The more claims submitted, the more information we have on hand for evidence that we as an association can provide to those in government should they question the benefits of hunting.

See the report, Best of Species list and pictorial starting on Page 16.



President's Report

Hello archers. As this is my first report to you as National President, I would like to introduce myself. Some may know me, but our newer members may not. I have been involved in archery since taking up the sport in 1992 at Gunnedah in NSW. My wife became involved as did each of our children once they were born. Our family holidays always involved archery in some form. Not long after starting the sport, I began to take on club executive positions and then the natural progression through Branch. As a family we attended every archery shoot we could, even travelling a



three-hour-each-way trip to just have a Sunday shoot. I enjoy hunting and have taken some trophy game.

I started my National Executive

'career' as the Assistant Score Recorder before being elected to Vice-President Field Division, a position I held for many years. A couple of years ago, I felt that I needed a break for family and health reasons.

In October 2019, I was elected to the position of President and the old cliché that I had to 'hit the ground running' would be an understatement. Along with the usual association management issues that are created by 6000-plus members, the Executive has had to deal with the drought, flood and fires. There wasn't much else life could throw at us. Or was there?

COVID-19 entered the equation during early 2020, where after much contemplation and reviewing government recommendations, we were forced to make the decision to postpone the Safari at Easter. As the days rolled on, the Government started to lock down the movement of citizens and mass gatherings. Branches were advised that all Branch shoots were to be cancelled until at least 30 April 2020, at which time the association would review our position in this everchanging situation.

We met again as an Executive just before this magazine went to print and have extended this period to the end of May. Each State has a different response to the pandemic, which makes it very difficult for us to make a decision that does not jeopardise our members' rights. Some States are allowing hunting and others are not. The Association's insurance is still in place for members, but you are only covered if you are not breaking any of the association, local, state and national government rules. Please review your local and state government regulations before venturing out.

If it is possible, Branches will be encouraged to reschedule as many shoots for our members as possible after the lockdown has been eased, or at least continue with the usual calendar after the easing of any lockdown. Unfortunately, I feel that we will miss at least half of our shooting year.

At this stage, Wide Bay Club members are continuing to work towards their goal of hosting the 2020 IFAA Championships, but now instead of July it will be run alongside the National ABA Safari which had to be postponed from Easter. The combined shoots will be from September 29 to October 4. As the pandemic situation is continually changing, please keep in touch through the ABA website.

The Executive is continuing discussions relating to the issue of membership and the suspension of activities. As suspension of activities are currently beyond our control, I assure you that we are not making these decisions lightly, but we are following the strict protocol issued by the authorities.

We also understand that many of your memberships are due for renewal in May and I ask everyone to consider the implications on your archery association if you decide to withhold your membership. I fully understand financial implications on many of our members who will lose their livelihood during this crisis and fully understand if members are unable to renew. but please consider the future of our sport. These are unprecedented times and none of us knows the final implications. So, if you want your association to survive in these tough times, please continue to pay your membership.

The ABA has refrained from offering membership extensions, discounts or waivers at this time, as we, along with most responsible managers of sports, are unable to forecast the impact the virus will have on our members and your association. The Executive will make a decision once all the implications are known. This may include membership extensions, discounts for future memberships et cetera. I will ensure that this offer will be in the favour of the members, as without members we don't have an association.

The ABA had planned to have at least 30 members attend the World Field Archery Championships in Estonia in late July but unfortunately our borders are now closed, along with the borders of many European countries. I have just been advised that the WFAC 2020 is now postponed to July 2021 (it will still be held in Estonia). Refer to IFAA and WFAC2020 websites for further information.

The IFAA Committee has approached us to ask if we are able to postpone our bid to host the World Bowhunters Championships in 2021 to be hosted by Mallee Sunset Field Archers. We have negotiated with the MSFA and IFAA and we will host this event in 2023 at a date to be confirmed.

The ABA Office remains open for business, mostly via remote working arrangements. We processing memberships, responding to enquiries and undertaking general administration of the association as usual.

I wish all ABA members good health and please remember to follow the guidelines and rules of your relevant health authorities. Stay safe, and we'll see you when this is over.

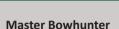


Send your entries to

Archery Action Gold Pen Writers' Award, PO Box 638, Stanthorpe, Old 4380 or email editor@archeryactionmagazine.com **Subject: Gold Pen Award entry**

All hunting stories are automatically entered in this competition

Bowhunting achievements to end March 2020



Nil further since last report

Trophy Bowhunter Award

Nil further since last report

Bowhunter Award

Dan Podubinski

130

Bowhunter Royale

Wayne Atkinson

Bowhunter Imperial

Dan Podubinski

Bowhunter Supreme

Nil further since last report

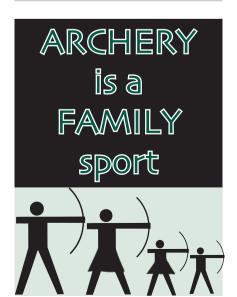
Senior Member of TBA

Nil further since last report

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

Nil further since last report

animal)





Introducing

NEW TBA MEMBER

Michael Picot

Where do you live?

I'm currently living in Mackay, north Queensland, and get to Mackay and District Bowhunters Club when work allows.

Personal history?

I currently live with my partner but have not persuaded her to pick up the bow just yet, but a man can only keep persisting!

How long have you been hunting?

I have been hunting on and off since I was 14 and shot my first rabbit with a 34# Win and Win recurve bow. I'm now 28.

How long have you been an ABA member?

ABA membership has been something that has come and gone for me over the years as work and life allows. I do a lot of DIDO work spending a lot of time away from home, which unfortunately gets in the way of both club and hunting opportunities.

What got you into bowhunting?

The movie *Lord of the Rings* started my love for archery and bowhunting at the age of 13—and that of my original archery mate as well. This led us to pester our parents for our own bows and the rest is history. A lot of hobbies have come and gone over the years but my love for archery and bowhunting has been one that has always remained.

Are you a member of an archery club?

I currently attend the Mackay and District Bowhunters when work and life allows. I have also been a past member of Capricorn Field Archers in Rockhampton. I must also mention Damien Ormiston at Moranbah Bowhunters who helped me complete my bowhunting proficiency test, thanks mate.

How often do you get to go hunting?

Not as often as I would like to, but if COVID-19 has taught me anything, it is that I need to spend more time outdoors doing what I love.

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

I was lucky enough that I started my archery career with a recurve bow so I understood the challenge of traditional archery before transitioning to a compound bow. Nowadays I run an Elite Synergy Bow on 70#. I use a Garmin A1i sight and QAD drop-away rest. My arrows are Native Heat Seeker 300s tipped with a RAD 100-grain three-blade broadhead. This set-up has performed flawlessly for me both here in Australia and whilst hunting overseas.

Has this encouraged you to do more hunting?

Everything drives me to want to do more hunting! Everything from the archery community and *Archery Action* where I constantly see photos of quality game taken, to the mundane aspects of adult life we all have to endure!

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

My Australian bowhunting dreams are to take the six Australian deer species with a bow and to claim all the recordable species possible with ABA. Overseas, well, I can see another African trip or maybe a trip back to North America in the near future!

Did you know much about TBA before this?

Not really, I have always been interested in measuring my game but because of my lifestyle was never able to consistently get to a club to become accredited. A sambar hunt with Timberline Sambar Hunts where I was fortunate enough to meet the great David Luxford changed all of that for me. He spoke about the importance of ABA, TBA and all the good work that they do in keeping bowhunting legal within Australia. I have been a devout member of ABA—and now TBA—ever since.

The TBA Committee congratulates you, Michael.



The hunt that finally allowed me to become a member of TBA was very memorable for many reasons. I was hunting a property in western Queensland for goats and pigs. I had been on this particular property previously and had spotted many nice goats from within the many mobs that called the area home. One goat in particular was head and shoulders bigger then the rest of the billies and my friend had spent the entire trip hunting solely for that one goat, only to be ultimately unsuccessful. Fast forward to 2019 and it was time for our annual trip down to that particular

property. Unfortunately my friend could not make it this trip and with the property owner confirming that he had recently seen the big goat from last time still alive, it was my chance to have a crack at him.

When I arrived at the property, the owner informed me that he had only seen that goat very few times but every time he had, it had been at one particular tank. That meant that this hunt was to be an old-fashioned stakeout.

Arriving at the tank early the next morning, I quickly realised that even if the one particular goat did turn up to this tank it would still be a major effort to get an arrow into him. The scrub around the tank had been cleared, leaving the closest available cover 100m away. This left me with no option but to sit and wait and then plan a stalk if the bowhunting gods were kind and the goat turned up. As all ambushes begin, this one started off slowly, with only sheep and the occasional nanny turning up to water at the tank. Eventually there was a mob of about 20 goats drinking and playing within the clearing that surrounded the tank.

After I'd been waiting in ambush for about four hours, out of nowhere the goat I had been waiting for entered the clearing and proceeded to drink and then bed up in the middle. This was it, my opportunity. If I stuffed it up, who knew when (or even if) he would come back again?

Being an impatient male, I began to leopard-crawl in a straight line towards him. Realising that I wouldn't get close enough to the billy to get a shot without disturbing the other goats at the tank, I had to then crawl back into the scrub and come from another direction.

Slowing down and trying to keep my patience, I finally got into a better position to begin my stalk. Crawling across clear ground and trying to remain undetected, I slowly started to make it within bow range. Suddenly and for no reason the billy stood up, giving me no choice but to take the opportunity I had. My rangefinder read 55m and with that the shot was away. The arrow hit the billy well and was a complete pass-through. The billy made it just within the treeline before succumbing to my shot.

I had done it, being successful on the one animal I had set myself out to find and a quality Trophy Class billy goat to secure my membership to TBA. The goat was later measured at 104 4/8pt.

2019 bowhunting year

The total claims for 2019 was 1149 (slightly down on 2018). The claims comprised 156 Trophy Class, (down on 2018), 69 Record Class (down on 2018) and 926 Game Award claims (well up on 2018). The Greater Victoria Branch (H) again submitted the largest number of claims with 361 (nearly identical to last year), followed by South Australia (Branch I) with 211 claims and North Queensland (Branch B) with 177. The total of First Kill (24 claims) and First Kill of Species (112 claims) were slightly down on the 2018 figures.

TBA Bowhunter of the Year

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 this year was a bit of a runaway win by Ben Chambers taking all 18 of our recognised species which included four Record Class species and two Trophy Class species. The next two closest bowhunters were Toby Gall with seven species and David Luxford with six species. This was a huge effort by Ben. It takes a lot of work to take that many species in one calendar year.

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. Laurie Goudie (B) 630, David Luxford, (G) 510, Ben Chambers (J) 460, Toby Gall (B) 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. Graham McComiskie (B) 250, Anthony Atkinson (H) 220, Donald Moor (H) 220, Luke Hebb (J) 200.

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. David Brewer (C) 190, Dylan Evans (H) 190, Graham Otto (B) 170, Marc Curtis (G) 160, Darcy Galliano (E) 160, Bradley Seagrott (D) 150, Tyler Atkinson (H) 140, Brian Duynhoven (B) 140, Michael Law (C) 130, Chris Bourne (G) 120, Elizabeth Proctor (G) 120.

Claims	by	Branch

Branch	Record Class	Trophy Class	Game Award	Total
A	0	0	3	3
В	20	51	106	177
C	8	10	32	50
D	10	16	62	88
E	1	6	19	26
F	1	3	50	54
G	13	34	63	108
Н	6	20	335	361
I	1	0	210	211
J	9	16	46	71
Total	69	156	926	1149

Claims by S	pecies
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Species	Record Class	Trophy Class	Species	Record Class	Trophy Class	Species	Record Class	Trophy Class
Buffalo	1	3	Pig	14	55	Hog Deer	3	0
Camel	6	1	Chital Deer	10	4	Sambar Deer	1	2
Cat	2	6	Fallow Deer	9	6	Shark BHFF	4	3
Fox	6	44	Red Deer	3	4	Stingray BHFF	0	6
Goat	4	21	Rusa Deer	6	1	Total	69	156

BEST of the BEST list

Ladies Bowshot Records

Chital Deer	Elizabeth Proctor (G)	161:3/8pt
Fallow Deer	Elissa Rosemond (C)	205:7/8pt

Overall Best of Species

Buffalo	Toby Gall (B)	96pt
Feral Camel	Michael Law (C)	31 2/16pt
Feral Cat	Christie Pisani (E)	7 10/16pt
Fox	Donald Moor (H)	10 11/16pt
Feral Goat	David Pender (D)	118 6/8pt
Feral Pig	Edward Rowe (B)	31 2/8pt
Chital Deer	Daniel Ferguson (B)	196pt
Fallow Deer	Nicholas Bedford (F)	221pt
Red Deer	Russell Watherston (I)	264 7/8pt
Rusa Deer	Michael Luxford (G)	209 6/8pt
Hog Deer	Douglas Cahill (G)	91 2/8pt
Sambar Deer	Christopher Bourne (G	i) 180 5/8pt
Shark BHFF	Graham McComiskie (B) 23 6/8pt
Stingray BHFF	Toby Gall (B)	7 1/8 pt

Ladies Best of Species

Chital Deer	Elizabeth Proctor (G)	161 3/8pt
Fox	Cheryl Morris (J)	9 4/16pt
Fallow Deer	Elissa Rosemond (C)	205 7/8pt
Feral Pig	Elizabeth Proctor (G)	28 2/8pt

Junior Best of Species

Fallow Deer	Flynn Moore (C)	178 6/8pt
Goat	Mitchell Brewer (C)	111 3/8pt
Feral Pig	Orbin Wilde (J)	25 2/8pt
Red Deer	Flynn Moore (C)	234 1/8ptv
Shark BHFF	Quineka Parker (J)	15 6/8pt

Overall TBA Bowhunter of the Year: Ben Chambers (J)
Female TBA Bowhunter of the Year: Elizabeth Proctor (G)

Tusker Broadhead Trophy of the Year: Blaine Drinkwater Chital Deer 173pt R/C Most Game Award Claims: Anthony Atkinson (H) with 236 claims—a fantastic effort!

All So Close (or just under TC) Winner: Adam Clements Fox 9 1/16pt

Overall Best of Species

Buffalo



Toby Gall, RC buffalo, 96pt.

Feral cat



Christie Pisani, RC feral cat, 7 10/16pt.

Chital Deer



Daniel Ferguson, RC chital deer, 196pt.

Camel



Michael Law, RC camel, 31 2/16pt.

Fox

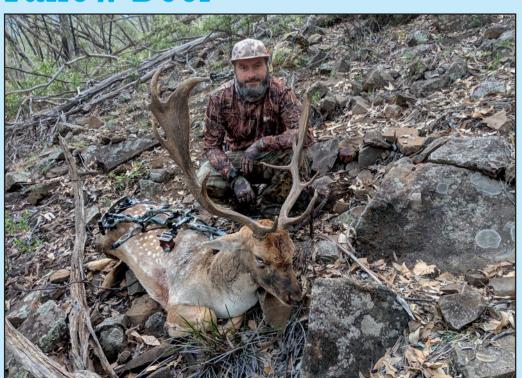
Donald Moore, RC fox, 10 11/16pt.

Feral Goat



Dave Pender, RC feral goat, 118 6/8pt.

Fallow Deer



Nicholas Bedford, RC fallow deer, 221pt.

Feral Pig

Red Deer



Edward Rowe, RC feral pig, 31 2/8pt.



Russell Watherston, red deer, 264 7/8pt.

Hog Deer



Doug Cahill, hog deer, 91 2/8pt.



Graham McComiskie, RC shark, 23 6/8pt.

Stingray BHFF



Toby Gall, stingray BHFF, 7 1/8pt.

Rusa Deer



Michael Luxford, rusa deer, 209 6/8pt.

Sambar Deer



Christopher Bourne, RC sambar deer, 180 5/8pt.

Ladies Best of Species

Chital Deer



Elizabeth Proctor, RC chital deer, 161 3/8pt.

Elizabeth Proctor, TC feral pig, 28 2/8pt.

Fallow Deer



Elissa Rosemond, RC fallow deer, 205 7/8pt.

Fox

Feral Pig



Cheryl Morris, TC fox, 9 14/16pt.

Junior Best of Species

Fallow Deer



Flynn Moore, TC fallow deer, 178 6/8pt.

Feral Pig



Orbin Wilde, TC feral pig, 25 2/8pt.

Shark BHFF

Feral Goat



Mitchell Brewer, feral goat, 111 3/8pt.



Quineka Parker, TC shark, 15 6/8pt.

Red Deer



Flynn Moore, RC red deer, 234 1/8pt.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM	Archery Action	
GST TAX INVOICE YES, I'd like to subscribe to Archery Action for: Within Australia (Price includes GST & postage) 1 year at \$44 2 years at \$82 3 years at \$120 GST ABN 79 750 431 225 Overseas (Air Mail postage) 2 years at \$70 AUD 3 years at \$130 AUD	POST TO: Archery Action Subscriptions PO Box 5124 BRENDALE QLD 4500 PHONE (07) 3256 3976 PAYMENT DETAILS (Please complete relevant	
My details: Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms Name Address	payment method): 1. Please charge my Mastercard Visa Cardholder name Card No.	
P/CodePh	Expiry Date /	
Please send gift subscription to: Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms Name	2. Tenclosed is a cheque/money order for payable to Artemis Productions	
Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms Name	2. ☐ Enclosed is a cheque/money order	

ABA National Safari and IFAA National Field Archery Championships

The running of this event is conditional upon government health directives: Please check on the ABA website for updates



Rescheduled to now take place September 29 to October 4, 2020



Hosted By Wide Bay Archers

Format

29/9/2020 Tuesday - Registration and bow checks

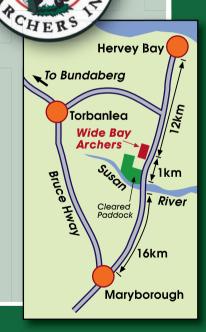
30/9/2020 Wednesday IFAA - 28 Targets Field/Hunter

1/10/2020 Thursday IFAA - 28 Targets Hunter/Field

2/10/2020 Friday IFAA – 28 Targets Animal (Afternoon bow checks if required)

3/10/2020 Saturday ABA (3 and 1 arrow)

4/10/2020 Sunday ABA (3 and 1 arrow)



Champion of Branches team competitions will be registered prior to Muster for both competitions, (numbers permitting).

Camping and hot showers are available at the club. Motel and cabin-type accommodation is available in Hervey Bay or Maryborough.

Breakfasts, lunches and evening meals will be catered for.

More information including fees and nomination dates will be provided in the next magazine.

A date with Dan

lot of calls, a lot of calendar checks, but not too much encouragement was needed to have the two of us heading to Charters Towers to catch up with another mate, Dan. For me, this trip was a bit like a reunion with a side of chital thrown in. It would be Derek's first trip chasing chital, my favourite deer of all, and Dan? Well, Dan has to be the godfather of chital deer. What he doesn't know probably isn't worth knowing. A trip with Dan Smith Safaris is always a highlight on my hunting calendar. This trip would not be an exception. Arriving at our hunting camp, we were met by Dan and his lovely wife Helen who quickly had us settled into our modern, and, I must say, comfortable accommodation complete with everything you could ask for. It didn't take long to fit back into the comfort of camp and start reliving the old days over a massive feed topped off with a personal favourite of white Tim Tams. Then it was off to bed and ready for an early start ...

DAVID BREWER

ay one, and Derek and I were off walking a ridgeline checking for chital in the valley below. It wasn't long before we spotted what we were looking for—deer bedded down under some trees.

After some glassing, we worked around them as there were only hinds there. With plenty of day ahead of us, we let them be. Walking a dry creek, Derek spotted some more deer further

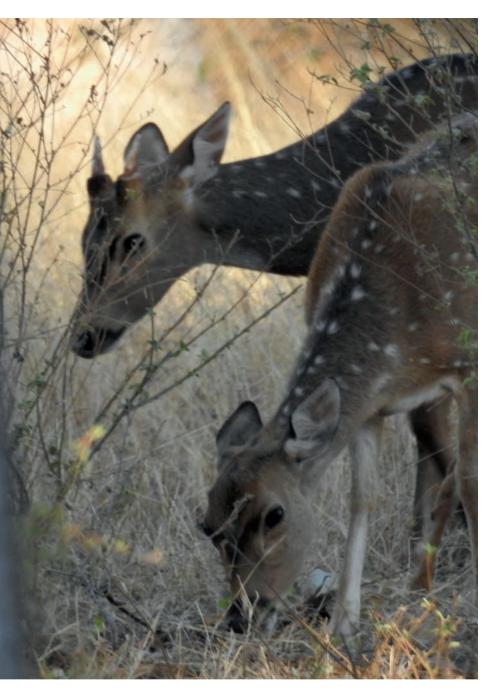
along. It didn't take long to cover the ground and soon Derek was in position on a bedded hind at less than 20yd. I didn't realise at the time but this was going to be Derek's first deer. After waiting patiently for the hind to stand, Derek made a textbook shot to have the hind fall in view. Photos taken and a hand with the lift had Derek carrying out some of the best venison anyone could hope for.

Walking back, we came face to face with many deer and we took some great photos but let them be.

The same couldn't be said when some pigs arrived on the scene. Leaving the hind behind on the track, we double-timed across the flat to try to get a shot. We found them in the bottom of the creek and Derek put on a great shot to take out one of the bigger pigs in the mob.



Derek with his hind. Inset: The carry-out.



He was pretty pleased with himself as we headed back to collect the hind. Arriving at the agreed pick-up point, we sat and checked the snack packs that Helen had provided. Halfway through our snack, we noticed a stag and hinds further down the flat. After a look through the binos, we were again double-timing along the creek. This stag was what we were looking for! He was tall and even but—most importantly—we had cover that would allow us to get into easy bow range.

All went well except the lack of light. It would soon be getting dark so we elected to back out without disturbing them ... with the hope of finding him another time. After all, this was only the first day and we had deer and pigs on the ground already. The mood in camp that night was elated; it had been a successful day. Dan made short work of skinning and processing Derek's deer, making sure all the meat was packed up and the hide salted. This date was shaping up nicely.



The second morning dawned. Derek and I were on Dan's electric bikes. These things are the best: they allow you to get into the best locations with almost no noise at all. On occasion, I've come up on feeding deer at under 50m with the deer blissfully unaware that I was even there. It sure beats all that walking!

It didn't take long before we spotted a lone stag out in the open feeding on some thorn bushes, but things didn't quite go to plan and the stag showed a clean set of hooves, leaving us to return to the bikes and continue on our tour. All wasn't lost, though, as this was more about showing Derek around so he had his bearings for the days to come.

Topping a rise, we could see clear to the creek and the flat below. Leaving camp that morning, we had seen a lot of deer moving off the flats. The wind hadn't been right early but now it had swung around and allowed us the opportunity to work the creek back to camp. Finding only hinds and fawns and not the stags we wanted, we headed back to camp for a cooked brunch and real coffee.

That afternoon, Helen dropped us back to where we had seen the stag

Dan and Helen Smith offer hunting packages to suit your needs. Free pick up from Townsville airport All meals and accommodation provided CALL US NOW TO MAKE A BOOKING Dan 0407 796 178 • Helen 0408 365 120 email dansmithsafaris@outlook.com Find us on Facebook Dan Evan Smith

the afternoon before. Working the edge of the treeline, we saw a stag right where we had been the previous day. I stayed back while Derek tried to get in for a chance. It wasn't the big stag we had seen but he was still respectable. Derek moved in just as the stag bedded.

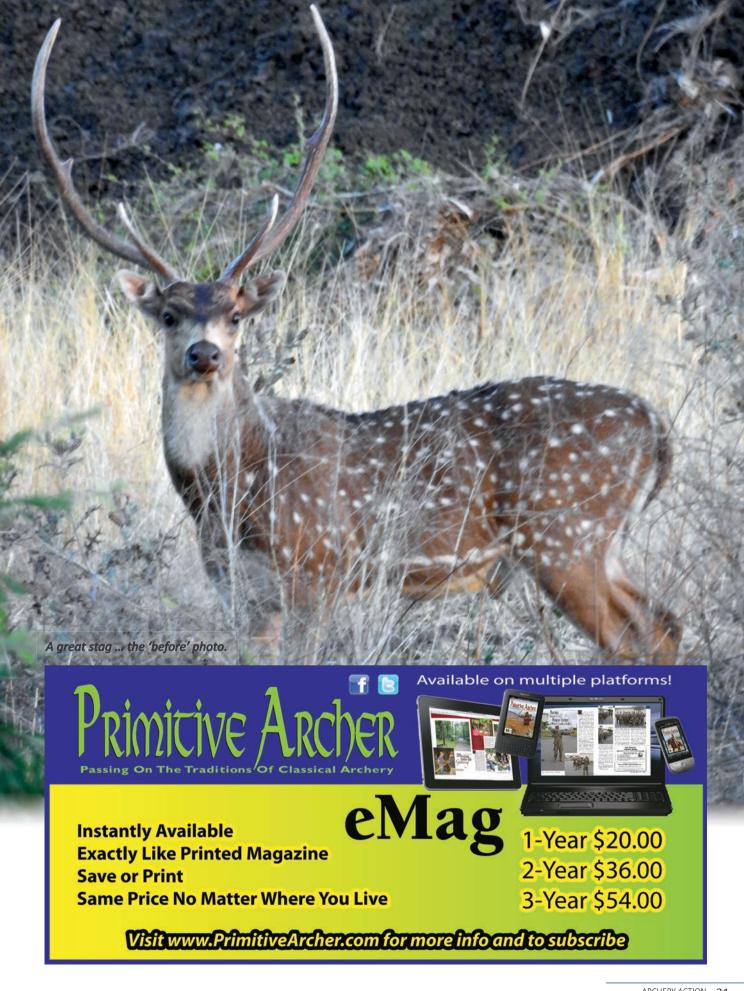
I watched as the stag rose, turned, and headed into the gully straight toward where Derek was crouched. The stag was just out of sight and slipped past Derek unnoticed.

I let Derek know what had happened and we headed across the flat back to the main creek. Just as we dropped into the creek, three velvetheads exploded out just in front of us—all we could do was watch as they disappeared into the distance. Picking different gullies to walk, we continued.

It wasn't long before I saw another stag and hind. They were headed out of my creek and along a depression towards the gully Derek was walking. Using some crude sign language, I tried to let Derek know the deer were coming his way. I'm not sure whether he understood the message but he disappeared in the same direction as the deer so I continued on my way. Only a kilometre from camp, I rounded a corner in the creek and there was a stag staring me down. He was 70m away and had seen me, and I knew there was no way I was going to get a chance on him so I grabbed the camera instead. Happily taking photos, I failed to see another stag down at the bottom of the creek at around 40m. It wouldn't have mattered anyway. I convinced myself. I wanted the bigger stag! After watching the stags until they moved off, I headed back to camp wondering what delights Helen had waiting for us for dinner.



On your bike! Dan and David pause to do some glassing before moving along on the electric bikes.



I had my plan made during the night. I was going back looking for my stag.

I rose at daylight, grabbed my pack and bow and headed back along the creek. I couldn't believe my luck: The same stag was feeding on the flat on the far side of the creek. There was no sign of the second stag but my fellow did have the whole family with him—a spiker, hind and fawn.

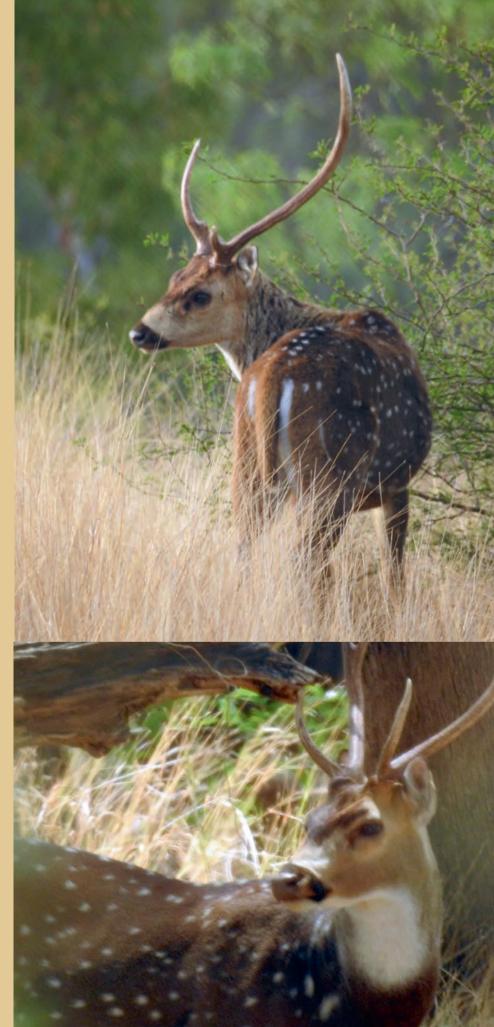
Doubling back to where I could get across the creek, I made my way back to where the deer were feeding while keeping out of sight. I watched them from the edge of the creek as I debated my next move. There wasn't any cover between them and me ... so out came the camera again. I could sit and watch these guys all day (although my hope was that as the sun rose higher, the deer would move into the shade of the trees at the creek edge).

I heard the property owner ride past on the fenceline a few hundred metres away. I'm not sure if it was coincidence or not, but the hind and fawn started heading toward the creek, and the stag and spiker promptly followed.

Swapping the camera for my bow, I thought to myself, "This is going to happen!" Honestly, it happened a little too well and a little too quickly. The fawn was leading the way and it was coming along the very same trail I was standing on. The fawn was under 20m and still coming. The hind followed, then the spiker and of course the stag was last of all. They kept coming very slowly.

With as little movement as possible, I drew my bow. It's one of those things that shouldn't be possible-to draw back in full view— albeit in the shade with a tree at my back. Somehow I managed to draw with four deer under 20m from me. Just as I was thinking that the fawn must be right on top of me, the stag presented a shot and my arrow was away—and so were the deer.

I watched as the stag turned and fled along the creek before laying up



at the bottom. As the stag ran off, I grimaced at seeing the position of the arrow ... it didn't seem to be quite where I had expected to see it.

Deciding to let him rest up undisturbed, I sat down to watch him. Suddenly, he exploded up and out of the creek, heading to a group of trees on the flat. Marking the blood trail where I'd last seen him, I was thinking about possible next steps as another hunter walked into view from along the creek. Thinking it best to leave the stag for a while, we headed back to camp then grabbed the bikes so we could explore some new ground.

Relating the story to Dan at brunch, we decided the two of us would head out to where I had last seen my stag and follow him up. Finding the tracking tape I had left, Dan and I headed for the grove of trees. Seconds later, we found my stag expired in the shade. A quick radio call and Helen and Derek were on the way with the Hilux. Pho-

tos done and skinning complete, it was time to find out what the arrow had done. Although I had doubted the arrow initially, my fears proved unfounded. The arrow had gone straight into the boiler room and the G5 DeadMeat had made a real mess of heart and lungs. Recovering my stag had me sleeping well that night, to be sure.

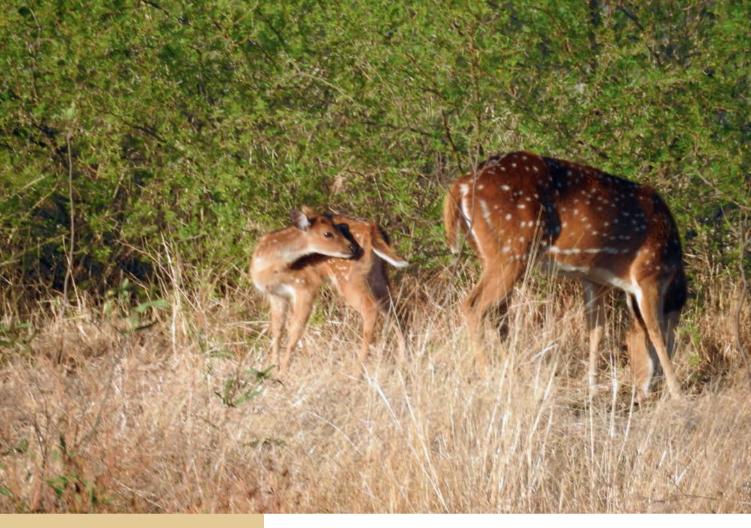
The next morning I left my bow in camp and grabbed my camera instead. We were trying to get a stag for Derek and, given the stags we had seen along the creek, our plan for the morning was to retrace our steps there. The thorn bushes growing there must taste great, as only a few minutes into our hunt I spotted another stag feeding on the brush that my own stag had been on the days previous. It doesn't take long for a competitor to move in, that's for sure. Backtracking to get across the creek and get the wind right it didn't take long to get Derek hot on

the trail and closing the distance. After playing cat and mouse for a while, Derek decided to try and find another stag as this guy had a broken beam on one side. Mid-morning, and Derek was again belly-crawling through the grass onto a stag we had seen move into a patch of heavy timber as he followed a few hinds.

Umm, guess there were more than a few hinds ... I felt a sudden breeze on the back of my neck and deer exploded out of the cover in all directions! Derek was well in range but making out the stag in the dark shadows had proved impossible.

Exploring some new country for the remainder of the day brought its own rewards as well as some harsh realities—wedgetail eagles need to eat as well but it's never nice finding a young fawn recently killed. It's also not nice to have a fawn jump out from right under your feet where it had been bedded in the grass ... or have





Part of the joy of hunting ... is bringing out the camera for some candid wildlife photos.

three stags that had been on water rush past just as you move into the creek after crossing another flat.

It also pays to keep your mind on the job, as we blew a cracker stag as we headed back to the bikes. There was certainly no shortage of opportunities on great stags. Back at camp, we had plenty of stories to hear and some of our own to tell. The other thing that there wasn't a shortage of was good company and great food. A hot shower and a full belly and we were off to bed looking forward to another day.



It was a steady start to the day with no activity to speak of and Dan and I were heading for camp when I spotted a stag and his hinds out on an open flat. Parking the bikes, we moved into a position where Dan hoped to call the stag to us. I moved to a tree forward of Dan and waited and watched as the challenge was issued. The stag had taken notice and started to round up his girls. I was thinking he was going to push the hinds ahead of him toward us but he had a change of heart and turned to run off the unwelcome guest. The stag covered the distance quickly and was under 40m when he stopped. I had a perfect opportunity on what Dan later described as the biggest stag that would have been taken. He estimated the stag at well over 190. I say 'would have' as when the stag stopped, his vitals were completely hidden by the only tree between us as he paused to

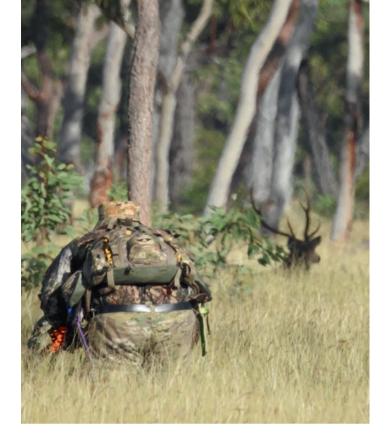
look around. That was the only chance he gave so this boy is still running around waiting for a future hunter to try his luck on a stag of a lifetime.

Talking about stags of a lifetime, I came across two more the following day. Hunting on my own, I came across some bedded deer just inside the timberline. Slowly, I edged closer to see what stags may be with them. For some unknown reason I sat up and looked behind me. Here was a monster stag walking through the open country like the king of the land. I had nowhere to hide and no cover to draw so had to just watch as this huge stag walked straight past and under the fence just out of range.

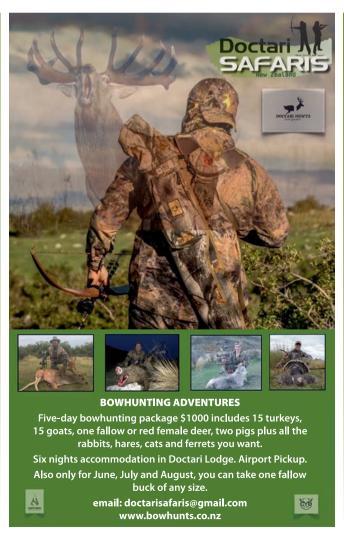
Turning back to the original deer, I saw another huge stag stand and look in the direction the previous stag had taken. Gathering his girls, he moved off in the opposite direction (with me bringing up the rear). Hours later and luck was with me ... somehow I had got to 40m of this stag and still he had no idea I was there. Browsing and feeding, he was without a care in the world, trailing his hinds. Slowly I moved the short distance to the edge of the timber. I was on one edge, he was on the other. Thirty-six metres, quartering away, his head in the trees. Two steps to the right and I would have a completely open shot ... right where a big buck roo was bedded. Bye bye, stag. As soon as that roo jumped up, the deer exploded away and my dream stag was gone. Pretty sure I got some dust in the eyes as it was a very low moment for me. The lows make the highs even greater, however.

I related my sad story over lunch about these great stags and the tale convinced Derek that he should come back with me that afternoon to try his luck. Unfortunately, Derek didn't share my luck as he went the whole afternoon without seeing a stag.

I found another, however—a cracker velvet-head. Getting to 50m, I



This is how it's done ... stalking a stag.



was ready to call in the troops to pack out another stag. This guy had other plans, unfortunately, and he proved too good for me. He too is ready for the next lucky hunter to find him. With time running out, I caught up with Derek and we headed back to the car. On the way back we came across yet another stag; this one had us pinned as we walked across the open flat. Deciding to see how close we could get before he ran off, we closed in to under 70m for some photos as the light faded. It was a great way to end our trip watching this mature stag walk into the trees and out of view, until next time when it all starts again.

I can't recommend a trip with Dan and Helen enough. Even if you haven't done any hunting previously it's a great opportunity to learn from one of the greats. There's no shortage of opportunities on deer, pigs, rabbits and dogs. There is plenty to keep the bird spotters happy as well-I lost count of all the different species I saw this trip. Sitting around the fire at night you get visited by some of the local marsupials that come in for a guick look. You can hunt how you prefer, on rolling hills or open flats, for morning or afternoon hunts, or go all day, walking the ridges of the creeks then calling for a pick-up when you're done. You can also do a combination hunt with camel if that strikes interest.

As I finish this tale I'm already gearing up for another trip just as soon as I can. Chital are the one thing I simply can never get enough of.

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

Stag magic: David (right) shares the happy moment with his mate Derek (left) and Dan Smith.







by PETER STUBBS

After Manning District Bowhunters was burnt out by bushfires in November last year, the Branch Executive set about looking at ways to assist Manning to get back on their feet. Manning members had to wait for clearance to access the grounds so that they could assess their losses. As feared, the loss suffered by the club was devastating, with all the ranges burnt out. The clubhouse was lost and the amenities block mostly gone. There was gear lost that had been stored in the clubhouse and containers, including all kitchen supplies and amenities, some archery equipment and tools.

The Branch immediately provided funding to the club to contribute to the rebuilding process. A request for assistance for Manning was made to National, and emergency funding was provided, with a reminder that the club could also apply to them for an interest-free loan/grant.

Manning had been scheduled to host the Shooter of the Year event in December and the IFAA State Titles in March 2020. As this would now be impossible, the Branch Controller set about trying to come up with alternative venues. Gloucester District Archers generously offered to host the December event at their grounds, and use it as a fundraiser for Manning. Unfortunately, not long after this offer was made, Gloucester District Archers found themselves under threat of bushfire, which continued with no reprieve in conditions over the summer months. So that idea had to be abandoned. With the ongoing bushfire threat over most of the State, the Shooter of the Year event was cancelled to protect our members.

A suggestion from a Branch member about the possible use of ABA Park for the IFAA State Titles, set the idea in motion that this event might be able to go ahead. National came on board with the idea and generously donated the use of the facilities, with Manning to cover the cost of consumables for the event.

National, Branch and ABA members held working bees to prepare ABA Park for the State Titles, which would also be great preparation to have ABA Park ready for the National Safari at Easter (which was subsequently postponed). Along with getting the facilities shipshape for the Titles, many hours were also spent by Executive and volunteer members



to set out ranges for the Safari. There was a huge amount of work involved—cleaning of toilet and shower blocks as well as clubhouse, office and kitchen facilities. National also had the shower facilities upgraded to constant pressure/instant heat (no more buckets!).

The Branch Executive set up a bushfire raffle to assist bushfire-affected ABA clubs within NSW/ACT. Many thanks must go to everyone who spent time organising the raffle, to all the generous members who bought tickets, and especially to the generous sponsors who donated prizes—Kayuga Broadheads, Benson Archery, Abbey Archery, Headcase Archery and Outback Broadheads. This was the first time that we had sold tickets online over Facebook, and the committee would like to thank all the members who trusted the process to purchase their tickets, as this allowed much of the work to be achieved ahead of the weekend. The raffle was drawn at the presentation ceremony, congratulations to all winners, and especially to John, who took out the major prize of a Rinehart 3D Snarling Wolf.

After much preparation the event, held on March 7 and

8, was a credit to all involved. Manning ran the canteen and provided tasty meals and snacks for the famished crowd. It was a huge effort to organise supplies and meals so far away from home. It was great to see so many people working hard to make the canteen a success.

ABA Park looked spectacular for the event, with recent rains providing a lovely green backdrop. The ranges had been revamped and shortened which made traversing the courses very enjoyable and much easier for all competitors, while still providing the challenging shots expected.

The Shooter of the Year Awards for 2019 were presented at the conclusion of the weekend. Namoi Valley Archers of Gunnedah were presented with the Shooter of the Year Perpetual Trophy, having the highest number of division winners overall.

The Northern NSW Branch Committee would like to thank the National Executive for their ongoing support of clubs within our Branch. The facilities at ABA Park, Mudgee are outstanding and show a commitment to ABA members and archery as a whole for the future of our sport.

Nick Lintern TRADIONATE TRATES

Hello to all our readers and welcome to another instalment of Traditional Trails. As I write this article. we are really sitting in uncertain times as the coronavirus sweeps across the world and, inevitably, Australia. Shoots and trips are being cancelled, rightly so, in an attempt to stop the spread of this virus. Archery is such a fantastic art and way of life and while clubs are being shut down for a while, most of us can still find places to shoot and forget the world for a spell. We are lucky as traditional archers that for the most part, we are able to keep up our way of life. Many other sports are unable to compete or even train at this time so let's take a glass-is-halffull approach to these challenges and keep those arrows flying and those skills tuned even if it is on a smaller scale than normal. My business, Norseman Traditional Bows, is still pumping full speed ahead as my workshop is on my half-acre property. I have not been affected by any of the restrictions so if you're looking to order a bow, arrows, or any traditional archery supplies, we're still here to look after your trad archery needs as always. We have plenty of stock of nocks, points, feathers, shafts, glue et cetera. Plus, we're always available for advice if you need us.

Building the yew English longbow Part 1

Today, we start on an epic bow-building journey. In the previous Archery Action bow builds, I've covered osage self-bows and tri-laminated hickory English longbows. Now we move onto the motherlode of all English longbows. The bow I'm referring to here, singlehandedly fed and protected our ancestors, was hated and feared by its enemies, plus helped forge the national identity of England: The yew English longbow—or, as many may say, the Welsh longbow. This is going to be quite a large buildalong so we will dedicate several issues to it.

My bow-making career goes back well over 20 years but it wasn't until 10 years ago that I got my hands onto some quality yew staves courtesy of a good friend who sourced them in the U.S. Since then, I've made a lot of yew ELBs the biggest being 125# @ 32in-a serious beast. I made it for a friend, Andy Firth, who has now passed away and the bow found its way back to me. On testing that bow, I found that it could cast a 1250 grain, bodkin-tipped war arrow over 200m. These bows truly are magnificent. To work with this wood is a surreal experience. It rarely fights you as a bowyer; it actually wants to be a bow ... is how I best describe it. As you run your draw knife down your stave, you are walking in the mighty footsteps of many great bowyers through history. As you shoot one, you are echoing the actions of many legendary archers down many long centuries.

History

Yew bows have been used since prehistory. Yew as a wood and a tree has been prized and was even considered to have some mystical pagan attributes in the earliest times. Groves of yew trees had tremendous religious significance to our Northern European ancestors. It is generally thought that the long, stacked (Roman arched) belly of the ELB as we have known it now for over 800 years originally came to the British Isles via the Vikings. The Welsh bowyers and archers were definitely using that style of bow before the English picked it up. From around 1200 on, English kings began relying more on their archer corps to get battles won and started imposing strict rules to ensure that eligible young men would practise the bow. Edward I (Longshanks) was known to have been one of the first kings to realise the full potential of massed archers and made good use of them against the French and—famously—the Scots. The famous battles won by the English longbow that have now made England the nation it is, were often won against indescribable odds. The first major victory came in the 100 Years War between England and France at battle of Crecy in 1346. Edward III won the battle decisively after English and Welsh longbowmen routed a large force of French crossbowmen, largely due to the huge rate of fire and accuracy of the English archers. The next major victory came at the battle of Poitiers just 10 years later. The Black Prince, Edward, led the English troops to another decisive victory, again due to the hard-shooting English and Welsh archers who decimated the French. By now the French aristocracy were well aware of the danger of the English longbow and when the most famous

battle of the 100 Years War took place in 1415, the Battle of Agincourt, the French had a plan they believed would stop the English archers from bringing such devastation to their ranks. Basically, the idea was to flank the massed archers with heavily armoured mounted knights and destroy them before they could repeat earlier battles. The problem was that on the field at Agincourt, the English king Henry V had made good use of his terrain and the charging French would have to mass in due to a narrow stretch of field with dense woods on either side. The French also had tremendous faith in their armour which by this time in history was really, really good. As the first wave of French knights charged they found that due to heavy rain the night before and the clustering effect of the field, the going was slow and they presented easy targets to the 5000 archers. Also, the faith placed in the armour was misplaced. The English arrows were piercing the thickest parts of their armour and as the French knights came into closer range, the archers were so skilled that they easily picked the weakest parts of the armour to shoot an arrow. The aftermath of Agincourt was, as Shakespeare put it, a Royal orgy of death. Thousands of French noblemen were dead on

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the field, the large majority victims of archers. A contemporary writer wrote of a knight being stuck under his horse as an English arrow had gone through his armour, leg, through the other side of the armour, then on through the wooden saddle and killed the horse. That's how good the yew bow can be. Of course these men were using huge poundages and equally massive arrows. Weights of around 140# were normal. We know because when the wreck of the Tudor ship the Mary Rose (which sank in 1545) was found and raised in 1983, more than 170 longbows were found in amazing condition. I have a list of all the bows that were found and their poundages, some estimations and some actually were strung and tested, and many approximation bows were also built. These bows were never below 100#. English longbow eventually gave way to firearms as it was very expensive to keep paying archers all year round and ensuring their accuracy and strength. Also, English Monarchs soon came to know the fear of longbows being turned on them in the civil war. Even though early guns were really bad and more often than not killed the user, they could be used with little training and the kings and

queens could keep all these weapons in the tower, effectively disarming the populous. During King Henry VIII's rule he made attempts to re-establish the archer corps, citing one of my favourite quotes: "The longbow was proper to men of our strength." It makes me emotional even writing that down; I love it in this day of compound bows!

As the hand cannon started to gain sway over the longbow for warfare, the use of longbows dropped away almost entirely and the once great war weapon became almost extinct. Then several hundreds of years after the longbow disappeared, it started making a comeback as a sporting arm of the gentry in what we all know now as target archery. In Victorian times, many famous archery clubs emerged and national championships became popular. The longbow had made a resurgence. It was, however, quite different in poundage from the war bow it took its lineage from. Far from 100# or more, although it had the exact same shape and length, the bow was now more like 40#. Another change was that women started shooting on the lawns of England as well. The English longbow was also gaining popularity in America as well, and not just as a lawn sport arm. Many great hunting

archers such as Art Young and Saxton Pope, Will Compton and Howard Hill were all taking big game with heavy draw yew English longbows. Once laminar bowyery and the use of fibreglass became refined and perfected around the 40s and 50s, there was a slight design change in longbows. (They became slightly shorter, squarer in cross-section and had a non-working handle section. They also had a shelf cut in. Enter the American semi-longbow). At that time, the yew English longbow dropped right away and only a few dedicated bowyers have kept those skills and techniques going. No matter what people may or may not think about the yew English longbow, it remains an absolute lethal beauty which all archers should at some point shoot.

Understanding vew

I hope that has whet your appetite to see how these magnificent bows are made. So let's look at the yew tree and its species and see what is best for bows. Firstly, there are two species of yew: Continental yew (Taxus baccata) and Pacific yew





Left: Female yew.



Above: The male yew tree.

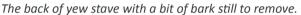
(Taxus brevifolia). Continental yew is the yew our ancestors knew. It grows throughout Europe and is best from high altitudes, (more on this shortly). This yew is almost unavailable today due to heavy cutting in the medieval period. Hundreds of trees were cut down for bow staves. In fact, bow staves formed the import duty of the time. For example, a wool merchant would have to supply a certain number of staves for every bale of wool he bought in. This was to keep bowyers fed with good quality staves to fill the King's quota of longbows. So now nearly all countries have banned its cutting. High altitude Italian yew is the best Continental yew now and to the best of my knowledge, only one man has the permit to cut it. For every tree he cuts down, he must plant two. Pacific yew grows in the U.S. and is very similar to its European cousin. In my experience Continental yew is marginally better but only when you're comparing similar quality staves. So if

you had a Pacific yew stave that was clean, straight, knot free and had a nice 1/2 in sapwood and a Continental stave that was knotty and rough with thick sapwood, the Pacific yew stave would be better and so on. The Continental yew is just a bit more resilient in my experience. That said, I've made some big powerful bows from Pacific yew. Thankfully, good high altitude Pacific yew, while still hard to get, is available but very expensive. The last stave I bought in cost me \$450. So just to get the stave here is an expensive exercise. not to mention the dollar as it is now.

Yew trees are a conifer and actually have a male and female. The male tree produces cones as many conifers do, and the female produces those red berries that yew is known for. Some bowyers contend that one is better than the other for bows, but I can't actually say. The staves I worked had come from the U.S. pre-cut and seasoned, so I have no idea if they were male or female. They all made great bows though and many of my good U.S. contacts who are cutting and making vew longbows have said they can feel no real difference in performance between male and female trees.

So what we are after in a good yew stave is a good clean stave, free of excess knots and pins and fairly straight. We also want a stave with sapwood that is not too thick, maybe ¼in or so. If it were to be thicker it's not the end of the world but if you are making a lighter bow, say around 50# or so, you'd have a bow that was more sap than heartwood so ¼in would be better. Why does the sapwood matter? Unlike other timber species, the sapwood of yew is strong, and has tremendous tensile strength. Therefore, it's perfect for a bow's back where tensile stresses are high. With most other species like osage, the sapwood is pretty much worthless and will crumble and crack up over time. Hence, nearly all osage bows have the sapwood removed. The dark, reddy/orange heart wood in yew is very high in compressive strength so in one tree we have a perfect spring ... nature's absolute gift to archers. It's never a good idea to reduce the sapwood. I tried it once against best advice because I just had to see what would happen (curiosity got the better of me). The result was I ruined a \$400 stave. The rings in the sapwood are microscopic and you are begging for a tension failure trying to thin it down. You'll breach a growth ring for sure. So, leave the sapwood alone. It'll have little spots where the bark left a mark here and there but that's par for the course. Staves come in to Australia from the U.S. with bark already removed so there should be no need to do anything with the bow's back apart from sanding and burnishing and maybe removing the last bit of bark that may be lingering (more on that later). For the sake of the knowledge, all that occurs when a yew stave is seasoned is the removal of the bark







Yew stave ready to work into a bow. This one had some natural string follow I had to work with. Note the creamy sapwood and orange-coloured heartwood.

... very carefully. Then you have the perfect bow back, laid down by nature and without flaws. The next thing to look at is growth rings. Those of you familiar with osage know that it is a ring porous wood. Therefore, we want the growth rings as wide as possible. These are the strong, dark summer growth rings. We want the whitish spring growth to be thin. This will make a strong, hard shooting and durable bow. Not that tighter rings in osage are bad, but it definitely isn't as easy to work and is generally not as strong. Yew, being a conifer, is the polar opposite. We want

as many RPI (rings per inch) as possible. As a rule of thumb, 40 to 50 rings per inch would be great for a 50# or so bow. The bow's dimensions will be good to keep that 50# weight. If we want a 100# bow, the bow would end up massive in thickness with a 50 RPI stave as the strength isn't quite there. That doesn't mean the bow will be weak—just way too thick. For a big bow, we want more like 70 to 100 RPI. Then your bow will be sensible in dimension for its weight.

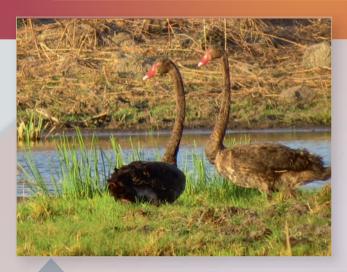
If buying a stave, the straighter your stave, the more rings per inch and the cleaner it is, the dearer it will be. 100

RPI staves are quite rare. The big bow I mentioned earlier is 100 RPI as I let my supplier know the stave I needed. He sold it to me at a reasonable price as it wasn't anywhere near straight. It was twisted and so badly out of alignment, it became my Masters Thesis in bowmaking. But I got a great bow out of it and as I mentioned earlier, it really thumps out an arrow.

We'll leave it at that for now. In the next issue, we'll start having a look at the tools we need and start working on our bow. Until then, keep healthy, listen to our leaders and stay positive.



Entries PHOTO COMPETITION



Do you see what I see? Graham McComiskie







Proud as punch,
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The Branch D 3D Titles at Roma by day ... and (next page) by night.



More than 60 shooters arrived at the Roma and District Bowmen clubgrounds on Saturday, March 14, to take part in the two-day Branch D 3D Titles in mid-March.

Wet weather had threatened to dampen the proceedings (it had certainly rained beforehand) but despite the weather predictions for big rain on the weekend, the shooters remained dry both days.

The Roma club is situated about 18km from Roma on the Injune Road, and although it's not a big club, with about 30 members including children, what the group lacks in numbers it makes up for in enthusiasm. What's more, the club is justly famed for its traditional campoven dinners. Saturday night had a great offering of roast lamb, roast pork and vegetables.

Club president Jon Ellis said the club had been operating for more than 20 years. Two years ago the club extended the lease on the water reserve and now has double the area for use. With an updated kitchen, a good clubhouse, four ABA ranges, a 3D range and a work-in-progress IFAA range, there's plenty of variety for members and visitors.

Two one-arrow rounds were held on Saturday and a two-arrow round was run on Sunday morning, all with the usual ABA 3D rules. Archers worked their way through gullies (shooting down to the creek and up out of the gully) and wove through cypress bushland to get to





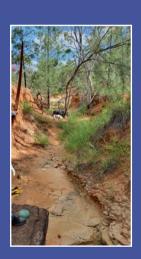




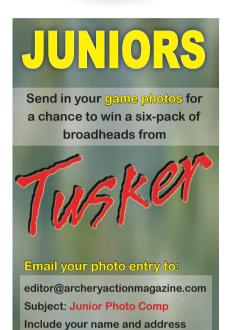
the targets. There were all sorts of shots to confound and challenge the shooters, including shots with plenty of broken ground between peg and target. Range captain BJ Fisher must have been pleased with his efforts, because one archer who is well known for getting perfect (or at least near-perfect) rounds actually missed a target! One young man who must have gone home happy was an archer who hadn't shot barebow for five years (since being a junior), and he had an absolute scorcher, unseating another top archer.

On Saturday afternoon when the main rounds were finished, a novelty shoot was held down at Bungil Creek, with a dot on a pig being the target to shoot for. They even used a set of calipers to measure the winning shot.

Competitors were from Lakeside and Grange in Brisbane, Renegades (Ipswich), Toowoomba, Stanthorpe, Barambah (near Nanango) and Charleville. Most of them camped on site and appreciated the camping ground, hot showers, flushing toilets and great meals. The weekend wrapped up around lunchtime on Sunday so the Brisbane people could set off on their six-hour journey and be home by dark.

















Facing page (top), Grant Bowd, fox; (below) Ronnie Yap, pig.

This page, clockwise from top left: Toby Gall, RC buffalo 96pt; Luke Goodwin, goat; Nigel Vaughn BHFF fish; Damien Hollingsworth, rabbit.









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Black 1

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- · Draw Weights 40, 50, 60, 65, 70, 80lbs

Black 3

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- · 33" Axle to Axle
- · 25.5" 31" Draws · Draw Weights 40, 50, 60, 65, 70, 80lbs

Black 5

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Around THE TRADS

To receive trad shoot information direct, email a request to: swallace@wallacetradwoods.com

Sue Wallace

The Tenterfield Blacked-Out Shoot was the first trad shoot on the calendar and was being held February 15 and 16 to raise money for the club that was burnt out in the September 2019 bushfires. Over the months of September through to early February, every State in this wide brown land of ours was affected in many areas by devastating bushfires. Then the drought broke as the rains started, and kept going for almost two weeks, along the entire length of the eastern seaboard, plus a cyclone across the top of WA, with severe storms in SA. It was Mother Nature at her most relentless, going from one extreme to the other.

The rain pelted down as we packed our vehicle so we decided not to leave on Thursday night as there was news of flooding. On Friday morning we set off, putting our trust in the Weather Bureau's report that it was starting to ease.

We arrived mid-afternoon and there were four camps at various stages of setting up, so we wandered around and found a nice flat spot and started to unload. We must have been on a rock shelf, as trying to bang a tent peg in was a little challenging! We waited for the rest of our troupe to arrive before doing any more. Then our afternoon was consumed helping with the recovery of a vehicle after one of our friends found a wet spot from all the rain that had fallen recently. Once he was extracted he drove slightly up the hill, found firm ground and stopped—and that became the chosen spot for the campsite!

While we were doing this, others

arrived to set up camp, plus it seemed quite a few people were staying in town and had popped out to say hello.

Saturday morning was glorious and we enjoyed a hearty breakfast from the clubhouse then headed over to the practice butts for a few shots before muster was called.

For this shoot, 20 or so 3D targets had been transported to Tenterfield. The club field course was set up as two sets of 10 in a figure-eight shape, so you could do either group of 10 then have a break before doing the other group.

The three-arrow round was held on Saturday, with all arrows counting and shot from the same peg. Some of us had a little trouble getting the third arrow to hit the target.

The moving target was placed after target 20, which wasn't far from







A black bunny in a black stump.



Cat target at Tenterfield.



Fiery speed round targets.

the clubhouse. Other novelties were the 30-second speed round which consisted of six flame-shaped cutouts (coloured yellow for 10 points into orange for five points), rolling discs beside the practice butts and a swinging cube. The sneaker round, timed at 60 seconds, consisted of six or so targets which you had to find along a path. The first target was rather elusive.

The club put on a great main course dinner which was enjoyed by many. Once our dinner was complete, we watched the sun set over the dam.

Sunday morning was also glorious. We could go out at our leisure for the one-arrow round on the field course. While the scores were being tallied the club put on the Pigeon Pop.

For this shoot specifically, everyone was asked to bring something for the raffle table. As the shoot dates were just after Valentine's Day and Black Friday, the prizes fit into either a black theme or a Valentine theme. There were many prizes—chocolate, liquorice, T-shirts, sarsaparilla, wine, also a bow, a set of arrows, a mounted arrow, a patched bow bag and a set of three footed arrows. The raffle money raised went to the club.

There was even a bit of swapping

that went on afterwards so that all were happy with their prizes! I know of one instance where a bow bag and a bottle of wine changed hands.

The first presentation was for the sneaker round and there was a tied score for two fellows in the group I shot with, one of them being my better half who is now at about 80 per cent recovered and shooting all the events. As this was a fund-raising shoot, they put all bows together regardless of style for cubs, junior, ladies and mens. The first place trophies had been crafted by members of the local Men's Shed while second and third place trophies were crafted by Marian Rogan of the Tenterfield club using burned logs from around the grounds.

There were trad archers from as far afield as Sydney, Newcastle, Warwick, Toowoomba, Caboolture, Nanango, Brisbane, Sunshine Coast and Gympie.

It really was a great weekend, the club has done a huge job with cleaning up and getting target butts packed with the help of many members over the weekend as well. The club's next big shoot is the TAA National Titles on October 10 and 11.

The end-of-February shoot had already been postponed due to

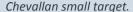
pending heavy rain and hot weather, and now as we came into the weekend of March 7 and 8 for the shoot at Chevallan Archery Park in Gympie the weather really hadn't changed much. In fact, there was a possible cyclone looming. A few people had already pulled out but when we arrived Friday lunchtime three campsites were already in various stages of set-up. So we picked a spot, settled in and didn't have to wait long for others to arrive.

After a really warm night, we could feel the humidity rising as we had our breakfast. For this event we had the clout, popinjay, speed rounds, moving target and rolling discs, plus the 25 3D-target field course. Due to the heat, we didn't include the clout range in the scores in case some groups preferred not to shoot it.

The family that I had been helping the previous two Sunday shoots had also joined in the activities.

Our group started at the rolling disc and did a few of the novelties, then stopped at the shed for drinks before heading to the 60-second speed round that was set up around, behind and in between the combat archery hides, which made it quite interesting. The plates had been staggered too, and as the grass had grown quite quickly,







Clout.



Target 11 at Chevallan.

the plates were hidden, so we were guiding each other along. With the awful humidity sapping our energy, a rest at the tea tent was a welcome respite before we finished the rest of the targets.

We stopped at the moving target to complete the day's events before heading back up for lunch.

Dinner was steak with salads and potato bake, followed by dessert.

Someone brought out a guitar and started the night's entertainment with a few songs. It rained lightly overnight and was overcast when we rose on Sunday morning.

We had the rolling disc plus the two speed rounds along with the two-arrow field course. We did the novelties first before going on to do the field course. By target 6 a shower was falling.

The barbecue was fired up for lunch hamburgers while we waited for the final group to come in.

It was really good shoot, enjoyed by all who attended, and even though

there were a couple of showers, it wasn't cold, so drying out didn't take too long at all.

Unless suspended by coronavirus restrictions, our next two-day shoot is planned for the weekend of May 16 and 17 and Chevallan Archery Park will host the TAA Queensland State Titles in July.

- The HVTA Andy Firth Memorial which was to be held March 28 and 29 was cancelled.
- Trad shoots for June and July (conditional on restrictions being lifted) are: HVTA Gathering on June 6 and 7, Coffs Harbour June 13 and 14, Lakeside Jules Shield July 4 and 5, TAA Queenslad State Titles Chevallan Archery Park on July 18 and 19.
- Reports from the following clubs will be in the next edition: Chevallan Archery Park and White Rose Archery Klub if these shoots are still held.

Due to the pandemic and directives

issued by the Federal Government we already know shoots planned for April and May have been cancelled.

You will find the further information and available flyers for the Traditional Shoots on the following websites: Traditional Archery Australia: www. traditional archery australia.org > Shoot Information
Wallace Woods:
www.wallacetradwoods.com > Shoot information (proposed 2020 calendar, and will have the link to the shoot flyers as they become available)
Chevallan Archery Park:
www.chevallanarcherypark.com — for the proposed traditional shoot

calendar, IBO approved African 3D targets with replaceable centres, customised archery medals
Ozbow: www.ozbow.net > Traditional
Archery Events > each shoot has an

I look forward to seeing you 'round the trads, when we once again are allowed to travel.

individual thread



SAXON



With massive amounts of rain forecast to hit just days before the Branch C Saxon Invitational, there was a lot of uncertainty about whether or not the shoot would even go ahead. Although follow-up rain would be great, we really needed a few dry days beforehand to let the ranges dry out a little. Fortunately, we didn't receive the masses of rain that had been predicted. The ranges had a good couple of days to dry out and allow the rangemaster and his crew time to put the finishing touches on the newly formatted ranges.

On Friday morning the targets were all put out and who

would have known that some excitement was about to be had when one of the target crew 'parked' his ute down at the bottom of the swamp range. Apparently, it's called the swamp range for a reason!

A recovery 4WD (another member of the target crew) slowly made its way down the range to attempt to pull the ute out, trying not to get stuck himself as the top of the ground was already broken and very soft. the next minute, there was a phone call to a friend. Yep, you guessed it, they were both stuck. It was deemed that the first ute was going



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Above: All wrapped up with safety tape, this ute was to remain 'parked' here for the duration of the competition.

Above right: The 'recovery' vehicle, which itself had to be recovered.



to have a sleepover or two until the ground dried out a little as it was buried to the crossmembers, ahem, parked quite securely. So, wrapped in safety tape and well and truly out of the way, the ute was there to stay for a while.

After some creative winching and manoeuvring, the recovery 4WD was then recovered by the trusty rangemas-

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ter. Both 4WDs reversed their way up the narrow boggy track to where the rangemaster could turn around and drive out.

But wait a minute, don't go too far! The other recovery vehicle got stuck again trying to turn around and needed a little more assistance. Another bit of help was needed at the final corner.

What was funny was that all weekend there were comments on how the ute came to be parked down there. Two different stories made the rounds, but we could see where the vehicles had been and there was water still lying in the mushed-up track, so we supposed one of the stories had to be true.

Campers started to roll in after lunch and pick out their campsites. As usual, Saxons put on a complimentary meal for the travellers on Friday night. The menu was pizza, fish and chips. Sixteen pizzas, two bags of fish and a heap of chips fed the hungry campers.

The hooter rang on Saturday morning at 6 o'clock for a lovely cooked breakfast to kick the morning off. Nominations followed at 7.00am with 59 nominations it all flowed pretty smoothly as we were mustered and ready to get out and test these new ranges.

The newly revamped billabong range was first cab off the rank and it didn't disappoint. Some very deceiving lanes made for an interesting three-arrow round and to the rangemaster's credit there were no 400s shot.

Facing page, clockwise from top left: Leanne King, taking aim during the novelty shoot, Mitchell King, Jum and Rabbit out on the range, Bec Darby, a challenging shot.















Tony Buckholz.

After the three-arrow round we stopped for lunch and the canteen ladies and gents were run off their feet. We then headed out to the new clubhouse range for the one-arrow round. With only one 400 shot, it was another great range and the rangemaster had deceived us again. Laughter was heard all over the ranges; everyone seemed to be having a ball. Once off the ranges, the smell of the roast dinner wafted around the whole campground as it cooked away.

The novelties were a hit with the kids, who loved shooting the balloons. The big kids were challenged with a card game to win a share of the entry money. The knife and axe throwing were also popular and all going on while a Branch meeting was happening in the background.

The canteen crew did an amazing job with the roast dinner and desserts to die for. Everyone now full, a few yarns were told and the story of the parked ute was still a topic for conversation.

Sunday morning started off with a cracking breakfast. Most competitors were down trying to get a few shots away and warm the muscles up as this is the first two-day shoot for the year in C Branch. Muster was called and we gathered our groups and headed out to the swamp range for the three-arrow round. There was plenty of water still lying





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Percy sends his axe flying towards the target.

around in places and the swamp was full to the top. That was a sight for sore eyes, as earlier that week the swamp had been bone dry, as it had been for months. For those who had heard one or both of the versions of how the ute become parked, it was there for everyone to see.

There was a quick break while we waited for the last group to come back in then we were back out onto the road range for the final round for the weekend. By halfway round, fatigue had started to set for a few of the kids and I could see some of the adults starting to struggle with the humidity as well. The lack of breeze wasn't helping. Before we knew it, we had finished shooting, the scores were in and we were ready for presentations.

The raffles were drawn first with some people seeming to win every second prize and one person winning every single bottle of alcohol. I think he is now set and loving drinking it all in these uncertain times. Presentations started with the novelty winners and continued with all the divisions.

After much discussion it was decided to try to make a last-ditch attempt to pull out the parked ute. So, with jacks and boards and shovels the guys headed down to try their luck. I didn't think they had a hope in hell of budging it as it was literally bogged to the crossmembers and chassis rail. To my amazement about half hour later the ute came driving up the track. I can tell you, that was one happy owner.

It was now time to clean up and pack up the club grounds for what we didn't know at the time would be the last time for the foreseeable future. Thanks to everyone who came and supported our Saxon club and we hope you all had a fantastic weekend and also hope to see you around the ranges again soon.

BUSHFIRE REPORT



Lithgow Valley Archers have reported that there has been no damage to their clubhouse or toilets, however they lost most of their ranges—3D range, Zig-Zag Range, and over three quarters of the Hartley Range.

This was the third time they had experienced fire damage; each time has been due to backburning operations. Each instance has been spaced about six years apart.

The club has one range up and running, however, it may be quite some time before they get the Zig-Zag Range operational because of its steep terrain.

The club was in no danger of having its targets destroyed as they are no longer kept on site, due to the fact they have been broken into repeatedly in the past few years.



Eurobodalla Archery Club

Fire went through the club and caused a lot of damage, then later the fire turned around and took most of what was left. The club lost the ABA

ranges and toilets, but did not lose their club bows or 3D targets as they had been taken off-site days before the fire made it to their range. The club sustained damage to the practice butts and IFAA courses.

Rod Moad, Branch F Controller, believes the club has managed to fix up their practice butt area, and are looking to have a meeting in the near future to decide the future of the club.

Next page: Manning



This report provided with the assistance of Northern NSW Branch on behalf of bush-fire-affected ABA clubs within NSW/ACT.

Rising from the ashes



August 21 started out as a normal Wednesday morning. Wednesday is archery day for the oldies—and not so old—and I was about to set off for the club. From the front drive, all I could see was a pall of smoke and flames over the waterway from our house on Forster Keys. Archery was forgotten as I anxiously waited to see which way the wind would get up. It turned into a southerly, and eventually Stocklands Shopping Centre was threatened and evacuated but no major damage was done. Big Island was burned out.

It was hot and, for the coast, very dry. On November 7 we were at Stocklands shops and a great pall of smoke headed for town. Someone had stolen a car; driven into the bush and torched it. Once again—thanks to water bombers—there was no major damage.

Hillville fire was in the news—out of control and heading east. Other fires sprang up—the Failford fire burned to the coast. All the time Hillville was out of control too.

Our president, Karl, decided to go to our Manning Great Lakes Archery Club to pick up the bows, just in case. As as he did, the fire roared over the hill toward him.

News filtered through that the fire had gone through our club area. As risk management officer of our club,





I sought permission from Forestry to inspect our club. Ron (our treasurer) and I went out on November 23 and were shocked to see utter devastation. The 34m clubhouse, kitchen, storeroom, three containers, generator shed, septic system, three water tanks and all their contents were just ash and streams of melted aluminium and plastic on the ground.

The question everyone was asking was, "What about out on our four ranges? And our favourite—the 3D buffalo?" The answer: The only target that partially survived was one at the practice area. All 200-plus butts were just black smudges on the ground. We didn't have permission to see the ranges as they were closed until they could be made safe by Forestry, which, they said, could be months. Members were wondering if we could survive and rebuild with only half of the toilet block surviving. I wanted to encourage members and told them that "we will rise from the ashes".

Bruce and Dick from the small bore rifle club on Bayel Drive down the road





One thing the fire didn't destroy was the wonderfully dry sense of humour for which Aussies are famed. One entry on the club's Facebook page had this comment: "Mower for sale or exchange for one that goes."

invited us to consider joining with them, so we visited and were encouraged by their offer, but felt it better to see if we could rebuild where we were. We greatly appreciated their generosity, though.

December 14 was our AGM and a recovery committee was formed to plan for our future. Yes, we wanted to rebuild. But how could we afford the huge cost and labour?

Treasurer Ron secured a disaster recovery grant from Rural Assistance Authority, which gave us hope that we might get a couple of containers with a roof in between. So we pursued this until we had a visit from Stephen Bromhead, our local Member. He suggested we apply for a grant through Service NSW. So in consultation with our President and committee I suggested we go for broke and apply for a full shed.

Forestry brought a tree harvester in. This 30-tonne machine made short work of removing dangerous trees and put the burned-out shed on the ground for us. Ron and I started on removing the iron, a working bee got the rest off and stacked, and Karl organised a large skip. Three loads later we were almost cleaned up—one more skip to go. James did a great job with grinder and chainsaw.

Not being a tech-head, I struggled with the grant application until I went to our Service NSW office and they fed in the information I'd prepared and sent it off. There followed a nail-biting wait to see if we would be successful.

In the meantime I was told about the Lions Club offering water tank grants for fire victims, so I applied and we were awarded a 5000-gallon tank. It arrived on March 19. Now we had a tank but still no roof to run water, so we bought some. Thanks to Chris and Ray for help getting it on the ground.

On April 14, a second tank that we had purchased was put on site, and Kurt our faithful plumber started on



Cleaning up at Manning.

the plumbing work, which will include replacing all the toilets, septic and plumbing. And Mark is preparing to rebuild the toilet block wall.

Our generator shed, along with the generator, were destroyed but the shed frame was okay so I cleaned and painted it. The shed now has a roof. No walls and no generator, though.

On March 31 we received word that our grant was successful and Joanne, our new treasurer, advised us the money was in our account.

Peter's boss had loaned him a small excavator so Peter worked on building a retaining wall for the main building site.

I was told of another grant so I applied for it, but won't know about it till July. I'm now grant application fatigued, and my ever-faithful wife has been a grant widow for weeks!

And it has rained. Trees have started to sprout and the grass has gone ballistic. (Oops, the mower doesn't look so good.)

Then came COVID-19, which put a stop to work. But we are ready to place an order for the shed, subject to Forestry's final approval.

Now that the recovery stage is mostly done I'm handing over to Matt and Peter to continue with the rebuild stage. After that comes the fit-out.

We look forward to being free to get out there and, once the forest is opened, to rebuild the ranges again. This will be a mammoth task as they are now overgrown and will be hard to find.

Much gratitude goes to ABA, our Branch E, Gunnedah, Hastings, and so many others who have supported us during this time.

Mitchell River Clamas by ERIC CREIGHTON It might look wonderfully serene ... but dramas can unfold in the most unlikely of places.

was heading up to the lower Cape country in North Queensland to my favourite camping spot beside an expansive and picturesque lagoon. This is the sort of tranquil location you would want to visit even if you were not a bowhunter! I pulled into the main homestead after nearly 2100km travelled from my Brisbane home to drop

off some supplies that included 60-odd books for wet season reading by the owners. A further 75km and I was at the lagoon which was to be my home for the next two weeks. Reinforcing the property owner's comment that there were not many pigs about were the mandatory notices on the gates I had passed through that 1080 baits had

been laid in the past three weeks.

While setting up my gear and organising a fold-out solar panel on the roof of the musterers' camp, I saw a family of some 20 or so pigs come in for a guick wallow at the far end of the lagoon. Surely this was a good sign of the hunting to come! I was not expecting my hunting partner to arrive until



the next day as he had further to travel coming from Darwin and had more dirt road to traverse than I had. As it was late in the day, I decided to potter around camp completing preparations while sipping a few beers. It was all very relaxing after the long drive.

The next morning I headed out to a series of three waterholes and parked up. I walked in to the first water point for a quick look. A young boar was laid up in the mud of a fast-drying puddle. I had come up this year a month earlier than normal to get in prior to the muster and had expected to find more water ... it wasn't to be! I dispatched the boar where he lay and headed back to the vehicle to collect my back pack and

camera. On my arrival back, another boar erupted out of the branches of a fallen tree and propped at 10m. I quickly drew and was smacked in the face by the rubber tube of my peep aligner. I tried an instinctive shot but was well off the mark—the first drama! I'd had plenty of time in camp the previous day to check my gear but had not. Perished rubber tubing would have been easy to discover and repair. I went back to the vehicle, repaired the bow then returned to the waterhole to deal with the first boar. On approaching, I noticed a lone pig emerging out of the grass to lie in the shade on the opposite side of the puddle.

I worked into position behind a tree

and not more than 20m from the edge of the puddle at which I hoped the boar would eventually come in to drink and wallow. The waiting game began and I became bored. Meanwhile, the boar I had previously shot was still lying where he had died. An hour into the standoff, I heard a strange noise from behind me and turned to find a very large sand monitor not more than 2m behind me. It's great to see these reptiles coming back after the devastation caused by cane toads, but hey, I know the stories about them thinking a human is a tree and climbing up them while their claws infect you with all sorts of bacteria such that you die a lonely death in your swag



A family of pigs having a quick wallow ¬ surely a good sign for the coming hunt.



from blood poisoning. Not for me! I dropped my bow and jumped back (ran, actually). From a safe distance I began lobbing dried cow pats at my aggressor who nonchalantly and very, very slowly moved to the bowl of the tree I had been hiding behind and disappeared into his home beneath its exposed roots. Once I had collected my bravery, I gathered my gear from the reptile's home then noticed that the boar I had waited so patiently on had been alerted to my life-threatening situation and was buggering off into the bush (cowardly act). So that was my second drama ... but a double dose this time. The boar was removed from his muddy wallow and his trophy taken for later measuring.

Back at camp, my mate Matt had arrived and was unloading his gear while gulping a beer. Greetings over, we decided on a drive to some of the closest swamps to our camp. All proved fruitless and time consuming. Water was even less abundant than it had been the previous year when we had arrived a month later. Perhaps my earlier sightings of game was not going to continue. Back at camp, we discussed plans for the following day and had an early night.

The three waterholes of the previous day were again visited with only family pigs at the two I had not got to. Matt took out a young boar, but pickings were very slim. That being the case, we headed off to what was normally a large tea-tree swamp a further 1km away. Again, it was mostly dry apart from the man-made waterhole. But there was a toothy boar nudging around the mud of the wet area that remained. The boar spooked and ran but we went on to

find another boar up on the edge of another pool of water—well actually, Matt did. I saw him draw his bow but could not see the animal until he let loose and the pig erupted and ran from the arrow that had barely touched its back. Our only other encounter was with a black cat which scampered after nearly being trodden on! It had been well camouflaged against the black mud where it was sunning itself.

Many more likely spots were visited but to no avail and we returned to camp and a well-earned beer and feed.

Another day in paradise, and we returned to the same swamp with the toothy boar in mind, although we did try another couple of spots courtesy of the owners who had dropped into camp and provided us with directions to two other swamps where they had seen good numbers of pigs via their helicopter. These leads proved fruitless but on arrival at the newly named Toothy Boar Swamp we were immediately glassing a boar. Was it the one we had seen the previous day? As the boar fed behind the push up of





Eric's boar.



the dam wall towards Matt, he drew his bow and released. The arrow was too low which sent the animal within 20yd of my position where he copped an arrow to the lungs. Sadly, we soon realised he was not the toothy boar.

We would come back here again as this was the only place so far that we had seen anything decent to measure.

The following day we again tried some swamp areas only to find them all dry so we motored to an out-of-the-way area where there were two swamps back to back. These had proved fruitful in previous years so we thought it was worth the long walk in. It proved a wise decision as we came across pigs on the second swamp and enjoyed a long stalk before getting into position on the slowly grazing animals. A young



Another boar for Eric.

boar tailing off the rear of the mob was my objective and when the opportunity of a clear shot presented at 35m it was taken ... with the desired effect.

Photos and trophy taken, I looked

Matt took a young boar, but pickings were slim.





Despite the long walk, going to the back-to-back swamps proved a wise decision.

for Matt, but saw no sign of him so I moved off to circle around the thick tea tree and make my way back to the vehicle. A large boar I had not seen erupted from his bed to my left and was soon out of sight. I soon became aware of both the smell and screeching of a fruit bat colony. This is where I found Matt, who was intent on watching a large preening cat some 30m from him. He obviously could not get a shot away through the thick tea tree but was slowly bridging the gap. Despite the noise of the bats drowning out all sound the cat sensed the danger and scampered off, followed by another large cat which we had not previously noticed. The cats were well fed with plenty of easy food less than 2m above ground. This spot would be worth another look in a couple of days' time with the prospect of some cat carnage.

The following day we decided to take a drive out to the back boundary of the property where we'd had success in previous years. It was an unproductive and long day, compounded on the drive back by the fact that my vehicle lost power and refused to travel over 55km/hour on the flat and dropped speed dramatically when faced with an incline. This was a big drama! Back at camp, nothing we tried would get the motor out of limp mode. The engine computer had decided there was something drastically wrong, had shut down power to save further damage, and that was that.

What to do? We had only been in camp for less than a week so we decided to persevere for a few more days and use Matt's less-than-perfect city all-wheel-drive. Matt only had sufficient petrol to safely get him back to Normanton but we could use some fuel if he travelled to Chillagoe on the way home. It would mean a shorter distance to get fuel but a considerably longer distance for him to get home.

Our places to hunt were now severely limited by Matt's vehicle and fuel supply. There was plenty of diesel available for my vehicle, but that was of no use to Matt's.

The next day and a half were spent touring the swamps closest to camp where in all likelihood we would only encounter family pigs. This was generally the case. We did have some further success on the fast-drying puddle where Matt found a young boar that made the silly decision to only travel 20m into the long grass and lie down. Matt managed an easy stalk in to 15m and took him out.

I also was lucky for a change to spot a good-sized boar walking around the dam push-up before he spotted me. I waited behind a tree and as the boar emerged around the push-up I was presented with a 10m broadside shot -a double lung shot and the boar went down on the spot. I thought he had a reasonable set of ivory, but when later measured he was just short of the 25pt trophy mark ... as were the other boars that I had taken.

Back in camp in the early afternoon, we packed up as much gear as possible and settled in for an early night. We had decided to have one last hunt in the morning at the Toothy Boar Swamp and then finish packing and head for Chillagoe. It would be a long drive!

At the swamp, we glassed the area and picked out a pig ploughing up the mud off to the side of the dam. The ivory protruding from the jaw of the pig had the adrenaline pumping—this was the one! Matt chose to do a sweep around the dam to use the cover provided to get in close to the boar, whereas I chose to just move straight in. The boar was more interested in his ploughing job than us hunters so I was easily able to get in to the last point of cover, ranged at a very manageable

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This boar went down after a double-lung shot.

Matt had an easy stalk in on this boar.

35yd. I drew and settled between pins and released, only to see my arrow do some ploughing of its own under the pig's belly and disappear into the mud.

The pig was unperturbed and continued his work, so I drew again (should have ranged him again first), settled and released—and the result was the same, except that I must have clipped his leg. He tore off past Matt. At 10m, Matt fired and he too missed with his arrow going under the belly of the pig (at least Matt had the excuse that the animal was in somewhat of a hurry!). Double drama!

We went back to camp and departed by early afternoon after a stop at the homestead to let them know we were leaving the property.

To cut the story of a long and tortuous journey short, we covered the 275km into Chillagoe in under seven

hours, spent the night and then I headed to Atherton where the car was to be fixed. That trip took many hours as the vehicle was losing more and more power. I had eight nights in Atherton (compliments of the RACQ) before the car was ready. In my particular car, the engine has to be removed to replace the drive belts (the problem) and of course once the engine is out it's a good idea to replace the clutch plate et cetera at the same time ... it was an expensive exercise. I've seen everything there is to see in Atherton and had a drink in every pub, but I will be back next year for another hunt. I ask you, what could possibly go wrong?

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





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BACK BASICS

Prevention is better than cure



The hunter's version of 'train as you fight, fight as you train'.

Over the past few issues, we've talked about the principles of survival. There's a lot more still to tell, but today we're going to strip things back a bit and discuss our day-to-day habits, particularly around hydration. Let's consider what these habits do to condition us—either well, or poorly for the time we spend out bush. With a bit of common sense and a few wise sayings to guide us, we can do a lot to remain in good shape on a hunt, even if conditions become harsher than we expected. As they say, prevention is better than cure.

> Train as you fight, fight as you train

> > Army saying

So, what does this saying mean? It means that it's important to undertake realistic training, especially for those tasks that are repetitive, in order to develop muscle memory. The purpose is to make actions instinctive. Carry the same gear, and the right gear, each time in the same place. This way, when the real deal happens, you don't have to think about it. Another reason to train is to make sure your gear is fit for purpose. Through training, you identify all the things that jingle and jangle—and you tape them up. Then you know your kit won't make a sound when you wear it out in the scrub. Finally, training ensures that you're fit for your gear. That is, you've conditioned your body to carry the weight and fixed all those rub points.

While training is important in the military, it's equally important in other walks of life ... including bowhunting. You need to know your gear. While you



These are good to use before, during and after a hunt.



Try a little lemon or lime juice in your water.

may be participating in a club shoot or field competition today, tomorrow you may be hunting. So if you're smart, you use your 'training' activities around the range to help prepare yourself for heading bush. This makes you better at what you do and minimises your exposure to unnecessary risks.

To understand what I mean, how about setting yourself a challenge? Review a random selection of back issues of Archery Action and spot how many photos show a hunter carrying water; whether in a water bottle or a Camelbak. I'm going to suggest that there will be far fewer examples than there ought to be. In my own review of three random copies, I found just three photos of archers with water-carrying vessels in the field or on the hunt. Indeed, in one of the magazines there were no examples at all!



Put some Oral Rehydrating Salts in your survival kit



These tips apply to hunting as well as bushwalking.

This led me to think about how often I'd seen people on the range without a water bottle. Yet, what's the first thing my fellow archers reach for when they step off the range at the end of the day? It's not water.

It's the same deal with other bits of necessary kit. Many of us don't seem to 'switch on' before we head out. We wander out to the first peg without a pencil, a Leatherman to retrieve an arrow from a tree, or a whistle to attract attention if something goes wrong. It seems that some people simply assume that someone else will sort things out for them if they don't sort them out for themselves.

The trouble in taking this approach is that you're habituating a relaxed attitude that can easily get you into trouble in the bush.

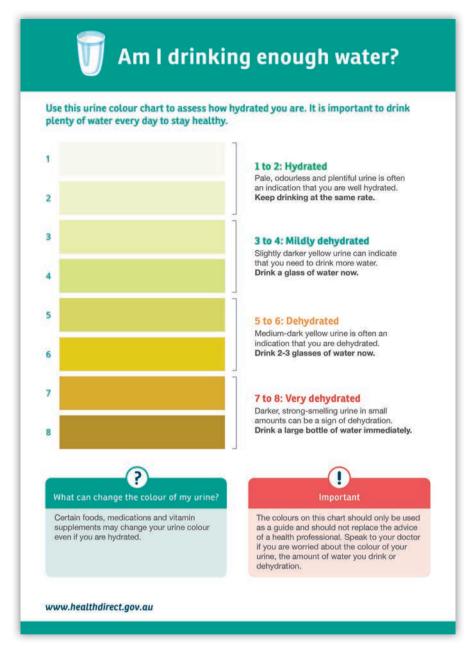
All this brings me to the third princi-

ple of survival: Water. Today we won't talk about how to find it and purify it. We'll cover that in an upcoming issue. Instead, let's consider whether or not—as a group of archers—we take water seriously enough. And if not, what should we be doing about it?

> Shortcuts make long delays

> > Nana's saying

Now, I've been on my fair share of hunting trips with mixed groups over the 37 years I've been a member of the ABA. And in that time, I can identify individuals who have not carried even a simple one-litre water bottle with them. When Camelbaks hit the market some years back, the rate of watercarry improved. But I notice that, in most cases, people seem to favour



This government poster can give you an idea of how hydrated you are at any time..

the smallest possible pack. Is it any wonder they often stumble back into camp and immediately reach for the longest drink they can find?

The trouble is that by allowing yourself to become dehydrated on the first day you're out hunting, there's a danger of compounding the problem the following day, and so on. This means that if you get lost or have an accident a few days into a hunt, you're already on the back foot regarding hydration ... which can mean that matters will deteriorate far more

quickly than they would otherwise.

Dehydration can lead to serious complications including heat injury ranging in severity from mild heat cramps to heat exhaustion or potentially life-threatening heatstroke. That's not good if you're a hundred miles from anything.

Other conditions related to dehydration include depression, constipation, hypertension (high blood pressure), kidney stones, uremia, gallstones, kidney disease, joint complications and death—which all

sound pretty debilitating, don't they?

Ration your sweat, not your water

Survival saying

In 1998, an Austrian tourist died near Lake Eyre. Her vehicle was bogged and she attempted to walk back to the Oodnadatta Track for help. The policeman who found her body noted that in her backpack were containers of water holding a combined total of 6.5 litres of water. Nearby there was a cattle trough full of water. Yet the Coroner's report was that her death was due to dehydration as well as heat exhaustion and exposure.

Prior preparation prevents
piss-poor performance
Military adage

To prevent dehydration, you need to drink adequate amounts of water. There are many opinions on how much water is enough (noting that you also absorb water from the food you eat). Health authorities commonly recommend about two litres of water per day, but that's for sitting-on-your-backside city types. For hard work, you need to consume far more—and if you're in the tropics, add more again (particularly if you're not acclimatised to the environment).

If you find it hard to drink plain water all day, infusing water with fruit is a good way to add flavour without adding artificial sugars. A trick I learned from an old bushy (my Dad) 40 years back was to squeeze a little lemon juice into my water bottle. It helps the body to absorb more of the water into the system and it simply tastes better—which means that there's an unconscious desire to drink more than you might otherwise. Just remember that there are acids and natural sugars in fruit so it's important to maintain good dental hygiene. The same applies

with drinks like Poweraid.

To develop other good habits of hydration, consider drinking a cup of water when you get out of bed in the morning before you reach for your hot brew. A 400ml cup of water will put you well on your way towards the recommended two litres a day water intake. Also, when you drink water on an empty stomach, the fluid can pass through your stomach and large intestine into your bloodstream in as little as five minutes. This compares with the two hours it may take the same water to pass into your system if you drink it with a meal.

Piss clear twice a day

Army saying

How much fluid you lose from your body on any given day will depend on the circumstances. If you're simply standing in a treestand you'll sweat a lot less than if you're hiking off a mesa in the Channel Country. If you're from down south and you find yourself in northern Queensland, the Northern Territory or Western Australia, the humidity will suck more out of you than you might expect.

Develop a habit of actually looking at the colour of your urine and learning to recognise what it says about your level of dehydration. Hydration levels will vary throughout the day based on



Camelbaks. The one on the left is 3L; the one on the right is a litre smaller. Choose the right capacity for your hunting needs.



Fill your on-board fridge with the right stuff.

how much fluid you're consuming and what you're doing. If your urine goes yellow, you're dehydrated, so drink water. When your urine is clear again, you'll know you're well hydrated.

Remaining hydrated doesn't mean chugging down a couple of litres in one go. If you do that, up to 90 per cent of it will go straight back out of you in the form of urine! Instead, studies have shown that drinking water slowly throughout the whole day helps maintain hydration.

If you love it, feed it

Nana's saying

It's normal to lose water from your body every day by sweating, breathing, peeing, and pooping, and through tears and saliva (spit). But it's worth remembering too that it's not just water that you're losing. Sweat consists of both water and electrolytes. The primary electrolytes in sweat are sodium and chloride. Potassium, urea, lactate, amino acids, bicarbonate and calcium are also found. Approximately one per cent of the total volume of sweat consists of proteins, including immunoglobulins (proteins that function as antibodies) and glycoproteins (proteins joined to carbohydrates which perform a range of functions in the body).

Knowing that you're losing more than just water in your bodily excretions tells you that you need to put other things back into your body to balance the system. So next time you're shopping, consider buying some





Each person should carry their own gear.

oral rehydration salts and tucking them into your first-aid kit. These things come in effervescent tablets like Berocca or sachets that look like soup mix. Drop some into water when you get back from a hunt ... and drink it before you reach for any other 'lwifeenhancing' beverage.

It's a well known survival tactic that one teaspoon of sugar and a third of a teaspoon of salt in a litre of water makes a good emergency electrolyte solution. Think of this the next time you're in a fast food joint when you're looking at the sachets of sugar and salt. Perhaps you might like to put a couple of sachets in your survival kit for when 'the fit really hits the shan'.

Some may find it odd to consider

that humans can't drink sea water but nevertheless need salt in their fluids to stay hydrated. It's all about the concentration. Salts actually help the body absorb more water and retain it! Salt keeps your cells hydrated and help nutrients travel from your small intestine to the rest of your body. Without a proper salt intake, your cells aren't so good at keeping water. So consider adding a small pinch of salt to your pre-breakfast cup of water.

And don't think that drinking coconut water is a fad for the Y-Generation; it's Mother Nature's Gatorade that contains easily digestible carbohydrates in the form of sugar and electrolytes. It actually has four times the amount of potassium in a banana.

Talking of fruit, you should be eating up to two-and-a-half cups of it a day. Fruit is full of vitamins, minerals and essential nutrients, including potassium, fibre, vitamin C and folate (folic acid). Fruit also holds water so pieces of fruit are a magic mix to keep a bowhunter on the hunt. The fibre will also help retain water in the digestive tract, especially in the intestines where it will slow the passage of the water and allow it to be absorbed over a longer time.

Be prepared Baden Powell saying

All this goes to show that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. The guidelines here won't guarantee that you'll stay safe on your next hunt. But if an emergency occurs, being well hydrated may be the one critical factor that helps pull you through. as well, chances are that if you start exercising discipline around maintaining your individual hydration, you may also start to practice other life-preserving routines to support you in the outdoors. For example, maybe you'll always carry the necessary gear to help protect vourself from the elements, have a decent first aid kit with you, and have effective communication options.

Over the next few columns we'll talk about other survival principles, including how to source safe water so you can stay hydrated if you're in an emergency situation and your Every Day Carry (EDC) supplies start to dwindle. Meanwhile, keep your eyes peeled at the next club event to see who around you looks like they're developing good hunting habits by wearing their hunting gear and carrying water. Hopefully you'll be one of them.

Answers to last issue's crossword

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Vale







Peter John Fryda

6.12.1959-9.3.2020

Peter took up bowhunting in 1980 and joined the ABA in 1983.

Peter was an active bowhunter and very enthusiastic in encouraging others to have a go at the challenge of bowhunting.

Peter's passion for bowhunting extended to taking on many ABA club positions to help promote and educate new and current bowhunters, such as Club Measurer, BPC Officer, Club President and a multitude of other positions.

As a member of the ABA, Peter submitted a total of 378 bowhunting claims which consisted of 262 game award, 115 Trophy Class and 11 Record Class claims. Those of you who bowhunt would understand the time and effort that went into those results.

Peter's photo albums were custom made and very impressive and included not only photos of his own hunting forays but also a lot of photos of his bowhunting mates from many of his hunting trips.

In support of all bowhunting, Peter was also a member of Trophy Takers.

As a bowhunter, Peter would put bowhunting first then the actual hunt second.

outside In the zone

In my youth

I have always loved camping out in the great outdoors and I can't see that this passion will ever diminish. Even as I age in years and my body can no longer do the things it used to do without me paying for it later, I am still drawn to the bush. Not a day goes by where I am not mentally planning an overnighter somewhere with Digs in tow. Being as one with nature and camping out under the stars while listening to the night owls or a fox yapping in search of its mate, really gets into the blood. Going bush teaches us lessons in life, but more importantly, it is soul cleansing.

I simply cannot understand Mrs Spruitt. Her idea of camping and sleeping rough is a hotel room with a four-and-ahalf-star rating instead of her preferred five. I guess each to his (her) own, but that does not mean I understand it or indeed, have any desire to be a part of it. I tried it once. A few years back we did spend three nights in an exclusive motel overlooking Darling Harbour in Sydney. I am being honest when I say the city lights at night were quite spectacular, but more importantly, I can now comfortably say to all and sundry, "Been there and done that." Nature is my preferred option. What better ceiling can you have over you than the Milky Way on a crystal clear night?

I cannot recall when my love of the great outdoors began. I know I was very young. Of course, my parents would not let me camp out overnight on my

by Nils Spruitt



own as a youngster. At the time I could not understand their concern, but now as someone who has himself raised a family, I fully comprehend the matter.

To be quite frank, I don't think my father was all that keen on camping although he never did try to purge me of my dreams and wishes. My father worked two jobs. He just didn't really have the time to explore the local bush with his eldest boy on more than a handful of occasions, but surprisingly he did know a thing or two—important things like where to set a rabbit trap so you wouldn't catch the kittens, how and where to put up your tent in case of a sudden turn in the weather and how to light a fire with damp wood.

To be fair to my father, this knowledge is not something you can learn in a book. Actually, I never ever saw my father read a book although he always read the daily newspaper after our evening meal. He was not much for television or listening to music but he did enjoy his paper. At some stage in his life, the bushlore he did possess was probably passed down to him by his father. I never really found out because when I was 16 and he 41, my father was tragically killed in a motor vehicle accident on his way home from one of his two jobs. This event robbed me of ever really getting to know him the way a son should get to know his father and vice versa. I would give anything to have been able to have spent time with him when we were both older ... perhaps when he was retired. I can think of nothing better for a son than to be sitting with his father around a campfire on a cool winter's night chatting about life, hunting, bows and without even realising it, learning to be just like him.

Not long after the death of my Dad, I was confronted by one of life's major crossroads. I could have so easily been influenced by the pressure of partying, drinking, drugs and always taking the easy route. Without that fatherly guidance, my life could have been a total shambles, but I chose wisely. I like to think that in the short time I spent with my father, he did instil in me some degree of honour, self worth and respect which led me to more often than not, select the correct path in life. I am also inclined to believe that my total admiration for the bush also played some part in those life-changing decisions, but I digress.

When my age reached double digits and I was finally allowed to camp out, my eagerness was intense. I couldn't wait for the weekends! On Friday afternoons after school I would saddle up my pushbike and ride the 7km to my mate's farm nestled at the foot of the Great Dividing Range. Or I would simply load up my half dozen rabbit traps, groundsheet and sleeping bag and head to one of the local rabbit hotspots to trap and camp. I loved it, and so did Trixie my fox terrier. We were never really all that successful, but I always had food in my old Boy Scouts backpack for the two of us. Good times ... I often think about those days with some degree of longing.

As a child you really don't have responsibilities apart from making sure you've done your homework and a few household chores. These tasks are small fry compared to what gets thrown at you when you leave school, get a job and start to make your way in the grown-up world. Then comes marriage and a family and life as you know it—or used to know it—simply evaporates around you. It was about this time when, with a family of my own, I actually understood my father more. His responsibility as the sole provider for the family was non-negotiable for him and he did a fine job, albeit at the expense of spending much time with his two boys. I wish I'd had the chance to tell him that.

My Dad was never one for hunting although he seemed to understand that his eldest son was smitten by the pursuit of game. Back then there were no firearm restrictions whatsoever and when I turned 12. I badgered him to buy me a rifle for my birthday. To his credit he did look into it, but decided against it. I never did find out why. When my mother broke the news to me I opted for plan B, which was a bow. Bowhunting and bowhunters were an oddity back then although, if memory serves me correctly, the famous actor William Shatner who played Captain Kirk in the Star Trek series, was himself a bowhunter and actually did a spot of hunting in Australia on one of his visits. I remember reading about it in one of Mum's TV Weeks (true story).

Obviously my Dad was okay with the concept of archery—although he knew nothing whatsoever about bows and did seem a bit confused by the concept. On my birthday, I was presented with my first fully fibreglass longbow of around 22lb draw weight and half a dozen cedar arrows. For the next two or three years, I covered a lot of ground with that bow and while it took me a long time (think a year or two), I did eventually put a cedar shaft through a luckless rabbit. As every archer knows, you cannot simply string a bow and become instantly proficient. It takes time and lots of practice. The only place I had to practise was my backyard and the paddocks behind. Rubber targets were not even thought of back then so I just used a box filled with Dad's old papers. I remember breaking and losing a lot of arrows. (Actually, not much has changed in that department.)

I had an after-school job as a paperboy by then, but the mere pittance we lads were paid was never enough to pay for replacement arrows so I tried making my own with dowel purchased from the hardware store. The feathers and nocks I purchased from a big sports store in Wollongong. (I had never heard of a fletching jig.) To say my home-made arrows were mediocre is being kind. In reality, they were useless. Nevertheless, I did in time become quite a good shot with my longbow, but only with purchased arrows which I received on special occasions.

The Christmas prior to my father's accident was a memorable one for me. I received my first Ben Pearson recurve. I really loved that bow. I cannot recall the model and as far as I am aware it still survives to this day as I handed it over to my mate whose parents owned the farm I used to camp out on. I did this when I had saved up enough to buy a second Pearson recurve with a bit more hunting poundage behind it. During the interim years I had been introduced to pig hunting by an uncle and my first Pearson at 38lb draw weight was just not quite up to the mark even though it was perfect for rabbits. I eventually took two pigs with the new bow and a nice billy, but then I fell to the lure of the compound and that is where I will end this story for now.

I cannot say I had a bad childhood. Quite the contrary, really, as I never really seemed to want for much although I did always work for it which is how it is supposed to be ... or at least, that is how I see it. I am quite proud of the fact I have never been on social welfare. I guess watching my father come home from one job only to disappear again on the weekends and every Friday night to another, taught me that we must all work in order to get ahead in life. I would like to think that my two children have learned that from me. If nothing else, I can be comfortable knowing I did my part in that regard.

The loss of my father at such a young age left a big hole in both my heart and my life. I still miss him. Sometimes when I'm sitting in camp watching the sunset with Chloe curled faithfully at my feet, I think about the short time we had together and dream of explaining to him the lure of bows and bowhunting. He just never did understand the attraction. Until next time.

Archery Alliance of Australia

2020









SHOOFCALENDAR

All group archery events have ceased until further notice. In the event of the COVID-19 government restrictions being lifted, please check with your association to ascertain which events will be going ahead.

3DAAA has advised that sanctioned and special events on the calendar are to be postponed/suspended indefinitely for 2020, but a contingency plan is being created should the opportunity prevent itself for the remainder of the season. Keep up to date at https://www.3daaa.com.au/news

Archery Australia is postponing all events for the foreseeable future. Check for updates at https://archery.org.au/latest-news

Australian Bowhunters Association has cancelled shoots and activities until May 31, subject to further review. Currently there is a plan to hold the two postponed national competitions—the ABA Safari and the IFAA National Field Archery Championships—as a combined event in Queensland at Wide Bay Archers from September 29 to October 4. The latest news is at **https://www.bowhunters.org.au**

The ABA hopes many of its June and July shoots will go ahead if restrictions are lifted in time. June: Mallee Sunset Field Archers*, ABA/3D (6th-8th); Mackay District Bowmen, ABA (7th), Mount Isa District Bowhunters, ABA (7th); Townsville District Bowhunters, ABA (7th); Hinchinbrook Bowmen*, Branch B Safari (13th-14th); Charters Towers Bowhunters, ABA (14th); Full Boar Archers, 3D/IFAA (14th); Macalister Trophy Bowhunters*, ABA (14th); Moranbah Field Archers*, ABA (20th-21st); Namoi Valley Archers*, ABA (20th-21st); Lilydale Bowhunters*, ABA (20th-21st), Collinsville Bowhunters, ABA (21st); Hinchinbrook Bowmen, ABA (21st); Kurrimine Beach Archers, 3D (21st); Mackay District Bowmen, 3D (21st); Pacific Bowmen*, ABA (27th-28th); Dead Centre Bowhunters*, ABA (28th); Freds Pass Field Archers*, ABA (28th); Full Boar Archers, ABA (28th). July: Mackay District Bowmen*, ABA (4th-5th); Lower Eyre Peninsular Archers*, ABA (4th-5th); Mount Isa District Bowhunters, ABA (5th); Phoenix Field Archers of Sale*, IFAA (5th); Freds Pass Field Archers*, NT Titles (11th-14th); Charters Towers Bowhunters, ABA (12th); Full Boar Archers, 3D/IFAA (12th); Townsville District Bowhunters, ABA (12th); Darling Downs Field Archers*, C vs D ABA (18th-19th); Venue TBA*, Branch E IFAA Indoor (18th-19th); Shellharbour Bowmen*, Branch ABA Titles (18th-19th); Western Plains Archers*, State 3D Titles (18th-19th); Collinsville Bowhunters, ABA (19th); Hinchinbrook Bowmen, ABA (19th); Kurrimine Beach Archers, 3D (19th); Mackay District Bowmen, 3D (19th); Silver City Archers*, ABA/3D (25th-26th); Full Boar Archers, ABA (26th). Do not assume these shoots are definitely on. Check with your Branch before making any plans to attend.

Black type shows ABA events, green type represents Archery Australia events and blue type denotes 3DAAA events,

ABA national events are in red. Shoots marked with an* are cross-participation events

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Australian Bowhunters Association ™

INCORPORATED (Inc in NT No AO1978) GST INVOICE GST ABN 79 750 431 225

Mackay & District Bowmen Inc. Invitational Shoot 2020

4th & 5th of July 2020 Fees: Jnr/Cub/Pensioners - \$15 Family - \$50 • Seniors - \$25 Knife/Axe and Sneak Round - \$2 each

SATURDAY:

6:45am - Breakfast
7:30am - Nominations (Close at 8:30am)
8:30am - Bow checks & muster
8:50am - Morning announcements
9:15am - First ABA round
Lunch - Followed by second ABA round
3:00pm - Knife & Axe + Novelties
7:00pm - Tea & dessert
Night time novelties after tea

SUNDAY:

6:45am - Breakfast 8:30am - Muster 9:00am - 3D round Lunch - Followed by presentations

***Times are a guide only and are subject to change

Please inform us of any dietary requirements and number of meals required on nomination

- Camping facilities available
 NO dogs allowed
 Raffles and major raffle
 All shooters must supply ABA Card
 Hot showers/Toilets
- Knife and Axe Meals available all weekend FREE meal Friday night
- Novelties Snacks and drinks available Please nominate for catering

 $\textbf{Nominations and Questions to:} \ mackay and district bow men @gmail.com \ or \ 0407\ 022\ 906$

Early nominations go in the draw for a prize!!!

The Last Word

What is it with Australia lately? We've had the fires and then lots of flooding in various places, followed by the great toilet paper famine. I went for weeks and weeks without seeing TP in the supermarket at my weekly shop. It didn't matter which supermarket I went to, the shelves were as bare as a baby's, umm, gums. We picked up a sixpack hibernating at another property of ours so we could keep feeding the loo. By the time we were down to two rolls, I was thinking, "Oh poop, I should have tried a bit harder to find a supply." But just the other day, in the nick of time, our household celebrated a Red Letter Day (well actually a White Toilet Paper Day) when, for the first time since the COVID-19 problems started in Oz, we found some toilet paper at IGA. Talk about a hallelujah moment-I think I may have heard the angels singing! Up until that moment we'd been eyeing off the phone book (yes, we still receive one of those dinosaurs) with mingled hope and trepidation. Still, I'm sure that counting every sheet instead of the usual joyful, indiscriminate flick of the roll has been very good for my character. And the environment. Or at least our septic system.

It certainly has been a time of flood, fire and pestilence. And I guess that if a true famine comes along, lots of people have stores of rice, pasta, tinned tomatoes and other pantry non-perishables. Oh yes, and dunny rolls, if they get really hungry.

Australian Bowhunters Association Inc ™ (Inc in NT No AO1978C) GST ABN 79 750 431 225 Product (Prices include GST) Qty Size/Type Cost GST tax invoice ABA Cloth Badge 10.00 ABA Metal Badge 8.00 ABA Car Sticker 4.00 ABA Proficiency Badges (eg, 300+) 5.00 ABA Junior Advanced Badge 6.00 ABA Cub Advanced Badge 6.00 ABA Target ID Cards 5.00 Name ABA Coloured Identification Card 5.00 National Bowhunter Education Manual 19.00 Address _____ National Measuring Manual 10.00 Welcome to Field Archery 14.00 IFAA Cloth Badge 10.00 P/Code _____ IFAA Metal Badge 8.00 IFAA Chevron (eg, Hunter) 4.00 ABA number ___ Robin Hood Cloth Badge 9.00 Robin Hood Metal Badge 8.00 ALL PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE *TBA Car Sticker 4.00 * Available to TBA members only *TBA Metal Badge 8.00 # Available only to members who have qualified. Please enclose *TBA Cloth Badge 10.00 copy of letter of acknowledgement from BH Division. #Game Award Badge 9.00 **PAYMENT DETAILS** #Game Award, T/C & R/C Chevrons 6.00 ☐ Enclosed is cheque/money order for \$_ ABA Peaked Caps 15.00 payable to Australian Bowhunters Association Pay by credit card-fill out details below: Total Card Number ‡ NAME OF CARDHOLDER (print) Forward with payment to: Australian Bowhunters Assoc PO Box 5124 Brendale Qld 4500 Mastercard (07) 3256 3976 or email credit card order to: Expiry Date (mm yy) Signature officemanager@bowhunters.org.au

MEMBERSHIP FORM

Preferred method of re Archery Action digitally online hard copy (mailed)	ceiving	Post completed for Office Manager AB PO Box 5124 Brendale Qld 4500 Phone (07) 3256 3	A 976	Renewal New Member				
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RENEWALS and/or Adv	ance Memberships	for existing members			USE ONLY			
	12 months	3 years in advance		M'	ship #s Allocated			
Adults	\$75	\$205 \$145						
Juniors-Cubs Families	\$50 \$160	\$145 \$435						
New Members (12-moi		luding joining fee)						
Adults	\$100			R	eceipt Number			
Juniors-Cubs	\$75			Co	mputer Entered			
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APPLICATION FORM FOR MEMBERSHIP TO THE AUSTRALIAN BOWHUNTERS ASSOCIATION

INCORPORATED (Inc in NT No A01978C) GST TAX INVOICE GST ABN 79 750 431 225



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