





**REMEMBER  
10% DISCOUNT TO CLUB  
MEMBERS**

see link on website

*The nice thing about egotists is that they don't talk about other people. - Lucille S. Harper*

**THE OLD BOW** by Robert V Martin

In the back of the attic, piled up high, a dull gleam of hardwood caught my eye.  
It lay up there sleeping amongst the junk, with other relics by the old steamer trunk.  
To see it sparked visions of bygone glories, nearly forgotten, full of stories.  
It smells of string wax, of leather and wood, with memories of old friends and camps that were good.  
The polished old scars on the faithful old grip, speak of lashings and pack frames and those special trips  
The burnished brown leather of the strikeplate and rest, bear the tattooed colours of arrows bright crest  
The bright painted shafts of the season gone by, like wind blown leaves through my memories fly.  
On those cool peaceful glens slipped so silently through, stalwart friends were me and you.  
There's's a bend or two left in this old polished wood,  
I'll launch one in honour of times that were good

submitted by Rachel

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**DIARY DATES FOR OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER**

19 October

Frostbite 10.30 for 1100

29 October Halloween Shoot

by floodlight 1830 for 1900 start

22 November

Thanksgiving Shoot

American Round followed by an American Supper

1330 for 1400

**REMEMBER**

**The gate code has changed. Ask Rachel if you don't know it.**