

November December 2020 \$6.95

# Archery Action



**COVID  
boar-dom**

**A hunting trip  
with it all**

**Reflections of  
an archery coach**

ISSN 1037-6720



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OF AUSTRALIA

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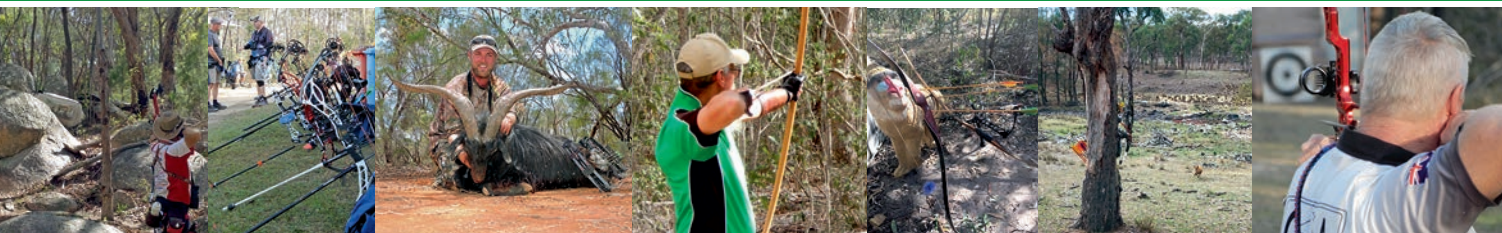




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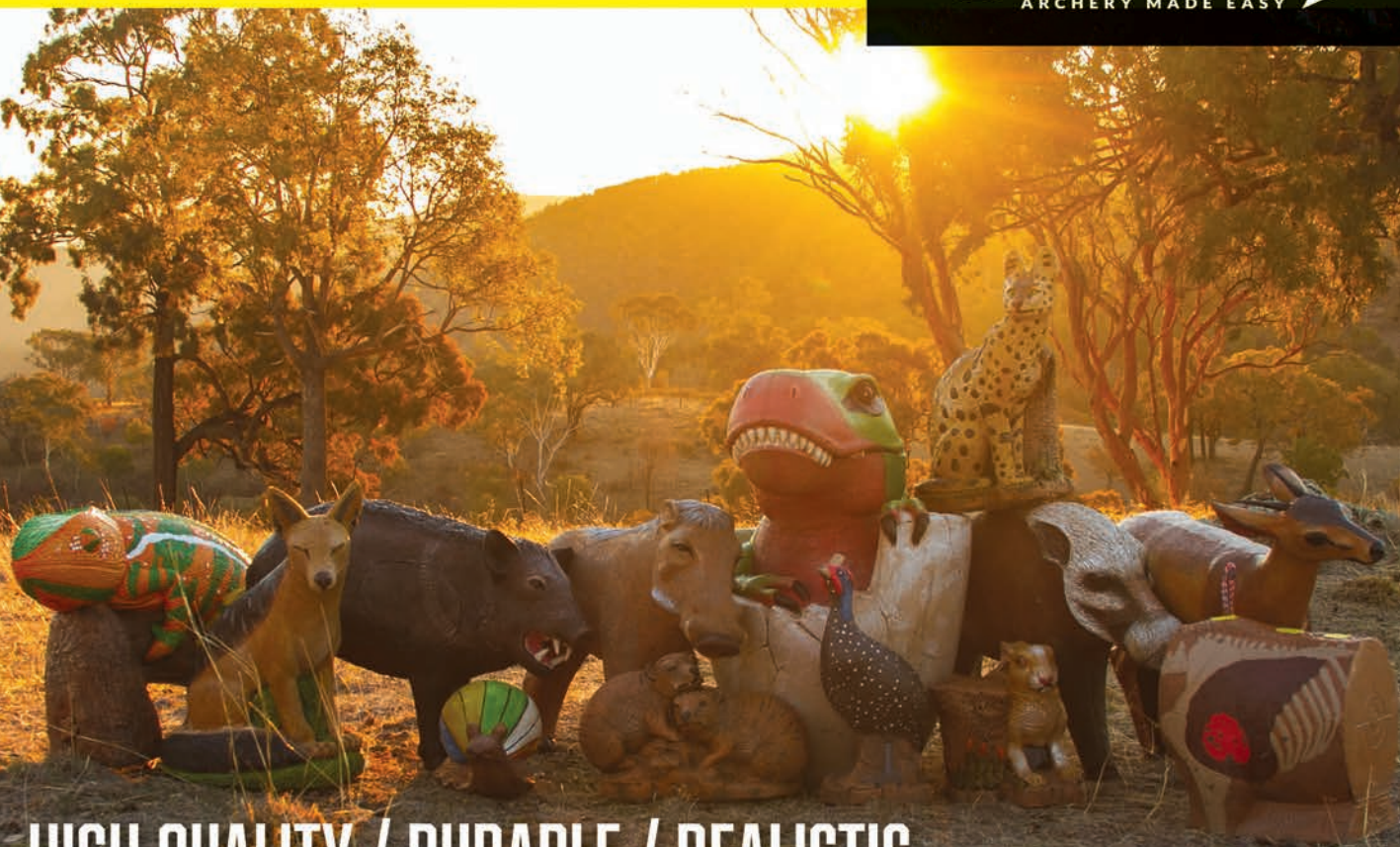
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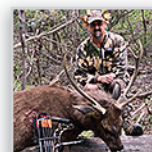
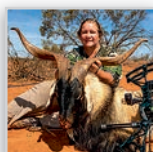
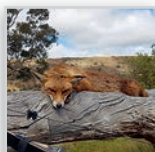


# Archery Action

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## ◀ COVER PHOTOGRAPH

Who says you have to leave the kids at home? The Chambers family loves to make hunting a family activity. Jane Chambers is pictured with children Arian (left) and Eliza. Oh, and her fox.

Photo by BEN CHAMBERS

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*I suppose that by now we've all become used to* doing things a little differently. Activities we've always taken for granted have undergone a COVID-inspired transformation and now there's a new way of doing them.

Apparently nothing's immune from the changing nature of the world, not even *Archery Action*. From next year we will have a fresh look. The magazine will still be here and will be published just as regularly but it will be offered in a different format.

Mostly we will be taking advantage of today's digital capabilities. The magazine will be presented within the members' portal on the ABA website, so that will make it very portable. No need to take a physical one with you when you want something archery related to read—you'll be able to access it on your device wherever you are and whenever you want. Subscribers will receive a message when an issue is ready to read. Next year we are trialling the format of five digital issues and one physical issue. We are expecting at this stage that the physical version, to be presented as a yearbook, will be available for sale at



newsagents as well as through the post to all ABA members and subscribers. All the important stories of the year will be in it, so we hope it will be a keeper in your archery library. For the digital issues, you will receive an email that makes it easy to access your magazine by providing a link to click.

**The winner of the 2020 Gold Pen Writers' Award** is Ruth Damstra for her story, *A hunting trip with it all*, published in this issue. Ruth's story is an enjoyable tale of the successes (and otherwise) of hunting and the help of good mates. It's a great read that will bring back memories of early hunts for seasoned bowhunters and will surely encourage new hunters to have a go. Just as long as it doesn't put the thought in your head that any of your early hunts is likely to pay off with a Trophy Class animal! Ruth wins a red deer hunt with Trophy Bowhunts Australia, valued at \$2000 ... and a gold pen. Congratulations, Ruth.

Also highly commended are David Brewer and Marc Curtis. David's *A Date with Dan* (May-June) had some absolutely gorgeous live deer photos ... and any story about chital always seems to feature at least one that got away. Marc had his photostory, *Hot pursuit*, in the March-April issue. Marc does a lot more shooting with his camera than his bow. In this story he loosed just four arrows on the entire hunting trip for three cracker goats.

*Jenel Hunt*  
Editor

## DEADLINES

Please submit articles and  
advertisements by these dates:

**editor@archeryactionmagazine.com**

ISSUE	DEADLINE
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
Vol 46 No. 6 July-August	1 June
Vol 47 No. 1 September-October	1 August
Vol 47 No. 2 November-December	1 October

(November-December issue = 2020 Yearbook)



### Advertising Bookings and

**Editor—Jenel Hunt**

Mobile 0427 756 546

editor@archeryactionmagazine.com

PO Box 638, Stanthorpe Qld 4380

### Publisher

Artemis Productions ABN 79 750 431 225

PO Box 5124, Brendale Qld 4500

### ABA contact details—

Phone (07) 3256 3976

officemanager@bowhunters.org.au

www.bowhunters.org.au

### Printer

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37 College Street, Hamilton QLD 4007

### 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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### REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS

Traditional Trails—Nick Lintern

Bushcraft and Survival—Scott Heiman





# *Stickbow* **FOX**

**T**here's a certain pleasure in getting back to the basics and away from all the expensive, flash and mostly unnecessary archery gear that I believe people place too highly on their lists of things they think they need. All too often, I see people come into the sport interested but turned away by the idea of having

to spend thousands and thousands of dollars on gear to go and have an enjoyable hunt. I've often thought to myself while sitting having a break in the bush on a hunt that it is pretty crazy the amount of money we have on us. With our bow and accessories, binoculars and rangefinders, camo clothing, boots, pack and all that

goes with it there wouldn't be a lot of change from \$5000.

But it doesn't have to be that way. This hunt was about as basic as they come. I had to drop my car off in town to get some work done at 9 o'clock so I had a few hours to fill in. I'd checked Google Maps and saw there was a small State Forest not too many



*Tyler sets out on his fox hunt.*



*It wasn't the best time of year  
for it, and not the optimal time  
of day, but could this be good  
fox country?*

by  
TYLER ATKINSON





kilometres away and a nice looking bit of creek running through and along the edge of the forest.

I put my longbow and four arrows into my backpack. I had a camo hat, a fox whistle and my little possibles pouch. And that was it—all I needed for a few hours of fun, and all totalling less than \$300 in value.

Around an hour after dropping off my car, I had found my way into the forest and into a bit of country that looked like it would be nice for foxes. There were some long bullrush gullies and thick gutters. I halted and got my stuff out of my pack. Five minutes later the longbow was screwed together, broadheads screwed on and some arrows placed in the bow quiver.

Picking my spots and whistling in little five-minute sets, I slowly worked my way along and through the forest

checking out spots that looked good on Google Maps.

It wasn't a great time of year or day to be looking for a fox, but it was still a great excuse to be out in nature. Being in no real rush, I was able to just take my time and enjoy the sights and sounds of every bird and creature that was out on a nice spring day. It was nearing midday and I still hadn't managed to stir up a fox or get a look at one. Nearing the edge of the forest, I only had another couple of spots to go with a good wind before I would have to turn around. Propped up amongst a bunch of five small trees, I called over a bit of an open bench. There were a number of kangaroos over the other side of the bench about 200m away. When I was only a couple of minutes into whistling, they started to look a bit uneasy, a bit uncomfortable.

From previous experience, this was a hopeful sign. After another minute or so, the kangaroos took off, moving up away from the bench at a pace that told me something was down near where they had been.

Soon afterwards, I saw the shape of a fox and watched it moving and weaving through the grass. Coming in on a string, he disappeared under the lip in the hill that was in front of me. I took pressure on the string, waiting for him to appear. At no more than 15m, he rose over the lip slowly and kept moving in. I was dead still, my bow arm following him, broadhead pointed at his chest. His eyes were stuck on me, he knew I was something out of place but as I was not making any movement I wasn't threatening. As he came to a halt at 9m I came to full draw, in a perfect line to him to show

*Australia's largest distributor for your archery and crossbow needs*

The advertisement displays a collection of archery equipment. On the left, a large vertical logo for 'BOWTECH' is shown. Next to it are three recurve bows labeled 'REVOLT', 'REVOLT X', and 'REALM SR6'. To the right of these are two compound bows labeled 'INFINITY EDGE PRO' and 'EDGE 320'. Below these are four more bows: 'STATUS EKO', 'KUMA 30', 'VXR 28', and 'VXR 31.5'. The bottom section features logos for 'Bear ARCHERY', 'COLDSTEEL ANYTIME ANYWHERE', 'EXCALIBUR CROSSBOW TRUST ME', 'Assassin 420', 'CARBON EXPRESS', 'G GOLD TIP', and 'CHB Oz Hunting and Bows'. At the bottom, the contact information for Oz Hunting and Bows is provided.

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minimal movement. My hand locked in to anchor as my eyes locked onto a hair of his front shoulder. Everything settled and the string slid through my fingers. I watched the arrow fly true and vanes disappear into the hair my eyes were still locked onto. The fox did a skip and a jump and turned to look at the arrow, acting as if he had not been hit. He then turned and looked at me, looking confused at what had just happened. He went to take off up the

hill and I was thinking he was going to get away—like foxes have a tendency to do. But no, he made a 30-metre sprint up the hill and you could tell he was running low. He started to turn and he was almost facing downhill again when he got the wobbles and expired only 25m from me. The good old Outback Compass broadhead had done its job perfectly.

I have bowshot quite a few foxes over the past few years. This was one

of the more exciting moments, not just for achieving the goal of a mature fox with the longbow but because I was able to watch the arrow fly from a slow longbow rather than a fast compound, to a clean fast kill—all in my sight. There was nothing at all fancy about my gear. I was still in my work pants and an old drab coloured jumper, I had a plain old backpack and a cheap little longbow. And if anything, that only added to the magic of the moment.



*Tyler's stickbow fox.*





# Australian Bowhunters Association INC



## AFFILIATIONS

BOWHUNTING:  
FIELD ARCHERY:

WORLD BOWHUNTING ASSOCIATION  
INTERNATIONAL FIELD ARCHERY ASSOCIATION  
CONFEDERATION OF AUSTRALIAN SPORT

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

## NATIONAL OFFICE

Office Manager, Kerry Chandler  
PO Box 5124  
BRENDALD QLD 4500  
Ph (07) 3256 3976  
Email: [officemanager@bowhunters.org.au](mailto: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

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Tony Hartcher  
**SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT**  
Ralph Boden  
**VICE-PRESIDENT, BOWHUNTING**  
Allan Driver  
**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**  
(vacant)

## BRANCH CONTACTS

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

## BOWHUNTING DIVISION REPORT

by Allan Driver

Vice-President Bowhunting Division



### Gone huntin'

The COVID-19 situation is still with us but at the time of writing is showing signs of abating throughout the nation—including those in the lockdown area in Victoria.

Not being able to cross some borders at this time is still holding back many bowhunters from travelling to their favourite spots but those lucky enough to travel in and around their home State would be more than happy with the

opportunity to get out and about for some hunting.

Hopefully by the new year things will be better for all of us.

### Shot shows are a 'no go'

I've been informed by the SSAA (Sporting Shooters Association of Australia) that they will not be holding any Shot Show Expos throughout Australia next year. The shows have been cancelled due to



the current COVID-19 pandemic and with restrictions, travel bans, borders still closed and restrictions on numbers at events, there are no guarantees that the Government will allow an event such as the SSAA Shot Show, which can have up to 20,000 people under the one roof, to happen.

Something like this will have flow-on effects. No doubt there will be ABA get togethers, deer expos and other events where we will have to really consider what we can or cannot do.

This year has been quite different to what we have known in the past and 2021 is shaping up the same way.

### An Imperial congratulations

The previous issue of our magazine had a great article on David Luxford achieving a major milestone on attaining his Imperial Ishi.

David is a very keen hunter and mentor to others plus he can spin a yarn about all manner of things ... but his achievement is truly remarkable as not many ABA hunters can reach this level of

success in bowhunting. It takes a huge amount of dedication being out there stalking feral animals to accomplish such a remarkable achievement. Congratulations to David.

### Pig reduction programme

I have spoken about swine flu that could reach our shores up north and I have also seen an article from a Member of Parliament, John Maher, who is the National Feral Pig Authority (strange name, but hey!).

He is tasked with the control and reduction of feral pigs. This is a national programme that is to come into effect shortly.

The plan is to trap/shoot/cull as many feral pigs as they can—but it does come with limitations due to topography as many places are impossible for the programme to get into.

We hunters know that they will never eradicate all feral pigs in this country as pigs are very resilient and no doubt will breed up over the years as

they have done in the past. But is worth noting what is proposed and to keep it in mind ... your taxes at work.

### Game claims

Lastly, to all ABA hunters, make sure you get your claims in before the end of the year for processing (comfortably before the end of the year if possible).

It is your responsibility to have your game claims sent to your Branch Field Rep who in turn gets them to National.

If you wish to receive recognition, we need the information in on time. It is important also for our claim numbers by Branch and nationally, so even if yours is not a Trophy Class or Record Class animal that could go in the record books or win Best of Species status, it's still beneficial to claim to give us a better idea of the animals that the ABA members are responsible for taking. We use this information to show that bowhunting reduces feral animal numbers, so it helps towards being taken seriously in official circles (government departments) and safeguarding our sport for the future.

### Summary of Australian Bowshot Records

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

### Ladies Best of Species

Boar	Kristan Bell	34 4/8pt	2017
Goat	Katherine Agale	127 1/8pt	2010
Buffalo	Christie Pisani	87 4/8pt	2017
Camel	Christie Pisani	30 7/16pt	2014
Fox	Helen Duff	10 14/16pt	2016
Cat	Lorna Hopkins	7 12/16pt	1984
Red Deer	Christie Pisani	268 3/8pt	2014
Fallow Deer	Elissa Rosemond	205 7/8pt	2019
Chital Deer	Elizabeth Proctor	161 3/8pt	2019
Hog Deer	Cheryl Morris	60 5/8pt	2018
Sambar Deer	Nil		
Rusa Deer	Elissa Rosemond	197 6/8pt	2020
Shark BHFF	Lynda Fell	25 4/8pt	2016
Shark BF	Lynda Fell	23 5/8pt	2000
Stingray BHFF	Carolyn Rundle	9 7/8pt	1987
Stingray BF	Gleewyn Butson	14 3/8pt	1986



## Bowhunting achievements to end September 2020



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

### Master Bowhunter

Nil further since last report

### Trophy Bowhunter Award

Dan Podubinski 270

### Bowhunter Award

Nil further since last report

### Bowhunter Royale

Nil further since last report

### Bowhunter Imperial

Nil since last report

### Bowhunter Supreme

Nil further since last report

### Royale Ishi

Douglas Cahill

### Senior Member of TBA

Nil further since last report

### Members Admitted to TBA

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

Nil since last report

Bnch/Hunter	Club	Game	Award	FK/FKOS	Size
B John Fell	Cape York Archers	Shark	RC		24
B Toby Gall	Mackay District Bowmen	Rusa	RC		195 2/8
B Mitchael Standley	Twin Rivers Bowhunters	Pig	TC		26 2/8
B Mitchael Standley	Twin Rivers Bowhunters	Pig	RC		30
B Graham Wienert	Independent	Pig	TC		25
B Tony Manthey	Independent	Fallow	GA	FKOS	0
C Elissa Rosemond	Full Draw Archers	Rusa	RC		197 6/8
C Michael Law	Full Draw Field Archers	Rusa	RC	FKOS	206 3/8
D Phillip Winyard	Grange Bowmen	Rusa	RC	FKOS	198 2/8
D Jack Winks	Renegade Bowmen	Fish	GA	FKOS	0
D Robert Kuykens	Independent	Red	GA	FKOS	0
E Ben Ireland	Namoi Valley Archers	Fallow	RC		191 3/8
E Darcy Galliano	Namoi Valley Archers	Rabbit	GA	FKOS	0
F Stephen Robinson	Capital Field Archers	Fox	GA	FKOS	0
F Stephen Robinson	Capital Field Archers	Pig	GA	FKOS	18 6/8
G Andrew Robertson	Boola Valley Field Archers	Fox	TC		9 9/16
G David Luxford	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters	Fox	TC		9 6/16
G David Luxford	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters	Fox	TC		9 1/16
G David Luxford	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters	Fox	TC		9 8/16
G David Luxford	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters	Fox	TC		9 11/16
G David Luxford	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters	Fox	TC		9 10/16
G David Luxford	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters	Fox	TC		10
G Doug Cahill	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters	Red	GA	FKOS	0
G Adam Clements	West Gippsland Field Archers	Fox	TC		9 3/16
J Vaughn Armstrong	Peel Archers	Goat	GA	FKOS	0

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# Trophy Bowhunters of Australia Club



## Introducing TBA MEMBER Ruth Damstra

### *Where do you live?*

Lake Clifton in Western Australia.

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

Married with two teenage children. My whole family is active in archery and we're all members of Peel Archers Inc.

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

I have been on two hunts with the club hunting team, so only two trips in total.

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

About six years.

### *What got you into bowhunting?*

It was just something I wanted to do as a part of my archery journey. My club friends Jarred, Mark and Luke were stupid enough to take me with them on my first hunt and loved it, so now I guess they will need to put up with me every year.

### *Are you a member of an archery club?*

I am a member of Peel Archers and have been on the executive committee for many years. I currently hold the role of ABA Representative within the club and I always try to actively participate in the interclub events.

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

I hope to continue to go once a year with the group.

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

I primarily shoot compound and have two bows, a Bowtech Admiral and a Diamond Infinite Edge.

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

Yes! After an unsuccessful first trip I didn't believe there were actually feral animals out there so I needed to go back and make sure. Our second was the exact opposite and I was presented with heaps of opportunity and now I have caught the bug.

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

No real goals—I just want more hunting experiences with good friends and to get out and experience all that bowhunting has to offer. I don't see myself hunting solo.

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

Not really, I didn't really know much about it.

### *The TBA Committee congratulates you, Ruth.*



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

Send your entries to  
**Archery Action Gold Pen Writers' Award**, PO Box 638, Stanthorpe, Qld 4380 or email  
[editor@archeryactionmagazine.com](mailto:editor@archeryactionmagazine.com)  
Subject: Gold Pen Award entry

*All hunting stories are automatically entered in this competition*

## Archery Action magazine changes



*It is with a heavy heart that we announce that the November-December 2020 issue of Archery Action will be the last issue in a printed format. We are, however, excited to trial a new format of five digital issues and one printed yearbook in the 2021 calendar year. The ongoing poor performance of the financial results of this business no longer allows us to continue in a fully printed format moving forward. Our intended way forward is supported by trends in the wider print media industry. More information will be provided to members and current subscribers in the near future. Thank you for your understanding at this time.*

National Executive,  
Australian Bowhunters Association

*Ruth has written a story, starting on the next page, about the entire hunting trip that saw her take her first TBA-worthy animal. Buckle in!*



A hunting trip  
with it all







by RUTH DAMSTRA

*Where to start? Maybe with my credentials. I'm a very inexperienced hunter and I'm probably writing this in a very uneducational and unconventional way. This story is more about the experience than the actual technical parts of the hunt. Experienced hunters will be able to fill in the blanks for themselves.*

**W**hat does a successful hunting trip need? You'd think the requirements would be for the hunters to have all the right equipment (the very latest and greatest), be dressed in the proper camo gear, have all the knowledge ... and of course the animals need to come out and play! If you were coming up with these points as you're reading this, then you'd be half right about what some of us had. But really the one absolute is this: the game most definitely needs to be around!

Our hunting trip had everything we needed—a great group of eager hunters, a large station to ourselves, temperatures of over 40 degrees, lots of red dust, fridges filled with all the essentials and two of the best chefs in the world. We had six hunters ready to go—three males and three females. The majority had vast hunting experience with a range of game claims between them. Some had limited hunting experience, and one was yet to claim a first kill (me). Fitness levels ranged from the ridiculously fit to the not so fit. But we all had the heart and the determination to succeed and a never-give-up attitude.

It was a 1300km drive to get our destination. One by one our group of four cars, one caravan and one boat arrived. Recon was done by those who were first to arrive. Mark didn't even have time to unhitch the caravan before Leisa yelled "Goats!". Bows were quickly unpacked and off they went on the chase ... wearing thongs instead of proper footwear and with the car still running.

And so it all began. Hides were made around popular watering holes and given appropriate names. One was christened the Taj Mahal. The Taj Mahal was created by Mark and Luke and was the biggest and most luxurious hide ever made. (It was of course considered to be mainly for the girls). It had a sturdy framework, camo netting, was tall enough to stand in, had space for comfy chairs and heaps of room to move, plus the roof provided shade! It was also the hide that took the longest time to make. One reason was its

*Scrub-covered dunes at the WA property.*





size and comfort level. The other was that the builders had to pause and play statues while a mob of big billies came in to drink during construction. (That'll teach them not to have their bows at the ready!)

The next day Mark dropped Leisa and me at the Taj Mahal. Driving up in the 4WD with the music blaring and not a care in the world, it took a few moments for the three of us to notice there were two little goats having a drink at the watering hole. The goats hardly took any notice of us. Leisa was out first with her bow, arrow in and she was off. The goats heard the ruckus and took off, but some quick thinking by Mark to 'bleat' saw the two goats stop about 30m from Leisa and with a clear shot she took aim and released. Her arrow was a direct hit and went straight through the goat.

Both goats took off and were quickly followed up the hill by Mark running in his thongs telling Leisa to hurry up—she was the one with the bow, after all. They quickly located the fallen goat behind the rise. I'd followed and was heading back to unload the car when I noticed that the second goat had circled around and was a couple of hundred metres away. Despite my inexperience I was keen to try everything, so I started my own imitation of bleating and the goat started coming towards me. Wow, it worked!

I was out in the open and calling the goat while at the same time fumbling to use the rangefinder. At this stage I was thanking Luke under my breath for putting the new QAD rest on my bow! Luckily, experienced hunter Mark came back, saw what was going on and was able to direct me where to move, provide the distance and say when to shoot. The first shot missed (over the top) and the arrow could be seen skidding in the distance. The second shot went low and the third shot was a hit—not quite a perfect shot but it did the trick and with that I had my first kill to claim. Mark was still in disbelief that I had been bleating at full draw, all because I wanted the goat to come in closer to 20m rather than take the shot at 23m.

A bit later in the morning, Leisa and I heard the goats coming in from behind. This was when we thought we had better stop talking and pay attention! We waited for the goats to come to water. They were very cautious, probably due to the new structure that had appeared overnight! After what seemed like hours, the goats finally came in for a drink 29m away. Leisa stood, aimed her bow and took a shot. What a shot it was—the goat took a couple of steps and went down on the spot. When the coast was clear, we went to inspect the

*Leisa and Ruth in the hide. Note the goats in the background.*





*Ruth's first kill.*

goat and were wondering how we could move it when we noticed a new mob of goats approaching in the distance. The decision was made to leave the goat and go back to the hide.

The new mob of goats came towards the water but the nanny was very cautious, so it took quite a while for them to reach the water. They walked, sat down, watched and listened, then got up and moved forward and/or backwards again before they sat down again in the shade. This went on forever. Finally (as you can tell, I did not have supreme patience about the wait), they came in for a drink. I was standing ready to take the shot. I drew back my Bowtech Admiral (see Luke, I can put in some technical details!), took aim at the billy drinking 29m away ... and released. Suddenly there was a scream and a goat near the billy was jumping around. In the excitement, I had settled the pins on the wrong billy and arrowed a nearby goat. Did the billy move while I was drawing my bow or was it nerves and excitement that I focussed on the wrong goat?

During the confusion at the watering hole, Leisa was able to get a clear shot on the original billy and drew back on her newly acquired Eva Shocky by Bowtech. She was able to drop the billy with one clean shot. Before he could take more than two steps, he was dead on his feet.

Our attention immediately went back to my goat. It had moved away from the watering hole with the other goats but was not keeping up with them. Leisa and I prepared

*The almost endless countryside of scrubby desert, bisected by an arrow-straight track.*







*Leisa, bringing home the bacon ... err, chevon.*

ourselves for the tracking part of the trip. Water was drunk, backpacks were put on, quivers refilled and off we went. After tracking the goat, we managed to separate it from the main mob but, not wanting to scare it into a hard-to-get-to area and/or thicker bush, we didn't quite know what to do next. So we admitted our own limitations and agreed that we needed assistance. Luckily, we were not far from camp. We decided one should stay and keep the goat in sight while the other went back to nearby home base to get the experienced tracker, Luke (who was still recovering from the night's celebrations), to assist. The goat had moved position but under Luke's guidance we were able to successfully track and locate it. We'd had a successful day, notching up three kills for the girls ... all we needed now were the cleaners to come and help process the harvests! What a day!

A new sunrise, a new day and a new area to target with a new hunting team! Today we were hunting with Luke—the greatly admired, always serious, experienced, fittest (he



was the only one not carrying an injury) and bravest hunter of the trip. "Brave?" I hear you ask, "Why is that?" Why? Because he took on the two least experienced hunters for a day of mentoring, training and hopefully harvesting a big billy or two.

Sitting in a hide for a day ... who would learn the most? The trainer or the girls?

The first job of the day was to extend the hide that Luke had been using so it would accommodate three—one



hunter and two huntresses. He showed us how to set up a natural-looking hide that would both blend in and offer good backdrop concealment and which was positioned downwind with good shooting lanes. We weren't too sure if we were being helpful or more of a hindrance, however we got there in the end. Three chairs were in place and we were given the instructions to "get in and get sorted" while Luke moved the car out of sight. He brought what he considered essentials into the hide—hunting books. But books! Really? We girls weren't too sure about the need for books; were we meant to read them? They weren't even about goats. I mean, at least they had some pictures in them but still, books? Were these meant to keep us quiet?

Luke provided useful advice and guidance that was great to learn. We learned to rest our bows in front of us on a towel to stop the dust and dirt getting in the cams and to hang our backpacks on the back of the chairs to keep foot room clear. We were coached to only shoot one at a time when the goats came in and to organise in advance who would shoot first. We had some lessons on using our rangefinders to mentally take note of the different distances ... how far to that tree, fencepost, the water et cetera. And we learned the direction the goats could come from, where they would come into view and how to wait for the correct shot to present itself. Then we were considered good to go.

Sitting there waiting (and pretending to read), I noticed that Luke didn't have his bow. What kind of experienced hunter prepares to take two newbies to his hide without his bow? I nudged Leisa and asked Luke where his bow was. He said he hadn't brought it. He was out to help us today so we could learn—not to hunt himself. We were gobsmacked. What a guy! We were both hoping we wouldn't let him down. The pressure was on!

Finally, the first mob of the day started to head towards the water. It's still hard to believe that even on a hot morning with the sun in the sky and the heat a mild (!) and dry 40 degrees that the goats seemed to want to dilly dally on their way to get a drink. I mean to say, I thought the goats were meant to be thirsty?

The nanny hung back or to the side of the mob, walked for a bit, let out a sound (sometimes it was a bleat but often it sounded more like a snort), and the whole mob would stop and wait. Nanny would look to the left and then suddenly turn her head to the right and quickly back to the left. Was she looking straight at us? Sometimes all the goats would sit down, or the young ones would continue playing until the nanny told them off. Sometimes nanny just sat down in

the shade with the little ones. Sometimes the bigger ones got a tad randy or a started a head-butting session to fill in the time while nanny was taking her time on deciding when to continue to the water. If you were lucky (the humans, that is), the young ones were really thirsty and kept trying to edge towards the water, hopeful nanny would make a quicker decision.

During all this, I wondered about the wisdom of goats that would sit and play in the open yet take forever to make it to the actual water. Did they know we were there with bows and arrows waiting for them? Were they hoping we'd grow tired and move on?

The mob *finally* made it to the water. Leisa was taking the first shot. She waited patiently for Luke to tell her when to stand (we'd been told to wait until the goats committed to drink). He gave the distance, Leisa drew, aimed and released. The billy stopped drinking and stood there,

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shocked and dazed. What had happened? What was that noise? Something wasn't right. You could almost hear the thoughts going through his head.

Leisa and I turned to Luke—what was going on? We were positive the arrow had hit.

"Just wait," Luke said. "You got him spot on! The arrow's gone straight through ... just wait a moment. He doesn't know he's dead yet." We all quietly cheered and high fived then watched as the billy walked away from the water. One step, two steps ... then he staggered. Would he go down? A few more steps and that was it, he was down. Luke got it all on video. What a perfect kill for Leisa—perfect placement, perfect timing. A textbook shot. Maybe those books were useful after all (if only we'd read them).

Everyone went back in the shade of the hide after we helped Luke move the billy into the shade.

Wow, what a great start! We needed to celebrate, and Leisa had the perfect treat, a nice freezing-cold Icy-Pole. Luke couldn't believe his eyes! Never before had he had a luxury like this while hunting (maybe these girls weren't that bad after all). It wasn't long before the next mob of goats started to approach from behind. We all heard the snorting nanny before we saw the goats and quickly quietened down as I started preparing for my turn. Again, the goats took their time but seemed to reach the water much quicker, but then they just wanted to play around near the water as they waited for nanny to let them drink. This allowed time for me to pick the goat I wanted—the one with the biggest horns, obviously. That one took its time to start to drink and as it finally committed I was already standing and had just drawn back when another goat blocked my view. What to do now? I was at full draw, standing in the sun, with only the shadows to keep me hidden. Then the billy stopped drinking and started to move around the water.

I let down, standing in the hot sun, the stillest and quietest I had ever been (ever), just watching what the billy was doing. Suddenly he came back into the perfect position and started drinking again. I drew back, Luke gave the distance and the placement for the shot. It would have been nice if Luke had quickly run out and drawn a mark on the goat for me. Instead, I had to work with what I had—a goat drinking broadside and in perfect view. In the blink of an eye, something moved in my peripheral vision and in came some wandering cattle looking for a drink. I let down again, feeling very let down at the same time. We had been too busy watching the goats and hadn't noticed the cattle

prancing in towards the water. What was I to do now? If I released and the arrow shot through the goat, it could injure a cow so it just wasn't an option. Hopeful the cattle would just hurry up and move on, I waited patiently in the sun, holding my bow up in front of my face as I'd been taught. It seemed to be an eternity and then lo and behold the cattle decided to sit down around the water. Had these goats paid for bodyguards? It certainly seemed so. I finally got to sit down and have a drink. Another surprise for Luke—frozen bottles of Staminade. They certainly went down a treat! At least the training wasn't all a one-way street. We were certainly teaching Luke a thing or two about being prepared!

The cattle eventually moved up the hill to the shade and a trio of goats appeared over the rise and made their way playfully down to the water. They played hide-and-seek behind a water tank for a bit before they came into sight and committed to drink. I was up ... game on! Luke again provided all the essential advice, the shot was taken, a goat was hit and then the goats stopped drinking and took off. I looked



*From left: Ruth, Leisa and Luke ... the big billy fan club!*



at the others and they looked at me. It was a shared look of confusion. The arrow had definitely hit the target, yet the goat didn't seem to have been injured. What had happened?

Luke became the detective and the truth was revealed. My arrow was found, bloodless on the ground near where the goat had been. It appeared that the arrow had bounced off the goat. Was it my bow's poundage? Was 36lb-ish not enough to bring the bigger goats down? Was it the broadhead? Detective Luke soon uncovered the truth: the broadhead had failed to deploy properly and somehow deflected—the crappy Ebay specials had let me down when it counted the most. But do not despair, that was not the end of my hunting. Leisa kindly supplied me with some of her proven and trustworthy broadheads. This is what true hunting buddies do—they share. Luke talked about the importance of quality razor-sharp broadheads and told us how he had once used the same broadhead resharpened for around 17 kills. So after a few test shots with the new broadheads and a resharpen, I was back in the game.

The goats continued to come in throughout the day with we girls taking turns at shooting. Luke continued to share his knowledge and we asked if he could teach us how to remove the horns, skin and dress an animal in the field. In the heat of the day not far from the hide, Luke patiently explained and coached Leisa through preparation for a European mount in the field.

While this was happening I was keeping cool in the shade, sipping my frozen Staminade and keeping watch for more goats. Suddenly some goats started coming in from the back. It was a nice looking herd with some big looking goats, and these goats seemed to be on a mission—they weren't dilly dallying like the others had been. I stood up to gain the others' attention. I made hand signals to demonstrate *huge* horns and Luke and Leisa stealthily returned to the hide. Leisa set up ready for her next kill.

We three hunters all learned something from the day together. Luke learned you got to eat better, and your drinks were always cold when you went hunting with the girls (you'd think we even packed the kitchen sink!). Leisa earned her name as the Goat Slayer and I found out the type of broadheads really do kinda matter and that nobody will draw a circle on the kill zone for you. We also all found out when you leave the hide for a stalk the cows will come in and eat it!

Another time we had a hunting date with Mark, who's Mr Grumpy on the outside and Mr Softy on the inside.



*Leisa takes the opportunity to have a go at field dressing.*

He's undoubtedly the entertainer of the group—the one who always makes you laugh, who keeps everyone up late at night with a story or two. *And* he's a practical joker. Be forewarned, if you fall asleep before Mark you may just wake up in a 'princess bed'—as Luke found out to his consternation.

What a treat Mark was in for when he got to hunt for the day with 'the girls'. We would surely know what to do now and wouldn't need to ask him all those annoying questions that never stopped. Hopefully Luke had done as promised; surely, he had trained us well. Mark was especially hopeful his missus had listened to Luke because he knew Leisa never listened to him! Mark knew he'd be well fed and supplied with ample amounts of cold drinks and treats throughout the day. With wifey Leisa by his side, he wouldn't go hungry or thirsty in the heat of the day.

Upon arriving at the hide, we weren't surprised to see



that it been eaten bare—those cows certainly knew where to find an easy feed. We had come prepared, though, with camo netting and soon set about making the hide look pretty. This was a more luxurious hide than Mark had ever made himself. With everything sorted and Mark ready to take the first shot, all we needed now was for the goats to make a grand entrance. We didn't have to wait long. A lone nanny goat came running in from the side. In the blink of the eye, she was at the water. We were all in too much shock to move—it was the fastest we had ever seen a goat move towards water! Mark decided we'd let this lady have a drink and go on her way. Well she drank and drank and drank. In fact, she drank so much that she could barely stand, let alone walk. She was the size of a 20-gallon drum. She took two wobbly steps and then plonked herself down on the ground. For a few moments, we wondered if she'd died. But no, she was still alive. She started snorting and blowing her nose and then proceeded to throw up all the water she had just drunk. What a sight!

A mob was soon seen breaking through the treeline. We



*Another goat for Ruth.*

thought that surely she would take her leave, but no, she lay there snorting and carrying on. She looked like she had settled in for the day. The mob was taking an exceptionally long time to come to the water; the greedy nanny seemed to put them off. Even our shooing and yelling couldn't make her budge. We sat in silence (Luke would be proud—we didn't even have the books to keep us quiet) and we waited and waited for the mob to reach the water. Yay, they finally made it. Leisa and I made Mark wait until they had committed to drink before letting him stand. These goats, still a little put off by Lady Muck lying nearby, walked around and around ... teasing us into thinking they were going to drink.

Suddenly, the unbelievable happened—I started to cough. The more I tried to stop, the more I coughed. I couldn't look at Mark, I felt so bad. The goats were about to drink. I coughed. The goats didn't seem put off; perhaps they couldn't hear anything apart from Lady Muck snorting away. If I had looked across at Mark, I would have seen Leisa nudging him to stand ... but Mark had fallen asleep. What a comical moment! A coughing fit by the spotter and a snore from the shooter! Poor Leisa did the only thing she could do—she poked Mark hard in the ribs and told him to stand and shoot. Mark knew better than to argue, I finally stopped coughing and Mark got off his first shot for the day ... a good shot but just a little off the mark, maybe a single-lung hit. The goats weren't happy to be disturbed and all took off for the trees. Mark took off across the field following the goats. We started to prepare for the stalk: hats and backpacks on, bows in hand and then Leisa noticed that Mark had left his backpack behind. It had his water supply in it. His hat and

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knife were behind his chair in his backpack, but at least he had his old and trusty wrist GPS! What to do? We could no longer see Mark. The sun was climbing and the morning had already heated up, and what was that we now saw? A mob of goats had sneaked in unnoticed from the other side. Leisa knew just what to do; she had been trained for this. She could hear Master Luke whisper in her ear, "Pick up your bow, you have the next shot." She did just that and got her next goat. We went to check on the goat, and the Goat Slayer had stayed true to her name. Well done, Leisa!

Back in the hide, we discussed what to do. Mark was nowhere in sight and it was getting hot. As he had no water or hat, we hoped he had settled down under some shade and was waiting for us. Leisa packed her bag with extra water, a GPS and Mark's hat and set off for the treeline. When she was almost there, she spotted Mark, hot and bothered and very exhausted walking back. Thankfully he had spotted the road. Mark cooled himself down by hopping in the water trough. Not even the cattle could get him out! The girls fed him water and of course the frozen Staminade! Sitting back in the shade of the hide, Mark was recovering well with a frozen water bottle on his neck. (The thought had to have run through his head that these girls were amazing because

he hardly got told off.) He had just shown the girls what *not* to do, as a long recovery with no water in 40-degree heat was not fun! He was also in shock that Leisa had slain another goat without him around.

Time ticked away as some cattle moved up the hill and settled in the shade as another mob of goats appeared. I waited as I had been taught. Mark ranged the distance again and Leisa provided the expertise. This was teamwork at its best. I lined up to take the shot. I wanted to be careful as this boy looked like a big beast. I drew back, found my anchor and settled the pins ... we all watched the arrow fly. A perfect-looking shot, the arrow passed straight through. The billy stood still; he was in shock. The mob took off to the left and yet he stayed. Was he going down? Not yet. This big fella meandered up to the shade and plonked himself down near the cattle. He must have been one smart little cookie and knew we wouldn't risk a second shot with the cattle close by. He was right. We sat and watched him from the hide. He must have been hurt—he didn't even budge when a cow came and gave him a not-so-gentle nudge. We decided to sit for a while. (No one wanted to walk up the hill in the heat, especially not Mark.)

As we watched my billy through the binos and discussed moving in, Leisa quietly whispered "Goats," as another mob came in. Marky boy was up next and not wanting a repeat of his last long recovery, executed a flawless shot and down went another goat. We didn't have time to move the downed goat before yet another mob came in. Leisa once again stayed true to her name. Her body count was getting higher and higher! Still my billy—aptly named Mr Bighorn—didn't move. He just lay in the shade watching the goats come and go as he stayed with the cattle who were surely his paid bodyguards!

It was getting hot—really, really hot. We were all tired, and we were ready to head back to camp. The heat was starting to get to Mark. We planned our next steps. Mark would go to the car and sit in the aircon and rehydrate some before returning with the car. This would give Leisa and me time to pack up the hide and keep an eye on Mr Bighorn at the same time. If the cattle were still there by the time we were ready to leave, we would have to stalk in on them and try to move them on without pushing my billy. Well, that might have been the plan but we weren't looking forward to stalking in the heat of the day.

Mark left and we started packing. We look up to see yet another mob approach! The Goat Slayer added another to



*The Goat Slayer strikes again.*



This story is about Ruth and Leisa, but the trip wasn't only successful for the girls. The gents had a great trip too. Here are some more goat photos, this time starring Mark (this page) and Luke.



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## TUSKER TROPHY OF THE MONTH

### Best Trophy Taken

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## BEST GAME NOT TAKEN WITH A TUSKER

**Ben Ireland, Namoi Valley Archers, Fallow Deer, 191 3/8 pts, Record Class**



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her count and Mr Bighorn finally made a move. He was up! He struggled a further 5m, only to flop down even closer to the cows.

Mark returned and we hoped the sound of the car would spook the cattle a little, but no such luck. We tried to radio for back-up, but no one answered the call. They must all be taking their afternoon naps!

Mark and I geared up and took off up the hill. There was not much cover, so the going was slow. The last thing we wanted was for Mr Bighorn to spot us and get some adrenaline in him and take off. We made it to the top and started to make our way quietly towards the cows. I have very little experience in stalking, so Mark took the lead and directed me where to go. Mark, a cow whisperer in a former life, managed to get the cows to slowly get up and move away. The goat stayed put. Awesome! He wasn't looking like he wanted to move but managed to shift into another position, removing all chance of an easy shot from behind. I moved into place and Mark provided the distance and where to aim. This would be my most difficult shot ever; there was no room for error. I drew, aimed and let down. It's hard to tell what alerted him but the billy got up and stumbled another 5m into a hidey hole under the scrubby shade of a bush. He was standing now. He looked beat and not long for this world, but he was not going down. He obviously thought he'd found the best hiding place around, but we could see him. We just couldn't get a clear look at his vitals. We started to make a move closer. There was no shade on our side of

the trees, so we were standing in the hot sun. Slowly, ever so slowly, we were getting closer, but not close enough and boy it was hot. It felt like we had been on this final stalk forever. How long could the billy stay on his feet? We couldn't even get a clear view to range a distance. Mark urged me ever quietly forward and there it was ... a small shot window of maybe two inches through the brush—one tiny gap for the arrow. It would be like trying to thread cotton through the eye of a needle. (Now even I can exaggerate like one of the boys!) Finally, the moment of truth, the arrow flew true and Mr Bighorn took a step and collapsed.

I can't even begin to describe the emotion of that moment, so unbelievable and raw. He was down, finally. I had done it! He was certainly one tough old warrior. Respect. Totally exhausted, Mark and I started to walk back down the hill where Leisa picked us up. We'd all had enough but there was still work to be done and goats to process. It was time to call in all the cleaners.

A quick air-conditioned trip back to the homestead by Leisa found the other hunters resting. Luke had had a successful day hunting by himself and Mel and Jarred had both had their own epic adventure.

"We need help," Leisa pleaded and the hunting party all drove out to the water point to aid in the processing of the day's adventure—photos, protein, hides and horns. The team made short work of their tasks. Later that night was for reflection around the campfire, where stories were shared, tales told and beverages swallowed.



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*Facing page:*

*And here it is—Ruth's Trophy Class 105 pointer which has given her entry into the Trophy Bowhunters of Australia.*





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



Our hunting trip had finally come to an end, but the work wasn't over. Mr Bighorn could only be partly cleaned before we left. I had saved claiming the biggest goat for the last day of the hunt. Luke and Jarred had taken a few heads for European mounts in the field—these had been earlier boiled off in 'Jarred's Soup', a 44-gallon drum of goodness but I ran out of time to have the big billy cleaned. Mr Bighorn was wrapped up carefully in plastic and tarps and placed in the back of the ute for the long trip home. As much as I loved him, no way was he (and his stench) going to be in the cabin with us!

Back at home, I soaked the head in a tub of water and detergent for a week. There wasn't a pot big enough to boil the meat off, so it would have to come off with a high-pressure cleaner. My husband John unwittingly took on this

job, and under my close supervision the cleaning began. John hadn't been pre-warned about the stench and he soon regretted his offer to help. When the water hit the eye socket and blew back, all I could do was to fall over in a fit of laughter while John cursed like he'd never cursed before.

One last word about the cleaners. They're the ones with all the knowledge and know-how. They know how to dress game in the field, how to remove horns, perform the skinning and how to process the carcasses. They patiently teach us the messy part of the hunt and how to clean the heads. They boil the water in the big drum and again do the messy part of removing all the meat. These boys are worth their weight in gold to us. I cannot thank Luke, Mark and Jarred enough for their patience with me and for letting me live to tell the tale. It is to them that I dedicate this story.





# Field Archery Newsletter

by Vice-President Field **BRUCE KELLEHER**

Hi all. I hope you are all starting to get back to some sort of new normal at your clubs and Branches. As we all enjoy the Christmas break and head into a new year, I think it would be good to try to get some more articles into the magazine relating to field archery.

You may have queries regarding the rules or want to know about range layout ... or you might have questions about something else altogether. Email me [vpfield@bowhunters.org.au](mailto:vpfield@bowhunters.org.au) and I will try to answer your queries in an article in the magazine so we can all learn from it. If it will help, include

some photos to show us what you are talking about.

Also in the magazine we can publish photos of you with your favourite targets at your club or clubs you visit. Give a description of why you like the target or what made the target tricky to shoot. It would be great to get some more field input into the mag.

Looking at newsfeeds on Facebook, some courses seem to have favourite spots to take photos of archers or groups as they shoot ... let's see some of those as well.

For the range masters and course setters, we would like to have a special

feature on what you do. What sort of things do you look for when setting a course? My personal favourite is to use shadows a lot, but our clubgrounds are going through a change and lots of our teatree-tunnel shots are falling over, causing us to do a massive rethink and redesign.

So if you have any ideas or thoughts, send them through to me and we can put an article together for the mag for everyone to enjoy and learn from.

Let me start this off with the photo below. To me, this is the most important thing about being on the range—the friends I get to spend time with.



*Send in tips, tricks or questions about range and target layout.*





# Safari 2021



## Incorporating Bowhunter and Sighted Championships and 3D Championships

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

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



### **Nomination Fees:**

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

ABA Adult \$55 Jnr/Cub \$45 Family \$125

3D Adult \$60 Jnr/Cub \$50 Family \$135

**Closing Date** for Entries is Monday 15 March 2020.

**Last date for grading** is 2 March 2021.

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

### **Timetable:**

**Muster each day at 8.00am for an 8.30am start**

**Registration and Bow Checks** for both events Thursday 1 April

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

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

ABA Park address is 600 Upper Piambong Road, Piambong

### **Directions:**

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

### **Camping:**

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

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



# Reflections *of a coach*

Club coach and life member of  
Namoi Valley Archers of Gunnedah (NSW)

*John Clark*

shares some thoughts on a quarter of a century coaching people  
to become better archers.



**W**ith COVID-19 restrictions keeping everyone off the archery range earlier this year, I found myself reflecting on my role as a coach at my archery club—a role I have filled for the past 25 years. Looking back, it is remarkable how much archery equipment has changed over that time, particularly compound bows. Axle-to-axle length has been dramatically reduced, parallel limbs have become the norm, risers are now machined not cast, cams are much larger and more aggressive—the changes have been profound. Aluminium arrows, which were principally manufactured by one company, have largely been superseded by carbon fibre arrows from a vast array of manufacturers. The selection of arrow rests and sights available is mind boggling, but I would argue the one thing that hasn't changed in this time is the role of good archery form.

Back when I took my first tentative steps as an archery coach, it was out of necessity: someone had to help newcomers to the club and I was on hand to fill the role. I had no formal training in coaching archery—basically I just relayed the information that had been given to me when I started the sport

and applied the basic coaching principles I had obtained doing a Level One soccer coaching course. Fortunately, most of what I had been shown when I started archery was correct and I was giving people a reasonably solid start to the sport. Over time, the Australian Bowhunters Association has developed a very comprehensive and thorough framework for members who aspire to become accredited archery coaches. The pathways and course material developed by ABA have resulted in a consistent and well-thought-out process for teaching newcomers how to become competent archers, giving coaches a supportive structure, which is vital for the future of our sport. Over the years, I have gained lots of valuable insights and fresh motivation at every coaching course I have attended and this increasing knowledge has hopefully helped make me a better coach.

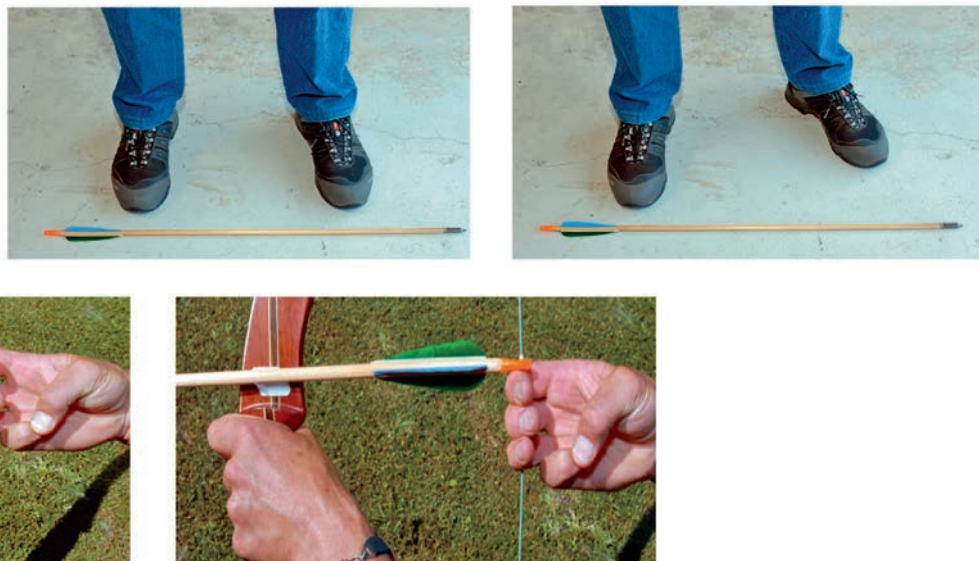
I am a firm believer in the importance of getting the basic form elements correct from the start, as this is the foundation on which a student's enjoyment of archery is built. Time spent on getting the basic form right is never wasted and this is where one of the key characteristics of a good coach is needed: good communication. The coach has to not only show the stu-

dent how to shoot the bow properly but also explain the reason that it is so important to get the basic techniques correct from the start. Sometimes this also requires a lot of patience from the coach (another important coaching characteristic), as the student comes to grips with learning a new and unfamiliar skill. All through my time as a coach I have consistently seen excellent results from treating your student with respect, praise and good humour. People all learn and achieve at different rates and a good coach adapts to meet the needs of the student.

I believe when teaching someone archery for the first time, the best results are achieved using a lightweight recurve. This allows the student to get the basic form elements right and get a feel for good form from the beginning. For some students, shooting barebow recurve will just feel right and they will stay with that style. Others will graduate to compound bows but the basic form learned will be relevant as a building block for future archery styles.

As mentioned earlier, getting the basic form right is really important and can sometimes take some people longer than others. In my time as a coach I have had the opportunity to





*Photos used to illustrate this story are from the book, **Welcome to Field Archery—A Guide for New Archers.***

coach a wide cross-section of students but for ease of coaching, one stands out for me. I will call him Archer One—the Natural. Archer Number One walked into indoor archery as a young teenager with his Dad. I went through my basic form coaching with him and he just got it from the first word. If you wanted a photograph of perfect form, Archer One would be your subject. With basic foundation of good form set from the beginning, Archer One was able to obtain great results quickly. Added to this great grasp of archery fundamentals was a great work ethic, unflappable temperament ... a champion in the making. Shooting barebow compound, Archer One has won world IFAA championships as both a junior and senior and multiple Australian ABA championships. To this day, Archer One still confounds me with his ability to shoot scores that only the better sighted shooters can beat. My only role in his success was to show him basic form to give him a solid foundation to build on; he did the rest himself.

The second person who I will profile was also someone I coached from his teenage years, I will call him Archer Two—the Determined One. Archer Two picked up the basics of

archery and diligently applied himself to the sport and settled on shooting a compound with pin sights and later graduated to full compound freestyle. Archer Two was a competent archer but kept applying himself with a strong practice routine and was always willing to ask for coaching assistance. Archer Two kept working at improving his skills and applying any new tips he received. Slowly but surely, he began improving and kept improving over time to eventually become a highly skilled senior archer in all disciplines, travelling overseas to compete. The improvement I saw in Archer Two was over many years and it was a testament to his willingness to work hard and seek assistance that resulted in this wonderful outcome. It was a great lesson to me as a coach to see how far Archer Two had come and to underline the fact that we all develop at different rates.

This brings me to Archer Three—the Competitor. Archer Three was also a teenager when he walked into indoor archery to try the sport. It didn't take Archer Three long to grasp the basics of archery with one very distinctive trait, a really pronounced high elbow on his bow arm. This was just part of his natural bone structure and didn't affect

his shooting at all but certainly it didn't look textbook style. Archer Three took to the challenge of shooting barebow recurve with great enthusiasm and was soon achieving excellent scores but something was lacking—competition. Archer Three loved competition and a challenge, so he moved to barebow compound and quickly moved up the grades shooting a perfect score in a one-arrow round at a Branch event as a junior. Archer Three then decided he wanted to try sights and moved into the Bowhunter Unlimited division as a senior archer. Archer Three had a relentless thirst for knowledge and we spent quite some time working on the transition to sighted shooting and the correct use of the release aid. I am a huge believer in making sure I show anyone moving to sights one key truth—the sight continually moves and you need to get used to this fact. Secondly I believe that most archers using a release aid will obtain their best results if they achieve a surprise release. Archer Three worked on these two points and was soon shooting really good scores, thriving when the competition heat was on. From there Archer Three moved to Freestyle Unlimited and the challenge of IFAA, constantly seeking information on how



he could improve, shooting some really impressive scores. Just when I thought there could be no more changes Archer Three rang me and asked what I knew about shooting Olympic-style recurve. The answer was not much, but I started researching information to assist Archer Three to transition into another style of archery. Working with Archer Three was always stimulating and challenging. I had to continually improve my knowledge to assist him to achieve his goals ... a wonderful experience.

Then there was Archer Four—the Happy One. Archer Four brought her son along to try archery to get him away from the computer and it didn't take much encouragement to get Archer Four to try the sport. Archer Four had a background in several other sports and proved a quick study so had the basic form elements relatively quickly. A few tweaks and Archer Four was having fun. Deciding to shoot barebow compound, Archer Four was on her way. Like most newcomers to the sport, her line and height were mostly okay, with some erratic shots thrown in. I thought if I could just get Archer Four to hang on at full draw a little longer and take her time between shots there would be a dramatic improvement, as I believe that establishing a shot sequence and a steady shooting rhythm is important to shooting well. I suggested this to Archer Four but she politely declined any assistance. Archer Four had been a high achiever as both a player and an administrator in another sport as well as volunteering as an administrator in two other sporting groups and for her, archery was about having fun. Archer Four measured her success in enjoyment and she was happy, so in my role as a coach I had been successful in helping her achieve her goals. Another valuable coaching lesson: success is measured in many different ways and it is up to the individual you are teaching to define his or her definition of success.

Along the way, I have been asked to coach lots of school groups through a partnership with the local Police Citizens Youth Club and this has been both challenging and rewarding. Often within these school groups you get a wide variety of abilities and usually there are time constraints, but over time we have developed a model that works. Two things usually occur in these sessions—you encounter children who may be right-handed or left-handed in the daily activities but their eye dominance is the opposite, and there will be children who are not athletic but who show real aptitude for a static sport like archery (often to the surprise of the children who are the athletic stars of the class).

Speaking of eye dominance, I always thought we all have one dominant eye but during a school group session with a bunch of students from a small rural school, I learned this is not true for everyone. Every time this one child came up to the line to shoot he wanted to hold the bow in the opposite hand to the time before. It didn't matter if he tried a right-handed or left-handed bow, his line was straight. His sister, noting my confusion, informed me he wrote with his right hand but coloured in with his left. Another lesson learned.

A local special needs school teacher who believed in challenging the abilities of his students heard we were coaching school groups and asked if we would teach his students. I was extremely dubious but my coaching partner at the PCYC was keen ... and so commenced the most challenging and rewarding coaching task we had ever undertaken with a group. Each student's special needs had to be incorporated into how they were instructed. Some children had physical limitations, others had severe autism and some had significant learning disabilities. With patience and lots of encouragement, these amazing chil-




dren had so much fun. Every target that was hit, every balloon that was broken was celebrated like an Olympic gold medal ... an unforgettable and humbling experience.

For our sport to prosper, we need qualified coaches and with the outstanding framework ABA has put in place to educate and support coaches, all that is needed is for members to come forward and take on coaching roles. I have found the role extremely rewarding and I am sure if you take up the coaching challenge you will thoroughly enjoy the experience.


This article would not be complete without mentioning Archer Five. This archer was my first student and has been receiving weekly, sometimes even daily, coaching lessons from me for over 25 years. Mostly the relationship has been good but sometimes things have gotten a bit tense and a couple of times we even stopped talking. When Archer Five doesn't believe me when I am trying to show him something, I have to get the video camera out to prove I am right. In fairness, I have to admit I have used Archer Five to test all manner of theories over the years, some more successful than others. For all the effort I have put into coaching Archer Five he should be a world champion but alas, this is not very likely, because Archer Five is me.




# Entries PHOTO COMPETITION



Yaraka lookout,  
Eric Creighton



Hunters' camping ground,  
Sam Moloney



Taking a break in  
sambar country,  
Scott Brown



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*Arriving late for the hunting party:*

# COVID boar-down

by ALAN ROBERTSON



*From left: Graham Newell, Dave Littlejohn and Alan Robertson with a morning cuppa.*





**G**raham Newell, Dave Littlejohn and I had returned from an elk hunting trip in Montana in September 2019, and it did not take long for us to start trying to plan our next major trip—this time within Australia.

Summer in Queensland is not the best time to be travelling north so we decided to organise a trip for June 2020. It had been a lot of years since I had been out to my cousin's place, so I suggested it might be worth a trip there to see if we could find a few pigs. This country is full of channels and the last time I had been there pigs had been everywhere. It was all agreed and plans were under way.

For Graham and me, planning was easy. Being retired, we just had to convince our wives that they would have a relaxing time with us away. For some reason they seem to think we are becoming grumpy old men as we are getting older. Of course, we cannot understand their reasoning but at least they seemed easy to convince that we needed another hunt.

For Dave it was not as easy, as he had to apply for annual leave. Luckily he had plenty of leave available and was able to tie it in with his usual work routine. It was all systems go and we were busy planning and counting down the days.

Enter COVID-19. All of a sudden, things were getting complicated. While Queensland was not greatly affected at this stage, we did end up with pretty severe travel restrictions which resulted in us not being able to travel more than 50km from our homes. As we were planning to do nearly 5000km (round trip), things were not looking good for the hunt.

As our departure time got closer and closer it was not getting any better, so the decision was made to defer the trip until late August in the hope that things would have improved by then. As things went, the restrictions started to ease and if we had kept to our original dates we would have been able to travel. However, we had made the call to defer, and as Dave had rescheduled his holidays to fit in with the amended plan, we decided to stick with the late August date.

Dave was tying this trip in with his work so we had no option but to take two vehicles. Also as both Dave and I own Isuzu Dmax Extra Cabs, it would have been a bit cramped with three of us in one vehicle. (I would have been okay, as I would be the driver and have the good seat, but the other two would have had to fight it out to see who had the cramped extra cab space. I doubt either of them would have fitted in there anyway.)

Late August arrived and we were finally on our way. We had decided we would split the journey in two rather than do the 16-hour trip in one go. This would enable us to get to the property at a reasonable time to catch up with my rellies and then make it to our home-away-from-home in time to settle in before dark.

On reaching the property, we were subjected to the usual country hospitality (lots of hot tea and fresh baking). We also received kind offers to stay the night at the homestead rather than heading out to our camping area. We hadn't driven all that way to lose more time when we could be hunting, so we politely declined their offer. We did, however, leave them with six bottles of red wine which I knew they would enjoy.

The news from the owners of the property was not good on the pig front. They had had shooters come through back in July and the shooters had taken 77 pigs in four days of hunting. Then a dogger friend of theirs had arrived for a visit and was still there when we arrived. He had, without even trying, collected another 15 pigs until he gave up when one of his dogs got badly beaten up by a big old boar. We were, however, assured that we would still find plenty of pigs to play with.

After leaving the homestead, we



still had a 30km drive to get to our camp spot. This was to be luxury camping as we would be bunking down in the old shearers quarters which still had power provided, tanks full of water and an old flushing toilet that operated with a bucket of water.

We spent the remainder of the afternoon having a quick look around and planning the next day.

Over the next week or so we covered lots and lots of kilometres as we walked the many channels. I think I was travelling at least 10km a day. I have one of those things on my phone which records how far you are walking a day and one day it told me I had walked 18km. Much as I would like to tell everyone I was walking 18km a day, I was a bit suspicious of this figure. I think that the roads were so rough it was recording every bump on the road as a step for me even when I was travelling in the truck.

The country we were hunting was terrific pig country and there was lots of evidence of where the pigs had been camping, under trees, in the grass or in the lignum. Also most of the channels still held water in regular pools. Really there was too much water, as it allowed the pigs to spread out.

The other evidence of the pig population that we kept coming upon on our walks was lots of dead pigs. On



*Dave with one of his pigs.*

one occasion Dave was out collecting firewood and drove out in an open paddock only to find four dead boars way out in the open. A couple of them had good sets of tusks.

That first week was pretty frustrating. I only managed to get one pig and I think Graham had two and Dave three. We all had the usual mishaps of pigs erupting at our feet as we walked along or missing ones we should have got but all in all there weren't the pigs around that there should have been.

On one occasion I had been hunting with Dave and we had finished and were driving back to camp when I spotted a pig way up the road ahead

of us. He was just snuffling around at the edge of the road and had obviously found something that he liked to eat. I pulled up and told Dave to get out and go get him. Now Dave had been letting a few arrows go that day so now let me know that he only had two arrows left on his bow. I quickly told him that two was plenty as there was only one pig. He didn't need telling twice and headed out into the paddock to get the wind right for his approach. I meanwhile could just sit back and watch the hunt unfold. I watched Dave as he made his way through the paddock as the pig just kept happily feeding away. At one stage Dave made his way back onto the road to relocate the pig and was still too short on where the pig was so it was back out into the paddock again. The light was now fading fast and from where I was sitting (about 500m away) I could no longer see Dave but did see the pig head out into the paddock, where Dave was somewhere. Eventually Dave reappeared on the road so I drove up to where he was. My first question was, "Did you see him?" and I followed that with, "Did you get him?"

Dave looked at me as if they were stupid questions and answered "Yes," to both questions. The pig, a reasonable boar, was lying there only about 40yd into the paddock. As it was now getting dark, we decided that we would return in the morning for photos and to retrieve the hooks.

My best pig of the trip was taken on the afternoon of the first day's hunting. I was walking along the edge of a channel late in the afternoon when I noticed a good-sized pig feeding out from the channel about 200yd ahead of me. I quickly got the wind right and headed out after him, closing the distance to 40yd. Being completely out in the open, I decided that was as close as I was going to get. I was trying a new broadhead I had bought in the States (a thing called a Wacem) It was

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three bladed with replaceable blades and looked pretty nasty. The shot was good, I thought as I watched the arrow disappear through the boar's lower chest and hang by the vanes nearly completely through it on the other side. I would have called it a high heart shot any day of the week. Of course, the boar started to run back towards the cover of the channel and I could see lots of blood over its lower chest and legs.

I thought, yes, a heart shot. This usually results in animals running flat out for a short distance before piling up; I was not surprised at how things were going. I walked carefully back towards the channel, fully expecting to find the boar dead. Unfortunately he was still alive and although wobbly on his feet, very much alive. This could now get interesting. I tried to sneak

in for a finishing shot but the boar picked up on my movements and took off straight towards me. Luckily I managed to avoid him and he only made it another 50yd before pulling up again. Once again, I made my way in on him and this time managed to put another arrow clean through his chest. This last arrow was tipped with a 125gn Northern and the interesting thing (though a bit macabre) was that he did not even bleed from this shot. It appeared that he did not have enough blood left in him to bleed any more. These boars are very tough and it is wise to treat them with the respect they deserve or you could easily find yourself being the one in heaps of trouble. This boar, when I finally got up close to him, was a pretty big animal and although he only had small tusks (they later measured 22pt), I

still decided I would take them to remember the hunt.

As a side note, I have a reputation of not using my two-way radio or turning it on when hunting. Sometimes I just forget; at other times it is a pain when you are stalking in on an animal and one of your mates calls you at just the wrong moment. On this particular hunt I was with Dave, and had called him when I went after the boar to let him know that I had arrowed a big boar and was going in after him. I had not been aware that Dave had been trying to call me to find out how I was going and if everything was alright. By the time I finally caught up with Dave, he was pretty upset as he had not been able to get on to me and for all he knew I could have been the one bleeding out somewhere down the channel. Advice to other hunters: make a mental note



*Robbo's first—and best—pig.*





*One of the enjoyable extras when out hunting ... meeting cute little creatures like this fellow.*

not to be like me—keep in contact with your hunting mates. That's what the UHF radios are for.

My only other pig for the whole trip was taken on the last hunt of the last day before we were to leave. Once again, I was walking along a channel. After days of not seeing a live pig, all of a sudden, there was one; a real, live pig just snuffling along feeding only about 20yd away through a little bit of lignum. All too easy, draw the bow back, 20 pin on him and steady, squeeze the trigger (not easy for me) and yes the arrow was away. A good hit and the pig dropped on the

spot. On walking up to him I realised something did not look right. The poor thing was all skin and bone. Looking closer, I saw that it only had a bit of its bottom jaw left. The wound was old and had completely healed over but eating would have been very difficult indeed. I think I probably did this poor pig a favour. Who knows what had happened to him? His jaw could have been shot off or it could have been chewed off by a dog/dingo or it could have even been chewed off by another pig in a fight. Whatever his story, obviously he had continued to survive and the wound had healed but life would not have been good.

As with all hunts, you have to be prepared for anything that might happen, as you are usually in some out-of-the-way place. And nearly always, something does happen.

Soon after arriving, Graham had put the butane stove on for us to have a cup of coffee. We were outside the old kitchen just poking around waiting for the water to boil when all of a sudden we could smell plastic burning. Graham tore back inside the kitchen to find his stove alight and all the plastic melting. Luckily, he managed to shut it down before the canister exploded. It wouldn't have been good to have to explain to my rellies that we had burned down the kitchen. Luckily Graham had another stove with him so continued to feed us with his endless stockpile of precooked, cryovaced frozen meals. (It's hard to lose weight when you hunt with Graham.)

Dave is very good at plugging tyres. We first found this out years ago while hunting buffalo in the Northern Territory. This time, we were trying to follow a fence line with no track and Dave ended up with a badly staked tyre. He got it plugged (with three plugs!) and we managed to get back to camp. Sitting round later having a few quiet drinks, I looked across at the vehicles ... and sure enough, Dave's

truck had another flat (more plugs). By the time we left the property, Dave only had one unplugged tyre on his vehicle. No he didn't drive home on the torn sidewall tyre as that is not recommended for highway travel. And he had to buy a complete new set of tyres when he got home.



*One of Dave's tyres. ... well and truly plugged.*

Prior to setting off every morning, we would sit around the previous night's fire staring into what was left of the coals while we had a cup of coffee to get us started for the day. (Usually there was only white ash left but it's the thought that counts.) Our chairs were always left around the fire ready for us to reuse them that night. One afternoon I returned earlier than the other two and as I pulled up I happened to look across at the fire and couldn't

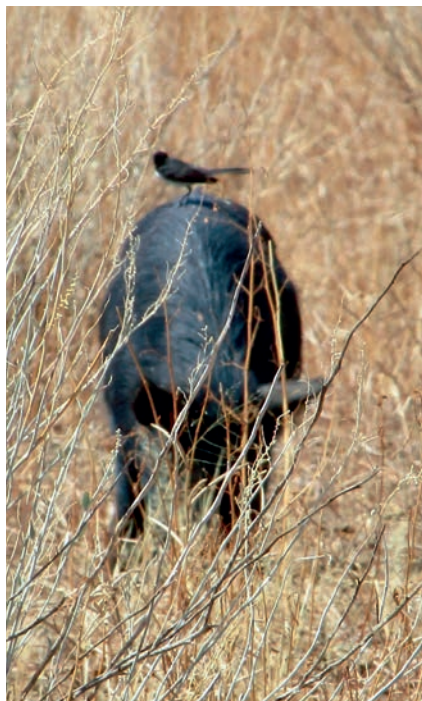


*If only this chair could speak, what adventures it could tell.*



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*Excuse me, haven't you heard about social distancing?*

quite work out what I was seeing. The wind had been blowing pretty hard that day and there was my chair, flipped over with its back in the fire pit. Neither of the other chairs sitting either side of mine had moved but then I did not have a large executive model chair like the other two fellas. Oh well, my chair would have been over 20 years old and it was probably time I bought a new one. Ahhh, the stories that chair could tell.

I slept on the verandah of the old kitchen while the other two had rooms in the run-down old quarters. One day Dave came down complaining that something had been into his muesli bars and had eaten some of them. Every night while I lay in my mozzie dome, at some stage I would hear something scuffling around. I thought the sound came from the kitchen. Every morning I would have forgotten about it. Once I did see a mouse running around in the kitchen but we had everything well secured so never had a problem. When packing up, I was throwing things back into



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



*Robbo's only other pig of the trip was a small one ... but hunting trips are not judged only on the number of animals taken.*

my bag when I found the reason for the scuffling I had been hearing every night. I had forgotten I had also had a box of muesli bars in my bag ... and now there was nothing left but a few crumbs and some other evidence of a mouse's visit. All six bars were gone in the space of a week, so there was either one very fat mouse getting around or a whole tribe of muesli-bar-loving mice happily patting their rounded tummies.

While pigs were a bit scarce at the start of the week, we did see more and more as time went on, coming across some decent-sized mobs in the end. I suppose by then they'd got used to the fact that the dogger had gone.

By the end of the trip, we had taken 15 pigs between us. Dave and Graham had a really good last hunt with Dave getting five and Graham getting three out of a mob of 36. Final figures were Dave eight, Graham five and me two.

The hunting, while not hard, was frustrating at the start ... but we could see that the property had enormous potential for successful bowhunting.

We all had thoughts as to what the hunt could have been like if COVID-19 had not reared its ugly head. We would have been out there in June, not August, and would have beaten the other hunters to the pigs.

I guess the whole hunt is best summed up by a comment recently made by Dave. I asked him would he consider going back to the property, bearing in mind how it had all gone. "Hell yeah!" he replied, "When are we going?"

And for us, it's not all about the hunting or a numbers game. We had a great time and made a lot more memories which no doubt will become more and more embellished as we discuss this hunt around gidyey fires in the future.

A last note from me: I mostly hunted alone on this trip so I was not there when Graham or Dave had most of their successful hunts. As they got most of the pigs, and as Graham keeps a journal of every hunt, I asked Graham to share his diary on the adventures that he and Dave had on this trip.





My first pig could be said to have been unlucky. He was simply in the wrong place at the wrong time. As Dave and I drove to a hunt jumping-off site, Dave spotted a boar of about 55kg straight ahead. The boar was standing in the middle of the track munching on a fellow decomposing pig and was about 80m away. As Dave had one or two kills under his belt already, he sent me in to have a crack.

I needed to swing out wide to the right to get the breeze right and close in under some tree cover. I lost sight of him for a few moments then as I swung to my left, I saw him 40m away but walking off. I quickly dropped down and

moved closer to him. He turned and started to walk towards me. My arrow was now on the string and at 28m he was quartered on, hard. I decided to send the Gold Tip Traditional carbon arrow with its 155gn Zwickey up front, down between his head and shoulder bone. The shot was on the money. He ran 10m, got tangled up in the fence wires, did a triple backward flip and dropped dead. Dave saw the action and thought it was a high jump gone wrong! As was to be the case for most of the 15 kills, this young hog had quite small hooks and as I'm a lazy hunter, I decided that hook extraction was work I could do without.

My next few days were spent walking and stalking the channels and small lagoons, all to only see three or four pigs. Dave and Robbo had a couple, but it was lean pickings indeed. The long days walking of at least 8km a session was tiring on my old legs. I'm not certain how far I walked, but it felt like 100km-plus in total.

Then Dave and I got lucky. After a quick debate as to whether we should even go out, we decided there was nothing else doing so we would travel

to what we thought was the best area—a channel near the river.

We walked either side of the channel. These channels vary in size both width and depth. This one was a tad bigger than most, some 30m across and in places 20m deep. There was water in large pools with dry ground in between.

I lost sight of Dave, but I saw a few hogs on his side, so decided to cross. The pigs walked straight onto me. In fact, I had to step off the pad to get a shot and at 3m I put a big sow out of her misery with a well placed shot. Unknown to me, Dave was watching some 30m back. He was pleased for my second kill, and so was I.

Back in my own territory, I was soon onto another sow, took the shot at 6m but for some reason I did not get it right and the sow bolted.

About five minutes later I pulled up opposite Dave for a rest and broke one of my own rules: I put my bow down out of easy reach AND without an arrow on the string. Yes, it happened. I smelled (before I saw) something that had been eating carrion and then saw a nice boar with decent hooks strolling towards

Three of Graham's pigs.







me. He was looking at me not 4m away to my left. Dave called me on his UHF radio, "Pig," but it was all too slow and too late—the boar had bolted.

We moved on; Dave called again to inform me of bedded pigs ahead. I closed to 7m to put an arrow in another pig. I thought it might have been a boar but no, it was another sow. (It can be hard to tell in the thick cover.) I thought I had only wounded this one and lost her, but on the way back I found her expired not 30 paces from the arrow impact spot. Two down. It had been a nice day so far.

I called Dave to tell him he had a mob off to his right out off the channel, he headed that way to put two more to rest. I decided to wait on my side, on a bank some 18m above a deep-water hole, for Dave to come back. Then in walked a mob of some three sows, two small boars and 15-plus suckers (augurs well for future pig hunting). I ranged the biggest sow at 19m and sent the Gold Tip through her vitals. Then they all milled around to see why the sow had expired.

Dave called to tell me he was taking some hooks and to wait for him. (In the end, he decided not to

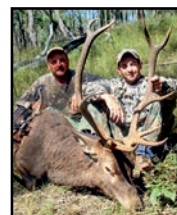
take them as it was "too hot out in the open"—good one, Dave). I called him to say I was sharpening some used arrows' broadheads and that more pigs were heading out to his spot, so he subsequently dispatched another small boar.

As I waited for Dave to get back, I spotted a nice black boar casually walking straight towards me, totally unaware of impending danger. It was nice to have time to get into position, range the point I wanted him to pass and wait. At 7m, I sent a Gold Tip through both lungs for pig number four for the day. Even with the deadly shot, he ran some 40m before succumbing to the pass-through.

In all bowhunting trips we do need some luck, and we'd had it today. Our combined tally for the half day was nine ... a good finish in the end. Dave and I met up for the 1.6km straight-line walk back to the truck over some of the roughest ground the channel country could produce. The ground was covered in huge cracks and deep cattle tracks, making the walking rough on our feet and ankles for most of the treks back to our vehicles. Will I do it again? Of course!



Three of the eight pigs that Dave took during the trip.



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# THE GIPPSLAND BRANCH EXPERIENCE

*in the Year of Disbelief*

*At the October shoot, restrictions had widened to include compulsory face masks.*

BY BRANCH CONTROLLER  
**MARK BURROWS**

If you had told me this time last year that club, branch, state and national competitions would be cancelled, that I wouldn't be able to travel interstate to shoot or hunt, that—not unlike war-torn Europe of last century—I would need special papers just to cross the borders, I would have asked you what you had been smoking. But that is just what has happened; 2020 has been the Year of Disbelief in lots of ways.

After the initial denial at the start of the year, just prior to Easter the whole country was basically locked down for a month or more. Some states fared better than others. Apparently if you lived in WA or NT and didn't look at the news, you wouldn't

have known anything had happened. South Australia, Queensland and New South Wales had their problems ... but Victoria, don't even go there—literally. Still, through it all, those who were really keen found a way.

Once the first wave had passed, late May found Victoria opening up in a limited capacity. Non-contact sport was again allowed to proceed. There were regulations. Everyone had to have their own four square metres, inside or out. Social distancing of 1.5m was mandatory and you couldn't touch anyone or their gear unless you lived with them.

This enabled my own club to again open up its weekly indoor shoots, with limited capacity (although entering the

range felt like going into a hospital). Names and numbers were recorded, temperatures taken and everything was sanitised. But we were shooting as a group again.

The Branch even managed to hold a Branch shoot. Groups were limited to three to enable correct social distancing and archers pulled their own arrows. Exact money was preferred. Pre-registration became mandatory. All this enabled archers to have limited contact at muster. Presentation was handled the same way. Trophies were put out on a chair and once a winner's name was read out, that person could come forward and collect his or her trophy. The clubs missed out on running their canteens



*Below: Learning how to do things differently at the July shoot.*



and it was a bit of a novelty bringing your own food, but the challenges were met and the shoot was much appreciated by archers.

All this was shortlived and by July Victoria was undergoing the horror of a second wave and the whole State was back in total lockdown. Other States shunned the Victorians, borders were closed and the likelihood of us ever getting to NSW, let alone to Queensland, was looking remote—and still is. Masks became compulsory throughout the State. What the government was calling Metro Melbourne was locked down separately from regional Victoria. Metro Victorians were under a curfew. They had to go to bed at 8

o'clock and weren't allowed up until 5.00am, and could go no further than 5km from their place of residence; drastic stuff. The ring of steel was also invented, with road blocks on all the main arterials leading out of the Melbourne metro area. Not only did you need paperwork to go interstate, you had to have it to travel in and out of Melbourne. (Not that I was keen to go anywhere near there.)

As all Branch G clubs are regional, we were slightly less affected. Regional Victorians were still able to move freely around regional areas and could go to bed and get up when they liked. We could move around in groups of two but had to wear the compulsory mask whenever out of our houses.

Archers took this opportunity to continue shooting at club level, which was certainly well received by some.

As a Branch, we obviously wanted to keep up people's interest in archery so we came up with a series of 5m games that could be shot at home. Targets were percentage reduced to replicate what you would see at 18m and posted online via the Gippsland website for participants to print. This was a six-week competition via email and was appreciated by those who could not go anywhere.

By mid-September, the Victorian regional numbers had decreased to such an extent that the government gave us some time off for good behaviour and opened things up, again





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with limitations. Social distancing and masks were compulsory but non-contact sport was operational again. Melbourne Metro was still in total lockdown, though.

This enabled the Branch to again hold an interclub shoot with West Gippsland Field Archers hosting the event. Most of the COVID rules from the earlier opening in June were again in play, with a couple of extras. Masks had to be worn at all times when not

actually shooting or in the process of getting ready to shoot and groups on the courses had to be spread a little wider. Social distancing was mandatory, of course, but we were grateful for any chance to shoot.

Hopefully by the time you read this, things have improved even more and the members of West Gippsland Field Archers who are stuck in some random forbidden zone will be once again allowed out on the ranges.



*Everyone appreciated the opportunity to pick up the bow and arrow again.*





**Nick Lintern**

# TRADITIONAL TRAILS

## *Building the yew English longbow*

### Part 4

#### *Tillering Stage 2 The tiller post*

When we left off last time, we had our bow floor-tillered. The next step is to proceed to the tiller post. Again, tillering is a three-step process and each step stresses and trains the bow a little more in a good progressive fashion. Remember, whatever issues aren't rectified at each stage—no matter how slight—will still be there at the next stage and will start to be a more significant issue because now the problem area is being more stressed. So don't move on until your limbs look the way you want and display a nice, even curve.

Hi to all our readers and welcome to another instalment of Traditional Trails. The warmer weather is on its way back and Christmas is only a month or so away. What a year it has been. Let's hope next year sees shoot calendars full of events and all this craziness behind us.

So, onto our next part of the yew bow journey. When we left off, we had our fledgling bow floor tillered and we were ready to proceed to part two of the tillering process. By the end of this article, we will have our bow tillered through the second phase and ready for the final phase which will have us ready for test shooting. Not long now and our creation will be launching arrows. So here we go.



## *What is a tiller post?*

Very simple and easy to make, a tiller post is simply a notched piece of timber with a good stable base with a cradle of sorts at the top to hold the bow's handle. The notches need to angle upwards at about 75 degrees or so, so that the tillering string can lock into place with no risk of it sliding out (*see pictures*). A 4x2 pine stud works very well. It will need to be about a metre long or so. The notches need to be an inch apart. The first notch should start at 6in from the start of the cradle and you should cut another 26 notches or so. The notches should be marked from 1 to whatever depth you continue them for, but around 26 or so is good. A good way to cut the notches is with a circular saw depth set to about half the depth of the timber you are using so the tillering string will ultimately sit close to centre. This way your bow will not be twisted while sitting on your post with the tillering string in the notches. To get the angle of your string notches, simply set your saw to the angle required. Most decent circular saws have a degree adjustment on them. Again, it only needs to be slightly less than 90 degrees to secure your string in place. I favour about midway between 45 degrees and 90 degrees. Next, just cut out a square seat in the exact centre at the top of the stud about 2in deep for the bow to sit in. It will need to be about 1 3/4in wide. We will be putting some insertion rubber in the top seat to help lock the bow in place. You will also need a tillering string at this point as well. The tillering string needs to be long enough to sit in your bow's tillering nocks and hang down 4in to 6in or so. You don't want it longer than that, otherwise your tiller post won't be long enough to be able to tension your bow to brace height—which is the goal here. Plus, it needs to be quite



*Tiller post with notches and numbers.*

thick—around 18 strands or so. This is because your bow will potentially be quite heavy at this point so you want a tillering string that can take the load. Plus, you may one day want to build a *big* bow, so make a tillering string that can cope.

Now onto the tillering. The first thing you will need to do is file in some tillering nocks into your bow's tips. Basically, come down about 1/2in from the bow's tips and mark a line

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*Bow on the tiller post.*

down from the sapwood back to the belly on the side of the bow at about 45 degrees. Do this on one side only for now. It is more accurate to file in one nock slot first then transfer that over to the other side. (These are just tillering nocks and later on we will be fitting horns that will cover these up. We don't fit horns yet because we don't yet know the bow's final dimensions and we will want to marry our horns in to match the size of the limbs). Now, using a chainsaw file—around 1/8in or so—carefully file in a nock slot. The trick is to go deep enough to hold the tillering string but not so deep as to compromise the tip's strength. When you have filed in one side, you want to mirror it exactly to the other side of your tip. So carefully transfer the slot position

*Cheat stick—(insets) the screw can just be seen protruding.*



*While this is a tri-lam bow, the builder's-line principle is the same.*

to the other side by marking with a pencil where the bottom of the first slot finishes. You will be transferring a line at the top of the slot and the bottom. Now simply file another slot on this side, making sure you file *above* the lines. This way your slots should be close to identical. Now turn your bow to be belly side up and have a look at your tillering nocks.

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*Perfect tillering nock alignment is critical.*

Look at it with a critical eye. You want the two 'ramps' of the nock grooves to be perfectly aligned. If one is higher than the other, you will potentially twist your limbs as you apply load. If they aren't totally identical, don't panic. It won't always be perfect no matter how careful you have been. Just grab your file again and gently file so that you end up with two identical ramps when you look down them from both the belly and back side of the bow. There is no need to shape out the tips any more as they will be getting coned down later to fit horns. As long as the notches are even and centred, that is all that matters.

On to the tiller post. As I mentioned earlier, it can be

worth placing a piece of inner tube or insertion rubber into the cradle at the top of the tiller post to help stop the bow from twisting around. Remember, your bow has a rounded belly right through the handle so it can be inclined to roll around a little. Now, place your bow into the cradle and place your tillering string into your newly made nocks. The string should hang down about 4in to 6in or so. Now, pull down on the string in the middle and the limbs will start to bend. Exercise the limbs down a *short* distance only. Maybe pull the limbs down 6in or so, then lock your string into the appropriate notch on your post. Now stand back and look at your partially braced bow. Do the limbs look even? Is the curve nice and uniform? If you have floor-tillered well, it should be close at this low load. In my previous articles I've covered tillering a tri-lam ELB which is down the exact same way, but is far less difficult due to the nice, uniform nature of the stave. In that case we can use a 'cheat' stick, or also known as a home-made bendmeter. This is just a rectangular piece of timber with a screw placed in the middle which is then adjustable to make the point of the screw stick out to various depths. This can then be set to the deepest part of the bow's bend and then run over the belly of your bow and any scratch marks then indicate where wood needs to come off. A great tool, but with self bows like our yew bow, it doesn't work unless you've been lucky enough to have a near-perfect stave. I can say that after making a lot of yew bows, the perfect stave never really happens. We have to deal with natural ups and downs, knots and pins that will be higher than the rest of the limb et cetera. Therefore, as we observe our yew bow in the process of tillering, we have to use a good critical eye to spot issues. As always with tillering, we are looking for stiff spots or weak spots (hinges). A good technique is to try to see the bow's curve about halfway between the sapwood and belly. If you can train yourself to look at this neural axis, the ups and downs of the belly and back of the stave won't throw you off as much. While observing your bow in this first early notch position, also look down the bow's ends to see if there's any



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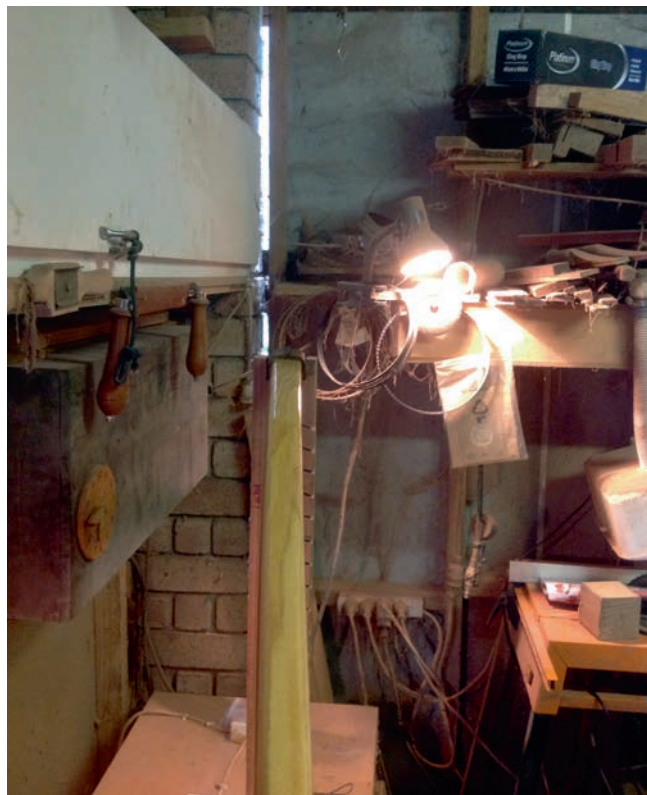
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twist in the limbs. If there is a side sitting higher (*see photo next column*), then that side is too stiff and reduction needs to occur on that side. As you tiller from this point, you are constantly looking to eliminate any twist before it occurs as well as eliminating any stiff or weak spots. The longer you leave a twist through the tillering process, the more likely it will become almost permanent. The added challenge again with a self-bow is that you are working with a less-than-uniform or perfect stave. You have to learn to see through these natural anomalies and find that perfect curving bow. Now, taking all that into account, mark any discrepancies with a pencil. If there's a weak spot, you will need to remove wood each side of that weak spot. If a stiff spot, simply remove wood on the site of the stiff spot. Again, if there is any limb twist showing up, make these adjustments on that side of the bow. In that way you are addressing two issues at once. The other thing to keep an eye on is the balance between the two limbs. If one is way stiffer than the other (again, hopefully floor-tillering will have sorted that out), you will need to fix that as well. The tiller balance between the limbs doesn't need to be finished-bow-exact at this point, but within a bull's roar is essential to prevent oversteering one limb and causing issues in the bow. You will know by looking at it. This is why, again, you must proceed carefully and slowly with patience. Next, remove the bow from the post. Now you find out why it's good to write numbers on your post's notches. Write down which notch you had the string in. When you return the bow to the post after making the necessary adjustments, you will be taking the bow to the next notch down. This applies a bit more load to the bow and enables it to react to what changes you have made. (The only exception to that is if you find a major issue. Then I wouldn't proceed to the next notch until I see a clear improvement. If you have done a good job on floor-tillering, there shouldn't be anything uber major at this point though). I find if I haven't numbered the notches, it's near impossible to know where I was previously.

Now return your bow to your vice. Using a sharp scraper, gently remove wood as required where your marks are. Be cautious and patient. Take a small amount off and see what's what. Timber can vary in its properties over a surprisingly short area. When these adjustment scrapings have been made, return the bow to the tiller post and exercise the bow by repeatedly pulling the string to the next notch depth 20 or 30 times before locking it in to that new position on the post. Now stand back and look everything over. How does it look? Did you sort out the twist if there was any? How does the curve look now? Has anything else surfaced that needs rectifying? If you are satisfied, you can take the bow down another notch immediately. If not, mark the issue areas and repeat the same process. This will continue slowly



*Look down your bow during this phase of tillering. if one side sits high, there is some twist that needs fixing. This bow is okay.*

and you will steadily move your string down the notches until eventually your bow is at brace height. How do you know you're near brace height? The best method is as you progress down your post, start checking the brace height by running a builder's line from one nock to the other so the bow appears strung. Your tillering string will be locking your bow into a curve and the string line will run lightly from nock to nock. This serves two valuable purposes. Firstly, you can measure from the string to your bow's handle to check brace height and secondly, it is a great visual aid to assess limb balance. Once you have a brace height measurement of 6in, stand back and look at the bow. Does it look like a nice, well balanced and tillered bow? The builder's line will really help give you a mock strung look to assess where you are. If all looks good and even, and there is no twist, you can progress to stringing the bow for real.

So, now we are really getting there. The next phase is to continue to tiller from a strung bow to full draw. In no time we will be test shooting this beast we are creating. Very exciting, but still patience is the key to creating a bow that can throw serious arrows with serious punch.

In the next issue we will move on to stage three of tillering. Until then, I hope you all have a merry Christmas and I really hope 2021 has some great things in store for us.

Until next time, keep traditional.



# Lady Luck



*There's a song that goes, "Luck, be a lady tonight". For a nightmare-like night, Troy wondered if Lady Luck had deserted him, but in the morning it was clear that the good fortune which had led him to the right place the previous day had held ... and his deer was found, expired in mid-stride across a fallen tree. The deer measured 147 4/8 pt.*

**TROY MORRIS**



I glanced at my watch: 7.30pm. My bum was aching as I sat on the ground tucked into a cluster of bushes 30m back from a well used sambar deer wallow. It was now into last light of the sambar hour. I made a decision to put my bow upright and clip my release aid on the D-Loop until darkness covered the valley. Fifteen minutes later, something caught my eye, shining in the fading sunlight through the treeline to my left. I whispered to myself "Antlers, that's a bloody stag," and to my surprise the stag was walking in from below the wallow travelling on the same game trail I'd walked in on four hours before.

As the stag reached the gully floor, he did something that totally surprised me. Instead of following the game trail down around the fallen timber towards the wallow, he turned and went over the fallen timber in the exact same place I had. As soon as the stag cleared the logs, he suddenly dropped his body to the ground, ran forward a

couple metres and stopped. He was now stamping his front hoofs on the ground and throwing his head back up in the air. During this explosive action I had drawn my bow back and was locked in. I thought he was going to bolt off as he must have winded me, even though the breeze was steadily blowing in my face. Instead, the stag started slowly prancing his way towards the wallow contouring me at 30m. A row of black wattle trees was all that was sitting between the stag and me, preventing a clear shot as he painfully crept towards the wallow. Suddenly he stopped 5m back from the wallow, still smashing his hoof in the ground and sniffing the air.

"One more step ... come on," I said to myself. With that, he moved slightly forward just enough to give me a clear shot at his vitals. My sight pin was locked in low on his chest as the shot went off.

From that moment it was a little blurry as everything happened so fast. The stag crashed over sideways into

the fallen timber on his left side. He then pushed off, smashing through the dogwood-thickened hillside directly opposite me and disappeared over the ridgeline out of sight.

I had no time to sit back and gather my emotions, because daylight was fading fast. I fixed my sights on a large gum tree where I'd seen the stag disappearing over the ridge out of sight. I made a V-line straight up the hill towards the tree, quickly picking up the stag's tracks that were clearly embedded deep into the ground near my gum tree. The stag had stopped on top of the saddle, turned to his right and contoured around, dropping down into the next valley system.

I stopped, dropped my backpack, and got out the good old dunny roll marking paper and marked the spot in my GPS as well. I could make out tracks but no blood. I threw the backpack back on, dropped to my knees and crawled along his tracks ... and finally found one



*A hind walks by.*



drop of blood. Then every 5m I'd find another fine drop and then another.

I followed the trail down into where the stag had entered into a tall cluster of thick dogwood bush that lined the lower gully. Now the blood drops had stopped. I stopped and dug out the headlight from my backpack as the final sunlight faded into the mountainside. The light revealed a good blood swipe halfway up a tree trunk where the stag had entered the bushes but I could not find another drop of blood or make out what direction the stag went.

Disappointed, I decided to mark the area and headed back to camp. My mindset was all over place arriving back at camp, as I told my story to my hunting team—my wife Cheryl and mates David Luxford and Doug Bourman. I was now more convinced I had hit the stag high and it was not looking good.

I was glad to hear that alarm clock ring the next morning, there is nothing like the dreaded bowhunter's night of pre-recovery nightmares. I jumped up and saw Doug off as he set out for another crack at these brown buggers. Cheryl, David and I stayed back at camp until daylight finally showed itself and we headed to where I had shot the stag. We went through the whole process



*It was Cheryl who found the stag.*

from taking the shot, arrow impact area and then tracked his hoof marks up the hillside to where my toilet paper trail began. Cheryl found the front and rear section of my arrow, which was heavily blood stained 5m from where the arrow hit the stag. This was a positive sign as we followed my marked trail down to where I had lost sign of the stag in the timbered-lined gully. David and I were on our hands and knees crawling along trying to find one more drop of blood when Cheryl blurted out, "There he is—

in the gully!" The stag had turned ninety degrees and done a 20m dash down into the bottom of the gully, expiring in full stride going over a large fallen tree.

I must say I was a wreck as we sat with my stag. The six months leading into this trip had been a physical and emotional roller coaster for me and at one stage I thought I would never be physically fit enough to make this trip, but with a little determination and a few painkillers it all paid off.

Soaking up this moment, I had a flashback: Cheryl and David were the same two people who had been with me when I took my first sambar deer a long time ago; these two people I cannot thank enough.

The day before, Cheryl had been hunting further up the same gully system and she'd thought she heard something splashing in the water in the late afternoon. David had offered to take Cheryl out for a hunt the following afternoon, so I made a plan to head for the wallow in the gully system down from where Cheryl had been hunting the day before. The rest is history ... with a little help from Lady Luck.

Once again, thank you Russell from Timberline Self-Guided Sambar Hunts: Without you, these opportunities and dreams would never happen.

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*David Luxford was there on this trip, as he had been when Troy took his very first sambar deer many years ago.*



# Vale

## Tony Knight

It is with great sadness that I pen this vale for a dear friend, Anthony (Tony) Knight. Tony passed away on August 31, aged 60, after a short battle with cancer. Tony is survived by his wife Wendy and three wonderful children; Ray, Scott and Kerri.

In 2010, Tony established Toowoomba Archery Supplies, which he continued to run up until he became ill. Tony had a real passion for archery; whether it was helping fellow archers, coaching many of us older shooters who sometimes believed we already knew everything or assisting the young beginners to get started the 'right way'. He was a well respected bow technician with a willingness and drive to learn new ways of doing things. Tony prided himself on the highest level of customer service he could provide. If he didn't have it in stock, he would always do his best to get it in for his customers. He was a straight shooter—not just with a bow, but in business and life in general; he would always tell it as it is. Tony established the now very successful Cougar 3D Targets, many of which have been sanctioned by 3DAAA. Tony's son Ray has now taken over the Cougar Target business.

Tony loved being out in the bush, either with a camera or a bow. He loved to hunt but he was always remorseful of the kill. He was just so happy and content being out in the bush with a camera always in the backpack.

Tony's contribution to archery in southeast Queensland goes back many years. He first took up archery as a sport in 1983 and went on to shoot in the Australian Nationals and the Trans-Tasman Shoot in New Zealand, just to name a couple. He was a butcher by trade, working for his father and then in 1988 opened his own shop. He went on to become a Loss Prevention Officer for Coles and later was promoted to Store Manager of several Coles' stores around Queensland. In 2010 Tony could see that there was a need for an archery business based in Toowoomba to service Northern NSW, the Darling Downs and southwest Qld. He had a very loyal customer base from as far afield as Townsville and Augathella.



*Tony relaxing after a day of displaying Cougar Targets at the 3DAAA 2019 Nationals in Nambucca Heads.*

This included many of the archery clubs including the Darling Downs Field Archers and the Toowoomba Company of Archers. He was an active member of the Darling Downs Field Archers, holding the position of President for several terms as well as Range Captain.

I recall the oncologist telling Tony after he was diagnosed that he was "in a marathon and the cancer was winning". But it turned out he was in a sprint and the cancer won.

Tony has now 'gone bush' one last time. Happy hunting, my friend. You will be sorely missed by your family and so many friends and colleagues.

*Ian Sainsbury  
Darling Downs Field Archers*



# Around THE TRADS

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

**Sue Wallace**

\* There were only a few cases of COVID-19 in the southeast corner of Queensland and with a COVID Plan in place, the Invitational Shoot being held in north Queensland jointly by Tully Bowhunters and Mossman Archery Club was going ahead as planned on the weekend of September 5 and 6. Due to the restrictions, all nomination needed to be done online, and it didn't take them very long to reach the Tully club's limit.

We'd decided to take the leisurely approach and had organised to stay in three places on the way north. We set up camp in Tully on Friday afternoon under overcast skies, and watched

some very ominous clouds rolling over the mountain. Well, no surprise, it was Tully after all!

Some rain fell overnight. It was still a little drizzly in the morning. There were 132 archers in total, from Mount Isa, Toowoomba, Brisbane, Sunshine Coast, Gympie, Gladstone through to Mossman in the north.

At muster we were called and put into groups and allocated the white or yellow course colour and target number at the top of each group scorecard. Once all the groups were sorted, we moved over to the rock with the remembrance plaque for the archers they have lost over time from the Tully

club, to observe one minute's silence.

One ritual at the Tully club is that archers shoot, one by one, at a sapling until someone finally hits it and the shoot can commence.

Those allocated the white course stayed in their groups to shoot the speed round at the practice butt, while those allocated the yellow course went off to shoot the running pig. Then we all swapped. Once the white course archers had then completed the running pig on the yellow course, we had to wait once again for the yellow course archers to complete the speed round on the white course.

At 11.00am we finally all went to our allocated course colour and target number to commence the round on the 15-target course. After the first round of 15 we all stopped for lunch then went out onto the second course of 15 for the afternoon, which included the concrete pig as one of the challenging shots we were faced with on both courses.

There was also the Tully Ironman event which needs to be seen to be believed, and this year was won by one of the more distinguished gentlemen, leaving the young fellas in his wake.

It rained again during Saturday evening. The next morning's event was a 20-target field course and as

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*Pig-and-log shot.*



*Kids shoot the running pig.*



*Encouragement award.*

the groups had grown, once again we waited as all the names were called out and allocated a target number. After 9.00am we set out for the field course which was only a one-arrow round. This course was somewhat different as it was a combination of both of the previous day's courses with some targets removed, and the pegs had also been changed, which did not make the targets any easier to hit.

After the round and a leisurely lunch, presentations were held. This shoot was an invitational and included compound archers as well. There were three medallions sent up from Chevallan Archery Park to be awarded as encouragement to cubs/juniors. Once the individual presentations were done, Shane Knuth MP, State Member for Hill, gave a guest speech. The overall trophy went to longbowman

Lindsay Yuille. The final presentation was the Spirit Encouragement Award to Amélie Smithson, who received a donated bow and a set of six arrows.

✱ The following shoots have been cancelled: HVTa Charity Shoot, TAA Nationals (Tenterfield), TAA NSW Titles (Coffs Harbour).

✱ The only trad shoot confirmed for the December-January period at the time of printing is Chevallan Archery Park Christmas break-up camp over December 5 and 6.

✱ Reports from Chevallan Archery Park, NAFA Trad Tourney, Sunshine Coast Bowmen Traditional Knot Shoot will be in the next issue.

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

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

### *Shoot Information*

#### *Wallace Woods:*

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

#### *Chevallan Archery Park:*

[www.chevallanarcherypark.com](http://www.chevallanarcherypark.com) – for the proposed traditional shoot calendar, IBO-approved African 3D targets, customised archery medals

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

COVID-19 put a huge dent in traditional archery events during 2020. We can only hope the 2021 archery calendar is more productive. I wish readers all the best for the festive season and look forward to seeing you 'round the trads in 2021.




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**SCOTT HEIMAN**

# Bushcraft & Survival

## BACK TO BASICS



### Bush tucker

In previous issues, we've begun to unpack the mnemonic PRWF (Please Remember What's First). These are the Principles of Survival and we've already discussed Protection, Rescue and Water in some depth. That's not to say that we've covered everything there is to say. To do the topic justice, we could fill a small volume. But today, let's leave 'PRW' aside and start thinking about the fourth principle, Food.

So, who's hungry? When you look at the Rule of 3's, you learn that you can survive for three weeks without food. However, you have to start looking for food earlier than that. The human body needs the nutrients in food to survive. After nine to 12 hours without food, the body will run out of glucose and then it's a steady decline that will see it starved of protein, carbohydrates and fats, as well as vitamins and minerals. These are all

essential for renewing cells and fueling vital bodily processes.

Without food, the body starts to use its own fats to convert glycogen from the liver and muscles into glucose. But it can only do this for so long. Without adequate food, the pulse and blood pressure drop, brain function becomes impaired and the body's core temperature can drop. The risk of hypothermia, pancreatitis and constipation kick in and we become more susceptible to bacterial infections. And that's just the start.

### I'll be right, Jack

By now I'm betting that a few of you are thinking, "I'll be right. I'll hunt for my dinner." However, bowhunting is far from an exact science so it's not something you want to be

relying on in an emergency situation. According to analysis conducted by the Massachusetts Division of Fisheries and Wildlife, the success rate for bowhunters isn't as high as you might like to tell yourself. Specifically, the average bag rate for deer during tag season is just over 13 per cent—that means that only 13 out of every 100 hunters go home with dinner. And it's not much better for firearms. Overall, whether you prefer to hunt with a rifle, shotgun, muzzleloader or bow, only one person among you and your 10 mates is likely to be having any luck.

The reason the stats stack up so badly is that our senses simply aren't as acute as our quarry's. Specifically, research shows that, while the human nose has around five million olfactory receptors, rabbits have 100 million, pigs have 275 million while deer are smelling their way through life with



an impressive 297 million olfactory receptors. In case you haven't worked it out yet, this means that if the wind is in their favour, our prey can smell us miles away ... in fact, up to 10km or 15km away. So we're unlikely to get within cooee of them, regardless of whether or not our life depends on it.

Add to these considerations the extra challenges you'll be dealing with in a survival situation, and it's not hard to see why you need a Plan B when it comes to sourcing food. You won't be thinking straight, the muscle strength you need to pull back your bow will be diminished, your clothes are likely to stink because you won't have changed them for days, and because you're likely to be dehydrated, your urine will be more concentrated and even smellier than usual.

Consider too that, even if you get lucky, wild game is unlikely to meet your food requirements for the long haul. Have you heard of 'rabbit starvation'? This condition, which is also referred to as protein poisoning or caribou sickness (*mal de caribou*), is a form of acute malnutrition caused by excess consumption of any lean meat (like rabbit), coupled with a lack of other sources of nutrients, and usually exacerbated by stressors such as severe cold or dry environments. Symptoms include diarrhoea, headache, fatigue, low blood pressure and heart rate. The associated discomfort and hunger can only be satisfied by consumption of fat or carbohydrates.

Remember too that, if you (or members of your travel party) don't regularly eat wild meats, they can give



*Lean meat like rabbit can be problematic if not coupled with other food.*

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# Rule of Threes

You may only survive:

- three seconds without the will to live (make the quick decision in an emergency)
- three minutes without breathable air (unconsciousness generally occurs), or in icy water
- three hours in a harsh environment (extreme heat or cold)
- three days without drinkable water
- three weeks without food

Each of these principles assumes that you've achieved the preceding 'rule'. Of course, there are many variables such as underlying medical conditions, a person's age, sex, body size, physical fitness, mental fitness and more. The Rule of Threes isn't gospel, but it is a handy generalisation.

you the runs as your digestive system tries to deal with the high protein, omega-3 fatty acids and B-vitamin concentration. And it's fair to say that a survival situation is exactly the wrong time to be losing precious water out of your backside.

So, moderate your carnivore cravings and hunt out some diversity. After all, humans are not carnivores, but omnivores.

## Hunter/forager

In no way am I saying don't hunt or carry your bow with you for that incidental animal, but rather open your eyes to other harvesting options that may be available all around you.

A varied diet will increase your chances of survival. Take the humble oyster, for example. A 100-gram serving of wild oysters provides you with 68 calories, seven grams of protein, three grams of fat, and 80 per cent of

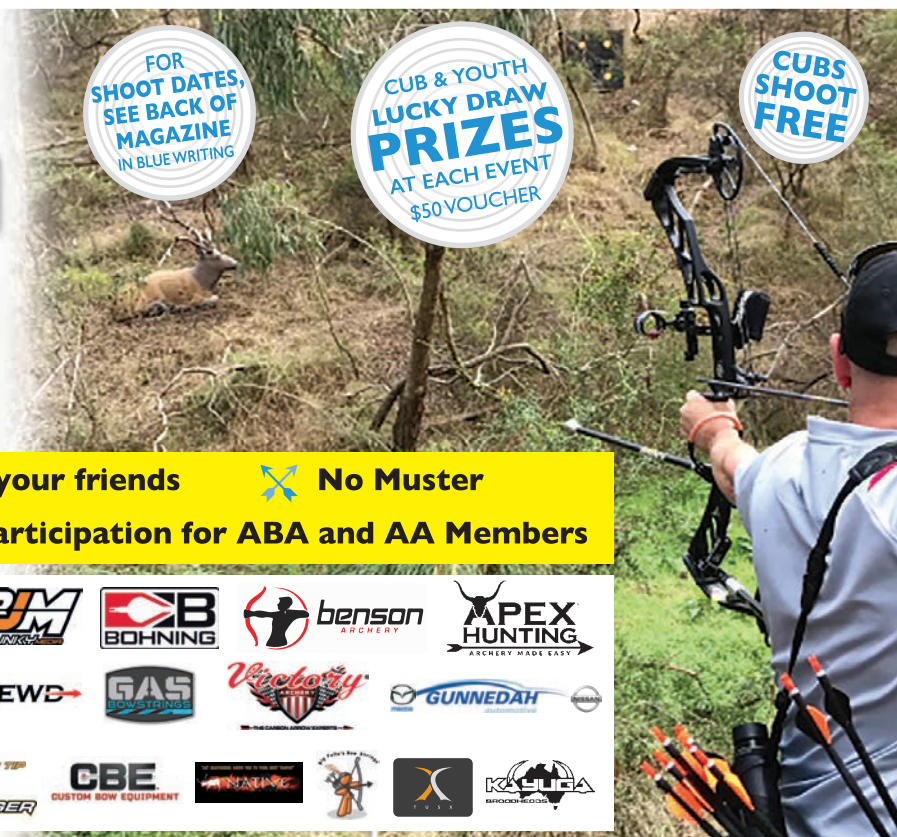
your Vitamin D daily input, not to mention additional vitamin B1, B3, B12, iron, magnesium, phosphorus, zinc, copper, manganese and selenium. Forget that it looks like snot; suck it down.

While not all wild harvests pack such a nutritional punch, bush tucker isn't all about witchetty grubs. Think about freshwater mussels, fish and other aquatic species like frogs, yabbies and turtles. And then start getting excited about the things growing at your feet and on the trees around you —just be a bit careful while you're at it.

The key thing about foraging for plants and other wild foods is to be confident that you know what you're doing. My father-in-law, who's a plant pathologist, once told me a good rule of thumb about mushrooms. Specifically, that 90 per cent of brown-gilled mushrooms are good to eat but the other 10 per cent can kill you. Meanwhile, 90 per cent of white-gilled mushrooms can kill you but the other



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10 per cent are good to go. So what are you going to do?

The first thing you should have done before you left home was to get some familiarity with the edible plants and other potential food sources in the places you like to hunt. Failing this, here's a general guide that, combined with the Edibility Test outlined below, may help keep you out of trouble. Just remember, for every principle there is always an exception and you are ultimately responsible for what you put in your mouth.

- Avoid bitter, acidic or stinging plants.
- Avoid fungi
- Avoid plants with milky saps
- Avoid roots generally—as the concentration of chemicals (including toxins) in most plants occurs in the root system.
- Avoid plants with trumpet-shaped flowers.
- Avoid fruits with red seeds or five segments.
- Avoid plants with pea-shaped flowers or pods.
- Avoid plants with palmate (hand-shaped) leaves.
- Avoid plants with prickly seedpods.

This is where having a home bush tucker garden is helpful. By having a number of native plants in your veggie patch or ornamental garden, you can help yourself, your family and your hunting buddies to become familiar with some of the more common edible plants you're likely to find growing in the scrub. You also get to find out how to safely prepare it and what it tastes like. So, forget the roses. Instead plant some warrigal greens. Use it in dishes like lasagne and moussaka (indeed, any dish where you'd use cooked spinach or silverbeet). Plant a finger lime, kangaroo plum or some native river mint. And get familiar too with some of the common weeds that we find almost everywhere: dandelion, purslane, nettle, chickweed and mallow.



*If you don't know what it is, do the edibility test on it.*

## The Edibility Test

Don't assume that a plant is safe to eat because it is eaten by birds and animals. Regardless of how hungry you are, test unknown plants to ensure safe consumption. If it fails any of the following tests, leave it alone, wash your hands and the area affected and move on.

### Take a whiff

If smells like almonds or peaches (but is not an almond or a peach), toss it away. This smell can indicate the presence of cyanide or prussic acid compounds; both are toxic and have been used in chemical warfare.

### Sting or itch

Take a small piece and rub it on a sensitive area (forearm/wrist or underarm). As an added precaution, do the wrist first and the underarm second.

- Wait a minimum of five minutes monitoring for rash, welts or blisters.
- If there's no reaction, touch the corner of your mouth with the test piece and wait a further five minutes.
- If there's no reaction, touch the inside lip and tongue. Wait a further five minutes and proceed to the taste test.

### Taste Test

Take a teaspoon size portion, chew it well and spit out. Wait at least five minutes.

- If there's no reaction, take the same size portion, chew and swallow, then wait for a period of four hours monitoring for any reactions such as vomiting, cramps, nausea, diarrhoea or persistent belching.
- If there's no reaction, take a portion five times the size, chew and swallow, then wait for a period of four hours monitoring for any reactions such as vomiting, cramps, nausea, diarrhoea or persistent belching.





Get acquainted with their potential as a food source. Your life may depend on it.

## It's in the way it's cooked

Regardless of what you catch or collect, the cooking method will affect the amount of nutrients that are retained. Eating things raw (that are safe to eat raw) will provide you with the maximum amount of nutrients. Incorporating raw dishes into your day (oysters, leafy greens and fruits) is a great way to maximise the nutritional benefit.

Once you add heat, nutrients can be lost—particularly if you're roasting or frying. For example, the liquid you see dripping off the meat isn't just fat; it's also myoglobin. It's the same juices you see in packaged meat at the supermarket and it's a protein that carries things like oxygen to the muscles. And it's good for you.

Now consider the water-soluble vitamins (Vitamin C and the B vitamins folate, thiamine, riboflavin, niacin, pantothenic acid, biotin, vitamin B6, vitamin B12) that can be lost through the cooking process. This happens when food is steamed and particularly when it's boiled. So, if you do need to boil or stew food, consume the liquid too if it's safe to do so. This will generally be the case if the reason for boiling

is to kill bacteria (think bird poo).

In other situations, cooking food is simply unavoidable and in some instances favourable. The reason we cook meat is to remove bacteria, parasites, et cetera that exist on the surface (and sometimes, inside) of the meat. Cooked food is easier to chew, more digestible and nutrients are more available to the body and uses less energy to do so in the process.

Cooking meat whole and in its own skin is a good way to retain the maximum nutrients. Think, for example, about how Aborigines have traditionally cooked goanna—whole and on the coals with the skin on. The internal organs dry up into a small ball and the skin can be peeled back to eat the moist meat. You can do this with crabs and other crustaceans too.

Remember too that it's not just meat that may need to be cooked to be safe to eat. Consider, for example, the preparation of warrigal greens. In this case, the plant is high in oxalic acid and needs to be blanched before eating. While this acid is naturally occurring (and occurs in many fruits), there's more of it in this leafy green and that can have an adverse effect on your body. In order to excrete it, your body binds the acid with calcium and other minerals (like magnesium and iron) that you need for other things. So, to avoid this, blanch the plant before you eat it—and discard the water. You will still get a great hit

*From left: Don't dismiss carp as a food source, the fruit of the prickly pear is edible, pandanus fruit are a good source of carbohydrate, and don't forget freshwater shrimp and yabbies.*



*River mint, warrigal green and native ginger can be grown in your backyard to help you get familiar with bush tucker.*

of beneficial antioxidants, vitamin C and fibre.

If you've got options around how to cook food, consider the following as the 'most' to 'least' effective methods for retaining food's nutritional value: boiling or stewing (and then consuming the liquid), steaming, baking, frying and, worst of all, grilling, where the nutrients end up sizzling in your coals.



# MORRELL HIGH ROLLER 21

review by Kev Dowd

Like others who like to do a bit of practice in the backyard (and have a backyard big enough for it), I have a wool bale set up with a backdrop.

But when practising at home was the only place to get any shots away, I needed something to mix up shot angles and get in some ups and downs rather than just standing in front of a wool bale. I also wanted something I could move around so I could take it along to camping trips once we were allowed out to play again. (The wool bale is too bulky to be really portable.)

I made my decision by answering these questions: What type of practice was I going to do—target or hunting? What type of material would I prefer—bag or foam? How much durability did I want/what price was I prepared to pay?.

The majority of my practice is for target form, so I decided on one-piece foam. If it had been for hunting practice, I would no doubt have leaned towards a 3D animal target. For form practice, I wanted a range of about 30yd. Because I live on acreage, butt size was not a big issue. Naturally, in the interests of WH&S, I do have a solid backdrop for added safety (and to stop the wife nagging).

The bow I use is a Mathews TRX 8 @ 60lb with 30in draw shooting 350gn ACEs—approximately 275-280FPS and a KE of 59ft/lb. For this review and just to be a bit fair on the butt, I shot barebow (although I normally shoot a Bowhunter Limited set-up.)

My first impression of the Morrell High Roller 21 was that it was nice and bright and well finished. The white spots on the red background made it easy for an old guy like me to see. The

one-piece combo-foam construction with tote rope made it easy to move around, and there were plenty of spots to shoot at, which meant it would be longer lasting.

To speed up the testing process, I shot 150-odd arrows at the one spot from around 20yd. It healed quite well, although 11 did make it to the other side.

## Pros

Penetration was limited to just over 10in to 15in (a third to half the length of one of my arrows). That being said, it was easy to remove an arrow, unlike some of the butts I've shot in the past where you need two hands and a foot to hold the bloody thing. With this one, I could remove the arrows with one hand. I felt it had good healing properties and I liked how many bulls-eyes it had. No residue was left on the arrows.

## Cons

The price was a bit hefty, but still comparable with others on the market (and I think its durability means it offers value for money).

Broadheads will cut up any target butt. I shot my hunting bow@ 70lb/500gn arrow at a range of distances with different heads and had good results. The target held up quite well, staying intact (there was no picking up pieces of target afterwards).

So far I have shot more than 1500 target arrows and a dozen hunting arrows. My wife has also stuck a few broadheads into it and it's hardly showing any signs deterioration. Looking at the condition it's in now I'm thinking it should last a fair while and a couple of thousand arrows, so I give it the thumbs up. The Morrell High Roller 21 is available from Abbey Archery.



## SPECS

- Combo foam (one-piece), waterproof, 21 bullseyes, tote rope
- Weight 4.5kg, measurements 33cmx33cmx33cm, fade resistant, easy to remove arrows
- Advertised as able to stop speeds up to 450FPS



*The front: More than 150 arrows were shot from 20yd.*



*The back: Of the 150 arrows shot at the block, only 11 made it to the opposite side (highlighted with a marker).*



# NSW State 3D Titles



by LOUISE WHITLEY

The October long weekend saw South West Slopes Sporting Field Archers (SWSSFA) in the beautiful Tumut Valley host the State 3D Titles with shooters attending from Wagga Field Archers, Snowy Mountains Bowmen, Shellharbour Bowmen, Orange and District Bowhunters, Lithgow Valley Archers, Forbes Lachlan River Archers, Campbelltown District Field Archers, Capital Field Archers, Eurobodalla Field Archers, Hunter Bowmen, Macleay Valley Archers, Namoi Valley Archers and SWSSFA.

Sixty-five shooters ranging in age from six to 73 took to the courses in warm spring weather for a challenging weekend of shooting.

A favourite go-to club amongst Branch F shooters, SWSSFA provides excellent camping, shower and toilet facilities with good old country hospi-

tality. Shooters always enjoy interclub catchups around campfires with old and new friends.

With this year's COVID-19 pandemic, all clubs within Branch F have implemented COVID-19 Safe Risk Management Plans to ensure they comply with both government and ABA directives. Branch F has also developed a supplementary COVID-19 Safety Plan specific to Branch shoot activities covering adapted procedures for shoot registrations, bow checks, score recording, presentations. A shoot attendance register is also completed to enable Branch to identify all attendees and contact them if necessary.

SWSSFA would like to thank all shooters who attended the State 3D

*The event was held at West Slopes Sporting Field Archers in the beautiful Tumut Valley.*

Titles and hope that you enjoyed your weekend.

Congratulations to all those who received State Champion medals and to Max Tilbrook on his robinhood.

In the raffle, Jason and Rebecca Attard from Shellharbour Bowman won the Elite Enlist bow donated to SWSSFA by the Archery and Hunting section at Compleat Angler Wagga.







*For full results, see Branch F Facebook page.*



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DL# 5000 1536



# Hunting the Timberline

SCOTT BROWN







*These pages: Beautiful scenery in the Victorian high country.*

**I**t was early October when my wife and I headed up into the Victorian high country in search of the elusive sambar deer.

I've only really tried to hunt sambar seriously once before and that was with my Dad a couple of years ago. On that trip we saw about half a dozen and some good sign but were never in the ballpark of getting even remotely close for an opportunity.

This trip I was hunting the same property with Timberline Self-Guided Bowhunts run by Russell Cornall and his wife Steph. Their property is in prime sambar country with several blinds and tree stands set up in different transition points to help maximise

the chances of seeing a deer.

It was bucketing down with rain when we arrived at the property, but we managed to get the car unpacked and into the camp shed without getting too soaked ourselves. With the rain coming down pretty heavily, I didn't see the point in going out that afternoon so I took my time in organising my gear and making sure I'd be right to go the next morning.

I would be hunting solo on this trip as my wife has a leg injury, preventing her from walking around too much. She was happy to potter around the camp and read some books, take photographs and just enjoy the peace and quiet away from technology and

the normal everyday rat race.

I'd brought a couple of UHF radios so I put one in my bag and left one at camp. Depending on where I was, I could contact her if I was fortunate enough to see or get anything.

It was 3.30am and I was already wide awake. I was warm in my sleeping bag and momentarily wondered if I really wanted to get up and brave the cold conditions that waited for me outside. With a grunt and a groan, I rolled out of bed and got dressed, layering up as it was bloody cold outside. My wife was still tucked up in her sleeping bag ... with no intention of leaving it anytime soon.

It was only a very short drive from



camp and I was on the main block to start hunting. The outside temperature said 1° so I was glad I'd packed my thermals, as it would still be freezing sitting in the hide until daybreak.

On my first trip to Timberline, Russ had explained to me that sambar deer were not like any other deer species we had in Australia. They had slightly different habits, were extremely intelligent and were basically very difficult to hunt, especially with a bow. He'd said that to hunt the blinds it was best to be sitting in them about an hour or so before daylight and maybe a few hours before night time as this was when the deer would be most active.

The deer are obviously around all

day long but finding them in the thick scrub they love so much is like searching for a needle in a hay stack—or at least it seemed that way to me.

It was a full moon so the use of my headlight was almost futile and negotiating some of the wombat holes proved interesting in the dark. It was a bit over a kilometre to the hide and it felt a little eerie walking through the bush at that time of the morning with virtually no sound other than my boots breaking through the icy dew on the grass. I arrived at the hide and sat down, trying not to make any noise. I got my bow ready and waited with anticipation. It's amazing how quickly you become in tune with the bush

and all your senses are heightened to new levels. I think we, as bowhunters, know this only too well as it plays a crucial role in the way we hunt.

Daylight came and I had not seen or heard anything. It was very foggy and still bloody cold so I decided to make my way slowly back towards the car. There was a slight breeze in my favour. I stumbled across quite a few roos and wallabies that were out feeding and trying to thaw out in the sun's rays but didn't see not much else. It was very evident that there had been several deer in the area overnight as you could see a lot of tracks through the wet grass and a lot of fresh scat, but no deer yet.

I don't think the full moon was helping my situation. Some mornings it was like a spotlight shining down on me. It seemed to me that the deer didn't have to worry about feeding in the dark and going back into the safety of cover at daybreak because it was bright enough for them to do that any time of the night. Like I said, I've only ever hunted sambar once before, so I'm still learning a hell of a lot, but to me it was like the full moon was altering any normal kind of feeding pattern they might have.

During the day I decided to go for a walk up from the camp into a gully to check out a wallow I knew of. I was making my way slowly through the thick bush along a game trail when all of a sudden the distinct sound of



*The camp was comfortable.*



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*Overlooking the valley.*

a sambar honking echoed through the valley. I heard some loud crashing through the bush and then silence.

I moved down towards a clearing that was to my right in hope of seeing the deer run through, but there was nothing. I stopped for a quick drink and had the feeling something was watching me. I slowly turned behind me and at about 30m away was a young sambar standing perfectly broadside but staring at me. This was a different deer to the one that had honked at me and gone crashing through the bush. Ever so slowly, I took an arrow from my quiver and had just put the nock onto the string when it decided enough was enough and took off into the bush. This little encounter had got my adrenaline going and made me more excited to venture into the hills; even though I would be sweating my arse off climbing up and down the steep terrain, the thought of getting a chance at a sambar was all I needed. The next couple of days played out in similar fashion with a lot of very early mornings and late nights in the bush.

Russ came past the camp and offered to show me a couple of other areas I could hunt, so we spent a few hours driving around and working out the next plan of attack. Russ is definitely a wealth of knowledge when it

comes to hunting sambar so I was asking a lot of questions and gathering as much information as possible to help improve my chances. I explained to him what I'd been doing so far and that I thought stalking through the middle of the day was a bit of a waste of time as I'd hardly seen anything—plus the fact that I thought spot and stalking a sambar would be almost impossible with a bow.

His reply was, "At least you're out there giving it a go. You're not going to get a deer sitting back at camp." This gave me some glimmer of hope that if I kept at it maybe I would run into something and get a chance at it.

The next morning I went to one of the new spots Russ had shown me. The plan was to park just through the gate and walk up a gully to the ridge-line where I'd hopefully ambush a deer as they moved up from the lower paddocks they sometimes browse in. The plan worked well to a point. There were several deer in that area, it's just that they were already on the move back into the bush as I was walking up onto the ridge. The full moon had screwed me again. I got honked by three different sambar and barked at by one fallow while making my way in the dark up to the ridgeline. The deer were certainly there, but even though

the moon was full and beaming light down, I couldn't see a bloody thing. The honks echoed through the hills and I knew that the morning's hunt was all over before it had begun. I still pushed on and got to the ridgeline where I sat by a tree until daylight. A couple of fallow does made their way up along the ridge and I watched them for several minutes before making my way back down to the car and back to camp to try and work out my next plan of attack.

There was a well used wallow that Russ had shown me that had a good stag frequenting it and he'd suggested that if the wind was right it would be worth sitting off it one afternoon. So that was the afternoon's plan. I left camp a bit after lunch and was going to sit all afternoon until dark on the wallow and see what happened. I hiked up into the valley where the wallow was located, hoping that the wind would be in my favour as there was quite a steady breeze blowing. Unfortunately the breeze was in the wrong direction, which meant that there was no point sitting over the wallow, plus there was a bloody big red-bellied black snake was basking in the sun in the spot that I had planned to sit. I stood there for

Dan Smith

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*Some good sign.*

a while contemplating what to do or where to hunt for the afternoon and had to make a decision because I was running out of time. I decided to go back to the original block and try my luck in one of the hides where the deer come out of thick bushland into grazing areas.

I was walking a little faster than normal as I wanted to get to the hide and into position to give everything a chance to settle down and still give me a few hours before dark. The gully system ran off to the right of the ridge that I was walking along, with the hide located towards the bottom of the

gully. I'd got to the top of the gully and had slowly started to make my way down when out the corner of my eye I noticed something looking in my direction. There had been a heap of kangaroos down there but this looked different. I slowly raised my binoculars and could make out a young sambar staring right at me. It was about 100m away and half covered by bushes, and I was just below the ridgeline in semi-open country. It stared in my direction for a while then all of a sudden decided to bed down. I couldn't believe it. This was the chance I'd been waiting for. The thought of getting a chance to try to stalk in had my heart already beating out of my chest.

I dumped all my gear and just took the essentials—bow, binoculars and rangefinder. Even though it was semi-open on the side I was coming down, there was a large tree that I could use to position myself so the deer wouldn't see me. This would only get me to about 60m away but it was better than the 100m where I now stood. It felt like the slowest stalk of my life as I crawled and slid down inch by inch. I had to keep telling myself, "Slow down and take your time," and "The deer isn't going anywhere." It took me about an hour but I finally made it to the base of the tree and could just make out the outline of the deer's head through the bushes. I still had a couple of hours of light left so there was no rush and I hoped that the deer would get up to feed or move in that time. The kangaroos were still around—most were bedded with a few still feeding around. One particular roo decided it was time to move and hopped up over towards the deer. I already had my arrow ready to go, tipped with a 100gr Widowmaker three-blade solid, and thought that if the deer spooked or moved I'd be ready for a shot. Well, Murphy's Law came into play, and as the roo hopped around a tree and into the bushes it literally jumped onto the

deer, which in turn spooked and took off too fast for me to do anything. It stopped about 60m away, staring back at the roo and obviously wondering what the hell was going on. At that distance it didn't offer me a shot, and my heart sank to think that I would have to just watch it walk off over the ridge and not see it again. When it started walking back down to the area it had been bedded in, I couldn't believe it. By this stage, all I could hear was my heart pounding in my chest. It seemed that loud that I'd scare the deer away. As the deer got closer and closer the adrenaline got more and more and I was shaking like a leaf. Luckily for me, it decided to walk back to its bedding area on my side of the tree and as it appeared from behind the bushes I was already at full draw. I think it may have seen me because it stopped and looked, but it was too late, the arrow was already on its way.

The deer took off up over the ridge and then there was nothing but silence. I was still on my knees coming to terms with what had just happened. I had just shot a sambar—my first sambar, for that matter. I gave it a few minutes then ran back up to where the rest of my gear was. I grabbed my radio to tell my wife the news. She was as excited as me. I told her that I'd just shot it but hadn't found it yet, so would keep her posted. I gathered up all my gear and went down to where I'd made the shot. The arrow had been a complete pass-through and it was embedded a couple of inches into the tree that the deer had been walking around. I could see bright blood all over the arrow. It had been a good shot.

I didn't think the deer would go far, so I went to where I'd last seen it to start tracking. To my surprise there was nothing: no blood, no sign of anything. I was certain the deer hadn't gone far. Over the other side of the ridge was an open gully with pockets of bush but very open and





*Scott with his sambar.*

easy to walk, although steep. I spent the next hour or so scouring the hillside and gully in search of blood—or even better, my deer—but to no avail. It just didn't make any sense to me how it had disappeared. I began to get a sick feeling in my stomach thinking I'd only wounded it somehow or had lost it. Maybe the shot wasn't as good as I'd thought. With not much light left, I went back to the beginning and retraced my steps, covering every possible direction the deer could have taken. I got back up to where I'd last seen it and decided to look in a different direction, one that didn't make any sense, but paid off. Only 100m from where I'd shot it was my deer, lying in the open. I was over the moon to have finally found it, and to have taken my first ever sambar deer. I patted myself on the back for a job well done and

couldn't wipe the smile from my face. It was only a very young sambar but it still meant the same to me as if it had been a 30in stag. It would give us meat for the freezer and I'd had an amazing hunting adventure.

I radioed Michelle and told her I'd found the deer and that we'd be able to get the car in close to where it was. I raced back to the car to drive back to camp and pick her up so she could experience a small part of the hunt with me. We took our photos and loaded the deer into the back of the car to take back to camp, where we hung it overnight. The next morning Russ drove past and saw the deer. I joked to him, "I've probably shot the smallest sambar ever!" to which he replied, "Any sambar with a bow is a good sambar." And he was right, any animal we take as bowhunters is a

great accomplishment, whether the animal is big, small or otherwise, and this one I will remember forever.

For anyone interested in checking out the video of this hunt you can watch it on YouTube. Just search Urban2Outland and you'll find the video there: My First Sambar.

I'd like to give a big thanks to Russell and Steph at Timberline Self-Guided Bowhunts. They have a great set-up at camp and are in prime sambar country. So if anyone is after a good sambar bowhunting-only property, give them a look.

### Gear used

- 70lb PSE Decree HD
- Gold Tip Big Game 100 arrows
- Widowmaker three-blade solid broadhead



# Is he an Aussie?



# Yes, he is!

by TREVOR ALDRED, owner of Aussie Targets

One of the great frustrations to us is the idea that as Australians we can't produce or develop anything to equal or better the rest of the world. I have been in archery clubs of some sort or other for most of my life and have seen, as we all have, the great effort it takes to raise money to purchase 3D targets. To have to start over again because the targets only lasted a year just didn't seem right. To make things

worse, the one long-lived target we had at our club (the target was about 18 years old) had been made in Australia by a long-gone company.

So with a bit of effort (okay, a lot of effort), time and money my wife Yvonne and I started making a few small rabbit targets to try to help out our local club that had been so good to our family over the years.

From that small beginning, we

now produce a large range of diverse targets for all archery styles with the same principles we started with, and with what we are all going through with COVID-19 it seems more relevant today than ever to have targets that are 100 per cent Australian made. They were designed with archery club input after requests to let those who shoot have input about what they would shoot. All materials and any outside



*What the devil? Yes, it's Australian made.*



*These bad boys are the biggest boars around.*



expertise we have needed, we have found in Australia. When clubs buy targets from Aussie Targets, they are getting a top product in all respects and are also investing in their sport in their own country because all moulds are produced here to stay here in Australia for the production of future targets.

Our ethos is that we always try to give back to this great sport that has given so much to us.

The business was first conceptualised nearly 20 years ago. It is based on the New South Wales side of the lovely border towns of Albury/Wodonga. Our shed has been converted into a manufacturing site and our kitchen table serves as a packaging table. Over the years, we have developed fantastic relationships with local businesses and have negotiated local cost-effective shipping options that enable us to distribute our targets throughout the country at a competitive rate. We pride ourselves on being an Australian business and particularly in these difficult COVID times we feel it is so important to support our own country's businesses. We source our materials from Australian producers.

With decades of archery experience under our belt and with state, national and five world titles in the family, archery has certainly been a

big part of our lives. I have been an avid shooter all of my life, joining the ABA and shooting all around Australia. From that time on, our family has been active in archery clubs. Our children all grew up enjoying the fun of shooting at their home clubs Twin City Bowmen and Wagga Wagga Field Archers. From as young as six, they have travelled throughout the world representing Australia. Our children Ethan Aldred and Zachary Aldred have both won world championships and Ethan continues to hold the Asian Pacific Championships record he broke back in the 1990s. I have represented Australia on many occasions and was fortunate to be a member of the Australian winning team in Argentina.

I have applied my archery knowledge and shooting experience to create 3D archery targets that are high quality, cost effective and durable. My understanding of what makes a challenging target, how to make what seems an easy target really tricky and what shooters love to shoot, has given me the templates to produce 3D targets that are used throughout the country in competitions of all levels.

I'd like to think this has created a lasting legacy for Australian archery. Aussies can be proud to have produced such high quality targets.



*Trevor is a keen archer, shown here winning his division in the 2019 WIAC.*

We spent the first two years in development consulting with industrial chemists around the country. Ethan (a research scientist) helped us to understand the composition of the chemicals, how chemicals react and why they do what they do. His knowledge helped me understand how to manipulate the chemicals to achieve the outcomes we were looking for. After thousands of failed attempts, we finally developed a unique formula that we can adjust to suit our particular

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needs on the day to ensure we create a long lasting 3D target that will live up to our aim of giving the best value in the world. I am also able to work with clubs and individuals to adjust the density of the targets to suit individual needs. Now that's something you don't get just anywhere!

We searched far and wide to collaborate with professionals in the field to create targets that were not only challenging to shoot but also looked realistic and unique. For every target we produce, we consult closely with many of Australia's leaders in the Australian archery associations to ensure we not only meet all of the stringent standards needed, but also create a target that is in line with the needs of the Australian shooters. We

are very proud when we see many of our targets appear in Australian competitions or we get sent a photo of a small child holding up one of our targets with a couple of arrows in it and a giant smile on their face.

As we have developed the materials to make the targets, we can also personalise the target to suit individual needs. At times we customise the target to suit shooters with lower poundage bows. As active club members, we are often asked to make a specific competition target. I will work closely with the archery representative to ensure we create the target to meet their needs. Yvonne paints each individual target by hand, so every target is that little bit unique and tells its own story.

We love to help clubs grow their stock of 3D targets. We offer club prices and we will often try to deliver the targets direct to reduce the club's expenses—and doing so gives us a chance to catch up with everyone. We are always greeted with stories of how long our targets have lasted. For example, although we have been selling our big boar to clubs for many years now, to date we have never had one that needed replacing because it had been shot out. Our targets are incredibly versatile, realistic and suitable for any style of shooter, and the high-density foam and self-healing properties allow for years of satisfaction for any shooter ranging from the novice to the most avid archer. If you have any queries, please contact us.

# ROY ROSE

## *Meanderings*



## Upgrade your recurve form

The primary concern for the aspiring recurve shooter is fluent passage past the clicker. Elite Olympic-level recurvers function on a brief, smooth, three-seconds-or-less motion through the clicker, and this aspect of their form is the critical ingredient in attaining maximum accuracy.

The set-up which facilitates the fluency is critically important, and the salient step which eludes the average club archer is reaching a true full draw.

Walk down any club shooting line and inevitably you'll find that most recurve archers are well and truly under-drawn. This means that their efforts past the clicker will be laboured and frustrating.

An archer may think they are at full draw when they come to anchor with their hand against their neck, however this is not a true full draw nor a position from which they have proper alignment to begin motion past the

clicker. Proper alignment is when the elbow is back at a 180-degree line to the target and the archer can feel the potential of the bow through their bone structure and shoulders. Reaching this in-line position provides a strong, inside-out-braced feeling from which you can finish your shot with a confident release.

Champion archers move from what most average club shooters perceive as anchor to a true full draw, which



There is nothing more important in the quest for accuracy with a recurve than body alignment. A bone-to-bone set-up from the bow arm through the shoulder girdle to the drawing elbow at full draw is absolutely imperative. Any failure to set up at this 180 degrees immediately robs the archer of potential quality scoring. From a three-finger release, it is obvious that string oscillation will occur. This can only be minimised by functioning in a straight line.

There is not universal agreement on how the necessary motion of the arrow past the clicker to facilitate the release should be done. Should it be a pushing action, a pulling action or a combination of the two?

Generally across the decades pulling was the more favoured option, with certainly a solid bow arm but with the predominant motion emanating from a pulling motion of the scapula. However, the clear advantage of a dominant pushing style is that the rear half of the shot at anchor is extremely stable and with little or no motion of the string on the jaw and face, there is certainly less chance of altering the positioning of the arrow in any way prior to despatch. Also by pushing the dot into the centre of the gold, utilisers of this method claim a more decisive aim.

In recent years the world's leading coaches have moved their opinions more in favour of a combination of the two, providing a balanced shot, with perhaps a leaning towards the push.

provides perfect alignment and an optimum placement from which to make a fluent shot. This true full-draw, in-line positioning, has multiple pluses which guarantee maximum accuracy potential. Minimum string oscillation on release and an aggressive release hand line along the neck, as well as the clicker passage, are the ultimate byproducts of this true full-draw set-up.

You will note that I haven't mentioned the term 'back tension'. It is not a description which has retained its popularity in recent years, because it is easily misunderstood. To create a quality release, it is critical to have expansion movement through the shot. This is probably best defined as scapula motion. Tension is not what we want.

With true full-draw alignment and movement through the shot attained by scapula motion harnessing the strong muscles of your back, you are in a powerful position to make a fluent, short-duration shot.

Your body's comprehension of movement is a natural plus as opposed to the feeling of tension.

If your alignment is not in the true full-draw placement, then your elbow will be at an angle less than 180 degrees. From there, you will be shooting with arm muscle, with tense fingers, at a poor angle for the movement past the clicker and on release,

with a negative degree of string oscillation. Clearly, your chances of repetitive functioning are greatly inhibited from this perceived anchoring.

The days of lengthy passage past the clicker are now history. The elite draw to an aligned anchor, incorporate on-going scapula motion of the elbow back behind the head and use a quick fluent motion past the clicker.

With this form, they can shoot high poundage, minimise fatigue and maximise their chance of duplicative scoring. This also sits well with the 20-second-per-shot ruling in head-to-head confrontation, as the opportunity to let down is not available and a crisp, efficient movement past the clicker is imperative. On the rare occasion a top echelon recurver has a form problem and that brief, fluent passage doesn't happen, the inevitable result of that hangfire situation is a negative result at the target.

So, if you are an aspiring recurver, check closely whether or not you are actually reaching a true full-draw position. Check in the mirror, have a teammate stand behind you as you draw and anchor. If possible, film your form. If you set yourself up with a true full draw, creating movement with scapula motion from a 180-degree alignment, you will find passage past the clicker becomes so much more fluent, quick and repetitive.

## JUNIORS

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## JUNIOR WINNER



Jett Harch.



# Outside In the zone

## A rational mind

Lately I have been thinking—or perhaps it is merely an idle dream—that I will no longer devote most of my waking hours trying to devise a way to get my hands on yet another bow.

I have come to realise that collecting is a form of disease that if not diagnosed early enough, could lead to disastrous results down the track. Kind of like the alcoholic who thinks he can just have one and all will be fine, so too will the bow collector kid himself into saying, “Okay, I have got it all figured out. I will just get this one last Bear takedown with a spare set of limbs for IFAA and that will do me. I will finally be finished.”

The trouble is, one Bear takedown will lead to a Montana and the Montana leads to a Magnum which then leads to a Kodiak. Pretty soon his family is impoverished. His children have to make do with a wobbly wheel on their one and only bicycle and his wife has not seen a jar of night cream in over 12 months. When he receives the third and final warning regarding imminent power disconnection, he really should think enough is enough but instead he still ponders over those 30lb limbs just for indoor use. Pretty soon the evenings are spent in total darkness or at best illuminated

by a single candle, and yet he still dreams of unseen riches like a Bob Lee, Predator or Black Widow.

Sound familiar? Of course you want to know how I, a notoriously weak person when it comes to self indulgence, have managed to put the brakes onto this runaway rollercoaster. For starters let me say this: it wasn't easy. First off, I tried the basic cure—selling a bow in order to ease the anguish of having to buy another one this month. After a sale I immediately rationalised that I had the money, an empty space in my bow rack and that I was entitled,

if not forced, to replace the bow I had just sold. I thought that in time I would be satiated—that I would no longer have the need to shop, bargain and find excuses to acquire something that virtually duplicated something I already had. It didn't work. Sure, I got a new bow but pretty soon I started to miss the one I had just sold and fleeting thoughts of buying back sold items started to cloud my vision. It eventually became evident that the electricity man coming to shut off the power was just a day or two away if I continued on this path.

by Nils Spruitt





Next, I went the way a lot of people do when they quit smoking. I decided to wean myself, so to speak. You know, so many cigarettes this week, a few less in the next and so forth until eventually you go a week with no smokes at all. Rather than monthly, I would only look for a new bow at the start of a new season. It makes sense and to a rational mind that is only four new bows a year (think spring, summer, autumn and winter). The trouble is that to a diseased mind there is also deer season, fox season, and the best season to hunt rabbits. Of course some overlapping occurs and you have to toss in a goat and a pig season somewhere in the mix. On the range you can divide your field time into seasons. The start of local competition is always seasonal, as are the district shoots, state and national titles. Then you have the specialised traditional shoots until finally your club has its one and only Christmas shoot during the festive season.

And as if to offer a drowning man a quick shove under in deep water, my local club installed its own version of a special end-of-season traditional shoot for which I had no special bow for ... not yet, at least.

One day my wife just happened to mention that my study (where I store all my beloved bows), was beginning to sag the foundations. I also bought a second-hand van so I could make sure I had room to carry enough bows to cover what event might occur at any given shoot. I was starting to be concerned how I could produce ice cubes with no power and Chloe started to sulk because her once daily trip to the beach for a romp in the sand had to be replaced by a simple walk around the block due entirely to petrol rationing. The deep enjoyment I once felt in poring over bows for sale on my laptop just

prior to sleep began to wane under the constant harassment.

I was beginning to weaken (or as my wife said, come to my senses), when I began to force her to come along on my regular visits to bow shops. That was a bad decision on my part. The constant slapping sound of a loose sole on one of her sandals in the background and her complete lack of make-up and threadbare clothing started to act as a strong deterrent to a new Great Plains Rio Bravo or a near-mint-condition Bob Lee Hardcore. Pretty soon I found that I frequently left the shop having purchased nothing other than a chunk of beeswax and a packet of plastic nocks.

I was forced to show up at the archery club with only two ABA bows and one for IFAA. Lurking at the back of my mind was the dreaded fear of being scorned by my fellow shooters. Then I started to notice that my averages were getting a tad better. I never really used to care all that much as I was, after all, trying a new bow, but now I started to take an interest in what scores I was shooting after each round.

I also began to realise that a lot of shooters who I genuinely liked couldn't tell a Tomahawk Legacy from a Samick Sage at a distance of 30m and some even quite a bit less. Many didn't recognise the subtleties of a Flatline ... and the masterful workmanship of a Gecko over an Edge were quite beyond them. What's more, they didn't even care! Finally, I started to see a dim light at the end of the tunnel.

My long periods of absence from bow shops caused a few owners to send me 'Get Well' cards and my wife even received a 'Deepest Sympathy' email which was disturbing, but I was on a mission. I felt a welcome sense of relief when I finally paid the electricity bill on time

for once ... and the sight of my wife wearing a new outfit and make-up whenever she left the house gave me a sense of newly discovered pride. I finally knew I was returning to normal when I found I could sit down and watch the television without a polishing rag and a can of limb cleaner by my side.

This year, I resisted the age-old impulse to celebrate our wedding anniversary by purchasing a new small game bow for my wife and I stopped referring to her as 35lb-draw-at-28-inches when I went shopping for a new coat for her and the sales woman asked me her size.

All this aside, that sense of eventual freedom when you realise once and for all that you have broken the shackles didn't really strike home until last autumn when I found myself going through Wyoming NSW with a little time to spare. I did not immediately deviate my path and call in to have a yarn with Nick Lintern at Norseman. I drove past, yes, but I did not go in. My wife later reminded me that it was a Sunday and his workshop was closed, but I knew that in my heart I had found a new strength of character. I arrived home later that night with little to no regret.

It would be foolish to say I will never buy another bow, or sell one or trade just a trifle. This country's easiest mark is no longer the pushover he used to be and traditional bowyers worldwide had better get used to it. That said, however, if you know where I could get my hands on an old Pearson Colt with a walnut riser and black limbs around 45lb, at the right price of course, then you know where you can reach me. Just don't call me at home if you can manage it and if you do and a lady answers the phone, immediately hang up. Until next time.





## Minutes of the 2020 Annual General Meeting

of the National Management Committee of the  
**Australian Bowhunters Association Inc™**

Held online on October 11, 2020



### ITEM 1/20: RECORD OF ATTENDANCES

All attendees announced themselves and their eligibility to vote. (Details are on record in the expanded notes.)

### ITEM 2/20: MEETING ADMINISTRATION

### ITEM 3/20: CONFIRMATION OF CREDENTIALS

Total members present (counting late join-up) was 34 (not counting the minutes secretary) and number present at meeting eligible to vote was 32 plus two postal votes.

### ITEM 4/20: OFFICIAL OPENING BY PRESIDENT

The meeting was opened at 8.40am (Qld time) by President Tony Hartcher, who welcomed all and thanked attendees for their willingness to use the new online format for the meeting. Voting would be done by electronic means as previously arranged. The online format meant that Office Manager Kerry Chandler would be in a better position to take over most of the chairmanship duties. She would also handle the presentation of slideshow information for some of the reports.

### ITEM 5/20: TABLING OF ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL REPORT

The annual report had previously been emailed to delegates and was considered to have been tabled.

### ITEM 6/20: TABLING OF OTHER DOCUMENTS AND PAPERS AS NECESSARY

The 2019 minutes and agenda paperwork, auditor's report (plus available Branch reports) had been emailed to delegates and were considered to have been tabled.

### ITEM 7/20: CONFIRMATION OF MINUTES OF 2019 AGM

MOTION: That the minutes be accepted as a true and correct record of the 2019 AGM.

M Bruce Kelleher S Greg Anderson Carried

### Business arising from the Minutes:

Peter Stubbs queried the proposed update to bowhunting education and policies. Senior Vice-President Ralph Boden said a big overhaul by the NSW DPI was under way in NSW which would likely be used by other government bodies (and which would be a worldwide

accreditation when completed) and it was best to wait until that process was finalised before making changes within ABA. President Tony Hartcher said Eric Creighton was still prepared to do the rewriting once the new information was available from the DPI.

### ITEM 8/20: REPORTS

National President Tony Hartcher, Vice-President Bowhunting Division (appointed) Allan Driver, Vice-President Field Archery Bruce Kelleher and TBA Committee Chairman Ralph Boden read their reports.

### ITEM 9/20: BRANCH CONTROLLER REPORTS

Branch A report was read by Ken Henderson, Branch B report was read by Wayne Salmon, Branch C report was read by Andrew Little, Branch D report was read by Kathy Erskine on behalf of the Controller, Branch E report was read by Ann Stubbs on behalf of Peter Stubbs, Branch F report was read by Rod Moad, Branch G report was read by Mark Burrows, Branch H report was read by Steve Old, Branch I report was read by Brett Raymond, and for Branch J Ken Neill gave a verbal report.

### ITEM 10/20: NATIONAL TREASURER'S REPORT

Amanda Skinner presented her report which was printed in full, along with the profit and loss statement, in the Annual Report.

MOTION: That the National Treasurer's report be approved.

M Amanda Skinner S Brian Taylor Carried

### ITEM 11/20: AUDITOR'S REPORT

The Auditor's Report had already been circulated by email.

### Appointment of Auditor

MOTION: That the auditors, Certus Group, be appointed for the next financial year.

M Amanda Skinner S Gary Sinclair Carried

### ITEM 12/20: ANNUAL BUDGET 2020-2021

MOTION: That the annual budget be adopted.

M Amanda Skinner S Brenton McFadzen Carried

### ITEM 13/20: AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION ACCEPTED 2019 FOR TABLING AT 2020 AGM



Nil.

#### **ITEM 14/20 AMENDMENTS TO CONSTITUTION**

Nil.

#### **ITEM 15/20: ELECTION OF NATIONAL EXECUTIVE OFFICERS**

An election was held for two positions that had been filled by appointment but not election last year.

Senior Vice-President: One nomination only: Ralph Boden. After online voting was carried out, Ralph Boden was elected Senior VP.

Vice-President Bowhunting: One nomination only: Allan Driver. After online voting was carried out, Allan Driver was elected VP Bowhunting.

#### **ITEM 16/20: TABLING OF BRANCH SHOOT CALENDARS 2021**

MOTION: That the Branch Shoot Calendars be accepted.

M Bruce Kelleher S Wayne Salmon Carried

#### **ITEM 17/20: No Item 17**

#### **ITEM 18/20: TABLING OF BRANCH BUDGETS 2020-21**

MOTION: That the Branch budgets be accepted.

M Amanda Skinner S Greg Anderson Carried

#### **ITEM 19/20: TABLING OF NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT PLAN 2021-2023**

Every Branch had a copy of the 2019-2025 Strategic Plan which was presented at last year's AGM and which was created with the assistance of the CPR Group. This plan was considered tabled for the 2021-2023 period.

#### **ITEM 20/20: TABLING OF BRANCH DEVELOPMENT PLANS 2020-2021**

Branches B, C and I are still to submit their development plans for adoption at the next Executive meeting.

Other Branch Development Plans had previously been emailed.

MOTION: That the received Branch Development Plans be accepted.

M Brian Taylor S Kathy Erskine Carried

#### **ITEM 21/20: GENERAL BUSINESS FROM AGENDA**

##### **21/20.1: Nominations for Life Membership**

No nominations were received.

##### **21/20.2: Nominations for Meritorious Service Award**

No nominations were received.

##### **21/20.3: Syd Green Memorial Award**

A nomination was received for Tony Firmin. The meeting voted online to grant Tony the award.

##### **21/20.4: Allocation of National Competitions**

- The 2021 National Safari will be held at ABA Park

(Mudgee NSW) over the Easter long weekend.

- The 2021 IFAA National Field Championships at Wide Bay Field Archers in Queensland to be held from July 5 to 9.

#### **21/20.5: Manly Warringah Field Archers proposed club affiliation with ABA**

MOTION: That the Manly Warringah Field Archers request for affiliation with ABA be accepted.

M Bruce Kelleher S Ralph Boden Carried

#### **22/20: GENERAL DISCUSSION TOPICS**

##### **22/20.1: Member retention**

Amanda reported that the planned Come and Try Day, originally scheduled for a specific week in September this year, had to be cancelled due to COVID-19 restrictions. It is now planned for September next year, pending the lifting of restrictions.

Membership due to COVID-19: She said most members had understood that refunds could not be given. The association had, however, extended memberships for a full three months which members had clearly taken up as there had been delays in membership fees being paid. She said it should be noted that the only thing the Association had not been able to provide to members this year was the National Safari. Insurance and all other set costs still had to be paid.

##### **22/20.2: ABA restructure**

Tony Hartcher reported that reasonable progress had been made with the proposed restructuring of the body. The National Executive plus some Branch executives and the outside group, CPR, had been involved in the planning. He said the draft constitution was nearly completed and would be presented at a webinar. Branches and clubs interested in looking at the proposal should let the National Executive know of their interest. There was a possibility that a general meeting could be called if the proposal was finalised significantly before next year's AGM.

Amanda said the change meant that the ABA would become a company limited by guarantee, reporting to ASIC. She said the national Constitution in its present form was too restrictive (for example, items needing to be tabled for a year from one AGM to the next), required a public officer in the Northern Territory and there were sometimes legal issues that were costly to manage because of a lack of clarity in the document.

##### **22/20.3: Change Archery Action from printed media to digital media by the end of the 2020 calendar year.**

National Treasurer Amanda Skinner made a presentation on behalf of the National Executive, speaking to the motion that had been passed by the National Executive "That the Archery Action magazine, from 1 January 2021,



transition to digital release for five issues and one printed 'yearbook' for November-December 2021. If the change is viable, we will continue the yearbook for another 12 months with a review of the membership fee from 1 June 2022."

The presentation showed that the magazine was continuing to make a loss due to a reduction in advertising income, rising Australia Post costs and falling newsagency sales. She outlined how the finances would be impacted by different options. The three major options presented were: (1) The magazine in its current state with six printed issues a year, (2) the magazine as a totally digital publication (the cheapest option) and (3) a hybrid approach that would offer five magazines in digital format and one printed magazine at the end of 2021 (a yearbook-style presentation showcasing the year). The decision to go with the five digital and one printed magazine option for the year 2021 would still result in a loss.

The digital publications would be HTML5 format (presented in a flipbook style) and be able to embed/carry links for videos and advertiser websites etc so would offer opportunities for including more up-to-date technology. It would be totally unworkable and not economically viable to give members a choice about accessing printed or digital versions. The digital version would be accessed within the members' portal and members would receive an email (with a link to the portal) to tell them when the next magazine was available to read. This would mean that members who did not have an email presence would have to get access to their magazine a different way. It was suggested a club could organise a printout.

Branches were asked to pass on this information to clubs so members were informed what was happening.

## **ITEM 23/20: ITEMS AND RECOMMENDATIONS FROM TECHNICAL COMMITTEES**

### **23/20.1: Bowhunting Division Advisory Committee**

VP Bowhunting Allan Driver said there were no agenda items.

### **23/20.2: Field Division**

Bruce reported that there hadn't been a meeting but that he would get the Field Reps and Score Recorders together to work on the handbook later in the year.

## **24/20 CONDOLENCE MOTION**

The meeting acknowledged and remembered fellow archers who had passed away during the past 12 months.

## **OTHER BUSINESS**

- Lindsay Harris asked about the status of the new scoring programme. Brian Taylor advised it was still a work in progress due in part to the lack of shoots to test the programme (but also time limitations on the part of the tech person working on the project). He was hopeful it would be finalised by the end of the year.

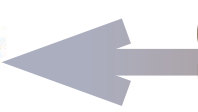
- Troy Morris asked for feedback on the Archery Alliance of Australia and the issue of insurance. Tony said the Alliance had nothing formal moving ahead.

- Acknowledgements: Kerry Chandler thanked Alan Avent for preparing and running the online voting component of the meeting. Mark Burrows congratulated the National Executive on their work during COVID. Tony Hartcher thanked Kerry for her handling of extra tech preparations required for the online meeting. The meeting closed at 2.50pm (Qld time).

AUTHORISED FOR DISTRIBUTION  
Tony Hartcher, *National President*

*The full financial report can be found, along with a pdf copy of these minutes, at the official ABA website:  
[www.bowhunters.org.au](http://www.bowhunters.org.au)*





# SHOOT-CALENDAR

November-December

Date	Club	Branch	Shoot Style
<b>November</b>			
1st	Full Boar Archers	B	3D/IFAA
1st	Mackay District Bowmen	B	ABA
1st	Canberra Archery Club *	ACT	CAC Nov Presidents Shoot
2nd	SVAC *	Vic	Indoor Nov 2020
4th	Tuggeranong Archery Club *	ACT	Indoor QRE
7th - 8th	Mcleay Valley Archers *	E	Branch IFAA Titles
7th - 8th	Stawell Bowhunters *	H	ABA
8th	Charters Towers Bowhunters	B	ABA
8th	Mount Isa District Bowhunters	B	ABA
8th	Townsville District Bowhunters	B	ABA
8th	Macalister Trophy Bowhunters *	G	ABA
8th	SOPA *	NSW	SOPA QRE
11th	Tuggeranong Archery Club *	ACT	Indoor QRE
14th - 15th	Granite Belt Bowmen *	D	Club Challenge ABA
14th - 15th	Southern Yorke Peninsular Archers *	I	ABA
14th - 15th	Burnie Bowmen *	Tas	Luttrell/Clarke Memorial Shoot
15th	Collinsville Bowhunters	B	ABA
15th	Full Boar Archers	B	ABA
15th	Hinchinbrook Bowmen	B	ABA
15th	Mackay District Bowhunters	B	3D
15th	Archery SA *	SA	State Target
21st - 22nd	Wide Bay Archers *	C	ABA
21st - 22nd	Capital Field Archers *	F	Branch 3D Titles
22nd	Dead Centre Bowhunters *	A	ABA
22nd	Freds Pass Field Archers *	A	ABA
22nd	SOPA *	NSW	SOPA QRE
28th	SQAS *	Qld	SQAS Matchplay
28th - 29th	Paringa Archers *	Tas	Paringa Northern Championships
<b>December</b>			
2nd	Tuggeranong Archery Club *	ACT	Indoor QRE
5th - 6th	Namoi Valley Archers *	E	Shooter of the Year ABA/3D/IFAA
5th - 6th	Snowy Mountains Bowmen *	F	ABA
5th - 6th	Burnie Bowmen *	Tas	AST State Target Championships
6th	Collinsville Bowhunters	B	ABA
6th	Full Boar Archers	B	ABA
6th	Mount Isa District Bowhunters	B	ABA
6th	Bairnsdale Field Archers *	G	ABA
6th	Canberra Archery Club *	ACT	CAC Dec Presidents Shoot
7th	SVAC *	Vic	Indoor Dec 2020
9th	Tuggeranong Archery Club *	ACT	Indoor QRE
13th	Murray Mallee Field Archers *	I	ABA
13th	SOPA *	NSW	SOPA QRE
13th	Sunshine Coast Archery Club *	Qld	SCAC QRE
19th	Full Boar Archers	B	3D/IFAA
19th	Hinchinbrook Bowmen	B	ABA

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

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



# MEMBERSHIP FORM

Preferred method of receiving

Archery Action

☐ digitally online

☐ hard copy (mailed)

Post completed form to:

Office Manager ABA

PO Box 5124

Brendale Qld 4500

Phone (07) 3256 3976

Renewal ☐

New Member ☐

ABA Membership N°: .....

I, (full name) ..... (M-F) .....

Of (street # & name) ..... (town-city) ..... (p-code) .....

Postal address (PO Box #)..... (town-city) ..... (p-code) .....

Phone number ..... Date of birth ...../...../.....

Email address.....

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

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

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

If you do not agree, tick this box: ☐

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

If you do not agree, tick this box: ☐

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

Signature of Applicant .....

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

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

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

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

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

## RENEWALS and/or Advance Memberships for existing members

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

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

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

PENSIONER DISCOUNT: Deduct 10% from fees listed.

Quote Pension Benefit Card Number: .....

All fees include GST

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

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

08/2020



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



## ASSOCIATION USE ONLY

M'ship #s Allocated

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Receipt Number

.....

Computer Entered

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M'ship Forwarded

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**Chital Deer - Jan to May from \$3000 (5 days) includes a stag and unlimited does.**

**Buffalo - June to August (6 days) fully guided hunts, POA.**

**Wild Boar - Aug to Oct from \$4000 (10 days).**

All prices are a guide only as people require different options so please call for a quote.

Hunts are all inclusive except: Alcohol and Trophy Fees (Trophy Fees on application)

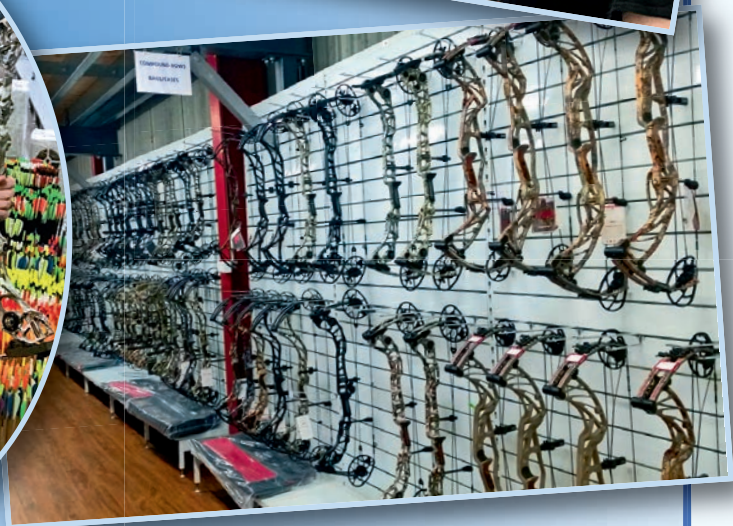
Indemnity Waiver to be signed at pickup.

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