



**Robin Rolfe's  
idling away  
the morning in  
pursuit of a late  
rut roebuck**



## Comfy chair

It was late August and already there was a hint of autumn in the air. I had risen early so I could field test a new seat on the market, as I thought it would be good for roe stalking and for general shooters who, like me, are past their first flush of youth and are fitted with new and often bionic body parts.

Anyway, the morning had dawned bright, too bright really, as a dropping barometer foretold of a spent hurricane petering out in the Atlantic. To all intents and purposes the rut was over and I really was not that optimistic about getting a buck, because at this time of year they tend to lie up post rut, although sometimes a 'false rut' in September or early October can excite them a bit. This would seem to correspond with a late flush of grass or perhaps is triggered by some does coming into season later than normal. With the quad loaded with all my equipment, including the all new Idleback chair, I set off to the bottom of the stubble field below the house. I had seen a buck around here from time to time, emerging from the deep bracken and whin bushes adorning the small cliffs that tumble into the Firth.

It is a deceiving place, for at a first glance you could be forgiven for thinking the stubbles ended in the sea. Not quite though, as the ground below is cliffs of varying severity until it becomes a pebbly beach with plenty of scope for lurking roe, especially given the small pool of fresh water fed by a trickle from the porous rock that had, in years gone by, been a watering hole for cattle.

I was here on a mission though. It did not take long to take stock and set up camp. I swiftly draped the camo net around the quad and settled into my new toy. "Try it out and let us know what you think," Darren, inventor of the Idleback chair, had said. And I had our editor's blessing to do just that, as he had been very impressed by the chair at its launch during the CLA Game Fair. The modern shooting man has an abundance of kit and, to make life easier, you've only got to peruse the multitude of adverts to verify this. Nevertheless, something really outstanding comes along once in a while and I was now sitting on the most recent, the Idleback chair.

Weighing in at 7.8kg and constructed of aluminium, the seat is easily portable. The matt green paint renders it virtually undetectable in a hedgerow or similar. The seat swivels 360° but, for me, the most innovative part is the gun cradle. This extendable arm will hold a rifle in the best position for a steady and sure shot. The rubber lining of the clamp gives a secure rest whatever your shooting style. Everything is also adjustable to suit your requirements and location. It is so well-engineered it definitely gives total confidence in the rested shot.

In my particular case, I initially found it a job to get my leg over the seat's rear back rest. Looking a bit closer, though, I found a spring-loaded pin that, on pulling, released the seat back, obviating the problem. Now I'm just a simple country boy, but even I could appreciate the thought that went into the design and the exceptional quality of this product.

So here I was, sitting comfortably and gently rotating on the comfortable padded seat. I was not full of optimism. But it was fine to be out and able to enjoy my surroundings as the world went about

its daily business without me. I mused on how fortunate I was that life dictated I should spend most of it in this beautiful country of ours.

Autumn was coming though, and the first stags in the distant glens to the west would be roaring soon, encouraged by the first frosts as the hill took on the sienna of its stalking colours. The rowan berry's brilliant red now awaited the hordes of Viking thrushes that would strip them bare before the onset of winter. If the old wives' tales are to be believed we should be in for a hard winter. Below me on the Firth, a hundred Canadian geese stirred as they contemplated the nearby stubbles for breakfast. They would be heading south soon as they only really come here to moult.

Seven o'clock came and went. Not even my Swarovski 10x40 binos could spirit a buck from the smothering, summer-spent bracken. I could almost smell the eggs frying at my home at the field head. I questioned whether I should pack up, but decided to give it a bit longer. I agree with the doyen of roe stalkers, Richard Prior, who once vouchsafed that around eight o'clock can be a good time for a late buck to stir. Fortunately he wasn't far wrong this morning. Despite there being virtually no wind a bracken frond was in motion some 80 yards away. The binos revealed nothing in the fading green jungle. Nevertheless there was movement there. It could only be a roe, as there are no sheep or other livestock in residence.

Then suddenly there he was; a mature buck in full summer pelage had just materialised on the stubble not 100 yards away. The binos revealed him to be well shootable as he was now 'going back.' I could clearly see the dark rough coronets merging low on his forehead. He had a thick neck and his antlers, though they had short points, suggested he had been a good specimen in his prime. Smoothly I slid a round into the chamber of my faithful old .243 BSA CF2, after I had settled it comfortably into the cradle on my new seat. I knew I could rely on her; the BSA and I have spent well over 30 years hunting together, and she can still put a bullet where it should go. My Meopta scope showed the target crisp and clear through the lenses. The buck never heard the crack that desecrated the morning stillness and let my wife know that she had better get the eggs and bacon.

As I galloped him a rising wind driving white horses up the Firth confirmed the weatherman's prediction of the departing hurricane Bill. Roe don't like the wind so I count myself lucky in finishing my season with this welcome late one.

All I had to do now was load up the quad, enjoy a quick breakfast, then head down to the larder and cooler on Brahan Estate where I had

permission to hang the beast to cool. The Idleback chair passed its review without fault and it undoubtedly has many uses, not least for a battling old warrior. It would be a welcome addition in any goose or pigeon hide but really comes into its own as a rifle rest. Indeed it may well prove to be the must-have on many a rifle

range, as it is easily adjustable to anyone's spec or fitness and being so lightweight is not too difficult to get out into the field. I thoroughly recommend it. ■

For more on the Idleback chair ring 07764 584825 or visit [www.idleback.co.uk](http://www.idleback.co.uk). For roe stalking on Brahan Estate ring 01349 865505.



**Movement in the bracken: it could only be a roebuck**

**Very shootable: the trophy buck**

