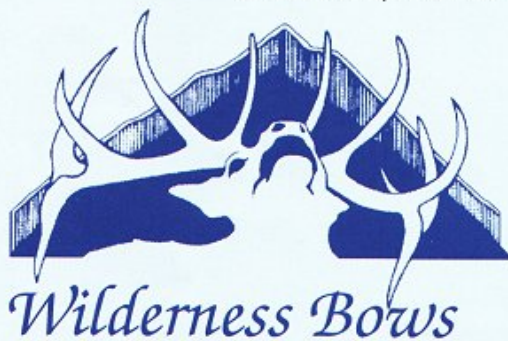


Win A Custom **WILDERNESS LONGBOW!**

And help spread the word about Instinctive Archer® Magazine.
Enter our Second Annual Win-A-Bow Contest by sending in **TWO NEW
SUBSCRIPTIONS**, and we'll put your name in a drawing for a
beautiful, one-of-a-kind **Wilderness Longbow**



Contest Rules:

1. Gather two new subscriptions to Instinctive Archer® Magazine from your friends, relatives, club members, etc. (Subscriptions must be first-time subscriptions, not renewals.)
2. Mail both subscriptions (including names, mailing addresses, personal checks, and/or VISA/MasterCard numbers) to us in one envelope, accompanied by a card with your name, address, and phone number. Contest deadline is June 10, 1998.
3. **ENTER AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE!**

**Drawing will be held at the
1998 North American
Longbow Safari
in McCall, Idaho.**



—Subscriptions Make Great Gifts!—

INSTINCTIVE ARCHER®

Spring, 1998

TABLE OF CONTENTS



The Lethal Stone, Page 50



Quebec Labrador Caribou the Hard Way, Page 70



200 Pound Warbow, Page 22

8	Golf Courses, Goose Suits, and a Man Named Charlie Mack	By Bob Butz
11	The Making of Robin Hood's Quiver	By Curtis Hermann
19	The Bridgework Bull	By Warren D. Jorgensen
22	Chief AJ's 200 Pound English Warbow	By Jim Dickson
26	World Field Longbow Champion Larry Yien	By Victor Smith
30	Circle of Fortune	By Doug Chase
34	Smithwick and Citation Bows	By Gary Altstaetter
38	The Archery Tradition of China	By Stephen Selby
42	Recollections	By Jack Jeffers
50	The Lethal Stone	By Flemming Alrune
56	Woodlots and Whistlepigs	By George D. Stout
58	Dreamer	By Philip Foss
60	Scrape Lines on the Prairie	By Don Clower
62	Chief Weak Heart	By Jerry Stout
64	Why I have Five Bows with Names	By Forrest Reber
67	Heavy Practice Points	By Kent Williams
70	Quebec Labrador Caribou the Hard Way	By Joe Cronin
75	Archery and the Anglo-Saxons	By Hugh Soar
79	Heroes	By Mark Siedschlag

REGULAR FEATURES

4	From the Old Oak Desk of the Editor	By Rik Hinton
5	Letters to the Editor	
6	Traditional Event Schedule	
49	BOOK REVIEW: The Medieval Archer	By Hugh Soar
72	THE COMPETITIVE EDGE: Points of View and Observations	By Gary Sentman
55	Product Spotlight	
81	Classified Ads	
82	Side Trails	Bob Martin

REMEMBER: We offer all traditional archery organizations 100 FREE words to advertise their events, benefits, fund-raisers, etc, in each issue of *Instinctive Archer®* Magazine.

INSTINCTIVE ARCHER® MAGAZINE

Editor
Rik Hinton

Assistant Editor/Chief Illustrator
Robert V. Martin

British Editor
Hugh D. Soar

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS:
P.O. Box 45299, Boise, ID 83711-5299
(208) 465-9893

U.S. SUBSCRIPTIONS:
One Year: \$12.00
Two Year: \$23.00

**CANADA / MEXICO
SUBSCRIPTIONS:**
One year: \$22.00 U.S.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS:
One year: \$30.00 U.S.

CONTRIBUTIONS:

WE WELCOME YOUR MANUSCRIPTS, POETRY, ARTWORK, PHOTOS, AND SUGGESTIONS, however, you must send them with a stamped, self-addressed envelope (we assume no responsibility for unsolicited material). Send your contributions to *Instinctive Archer® Magazine* Editorial Office, P.O. Box 45299, Boise, ID 83711-5299.

Instinctive Archer® Magazine is published quarterly and provides a forum for many different views and opinions from around the globe, however, the information, articles, opinions, and advertising on these pages do not necessarily reflect the opinions of *Instinctive Archer® Magazine*. We reserve the right to refuse any advertisement. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Instinctive Archer® Magazine*, P.O. Box 45299, Boise, ID 83711-5299. Copyright 1998 by *Instinctive Archer® Magazine*. All rights reserved.

Instinctive Archer® is a registered trademark.

Printed in the U.S.A.

From the old oak desk of the Editor



Rik Hinton, Editor

From generation to generation throughout the centuries, one thing in archery has remained as unchanged as the graceful flight of a gently arcing arrow: the knowledge and skills of the bowyer, the fletcher, and the archer have always been passed on from parent to child, from friend to friend, and from grizzled old

veteran to eager beginner. The same is true today. Those of us who love our bows and hand-made arrows are the same ones who must first introduce, and then pass on to others the archery traditions and skills we hold dear.

This issue contains an article by Stephen Selby on the long, proud history of archery in China. A history that stretches as far back as Chinese culture itself, and one that, after thousands of years, has sadly come to an end. I encourage you to read this article, and then resolve to make sure that this never happens in your county, state, province, or country.

Mark Siedschlag's article "Heroes" on page 79 illustrates perhaps the best way to insure a long and interesting future for traditional archery: **put a bow in someone's hand—a compound archer, or someone who has never shot a bow before—and teach him or her the skills and traditions that accompany it.** In Mr. Siedschlag's moving account of days gone by, his mentor's interest in sharing traditional archery with him, a total stranger, will, as he says, *"... have a strong impact on the rest of my life."*

Each of us can—and should—have that kind of impact on someone's life. Whether we are members of an archery club, or find archery a personal thing to be cherished alone in our own way, we all have a common love of the bow, and an obligation to pass on our traditions to those who will carry them into the future. It's in your hands.



Cover Photo: "Robin Hood's Quiver" by Victor Smith.



Letters to the Editor:

I know you hear this often so it shall come as no surprise - yours is a great magazine! I read some of the "comments from readers" in a recent issue and noticed that many share my pleasure and perception. I won't take too much of your time, but let me relate to you what I like most about *Instinctive Archer* which sets it apart from the rest...

First, you indeed strike a harmonious chord by both recognizing and publishing the fact that "true, instinctive archers" (one might include compound shooters) see their bows as more than a weapon or tool and the land and game as more than something humans have a right to claim. The little poems and quotes as well as the article by Bob Krout and Bob Martin's "Side Trails" (all in the Fall issue) are prime examples.

Secondly, the articles are about and by "regular" archers as well as by the more notable (and noteworthy) personalities in the industry. For example, the article in this year's fall issue "Never leave a Tern unstoned," by Pete Day. That article was a pleasure to read. Then there are others of a more informative nature, like the article on bowstrings. To have other archer/hunters share their experience/experiences and the bows they shoot is just more icing on the already delicious cake (traditional, instinctive archery). I look forward to the next issue. Speaking of issues...

Enclosed is a check for a new subscription - I'm afraid I may not find it on the bookstore shelf next time!

Thanks much, and keep it up!!

Sincerely,
Forrest Reber

I would like to see more articles about Howard Hill, the greatest archer of all times.

Larry Burford

I got your address by phone from a bowmaker. In my region of Virginia I cannot find your magazine on any local newsstands and I would like to get a copy to see if I would like to subscribe for a year. I am primarily interested in Longbows... I'm just beginning in archery and about to buy a bow.

Leroy Jett, Jr.

We picked up the Fall 97 issue and really enjoyed the articles and good information. We look forward to receiving your magazine.

Amy Fieling

Dear Mr. Hinton,

I am a subscriber to your magazine and wanted to share my good fortune with you and your readers. On November 11, 1997, I shot an 11 point whitetail that green scored 150 Pope and Young points, and weighed an estimated 280 lbs, in Pike County IL. The bruiser had a 31" neck and a 45" chest girth. He came in to my grunt call at 10 a.m. and I made a 25 yard quartering away shot with a Jim Brackenbury recurve and a Norway pine shaft tipped with a two-blade 125 grain Magnus broadhead. The big buck ran approximately 300 yards before expiring. After the shot it took me thirty minutes to get calm enough before I could safely climb down from the treestand, boy was I on cloud nine! When the exhilaration and excitement subsided to a controllable level I thanked the good Lord for my hunting fortune and dedicated the Veteran's Day trophy to the memory of my late father, Willard L. Reese, who introduced me to traditional archery.

Sincerely,
David W. Reese

Dear Rik,

Read your Winter issue "from the old oak desk..." and just had to write! Watch out for some of the modern silk thread: most of it is spun from short lengths of silk, it isn't as strong as it used to be, buttonhole weight is bulky, very old silk thread is usually "rotten." Instead, try buying 1/8 or 1/4 yd of 100% silk "paper" taffeta (not spun taffeta). "Paper" taffeta "rustles" when you handle it. This stuff is made from very long lengths of fine silk threads. If the shop is a small one-owner/operator specialty shop, the sales person is likely to pull a thread to give you a perfectly straight and square cut edge, no waste, no skewed grain. With a piece cut this way you can pull threads from the cut edge and get them as long as you could possibly want... and extremely fine and strong.

How do I know? I own/operate a small specialty fabric shop, of course. About 1/3 of my customers are men who buy linen, wools, and pure silks. Oh yes - my boyfriend is a "dyed in the wool" archer. That's how we met.... At my shire's archery practice in my back yard. So the next time you're in a small specialty fabric shop, draw your imaginary bow and the sales lady's face just may light up too!

Shoot straight!

Linda Learn (AKA Lady Maria Pieknaptotno)

Tracy & Rik,

I have to admit this, I met Tracy at the Longbow Safari last summer and made a good deal on all issues of *Instinctive Archer*®. We were traveling and busy so the magazines were put back for later. Now is later, and I have just read all issues in a one week period. I have read and subscribed to many archery magazines; you have outdone all of them. It is a pleasure to see the type of articles you have and to see one or more pages of print with no ads. I have sent all of my *Instinctive Archer*® magazines to a friend in Kuwait. I'm sure that he is enjoying them as much as I did. Keep up the good work!

Darrell (DB) Broadhurst

16TH ANNUAL NORTH AMERICAN LONGBOW SAFARI

**JUNE 27 & 28, 1998
BRUNDAGE MOUNTAIN SKI LODGE
McCALL, IDAHO**

*Hosted by The Idaho Traditional Bowhunters
and the North Idaho Traditional Bowhunters*

**North American and African Safari Rounds
Two courses with at least 30 targets per course
Novelty Targets
Bow Birds
Running Animal Targets
Traditional Vendor Displays
Long-Distance Competition
World Championship Speed Round**

**ALL PARTICIPANTS MUST BE
PREREGISTERED BY MAY 31, 1998**

**Come celebrate the LONGBOW, its
romance, and the people
who love shooting it.**

FOR GENERAL INFORMATION CONTACT:

DOUG CHASE: Phone: (208) 336-6761
DOUG KENYON: Phone: (208) 875-2301

The 1998 North American Longbow Safari:

- centrally located,
- easy to get to, and
- one of the most enjoyable
events you will ever attend!



Traditional Event Schedule

Centa Bowbenders, Inc. Presents

THE PAT CRAIG ANNUAL TRADITIONAL SPRING RENDEZVOUS

Saturday & Sunday, March 21 & 22, 1998. \$20 Entry Fee - 60 Targets in Natural Settings. Shoot one or both days. Moving targets, special targets. **CLASSES:** Men & Ladies, Recurve, Longbow, Selfbow, Youth, Cub, and PeeWee. **SPECIAL AWARDS TO WINNERS.** Many Traditional Vendors, Novelty and demonstrations. Concessions available at range. Primitive campsites available. For more information contact Pat Craig, (318)640-1145 or (318)442-0458; or Triz McKneely, (318)445-4617.

PIEDMONT TRADITIONAL ARCHERY CLUB is a family oriented club situated on the Haw River in Saxapahaw, N.C. Our Tournament activities include primitive camping, demonstrations, workshops, opportunities to buy, sell, or trade, novelty games, and 3-D range. Our 1998 schedule is: **Apr 4 & 5th**, "Red Bud (Benefit) Festival & Trad. Arch. Tour; **Jun 13 & 14th**, N.C. Trad. Arch. Rend. & Games (2nd Annual); **Aug 1 & 2nd**, Autumn Traditional/Primitive Rendezvous. Flyers will be available. For information call Don Ward at (919)563-2682.

2ND ANNUAL NORTH GEORGIA KNAP-IN, APRIL 16, 17, 18 & 19

This is North Georgia's premiere Knap-in. Expected to be a very BIG event, attracting Knappers from all over central, southeastern, and northeastern United States. There will be lots of instruction, tools, books, videos and rock. There will be Atl-Atl throwing & contest. Camping available, with food & more. A casual event geared towards a Great Time!!! For more information send S.A.S.E. to Mark Bracken, 330 Oak Hill Circle, Canton GA 30114, or call (770)345-7305.

STERLING HARRELL MEMORIAL INVITATIONAL 3D TOURNAMENT

sponsored by Louisiana Traditional Bowmen. April 25 & 26 1998 in St. Francisville LA. Novelty Shoots, Coon Shoots, other Tests of Skill or Luck! Raffles and Door Prizes! Vendors and Bowyers! Classes: Mens Recurve, Mens Longbow, Womens Recurve, Womens Longbow, Selfbow, Youth, Cubs and Braves. \$20. adult, \$10. youth \$5. Cubs & Braves. Primitive camping on site. Trailers and RV's OK but no hookups. Saturday night Dinner and Auction. For more information contact Eric Seeger (318)269-0774 or Wayne Labauve (504)847-0223.

6TH ANNUAL MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND, IRON MAN 3-D SHOOT & RENDEZVOUS. SPONSORED BY KANSAS TRADITIONAL ARCHERS

May 23 & 24 1998. 200 shots in 2 days, 30 yards and under. Place: Kansas Traditional Archers' Range. Classes: Recurve, Longbow, Selfbow, Natural Composite, Primitive and Glass Laminated. Divisions: Men, Women, Youth & Cubs (to 3rd place). For information call Kip Hoffman (785)499-6328 or Richard Brotzman (785)494-2797.

THE 1ST ANNUAL TRADITIONAL ARCHERY SHOOT

Hosted by the Elkhorn Archers of Baker City Oregon will be held on April 25 and 26, 1998. There will be 3D targets and novelty shoots. Location will be at the foot of the Beautiful Elkhorn Mountains. Come join the Fun! For more information contact Steve Linnemeyer at (541)523-3276, or write Elkhorn Archers, P.O. Box 664, Baker City OR 97814. Hope to see you there!!!

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL TRADITIONAL BOWHUNTER SHOOT

Sponsored by the Rapids Archery Club, will be held at the Rapids Archery Club range, located at Bunker Hills County Park in Coon Rapids, Minnesota, on June 20 and 21, 1998. This year is especially exciting because the American Broadhead Collectors Club (ABCC) will be holding its annual meeting at the shoot and will be displaying their impressive broadhead collections. Other highlights include 56 3D targets at realistic ranges, seminars, vendors, novelty targets and great concessions. For camping and registration information call Ray Kukowski at (612)571-7029. For vendor information regarding booth space call Howard Bork at (612)522-4903.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Friends:

I need to thank the staff of Instinctive Archer Magazine for the opportunity to win a Jim Brackenbury bow offered through the subscription contest held in 1997. I would also like to thank Doug, Paul, Vilas, Tom and Dave for being the subscribers that helped me win the bow.

It was just after the 1997 Longbow Safari that I got a call from Tracy Hinton. Right away I knew why she had phoned. A few nights previous, I was lying in bed wondering how the Safari was going. I remembered they were suppose to pick a winner for the contest. I had a strange feeling waft through me for a split second and then I laughed thinking how silly it was of me to think I would have a chance at such a great prize. When Tracy said "Chris guess what?" I said "Tracy, you are going to tell me I won the bow aren't you?" She of course said yes. We rejoiced together like any good contest winner would!

I had told Tracy winning the bow was more than just luck for me. I had met Tracy (and Rik) at the 1996 Longbow Safari in Montana. It is always a delight to meet other women archers. Tracy, myself and another woman, Kelly, got together a few times and shot. We had learned something from each other and were happy with the friendship we had made. I couldn't make it to the 1997 Safari, but Kelly and Tracy did meet up again. Tracy told me that they had let Kelly pick the winner out of the batch. When she told me that, I knew I was there in spirit with everyone at the Safari!

I didn't enter the contest for the prize. I had people subscribe to the magazine because the folks who put it together are sincere, good people. I enjoy the magazine because I don't have to sift through pages of advertisements for a paragraph of article. The articles are heartwarming at times ("Crazy Horse and Geronimo" and Bob's poems) and informative and interesting always.

I got the bow in October. I went with the Brackenbury "Legend". It's a beautiful 66" take-down recurve. I had it made 51 lbs. At 28". I chose the TD because I just got a motorcycle, so I thought it would be fun to take the bow to 3-D shoots in the summertime. I'm betting I'll get my first archery harvest with this bow. It has Karma associated with it.

Once again, thank you Tracy, Rik, Bob, et al at Instinctive Archer Magazine. I'd especially like to thank Gordon for doing a nice job on my bow. Thanks Kelly (Hi!) for having magic fingers. This was great for me.

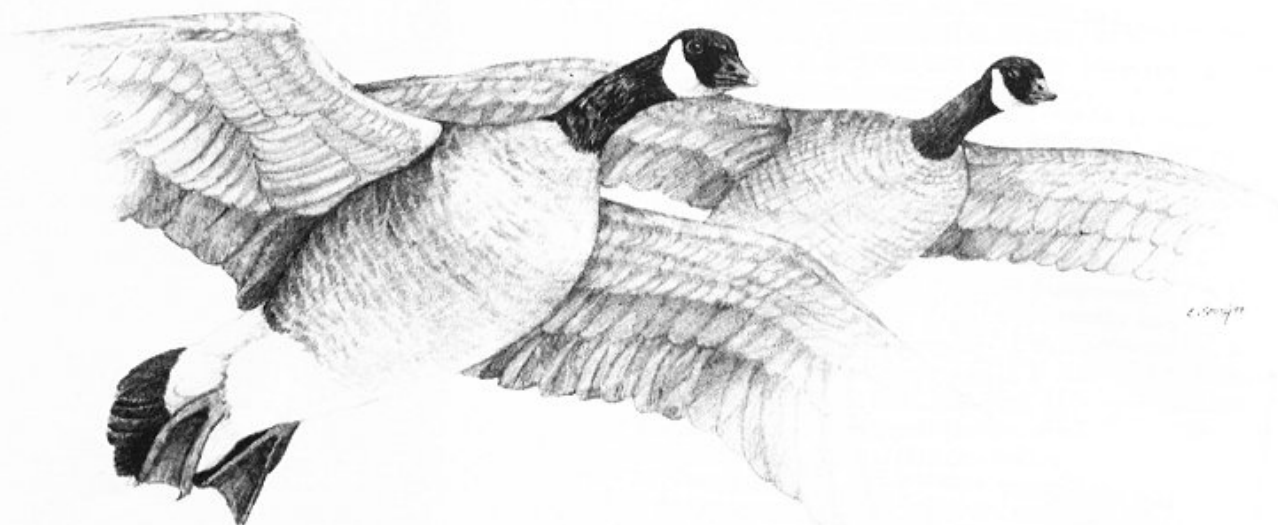
Proud to be Traditional

Christine Lousias

**Christine Lousias, winner
of *Instinctive Archer*[®]
Magazine's First Annual
Win-A-Bow Contest.**

(See page 2 for details on our Second Annual
Win-A-Bow Contest.)





Golf Courses, Goose Suits, and A Man Named Charlie Mack

by Bob Butz

I KNOW YOU WOULD have liked my friend Charlie Mack. I never knew anyone who didn't. Mack was a tall, gangly man with long white hair that hung down to his shoulders. He had a long white, ZZ Top beard too, which I always thought made him look like a wizard — like Merlin the magician dressed in a Harley-Davidson t-shirt and faded blue overalls.

He had to be somewhere in his sixties when I met him, but you'd never know it to look at him. Mack knew a hundred dirty limericks, yet could rattle off lines of Shakespeare from memory. He had the eyes of a child. When I first met him, he didn't have a job — at least not really. He was the grounds keeper at the archery club down the road from my house. Mostly he just rode around on his big orange Kubota, talking to anyone who would stand still long enough for a story. For a time, Mack used to be one of the only other archers at the club who shot a longbow. So naturally he and I sort of gravitated toward each other.

Mack lives downstate now, but he used to live right here in Traverse City. He lived in Alaska too, where he trapped, hunted, lived in a cabin, and ate moose meat in the wintertime.

He is missing two fingers on his bow hand, the two in the middle, so whenever he used to wave at you from the tractor it always looked as if he was giving you the "hang loose" sign.

Those missing digits sure didn't hurt his shooting any. Mack was one hell of a shot and lightening fast. He could hit things in the air as small as a dime. He could bust clay pigeons all day and I know because we used to practice together. I've tossed them for him and seen him break them by shooting the bow from behind his back. Mack was friends with Fred Bear. He had even worked for Bear after coming back from Alaska. That was when Fred (that's what Mack called him) had his shop over in Grayling.

It was Mack who wanted to see if we could kill a few geese with our bows and arrows. He had a friend over at The Resort who was in charge of the grounds and the big golf course they put in there a couple years before. Apparently, the geese were overrunning the place, eating and crapping all over the greens Jack Nicholas was reportedly paid a few million to design.

In Michigan, the goose season usually starts over Labor Day. It's nothing a real hardcore waterfowler would get all that worked up about since the geese are young, tragically naive birds almost always found close to the city. Definitely not the same ambience you'd find in a marsh or a North Dakota cornfield. Commonly referred to as the nuisance season, its sole purpose is to target the kind of golf course interlopers we had here.

Under the circumstances, a gun-blazing assault on the resident population was out of the question. But Mack managed to work it out so that we could go there in the early morning with our bows. The only stipulations were that we were limited to two ponds way out on the back nine, we could only move around the grounds in a golf cart, and we had to try to keep a low profile when we came off the course in the morning. We also had to be out of there before the first group of golfers played through, which was usually around eight.

Mack's friend, an old coot he called Remy, gave us two old golf club bags to help with our cover and to transport the geese in the event we managed to get any.

Of course the place we were allowed to hunt was not the best on the course. For the first couple days, we watched from our two lonely ponds as wave after wave of honking geese set their wings and landed out on the fair-

way of the sixteen hole. We weren't allowed to set out any decoys; we had no place to stash them in the cart... too conspicuous, you know. So we had no way of luring the geese back into our secluded corner of the course.

After a week, Mack was so frustrated he had taken to driving at the flock full speed in the golf cart as soon as they'd start winging in, the idea being that maybe a couple of them would break my way and I'd get a shot. He even talked Remy into coming out one morning to help. Like geriatric road warriors, they drove circles around the flock hooting and hollering until the geese actually did start waddling in my direction. But of course this failed too and Mack and I were left with only two weeks remaining in the season and not a goose to show for our effort.

Then one day I came home from work and there was a message on the machine from Mack. "Bob," he said, "Call me. I figured out how to Shanghai those birds."

I was heading over to the club to shoot that night and when I got there Mack came tearing up on the tractor clutching a rolled-up Herters catalog in his good hand. His face was absolutely beaming when he showed it to me. "Right there, my boy. Feast yer baby blues on that."

There on page five was the Goose Suit™, a product that was exactly as the name implies. In the picture, a hunter clad in the suit sat crouched on his knees, his arms outstretched, clad in flowing, 100 percent poplin and so transformed into mock wings... caught on film

in mid-flap. The description next to it stated that by wearing the suit, a hunter could "become a part of the decoy spread." It was alleged to be a product that had been extensively field tested and produced amazing results. By the end of the sales pitch I too had been convinced just as Mack had that, as ridiculous as it first appeared, the idea was in essence the same thing as flagging, only better since dressed in The Goose Suit you didn't need a blind.

"Look," Mack said, "you go in with me on The Suit and a couple dozen of these here Texas Rags, and we'll have those geese landin' on us in droves." "Yeah, but who's going to wear the thing," I said. Of course I said that knowing full well that it would be me.

Mack had went ahead and ordered the suit express mail and the morning after it arrived we stuffed all those rag decoys into our golf bags, loaded up the cart, and set off down the tiny paved road in the dark. Mack didn't show me The Suit until after we had parked the cart, strung our bows, and set up the decoys out there on the putting green between the two ponds.

"Okay," he said, "Put it on."

Mack waited around until I was suited up, then he told me where to sit in the decoys and showed me just how to flap my arms when the geese started coming in. I swear I heard him chuckle when he left me to go collect his bow.

He set up in a tiny patch of birch trees off the green to my right. It would be a long twenty yard shot for him, that is if we could even get the

CLASSIC BOW PROTECTION

QUICK DRYING POLYURETHANE

BOW FINISH & ARROW SEALER

TOUGH AND DURABLE WEATHER COAT
FOR ARCHERY EQUIPMENT

FLEXIBLE, NON-CHECKING IN COLD

EASY TO APPLY (SPRAY OR DIP)

DRY TO TOUCH IN 10 MIN. RECOAT IN 30 MIN.

ECONOMICAL, LOW TOXICITY,
NO CATALYST MIXING, NO SPECIAL THINNER

CLEAN UP AND REDUCE WITH LACQUER THINNER



DISTRIBUTED BY:
THUNDERBIRD TRADITIONAL ARCHERY
1090 "G" STREET N.E.
LINTON, IN 47441
(812) 847-1995

PACIFIC YEW LONGBOWS

JAY ST. CHARLES



website: <http://www.selfbow.com>

CLASSIC YEW LONGBOWS
BOWCRAFTING WORKSHOPS
PACIFIC YEW, INC., P.O. BOX 3963, KENT WA 98032

PH: (253) 946-1064
FAX: (253) 946-0973

geese to come in. But outside of burying himself under the sand in one of the bunkers it was the only real place for a man to hide.

Not long after first light we saw them, a small group of eight coming in low over the trees. They were coming in quiet and Mack saw them first and yelled, "Start flapping!"

So I did, raising up on my knees like a cock rooster crowing at the dawn. The geese must have seen this as they turned hard in our direction and started honking like mad. I looked back at Mack and he was staring intently at the birds. "Keep it up Bobby." So I flapped my arms again and the geese went nuts. The closer they got the more they started talking, and then all of a sudden they were right there on top us, wings back peddling hard and those big black webbed feet extending to the ground.

Mack stuck the lead goose clean through, and it rolled on the ground in a heap. I fumbled with my bow and drew on one of the birds, but they were coming over my head too fast. They were honking wildly and I could feel the wind from their wings. I ducked down and let them pass.

Mack hooted, "Did you see that?" He went tearing across the green like I'd never seen him run before, then he picked up the goose and hoisted it up in the air. The scene was surreal. Mack was smiling with his long white hair hanging down. Behind him was the sun rise and the rolling green hills of the golf course. Tiny orange flags waved in the distance. But if you could phase all that

other stuff out and only see Mack framed there as I did, standing there with his bow and that long-necked honker, Mack looked like a wild man

Not long after, another flock of ten birds came winging in over the trees. But they passed overhead with nothing more than a few nervous honks before winging away. I had taken up my bow for these, so I wasn't flapping near as much as before. Of course Mack said that was the trouble.

Then there were three. They came up from behind us flying eye level with me sitting there at the top of the hill. I stayed low this time, lifting one arm and then the other and moved my head as if doing the funky chicken.

I could see Mack standing ready behind the trees to my left. He had an arrow on the string and three more stuck in the ground at his feet. When the geese passed over the water, their wings were set and I slowly reached down and grabbed my bow.

The shot seemed so easy, so close. I had waited until the geese were sitting there right in the decoys with me. But I went to pieces and my arrow went wide. Mack's shot connected, however, and while I was fumbling around trying to retrieve another arrow the geese had turned and were now struggling hard to get into the air.

They were flying out low across the water and still within range. I half thought about shooting but didn't. Mack,

on the other hand, never hesitated and when it was over two geese lay flopping on the ground.

Mack is now in a home down in Grand Rapids. I used to try to get down to see him every month, though lately I'll admit I haven't been in to visit at all. He has a hard time remembering things, and the last couple times we visited I don't think he knew who I was.

The very last time I talked to him, I told him about that goose hunt, and how that little exhibition of shooting is still the most unbelievable I've ever seen. The whole time during the telling, he just stared at me kind of blankly, his eyes like bullet holes. But then when I got to the part about the geese flying away, he squinted a little like he was almost remembering the time. So after describing it once, I went back through it again. This time I told him every thing I could remember, down to the thump of the bow string when he let go. I told him how the arrow looked as it streaked across the sky, how it flew so straight and true, and how for one moment everything just seemed to slow down, the arrow right there on the tail of that goose before the two collided and the bird came tumbling to the ground.





We've Got Port Orford Cedar Shafts for You.

Over 50,000 shafts in stock for quick delivery

- ▶ **Parallel or Tapered Cedar Shafts**
(Diameters available: 5/16", 11/32", 23/64")
- ▶ **Easton Aluminum Shafts**
(Gamegetter, XX-75, & Classics)
- ▶ **Custom Arrow Building Supplies**
- ▶ **Broadheads & Field Points**
- ▶ **Dacron / Nylon / Fast Flight**
- ▶ **Popular Archery Books & Videos**
- ▶ **Martin Recurves & Longbows**

Now Available TrueFlight Feathers

CALL TODAY

STABLE'S
ARCHERY

22523 SR 613 W,
Oakwood, OH 45873

Send SASE or
Ph: (419) 594-2109
or (419) 594-3712

Dealer Inquiries
Welcome

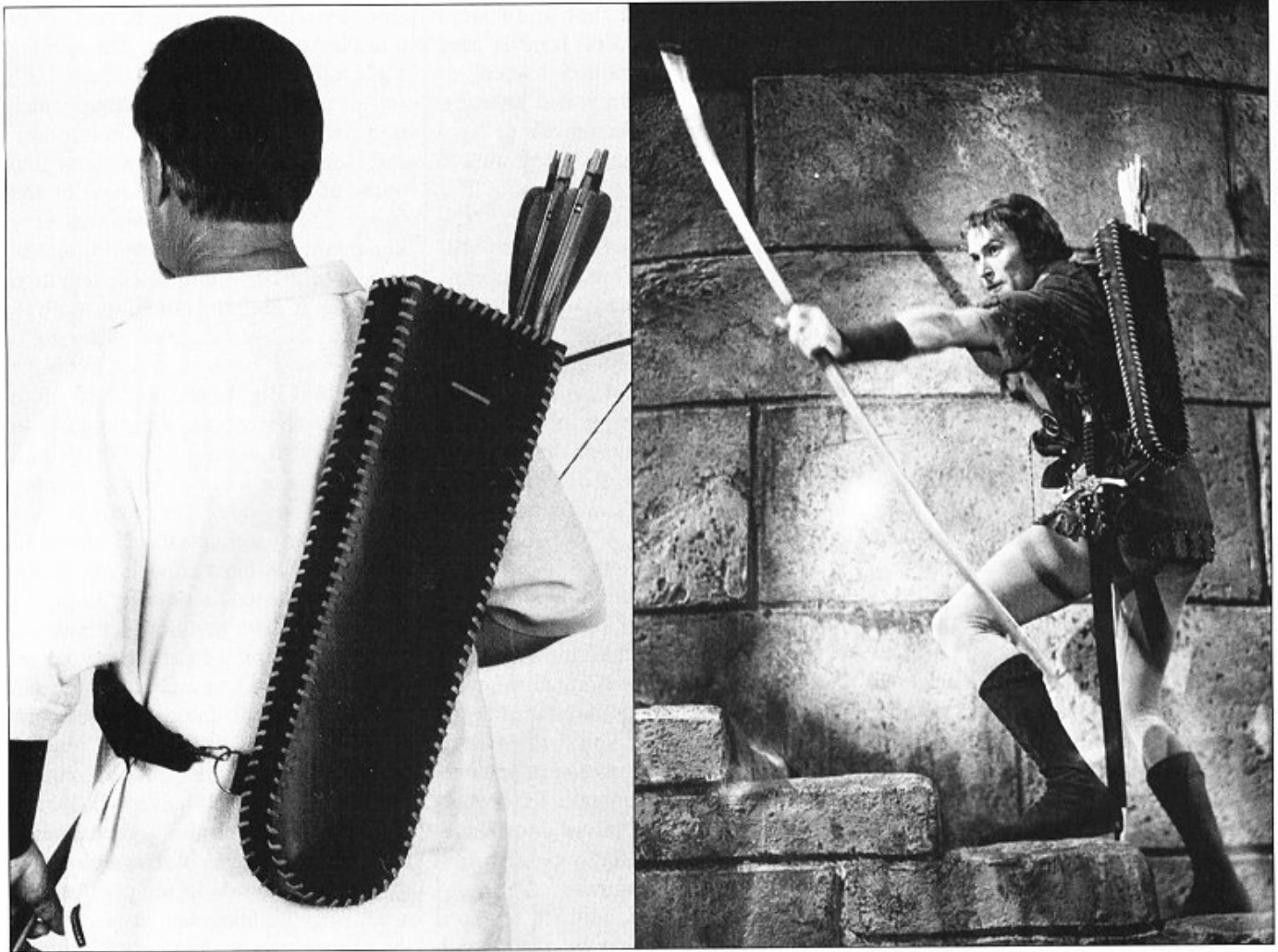
"PULLING BIG BOWS"

—The first in a series of videos on "Archery Fitness." Train at home with your bow and simple exercise equipment. Increase your bow poundage by as much as 25 lbs. in six weeks.

"I personally have never seen a really great archer who did not have a rock-solid bow arm. This video definitely helps give you better bow control, which equals better accuracy." **Paul Sparks, 1996 World Recurve Champion (left-handed)**

"I've seen a tremendous gain! I mean incredible! I now pull and finally anchor with ease my 60# bow. Such a sweet release now. When I ordered, I didn't know what to expect—but your video exercise program works!" **Craig Wallin, 1992 World Champion?**

\$19.95 + \$3.00 S & H. VISA/MC (915) 737-2343. Checks or MO to: Price Ebert, P.O. Box 1128, Dept. 1A, Sweetwater,



THE MAKING OF ROBIN HOOD'S QUIVER (and how to make one of your own)

BY CURTIS HERMANN
(with the assistance of Victor Smith)

The idea of having a quiver like the one worn by Errol Flynn, in the 1938 movie "The Adventures of Robin Hood," was instilled in me as a young boy. It was just one of those things that can catch your eye, and somehow can never really leave the deep archives in your mind. Every decade or so, the thoughts of that quiver would resurface. Usually, in conversation with some "Old Timer" I had come into contact with. As I dug about their very knowledgeable brains, the subject of movies would often come up, and out would pop a comment on the quiver. Many would remember it and many would not.

Younger guys would remember the quiver in "Rambo," that I understand still hangs on the wall in

Sylvester Stallone's office. Or more recently, the black and white spotted calf hide quiver, worn by Kevin Costner during the tournament scene of the current "Robin Hood."

My one regret in my many conversations with Hugh Rich, is that the subject of this quiver never came up. I suspect now that Hugh may possibly have made the original. Hugh was famous for the many archery items he made for the movie industry, arrows being one of his biggest sellers, and this quiver would not have been out of the question.

It is a simple quiver in design, actually, almost downright plain, without any fancy trim or shiny conchos or color to set it apart from others. What is it about this quiver that has caught my personal fancy? Well, several things actu-

Photo of "Robin Hood" provided by Warner Bros.

ally, they all go back to the very beginning, as a young bowhunter in Wyoming.

I was not fully satisfied with many of the quivers of the time, and I could not afford those that I did like. I was always on the search for a better one, not liking the soft-sided quivers, as they laid heavily against the arrows to quiet them and they were too difficult to put a whole handful of arrows in at one time. They tended to mash the fletching of beautiful arrows together and not spread them apart. Having no real definition or shape, and they all seemed so similar to each other.

I read many times the various reasons that Howard Hill so carefully chose the design of his quiver. I would never argue with his reasoning, it was flawless, but it was not for me.

My favorite quiver of the time was a simple center-back design. It had a flat side next to my back and a curved piece as in a "U" to complete the tube. The top opening was about the size of a closed horseshoe and would easily hold two dozen broadheads or, with care, three dozen field arrows, directly behind my head. It was a very inexpensive quiver, made of a loud Kelly green suede vinyl with a shiny red vinyl trim at the top. I'm sure no adult would have been caught dead wearing it, but I suc-

cessfully hunted and shot tournament with it until I was fifteen. It never gave me a problem with mashed fletching or arrows that didn't draw out quickly. Generally on running cottontails or sagehens my arrow was nearly always first to find its mark.

When you watch the video "The Adventures of Robin Hood," you will first spot Robin Hood's special quiver as he and friend Will Scarlet ride into the forest and come upon "Much" the Miller's son. "Much" is about to be hanged for the killing of the King's deer. Robin easily draws an arrow from his quiver (and my eye catches the wide belt with large buckle and stiff quiver with the rounded bottom. I am hooked! I am eight years old).

I hardly notice that Sir Robin of Locksley has just become the most famous outlaw archer of all time. By claiming to have shot the King's deer and rebuffing the Sheriff of Nottingham, with bow at full draw, he has saved the life of "Much the Miller's son," the finest hunter in all of Sherwood forest, and one of the finest of adventure tales has begun.

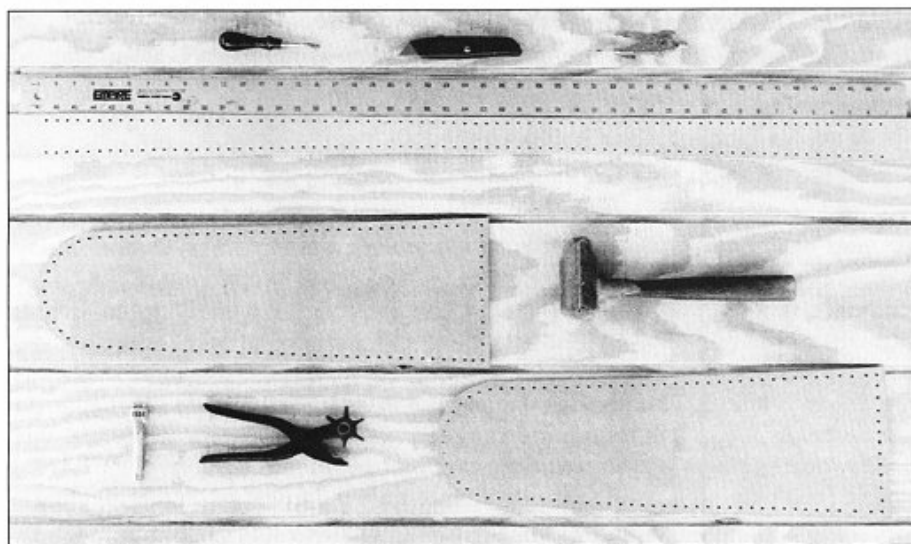
The "Robin Hood" quiver does share some similar characteristics with my original center back quiver. The container portion is open and stiff, not soft sided. Made of three pieces, a stiff front and back and a third piece that wraps

around both sides and the bottom, all of 8 to 9oz. shoulder leather. The opening at the top is rectangular (2 1/2" x 8 1/2") and it tapers toward the bottom, which is curved like the bottom of a test tube, and the side piece is 2" wide at that point of center at the bottom of the quiver. **This curved bottom was very important to me as this would tend to bring the arrow points close together, while separating the fletching.** As well as adding a classic shape to the design.

Near the top are two holes for lacing that divide the top into three nearly equal sections, again giving you the ability to separate fletchings and arrow types in a quiver that is leaning slightly to one side. This gives you the ability to carry a couple dozen arrows (8 to a section) without crowding or mashing. You will look absolutely in bloom as you walk with traditionalist buddies, in the field or on a local archery range. It will never bend, or mold to your back, or look as though the bottom has been scrunched or folded. It will remain upright and hold its shape for as long as you treat it well. This quiver will always receive admiring glances and comments from fellow members of the greenwood.

On the side facing your back is a "D" ring in a horizontal plane between the divider lacings. Another "D" ring is placed vertically near the outer edge (on the archer's left if he is right handed and on the opposite side for left handed) about six inches up from the bottom. To these "D" rings are attached the strap that has swivel clips attached to each end. The strap is divided near the center by a belt buckle, making the length of the strap adjustable. Our strap is 2 1/2" wide with a large heavy steel buckle, giving the finished quiver a very manly appearance and making it quite comfortable to wear. We believe the original quiver carried a 2" strap that is as equally manly—anything less than 1 3/4" will begin to lose this quality. However a Diana (ladies version) could certainly be made by using lighter weights in the leather, prettier colors, and in a slightly reduced size.

I have not hunted with this quiver as yet, it is spring and the California hunting season is not upon us.



Cut-out pattern and some of the tools required: star punch, 5/8" x 5/32" hole punch, mallet, straight edge, compass, utility knife, and edge trimmer (optional).

I look forward to using it this fall with great anticipation of loving it for hunting as much as I do for the range.

Perhaps the single most difficult part of this project was the hardware. The belt buckle looked different in each camera angle, and the attachments to the quiver were never exactly 100% visible, leaving much to discussion.

I can't tell you how many times over the last nine years of working with Warner Bros., that I have tried to find clues or patterns or any portion of the original quiver. Nothing exists but my persistence.

Victor Smith and I spent countless hours on this project. Perhaps due to a perfectionist fault that we both share and due to the insistence I had in trying to create the original in every detail possible. Of course I eventually had to give in to a certain amount of practicality.

Working for Warner Bros., I have several personal reasons for this perfection, as I feel that in some manner, I represent the studio. I wanted to be as accurate as possible. I would not recommend this amount of time be spent on this project, for those who find this to be a desirable quiver for hard use and not as interested in the movie history. We will explain the short cuts as we go along so you can choose your own personal version.

The belt buckle was a very hard item to find and the search took me many places, and interestingly enough, I found many great buckles in thrift shops. They turned out to be my best and cheapest source. Better choices and quality by far than in the fabric shops I traveled to. I now have a great collection of buckles for future projects. The buckle we used was from a belt that I had purchased in Hollywood in the bell-bottom era of the sixties and it had shared many a hunt with me. I rejected it many times because it was a 2 1/2" width instead of a 2" width but it was the exact shape and style of the original otherwise. Victor also removed the nickel chrome exterior to give it the old iron look of ancient times.

I spent an entire day in the costume department trying to rob from period pieces of sword harness, to mus-

ket harnesses and military and police type costumes, still nothing exactly right.

My friend Paul Muscarella offered to make me one in the machine shop. I was so tempted by his offer, but I owe Paul so many favors that my humility would not allow me to ask for another. It is fascinating how many things can be done with the talent at the studio, but those are stories for another time around another campfire.

The swivel clips and "D" rings I stole from the strap on the shoulder bag that I use as I commute on the train to work and home again every day.

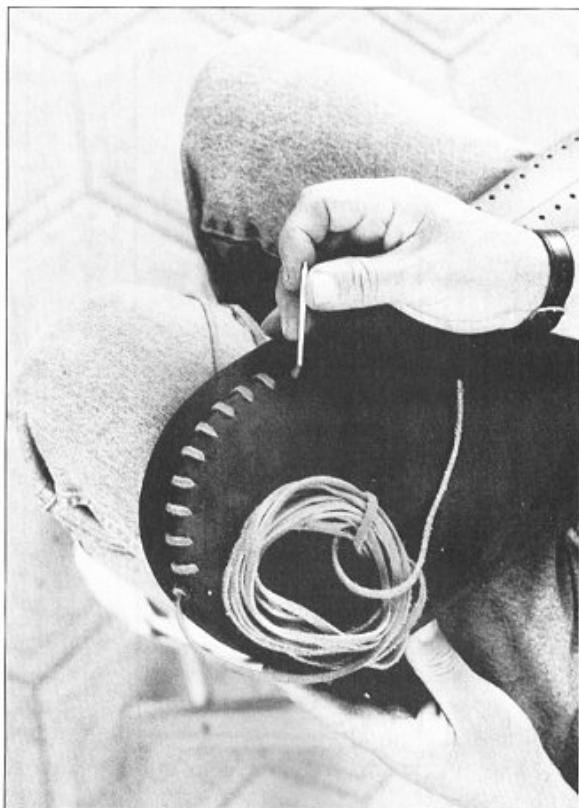
Drawing the pattern in my den was in itself an interesting challenge. I feel that it is about as close to being exactly like the original pattern as can be expected.

The dark chocolate-stained quiver, with contrasting and broadly separated lacing (in beige 5/32" suede), makes for clean lines and a classic shape that you will be proud to build, own, and wear. Be prepared to receive plenty of attention at the next traditional shoot you attend. Now lets build this classic beauty.

First make an inventory of what tools and materials you may already have and cross them off the list on page 18, then purchase the rest. The cost of building this quiver will be around \$75.00, depending on the amount of leather-working tools in your shop.

Allow 2 to 3 weekends (part time) to complete. About 13 to 14 hours if you're experienced with leather work and complete it utilizing the hardware. Less time is necessary if you choose to use an existing belt or use a strap without buckle, swivel clips, or "D" rings.

It will be easiest to start with a sheet of 1" graph paper in size 26"x 32" and create the pattern provided in this article. From this pattern, you can trace and then cut out the single template, that



The lacing procedure starting at center bottom of the quiver (note the knot and coiled lacing).

will work as both the BACK and FRONT of the quiver. We used cardboard for the template, but most any reasonably stiff material can be used. Be sure to smoothly sand the edges of the template with (80/100 grit) sandpaper, especially around the bottom curve.

NOTE: The FRONT is referred to as the part of the quiver facing your archery friends on the range, the BACK is the portion laying against your back.

Inspect the smooth surface of the leather carefully and select the portion that is the most attractive to be the FRONT and the other piece will become the BACK. Write "FRONT" & "BACK" on the rough side (interior of the quiver) so that you can't mix them up at a later time. Be sure to leave a place on your leather that is 3"x 52" that will be used for the BOTTOM/SIDE piece.

Placing the template upon the smooth side of the leather, draw both the BACK and FRONT and BOTTOM/SIDE pieces, using a light touch with a pencil. Select the portion

to be the BACK of the quiver. Using a straight-edge, mark the center line, use a light touch on the pencil so the mark can be removed. Next, mark a line at 20 3/4" (on the center line) from the top of the quiver, side to side. This will give you the point at which to center your compass. Draw a curved line in from the outer edge 3/8" all the way around the quiver bottom. With the straight edge, do the same on the sides and across the top. This line will be used as a guide to mark your lacing holes. Do the same on the FRONT and the BOTTOM/SIDE piece of the quiver. Carefully separate the 3 sections using the large straight edge and utility knife without touching any lines. They will be trimmed later.

At each step along the way, we will work first with the BACK of the quiver, then the SIDE/BOTTOM piece and then finally the FRONT piece. The purpose is for you to get as much experience as possible, before working on the part the world sees. Hopefully leaving any little mistakes out of sight.

Use good quality dividers set at 1/2" or use the 3/32" four-in-one hole punch to mark the holes for lacing. If you use the four-in-one punch, (with the middle two tubes removed), your spaces will be 5/8" apart. You will have to adjust your holes a little as you near the top of the quiver. If you use the 1/2" spacing, no adjustment should be necessary. Check your dividers frequently to make sure they are still set at 1/2". Start at the center bottom of the quiver and work up each side marking the center of each hole with the needle end of your dividers or by tapping the punch with a hammer, then go across the top. Place the end of the divider or punch in the last hole to get the exact distance to the new hole. Always center on the light pencil line as even lacing is the mark of a very professional job. Do the same for the portion of the quiver marked FRONT.

Go 3" in from the top of the quiver BACK, along the center line, and then mark a lacing hole at 1" to each side of the center line. This will be for the divider lacing. Mark a matching set of lacing holes on the FRONT of the quiver.



A stylish buckle adds a nice touch to the quiver strap.

If you have not already drawn the SIDE/BOTTOM piece, do so now using a long straight edge. The sides are 2 1/2" at the top of the quiver and taper to 2" at 20 3/4" and remaining at 2" as it curves around the bottom and then tapers again to 2 1/2" at the top. Again, draw a light line 3/8" in from the outside edge, around all four edges. Mark the half way point and using your dividers set at 1/2" or the hand punch at 5/8" mark the lacing holes. They will match those on the BACK and FRONT portion of the quiver. You will want to leave this piece just a little long on the ends, just in case some adjustment is necessary. About a 1/2" on each end should be plenty. This excess can be trimmed just before the lacing goes across the top.

We are now ready to trim or cut out the three main pieces from the three sections. Use the Stanley utility knife (with a new blade) and the large straight edge. Separate the three main pieces from the individual sections. Place the template for the BACK and FRONT pieces on the smooth side of the BACK piece. Hold it very tightly (a buddy can be helpful here) and cut around the bottom curve very carefully. Use several passes to get through the leather and try not to force it, as a slip can be disastrous.

Once the curve is cut, remove the template and switch to the large metal straight-edge. Place the straight-edge on the inside of the line, so that any slips are off the pattern. Cut out the three remaining edges. Now that you have some practice you can do the same on the FRONT piece. Set these two pieces safely aside and clear a long section of your work bench for the BOTTOM/SIDE piece. Sand any rough edges without scuffing the facing finish.

Go in from each end of the BOTTOM/SIDE piece 20 3/4" (plus any extra you may have left on the ends) and notch the leather at the point the taper reaches 2". Do this to both sides and you'll end up with four notches. Using the small square, cut along the line between the notches and you will have cut out the bottom. Next use the large square (or straight edge) and cut along the line from the top to the bottom. Leave about 1/2" excess at the top for now. The three pieces are now cut out. Sand any rough edges.

While we are cutting pieces, we should take the time to make the cuts in the strap assembly. If you are using a purchased belt blank this job should be relatively easy. Approximately 13" to 14" in from the buckle make a cut across the belt (this last 1" will fold around the snap swivel and be sewn to itself). You may have to trim the edges to fold through the snap swivel. This will place the buckle near the lower portion of your rib cage. If you would like it elsewhere, adjust length as necessary before cutting. Keep in mind that the bow string must not catch the buckle upon release.

The other side may still be to long for your needs. You can cut two 3" lengths from the belt. Trim edges to fit the "D" rings if necessary, save them to attach the "D" rings to the back of the quiver. The remaining piece should fit from the top "D" ring to the buckle and through the belt keeper about three to four inches. If it is too long, shorten it a little. Mine is 30" long but it also extends past the buckle 12", which may be longer than you want.

If you're going to design your own strap, you are in for a bit more work, such as rounding the strap end, cutting the belt buckle slot, the holes at

the end of the strap, plus attaching the belt keeper.

The least amount of work is in sewing a simple strap. Sew at the center top of the quiver between the divider lacings and again at 6" up from the bottom of the quiver. Measure length very carefully, as you will want it to fit just right, not to snug or loose. Do not sew until all parts are dyed.

In between the two, if using an existing belt you found at the thrift store or in your closet, either sew it directly to the quiver or attach the hardware as in the plans. There are a few minor advantages to using the hardware, but in reality, it is an appearance item that helps set it apart from other quivers.

It's now time to cut the lacing holes. Use the rotary punch, (tube #4 - 5/32") or a single hole punch in 5/32", with a mallet. Start with the BACK piece at the center of the bottom and work both ways and finally across the top. Be careful with each hole to be sure they are the same distance apart and centered on your line. You are working with 8-9oz. leather and the holes will be difficult to punch, even with sharp tubes. You may have to twist the rotary punch as you squeeze the handles or even tap it just behind the rotor with the mallet, for a clean cut. The neatness of your lacing line is the first indication of your professionalism. Be patient and careful to limit mistakes. Once the BACK and the BOTTOM/SIDE piece are complete, you will be experienced enough to save the best for last. Do the FRONT piece very carefully, this is your show piece. Complete the operation by cutting the divider holes in the FRONT and BACK piece.

Time to dye the pieces. Using Tandy Pro Dye #02 chocolate brown (two 4 oz. bottles) or your color of choice. Follow the directions on the label carefully, use a clean soft cotton cloth or clean new

sponge and rubber gloves. Lay pieces out on butcher paper, cardboard or other clean material. Make each swipe long and smooth without hesitation or stopping. If you stop or hesitate the stroke, that spot will become darker than the rest of the piece. Start with the BACK piece, then the BOTTOM/SIDE piece, and finally, as you become proficient, do the FRONT piece.

If you have purchased a belt blank or a strip of 5-6oz. leather strap and have a belt keeper to match, dye them at this point. Also dye the 3" strips that you will use to mount the "D" rings on the BACK of the quiver. Save unused dye to spot fix any weak areas or finish edges from cuts on the belt assembly. Lay out pieces carefully in a clean, dry, and warm area for 24-48 hours. Lay them on butcher paper or clean cardboard to protect any surfaces in your shop. When the pieces are completely dry, you can proceed.

If the belt or strap assembly pieces become too stiff, soften them by rubbing with Neatsfoot Oil. If you do so, your pieces will change to several shades darker. In the case of #02 chocolate brown, it will become nearly black. Also oil will not fully dry for several weeks to over a month, even in a warm and dry place. It must not touch any other leather piece until it is, without a doubt, completely dry. You can wrap the strap in newspaper to soak up the oil, change paper every other day to be most effective.

The other pieces will instantly soak up the oil and remain spotted for many months, so keep them separate!

The rule is, use extreme caution with the handling of Neatsfoot oil.

The WOODSHED



Hi. Let me introduce you to the WOODSHED.

First, we have one of the best selections of archery woods available for bowyers. We purchase quality woods in quantities to get volume discounts, which means savings to you.

Second, we are able to produce LAMINATIONS to your specifications. Our custom lamination forms were milled to precise stan-

dards, which mean repeatable high quality laminations for you.

Third, shop around, compare prices and quality, then give us a try. Your satisfaction is guaranteed!

The WOODSHED

4585 N. Columbine St
Boise, ID 83713
(208) 375-2662



Serving the Traditional and Primitive Archer since 1984

Welchman Longbows
Mahaska Custom Bows
Blue Ridge Archery
Hollenbeck Archery
Robertson Stykbow
Howard Hill Archery
Medicine Stick Selfbows

Custom Cedar Arrows
and Accessories

DISTRIBUTOR OF
Rose City Archery
Port Orford
Cedar Shafts

Send
\$2. for
catalog

Worldwide
mailorder

Visa and
Mastercard
accepted

SILVER ARROW ARCHERY

106 Fordway Ext. Dept. 1A
Derry, NH 03038 (603) 434-0569
www.silverarrowarchery.com



UNIQUE CATALOG OF INTERNATIONAL ARCHERY EQUIPMENT

full color catalog - four dollars

RD #1 Beechwood Road
New Wilmington, Pennsylvania 16142 USA

412.946.8332



The "Robin Hood" quiver, showing the lower "D" ring attachment.

Once all pieces are completely dry you can begin to assemble the quiver. First, mark the position for the upper "D" ring near the top of the BACK piece, between the lacing divider holes and on the smooth side of the of the quiver BACK. Do the same at the lower bottom edge of the quiver, choose either right-hand or left-handed position. Take the two 3" pieces and fold them through the two "D" rings (smooth, dyed side out) and glue the two rough sides together using the Craftsman cement. When dry, put glue on the marked spots on the quiver and when tacky place the "D" rings in position and clamp or put on some weight to hold in place. See upper left hand corner of the pattern sheet for illustration. Once dry, place over a rubber or leather cutting mat, use the mallet and sewing punch to place two rows of needle holes across the three thickness.

Cut about four feet of thread, run one end through the eye of the needle and back through the thread, about three inches down from the needle eye. Do the same with a needle on the other end. Push a needle through the first hole (you will need your needle nose pliers or Leatherman here) and pull half the

thread through. Place the same needle through the next hole and pull through. Then take the unused needle and put it through this same hole from the other side and pull tight, completing the loop. This is referred to as double stitching and is a very strong stitch. Continue sewing until lines are complete. The action of sewing can be visualized as a series of 8s laid horizontally next to each other. On the last hole, separate a glue line between the quiver and the next piece just enough to clear the closer needle hole. Pull each needle through the last hole and out through this separation, tie a square knot in the thread (it will hide itself in the separation,) dab just a tad of glue and press together until it holds, both knots will be hidden and protected. Now do the same for the other "D" ring. Use this same sewing process to attach the belt buckle and two snap swivels to the shoulder strap.

LACING

Now that all sewing is done we can begin the lacing process. The formula for lacing is three times the length of your project in lace. This project is 52" plus 8" across the top, plus 2 1/2" across the top per side, a total of 62 1/2" times three, equals 189 1/2" in length (or 15.8 ft. per side). A total of approximately 32 ft. for the project. For lacing, you will find two lacing needles very handy, to try it without lacing needles will add 10-12 hours of frustrating labor, so purchase the lacing needles. Pull off twenty feet of 5/32" beige lacing and cut a small diagonal on each end, wet the end and screw on the needle.

Put the two needles together and find the center of your lace, tie a half knot at this point. Your lacing is now set. Set the BACK piece on your bench, smooth side down (on a clean terry cloth towel is a good idea). Line up the center of the bottom hole with the center of the bottom hole on the BOTTOM/SIDE piece, with the rough side in. Place the needle through the center of the bottom hole in the BOTTOM/SIDE piece and down through the matching hole in the BACK piece. Pull through until the knot in the center of the lacing rests against the bottom of the quiver. Roll the unused side of the lacing up and put a rubber

band around it, we'll get to it later. As you pull each lacing through, remove any twists and pull tight, keeping all lacing flat. Continue lacing up the quiver on your left side until you reach the top, roll up the excess and put a rubberband around it.

Take the two needles and a twenty foot length of lacing, thread it as before, tie a knot in the center, place the FRONT piece on top (smooth side up) and line up the center bottom holes and lace left as you did before. You now have the left half of the quiver laced. Go back to the first lacing on the bottom piece and untie the knot and lace up the right side six or eight inches. Do the front piece the same distance. Switch

A Note From the Author

I have a good friend in the wonderful world of traditional archery. His name is Victor, a kind and gentle soul of many fine talents, including a personal ethic that is above reproach. Our friendship is one that seems involved in some fate, a manor of thinking that is very foreign to me, but just the same, it seems to be true. Over the years so many things have all come to fruition, in our love of archery. Things that would have not happened before, or without our friendship. This is one of those times, for without my friend Victor, this project may not have been completed for years, if at all.

Victor is a professional photographer with a good eye for composition and detail and is kind enough to work with me on many articles. As a traditional archer, he makes unique and magnificent arrows, innovative quivers and collects bows and ancient books on archery. (Also watch for his articles in "Instinctive Archer"). So, it was not unusual for me to mention that I wanted to do this article, nor was it unusual for Victor to agree to give of himself, one more time. As it is with many things we do, the idea and words may be mine, but the mentor, experience, knowledge, photography and patience came from Victor. The passion for this article and the love of doing it, we shared equally.

While giving credit where credit is due, I would like to say that we used Dave Cregers advice and purchased the basic raw materials from him. Many of you know that Dave makes a lot of the fine leather goods you'll find in many of your catalogs.

back and fourth until you reach the top. This method allows the most room for your hands on the inside of the quiver while lacing. Once you have reached the top, trim the top of the sides to match the FRONT and BACK of the quiver, dye the freshly cut edges.

You must decide at this point which lace to bring across the front of the top and across one side. I went from left to right and across the right side. Go across the back and across the other side with the lacing from the corner in which you just stopped. Make all tie offs on the inside of the quiver.

Glue a 2"x 10" piece of sheepskin to the inside bottom of the quiver, to protect the lacings and quiet the quiver. Add a second 2"x 10" piece of sheepskin to the shoulder strap for comfort. Use the can of Tandy's Leather Craftsman's cement.

Take a twelve-inch scrap of lace and tie a knot in one end, thread through the divider hole in the back piece, out the front piece, across to the next hole and out the back again. Tie off and trim. Attach the strap with the snap swivels and you now have a beautiful, well-earned quiver! Robin Hood would be proud!

PERSONALIZING THE QUIVER

Many things can be done with this quiver. Making the front and back in a wine color with a contrasting color for the bottom/side piece would be a nice touch. A black and white or brown and white pony hair or calf skin glued to the three main pieces and the strap would be expensive, but nice.

You can make a matching belt bag by using the bottom portion of the pattern. Make the back portion 4" longer than the front (front is 6" long and the back is 10" long). Fold the back over the front and add a deer-antler button and add a belt loop to the back. Make a knife sheath to match (make sure to keep the lacing the same for a matched look). If the belt and buckle on your pants match the strap on the quiver, you again will shine a little above your fellow archers.

You can add conchos and laces, southwest Indian designs or western stamping as in custom leather work.

Your imagination is your guide. I would recommend however, that you not stray to far from the simplicity and clean design of the original without giving it a lot of thought. It is a great quiver as is, don't over do it!

Left over dye makes a great stain for the new arrows you're making to fill this great new quiver. Orange or white crown dip with black trim makes a great crest. Finish with orange/black or all-white fletching.



Watch for future articles in this series, including: *The garments of the men of Sherwood* and the *target butts used in the tournament sequence*.

PROJECT ROBIN HOOD QUIVER.

TOOLS AND MATERIALS LISTS:

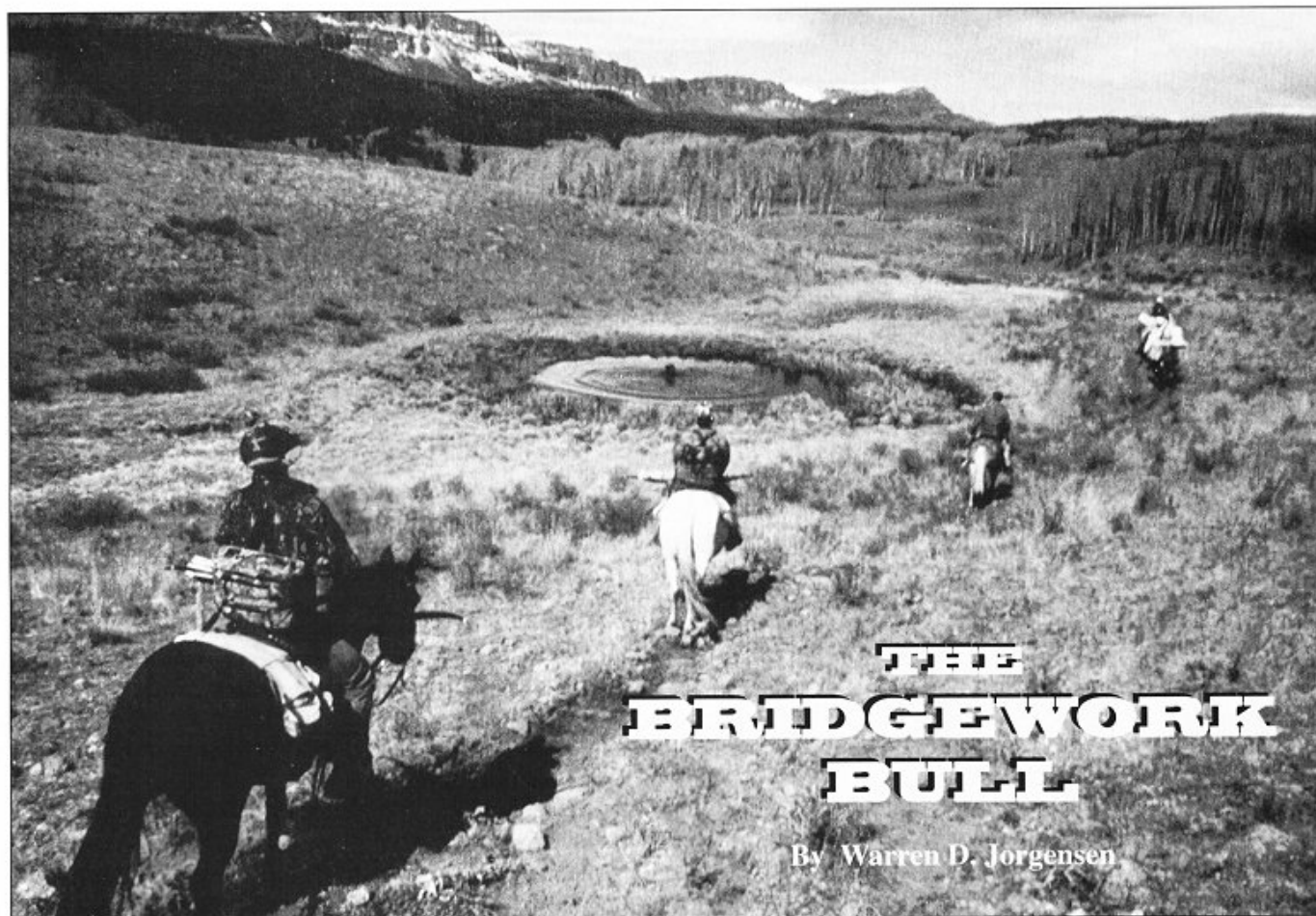
I. TOOLS.

- One rawhide or wood mallet.
- A straight edge is necessary, a 36" & a 12" square are ideal for this project.
- A tooling board of rubber or leather in the approximate shape of 12"x12".
- A Stanley utility trim knife (with one box of extra new blades).
- One pair of Large, high quality scissors.
- One Rotary punch or hand punch (use size #4, a 5/32" tube) from the leather shop or Tandy catalog.
- A four in one hole punch, with two center tubes removed, #8052 in TANDY catalog on pg. # 96. Good for marking only, as it will only punch up to a 5oz. weight in leather. A good quality set of dividers (set at 5/8" or 1/2") can be used, it must hold its adjustment without change.
- One needle punch, a four-prong punch is the best choice and is #8059 in the TANDY catalog, on pg. # 96, item P.
- Two leather sewing needles with a roll of dark brown sewing thread.
- Two lacing needles. When using, remember to cut the ends of the lacing at a 45 degree angle and wet them before inserting into the screw top of the needle, then twist until set.
- A 1/4" electric drill and a 5/32 drill bit, can be used to make lacing holes if needed, especially after the quiver edge lacing is complete and strap tabs need to be attached. This item is optional.
- An eyelet punch and stand can be used to attach the snap clip hardware to the belt and the "D" rings to the quiver, instead of sewing. This item is optional.
- One pair of needle nose pliers, or a Leatherman multi-tool, for the pulling of lacing through the tight lacing holes.
- A good quality drawing compass for help in

drawing the bottom of the quiver onto a template, is a handy thing, but optional. Otherwise just trace from pattern.

II. Materials.

- One piece of 8-9oz. weight of leather shoulder is needed in a twelve inch by five foot length. The cost is around \$5.00 to \$7.00 per square foot, depending on the quality of leather chosen for this project. The three pieces to this pattern are: one piece at 2 1/2" x 60" and two pieces at 8"x24" each.
- A leather belt blank, in the width and length of your choice (44" should fit most needs), is needed with a belt keeper and buckle. The two snap swivels and two "D" rings and two small strips of attachment leather (may be used from scrap from the belt), are needed to complete the strap assembly. If you prefer to design your own strap, a natural cowhide strip, in the width (1 3/4" or 2") and length (44"- 60") of your choice, is available at the leather store. Cost will vary depending on your purchases, usually under \$15.00, if you shop carefully. I used 3-4oz. in 2 1/2" width and dyed it with the same dye listed below, it became stiff and we softened with Neatsfoot oil which did darken the strap several shades, but softened it nicely.
- One spool of natural beige color lacing in a 5/32" width on a twenty five yard spool. The approximate cost is \$10.00.
- One roll of dark brown thread, equals 12 yards and costs \$2.00.
- Two jars of brown leather dye, we used Tandy's pro dye, 02 chocolate brown, in the 4 oz. jar, it is #2055 in the catalog and the cost is \$2.99 each.
- One can of Neatsfoot oil for leather softening, may be needed if you prefer a softer belt or strap. You must know that the oil will darken the dyed color of the strap, this item is optional.
- Two sheets of 80 or 100 grit sand paper, for sanding rough edges of cut leather.
- One soft, clean cotton rag for dyeing leather, a sponge is also a choice.
- One pair of rubber gloves, to protect hands during the dyeing process.
- One 2" x 10" strip of sheepskin, or leather piece of your choice, to line the bottom of the quiver, to protect the lacings from being cut by arrow points. A second strip can be used to apply to the shoulder strap for comfort.
- One can of Tandy Craftsman's Leather cement, for gluing the "D" ring tabs and sheepskin to the shoulder strap and quiver bottom.
- Use some clean cardboard for templates and some butcher paper to protect your shop during the dyeing process. Do not use newspaper anywhere near the leather until after all pieces are dyed and dried. Newsprint can dirty hands and leather. It is only good for soaking up excess Neatsfoot oil.



The late Sir Edmund Hillary was once quoted to the effect that “*An adventure is what you have when you make a mistake.*” My little adventure began innocently enough and as a result of raising my hand once too many times, I went someplace I had never been, to do something that I had never done, with a guy I did not know, to fulfill one half of a hunter’s dream.

For me, like most of us, the dream of a guided Rocky Mountain elk hunt and downing one of those majestic beasts is just that—a dream. The cost is prohibitive for all but

the deep pocketed, and I don’t number in their ranks. An alternative for experienced hunters long on dreams but short on cash is the drop camp: an outfitter drops you off at a campsite, and picks you up a week later. The hunting is up to you. For the large majority of non-western hunters, it is the only way to go.

I met Mike La Lumiere for five minutes just hours before I became high bidder on a drop camp hunt for two at a New York State Bowhunters’ auction. He expressed interest in joining me if no one else would, and did when they didn’t. For four months he was a voice on the phone, and I found we shared common hunting values: he had spent a lifetime as a lumberjack in the New England forests, and like myself, all of his hunting experience had been in the dense northeastern woods, he knew his way around a barebones camp, and he wasn’t afraid of us being on our own. He shared my philosophy that, while I have nothing against guides, the essence of the hunt is to bring myself into killing distance through my own skills and wits, and that to have myself positioned and in effect brought to the game would remove a large part of the hunt from my control. More importantly, he could cook, I can’t.

We conferred on menus, techniques, and with topo maps spread out in front of us, teleconferenced on the high



My heart leaped to a point just behind my Adam's apple and went into overdrive. He was magnificent, enormous, and beautiful.

terrain that was as alien to us as the moon. I studied videos and practiced my calling, with no idea of how good or bad I was.

In September, as the elk rut began, and the bulls began their bugling, we found ourselves 10,000 feet up, in Colorado's Flat Tops Wilderness Area, glassing more open country than either of us had ever seen. We scouted for two days, finding scat, tracks, and rubs, but heard no bugles. Not a sound broke the mountain air.

For the uninitiated, the art of hunting elk is simple. You locate a bull and call him in using a bull bugle or diaphragm cow call; forcing the bull into defending his harem against an interloper, or luring him with the idea of adding to that harem. I had opted to go with my cow call, reasoning that a bull with romance on his mind would rather do other things than fight. I've always had trouble with this diaphragm call, though. My bridgework always got in the way—as I tried to work it around my

mouth, it kept sliding out of position.

On the third day, I was shivering in my skivvies trying to start the fire when a solitary bugle—a bull, head back, neck outstretched, bellowing at the wan-

ing moon, looking for love at the shore of the lake not a thousand yards away—rent the predawn darkness. Later, I found his tracks in the frosty grass. They ran up the south ridge, across the saddle between it and the north ridge, and into the heavy cover where we had been finding all the sign.

On the fourth morning, I was dressed, sitting on the edge of my cot, softening the diaphragm in my mouth when they came: three long, drawn-out bellows. I was out of the tent and moving quickly with the last note still in the air.

I skirted the lake, watching the far shore for any sign of the bull, letting out a few mournful calls every fifty yards or so, hoping that he would hear this lovesick cow coming to him. With a slight wind out of the north I moved silently into the saddle, I knelt in a slight depression between two stunted pines and knocked an arrow.

There was an eight-foot opening in the trees fifteen yards ahead, with a downed log across its base. A trail ran in front of the log, angling down to the left behind a blowdown. I let out a few soft mews. A doe popped her head over the log, her black eyes on me, her nose testing the wind. I froze, pulled back on the string slightly, half expecting a buck to appear behind her. She did not move. Nor did I.

Then he was there.



Not a sound broke the mountain air.

He slipped past the doe, flowing silently on those dark elk legs, snout out, dull yellowed 5X5 rack back, contrasting sharply with his chocolate brown dew-wet hide glistening in the early morning sun. My heart leaped to a point just behind my Adam's apple and went into overdrive. He was magnificent, enormous, and beautiful. I began to shake.

He was there and gone in two seconds, stepping over the log, turning right and moving down to my left, behind the blowdown. All I could see was the rack, and as it got farther away, my wits returned. I got the call into place, and gave a soft, short mew. The rack stopped.

I moved forward five yards, and gave him another mew. The rack turned. I had the string at half draw, my eyes fixed on that rack as he slowly retraced his steps back towards the end of the blowdown and the opening. Two steps short of giving me a clear shot, the rack stopped.

He's coming, I thought, my heart pounding, the string tense across



We found ourselves 10,000 feet up, in Colorado's Flat Tops Wilderness Area, glassing more open country than either of us had ever seen.

my fingertips. He tilted his head back and his eye and nose appeared over the log. I pulled back to half-draw. His one Cyclops-like eye just hung there over the log, searching, his nose flaring, sniffing. Two more steps, I thought—just two more steps and he was mine. He didn't move. Jiggling the call into position, I inhaled and began the "come-and-get-me-lover-boy" mew that I knew would bring him out.

Then the bubble burst. As I applied the first bit of pressure to the diaphragm and began to exhale, it lost its tenuous grip on my plate and slipped back down my throat. Instead of the soft mew, what came out was the sound of a half-filled balloon let go across an empty room. A very large balloon.

The hide disappeared, the rack turned, bouncing down the trail to the valley below, matched by the speed with which my heart dropped into the hole where my stomach had been. I leaned forward, and resting my head on the cool ground, the only sound was my fists

pounding softly on the pine needle-covered forest floor. I looked up with a glimmer of hope in my heart, but no, he was gone.

Three days later, so were we. My dream had come to within a hair of being almost complete, and as we packed out of those mountains, I knew that I had left more than a little of myself on that little saddle, and both of us vowed to come back to these mountains that had taken such a hold on us. This year I was high bidder again, and Mike just called to discuss the menu.




Hunters Rendezvous
Traditional Archery & Muzzleloading Supply Post
Largest & Best Stocked Store in New England
 Custom-Made Longbows, Recurves,
 Custom Cedar Arrows & Accessories.
 Over 100 Custom Bows in Stock at All Times.
 Antique, Reproduction & Custom
 Muzzleloading Firearms.
 Largest Selection of Custom-Made
 Muzzleloading Rifles in New England.
 Barrels for T.C. Hawken & Renegade.
 Handcrafted Authentic Accoutrements.
 Buckskin Clothing • Dealer for Shiloh Sharps

**When In New England,
 Stop By And See Our Store.**
 Rte. 119 (South Road)
 Pepperell, Massachusetts 01463
 (508) 433-9458 • Fed. Lic. #05976
 Exit 31 Off Rte. 495, 11 Miles West On
 Rte. 119 — Look For The Log Cabin

NEW
 Custom Recurves
 by Bob Lee
 & Dale Stahl

Jim & Marcia Rebeck

Custom
 Long Bows by
 Dale Stahl &
 Susq. Archery

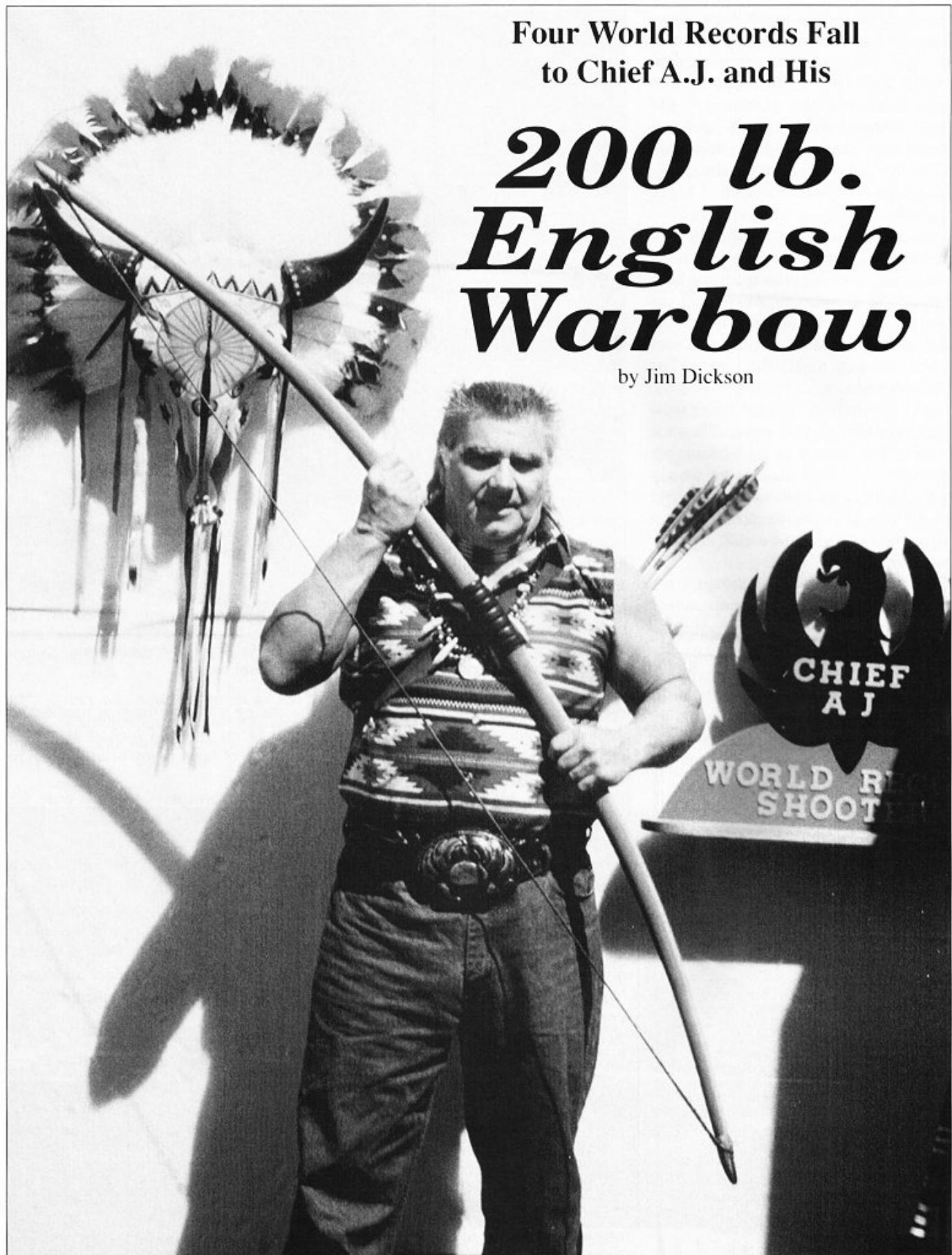
J & M Traditions



ALL
 Traditional Supplies
 Recurves
 Long Bows
 New & Used

R.D. #2, Box 413
 Sunbury, PA 17801
 (717) 286-7887

Flemish Strings
 Custom Arrows
 Aluminum
 or
 Cedar



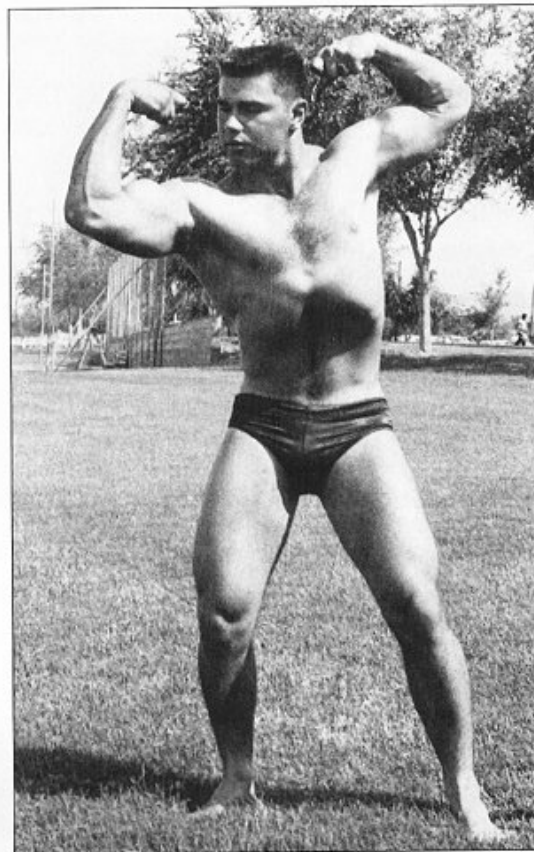
On August 31, 1997, in his continuing quest to draw attention to the Christian faith by doing great deeds, Chief AJ set four more world records in the Guinness Book of World Records. Setting records with both the traditional Yew self bow and a modern composite bow, the Chief became the first man in history to draw a 200 pound pull English longbow.

On September 11, he showed the world what you can do with a 200-pound bow when he shot a two-ounce arrow, weighing as much as an eight gauge ball, at 330 feet per second clear past the old distance record of 362 yards for a new world record of 466.44 yards! What kind of penetration do you get with an arrow like that? Well, the Chief shot an arrow through both sides of a heavy steel bucket filled with sand that had stopped every modern high powered rifle soft nose bullet fired into it.

Next, he set a penetration record of 120 millimeters into phone books. These four records were added to his three others in the Guinness Book, for the Chief has already shot 40,060 2 1/2" pine blocks out of the air with a .22 rifle without a miss. He has taken an air rifle and shot 589 charcoal briquettes out of the air in 60 minutes, and he has taken a bow and arrow and shot 5,086 standard aerial archery targets out of the air in a four-day shoot where the accumulated draw weight of the bow reached 80 tons. Obviously, the Chief is a powerful man. A true Indian War Chief.

In 1957 he was the first man at Muscle Beach California to see-saw press a pair of 100 pound dumbbells overhead. He followed that by becoming the first man at Muscle Beach to bench press 500 pounds. Unfortunately, the bar bent, resulting in the Chief being told to leave.

That same year he won the title of "Best Arms" in the Mr. America body building competition. Thirty years later, in 1987, he placed in the top ten in the Mr. America competition. Now at 60 years of age, the Chief is stronger than ever before. His bulging 20 inch biceps show the world that giving up strength as you get older in nothing but the sin



Chief A.J. in 1957, a 20-year-old United States Marine in Barstow, California. This was the same year that he won the title "Best Arms" in the Mr. America Contest.

of sloth, causing muscles to atrophy with years of disuse. The Chief is a living testimonial to the truth of the scripture in Daniel 11:32, ***"..but the people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits."***

The yew longbow is a classic choice to do exploits with. These super bows first appeared with the cave men in prehistoric Europe. 5,000 years ago when the "Iceman" was frozen into an alpine glacier, he had a yew longbow with him.

3,000 years ago Homer wrote in the *Odyssey* that the King of Ithaca, Ulysses, had a bow so strong that no one else could draw it. After years of fighting in the Trojan war and the epic odyssey home, he had to draw this bow and shoot an arrow through the shaft holes in a row of 12 axe heads to prove his identity. He then used this bow to kill the other claimants to his throne and regain his kingdom and family.

In more recent times, the Vikings shot up much of the known world with longbows, and a woodsman named Robin Hood and his merry band shot their way into history, song, and legend with their longbows. In 1167 A.D., Richard DeClar, the Earl of Pembroke, drew a 165-pound bow which earned him the name "Strongbow." He carried this bow with him in 1171 when he commanded 200 horsemen and 1,000 footsoldiers in the Norman invasion of Ireland. The tactical



Chief A.J. inspecting the **new penetration record of 120 millimeters** into phone books.



The 200-pound longbow propelled a two-ounce (875 grain) arrow through both sides of a heavy steel bucket filled with sand that had proven capable of stopping all modern, high-powered rifle soft-nosed bullets fired into it.

combination of archers and cavalry was devastating. In later years the athletic young King Henry VIII would draw a 180-pound longbow. But it was at the Battle of Crecy that the longbow won its biggest acclaim as the English bowmen mowed down the French knights until they ran out of Frenchmen, to the Bowmen's bitter disappointment. Ah well, all good things must come to an end, even the most pleasant of days.

Chief A.J.'s epic quest for his four world records began with obtaining the bows and arrows of mythic proportion. The Howard Hill Archery Company was able to produce a modern composite bow that drew 200 pounds, but when both bows were completed the prehistoric-designed yew selfbow shot 130-yards further than the modern bow.

The advantage of a heavy bow is that it will shoot heavy arrows that fly farther and penetrate deeper than normal arrows. Special-two ounce arrows were made by Nazareth Arrows in Red Oak, Iowa; Raptor Archery in Hood River, Oregon; and Easton Arrow Co. in Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Chief wanted a traditional English longbow made in England, but a thorough search of the British Isles by famed Best Quality Gunmaker and archer, Giles Whittome proved that there

was neither stave nor tree of sufficient size to make a bow of such heroic proportions in the British Isles. The search widened.

At the summit of Oregon's Cascade Mountains in the lava beds of the Santiam Pass, Bowyer Gerald Welch of Welshman Longbows in Whales Pass, Alaska found a circle of seven big Pacific Yew trees (*Taxus Brevifolia*). One was big enough. Of the three possible staves, one broke when tillered, one only drew 150 pounds, but the last drew the required 200 pounds.

Making and tillering these huge bows is such a big problem for the bowyer that we can be certain that most medieval English warbows were of 70 to 120 pounds pull. Larger bows are impractical to manufacture in quantity and horrifically dangerous if they break in tillering, as they can send high velocity wood splinters flying like shrapnel. Heavy bows are also difficult to maintain a sustained rate of fire with as well.

Chief AJ's bow is a true warbow, the military version of the longbow of Edward III and Henry V. Only one stave out of a hundred can qualify as warbow quality. It is made of the medieval military specifications with no backing and cow horn battle nocks left unpolished. It is finished with oil and

wax and has a bowyer's mark on the side to locate the arrows path. The 200-pound warbow has truly heroic proportions:

- The bow is seventy-seven inches long
- The handle is six inches in circumference at the center.
- The limbs taper to five inches at midpoint, and four inches at the tips.
- It has amber heartwood, and sapwood the color of honey.

When Gerald Welch completed the longbow and the arrows were finally ready, Chief A.J. began his own odyssey as he drove over 2,000 miles by land in his pickup truck and took the ferry over 1,000 miles by sea to personally pick up the historic bow and arrows.

Drawing the bow is a major task. Four months of training were required to draw the bow that everyone said Chief A.J. could never draw. After four months, he could make the full 28 inch draw to reach a full 200-pound pull.

It takes from eight to twelve seconds to pull the bow back and he cannot let up at any point along the way. His back and shoulder muscles do most of the work. The bow arm and shoulder have to hold up to the strain, keeping the



Chief A.J. launching an arrow from the 200-pound longbow. He set a new English longbow record of 466.44 yards.

bow extended away from the body as it is drawn.

The bow must be held very tight, yet at the same time it must be allowed to twist back and forth under the tremendous strain. The whole body must be used together. Chief A.J. describes it as a super strain that makes you quiver and shake and hurt. "Your head pounds, your gut aches and your legs shake."

Today Chief A.J. is stronger than at any other time in his life, and he ranks this as the hardest feat of strength that he has ever done.



For more on Chief AJ, his internet address is <http://www.bright.net/~jeheagle>



From the Bowyer's Perspective

by Gerald Welch, Welchman Longbow Company

When Chief A.J. asked me to make a Warbow pulling 200 pounds, I couldn't resist the challenge that this presented. I had no idea just what this challenge would lead me into, but I was to find out.

I have made many 90 and 100 pound-plus bows, but never over 105 pounds. I soon discovered that once a self Yew bow moves past the 150 pound range, a new dynamic takes over. A self bow of this tremendous weight takes the very best Yew in the world. In order to properly tiller such a bow, it must be brought in at around 225-230 pounds and from there "brought round compass" to the desired weight. At A.J.'s draw length of 28 inches, the bow had to be longer than a normal Yew self bow due to the tremendous sheer forces imposed at full draw.

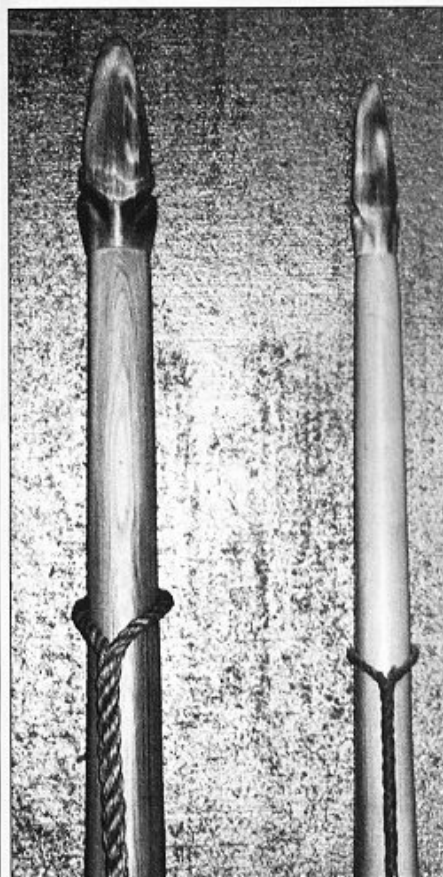
It took four tries with four different Yew staves to finally accomplish 200 pounds. The first bow pulled 150 pounds at 28 inches fully tillered, followed by 165, 180 and 190 pounds; each becoming stronger than the one before. I was beginning to wonder if I would ever reach the magic 200 pounds.

The first problem I encountered was that I needed a complex series of pulleys in order to get enough purchase on the stave to even get it strung up. A new string of 36 strands made of Dacron B-50 stretched like a rubber band. A

shorter string then required the bow to be bent at over half draw in order for the string to finish stretching and settle into a seven inch brace height. A double-notched nock end allowed for a loose string to draw the bow far enough to slide the top nock into place. Each new stave brought the same question to my mind - "will it blow at full draw and if so, what does a 200 pound bow at full draw do when she goes?" I was beginning to feel a little twitchy every time I slipped the string over the nock for the first time - but they all held, much to my relief.

Carl Ackley, the famous museum taxidermist, was once asked, "Do you think every taxidermist ought to mount an elephant to complete his education?" Ackley answered, "Yes, but he would be crazy to do a second one."

I'm of the same mind when it comes to crafting another 200 pound bow. I'll be thankful to stick to standard poundages - it's easier on my nerves.



Comparison of the 200-pound bow (left) to my 65 pound personal bow. Note the size of the 36-strand string vs the 15-strand string.

MEET WORLD FIELD *LONGBOW CHAMPION* *LARRY YIEN*



by Victor Smith

3-D tournaments have taken Traditional Archery to new heights in camaraderie and merriment in these last several years. They have strengthened the traditional spirit and brotherhood within the tribe. Most of us enjoy our traditional 3-D tournaments so much that we put them on the same level as our hunting adventures. If you're like me, there might be that special day when Lady Luck is on your side, . . . enough so to place or even win!

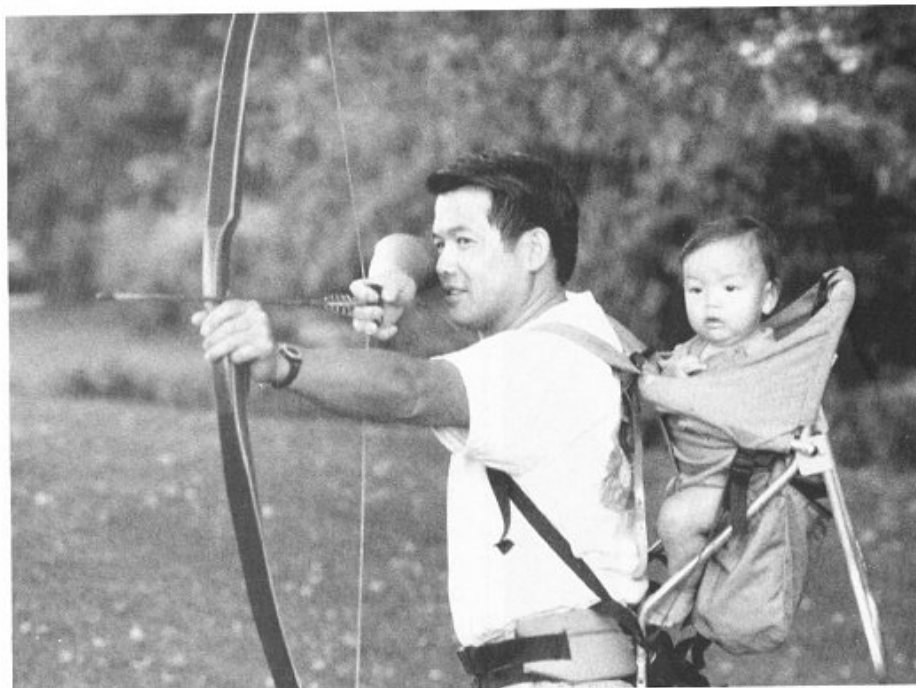
Not so with the World Field Longbow Championships—a more serious tournament designed to weed out Lady Luck with its grueling five-day shoot. Sanctioned by the International Field Archery Association (IFAA), this tournament brings forth some of the world's best archers. Competition is stiff with little room for errors. With the growing popularity of Traditional Archery, and IFAA's backing, the World Field Longbow Championships could very well be traditional archery's window into the Olympics.

The rules are simple. You must loose an arrow Mediterranean style (split fingers). This eliminates any string-walking techniques. Only wooden arrows are allowed, and they must be shot off the shelf. The bow must be one piece (no takedown). To divide longbows from recurves, the string must not touch the limb. And a new rule introduced for 1998's competition: there must not be more than one-half inch deflection when the back of a longbow is rolled lengthwise on a flat surface. This eliminates excessive reflex and riser mass.

I am usually pretty tired after a long day of fifty or so 3-D targets. Depending upon the course, this means anywhere from fifty to seventy arrows. In the World Field Longbow Championships, during four out of the five days, competitors must shoot a field course with 112 arrows for each day, on target faces. On the third day of competition, twenty-eight 2-D animal targets are shot. Up to three arrows can be shot at each target. You shoot until you hit the animal. Each successive

arrow counts less. Over the five days, each competitor will shoot between 476 and 532 arrows, not counting warm up shots. Most 3-D traditional tournaments wisely limit the distance of their shots to 45 or 50 yards. The majority of the shots are between 15 to 30 yards. This trains all of us to be ethical hunters. However the World Field Longbow Championships more closely follows our beloved Robin Hood legend, shooting at distances up to 80 yards. This is truly a tournament of endurance and marksmanship, where one word rings continuously through every competitor's mind: **FORM! FORM! FORM!**

I have known Larry Yien for about eight years now. We have hunted elk, and shot many arrows together. We have spent hour upon hour in discussion on archery and all of its aspects. However I felt that this was not enough. I wanted you, the reader, to understand what makes Larry a champion. So I recently spent two days interviewing Larry at his house in beautiful Santa Cruz, California, asking the most direct questions.



Larry won three gold medals at the World Field Longbow Championships. One for individual, one for the United States Team, and one for the North American Field Archery Championships. *"In my mind I have won just by participating in the event. I love being a father, and tournaments are sometimes a great way for all of us to get together."*



THREE RIVERS ARCHERY SUPPLY



WORLD'S LARGEST TRADITIONAL PRIMITIVE ARCHERY SUPPLIER

- Quality Products
- Fast Service
- Reasonable Prices
- 2700 Items in Stock

Send \$2.00 for Catalog #12
P.O. Box 517, Dept. 3 • Ashley, IN 46705
No Overseas Orders
www.3riversarchery.com

I have known many archery champions throughout my thirty years of archery. From Olympic medalist to National champions, and Larry Yien's demeanor is the gentlest and most carefree that I have yet encountered. He does not make excuses when a bad arrow is released. On those off days, I do not see him get mad or upset. . . only signs of slight disappointment.

He is a dedicated archer. Every morning before work he gets up extra early in order to shoot some arrows. Most days after work he will also practice. He won three gold medals at the World Field Longbow Championships. One for individual, one for the United States Team, and one for the North American Field Archery Championships, which was combined with the World field shoot. He also broke two world records in the field and hunter rounds.

"Larry, what lured you into archery. . . how did you get started. . . for me it was Errol Flynn's Robin Hood. What did it for you?"

"Originally my cousin invited me to try bowhunting. I started out with a compound and only practiced up before each hunting season. Two years later in 1988, one of my neighbors came over with a recurve. He left the recurve with me and told me to play with it as much I wanted. That's when I really started to get into archery. I became fascinated with the flight of the arrow and that perfect shot. So I started searching for the perfect shot. I remember my shooting companions and I would talk about the perfect shot. That became my drive, my quest—to achieve. . . to shoot the perfect shot."

Welchman Longbow Company



English Longbows

Quality Crafted Self
Bows of Pacific Yew

Prince of Wales Island
Whale Pass, PO Box WWP
Ketchikan AK, 99950-0280

"I met you maybe a year after that, or sooner. You were deeply into archery by then. Shooting arrows every day, collecting old archery books, and gearing up for competition. You were thirsty for any knowledge concerning archery, and still are.

I remember the first time we met. Even though you were not using sights, you were using a target-style of archery. We began to discuss the principles of instinctive archery. It was approaching night and I foolishly bragged about being able to shoot in the dark, as it is one of the advantages of instinctive archery. You eagerly embraced the concept and asked if we could shoot a few arrows around the field course of the Santa Cruz Archery Range. As the archery range is deeply shaded by large redwoods, we shot with little light for the first thirteen targets. The fourteenth target was in complete darkness. A fifty-five yard shot downhill. It was like shooting blindfolded. We had to guess where the target was. You still went for it, and even hit the target butt, just missing the target! That impressed me, that you were willing to get out there and try something as ridiculous as shooting in the dark."

"Yes that was lots of fun."

"Larry, you almost always seem relaxed when you are shooting. Many times you will gently play or joke around while shooting. You don't seem outwardly upset when you're not having an 'on day.'

"I don't think it's any one thing. It is a combination of many different principles. I have studied some Eastern philosophies. Read some Zen. Took an E.S.T course in the 70s.

"Tell us about the equipment you use."

"I make my own arrows. I use Port Orford Cedar shafts. They work very well. Although the flight is very good, I still haven't figured out what the perfect spine is for my bows. I also make my own Flemish strings and quiver."

"I use 21st Century longbows for tournaments as well as hunting. It's an innovative longbow that still stays within the traditional guidelines. Jim Ploen of 21st Century Longbows is con-

stantly trying to improve his designs. He listens to the consumer. He wants to know exactly what you think, good or bad."

"Even before you went over to traditional style you were having fun with traditional equipment. I remember you made your own yew wood bow, rough-shaping it with an ax. And you would read enthusiastically all the old turn-of-the-century books by Dr. Pope and Elmer. What switched you over to Traditional?"

"Barebow style was becoming too high tech. There were some pretty complicated elevated flipper rests with all kinds of adjustments for flight and high-tech composite arrows. A much more serious crowd of archers. Definitely not as much fun as a pure traditional shoot. Then there is my good friend Jack Mills. He is deeply into traditional and primitive archery. I would go over to his house and see him working on longbows, arrows, and quivers. **It was then that I realized that archery was more than just shooting arrows and hunting. That archery was also a craft, one that our ancestors once practiced. I became intrigued with arrow making, leatherwork, all the things that go along with traditional archery.**"

Where would you like to see traditional archery go—competition wise?"

"I would like to see Traditional Archery remain uncomplicated. Leave it to three basic classes. Primitive bows, Longbows, and Recurves. There is some talk about separating flatbows and longbows or adding aluminum arrows to a separate longbow class and/or wood arrows for a recurve class. I saw what happened to the compound and technical archers with their zillion classes. I like the fact that you have to use wood arrows for the longbow class. It puts the archer into that old-fashioned traditional style by teaming a little of the craft—like making his own arrows. I think they should limit the restrictions on bows, like the longbow, . . . how much reflex, or how much mass weight in the riser, but not make a bunch of separate classes. That only tends to separate and prejudice people rather than having that great traditional spirit that we currently have.

I would love to see an introduction of the traditional bow into the Olympics. The Olympics is a great arena for the athlete."

"You are entering a lot of Traditional tournaments with your child strapped to your back. Doesn't that hinder your shooting abilities?"

"I am thrilled to have a family experience. I don't have to take first every time. In my mind I have won just by participating in the event. I love being a father, and tournaments are sometimes a great way for all of us to get together. As you know, my wife is five times national barebow champion. She sometimes beats me and I am very proud of her."

"Larry, what are some of your weaknesses?"

"I am not so good at 3-D tournaments. I need a lot of work in that area"

"How can that be? How can you be so good at field tournaments, which can be so demanding and exacting?"

(Larry laughed and humbly replied) "I guess I need to practice more. It is different, 3-Ds. I was at a traditional shoot at Santa Ynez, California and didn't do particularly well. At the end of the shoot a stranger walked up to me and asked me how I could have not won."

"I remember that shoot. You were carrying your baby on your back and helping your wife stroller the other child up and down hills. I think that was a two- or three-mile course. If it were me I would have been making all kinds of excuses. So what did you tell him?"

"I simply shrugged my shoulders and told him that I guess I needed more practice. Which is true. I need more practice at 3-Ds. A field course and 3-Ds are different."

"Enough about your weaknesses, for I have certainly seen you pour it on before. Especially under formal competition where the pressure can be great. You are rock solid. Every arrow is released with what looks like perfect form, smooth and flowing. Can you give us some tips on how to achieve this?"



Archery is an enjoyable family experience for the entire Yien household. Larry's wife has even been known to outshoot him a time or two on the range (she's a five-time National Barebow Champion).

"The arrow is like the ultimate truth. . . it goes where you aim—if it doesn't go where you aim—well. . .

I don't like to give too much advice. A person can be overtaught. Sometimes it can actually impede a person's growth. By over teaching it can take the intuitiveness out of the archer, disturbing the innocent child within. The child enjoys the flight of the arrow. If you see someone stuck, it is a bit like a rock on a hill. A little nudge and the rock will follow its own path down the hill.

I believe that two very important parts of shooting well are a strong mind and good mechanics. One is mental and the other is physical. A strong mind or mind control will allow the inner self to do its thing, to just let go. Let go of ego. . . let go of yourself. Beginners often shoot very well."

"How about the physical, or good mechanics as you put it?"

"There are many, however I would like to focus on one: **Shoot with the back in continuous motion.**"

"You mean back tension? Keeping the back locked up?"

"No. Not at all. My back is not tense, and not locked up. It is in continuous motion.

"I don't understand. You hold your arrow on target for a few seconds before releasing. Isn't your back locked up?"

"No. You are using your back muscles, and many people use their arms instead of their back, but the back is not locked up or tense. It is continually squeezing, fluid in motion."

"Have you thought anymore about my earlier question of why or how you are so relaxed when you are shooting. How you got that way?"

"I love my family. My wife and I have a deep respect for one another. And that of course makes you strong. I think that is a good part of it. It allows me to be both free and strong inside.

Oh! I would like to add one more tip to shooting well!

"Great! what is it?"

(Larry rose up with a gleam in his eyes) **"SHOOT LOTS OF GOOD ARROWS!"**





Tiny beads of sweat had combined with neighbors, which in turn hooked up with others of similar origin. These larger spheres eventually overcame the surface tension that held them in place on the hunter's face and forehead. They carved miniature creeks, then streams and eventually riverlike streaks through the soot and charcoal used as a natural camouflage on the face of the young deer hunter. He had been crouched beside the giant boulder since long before daylight, when he shivered from the chill of the early morning. The hot, late summer sun was now well up in the eastern sky, and the chill had been chased away, hours ago.

The small group of mule deer should be coming over the ridge at any time now. He had spent many days observing the group, and was confident in his anticipation. The deer typically fed in the small basin just over the ridge to the west, then moved into the main canyon to bed in the shadows of large boulders and scattered juniper trees. Large, well-concealed beds could be found the entire length of the canyon, and the boy was waiting near one of the well-worn trails.

He had spent many months in preparation of this moment. Long hours spent in apprenticeship to the tribes' best bow makers, arrow crafters and flint head knappers resulted in the weapons lying at his side and propped against the boulder used as a hiding place. He had searched the hills and valleys with determined patience to find the "just right" piece of wood to form into his bow. Most of the other young men in his age group had not yet acquired the patience he now pos-

sessed for building their hunting equipment. They chose lesser materials from which to carve their bows, and the results were not surprising. Their bows ended up as firewood or performed very poorly in the many contests held between the young men. The same comparison could be made with the arrows and heads. This young hunter was determined to work hard, learn from the elders and the tribes' best hunters, and share the success usually experienced by the older, more seasoned men. He had another incentive driving his patience and determination; he was hungry.

The young hunter's mind began to wander. He thought back to the piles of shavings, which resulted from scraping the long slender tree limb into the shape of a bow. These same shavings were used to rekindle the hot coals of the previous night's fire into another crackling, flickering, live creature, warding off the morning's chill. He thought of the sinew from a cow buffalo that he used to splice together into the string, which transformed his straight, lifeless stick into a curved, caged demon, capable of sending a feathered shaft quickly toward its intended target. Rabbits, squirrels, and birds had already succumbed to the deadly little weapon. The young hunter had polished his skills in preparation of this day. The grouse feathers provided the guidance for his arrows. The rabbit and squirrel skins had been sewn together to form a makeshift, yet fragile, quiver. He thought of the many useful items which could be made from a deerskin, including a new quiver.

He glanced down at his thumbs and fingers, and could still see the tiny white lines that served as reminders of the many nicks and cuts he received from the sharp flakes of the magical, nearly clear rocks which were used in making arrow heads, knives and scrapers. He had listened intently to the words of the elders when they talked of the importance of the arrowhead. How it must be strong, correctly shaped, and most importantly, sharp enough to easily cut through the hair, skin and internal organs of the deer, elk or buffalo. He had spent countless hours with his crude tools, shaping, chipping and oftentimes breaking the fragile heads in his attempts to make one to his high standards. The stone point attached to the arrow, which had been placed on the ground next to his bow, was his best. It was sharp enough to easily draw blood from even the most callused of his fingers as a test. It was attached soundly to the end of the slender arrow shaft. This shaft was straight and true. It was decorated with stripes and wavy lines, both cross-wise as well as along the length of the shaft. The decorations were to identify the arrow as his own, as well as to bring him the luck of the gods of the hunt.

The swish of some brush quickly brought his thoughts back to the present. His head quickly cleared. His heart began to pound. He swiftly yet quietly snatched his bow from its resting place and he fitted the arrow to the string. He desperately wanted to raise his head above the rock, to see the source of the noise. He knew better. His training had taught him to remain calm, to be patient. To wait. Silently and deadly, much as the panther would wait in ambush for his quarry.

The sounds of an animal moving down the narrow draw became louder and louder. The pace of his heartbeat increasing as well. The small buck was alone. He was only a few months into his second year of life, yet his instincts caused him to separate from the does and fawns of the year. He was drawn to the steeper, more secluded, section of the canyon wall. He would descend slightly toward the creek bottom and bed for the day in one of the many beds in that area. Beds that had

been used by his ancestors for many years.

The buck was nearing his intended bedding site when he stopped to investigate the small scrap of fur dangling from a nearby sage limb. The same scrap of fur left there earlier that morning by the young hunter crouched nearby. The buck's head was partially obscured by the slick leaf ceanothus bush, and he wasn't able to see the bow being raised slightly from its resting place on the young hunter's leg. Nor did he see the powerful little bow being drawn, just a few short feet away. In spite of the excitement of the moment, the pounding of his heart, the sweaty palms, the roaring in his ears, the young hunter remembered the words of his advisors. Pick a spot and concentrate on that spot. Ignore all other distractions.

The arrow covered the distance from bow to buck before the deer had a chance to react. It entered the buck's chest between two ribs, punched through both lungs and nicked a rib as it exited the opposite side. The flint head was still shaving sharp as it struck the rock bluff. The point was shattered against the hard surface, and the shaft splintered into numerous pieces. The piece which included the nock and feathers, fell to the ground between some large boulders, to be used as nesting materials for the pack rats living among the rocks. The opposite end of the shaft and the remaining portion of the point flew toward the canyon bottom, glancing off another large boulder, and landed on a small, rocky ledge. The wooden shaft and sinew lashing would rot and decay from the sun, snow and rain, but the remainder of the stone point would lay on the ledge, untouched and unchanged, for many years.

The mortally wounded deer ran only a short distance before falling in a heap, just short of the clear, cold mountain stream. The proud hunter barely touched the ground as he raced to the downed buck. He gave thanks to the gods of the hunt as he gently stroked the velvet covered antlers. He had never been so proud. The small group of Indians would eat well tonight.

* * *

Butch and I rose shortly after first light and gathered up Lance, London and Tony, my trusty llama pack string. We had arrived from our Boise homes just after sunset the previous day, and slept in the back of our pickups at the trailhead. We had the boys saddled and loaded in no time and headed into the Nevada backcountry on our annual early season mule deer hunt. The early morning chill was quickly replaced with clear skies and a hot, penetrating sun.

The trail was well marked and at a gradual, gentle grade for the first couple miles. We then descended into a swampy creek bottom and across to a fairly steep, wooded ridge. The trail completely disappeared and we ended up trying to pick the best route toward the top. The llamas found the going pretty difficult. The trail was steep, the temperature very hot and the packs wider than the numerous aspen trees growing thickly on the sidehill. It wasn't long before Tony decided to pretend he was a mule, and refuse to take another step. I couldn't blame him. I leapfrogged his packs up the ridge about a hundred yards, and found a good trail leading around toward the saddle. It wasn't long before we were resting at the top, before descending into a small lake basin. The last push up to our intended campsite at a nice, secluded meadow and spring went as planned. We were surprised to ascend over the last rise, only to discover a tent perched in the exact location we had intended to camp. We were disappointed to find other hunters already in our secret spot, but we also knew we were in the middle of a huge, roadless area.

A couple hours later we had a camp set up that was fit for a king. A 4-man backpack tent, cots, fold-a-table, two-burner stove, shower, and enough food to last 10 days. All the comforts of home! As we were setting up the shower, the two hunters belonging to the other tent as well as another hunter, came into camp. Their reports were not what we were anticipating. The three hunters had only seen a handful of deer, and only one small buck located between the three of them. Not good news.

We grabbed some lunch and took a nap during the heat of the afternoon. A sweep of the big canyon on the north end of the main mountain peak and we managed to jump a small 3-point buck, and I spotted a small fork-horned buck just before dark. The swarms of mosquitoes around camp while we were trying to prepare and eat supper didn't do much to help our spirits for the hunt. We went to bed that night with hopes of a better second day.

Day number two wasn't any better than the first. In fact, we couldn't even locate the two bucks spotted the previous day. Hour after hour of sitting and glassing, moving and more glassing resulted only in sore eyes. Time to move camp. We loaded up and headed back to the trailhead and the pickups. We ran into some Nevada Fish & Game personnel at the trailhead, who were doing some high mountain lake fishing. They claimed that the deer counts held late in the winter indicated a healthy herd. They couldn't understand the lack of deer. We headed into town for a meal. Strike number two. The restaurant was even closed.

The next morning we scouted around the lower foothills to the east of the main mountain. Some excellent looking deer habitat, and lots of sign from late winter. We saw numerous coveys of chukars and a doe and fawn. Time to head home and regroup. I strongly believe in paying my dues and doing the necessary homework to be successful. We had called numerous biologists as well as at least three bowhunters who had hunted this same area the past couple of years. All reports were the same. We had zeroed in on one of the premier big buck hot spots in Nevada. There was only one piece of the puzzle missing. The deer. More phone calls to biologists and conservation officers. Their only recommendation was to look for the deer closer to the agricultural areas at the base of the mountain.

The next weekend found us headed back to Nevada. This time we focused on the transition areas between the high alpine peaks and the hay fields in the valley. We found fair numbers of deer in the fields, but nothing with antlers. A long day spent hiking around, and glassing hadn't accomplished a

thing. Another huddle. Back around the mountain on a trip back to the top. This time we would search the south side of the mountain. We arrived at an open basin just before dark, and set up our camp next to a clear, high mountain stream. The llamas were left back in Boise for this trip, and we camped out of the back of the pickup.

We had an hour's hike behind us by first light. Our intended destination was a series of canyons to the east, but we needed to cross a deep, brush-choked canyon to get there. High mountain mule deer hunting is not supposed to include tangled thickets of vine maple, sagebrush, willows and small aspens too thick to fight through, but there we were. We finally made it to our destination, and immediately spotted a small group of feeding mule deer. The group included a very nice non-typical 3 X 4 and an average sized 3 X 3, along with a dozen does and fawns. The sun had not yet climbed over the far ridge, and we huddled behind some boulders, trying to keep warm as we watched the deer. They eventually worked their way up and over the ridge. We wasted no time crossing the small basin, and were careful to peak over the rocky ridge. We spotted the does and fawns just bedding down, out at the end of a finger ridge, but no sign of the bucks. More sitting and glassing. More nothing.

I was making one last sweep of the canyon, carefully looking behind every bush, rock and tree, when I spotted what looked like an antler sticking up near a shade tree. Careful examination with the spotting scope and we still weren't sure. Sure looked like an antler, but it never moved. I took the spotting scope and climbed to the top of the rocky knob for a different look. A buck, and a big one! A coin toss decided who would get the stalk. Butch cheated. He offered to let me accompany him on the stalk, and I hesitated at first, knowing that two hunters make 4 times as much noise, and usually cause each other to hurry more than normal. I went anyway.

We mapped out our route, and got within about 150 yards before dropping our packs and shoes. The buck was bedded next to a juniper tree about 10 yards downhill from a natural ledge,

which included a well-worn game trail. This should be a piece of cake. We somehow got focussed in on a tree about 50 yards farther up the ridge than where the deer was bedded, and as we were sneaking down the trail I got that funny feeling that things just weren't right. I stopped and looked around, and there less than 10 yards away was the antler spotted earlier. Butch was so intent on the stalk that he didn't see the small rocks whizzing past, in my efforts to get his attention. I moved a few yards closer to the deer and prepared for a shot. I could only see the top 6 inches of his antlers, and the deer was hardly moving his head. He must have been nearly asleep. Butch kept on with the stalk, and was approaching a position directly upwind of the buck. Things were going to start happening, soon.

Butch eventually turned to check my position, and it was then that I motioned the position of the buck. Butch spotted the antlers immediately and started to slowly work in on the deer. He got to within about 15 yards of the buck, and could approach no closer because the buck was facing toward where Butch was crouched. The buck suddenly came to the alert mode, and I started to draw. Butch did the same. The buck rose, whirled 180 degrees and before I could release, disappeared behind a Volkswagen-sized boulder in his attempt to escape. When he appeared a split second later my arrow slid just past his white rump. Butch managed to place his arrow in a better location. It entered just behind the rib cage, angling forward into the chest cavity. The buck quickly disappeared around the ridge. I retrieved my arrow, and Butch found the fletch end of his, covered with signs of a hit.

We retrieved our packs and waited over an hour before slowly and carefully taking up the trail. When we discovered the trail leading down a boulder and brush strewn ravine, we backed off and climbed a lone 40-foot tall sentry outcrop, attempting to see down into the maze, and possibly spot the buck. No luck. A precarious descent off the rock and we took up the trail once again. Only a few minutes later we jumped the buck, and he ran down the draw and disappeared into a patch of brush, at the



Early-season mule deer hunting in Nevada may be hot, steep, and dry, but Butch Olsen's huge-bodied 4x4 shows why many hunters return year after year.

end of a rocky cliff. Butch went over to the left and I went to the right, hoping to spot the buck emerge in the open creek bottom below. No sign of the deer.

I thought the deer probably ducked into the brush at the point of the cliff, and worked his way down to a bedding spot lower in the rocks. I dropped my pack and climbed up to the face of the cliff. There appeared to be a narrow ledge I could use to circle around, and hopefully spot the buck from above. I made my way around the ledge, and spotted the buck bedded about 20 yards away, tucked up under a bush. I considered taking the shot from there, but it looked like I could get within just a few yards of the buck from ground level. I backed off, and headed back in the direction I had just come. As I was descending the face of the cliff I spotted a small, dark object lying on top of a large boulder. I reached down and picked up a flint arrowhead, which had the point missing. As I stood there examining my find, I could feel an unexplained presence nearby. It was very uncanny. A calm yet powerful feeling invaded my thoughts and feelings.

I rubbed the ancient piece between my fingers and made a brief appeal to the gods of the hunt. "Help me do my best to work up on the buck, and dispatch him as quickly as possible." I placed the flint head in my pocket and climbed down from the rock. I removed my boots and added an extra pair of thick wool socks. I was only about 30 yards from the bedded buck, and I quickly reduced the range to less than

half that distance. I decided to approach the buck from the left side of the only bush left between us. This bush was about 5 feet in height and 3 feet in diameter. I was just about to step around the bush when I spotted movement through the foliage. The buck had risen, and was slowly approaching the bush. The same bush I was standing behind. He walked up and began feeding on the green leaves, less than three feet away.

I'm thinking, "there's something wrong with this picture." Why would a mortally wounded deer be feeding, nonchalantly? There was no shot opportunity through the bush, but there was a softball-sized hole off to the left. If the deer went that direction, that would be my only chance. As if on cue, he turned and began to slowly walk around the bush to my left. I had already positioned my bow to face the small opening, and had pulled some tension on the string. When the deer was centered in the opening, I made a snap draw and shot. I had probably reached only half draw before releasing. The deer immediately picked up the movement and whirled. He disappeared from view for a split second, and the next time I saw him, my bright yellow fletching was all I could see protruding from his chest. He was down in less than 3 seconds and 15 yards. I just stood there in awe, trying to comprehend what had just happened.

I walked down to the deer and examined him closely. He was not the deer that Butch had shot earlier, but a different buck altogether. I walked down toward the creek and spotted Butch up on the ridge and motioned for him to come on down. When he arrived, he thought I had recovered his deer, until I convinced him to look more closely. "Well, where's my buck?" I told him of the events since we had parted, and motioned up toward the rocks. "He must still be up there somewhere."

We decided to take photos and take care of my buck, before resuming the search for his. About an hour later we carefully climbed to the top of the cliff, and discovered that the buck Butch had shot had only run a few yards into the brush before expiring. Butch's buck was a big 4 X 4, with a huge body, and we had a heck of a time getting him up and

out of the brush-choked hole he had fallen in. We took photos and got his buck caped, halved and hung in a nearby tree. I had lashed the rear half of my buck to my backpack and hung the front in a tree. Butch lashed the cape, horns and heart to his pack. Where were the llamas when you needed them? It was a tough pack back to camp, and we made it just as darkness enveloped our camp. It had been a long and arduous day, and we were exhausted, but happy.

We were up bright and early the next morning and made the trek back to our deer. We boned them and made the pack back to camp. While boning my deer I got to thinking about the circumstances surrounding the discovery of the flint arrowhead and the taking of my buck. The lucky charm belonged where first discovered, and after a few photos, it was returned. The head had brought good luck to two hunters, and completed the circle of fortune.

We both felt very fortunate to have taken nice bucks, when the hunt had looked so bleak. It just proves that perseverance and determination pay off in the long run. It also doesn't hurt to have some help from a hunter from the past.



To some, Nevada's open country calls for long shots—the author took this buck at three feet.

SMITHWICK and CITATION BOWS

By
Gary Altstaetter

I was accidentally introduced to the Smithwick bow in 1957 by my father. The year before, I had saved my lawn-mowing money and purchased a Plyflex fiberglass bow for \$9.95 from the Bennett Brothers Blue Book. I spent hours practicing with that bow and broke countless arrows. I thought that bow was just about the best thing since candy. In an effort to encourage my new-found fascination with archery, my father bought me a book by Louis Houebman entitled *The Complete Archery Book*.

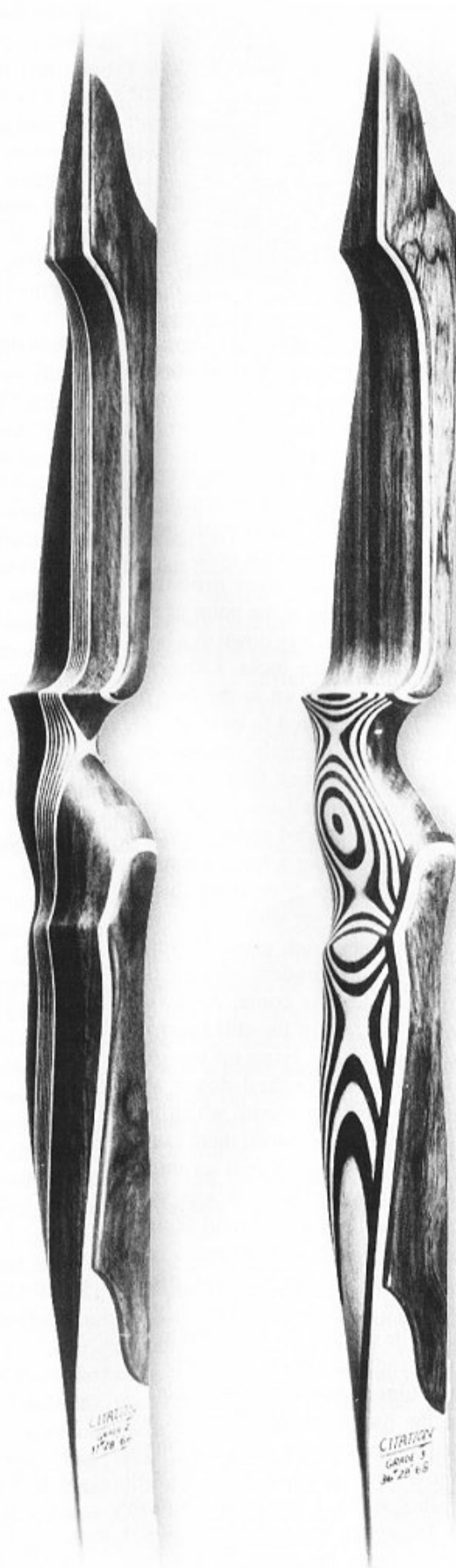
I started to leaf through the book, and there on page eleven were some of the neatest bows I had ever seen. There were four Bear bows, a Gelco 800, and a Smithwick. I don't have to tell you which one caught my eye. It was a thing of beauty! And, it only cost \$60. At 75 cents a lawn, I wondered how long it would take to save enough money to buy one of these bows.

Half way through the book was a segment on Bob Markworth and his trick archery act called "Miracle Arrows." In his act, Bob shot targets in the hands and on the heads of his female assistants. Bob said that the Smithwick bow was the only bow that met his exacting needs. The bow was smooth, had terrific cast, and shot with a flatter trajectory than others. After reading that statement, I knew I had to have one of those bows!

Following the section about Bob Markworth was a 13-page section on the construction of a Smithwick bow. Here I learned that this beauty was a product of J & S Archery, North Hollywood, California. The first page of this section showed this fellow named Tom Jennings determining the weight of a Smithwick bow. Tom showed you from start to finish how to make this bow. They even had a kit available for \$24.95.

I don't know how many times I read those articles and dreamed about owning a Smithwick bow. But, it was never to be. I wanted to go to college. I could not afford such a luxury. After college I got this thing called a wife, then a son, then a house, and then a daughter. Finally I said, "Time out! I am going to buy a Smithwick." But, I had waited too long—Tom Jennings was no longer making recurves. He had shifted gears, and was now only making compound bows. So much for my dream!

I jumped on the compound wagon like everyone else, and I must admit I enjoyed that part of my archery life.



Then around 1986, I got fed up with the wheel bow and decided to get back to my archery roots. I purchased a Groves custom bow and began some serious practice. A few of the compound shooters I shot with asked me if I would be interested in buying their old recurves. In a very short time, I realized that all those bows I use to dream about were available at a very reasonable price. I dusted off *The Complete Archery Book*, and renewed my old dream. It took several years, but I finally found a Smithwick. It took several more years before I found a real beauty at the Eastern Traditional shoot in Coudersport, Pa. Now, I was on a roll! I began to advertise in the *Footed Shaft*, and *Traditional Bowhunter*. Unfortunately the only calls were people wanting to know, "What is a Smithwick?" It was a slow process, but I have built my collection to ten bows. These ten bows cover the four different development styles of the Smithwick line.

As I stated above, the Smithwick bow was a product of J & S Archery. The two principles in this business were M.R. Smithwick and Tom Jennings of compound fame. Tom was born in Jonesboro, Arkansas in 1924. His father was a structural steel worker. In those days there were not many big structural jobs, so his family moved a number of times as his father traveled from job to job. Finally, his father's work took them to the San Fernando Valley. His mother, tired of being constantly on the move, decided that the family would put their roots down and make this area their home. Young Tom got his first taste of archery at the age of ten when a friend of his showed him a hickory bow made by Creed Kelly. With Creed's help and some broken glass for scraping, Tom fashioned his first bow at the age of ten.

Tom's archery career was put on the back burner temporarily in 1941 when he enlisted in the Air Force at the age of 18. His tour of duty took him to Africa, Egypt, Burma, and China. He was discharged in 1945 after four years of service. After his discharge, Tom found himself independently wealthy—



This photo shows the evolution (from left to right) of Smithwick bows from the early 50s to the mid-60s.

he had his \$150 discharge pay, and a promise of \$20 a week for 52 weeks from Uncle Sam. With money in hand, Tom made his way to Hugh Rich's archery shop. He was amazed to find a new type of bow that was being laminated with wood and plastic. There were still a number of self bows around, but Tom was sure that this bow would be the wave of the future.

Undaunted by the \$37.50 price tag, Tom laid his money down, and purchased one of these bows. Over the next few years Tom took his share of game with that bow, and in 1949 he hit the tournament trail. In the early 1950s, Tom began to analyze his archery career. On the tournament trail he was just so-so, and although he had taken his share of game he was far from challenging Howard Hill. The only field he had not tackled was bow making. He thought it would be a snap and he could surely excel at it.

Like most novice bow makers, his first attempt was nothing short of a disaster. Undaunted by this disappointment, Tom continued to try his hand at bowmaking, and little by little he gained the expertise to build a reliable bow. In 1952 he joined forces with M.R. Smithwick (an excellent craftsman in his own right) and they formed J & S Archery. They started in Smitty's garage,

and in 1953 they moved to Burbank Blvd. in North Hollywood. This partnership lasted until 1957, when Tom bought out Smitty.

I don't have much background information on M.R. Smithwick. He was very active in flight archery competition. If you read any of the archery magazines from the 1950s, you will find his name and picture quite often in the articles pertaining to flight competition. Smitty was very strong in the shoulders. This was due to the fact that he had lost a leg as a child, and he had spent a number of years walking on crutches. This upper body strength benefitted his flight shooting competition. Tom told me that when he sold his share in J & S Archery, Smitty and his father became involved in "Donkey Baseball and Donkey Basketball." They traveled the whole west coast playing and promoting these fun sports. Tom lost track of him over the years, but he thought he had died about fifteen years ago.

The accompanying photo of my collection shows the four different development styles of the Smithwick Citation. The three bows on the left were the first style that was made. These bows have very straight limbs with a minimum amount of recurve. The first two bows are the Deluxe model. These bows have overlays on

the belly side of the handle that makes an overdraw, and a little beefier handle. The Standard model did not have these overlays.

The handles of these bows are laminated of tropical hardwood (mostly bubinga), osage, and maple. Bow number three is a Custom Deluxe model. The handle is laminated with African Bubinga and Venezuelan Boxwood. The limb tips are of plastic material that looks almost like ivory. These bows are excellent shooters, but are somewhat slower than the later models. This style bow was available until 1960.

The next two bows are the second phase of design that was introduced in 1959. This model has a limb that has just a little reflex-deflex design, and a longer recurve. Another feature that was added to this bow is a wedge at the tips. The tips are then overlaid with a woven glass material. This combination might lend itself to a fast flight string, but I would never try such a trick. Bow number five is a Citation Flame—Tom told me that this was one of their rarest models.

There were only about two hundred ever made. Bow number four is a puzzle. I first thought that someone at the factory was trying to come up with a Flame design. I sent a picture to Tom to get his opinion, and he said that they never experimented like that. He thought it might have been a factory repair on a cracked riser. I cannot buy that explanation. Why would you repair a Bubinga riser with maple and walnut? The work that was put into this bow would not make economic sense. It would be cheaper to replace the bow than to do this much repair. Another puzzling aspect of this bow is the lack of

any identification. Every Smithwick that I own has a serial number stamped into the riser, except this one. If anyone has any thoughts on this bow, I would like to hear them.

The next three bows are the third stages of development of the Smithwick bow. This model was introduced in 1961. Here again, there just a little more reflex-deflex in the limb design, and more of a recurve. The major design change is in the grip. Of all the bows that I have handled over the years, I sincerely believe this to be the best and most comfortable grip ever designed. This model was available in Grades I, II, and III. The number six and seven bows are both a Grade I. This is the standard model with no frills. Grade II had a scarfed overlay of wood that matched the riser. The Grade III bows have the scarfed overlay and a riser of exotic tropical wood or a flame design. Bow number eight is a Citation Hunter. It is just like the Grade I, but is 64 inches long.

The last two bows are the final style that was introduced in 1962 and known as the Citation Mark. This bow looks like the Grade series, but the recurve is different. The Mark I, II, and III had the same options as the Grades I, II, and III. Bow number nine is a Mark III with an East India Rosewood handle. Number ten is a Mark II. The mark series was used until the Smithwick went out of production in 1966.

Unlike other bows that I have written about, you cannot use the serial number to date the bow. Tom told me that when they received an order, they assigned it a number and that it was in numerical sequence. The Flame bow is the exception to the rule. It carries serial number 37.

How many of these bows were made? The highest serial number that I have is 6736. I know this bow was made sometime in 1964. Tom said that they were making about fifteen bows a week at that time. So add a couple of thou-



A Citation hunter. Note the elevated arrow rest.

sand more bows on that and there were maybe eight or nine thousand bows made in the 13 years of business.

The demise of the Smithwick Citation bow came about indirectly because of Tom's "Tackle Topics" column in TAM. Tom told me that he received several letters from Hollis Allen wanting him to promote the pulley bow that he had invented. Tom said, "I told him I could not in good conscience promote something I had never seen." "If he wanted me to promote his invention, he had to send me one for a test." Finally, Hollis Allen agreed, and shall we say "the rest is history." Tom stopped production of the Smithwick Citation at the end of 1966, and directed all his efforts toward the development of the Jennings compound bow.

If any of my readers have a Smithwick Citation bow laying around gathering dust that they would like to sell or trade, I would be only too happy to talk with them. I am also interested in any catalogs put out by this company. Here's how to contact me: Gary Altstaetter, Box 126, Columbus Grove, Oh 45830 or call 419-659-2651.



Little Beaver Trading Post

"Home of the Stave Master"

Specializing in Self Bows ➡ Self Bow Classes
Primitive and Traditional Archery
Primitive Living Supplies

Roy & Lori Henderson P.O. Box 209 Waterloo, IN 46793
(219)668-7459

INSTINCTIVE ARCHER[®] M A G A Z I N E

The Lore of the Bow—The Flight of the Arrow...

IF YOU...

See beauty in the flight of a perfect arrow.

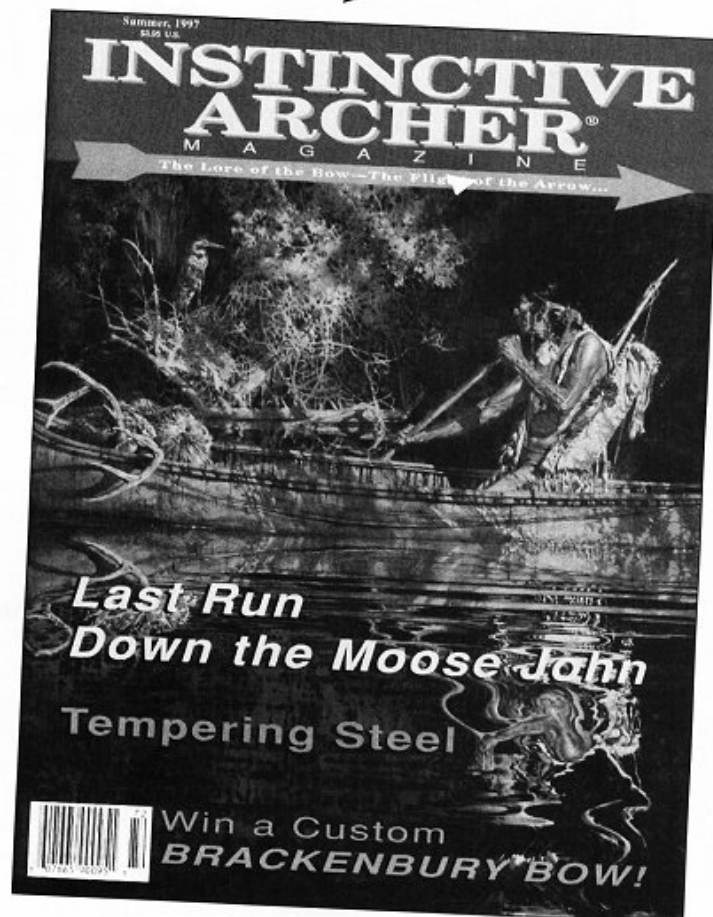
Want instructive articles written by archers
from around the world.

Love the history and romance of archery
almost as much as the sport itself.

Enjoy the thrill of the hunt *AND* the
challenge/camaraderie of traditional archery.

Want to become a better archer.

*Then Subscribe to an Exciting
Archery Magazine With a
Refreshingly-Different Perspective.*



SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

U.S. SUBSCRIPTIONS:

One Year: \$12.00

Two Year: \$23.00

CANADA AND MEXICO SUBSCRIPTIONS:

One year: \$22.00 U.S.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS:

One year: \$30.00 U.S.

Please send a check or money order to:

INSTINCTIVE ARCHER[®] Magazine
P.O. Box 45299, Boise, ID 83711-5299

Allow 6 to 8 Weeks for Delivery

We also accept VISA and Mastercard[™] (Phone: 208 465-9893)

**Begin your collection today!
Order the BACK ISSUES of
Instinctive Archer[™] Magazine.**

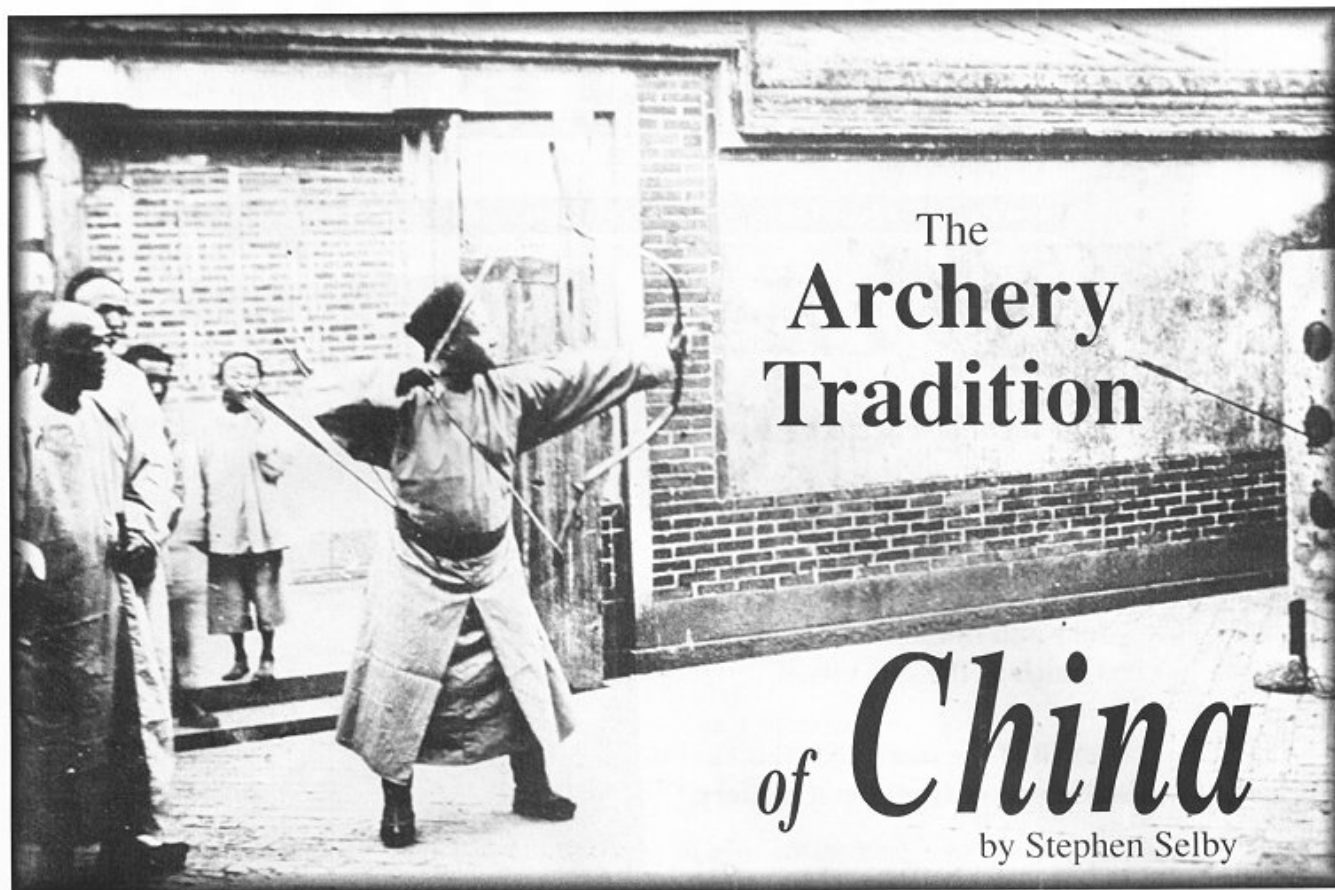
Premier Issue, Summer/Fall '96, ~~WINTER '96~~ ^{SOLD OUT} Spring '97,
Summer '97, Fall '97, Winter '97.
(price includes shipping and handling)

U.S.\$6.50 each

Canada and Mexico:\$7.00 each

Other Countries:\$8.50 each

LORE: A body of wisdom or knowledge . . . especially when it is of a traditional nature.



Cast about in your memory for what you know about oriental archery. If, like mine, your mental picture tends to move from west to east, rather than crossing the Pacific, your mind's eye might start with the tradition of the Magyars and Turks, then look back over the Steppes Tartars (the Parthian shot) into the grasslands of Central Asia, swooping past the Mongol hordes. Next, Korea, whose long history of respect for archery has bred Olympic champions, and finally, you would certainly have heard of the Japanese traditions of Kyudo and Kyujitsu.

I'd bet you a dollar to a dime that as you reached China, your mind drew a blank. What can you recall about archery among a great nation of two billion people with a written history spanning four thousand years?

If it is not a great deal, then don't blame yourself. A great tradition has existed in China, and it has died. But literature and archaeology have left enough strands of DNA for the tradition to be brought to life again. This is the project that I am engaged in presently.

The earliest records of Chinese cultural history come down to us in the form of folklore. Some clues also survive in the most ancient forms of the Chinese writing system, in which the written word consisted of pictures combined into symbols. From these clues, a rather astonishing picture of ancient Chinese archery emerges. Some 3,500 years ago, there was a shamanistic archery cult in China. The shamans and rulers performed archery rituals to pray for rain, reduce floods, and keep barbarians from Chinese lands. Famous among the shamans were the clan called "Yi," whose founder, according to Chinese folklore, shot from the sky nine suns

which appeared causing a drought and famine.

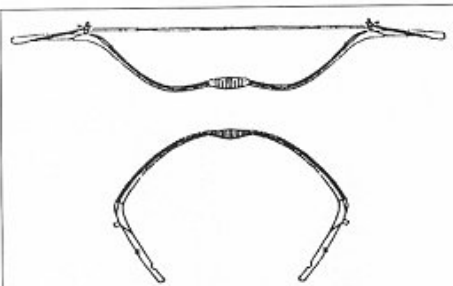
In the earliest Chinese royal dynasties, archery had an important place both in mystic ritual and in war. It was a compulsory subject, together with ritual, music, charioteering, reading, and arithmetic, in the schools which trained the Chinese nobility.

Some 1,000 years later, over 2,000 years before our times, archery was still an important part of imperial court ritual. Confucian scholars transformed the ancient shamanistic ritual into a shooting ritual designed to symbolize Confucian virtue.

Around 2,500 years ago, the crossbow, which had appeared in China in very early times, went through a major technological development. With the invention of a precision-engineered bronze crossbow mechanism by Clansman Qin of Chu, the crossbow became capable of delivering a heavy load, and for the first time it fired a heavy bolt with such force that a graduated sight reticule and artillery method could be developed. Although that didn't end the military role of the bow and arrow, it did put archery into the hands of the ordinary infantryman, rather than the noble archer trained for years in natural, bare-bow shooting. This had a significant influence, de-mystifying and popularizing the practice of archery in China.

The inventive talent and technological skill of the Chinese people might have put an end to the bow and arrow in the battlefield had it not been for the rise of the Huns in Central Asia. The Chinese army, skilled in fighting in the plains with infantry and war chariots, were confronted with skilled archers on horseback. Just as the crossbow started to become a significant weapon of war, the enemy moved the goal-posts. King Wuling of Zhao realized that the Chinese army had no choice but to abandon their traditional infantry formations now armed with crossbows, take off their flowing Chinese robes, don the short tunics worn by the Hun horsemen, and learn to shoot with a bow from horseback.

From that time on, skill in horseback archery combined with high-



A Chinese bow shown in the strung and unstrung positions. Up until the Ming Dynasty, bows were about two-thirds of body-height; but in the Qing Dynasty, they became longer, and bows were commonly about the same size as modern western recurves at around 66 inches.

powered crossbows for sieges (some requiring a ox and windlass to draw them!) and naval engagements formed the backbone of Chinese military archery practice. This basic tactical mix continued over the next thousand years during which China's main strategic concern was with mounted horsemen (and women) on her land borders.

Another significant development came in the Tang Dynasty, when the Empress Wu Ze Tian decreed in about 720 AD that cavalry and infantry archery was to become a compulsory subject in military examinations. This spurred an academic interest in archery technique and resulted in the publication of some of the great Chinese archery manuals which have survived to this day. Training in archery remained a major concern in the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644) and the following Qing Dynasty (1644-1911). But in 1901, the Chinese court, faced with growing military losses at the hands of aggressive foreign colonial powers, finally conceded that *"Tests of strength with the bow, infantry and cavalry archery have no place in military practice and in the present day and age are no longer useful... they shall be permanently discontinued."* Thereupon, archery was deleted from the examination syllabus.

The construction technique of the Chinese bow changed little from the days of Confucius to the time when the last traditional Chinese bowyers went out of business in about 1940. The bow was built from a wooden (or sometimes bam-

boo) core, with ox-horn on the belly to take compression and sinew on the face of the bow to resist extension.

The effect of this combination was that unstrung, the bow would double back into a "C" shape, as you can see in the illustration on this page.

The assembled wood, horn, and sinew were bound tightly with silk thread and finally given a coat of lacquer to keep moisture out. Often the bows were decorated with snakeskin or birch-bark, and the grip was bound with ray skin (like the grip of a Japanese samurai sword). The form of the bow didn't remain constant throughout three thousand years; but it did not vary too much either. Up until the Ming Dynasty, bows were about two-thirds of body-height; but in the Qing Dynasty, they became longer, and bows were commonly about the same size as modern western recurves at around 66 inches.

Chinese literature contains many tales of extraordinary draw-weights for bows. But technical writings stress that a heavy draw-weight was not desirable, and could actually be counter-productive. For military purposes, a weight of fifty to sixty pounds was adequate, and for civil archery, a much lower weight was drawn. Military examinations tested strength to draw up to ninety pounds; but this was a test of physique rather than archery: even the bows for "strength drawing" were different from those used for archery.

Likewise, technique was not static, and many fashions developed. But discussions of technique centered around the elements of a prescribed form of archery set down in about 150 BC in the Han Dynasty. The ancient shamanistic magic left its mark in a demand to place the feet at right-angles. This form persisted up until the Ming Dynasty, when it was replaced by a foot-position not too different from the open stance of today.

In contrast to western, Japanese, and Korean archery, archers always shot with one or both legs flexed at the knee and spread from the waist. For those who know Chinese martial arts, this is the classic, basic military stance. Such a stance is necessary to promote the proper integration of breathing, blood-flow, muscle tension, and concen-



**The Chinese labels
(to which I have added
reference numbers)
read as follows:**

1. Elbow tightly bent.
2. String close in to the right cheek.
3. Right pupil at the inner corner of the eye.
4. Left pupil at the outer corner of the eye.
5. The armpit, inside of the elbow and web of the thumb (called the "three cavities") all held level.
6. Elbow joint aligned vertically (inside of elbow facing up).
7. Wrist straight with the force taken between the forefinger and thumb.
8. Thumb pressed against the middle finger and level with it.
9. The point of the forefinger should hang down and not extend too far beyond the thumb.
10. The space between forefinger and thumb must be held tense.
11. Full draw is reached when the point of the arrow reaches the end of the middle finger.
12. Back leg bowed.
13. Right leg as if lightly stepping on something.
14. Almost in a "V" position.
15. Slightly off the line to the target.
16. Left toe pointing slightly to the right making the ankle extend slightly forward.

tration known as "Qigong," which has always been an integral element of Chinese archery. It is in fact correct to describe Chinese archery as a form of Qigong.

Chinese archery manuals stress two processes: that of gaining a firm stance (known as "gu") and of maintaining maximum concentration (known as "shen"). Both are developed through a series of movements progressing from a low-tension start to a high-tension release at full draw (called "gou"). The illustration on page 40 is from a Ming Dynasty manual by Chen Zong-you, the *History of Archery in Eight Volumes* (Courtesy of the National Library of the People's Republic of China). It illustrates a military and civil examination standard position which was popular in the Ming and Qing Dynasties. The stiff extension of the forward leg was a fashion of the time, and was criticized by some contemporary and later writers. In Chinese archery, there is always a basic presumption of right-handedness; but the



ability to shoot with either hand was regarded as a special level of skill.

The string hand position was what we now call the "Mongolian Release." But some Chinese authors advocated what they called the real "Chinese Release" in which the string was held by the thumb (protected by a ring), and supported by the middle finger, with the forefinger pointed upward along

the string. (This might sound eccentric, but after I tried it, I could never go back to any other position.) After the release, the string hand naturally falls back and out, so that the end of the firing procedure leaves the archer with both arms extended, and in the next movement, the archer takes his next arrow ready to nock it on the string like the picture on the left.

After the Japanese occupation of China in the Second World War, the art of traditional archery had died out, despite some efforts by the Nationalist Government (1912-1949) to revive it. Now there is no-one in China practicing the art.

I am preparing a book on all aspects of Chinese archery to be published next year. I hope that the people of China will once again take pride in the three-thousand-year-old tradition of Chinese archery.



1996

The hunting in Nevada was tougher than any year I could remember. When it came time for the one and only shot of a long, difficult season, my Wilderness longbow put the arrow right where I was looking!

Butch Olsen

Once again, my Wilderness bow made the perfect shot possible.



Tracy Kaye Hinton
1996

Bowhunting is more than a pastime for me, it's how I make my living. When I'm in the field, I know I can count on my PINNACLE longbow by Wilderness Bows 100%.

Bill "Beancrazy" Wiesner



1996



Keith and Edith Bain

Whether you pursue higher scores at your local 3-D shoots or the cagey old buck at your favorite hunting spot, with Wilderness Bows, you can achieve your highest goals.



Wilderness Bows

MODOC Broadheads

1015 Central Pit Lane
Nampa, ID 83687
(208) 466-1827



Neil Russell
Bowyer

Idaho
1996

Nevada
1996



- Made with .050 Spring Steel
- One-piece, 125 or 140 grains

MODOC
Broadheads by
Wilderness Bows

PERFECT FLIGHT GUARANTEED!



- Machined-aluminum ferrule
- One-piece, 125 or 140 grains

RECOLLECTIONS



By **Jack Jeffers**



"What was the dumbest shot you ever made?" I was standing atop a beautiful grassy meadow in central Virginia during the summer of '96 when Errett Callahan, an old archery friend from the late fifties, very candidly asked this unusual question. At the time I was leaning on my old osage bow and was mentally calculating the distance to a rotted log on the hillside across the dry creek bed. I figured about two hundred yards. A good shot for an old bow. But I didn't have any trouble coming back with a quick answer. Turning ninety degrees to my right, I pointed to a distant hill that was partially blocked by a stand of high oaks and mixed pine.

"It was about 1955," I told him. I'd made this two hundred and fifty yard shot many times as I roved this lovely farm. I'd always wrap up an afternoon or morning shoot with this final quiver of arrows. The goal was to clear the highest oak and maintain a tight group on the far hill. This was my style of clout shooting. On this particular day, the cows that freely roamed the farm were scattered through the woods and into the far corner of the hillside. It appeared from what I could see through the trees that my target area was clear. A relatively tight group followed, except for one arrow which made contact with a stray heifer that had wandered into my target area. When I went to retrieve my arrows I found that a field point was hanging from her lower lip. It was a minor flesh wound, but I'll never forget how frightened and ashamed I was when I walked over to the farmer's house and explained to him what had happened. It was a good lesson for a young archer.

Errett had a more interesting tale which all of us at one time or another have experienced to some degree. He recalled a day many years ago when he was roving and took out a steel-bladed hunting arrow and shot it straight up into the sky to see how high it would go. He lost sight of it. Do you run, or do you stand still?

It caused me to shudder just thinking about it. The arrow whistled to the ground one foot behind him. He said he never moved.

My interest in archery began back in the late forties, and as a young boy, I was greatly moved by Erroll Flynn who starred in the film, *THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD*. In addition, I was always fascinated by the bows and arrows made by native Americans. Few books were available to me at the time so, based on what I was able to extract from writings and the motion picture industry, I went into the woods and experimented. My first bow was a green hickory limb whittled down to a bow shape. The string was fashioned from twisted cotton builder's twine.

Photo on previous page:

By the mid 50s I had quite a collection of home-made arrows. I had successfully made a feather burner from an old heat lamp coil which I used in series with a piece of tungsten wire shaped to suit my feather cut. My painting jig was made from an old fan motor, a wooden gear driven by a rubber band, and furniture casters mounted upside down on a two-foot board. It equaled any professional rig on the market in those days.



(Circa 1948) This is a Stemmler bow made from a stave purchased about 1948. The osage is backed with rawhide, and when this photo was taken, it pulled 55 pounds at 28 inches. I used it frequently when I walked to and from my trapline and it enabled me to put many a squirrel and rabbit on the family table. This bow is still in operation and I recently tillered it down to about 35 pounds so that my wife might use it. It's a snappy and sweet-shooting bow with little set.

The most important element, the arrows, were made from 5/16 inch birch dowels that I purchased from a local hardware store. I did not understand the meaning of spine at the time so when an arrow made a crazy turn to the left I'd add it to the rejection barrel. Those that flew straight and true stayed in my deerskin quiver. I used a razor to strip chicken wing feathers for my early fletching and secured the feathers to the shaft with household thread which was wrapped around the shaft as the Indians had done. Later on I used Duco cement and lined the feathers by hand. All feathers were trimmed with a pair of sharp scissors and nocks were carved and reinforced with thread. Points were cut from old pieces of sheet metal in the shape of various Indian point designs. The shaft was split at the end and the point was slipped into the slot and wrapped with additional thread.

Cotton bow strings did not last long, but I later discovered that any shoe repair shop of that era had balls of waxed linen (flax). With these crude instruments I roved and hunted. And yes, I actually put some welcomed game on the table. In the end this early experience taught me a great deal



This is the bow that made the 175-yard shot back in the 60s and once again in 1996. It is a Stemmler osage which I made in the early 50s. The only difference between this bow and my first one is that this one might well be the first glass backing applied to a bow. At the time of this writing (9-97) it is still holding up well.

about traditional archery. By the way, the life expectancy of a hickory limb bow was quite short. It could be measured in days or a week or two before a terrible set settled in. I simply made another to take its place.

The first real bows that I made, which have lasted until this day, came from osage staves obtained from L.E. Stemmler Co. Manorville, Long Island, NY in the late forties. It was the first archery company that I ever saw advertised that offered supplies. This is when my serious archery began. I still have two osage bows that I made during those early years from Stemmler staves. They are both made from joined billets and still have a nice reflex. The oldest is backed with rawhide. The second, which was purchased several years later, is backed with glass. They both feel good in the hand and are as snappy

today as they were forty years ago. Errett Callahan recently loaned me a copy of an old Stemmler Catalog (#155 price list 1954) and the price of these osage staves were \$16.50 each. That was a lot of money in those days.

Osage has always been my wood of choice, but I did purchase a few staves of lemonwood and one backed with white hickory at \$6.75 each. Regardless of how careful you were at tillering or shooting, these bows became sluggish and took a set in a relatively short period of time. In fact, all of them broke within six months to a year. I made a lovely red cedar bow once but it broke before the first draw was completed. Errett, on the other hand, made a beautiful red cedar bow which I had the privilege of shooting a year or so ago. It was a honey of a bow to shoot and comfortable in the hand. It was a week or two later that I received a call from him informing me that the bow had just blown up.

It was during the mid-fifties when my path crossed with Errett's.

Until then I had been shooting alone except for the few times I visited field ranges that began popping up around the state. We both enjoyed our version of field shooting and what was commonly referred to in the old days as roving. Neither of us lasted very long in the more modern versions because of our particular outdoor interests. I think the final blow to our style of archery came about when bow limbs attached to fancy pulleys and multiple strings and sighting devices became popular.

The use of fancy high-tech sighting devices had come about even earlier. Our feeling about these modern contraptions was that you might as well go to a gun shop and purchase a high-powered rifle with a scope attached. To us this was no longer real archery. And a far cry from traditional shooting. Pseudo archery is a good term.

I stuck with archery until the mid sixties. At that time I was becoming so involved with my professional interests that something had to give. I hung my bows on the wall with the under-

RAPTOR ARCHERY



SEE
YOU AT THE
WESTERN STATES
RENDEZVOUS

STAVES

- Yew • Osage • Hickory
- Ash • Vine Maple
- Black Locust • Oak

CUSTOM BOWS

- Cedar • Fir
- Sitka Spruce

CUSTOM BOWS

- Saxon • Monarch
- Knight • Raptor Selfbows


Arrow Building Supplies

- Nocks • Feathers • Points
- Custom Quivers • Leather • Fur
- Equipment • Tools • Takedown Sleeves
- Broadheads • String Material
- Books • Instructional Videos
- Bows - New • Used

VISA • MC Catalog \$2.00



SOUTHWEST BOW CO.

TRADITIONAL ARCHERY



HAND-CRAFTED LONGBOWS

Bowyer, John Bowden
(760) 347-0342

P.O. Box 761
Indio, CA 92202

standing that some day, when the time was right, I'd string them up again and pick up where I left off.

THE SHOT OF A LIFETIME

We all make at least one shot of a lifetime. Mine happened shortly before I left the old home place in the sixties. I was roving the farm and topped a rise as I had done many times before. Beyond, on a distant hill, was a small stand of pine trees with one dead stump right along the edge line. The distance was maybe 175 yards. I was using my sixty-five pound osage and had a quiver full of twenty-nine inch arrows. I can remember to this day standing on that hill thinking of my future and the many good years of roving that I'd done on this large rolling farm. I drew the arrow until the point touched my arrow rest and released almost immediately. The arc was perfect and the arrow went through the stump dead center.

Errett tells the story of how we were once target shooting and we were standing and kneeling several paces apart, but equal distance from the actual target. We both must have drawn and released simultaneously because before either arrow reached the mark Errett's arrow went through my shaft on the fly just a few feet in front of the target. I can vaguely remember seeing pieces of my shaft scattering through the trees and bushes.

SQUIRREL HUNTING

In the height of my hunting days I had a small dog named Sheba. She was my best friend and enjoyed the woods as much as I did. She loved to squirrel hunt, and the two of us had worked out a system that consistently put roast squirrel on the table for a number of years. All I had to do to signal the hunt was to rattle my quiver of arrows. She would jump to attention and run over to her food dish and gobble up whatever scraps were left. With food in her belly and a good drink of water we were off to the forest to hunt.

Sheba was some sort of mix between rat terrier and Chihuahua; not much longer than two squirrels tied end to end by their tails. And fast as lightning too. When one of us spotted a



Errett (left) and Bobby (right) launching arrows at a distant mark.

squirrel it was generally up a tree or headed that way. No close ground shots. You had to deal with tall hardwoods. If the squirrel was on my side of the tree I'd take the shot. If it saw me and moved to the back side of the trunk I'd send Sheba around the tree in a big circle, so the squirrel would return to my side. She learned this routine quickly. So, either way, I ended up getting a couple of good clear shots. The second approach was to use a flu-flu arrow to make the animal jump out of a tight spot and force it to make a major mistake. Often it would run out on a limb and I'd use a second flu-flu. A flu-flu, as most of you probably know, is a long feather fletch. The feathers are not cut. In other words, it's a short-range noise maker, yet deadly at very close range. Fifty percent of the time the game would literally jump out of the tree on this final shot and Sheba would be in position to grab it the second it hit the ground.

THE DAY I SHOT MY DEER

I was never much of a deer hunter but I gave it several tries. In my early days deer were almost nonexistent in my home area of Southside Virginia. Later on, after I had moved to the Blue Ridge Mountains, I had a couple of opportunities. The first was an insane shot at nearly a hundred yards, but it was

evident that it would be my only chance so on this crisp clear winter morning beside a mountain lake I shot an arrow across the lake at a big buck standing motionless beside the water. The arrow went right between its legs. It was a beautiful shot to watch even if I did miss the mark.

My next opportunity was the day I like to say I got my deer. It was in a fairly thick wooded forest at the foot of the Allegheny mountains in West Virginia. I was creeping through a damp wooded area when I spotted a deer some fifty yards distant. I waited. It continued to close the gap. I eased the bow up, ever so slowly and placed arrow against bow. The large doe continued to close the gap. The distance closed to thirty yards. Then to about fifteen. The deer stood broadside to me and stared me square in the face. I was about to draw when I spotted a small slender twig running horizontal across my line of sight, midway between the two of us. If I cleared the twig on the top by almost nothing I'd be in. If I squeaked by just under the twig I'd still be in. All this figuring takes place during the time it takes the deer to blink. I thought to myself, "Heck Jack, shoot for the darn twig," which I did. The blade of the arrow snipped that twig off just as neat as you please. By now the deer was



Errett contemplating the shot of a lifetime.

(About the bow) In a recent letter Errett states, "I made the bow from a single stave of Illinois osage which I got there in Nov. 1982. I finished it four months later in March of 1993, quick seasoning it in water, as Pope suggested. I've shot it probably well over 100,000 times since then. It's probably my most used bow, being used day in and day out for the past one-and-a-half decades, two to four times a week for 50-100 arrows.

It was a 50-lb. 72", classic English longbow with antler tips. I was ready to retire it, as a splinter was starting to pop up at a pin knot. So instead of a dignified ending hanging in my archery den, it now lies in disgrace in the den of the thief who stole it. What an immense disappointment."

probably over in the next county. As far as I was concerned I got my deer. That was my last hunt.

My archery equipment stayed on the wall for almost thirty years while I completed numerous other ventures. When I moved back to central Virginia in the spring of 1994, the bow took on a new meaning. The desire to shoot was rekindled. Not to hunt, mind you, but to enjoy the sport for the pure thrill and satisfaction of making new equipment and watching the arrow go into an arc and strike a harmless target. This was the zen of archery. The exercise involves more than pure muscles. It focuses on the mind. The beauty and art of the sport has become deeply ingrained in my soul.

Over the years my attitude toward killing for the joy of it has changed. Hunting is an innate inclination hard-wired into the hunters cerebral circuits through countless millennia of selective reinforcement. As time progressed in my

mental development, I slowly managed to de-program this part of my circuitry. Still, on rare occasions, I can detect a spark from the past, but I can now easily override this signal.

I had pretty much lost contact with Errett over the years, but I'd see his articles from time to time and was aware of his serious involvement in experimental archaeology. He had become a bowyer to be reckoned with and you've probably seen his articles in this magazine. Since we were only fifty miles apart we made arrangements to meet at his place during one of his bow-making classes. I had not strung my bow in all those years so I decided to do the honors in his presence. Above all, I was curious to see how difficult it would be to string a bow and pick up where I had left off three decades earlier. For several days I mentally prepared myself for this event.

We shot side by side for at least an hour nonstop and except for tiring a little quicker than I used to, there was little difference in my performance that day compared to the last time I had shot. It was absolutely amazing. I did use my 35-pound bow which was good. I could barely string the 65-pounder; let alone pull it. That would come later.

When all this took place I had passed the age of sixty. It required about a month to work up to my new 43-pounder and an additional three months to fully build up to my heavy osage

**Christian
Bowhunters
of
America**

Exalting Christ
as
Creator! Saviour! Lord!

For membership information or to inquire about
spiritual matters, write:


CBA • 3460 W. 13th St. • Cadillac, MI 49601

Genesis 1:1 John 3:16 Matthew 5:16

**Bowyer
W. "Red" Chavez**

**Two-Time
National Champion**

**'96 & '97 Northwest
IBO Champion**



New Bitterroot Take-down Longbow

Bitterroot Bow
Custom Longbows & Static Recurves

PO Box 342
Hamilton MT 59840

(406) 961-5409

which I tillered down to slightly over fifty pounds—a comfortable compromise, but still a challenge.

It was not until I adjusted to the fifty pounder that I decided to go out to the farm where I grew up and spent so many grand years roving the hills and woods. There was one particular shot that I wanted to make and I psyched myself up as I shot through the woods and across the creeks and hills. Finally, I stood atop the hill where I had made the 175-yard shot back in the sixties. This was definitely a spiritual experience. The stump was long gone, but the pasture was the same. The pine grove had not visibly changed and I could picture the exact spot in my mind where the old stump once stood. Several small cedar trees had taken its place.

There was a big pine directly behind my imaginary stump. That would be my target today. I had ten arrows in my quiver and I planned to send them all swiftly to the hill and tree beyond. Once more I drew the arrow back until the metal point touched the bow. The release was clean and the arrow arced gracefully across the gently sloping valley. I heard the audible thump as the arrow struck home and embedded itself deep into the base of the pine. There were no more thumps as I emptied my quiver, but it wasn't a bad grouping. I was ecstatic with joy and my mind reflected back to the image of the legendary Sir Robin of Locksley as he split the arrow of the Captain of the Archers.

THE FINAL SHOT

In December 1996 we sold our home in Virginia and wintered over along the Georgia coast in preparation for a major move to Lander, Wyoming in the spring of 1997. In order to complete the photographs for this article, I made arrangements with Errett to meet me at the old farm in Virginia before my wife and I headed for our new home at the foot of the Wind River Range in west central Wyoming. The rendezvous was set for early April '97 and it could be our final shoot and photography session together.



The release was clean and the arrow arced gracefully across the gently sloping valley.

Today I was to witness the most spectacular shot that I've ever seen Errett make. After completing our photography session, we hiked over to the hill where I had made two of my most memorable shots over the years. I pointed to the cedar trees along the distant ridge. We backed up a little further and Errett stood there contemplating the distance to the cedar which was almost in front of the tallest pine. That would be our target.

The zoom lens I was using compressed the distance a bit in the illustration on the previous page, so the distance might appear to be less than described, but what you see is a formidable shot.

After a few moments Errett drew his bow, took a couple of seconds at anchor and released. You know the sensa-

tion when you release an arrow and it feels perfect before the shaft travels the first fifty feet. I think that's how we all felt. Errett's friend Bobby was also there to witness this shot.

The arrow made a beautiful arc across the creek and it looked like a dead center hit all the way. We heard the whack 175 yards away. It may have been 185. We could only guess. The arrow not only hit the trunk about halfway up, but stayed in the tree for all of us to marvel at.

I've never had this much fun on an archery range and this is what makes roving so unique. You can make up impossible shots as you walk through the forest and fields. Quite frequently, like today, someone makes the impossible shot with the first arrow and everyone jumps up and down and cheers. In my humble opinion, this is what traditional archery and roving in this century is all about.



Final Note:

Since moving to Lander this spring I have met several traditional archers and have discovered what has to be the most beautiful field and roving range I've ever seen. Right at the foot of the Wind Rivers. I've had my first taste of 3-D shooting, and while it was a first and second time thrill I'd have to say that I'm still a rover at heart.

RIBTEK®

TM



190 grn

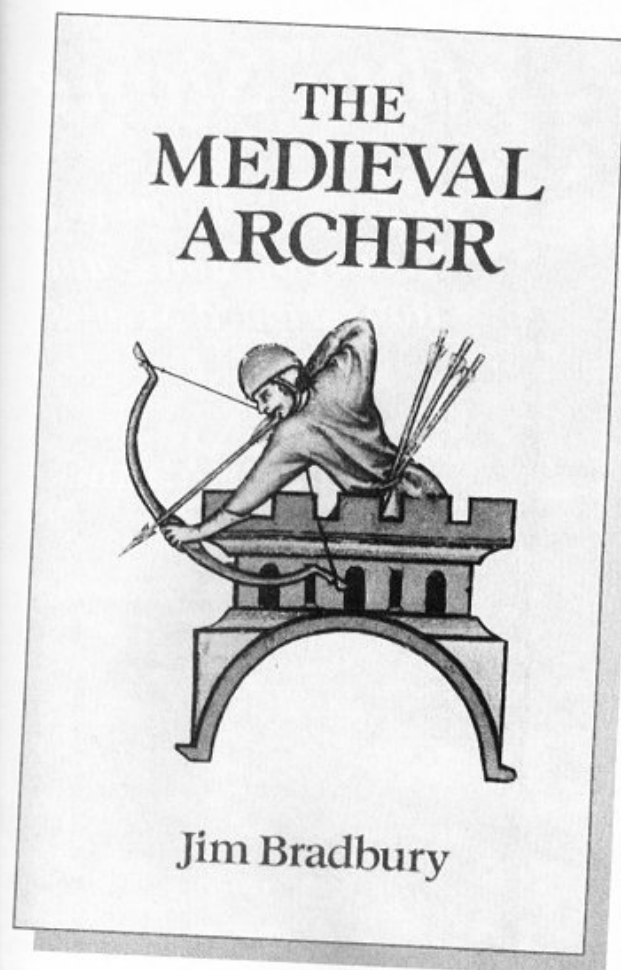
MORE SIZES & WEIGHTS
SEND FOR BROCHURE

190W
6 PACK\$21
PER DOZ\$39
INCLUDES S & H

HUNTER DISTRIBUTING
1232 REDMAN BLVD.
ST. LOUIS, MO 63138

The Book Review

by Hugh D. Soar



The Medieval Archer, subject of Jim Bradbury's book (available to readers of this magazine at a very favorable 25% discount) is the story of the unsung heroes of the wars in France and Scotland: whose battle honours took in Crecy, Agincourt and Poitiers, Hamildon Hill, and the Battle of the Standard. Men whose raw courage, and faith in their great war-bows and battle-shafts, decimated the might of French chivalry and fearsome Highland charge alike through sheer strength of character.

Warriors whose pride in their ancestry was absolute and whose valour was undisputed by their reluctant enemies. Called "goddams" from the flavour of their language, they knew their worth, these medieval archers, and rated no-one on earth better than themselves.

This book traces their history, and that of the Norman overlords who honed their fighting skills, and shaped the military tactics which used them to such advantage. Its chapters flesh out the daily lives of the yeomen and free peasants who formed the backbone of the armies of the day.

Jim Bradbury devotes a chapter to the archer's place in Society. Cultivated for the strength of his arms, but held in check lest his independence of spirit prove an embarrassment (in the case of the Peasants Revolt it did) he was regarded

with some ambivalence by authority, and this important aspect is fully dealt with by the author.

We see him as hunter, and—with a full chapter devoted to Robin Hood—as an outlaw whose standing within his forest community typified the enduring English sense of justice for the under-dog.

Whilst writing in an easy-to-read style, Mr. Bradbury pads his narrative with copious erudite notes. His story ends in 1590, the era of Elizabeth Tudor, in the latter years of whose reign the longbow was finally replaced by the hand-gun. A measure of its charisma is that four hundred years out of its time, this obsolete military anachronism has yet to relinquish its hold on the minds of men.

Jim Bradbury's book is a must, to be dipped into by all whose pleasure it is to shoot in the primitive weapon, be it simple American bow, or English longbow. It is amongst my favourite reads, and I unreservedly recommend it to you.

For those who want to take things further, there is a full and comprehensive list of primary and secondary References, with locations, and a useful Index.

SPECIAL BOOK OFFER

for the Readers of Instinctive Archer® Magazine

\$23.25

(Published Price \$31.00)



Please send me:

_____ @ \$23.25 each (until April 30, 1998)

_____ @ \$31.00 each (after April 30, 1998)

☐ I have enclosed a check for \$_____ (payable to Boydell & Brewer Ltd.)

☐ Please charge my ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

Card Number _____ Exp. Date: _____

Signature: _____

Card Address (if different): _____

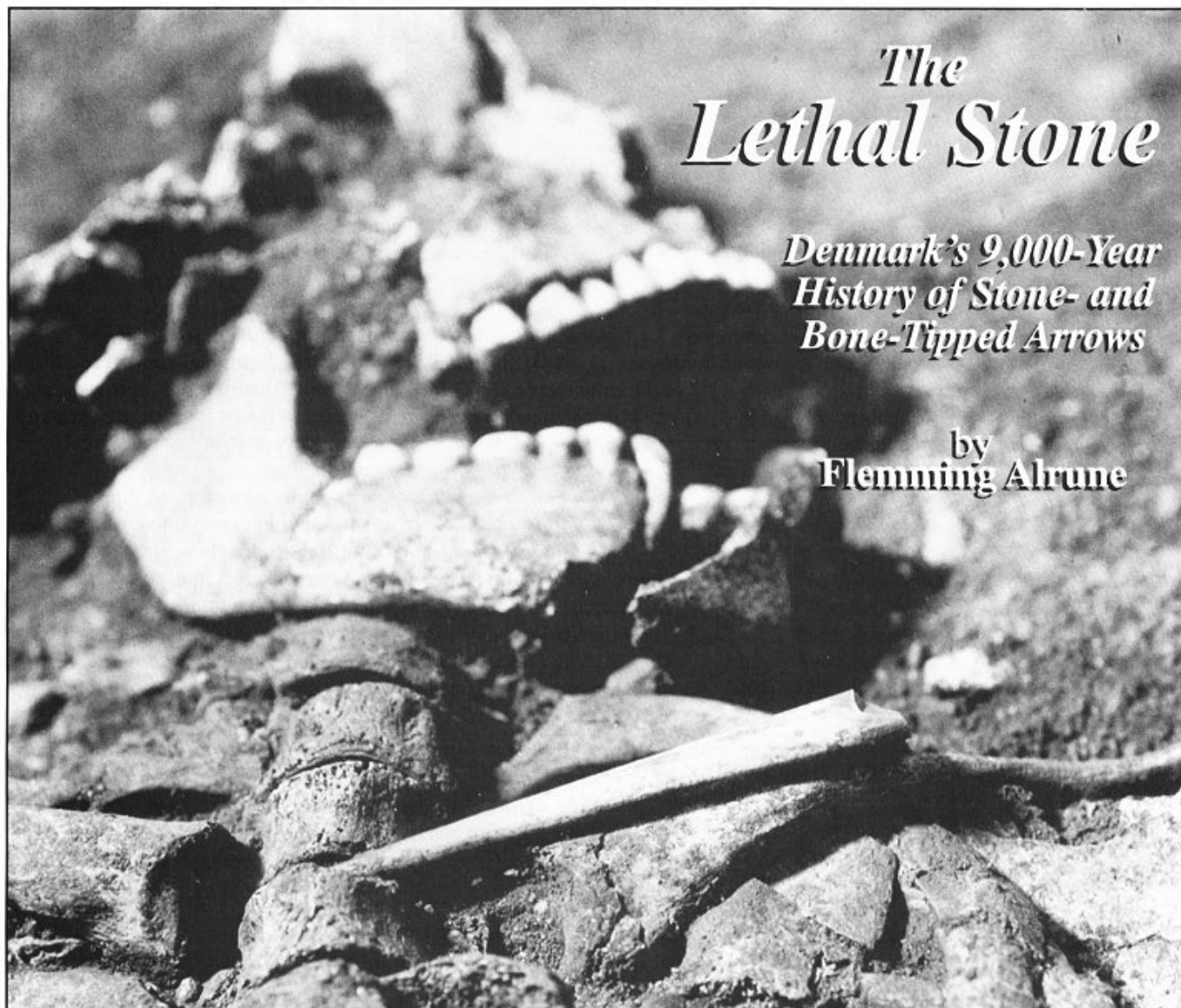
Mail to: _____ Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

When ordering by phone, please quote this ref. #: 97101

Boydell & Brewer Inc., PO Box 41026, Rochester NY 14604-4126

Phone: (716) 275-0419 Fax: (716) 271-8778



The Lethal Stone

*Denmark's 9,000-Year
History of Stone- and
Bone-Tipped Arrows*

by
Flemming Alrune

"INSTANT DEATH" Bone point shot in between vertebrae # 3 and 4. Famous find from the site "Vedbaek" a little north of Copenhagen, dating; about 5,500 BC. Photo from the National Museum of Copenhagen.

CONSIDERATIONS AND COMMENTS ON DESIGN AND PERFORMANCE.

The "Hunting Period" of the Danish Stone Age lasted for about 10,000 years. An uncomprehendable span of time. Man has been around in what is now Denmark for about 9,000 years of that period and his prime tool for survival was flint—the magnificent stone from which a perfectly sharp edge could be quickly produced. Flint can be found all over my country in various amounts and quality, but first-class material was concentrated in certain areas. All kinds of tools and weapons were made from it, but what this article will deal with is arrow points. In the following, flint points from the different hunting cultures which have lived and hunted in what now is Denmark, will be described in drawings and text.

The icecap had withdrawn from Denmark to a line running Southeast/Northwest through Sweden about 13,500 BC, and from that time the Palaeolithic Period of the stone age began. The time from about 8,900 BC to 3,800 BC is called the Mesolithic Period. Within these two periods a number of different cultures succeeded one another. Not necessarily replacing each other, but presumably a mixture of integration and living together with one another. Each culture left their "card" to us as flint points, and archaeologist use these points as indicators in determining the age of their finds.

Flint points from each of the cultures mentioned above have one thing in common: they are all made from flakes. Points made by pressure technique belong to later cultures of the Farming period in the Neolithic, which is the last chapter of the Stone Age 3,800 BC to 1,800 BC.

NOW BACK TO THE "OLD DAYS"

The Hamburg Culture: 13,500 to 11,300 BC

Reindeer hunters came up from the south following their prey. The climate grew milder and the frozen north slowly withdrew and herds of reindeer soon roamed the vast open land. In Denmark, finds from this culture and its subcultures are the oldest we can come up with. Only tools from flint have survived the 15,000 years in the ground, and they do not indicate whether they have been used on throwing spears or on arrows to be shot from bows. Both uses are plausible and they work fine either way. The points are small and they differ a little in appearance from one subculture to another.

The Bromme Culture: 11,300 to 10,200 BC

Reindeer proceeded north and were replaced by moose, wild horse, and giant deer. Nothing but flint remains from this period, and again, nothing can be said about the use of these points. Were they for arrows or throwing spears used together with atlatls? The "Bromme Points" are mainly rather big and may seem impossible to fix on an arrow shaft. Besides, they weigh from 10 to more than 40 grams, a heavy point for a shaft to carry, but experiments have shown that they work very well on arrow shafts, and their penetrating performance is fine.

The Arhrensburg Culture: 10,200 to 8,900 BC

The cold had not quite given up, a rebound of cold climate occurred and put a temporary stop to the development of flora and fauna. The reindeer re-entered the scene and caused man to create a culture which could exploit it. We call them "The Last of the Reindeer Hunters." The points of this period are among the tiniest worked pieces of flint and for the first time in archeology of this part of the world, there now are several indications of the use of bow and arrow. In the mid 1930s, the German archeologist Alfred Rust excavated more than a hundred arrow shafts, of which

many were with a cut groove at the nock-end to take a string. An Atlatl can be made to use shafts sent off from a string, but today the find from outside Hamburg is recognized as arrows to be released from bows. A peculiar thing about some of the shafts is that they consist of a fore-shaft and a mainshaft. They were connected together with a fishtail splice and bound with a string of either plant fiber or sinew.

The Maglemose Culture: 8,900 to 6,400 BC

A permanent change to milder climate again sent the reindeer north to colder areas. Slowly a new land emerged. A green and blue pattern of woods marshes, lakes, and rivers gave life to new species of game and required new hunting methods—a new culture. Game such as roe deer, red deer, moose, and the prime animal, the magnificent auroch, were prey for the new inhabitants of the vast lowlands of North Western Europe.

For clothing they hunted bear, wolf, wild cats, martens, and fox. They had an abundance of wildlife. Despite the size of the different game, this culture developed the smallest points of all cultures. With an elaborated flint technique they produced tiny points and barbs sharp as a razor's blade. In the Danish National Museum in Copenhagen, a complete skeleton of an auroch can be seen. Among the bones 17 small flint points were found.

The Kongemose Culture: 6,400 to 5,400 BC

The mild, warm, and damp climate reached its climax in this period with summer temperatures 3 degrees C higher, on average, than today. Dense forests covered much of the land which at the same time was reduced due to higher water level of the oceans. To feed the growing population, a new culture was forced to expand their hunting grounds from inland places to the shorelines. The Kongemose points are big, bulky, and heavy. The game that they hunted was almost the same apart from the auroch, which had been exterminated. Wild boar

had come instead and became a vital prey.

The Ertebolle Culture: 5,400 to 3,900 BC

This last period of the Hunting Period might as well have been labeled as the Fishing Period. People lived almost entirely by the seashore and marine food of all kinds were their resources. This culture developed the "Ultimate Flint Point" which was used during the next 2,000 years or more. The transverse or chisel-ended flint tipped arrow. They are easy and quick to make and a hunter could bring with him flakes for quick replacement of damaged points.

BONE POINTS

In all cultures of the Mesolithic (3,900 to 8,900 BC) points from bones were used. Their design did not alter very much and their brilliant performance can be seen in some outstanding archaeological finds. (see photos) Were they meant for warfare? This is a valid question, because the design of the bone points were not for making a big and lethal hole. These points were long, double-tapered points and had no cutting abilities whatsoever.

Why these changes in design? The most subtle mind among archaeologists cannot give the ultimate answer to the question. The hunters lived by the points and they lived well. All the different cultures managed to multiply their numbers which means that they had enough food. The performance of the flint-headed arrow must have been a success no matter what it's design was. Then why the changes?

Archaeologists and primitive archers of today might be able to produce some explanations to the question. We know something about penetration, sharpness of points, balance of arrows, spine, and much more on physics of the bow and arrow, but I do not think that knowledge alone gives us all the answers.

We must remember that we operate with a modern mind, and to reset it to 10,000 years before present would be an illusion.

"HAMBURG CULTURE" 13,500 - 11,300 BC
 PRIMARILY REINDEER. NO EVIDENCE
 OF BOW AND ARROW



EXCELLENT PERFOR-
 MANCE ON BOTH
 THROWING SPEARS
 AND ARROWS

ONLY POINTS HAVE
 BEEN FOUND



SIDE VIEW

SUGGESTED FASTENING
 OF POINTS

RESIN OR TAR

SHAFT OF PINE

"BROMME CULTURE" 11,300 - 10,200 BC

HOOFE, WILD HORSE, GIANT DEER. NO
 EVIDENCE OF BOW
 AND ARROW



EXCELLENT PER-
 FORMANCE ON BOTH
 THROWING SPEAR
 AND ARROWS

ONLY POINTS HAVE
 BEEN FOUND



SIDE VIEW

SUGGESTED FASTENING:
 AS ABOVE
 OR

INSERTED IN TUBE OF
 WOOD FITTED TO THE
 SHAFT.

POINT FASTENED WITH
 RESIN OR TAR

FINALLY SECURED WITH
 EITHER PLANT FIBER;
 OR SINEW

PINE SHAFT

"AHREN'SBURG CULTURE" 10,200 - 8,900 BC

PRIMARILY REINDEER, - FIRST
 EVIDENCE OF BOW
 AND ARROW



SIDE VIEW

POINT INSERTED IN
 SLOT. SECURED WITH
 FIBERS FROM PLANTS
 OR SINEW

FINDS OF POINTS AND
 SHAFTS

PINE SHAFT

SCALE 1:1

Handwritten signature

"KONGENOSE CULTURE" 6.400 - 5.400 BC



SHAFTS FROM
HAZEL, ASH



SIDE VIEW

NUMEROUS FINDS OF POINTS
MANY FINDS OF SHAFTS
NO FINDS OF SHAFLET POINT,

SUGGESTED FASTENING.
SHAFT HAS BEEN SPLIT
AND WIDENED. POINT IN-
SERTED AND SECURED
WITH PLANT FIBERS



EARLY
PHASE

"ERTEBOELLE CULTURE" 5.400 - 3.800 BC



MIDDLE
PHASE



BONE POINTS

CROSS SECTION

SUGGESTED
FASTENINGS:
EITHER WITH
TAR OR IN
TUBE OF WOOD



LATE
PHASE

SIDE VIEW

WERE THEY
NEW FOR WAR?



MANY FINDS OF
SHAFTS. NUMEROUS
FINDS OF POINTS
FEW FINDS OF
SHAFLET POINTS

ARROW SHAFT HAS BEEN
SPLIT AND WIDENED

THESE POINTS ARE
RECOGNIZED FROM ALL
CULTURES, EXCEPT THE
OLDEST

Different cultures had their customs to be regarded and if a father had taught his son to make points in a certain way, then the son must have had some very good reasons to change it. Cultures of hunters are "by nature" very conservative and it takes a long time and many evidences to convert established hunters to new ideas. And yet, the points did change in design, weight, methods of production, and shafting. Not only did they change together with change of culture which may be understandable, but they also changed within certain cultures. So, there are many questions to be asked and many to be answered. In the following I shall ask some important questions and try to give some plausible answers.

Has it to do with technology?

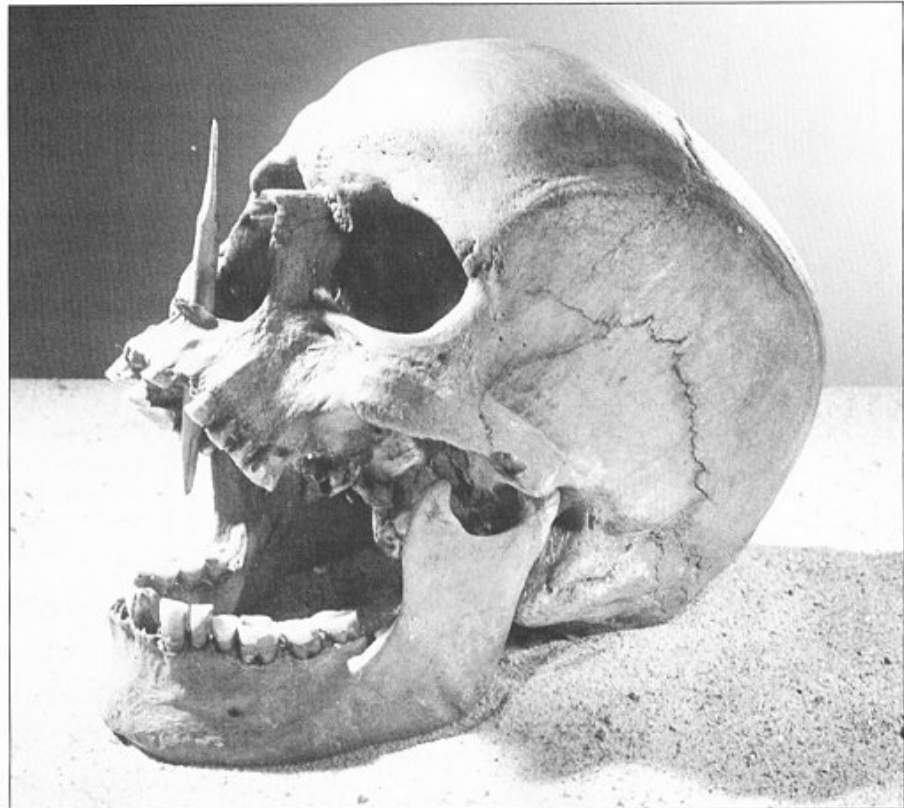
Different cultures reached a certain level of skill which can be observed in finds of tool inventory. Crudely-made points produced from flakes knapped only with stone are easy to distinguish from flakes knapped by antler. Each technology leaves its "card" on the points. Bigger and cruder points are more "simple" than smaller and finer points. A certain culture could develop from stone to antler technique and by this alter their points. I think it had something to do with technology.

Has it to do with access to flint?

Abundant resources of prime-quality flint may refine the product. On the other hand, scarcity of material leads to a more strict economy and usage of lower-quality flint. This can be seen from finds from inland cultures where access to flint was not as good as along the shorelines. It might not necessarily have to do with points but a certain importance cannot be denied. We know from bigger tools such as axes that access to good flint was very important.

Has it something to do with species of game?

Does it take more killing power to down a reindeer than a moose or an auroch? If this should be the case and there should be any logic in it; a bigger animal should require a bigger and broader point. Actually it is the oppo-



"A TRAGIC ENCOUNTER" Bone point find from the site "Porsmose" 100 km SW of Copenhagen, dating about 2,900 BC. Photo from the National Museum of Copenhagen.

site. I don't think it has anything to do with the game on which they preyed.

Could it be just a change of fancy?

Why not? People met and exchanged ideas, new cultures arrived with new suggestions and solutions which worked as well as the "old" ones. Curiosity is a common human drive, and over time changes took place, but not from one day to another. Remember 10,000 years is a long time. Yes I think that "just a change of fancy" could have been one of the reasons for altering the flint point.

So the most plausible answer might be, that there are not one—but many ultimate answers to the issue.

There are many archaeological finds of bones and skeletons showing the use of bow and arrow: shoulder blades from red deer penetrated by arrows, pierced limb bones, a transverse arrow point still remaining in a vertebrae, finds of auroch, red deer, wild boar, and roe deer.

Modern experiments carried out with reconstructed bows and arrows fully prove the deadly performance of the flint-tipped arrow. Flint is a very fragile stone and will break at almost any kind of "arrow stop" except water. But they are easy and quick to make and the only price is your time.

... *The elm bow—the long shaft from Guelder Rose fletched with flight feathers from swan, tipped with flint: "Meat Maker" for thousands of years.*



References

Mesolithic Hunting in Denmark illustrated by Bone Injuries caused by Human weapons, by Nanna Noe-Nygaard, Institute of Historical Geology and Paleontology, University of Copenhagen, Denmark

Flint fra Danmarks Oldtid by Peter Vang Petersen, Copenhagen 1994

Woodlots and Whistlepigs



By George D. Stout

My old Wing recurve was at ready when I emerged from the woods patch that bordered the old pasture fields. I was fully expecting to meet one of the local clover clippers on this part of Taylor Ridge; it was full of newly cleaned-out holes. As fate would have it, however, there was nary a critter in sight, so I moseyed on across the field and into the woodlot beyond.

The area I was hunting was privately owned but opened to hunters as a green-tag, deer-damage area. It was a haven for whitetails, wild turkey, grouse, and of course, groundhogs. Call them what you will: groundhog, whistle pig, ground grizzly, or whatever, they provide a great way to practice for the fall archery season and also rid the local farmers of unwelcome pests. These pasture prowlers can wreak havoc on grazing livestock. An unwary bovine can step into a groundhog hole, thereby breaking a leg and necessitate being destroyed. The underground tunnels have also contributed to damaged farm equipment that came in contact with these subterranean highways. So you can see why they are not a favorite with most farm folks.

In Pennsylvania, where most fence rows have become an endangered species, the whistlepigs have taken to the small woodlots bordering these pastures. There they can have cover adjacent to a good food supply. If you have such areas near your home territory you may find that you have a great recipe for good hog hunting. If there is a good water supply nearby, say a lake or stream, then you can almost be guaranteed of a whistlepig paradise.

As I entered the woodlot, I heard some scurrying in the leaves. It was a gray squirrel putting mileage between me and him. He climbed the nearest white oak and started yelling obscenities at me as I traipsed through the field edge toward



the lake below. It was a beautiful day, though a bit cool, and I was hoping I could find Mr. Woodchuck out looking for a bite of grass or a cool drink of water. It didn't take long until I spied what I was looking for.

I caught a movement down the hollow and to my left toward the field. I froze for a minute then saw it come into view again. It was a groundhog and it was meandering down the hollow toward some blown-over trees. When the hog reached the trees it began climbing one of the blow-downs. I was about seventy or eighty yards away and needed to close the gap by two-thirds or more to get a shot, so I kept the trees between us and crept forward.

After about ten yards of creeping, the pig lifted his head and looked in my direction. I immediately froze again and tried to think of what to do next. I decided to pull an old trick to confuse the critter. I took my broadhead-tipped arrow off the string and put it in my quiver, then I took off on a fast trot directly toward the groundhog. It worked! Mr. pig got confused and climbed the blow-down. By the time the pig knew it had made a mistake I was within twenty yards, and as it took off to get to its hole, the arrow was on its way. The Bear Razorhead did its job and it was all over in seconds. The first whistlepig of the year was tallied. I felt good that I had made such a quick kill on the critter and I'm sure the farmer would be happy to have one less rodent in his fields.

Whistle pigs are tough critters and one should always use broadheads when attempting to hunt them. I'm invariably amazed at the effectiveness of the venerable old two blades that have been around for ages. I have used just about all of them and still like the old Bear Razorheads about as well as any. There are many good ones out there, however, and the shortage of Bear glue-ons pretty much require one to use

them. The Zwickey Eskimo is a very popular head that, like the Bear, is durable, sharpens easily, and flies great. Try several to see which ones you prefer. Many come with bleeder blades but I have never used them. Fred Bear himself touted the use of the bleeders so I would be the last one to tell you not to use them. Again, try them for yourself, and make your own decision.

Hunting whistlepigs will teach you stalking skills. Groundhogs may not be the brightest things on earth but they have very sharp eyes—for movement. If you like camouflage, by all means use it. I personally just dress in blue jeans and a comfortable dark t-shirt. Pennsylvania law requires you to wear a solid orange cap while hunting whistlepigs so that will disrupt some of your camo thinking. They can't see colors, so it really doesn't matter if you wear orange, green, or purple. It's movement, or lack thereof, that's important when chasing clover clippers.

Another suggestion that I would make for groundhog hunting is the use of compact binoculars. Compact, because they are light and can be worn around the neck without tiring you out. They are extremely handy for identifying objects in the tall grass and brush that you encounter in hog country.

I sew a 3-inch by 4-inch patch on the front of my shirts that I use for hunting to hold the binoculars away from my bowstring. This handy little pocket also helps take the weight of the binos off of your neck muscles, making them more comfortable to carry. You can also carry the compacts in a shirt or jeans pocket, but they are not as handy to get at.

As I mentioned earlier, groundhogs are fairly tough critters, so use a hunting-weight bow when pursuing them. Anywhere from forty pounds up would be appropriate. My bows are in the forty-five to sixty pound range with around fifty pounds being my favorite weight. At fifty you can shoot comfortably and accurately, yet not be over-bowed. Plus, a fifty-pound bow is strong enough for any North American game, as long as you use cut-on-contact broadheads.

Also, make sure those heads are sharp. Carry a file along with you to resharpen after each shot. This will also give you more practice on sharpening heads for deer season. I like to carry an old tooth brush in my pack to brush the dirt out of the vented heads before resharpening. Just cut about half of the handle off and you will have a handy cleaning tool that takes up little room in the pack.

Before you strike out after whistlepigs, make sure you get permission from the landowner; even if the land is not posted. It just makes for good manners and by doing so you will garner the respect of those whose land you hunt upon. Most will welcome you with open arms when they find out you're after groundhogs, although they may think you have lost a bearing or two for using the old bow and arrow. Don't let that hold you back though, as groundhog hunting is nearly as much fun as deer hunting. And, you can hunt for them a good part of the year.

So sharpen up those old broadheads and head for the hills and woodlots. You will certainly find entertainment in one form or another. Whether it's just a long, cool walk in the woods on a gorgeous day, or whether you come home with a pig in one hand and your bow in the other, you will have been successful. Like deer hunting, it's the being there that counts; all else is just icing on the cake. Good hunting.



Arrow Crest



- Hinged motor spins the arrow from the top
- Adjustable non-marring rollers
- Arrow and brush holders
- Cresting pattern holder
- All hardwood base with clear wood finish
- On/off switch
- 6-foot cord
- 300 R.P.M.

Mail check or call for more information
ARROW SPECIALTIES



\$150
add \$10 for shipping & handling
(WA res. add 8.25% sales tax)

24928 S.E. 416th St.
Enumclaw, WA 98022
(360) 825-5910



VALLEY
TRADITIONAL
ARCHERY SUPPLY

*Home of the
Thunder Mountain Flatbow*

Full-time Full-line traditional

3814 Blair Road
Whitewater, CO 81527
(970) 243-8144




Catalog \$2 (refunded with first order)



Raven Arrows

*Specializing in Genuine,
Natural Grey-Barred Feathers*

Also, Grey Goose • Full-Length Die-Cut Feathers
"Precision-Matched" Fir Shafts: Tapered and Parallel

Call or Write for Information and Price List
Raven Arrows, 993 Grays Creek Rd., Indian Valley, Idaho 83632
Phone: (208) 256-4341



Dreamer

By Philip Foss

Marius suggested he could bring Dreamer by on his Harley. I gave it serious thought, but decided that because Dreamer was only a day old, it might be traumatic for him to ride 100 miles in the sidecar of a motorcycle. While I admit I didn't conceive Dreamer alone, the reader won't be able to discern any likeness to Marius: Marius prefers an anonymous visage.

Marius said that while fiberglass tends to bring uniformity to bows, each core wood has unique characteristics which produce weapons with distinct draw and cast qualities. Not to mention unique visages. Thus, no two glass/wood bows will ever look the same or shoot exactly the same. It is the bowyer's ultimate responsibility to read each piece of wood and try to translate it into a fine weapon.

I'm right-handed and left-eyed, this places my sighting eye in something of a triangulating position with the arrow. It works, but certainly I can't try to "get the arrow as close to my sighting eye as possible," as is usually recommended.

Marius said he too used to be right-handed and left-eyed; however, now he's switched and is left-handed and left-eyed.

Marius began his career as a bowyer after buying an expensive "custom" bow which began to come apart. Rather than send it back to the bowyer (it was still under warranty) Marius concluded that he could build better. As a custom furniture maker, he was familiar with the stress capabilities of various woods, their compression and expansion values, their gluing characteristics, and how to cut and finish them for the greatest beauty. Marius is suspicious of the term "custom."

"People will send you their old recurve riser," he said, "and think you're going to build them a longbow around that riser, or a bow with wings." He won't do it. Marius has been refining his design for fifteen years and refuses to compromise it.

Today, he offers limb woods in Maple, Bamboo, Black Walnut, Osage Orange, Cedar, Pacific Yew, and English Yew. And handle woods in Cocobolo, Bacote, Osage, Wenge, Maple, Goncalo Alves, Bubinga, and Morodillo. If you're familiar with all of these, then you're a better botanist than I am.

He brought out his own bow, a 57-inch Jaguar drawing 72 pounds, built out of Black Walnut—back, belly, and handle. The fiddlebacking swam around in the light.

But "pretty" does not an arrow drive. Marius does not merely glue-up factory laminations, form them in a press, and rasp tiller and weight from the edges. He cuts all his own laminations and hand-grinds them to tiny tolerances so that the bow is tillered and weighed before it is glued up or formed.

Marius says he does not "make" bows; he "crafts" bows. And his bows come out of the forms "born," not a bunch of pieces of wood and glass glued together begging for an identity via La rasp.

He has two different bow groups: the Jaguars which are short, fast bows in 56, 58, 60, and 62-inch lengths; and the Limited Editions which are 66, 68, or 70 inches long. And all are available *with* arrow shelves and leatherwrapped handles. No hand shock, no finger pinch, no stack—No nasties.

So how fast is a "Jaguar?" I tested mine over a two-week period with cedar, ash, and hard-rock maple arrows. I tried four-fletch, three-fletch, even flu-flus. Field points to 190-grain broadheads. . . In every case, the arrow sped faster than I could run carrying my spear. Marius said Dreamer sprints in the 184-192 feet per second range, depending on arrow weight.

The CONCEPTION OF "DREAMER"

The general consensus in the instinctive archery world is that the closer the arrow is to the bow hand, the more accurate the shooter will be because the shooting hand is "pointing" the arrow. Elevated arrow rests are therefore "bad," and an arrow shelf should be as close to the bow hand as possible. *So, why not shoot off the bow hand?*

The AMO standard is that the draw-weight of a bow is measured at 28 inches. Marius pointed out that this has resulted in 2/3rds of the archers in the world developing severe self-image problems: almost all of them pull a longbow 25 or 26 inches; the only logical conclusion is that archers have shorter arms than the rest of the world.

During the gestation period, I visualized Dreamer as short, light, and very quick. Hopefully, beautiful. And he is.

He is a 60-inch deflex-reflex longbow, which is not unusual. Dreamer does, however, have some unique qualities: the back lamination is Black Walnut, and the belly lamination is Osage Orange. Also, Dreamer is ambidextrous, with no arrow shelf: a two-handed knuckle bow with a handle of Morodillo with no leather handle-wrap. And finally Dreamer has hand-cut elk-antler tip overlays. He pulls 60 pounds at 25 inches and weighs 1 1/4 pounds. Sounds like a custom bow to me.



"Dreamer" has an ambidextrous, knuckle-rest riser of morodillo wood.

He will also create arrows to match your bow. This is good; this makes sense: why spend months trying different spines, fletch, etc., when the bowyer should have the best fix on what will work with his bow? When Dreamer shoots Marius's arrows off my knuckle there is no fish-tail, no rocking-horse: they are purely darts.

Among his arrow designs, Marius has developed the "Tri-delta," which is a target arrow fletched full-helical with three humps on each fletch. These have no dancing skills; they are, however, where the term "bee-line" originated.

Marius's interest is, however, in complex, fancy arrows including the use of spliced fletchings, footings, multiple crests, and natural barred feathers. He exhibits little compulsion to build plain janes. *"These are the ammo,"* he said. I feel infallible hunting with such art-ammo, but I cringe at the thought of stripping a spliced, gray-bar off on the straw bales.

Dreamer and I are dreaming about elk and deer wandering through the aspens and spruce this autumn. We're looking to send a dart faster than I can run in their direction with impeccable speed and silence.

The rafters of Marius's shop hold elk antlers, an 18-year old timber of Osage, a 50-pound slab of English Yew (English yew wood is hard to get, he notes), blooming red and white cedar, and other woods waiting for Marius to translate their magic.

Marius and I were watching the setting sun play on the mountains across the valley. I mentioned that there was a

chance that I might draw a spring ibex hunt on the Mexican border. A tense silence seemed to fill the space between us. Finally, I conceded what we both intrinsically knew. I said, Dreamer is the perfect elk and deer bow, but I don't know about ibex hunting in the desert. At 60 inches, it's awfully long and unwieldy; and at a pound and a quarter, I'll probably end up with one arm longer than the other.

Marius looked slightly sad. Finally he said, *"And I also understand that the boulders down there are spaced so that you can't even walk between them with a bow that long. You'll probably need a 56 incher."*

I agreed, but commented that there still remained the problem of excessive bow weight.

He thought for a moment, and then noted that an all-cedar bow would probably only weigh about half of Dreamer, under a pound. I remarked that I was probably stout enough to carry such a weapon.

"Not only that," he continued, *"the native cedar trees down on the Mexican border are so blown apart by lightning that there are bloody red and white wood parts strewn all over the desert."*

"In fact" he beamed, *"You could certainly use an all-cedar bow as camouflage and the ibex would never notice you hiding behind it."*



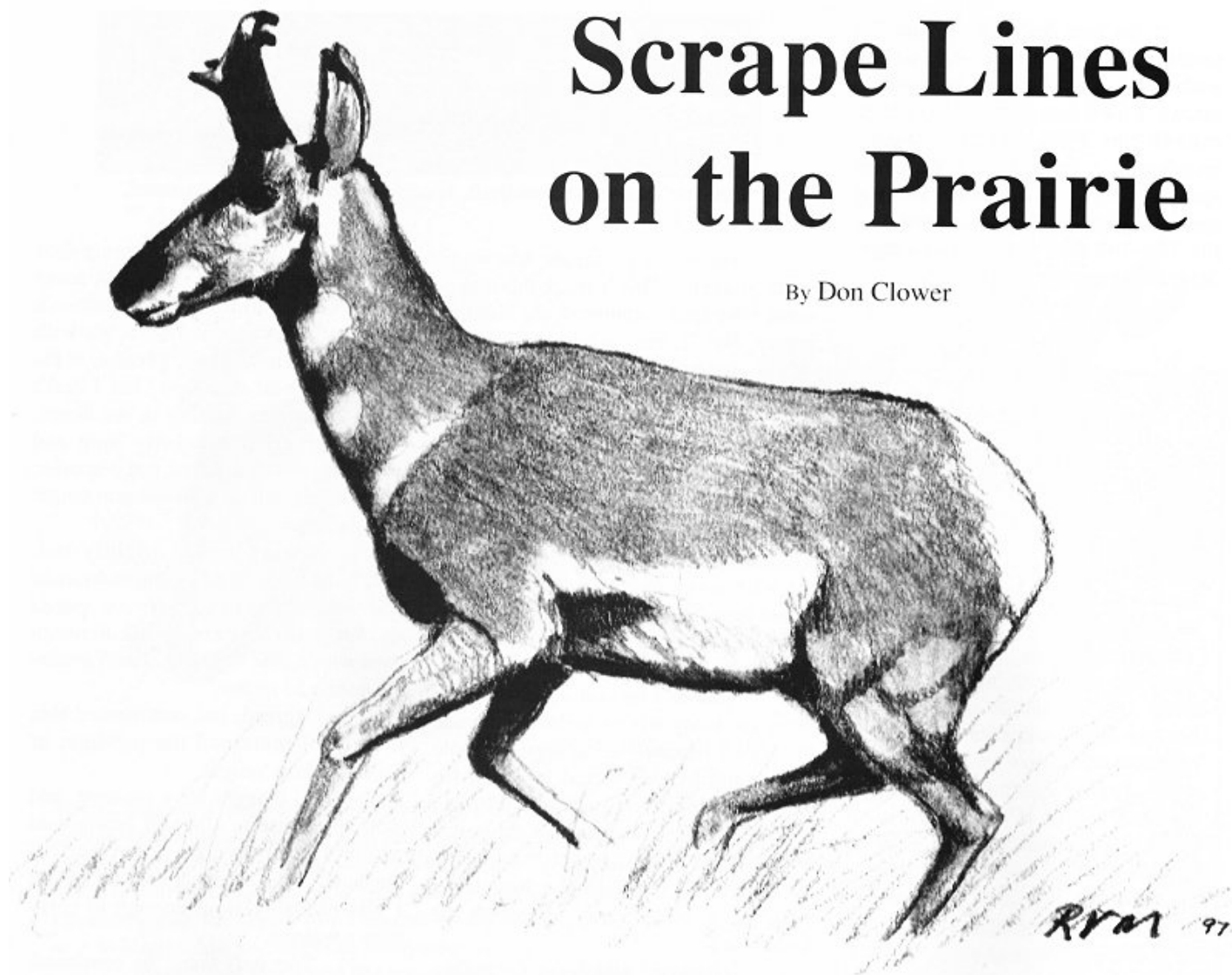
For more information contact:
Marius Vallecorsa, Marius Bows, 6128 Flor de Rio NW, Albuquerque, NM 87120
(505) 898-6956

"Dreamer's" limb cores are comprised of two laminations. The back is Black Walnut, the belly is Osage Orange.



Scrape Lines on the Prairie

By Don Clower



The letter from the Idaho Fish & Game brought the bad news that I had again failed to draw a tag for the controlled muzzleloader hunt for antelope in unit 41. Well there is a general archery season for antelope in unit 41 and I made up my mind that I would try and take an antelope this year with my bow.

This year's archery season was going to be special for me because I switched to a longbow last February and have fallen in love with traditional archery. I have hunted with a bow for over 30 years and I felt like a kid with a new toy and I was really excited about my first hunting season with my new Brackenbury longbow.

The day before the opening I drove down to an area that I had previously hunted antelope. There was a natural seep about 3 miles back up in this canyon and I had always seen antelope in this area during the late muzzleloader season.

Well the seep was bone dry and I saw no antelope during my hike into the canyon. As I was walking out I saw a small scraped out area along the dry creek bed. It looked a lot like a white tail deer scrape. It was about two feet in diameter and the antelope had marked the scrape. Well, I followed the dry wash for several hundred yards and there was a scrape

about every hundred yards or so. Now I had never read that antelope bucks marked their territories, but this is sure what it looked like to me. So I decided that I would ambush this scrape line the next morning.

Five o'clock in the morning found me hiking up the dry creek bed carrying my pack and my antelope buck decoy. I set up the decoy 20 yards from a huge granite boulder that was split in the middle and offered me a place to hide. I stacked some dry tumble weeds around the boulder to add some extra cover and began my vigil.

After 5 hours of waiting I began to think I was wasting my time hiding in this old rock in the 100 degree heat. I decided if I saw nothing by 11:30 I was going to quit and check out another place. About 11:00 I was glassing the area when I saw this antelope appear over a ridge about 300 yards away. Not only was it an antelope, it looked like a real monster with a huge set of horns. The buck ambled slowly along and stopped to sniff every bush along the way. He seemed to be in no hurry and he was all by himself. He was following the scrape line and was coming my way but it was taking forever. About 200 yards out he stopped and started looking off



Don and the antelope buck he ambushed on an Idaho scrape line.

to the left and I began to worry that he might take a new course. So I began to wave a small white flag to get his attention. Well in a matter of seconds he spotted the white movement and began to stare at my position. He must have seen the decoy because he became quite

agitated and after a couple of minutes he started to run towards me at a very fast pace.

This caught me by surprise and I immediately nocked an arrow and prepared for his arrival. Well, he stopped about 75 yards away and began to snort and stomp his foot at the decoy. Every couple of minutes he would come 10 or 15 yards closer and go through his routine of snorting and stomping at the decoy.

Needless to say I was about to have a heart attack waiting for him to get in position for me to take a shot. He had to pass by my hiding place and I could only get a shot when he came into view after passing around the rock. I could see him through the weeds I had put up around the rocks and a crack in the boulder. I kept telling myself not to look at the horns and to concentrate on the body and the vital zone. When he finally appeared around the edge of the rocks and into my field of vision, I quickly drew and released the arrow in one continuous movement.

The buck jerked his head around at either the sound or the movement of

the shot. Then he jumped straight up and raced back down the hill. I saw my arrow bounce off a sagebrush and for a second I thought I had missed. But, I noticed the antelope was running a little crooked and he stopped about 100 yards down the hill. He then started to weave back and forth and finally laid down. I slipped over and retrieved my arrow and there was evidence of a lung shot. After a couple of minutes I sneaked down the hill and eased up to the antelope. He had already died and I finally realized that I had taken an antelope with my longbow. What a feeling I experienced at that moment.

Now I am no expert on antelope hunting but I do believe that antelope bucks mark their territory in preparation for the breeding season and that ambushing these scrape lines is one method of taking an antelope buck in early August. This buck scored 72-7/8 in the SCI record book. Needless to say I am looking forward to next August to try out my new antelope hunting theory. It also goes without saying that I am hooked on traditional archery.



This antelope buck was taken by one of the most dedicated and deserving hunters who ever left a track on the hunting grounds of the great state of Idaho. When Don Clower harvested his antelope, he was still charged with the emotions of leading a highly successful campaign against the large and powerful animal rights groups that had tried to severely limit the hunting of black bears in Idaho.

Don can be credited with rising to the occasion and accepting the challenge issued by these extremists. He spent literally thousands of hours, and undoubtedly many hundreds of his own dollars, traveling all across our state as he raised the awareness of this fight to the sportsmen and women in Idaho, and in the whole country. Don was able to form a grassroots organization that raised over half a million dollars, and enlisted the help and dedication of thousands of volunteers. The voters of Idaho soundly defeated this anti-hunting effort, and Don can be credited as the leader of the effort.

Don's wife, Leona, cannot be forgotten in this effort, as she fought right alongside him throughout the entire campaign. Thanks to the Clower's efforts, Idaho was one of the few states that was able to defeat the anti-hunters at the polls in 1996.

For those efforts, the sportsmen and women of Idaho are eternally grateful. The **Idaho Traditional Bowhunters** were a partner in this effort, as we provided both funding and volunteer support to the fight. We felt the necessity to acknowledge the Clowers for their efforts.

In early 1997 I sent out a letter to bowyers throughout the west, asking for interest in donating a bow to be presented to Don for his efforts. The reply was overwhelming. Every bowyer responded with enthusiasm. We placed all the names in a hat, and drew out Gordon Porter, of Brackenbury Bows as the maker of the bow we would secretly present to Don.

Larry Fischer, of *Traditional Bowhunter Magazine*, stepped forward with a very fine pair of elk antler earrings to be presented to Leona. It was my great pleasure to present these gifts to Don and Leona at our annual gathering in March of 1997. The banquet crowd gave the Clowers a rousing standing ovation. It was a very touching moment, indeed.

Don fell in love with his new bow, and spent many enjoyable hours shooting it every day. When the moment of truth arrived, and the shot was on the line, he was certainly up to the task. There is no one more deserving of the fine antelope trophy, than Don.

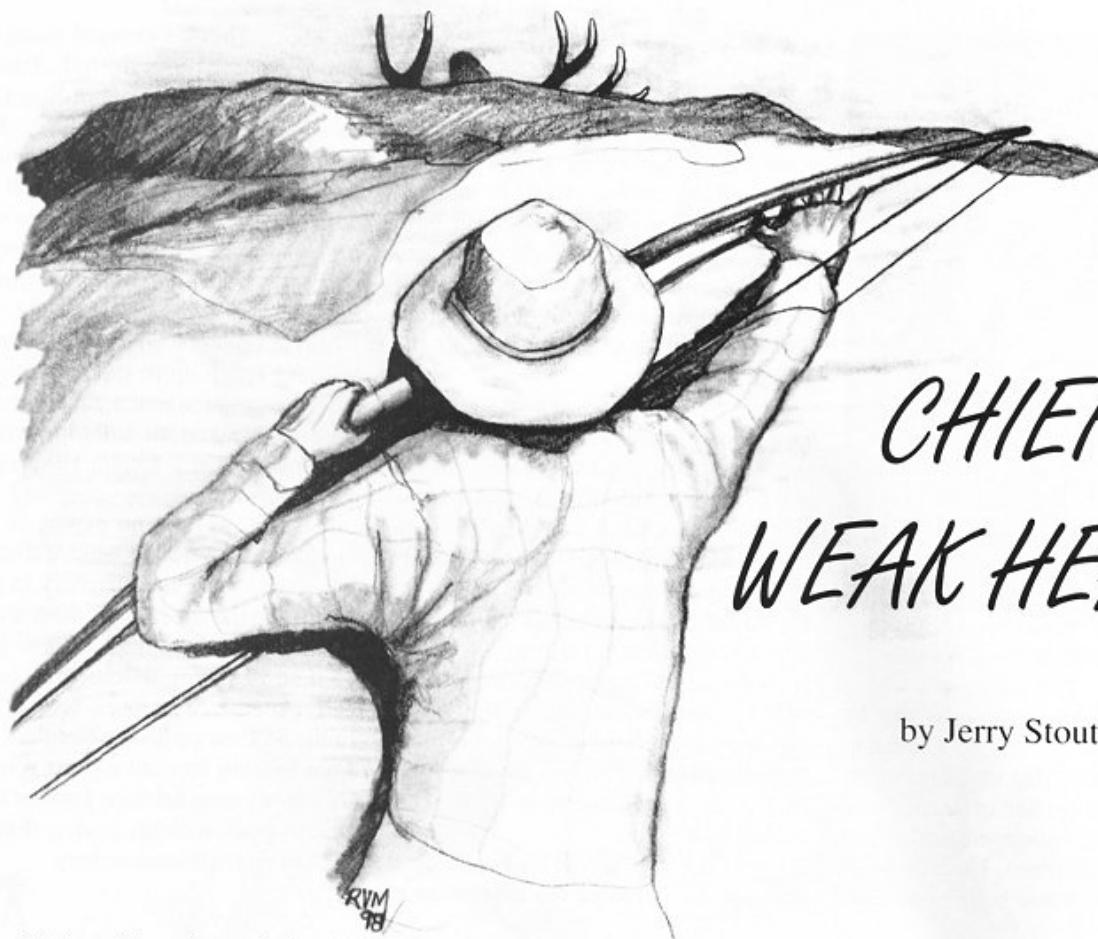
We thank both Don and Leona for their dedication and extremely hard work.

Doug Chase,

President, Idaho Traditional Bowhunters



Don and Leona Clower at the 1997 "Idaho Traditional Day" in Boise. The longbow in Don's hand was presented to him in gratitude for his efforts in the successful fight against the Eastern-U.S. based anti-hunters.



CHIEF WEAK HEART

by Jerry Stout

It was still about five minutes before first light and I heard a woman approach from behind me. "What in the world are you doing?" she asked. "Buck hunting" I replied and she came back with "Yeah right, wishful thinking."

Actually I was sitting in a chair looking out the window at St. Lukes Hospital in Boise, Idaho. Well, it's sort of like looking for mule deer bucks out here in the West. Looking to the east from that window you're looking at what is known as the Boise foothills, and the part I could see looks like a lot of the deer country I've hunted, most of all the small rim-rocks, rock outcroppings, and yeah, you've got it, I love to hunt the rocks.

I knew what it was, I was having a heart attack.

While she was trying to pry me away from my vantage point to take my vital signs, she noticed a magazine in my lap and asked "What's this?" I replied, "Next to my wife and bow hunting, it's one of my favorite things in my life, it's my new *Instinctive Archer*® magazine." My wife had brought it to me the night before.

Rik Hinton, the Editor of *Instinctive Archer*® "used to be" a friend of mine. His wife Tracy had called me the day before for a nice visit and she got stuck with the job of telling me Rik had headed back into the wilds of Idaho on an Elk hunting trip—what a guy. My wife told me later that Rik had also called, but I think she just made that up to help cover for him. Now, for you who don't know Rik, let me tell you

something. When elk season opens he gets as goofy as any bull you've ever seen. His eyes glaze over, his neck swells, he twitches and jerks his head, and I'll bet he smells like he is in the rut too! Now, you wouldn't think that Rik and all the rest of my ex-friends would just leave me here and go off hunting just like nothing ever happened, would you? Well, . . . I may forgive them, but I'm not really sure yet!

Actually this all started August 29, 1997, the day before Oregon bow season. I live in Vale Oregon on the old Oregon Trail on the far east side of the state, about one hundred miles from Boise, Idaho. I went to my annual deer and elk hunting grounds and set up my camp for the season. No, I don't hunt the whole season, just most of it, now that I'm retired, but I have my camp there all season.

The season opened on August 30th, and as always, when first light hit, I was high above camp at one of my vantage points. For the next two or three hours I glassed and moved a little and glassed some more. This is my favorite way to hunt mule deer bucks—spot and stalk them in their beds. This is high-desert country and my camp site is right at the 5,000 foot level and everything goes up from there in a big hurry. Vast sagebrush, big high rocks, once in a while a juniper tree, and maybe if you can find a damp spot, a handful of aspen trees. Just big and rough and hot. I've hunted this

same area for six years now, so I think I know it really well. Around 8:30 a.m. I spotted three bucks feeding on the mountain above me. There were two forked horns and one 4x4. I wasn't interested in the small bucks on the first day and the other buck was sure a nice one. Not big for a mule deer, but a real nice one. He was 24 to 25 inches wide, real smooth, and just as fat and pretty as he could be. I settled down and waited and watched as they fed on up the mountain. Above them lay a lot of really big rock outcroppings and I knew they would bed under one of them to get solid shade for the rest of the day.

It was just a matter of time to find out which rock.

Finally, the two smaller bucks worked their way up and around a big rock and bedded down, moving away from the nicer buck. It seemed things were off to a good start, usually they get right in the way somehow. The bigger buck fed over to another big, high, vertical rock and bedded down. I waited twenty minutes or so to make sure he was settled in and then started my climb. I had to go back to the east a little to keep the wind right and also to stay out of sight. I had the exact spot located where his bed was by using odd-shaped rocks and one big, round rabbit bush that was yellow with blooms straight above him. I got about half way up to him when I started feeling funny and I got real hot and weak. I thought to myself, *"Boy, you are really soft and out of shape."*

I rested for a short time and felt better so I went on. I soon got to the bottom of the rocks where the buck was bedded but had a hard time finding a way to get up over them to the top. I soon did reach the top right above the buck and was tired and gave out again. I rested a little and took off my boots to pull on my long heavy wool socks, then tucked my pant legs into them. This is something I learned to do a long time ago. Now I'm standing about five or six feet from the vertical edge right above the buck and he is about twenty feet straight down. All I have to do is nock an arrow on "Old Trusty II", take a few steps to the edge, and shoot this buck in

his bed, which I've done on other bucks several times before. All of a sudden it hit me! I felt like I was going to pass out. I laid down on my back in the rocks. I was having bad chest pains and it was going down both arms and across my back. I knew what it was, I was having a heart attack.

I laid there for close to an hour and believe me I thought about a lot of things. I kept telling myself this is not the way to do this. I thought mostly of my sweet little wife, Kathaleen, and kept telling myself I can't do this to her! I also was thinking of my kids and grandkids. This was Saturday about noon, and I had told my wife not to expect me until Monday night, so I knew they wouldn't even start to look for me until Tuesday morning. I was in shock, wet and shaking already, and I knew that hypothermia would have me before morning. Also, the thought of the birds and coyotes and whatever else was out there made me realize I had no choice but to get out of there. So I put my boots back on and gathered up my stuff and then I had one more thought, I wonder if that buck is still there or had he heard me. So as not to take the chance of falling off the rocks, I crawled over to the edge to take a look. There he was in his bed about twenty feet right under me. He was laying there chewing his cud just like an old dairy cow. I slipped away and started my journey back to camp. After about a half mile, and several rests later, I got to a spring that has a landmark name. This was important to me because there I would have to leave my bow, binoculars, and fanny pack. There wasn't enough strength left in me to carry them any farther. That neat little longbow that is about as light as a flyrod felt like it weighed ten pounds.

It was a total of about two and a half miles to camp, and it took me five hours to make it back. Sometimes, if it was down hill, I could go for a quarter or a half mile before resting. Up hill was another story. Every thirty or forty feet I would have to lay flat on my back and keep real still until my heart rate would slow down.

After finally making it back to camp I rested a few minutes then took off

for home. Well that was easier said than done. I could only drive a short distance before I would have to pull over and lay down in the seat and rest. Finally I made it home. Thank God my wife was there, she got me to the hospital in Ontario, Oregon. It had been nine and a half hours since the pain first put me down.

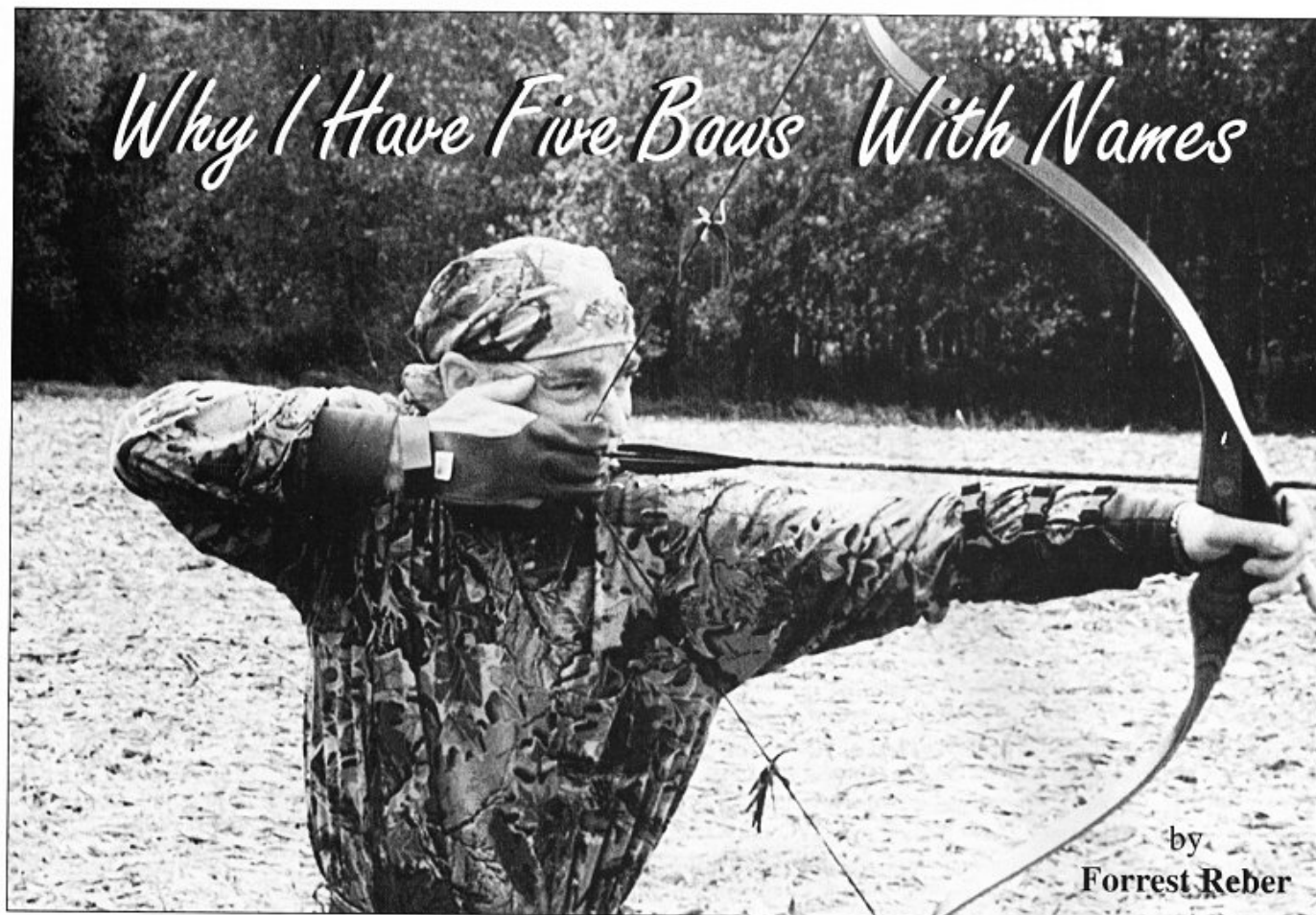
The doctors went wild. They kept telling me *"You shouldn't be here."* They ran all the necessary tests and informed me that I had suffered a heart attack and I needed to go to Boise Idaho for bypass surgery. So that's how I ended up here, looking for a buck from that window. The bypass was a five-way bypass and I was in the hospital fourteen days. Now I'm doing a lot better.

For me, the hardest part of all of this is the bad timing. This was my fortieth year hunting with a bow and I think I'm as serious about this hunting as any man. So to lay around in a bed and miss this entire season has been the very worst thing that could happen. Of course, I'm certainly not done yet. Next year I'll be back up there in the high mountains climbing those rocks, so those big bucks better watch their backsides.

One day as I lay in the hospital bed, I was having a fit about my bow and my wife said *"Quit worrying about that bow, you can always build another bow."* That part is true, because I do build a few of these in my shop at home and call them Juniper Mountain Longbows. But I have great hopes for that bow. I made it last winter for myself. I had named it Old Trusty II, because Old Trusty is retired, hanging on my wall, and it was very good to me. My wife contacted a friend of mine who knew where my camp was and where the spring was that I left my bow and other equipment at. He went out there to pick it all up, and you know what? The rodents hadn't found any of it and the bow was unharmed.

As for all those ex-friends of mine who went deer and elk hunting while I lay on my back, I might forgive them someday, after all, I wouldn't have done that to them. . . *"Yeah Right"*





I recently recounted a weekend hunt for Western Kentucky whitetail to a friend. When I told him I passed up two close shots, his comment was, "You're not a hunter." Similarly, my wife seems to think she's married a man without a smidgen of frugality and, to boot, who has concealed from her a small oddity—he has names for his many bows! Well, let me explain. . .

I and some whose articles I've read in past issues of *Instinctive Archer*®, are doubly blessed. We are sincerely and deeply connected to and replenished by nature and all her beauty. Simply being afield is a cherished opportunity savored often, long after the day has past. Whether hunting, scouting, or just walking about in the wood and field, it doesn't matter, nor does coming home without game in hand. The time and experience is special in and of itself. But, we are something else, too...

We are traditional, instinctive archers. As such, we have an odd (to non-traditionalists) quirk. We find great pleasure in our bows and arrows. I, as do many others like me, find a simple yet undeniable pleasure and, yes, a connectedness, to my bows. We even name them, the special ones. Not every bow is special and some bows just never feel natural no matter how much we shoot them, hold them, or talk to them. It isn't simply that we can't hit the side of a barn with them, they just don't feel right. Yet, some bows seem to fit, to feel natural, like they're a part of our body.

I must admit that I often just enjoy holding one of my bows, unstrung, caressing its smooth graceful lines, waxing the string, rubbing a good paste wax on it, looking at it. Yeah, I talk to it, I admit that, too. I take care not to do that within earshot of my wife or anyone whose opinion she might consider important, and such action by her chosen husband might reflect badly on her ability to make sound judgements of character. Often when I find occasion to pass by where my bows are stored, I stand just looking at them with an affection only understood by others so smitten with a "traditionalist" soul.

I find that when I am afforded a few minutes to shoot one of my bows, I have the consummest (my Great Grandfather said that means odd or naggingly difficult) time putting it down. I just like the feel of the bow in my hands, the sight of the arrow's graceful flight, the "thunk" as it strikes the target. Only when I'm forced by conscience (actually, the looks I get from my wife - a nonarcher) or tired fingers do I, with great reluctance, tenderly put the bow away.

Perhaps this is why actually taking game with the bow is just icing on an already delicious cake! I own a beautiful little Jennings Barracuda compound. I've gotten many a compliment on it's speed and I have to admit, it is a beauty. It feels good in the hand. But not the same as my traditional bows. Just not the same at all.

I have, all together, five bows. At present, I'm looking forward to another addition—a longbow from Mike Fedora. My wife wonders what in this world I need all these bows for. And why do I name a piece of wood? (Those aren't the exact words she used, believe me.) Well, Wife Dear, they're like people, each has its own distinct personality. You cherish each but the chemistry between you is unique from person to person. The same with bows. Each looks, feels, and shoots differently.

I have the pleasure of owning a 68# (at 27-inch draw), 58-inch "Long Curve" built by Bill Forman of Great Plains Traditional Archery, a 65#, 52-inch Kodiak Magnum by Bear, and a thirty-year-old 55#, 48-inch Stalker recurve by Indian Industries. I named the Long Curve "Ghost Walker"—the riser is of select birds-eye maple stained a smokey gray with clear lacquer over camo wood limbs. It's whisper quiet and lightening quick. Ghost like. Ghost Walker is my first custom bow. Ghost Walker is a beauty to behold and shoot. Ghost Walker is special. I'll take some heavy game with this bow and maybe shoot tournaments with it. I know that. However...

Since first I saw a Bear Kodiak Magnum in 1969 I've wanted one. I couldn't afford one then and over the years I just stayed with the Stalker I could afford. Last year I had the opportunity to obtain a Kodiak Magnum from a long-time friend, Skip Yeomans, and jumped at the chance. It was love at first sight and that love has deepened since the first arrow was loosed from its string. I've often heard that short bows are unforgiving and difficult to master. Not this one.

There's just something about this little bow. It isn't that it just fits, naturally. It does. It isn't that it hits hard or any of that stuff. It's all true. This little Kodiak, affectionately called "Sticker" (because it's a short, curved little piece of wood and can reach out and stick like the stickers on a briar!) is the note that with me formed a chord. Between us there's an unmistakable harmony and together we will achieve our aspiration: the humane kill of our prey.

Now, perhaps I'm not a "hunter." If going afield and deliberately passing up a chance to kill something affixes me with a label other than hunter, then I'm guilty as charged! Or, maybe I don't want to be a hunter. However, let me relate the "hunt" I referred to, and maybe my image will be a bit better focused. . .

November 2, 1997

At 4:30 a.m., standing outside the lodge, I saw the unmistakable flash of lightening. A quick retreat to the cabin where the weather channel only too eagerly showed the band of storms headed our way, helped us to decide that neither of us wanted to be twenty feet up a tree while lightning danced around us. We would wait out the fast moving front.

Shortly after first light, I was sitting on a smallish seat many feet up the trunk of a hickory tree. Waiting for deer to come from nightly feeding in the corn fields to the relative safety of the wildlife refuge just east of my tree. It was still raining. Not a cold rain, but steady. Around 7:15, the rain stopped, but the wind continued, moving the tall trees in a slow, back-and-forth motion as if they were swaying to some cosmic melody. But, no deer were to be seen.

Moving my line of vision in short arcs through a 180 degree sweep from left to right and back, I scanned the area for the image of a deer moving gracefully and silently through the rain-soaked autumn wood. The many gray squirrels who flitted from branch to branch, from oak to hickory, and across the leaf carpeted floor of the woods were not so silent. Their chatter and fussing were definitely audible. As were the many woodpeckers who hammered the trees with a vengeance.

Around 7:45 the sun disappeared, the wind picked up, and the rains came back. For another hour or so, the skies pelted the woods with large, thumping missiles. Fortunately, my Columbia rain gear is truly waterproof. Even the squirrels have gone to bed. I wait. The damp and wind are creeping inside my clothes.

Finally, the sun again pushes aside the cloud cover and lights the land.

I am suddenly transfixed with awe at the beauty in front of me. The warm bright sunlight is bathing the tops of the trees, as if to spotlight their bold, rich colors. The scene could not have been designed better: in the forefront the main focal point is foliage as deeply golden as the bars of Fort Knox. Imposed against its lower left side is the rich, milk-chocolate brown of an oak and all around these two are shades of green. As I sit looking at nature's artwork, I become aware, as if in a gallery, of the unobtrusive but pleasantly alluring music provided by early rising birds, accompanied by the chatter of squirrel and percussion offered by woodpeckers. I forget why I'm sitting in the tree.

Sometime later, my hunting buddy, Skip, comes walking up to my tree. "Did you see the three deer running by?" "Deer? Nope. I didn't," I said.

He had spooked them as he walked toward my tree. I had been too engrossed in my surroundings to see deer, especially deer running as silently as a river. I lowered my bow and stalker-style quiver and climbed (carefully, slowly) down the ladder. I'll jump from a plane or chopper, but I do not like heights when it comes to ladders or roofs. We walk out of the woods talking about why we are seeing no deer in an area usually filled with them.

That afternoon, a cool, sunny autumn afternoon, we hunt again. This time I'm on the ground with my little 65#, 52-inch Bear Kodiak Magnum (named Sticker), crouched in a small blind utilizing the rootball and trunk of a fallen tree with brush placed "just so" around me. At 4 p.m. precisely, having begun to feel the encroaching evening cold, I ever-so-slowly pulled the velcro closure of my mitten loose and covered the fingers of my bow hand. The shooting glove on my string hand being enough to avert the chill.

Having gotten fingers into mitten, I slowly looked up and around the rootball just in time to see a dainty little doe walking broadside directly in front of me. She has no idea she's being ogled by a passionate old hunter. Never quite stopping, she moves in an arc from my



The author, and a bow named "Sticker."

why I'm here; this is why I've practiced until my fingers were aching from drawing my 65 pounds of recurve, until I could consistently put a broadhead in the killing zone. But, I let her pass. For several reasons, none of which is target panic.

A short time later, in the last few moments of hunting light, I see a young buck silhouetted against the wall of trees which form a border on the opposite side of a dry ditch. The buck is around twenty meters to my front. Looking directly at me, he's evidently unsure as to what I am or whether I pose a danger or not. To shoot, I would have to rise to a crouch, but, I can't with him already aware that I'm sitting right where he wants to go. He was just unsure enough that he turned and walked along the ditch, too far for me to risk a shot.

We went back to the lodge after dark, both carrying our bows with arrows still quivered. Some might say our hunt ended in failure. But, I would disagree. I would say my day's hunt was a resounding success and a lasting memory. I saw and experienced nature at her most beautiful; had game, a living work of art, within eight meters; and hunted in the company of a special friend. That I chose not to kill is no failure. That I was both well enough prepared and had the confidence in my ability and my traditional bow and arrows and the opportunity to

front, around a tree, and down my left side. No further away than eight meters, she still has not detected my presence. A warm rush floods over me, Not the adrenaline rush one might expect, but a rush of appreciation and recognition. And respect.

To be so prepared as to have wildlife, edgy from hunting pressure and wind, with eyes, ears, and nose as acutely sensitive as a doe's, this close to a ground blind and remain unnoticed gives this hunter a bit of hunter-high. But, once again, I am mesmerized by the beauty of this creature, wild and free, moving within easy bowshot. This is

Plains Indian Style QUIVERS

Quiet, Easy Arrow Access
Great Looking, Made of
Top-Quality Leather



\$89.95

(Includes Shipping)

(916) 529-3384

Larry Gay, 22455 Bend Ferry Rd.
Red Bluff, CA 96080

kill is the very reason I was in the woods. The occasion to become, for a short while, a part of nature; to absorb her sights, sounds, and aromas, and to become an active part of the cycle of life is the stuff of memories. The basics. That's why I choose to hunt with traditional bow and arrow. This is success.

The preparation of our gear, tuning of arrows and bow, hours of scouting, seeing and smelling the aroma of countryside—all of this fills an innate, intrinsic place in the soul of the true hunter/archer. Even without taking game, all this is not time wasted nor a failure. It's learning, becoming a part of that aspect of life—it's memories.

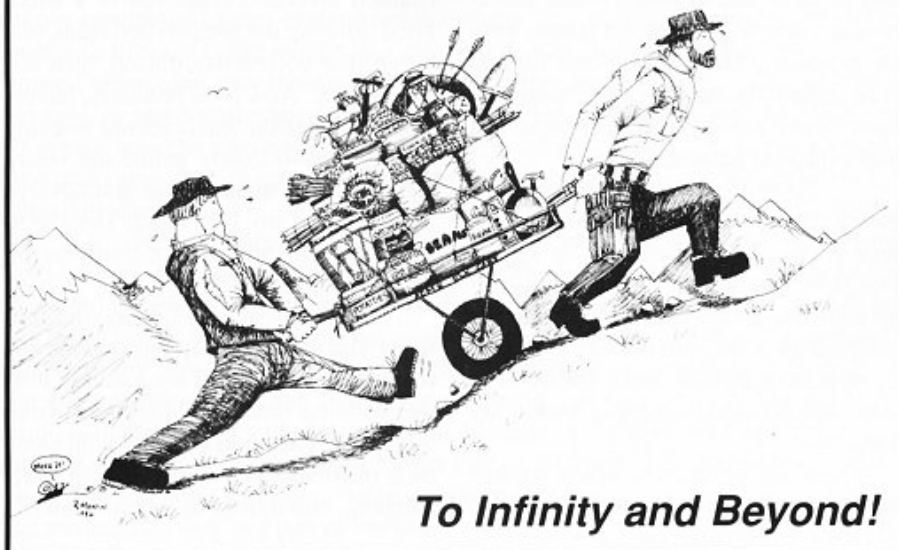
And that's what distinguishes the true, traditional, instinctive archer/hunter: an innate respect for his/her equipment; the highest respect for the life he or she seeks to take; and the land that sustains us all. That, and because we have more bows than we could possibly need—and call them by their names!

I may not be a hunter, and I may seem a bit weird, but, Wife Dear, there really are others like me. Really.

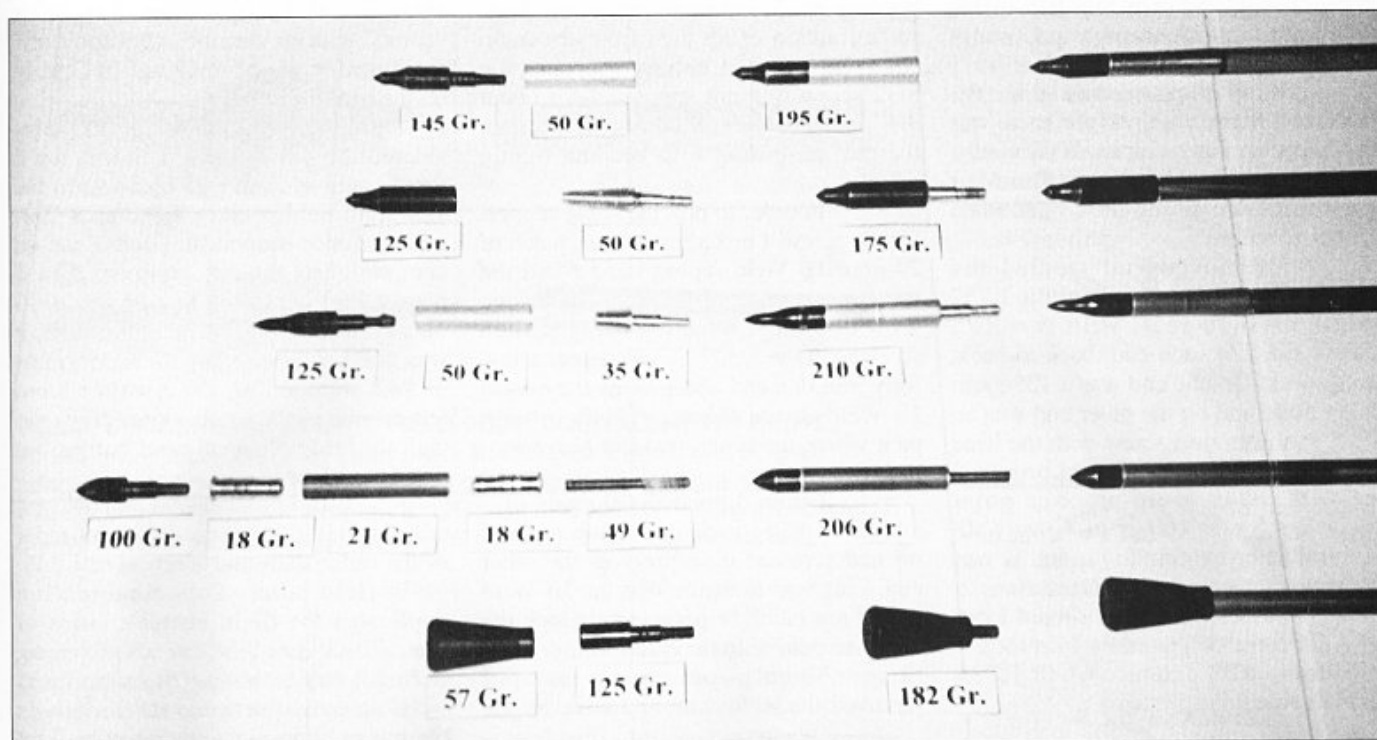


Editors at large:

(The infamous "Elk-Cart Adventure")



HEAVY Practice Points



by Kent Williams

Archery deer season was fast approaching and I had not yet found a suitable arrow/broadhead combination that would fly well with my little 45 pound at 28", sixty-six inch longbow. Finally, after trying what seemed like 200 different combinations I found two that flew with both accuracy and stability. They were a 26" 1816 with a 160-grain Wolverine and a 26" 11/32" .6" deflection cedar arrow with a 190-grain Grizzly broadhead. Success.

I began to practice with a vengeance. I'm one of those who believe that we owe it to the animals we hunt to be as accurate as humanly possible and then some. The only problem was that I was doing a very respectable job of chewing up my broadhead target.

Oh well, I would really have preferred to continue practicing with the broadheads, but not to worry, I'll simply screw on an equivalent field or bullet point and recommence practice. But wait, no one locally seemed to have an equivalent practice point in stock, and worse, had never even heard of a 210-grain (to match a 160 gr. Broadhead + 50-grain adapter) or even a 175-grain (to match a 125-grain broadhead + 50-grain adapter) practice point. I decided to try a 145-grain bullet point and hope for the best.

The stability and accuracy were, in a word, "terrible." Searching through all my traditional archery catalogs, I found that Black Widow Archery sells a 175-grain field point, but only in 3/8 (24/64") diameter. After a phone call and several days wait (back to the broadhead target) they arrived, but boy, did they look big.

I screwed one on one of my twenty-six inch 1816s and let her fly. Stability was indeed better, but accuracy was definitely not as good as the 210-grain combination. Also, because of the significant difference in diameter, it removed a "core sample" from my bales every time I retrieved an arrow. Back to the broadhead target.

I retired to the couch (great place, a couch). What to do? After some deliberation I decided that a 50-grain broadhead adapter might just fit inside a 160-grain field point. After trying 5/16", 11/32", and 23/64" field points for compatibility with the long (50 gr.) adapter, I settled on the 11/32" 160-grain field point since it provided best fit without overlap. This combination didn't look as bad as the 23/64" monster.

Back on the range (actually about 25 feet from the couch) I tried again. Oh well, another core sample, but this time it was smaller. I then tried a short (35 gr.) adapter in conjunction with a 50-grain "wood screw" adapter that had been originally been designed for converting the 5-degree taper on a wood arrow to 5/16" screw-in points. The 50-grain wood screw adapter, the 35-grain short adapter, and a 125-grain screw-in point provided the same point equivalent as the 160-grain field point with the 50-grains adapter and had the same flight characteristics. The bale "core sample," however, was the same size.

Back to the couch. I was intrigued by the last combination. What if I combined a short (35 gr.) adapter, wood screw adapter (50 gr.) and a 145-grain 5/16" point? That would provide a total point weight (not counting the alu-

minum shaft insert) of 230 grains. Interesting.

Then it hit me! I jumped up from the couch and began weighing and measuring. Yes, it might just work. After some sawing, deburring, a trip to the store, some more sawing, and finally heat gluing, I was ready.

I stepped outside and let her fly. The arrow flight was great and there was absolutely no core sample. Additionally, it worked perfectly with my Pro-Matt target that I use during the winter when the bales freeze.

I removed and studied my "masterpiece." It was simply a 1.75" length of 1816 shaft with two RPS inserts glued in each end, back-to-back, so to speak. On one end was a 125-grain bullet point and on the other end was an 8/32" stainless steel screw with the head removed. That combination provided me with a 210-grain practice point equivalent for the 160-grain Grizzly/50-grain adapter combination, and it was the same diameter as the 1816 shaft.

Success, but what should I call it? After some deliberation, I decided to call it an "RPS extension." (R.P.S. = Replaceable Point System)

After a few days usage though, I began to detect a problem. It looked like somehow the extension was beginning to "bend" at the shaft/extension junction. Further inspection showed that it was not bending at all, but rather becoming "offset" a fraction of an inch from the main shaft. This was, I believe, because the 8/32 screw was not supported for about 3/4" inside the shaft/extension junction, thereby permitting it to become slightly offset.

In order to provide some support for the screw, I mixed up a small batch of 24-hour JB Weld (epoxy) and filled the insert in one end of the 1.75" extension with this most amazing stuff. I then screwed in the 8/32" stainless-steel screw fully into one end and packed the excess JB Weld inside the insert with a tooth pick where the screw was not being supported.

I then dipped the threads of a 145-grain RPS point into some mineral oil and screwed it securely in the other end. This was to insure that the JB Weld would not block or permanently lock the screw-in point into the extension.

Twenty-four hours later I removed the RPS point and weighed the

JB Welded and completed RPS extension. The scales revealed that it had gained 5 grains in weight because of the epoxy.

Subsequent range testing has shown that the problem has been "cured" with no evidence of adapter offset, but what about the 190-grain Grizzly on the cedar shaft?

Back on the couch again I considered the possibilities. I first thought that I could add some #8 bird shot to the 160-grain field point to make up a 190-grain practice equivalent. Each of the #8 shot weighed about 1 grain, so all I'd have to do would be to add about 35 #8's to the 160-grain field point. Well, it was good in theory, but when 35 grains of #8's were added, there wasn't room left for the shaft. I considered trying to melt the lead with an alcohol burner, but decided against it.


I then heat glued a wood-screw adapter (45-50 gr.) onto the point taper of the cedar shaft and screwed in a 145-grain field point. This combination duplicated the flight characteristics of the 190 Grizzly, but it wasn't long before I began losing the aluminum wood screw adapters and RPS points in the bails during practice. For some reason, the hot melt was not holding. Perhaps it was because aluminum cools significantly faster than steel. To insure a permanent bond between the aluminum and the wood I used 24-hour JB Weld. It certainly did the job, but required 24

LONGBOWS & RECURVES

TRADITIONAL BOWHUNTING AT ITS BEST

The magazine
for traditional
bowhunting
at its best.

Subscribe now.



Order Form (please print)

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Phone Number

Method of Payment: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Bill Me

Credit Card # Exp. Date

Send payment (U.S. funds only) to: Longbows & Recurves
1828 Proper Street • Corinth, Mississippi 38834-5199

Or, call toll-free with your VISA or Mastercard number ready at 1-888-732-8784.

Allow six to eight weeks for delivery.

Subscription Rates (Check one)		U.S.	Can/Mex	Other
<input type="checkbox"/> one year	(4 issues)	\$15.80	\$24.00	\$30.00
<input type="checkbox"/> two years	(8 issues)	\$31.00	\$46.00	\$58.00
<input type="checkbox"/> three years	(12 issues)	\$45.00	\$67.00	\$84.00

NEW KID ON THE BLOCK MANUFACTURER OF OLD GROWTH PORT ORFORD CEDAR SHAFTS

In their younger days my husband and his brother acquired a 30s model shaft machine that we have extensively modified. It makes a **BEAUTIFUL TAPERED AND BURNISHED SHAFT**, feeding one at a time by hand.

Seeing the need two years ago for a premium Port Orford Cedar shaft, we invested heavily in **FIRE KILLED OLD GROWTH PORT ORFORD CEDAR**. We have our own kiln and dry our wood to the **OPTIMUM** moisture content.

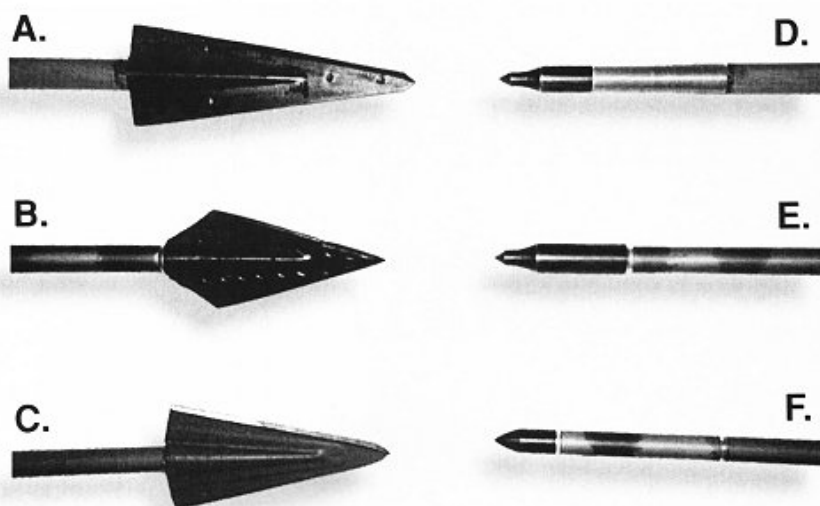
Our customers say we have the finest shafts in the industry, with only two shafts being returned in 1 1/2 years.

We make 11/32 and 23/64 both tapered to 5/16, and a 34" Magnum oversize 23/64 tapered to 21/64.

We hand spine with a dial indicator and grain weigh with an electronic scale.

We thank ALL our customers for supporting "The New Kid on the Block."

4244 Leonard Rd. Grants Pass, OR 97527
Phone: 1-888-8ARROWS Fax: 541-474-4441
Cecil and Paula Driskell



HEAVY BROADHEADS AT LEFT, FIELD-POINT EQUIVALENTS AT RIGHT.

A. 190-grain Grizzly on 11/32" cedar shaft; B. 125-grain Eskimo with 50-grain adapter; C. 160-grain Wolverine with a 50-grain adapter; D. 145-grain RPS field point and 50-grain "wood screw" adapter; E. 125-grain field point on a 50-grain adapter; F. 100-grain bullet point and a 106-grain RPS point extension. (See text for details.)

hours to cure and was a very *permanent* bond. Later I discovered that the more flexible (soft) hot melt glues worked well with the wood screw adapter and I ceased using the JB Weld when time was a factor. (Note: The point taper has to be shortened to approx. 1/2 its length to fit properly inside of the wood screw adapter.)

Is there any other advantage to using a heavy point for hunting, competition, or practice? The answer is yes. An arrow that balances farther forward (is more nose heavy) seems to resist cross winds better by recovering quicker. I have heard that Olympic archers are now using increasingly heavy-nosed (high F.O.C.) arrows because of their increased accuracy.

They are not particularly concerned with trajectory, since they are shooting at known distances, but they are very concerned with consistent accuracy.

Increasing the point weight also serves to lower *dynamic* spine—the heavier a point one uses on a given arrow, the more flexible the arrow seems to the bow. My Easton chart indicates that for every 25 grains of additional point weight one uses, the dynamic spine drops approximately 3 pounds. Therefore, switching from a 125-grain point to a 195-grain point could change the dynamic spine of your arrows by as much as 8 pounds.

Are heavy practice points for you? That depends. If you prefer heavy broadheads and have been looking for a

comparable practice point, then the answer is yes. If you have been looking for better outdoor long-range target accuracy, especially at known ranges, then a higher (sometimes a much higher) F.O.C.* might just be the answer. If, however, you are looking for the flattest possible trajectory, then heavy points are definitely not the answer for you.

Lastly, if you have slightly over-spined arrows, a change to a heavier point just might be the ticket to increase both stability and accuracy. Good shooting.



Author's Notes:

F.O.C. = **F**ront **O**f **C**enter] (The distance from an arrow's balance point to the deepest part of the nock in inches (minus) 1/2 the physical length of the arrow (divided) by the total length of the arrow. The number is expressed as a percent, such as 10%, 18%, etc.)]

F.O.C. EXAMPLE:

	16.75"	(from balance point to nock valley)
minus	14.5"	(1/2 the length of a 29" arrow [including the point])
equals	2.25"	
div. by	29"	(Total length of shaft and point)
equals	.08 F.O.C.	(8% front of center)

For you heavy-broadhead fans, Ribtek is now advertising a 190-grain broadhead and the Grizzly 190 is back in production under new ownership.

Down Wind Bows

CUSTOM HANDCRAFTED OSAGE SELFBOWS
TRADITIONAL AND AMERICAN NATIVE STYLES
Sinew Rawhide & Snakeskin Backed

316-235-1492

Call or write for free information packet.

Jack Davis
Bowyer
402 West McKinley
Frontenac, Kansas 66763

DEPT IS

Algoma
CUSTOM BOWS

Long Bows and Recurves
Manufacturing of Canadian Traditional Archery Products
HOME OF THE PACKBOW
Lorrie Arnold-Smith
Phone: (250) 962-6487
6501 Olympia Place, Prince George, British Columbia, Canada V2K 4C4

QUEBEC LABRADOR CARIBOU

THE HARD WAY!

by Joe Cronin

(Photos by Dean Bodoh)



My hunting partner Dean Bodoh, taking it all in.

It was Friday, August 20, 1997, the Dehaven made a wide turn on its final approach before landing at our camp. The lake looked like every other lake we had been looking at for the last hour in Northern Quebec. They say Minnesota has many lakes, but they're fooling you, anyone who has hunted caribou in this region has to be in awe at the amount of water here.

As we touched down, it really hit home—we are here, here to hunt caribou the hard way, to spot and stalk with longbows. This hunt, like most hunts, started about 6 months early. In the planning, our outfitter, JAMES BAY ADVENTURES, came highly recommended. I spoke with a number of people who thought they were great. One person in particular was Ben Dodge, Vice President of Professional Bowhunters Society (PBS). This is one of the many benefits of being a member of P.B.S., everyone involved shares a lot of information with each other.

My partner, Dean Bodoh, is also a dedicated bowhunter and we both were really wired by the time we reached the dock. It was already late in the afternoon, about 2 p.m., so we decided to head out as soon as we stored our gear and settled in. The weather was quite a bit warmer than we had planned and the black flies were terrible! We finally put our act together and two hours later, we were sitting glassing ridges that we had seen during our flight in.

It was getting too late in the day, so we decided to layout the next day's scenario and glass another ridge then head back. As we were walking on the other ridge, I saw the tips of some antlers and motioned for Dean to freeze, he was approximately 30 yards from me. I saw the caribou about 50 yards down the hill, feeding slowly uphill—the wind was perfect.

I slowly moved downhill to the only thing around, which was a rock about the size of a basketball. I stood half kneeling and half standing by this rock and set up. I was using my bow for cover. The bull had to walk behind a small bush before the shot would present itself. He came around a tree and faced me, stopped, looked at me for a second, then slowly turned broadside and was



He was a mature bull and to me a great accomplishment—caribou the hard way with a selfbow and a nice cedar arrow.

about to walk away. I knew it was time.

With no cover, I drew my self-bow and the arrow was on its way, but my bow tip hit the rock I was kneeling next to and this caused my arrow to hit the bull farther back than I had wanted, way back. I don't know how, but I hit the bull's femoral artery and he was on his way down towards a little lake. We watched as he ran approximately 150 yards and thought he was going to make it to the water, but we never heard him splashing. We knew the bull must be down so we waited for about 20 minutes.

As I regrouped my thoughts, I was really upset with my shot. Dean turned to me and said, *"Sooner or later, all bowhunters make a bad hit, but this bull is down there, let's go get him."* This story is about truth and I know this bull's spirit will be with me for a long time.

We found the bull 3 feet from the lake. A beautiful bull, great bez tines, a double shovel, and real light up on top. He was a mature bull and to me a great accomplishment—caribou the hard way with a selfbow and a nice cedar arrow.

Dean and I hunted hard every-day and two days later, Dean took a beautiful bull at four yards, yes, "four yards!"

We left camp at 4:30 a.m. to avoid the heat of the day and the black flies. At 6:30 that morning we saw 7 big bulls feeding towards us. We got into position back-to-back and waited for them to feed right past us. On each side was a bush. As they reached us we could hear that classic click, click, of their hooves as they were coming around the bush.

We both felt the wind change and knew we only had about a 6-foot window before the front bull would catch our scent. So I whispered to Dean "You have to take him," and Dean agreed.

Dean pulled back his longbow. His elbow was right in my face and I watched a beautiful shot. Double-lunged at 4 yards, the bull ran downhill about 40 yards and fell over. I was truly excited for Dean. The rest of the day we spent caping out Dean's caribou. It was a hard and long 2 1/2 hour walk back to camp.

What was left of the week we spent stalking and chasing caribou around at 30 and 40 yards. But nothing within our self-imposed range of 20 yards and under.

I feel the commitment we makes to ourselves is the important thing. To me, the fair chase, ethics, and the love of the wilderness is why I hunt. The thought of getting that extra couple of yards closer to that animal and using traditional equipment is a feeling that's hard to beat, as is the knowledge that you did it THE HARD WAY!



Horse Bows

Mongol, Magyar, Scythian, Hun

SMOOTH SHOOTING REPRODUCTIONS THAT PROVE TO THE SHOOTER'S HANDS THAT 5,000 YEARS OF DEVELOPMENT SHOULD NOT JUST REST IN OLD GRAVES..

ER Gilbert 3314 Ridgeway Avenue Madison, WI 53704

608-244-2845

ergilber@facstaff.wisc.edu

call or write for a brochure or visit our website at:

<http://soe.hyperchat.com/newchat/u/kethry/~soe/bowpag~1.htm>





THE COMPETITIVE EDGE

**Points of View
and Observations**
by Gary Sentman

Through many years of experience shooting a traditional bow and observing many archers, as well as reading countless books and articles, I have gathered a lot of information on archery. I'm sure many of you have done the same. Videos are also now available to observe championship shooting and expert hunting techniques. I'd like to relay some of the information I've learned from these and other sources, from my point of view.

AIMING vs POINTING

Let's start with the legendary Howard Hill. Although I never knew the man personally, I have read about and studied his every move, including the many movies depicting his exceptional shooting abilities along with detailed study of photos of him in magazines, etc. I can't recount how many times I've heard that Howard shot with "one continuous unbroken motion."

Let me point out right here that I have observed two types of shooters. Shooters who point arrows and shooters who aim arrows. Howard Hill aimed arrows. Archers who point arrows play the game like horseshoes. They feel content in just coming close to the target and periodically on a good day, shooting rather accurately. An archer who aims the arrow is an archer who has an anchor point and a definite stop at that anchor point, at which time a connection from the eye, to the brain, to the coordinated release of the arrow is made.

Some archers' reaction times are very fast, while other archers need more time at full anchor or they will release the arrow prematurely. This pause may vary considerably from one archer to another.

Howard Hill, being a professional, couldn't depend on simply "coming close." While performing under the watchful eyes of a crowd of people he could not gamble that if he just pointed the arrow at the ping-pong ball, balloon, target, etc., that the arrow would hit its mark. I don't want to pop a lot of bubbles out there, but from my observation, Howard Hill had an anchor point and a definite stop at that anchor point. With lightning fast reflexes, he was able to make the untrained eye watching him shoot think the shot was unbroken.

I've seen so many traditional archers bend over at the waist, draw the arrow, point, and let fly somewhere between half draw and maybe the corner of their mouth (if they're lucky), and actually tell you that's the way Howard Hill shot. I have witnessed on occasion where Howard would release the arrow before he reached his anchor and his stop. However, on these occasions he was shooting a very heavy bow at a reasonably close distance. Being a professional he was able to sneak by with a point-aim method of shooting. He didn't win 196 state field championships and perform in front of thousands of spectators with a slip-shod method of shooting. On the contrary, his shooting was very precise and consistent in performance. Allowing him to shoot accurately anytime and anyplace.

I want to add one more thing here for those who may doubt what I'm saying. If you apply common sense, you

would realize that a trained rifleman could shoot a ping-pong ball off a fence post very quickly at 15 yards. But if we moved the ping-pong ball out to 45 yards, the rifleman would have to slow down and be more deliberate in his shooting. So must the archer slow down on some shots, to keep from shooting prematurely.

MORE vs LESS

We all know the basic rules, "Stick within your effective range with the bow and arrow." For some this may be 10 yards. For others may be 50 yards or more in some cases.

But what about the unexpected? Bow quivers may be convenient, but they only carry a limited supply of arrows. Even while rifle hunting in a wilderness area I will carry more than 6 or 8 rounds of ammunition. There is always the unexpected, and a \$1,000 rifle or a \$600 bow is no good when you run out of something to shoot through it. I recall a time when I was glad I didn't have my bow quiver with only 6 arrows.

I was hunting elk in the late bow season in the Alsea area on the Oregon coast in December. This is a cow-only season. It was approximately 3:00 in the afternoon and the coastal fog was beginning to roll in. There had been heavy rain off and on all day long. Conditions were very adverse, although normal for this time of year. This area has a lot of old-growth timber and is very steep. I have wondered sometimes why I go through all this to kill an elk with a bow and arrow. Thankfully there is not a lot of underbrush.

I had dropped down into a deep gorge with 12 to 14 razor sharp broadheads in my back quiver. Within 20 minutes I came onto a cow elk. Through the fog and darkness of the forest the elk appeared to be approximately 25 to 30 yards from me. I consider this a very reasonable distance for me to take a shot. I drew my 75-pound bow a full 28 inches and went for the double lung shot. The shot appeared to be wide open, broadside, but "Old Murphy" showed up and my arrow was deflected slightly by an unseen twig. I hit the elk right in the hock area of the thigh bone. Using a wolverine broadhead, I had

almost instantly caused a compound fracture of the leg, breaking the bone completely in half. Those of you with many seasons of hunting with either a bow or rifle know that most wild animals can go long and hard on just three legs. This elk dove for the bottom of the gorge staying on the trail. I had no alternative but to pursue the animal by tracking it down into the gorge. I risked losing the blood trail because of the rain and it was starting to get dark. I was being as quiet as I could, working very slow, hoping the elk would lie down or delay her travel, allowing me to get in a killing shot.

Under these conditions what happens to your text-book 10 to 40 yard shot? You have a crippled elk, it's raining and it's going to be blacker than coal in a very short time. Under these conditions I take any shot I can get at the elk. No matter how small the possibility is of making the kill shot. I could pad this article and tell you that I put the next shot right through the heart. Actually what happened was the elk kept heading down deeper into the gorge. I took a number of long shots through the trees, but was unable to connect. Realizing that my present mode of pursuit was going to fail, I tucked my back quiver under my left arm, put my head down and ran as fast as I could up the side of the ravine. When I thought I was high enough I began to run parallel to the direction I knew the elk to be traveling. With a mortal wound and only three legs I doubted if she would try to climb out of the ravine. In a last ditch effort I ran as fast and hard as I could to a point where I was quite sure I was ahead the elk. Dropping right down to the bottom of the gorge I began to stalk and move quietly up the hill. I had made the right decision because in a very short time I found the elk. It was lying down, still very strong, watching its backtrail for me, ready to get up and continue the downhill escape. When I was about 30 feet away it jumped up with a very surprised look as if to say, "Oh no, it's you!" In another split second I put an end to this elk story. I was glad I had my back quiver full of arrows this time.

CONVENIENCE AND LOOKS vs PERFORMANCE

The last few years I've seen a large increase in archers making their own bows. I have been a commercial bowyer for 12 years, and made my first bow in 1978. During this time I've developed certain viewpoints and made many observations about bow performance which you may want to take into consideration when making your own bows.

I've observed that many are inclined to build or purchase bows for convenience or cosmetic appeal. When the cosmetic appeal wears off they begin to take a clearer look at performance. It reminds me of the guy who chooses a young, beautiful wife, with all her paint and makeup, high-heel shoes, etc., and later finds out that she can't cook a lick, let alone cook over an open fire. And there is no way she is going to go without a hot shower for two days (at least with bows, you can sell one to get another bow more suited to your needs).

Any bow with a string tied at both ends will shoot an arrow, but what characteristics provide the best performance in a good hunting longbow? How many variables are there to draw from when one is shooting an arrow? Consider these:

- tensing up,
- twisting the grip,
- torquing the string at full draw,
- changing the pressure point when you heel the bow,
- the way pressure is applied to the string by your fingers when drawing the arrow, and
- the more complex something is, the more chance there is that something can go wrong.

All of this applies to the design and function of a bow. In this case I'm talking about the longbow from the perspective of shooting accurately under adverse conditions.

All things being equal, a heavier bow (mass weight not draw weight) is more stable than a lighter bow. All things being equal, a lighter limb (in physical weight) is superior to a heavy limb. All things being equal, a stronger more resilient material is better than a weaker material.

There are many variations that can affect limb tiller and the way a limb performs. Limb tiller is achieved by a combination of working limb-core thickness and, on fiberglass-laminated bows, glass-to-wood ratio. Changes in core thickness and tapers in the wood create

Not Just Another 'Stickbow'...



Now, a bow that is designed to bring out the best in the archer.

"The Competitor"
made for champions!
Capable of shooting 200 FPS

Custom longbows built by Gary Sentman, holder of the world's record, since 1975, for the heaviest hand-held bow ever pulled. 176 lbs. at 28 1/2"



**SENTMAN
LONGBOWS**

8769 State Hwy 38 • Drain, OR 97435
Phone: (541) 584-2337

Send \$1 for brochure or \$19.95 for Gary's advanced video "Improve Your Shooting."

Horne's Hardwoods & Laminations

Wide selection of handle woods and laminations. We stock over 15 species of hardwoods. These woods are cut for their beauty, and ground for highest performance capability. We also stock glass, Smooth-On and Fuller Plast.

"Finish it yourself Bow Kits"

Horne's Hardwoods & Laminations

Mark or Sandy Horne

P.O. Box 1107

Boyd, TX 76023

(940) 433-5906



different effects on how the limb "works"

I have observed 3 types of basic limb tiller with the longbow.

- limbs that bend excessively into the hand or grip area,
- limbs that bend excessively at the tips (referred to as whippy-tipped), and
- limbs that bend in an even arch into the fadeout area of the riser for at least 2 inches and that stop working in the grip area.

I prefer working fadeouts that bend quite rapidly for the first 2 inches, but then bend in decreasing increments to a point of total stiffness near the hand. Thus allowing approximately 8 to 10 inches of strength in the center section of the riser. The laminating process accentuates stiffness in this area. It is very important that the limb gradually arches to the tip at full draw.

Physical weight in a bow limb is not desirable. A heavier limb simply transmits more energy into the hand. Remember:

- weight plus velocity equals energy, and
- any action will cause an equal and opposite reaction.

Handshock isn't noticeable to some archers, but the fact is, it is still there. As the energy comes through the limb upon release of the arrow, it begins to dissipate according to the design of the bow and its limbs. This energy follows

the limb to the hand like an electrical current. The amount of deflex-reflex in a bow (or lack of it), the length of the bow, and the material used in the bow each have an effect on the accuracy, cast, handshock, and overall performance of the bow.

However, in a composite bow where the limb cores are sandwiched between two pieces of fiberglass, the wood may break down, leading to fatigue and, depending on how much the bow is used, eventual breakage. Over the years, red elm, bamboo, and black locust have proven to be the best woods that I have used for limb-core material in laminated wood/fiberglass longbows. I have also found that certain materials in the riser absorb "shock" energy more than others. Some materials transmit shock.

For me, the best woods for dissipating shock in a bow riser are Ash, Hardrock Maple, Osage Orange, Bubinga, Purple Heart, and Wenge. There may be other good woods for riser material, but for me, these have proven to be the best. For the very best performance I like to laminate a very stiff wood in the grip area, because I do not want the limbs to work into the hand.

LONG LIMBS vs SHORT LIMBS

Remember what I said earlier about convenience outweighing performance? When it comes to bow length, many of us have a tendency to lean towards the shorter lengths, thinking only of convenience without considering the following:

- angle of deviation;
- finger pinch;
- the arch and thrust of the limbs upon release.

If a bow is too short for your draw length, you begin to pull excessively

against the limb tips as you near full draw, which could hypothetically change the bend of the limbs from an arch to a circle. When it comes to bow length, you need to keep the working limbs in mind.

In my opinion, a working limb (measured from the end of the fadeout to the string nock) should be somewhere between 20 and 26 inches on a longbow for maximum performance. This will vary from one bow style to another, depending again on the amount of deflex, reflex, limb width, etc.

DESIGN vs NEEDS

The handgrip of a bow is probably the foremost individual part of the bow. I have found from my experience that the most consistent grip for slow, deliberate shooting is a contemporary grip, or as some refer to it, an "indicator grip," such as those found on recurves. For the last 25 years the indicator grip has been the one consistently used for target bows. The traditional grip being straighter in profile isn't offered as an option with bows that are intended for target shooting. I have felt for some time that the longbow shooter is the action shooter of archery.

Looking at the target grips designed for handguns you will see totally different styles (i.e. target handguns versus those made for combat street shooting). I feel the traditional grip, straighter in profile and much simpler in design, is a good choice for action shooting, where you simply hold the bow and want to shoot fast. But remember, the rule is "consistency of performance." The grip must be held exactly the same every time an arrow is shot. If a golfer didn't use exact hand placement on the club every time, the ball would not go where it was intended. When making your own bow or purchasing one from a bowyer, keep in mind your needs and style of shooting.

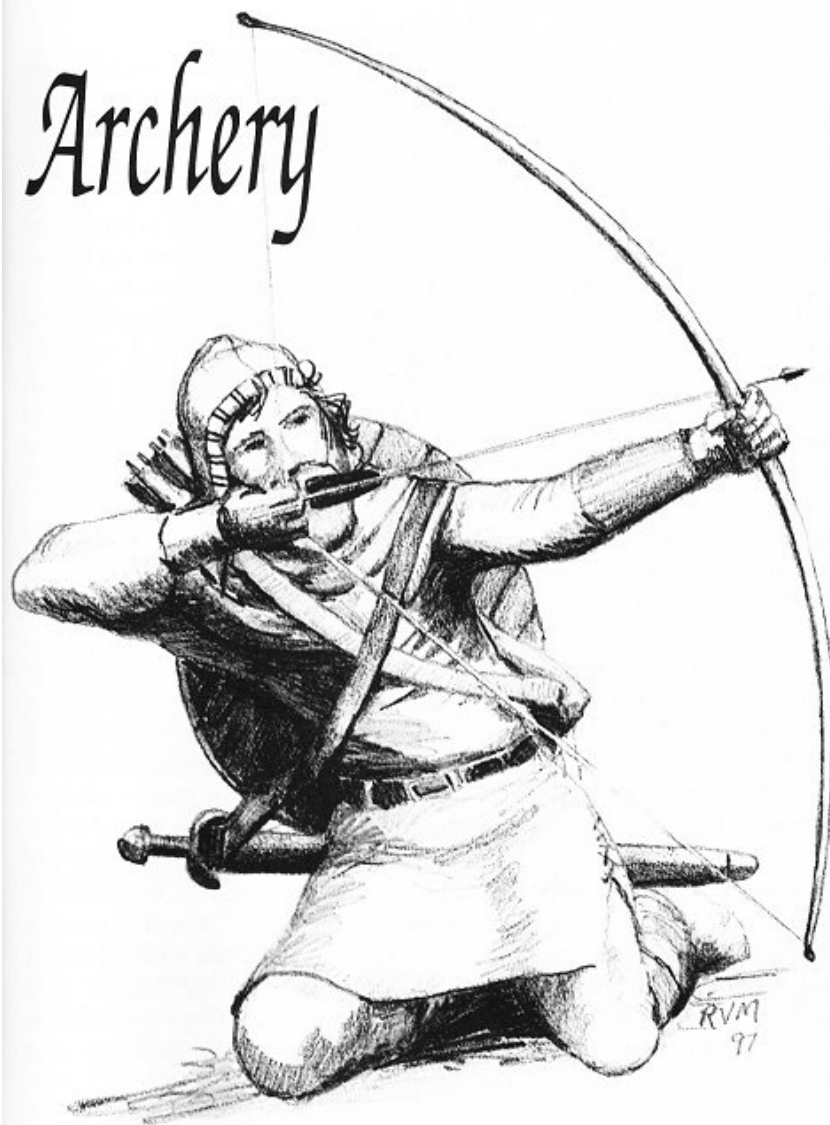
CONCLUSION

At this point you may think I have left out a lot of detail. This is true. I have only tried to touch on some of my basic viewpoints and observations.

Good Shooting.



Archery



and the Anglo-Saxons

by
Hugh Soar

Prologue:

Picture the scenario. A mudflat somewhere in what is now Sweden. Standing foursquare upon it, a bearded chieftain. It is raining. It is always raining! He is wet. His house is wet; his children, his dog, and his wife are wet!

Now, there may be nothing more friendly than a wet dog, as those who picnic beside a river bank will know, but there is also nothing less conducive to connubial concord than a wet wife with attitude. To maintain marital harmony, wives, like good bows, are best kept dry.

The talk around the need-fire is of forays to a land across the water; a rich, verdant, ill-defended land. . . Is he to go?

There is no contest; slinging the whole soggy lot into a (wet) longship he strikes out for pastures new. He is an Angle; from his name will come England and the English nation. From the bow with which he hunts, a light weapon suited only to small game and self-defense will come by evolution and compromise, the mighty English longbow and, through this supreme of weapons, mastery of Continental armies, and the humbling of Continental pride.

Through chance we know something of the weapons he would have used and the longship in which he sailed; in the middle of the last century there were found in Nydam, Schleswig, in what is now Germany, buried in the silt of a long-gone sea-inlet three ancient galleys. One of these galleys was preserved to the last detail and it is the contents of this galley which are of the greatest interest to us as archers; for amongst many well-preserved artifacts are the very bows and arrows of those Saxons and Angles who, in the fifth century, were preparing for a voyage when disaster struck.

A voyage perhaps to Britain, to offer mercenary service to the unhappy British who, deserted by their Roman masters, were now at the mercy of Pict and Gael alike.

Some forty bows, and over one hundred arrows were excavated together with one quiver, and evidence of a second. Examination shows the bows to have been of pine (or fir) and yew, and to have ranged between 5' 7" (170 cm), and 6' (187 cm) in length. Those in yew being slimmer than their counterparts in pine.

Although at this distance in time it is impossible to do more than guess the cause, the bows each follow the string,

evidence perhaps that they were kept strung for long periods. The absence of clear-cut nock grooves may suggest the use of the earlier near-Eastern style of stringing, exemplified by the Turkish "tundj" which used a second, shorter piece to secure the main string to the bow-limb, rather than our conventionally looped string held in place by a timber hitch.

An estimate of draw-weight comes out at around 50 lbs or perhaps even less; adequate enough for the hunting and sea-fighting which seems to have been the bow's main use.

Of equal interest with the bows are the arrows. Barrelled in profile, they have the wide bulbous nocks associated with the thumb-dominant "primary (pinch) draw," another pointer towards a light draw-weight.

There is no direct knowledge about the way strings were drawn in those early Anglo-Saxon days, only some circumstantial evidence which suggests what might have been general practice at the time. It comes from an unusual source, the Welsh history of Gruffydd, an early Prince of Wales, from whence we learn that "foreign" archers captured with him each had the thumb of their right hand cut off before they were set free.

Since the thumb plays no part in either the Flemish or the Mediterranean loose, the suggestion is that this had yet to be developed. A weak branch on which to hang a theory? Perhaps, but thought-provoking nonetheless.

To achieve the bulbous "heels" of these early Saxon arrows, the shaftments were tapered from a point at the base of the fletch to a little below the nock groove. Each of the four fletches was set into a groove, and carefully bound into position.

Runic marks along the shaft—either for religious purposes, (archery and religion have often intertwined) or to identify the archer—completed an essentially functional object.

So, for what purpose would these weapons be used? Warfare? Certainly, but the time was yet to come when they would be used en masse. Their role on board was for sea-fighting

where a stand-off capability gave the advantage of ship maneuverability in a tricky element.

Whilst the elite Anglo-Saxon "huss-carles," (picked body-guard of kings and lords), relied upon shield-wall and battle-axe, and the supporting "fyrd" probably lacked "bogamen," (bowmen) in any significant number, archery was a staple constituent of sea-fighting.

"Butse-carles," or boat-men from the maritime towns of Kent and Sussex manned much of the Saxon navy, and they together with the "scipfyrd," a ship equivalent of the land fyrd were a formidable force, created to counter Danish and other adventurers out to create mayhem amongst the coastal communities.

Although their reliability on the King's behalf occasionally left something to be desired, and as often as not they fought amongst themselves to safeguard fishing-rights, they were nevertheless an important first defensive line against invasion.

If events had taken a different turn in 1066, or to put it another way, if the weather had been more favourable during that summer and William of Normandy had invaded when he was expected to, then the scipfyrd which Harold had placed in readiness at the Isle of Wight would have played havoc amongst his fleet, and this article might have been written in Middle-English! However, contrary winds, which prevented William from sailing, and the imminence of the English harvest played against Harold, and the fyrd disbanded. Not for the first time, and certainly not for the last had the weather influenced English history.

The scipfyrd stayed in position for four long months, until by the 8th of September provisions were exhausted, and vigil ceased. Those whose image of the land-based Saxon archer owes much to romantic notion may be disappointed to know that despite brave mention in the heroic anglo-saxon epic "Beowulf," and in the later poem describing the Battle of Maldon, that his role was supernumary bordering on the superfluous. They can take heart however from knowledge that with the injection of new military blood from Normandy, and the development in

warfare of the dismounted man-at-arms flanked by tactical archery, the Saxon bogaman and his successors were slowly to become a dominant force on the battle-field.

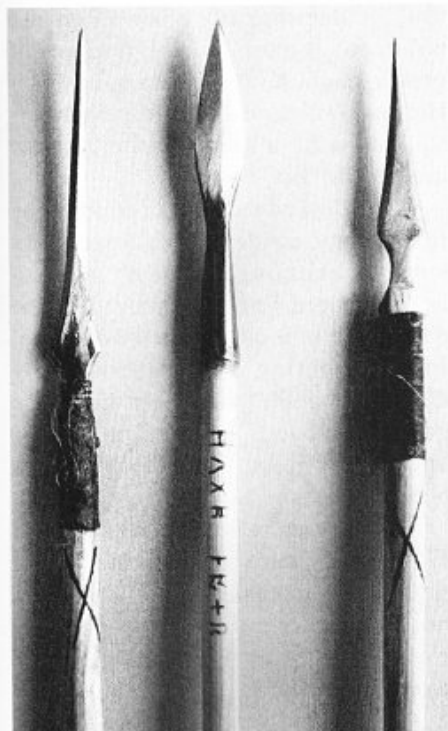
But it is time now to turn to the other use of the Saxon bow and arrow. Although there may be some doubt about the diet of the Saxon peasant, and there are those who see him as virtually a vegetarian, much of England was still wooded and home to a variety of edible wildlife—not all of which was coveted by his betters..

It is inconceivable that this wildlife was not taken for the pot, and whilst the discipline of "bow and stable" hunting under the control of authority might not yet have made appearance, there seems little doubt that rabbit, hare, and pheasant appeared on the menu as often as the man of the house (or in some cases the housewife) could be persuaded to go out and get them.

Little information exists of the Saxon hunting methods. Killing of the larger animals en masse was accomplished by the "drive." A herd of animals was driven in a planned direction by "beaters" and finished off by a combination of bowmen, spearmen, and



Anglo-Saxon "Huss-Carl" with two-handed fighting axe.



Replicas of arrows recovered from Nydam Moor, Holstadt. The runes spell the author's name. The heads were crafted by Hector Cole.

dogs. A largely unmanaged arrangement that was profligate of resources, and of dubious husbandry.

No Saxon bows or arrows survive from this period, and their nature and construction can only be surmised. It is likely that the material of which they were made was yew or elm, with yew almost certainly the favoured wood. They would have been comparatively light in draw-weight to enable them to be held partly drawn in readiness for action, and taken from hedge, or bough since this source would be open to them.

"Bough-bows" are slower in cast, weight for weight, than bows from the bole of the tree; so much is fact, and it is unlikely that any great distance was achievable with them. Indeed, as in field archery today, there was little point in over-bowing when much of the work was done at close quarters.

At what point the "pinch assisted" draw, which I believe the Fifth century Saxon archer used, changed to the two- or three-finger draw with which we are familiar today we cannot know.

Archers are conservative beings, and it may be that this draw

accompanied the development of the war-bow. However, it is a good deal easier to hold a bow-string on the fingers for any length of time than to pinch it, and development may have been obliged by necessity. So much is surmised!

It has been said more often than I can remember that the English longbow was introduced by the Welsh, and some years ago I was drawn into a piece of literary warfare by an inflamed Welshman who resented my suggestion, humbly made, that this wasn't so.

At the risk of re-vitalizing my celtic colleague's susceptibilities, perhaps we should go over the ground again. The evidence of archaeology is for early saxon grave sites containing bows and arrows, and, to quote an old Yorkshire expression, "... What can't speak can't lie..."

The Exeter "Riddle Book," an early Saxon Work containing many puzzles, contains one specific to the bow. "...Agof is my name, if you work it out; I am a fair creature fashioned for battle..."

I quote Professor J.G.D. Clarke of the Dept: of Archaeology, Cambridge though when I say that archaeological evidence for archery is conspicuously lacking for the Iron Age in pre-saxon Britain. He reminds us that during the Roman occupation, such archers as were employed were auxiliaries of Syrian origin who used the Asiatic composite bow.

In fact, the intrepid Professor moves further into controversy by suggesting (perhaps with tongue in cheek!) that the valour and skill of the Gwent archers owed much to the training of Anglo-Norman soldiery stationed in and around Chepstow. In the words of a well-know television character "...I couldn't possibly comment upon that!" although there is indeed an apparent similarity between the Saxon "boga," for bow, and the Welsh "bwa".

But, lets not take things too far; sadly for Professor Clarke's audacious theory, the Abingdon Chronicle records of an unsuccessful expedition into Wales in 1055 (eleven years before the

**PROVEN
BIG GAME
BOW**

CHIEF AJ LOGO BOW
RH or LH
45, 50, 55, or 60#
Completely Set-up
VISA/MC **\$239.00**

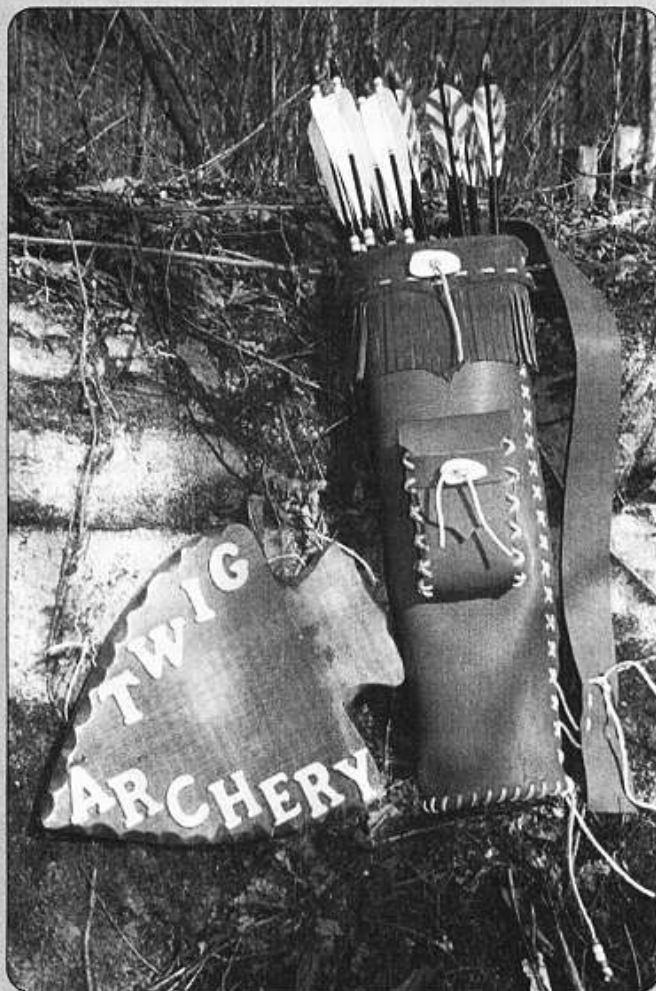
Comes with
"Shooting the
Indian Way"
Video, 32 min.

Video only
\$12.95

SASE for
details

CHIEF AJ
P.O. Box 131
Tuscola, IL 61953
Orders:
1-800-820-5177

PRODUCT SPOTLIGHT



The "Magnificent 7" Quiver

BEEN LOOKING FOR AN ATTRACTIVE, COMFORT-ABLE, QUALITY-MADE QUIVER? Twig Archery has introduced the "MAGNIFICENT 7" with seven color combinations to match most bows.

With proper care, Twig quivers will last a lifetime. Each are made of 6 oz. top grain, quality leather. All are hand punched and rawhide laced, no machine stitching, with a 2" wide adjustable strap, rolled top, suede fringe, and a double bottom. A large pouch on the front is big enough to hold and arm guard, glove, and an extra string. Two deer antler buttons complete the Twig quiver for an overall traditional look. Twig Archery also has matching arm guards and other leather accessories.

Twig quivers are not only attractive, but durable and designed for comfort with just the right amount of "give." They're not too stiff, like a tube on your back, or so flimsy that they totally collapse.

With that beautiful, expensive bow in your hand, don't you deserve one of Twig's "MAGNIFICENT 7" quivers holding those arrows? "You gotta look good to shoot good!"

For more information or a free brochure on Twig quivers and accessories, or wood shafting, arrows, and arrow-building supplies, call or write:

TWIG ARCHERY, INC.

45194 TR 432

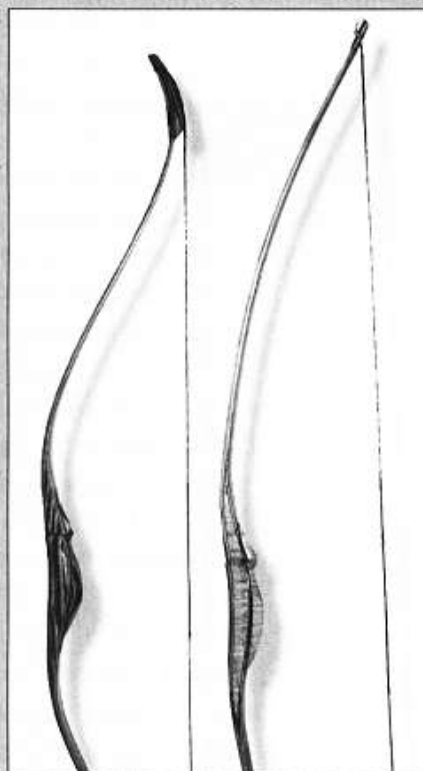
Conesville, OH 43811

(740) 829-2847

PALOUSE TRADITIONAL ARCHERY MFG. is proud to introduce three new bows.

The **Millennium** is a static-tip recurve that brings together the ancient styles of the Middle East with 21st century technology. The limbs are sleek and narrow. The riser incorporates a positive grip position, allowing you to hold the bow exactly the same with every shot. The **Millennium** is available in two lengths: 54" and 60".

The **Apollo** is a reflex / deflex / reflex longbow with 1.5" of backcast. This riser is also designed to allow exact hand placement with every shot. The **Apollo** is available in the following lengths: 56", 58", 60", 62", 64", and 66".



The **Sagittarius** is a longbow designed for children, and is basically a condensed version of the Apollo. It will perform equally, pound for pound, with adult longbows. The **Sagittarius** shoots a child-sized arrow with amazingly flat trajectory, and is offered at a very reasonable price.

Palouse Traditional bows are smooth, accurate, fast, and have a lot of cast. For more information, contact:

Palouse Traditional Archery Mfg.

209 North Roosevelt

Moscow, ID 83843

(208) 882-1441

e-mail: palmfg@moscow.com

HEROES

by: Mark Siedschlag

The phone rang early Saturday morning and the voice on the other end was at first unfamiliar. The caller must have sensed my confusion because he volunteered his name right after his greeting. I was surprised because I hadn't heard from Steve in at least two years. He wasted no time in revealing the purpose of his call. "Bill passed away" he said. "I thought you should know." Not much else was said and I thanked him for thinking about me. It wasn't totally unexpected but the finality of those words reached deep into my guts. I felt very much alone—like a part of me had died.

I first met Bill over ten years ago at the archery range. That fall I had taken my first record-book buck. I had just turned twenty and started to hang out at the range. My success elevated me to celebrity status with some of the range's groupies. I was a little full of myself and craved the attention I got there. Bill was usually there at a distance trying to blend into the background, but he was impossible to miss. He was clearly different from the rest. He never spoke, choosing to withdraw as the crowd at the range grew. He acted different, looked different with his long beard and large stature, and he shot a longbow; something you just didn't see anymore in the early eighties.

For the most part, everybody just pretty much left him alone, but occasionally someone would make a snide remark or ridicule him behind his back. I had the feeling that there were some who felt threatened by this silent man.

I arrived at the range one day to find it empty except for Bill. We exchanged greetings and went to our shooting. Out of curiosity I watched Bill shoot for a while. I was amazed at how beautiful it looked. The draw, anchor, and release wore all done in one smooth, quick motion. He would cant his bow to the right then to the left for his next shot. He would sit, kneel, or stand, and sometimes his bow would be parallel to the ground when he shot. He would never take the same shot twice in a row and each time the result was the

same; a near-perfect hit. He only practiced at the short targets, but in the hour that we shot together I saw him bust at least three knocks while shooting in almost Robin Hood fashion. I was impressed.

I began to ask some questions about his longbow and eventually coaxed a conversation out of him. "*The equipment one uses doesn't make the hunter.*" I remember him saying. "*The hunter comes from in here*" he said, pounding his chest. He certainly was different I thought. "*I wish I could shoot like you.*" was the last thing I said to him that day as I was packing up to leave. It was my way of thanking him for the good time I had. I had no way of knowing that remark was going to have a strong impact on the rest of my life. "*Come out to my place after work and we'll start lessons this week.*" he said. "*I'll draw you a map. What time do you get done with work?*" There was a moment of silence as I considered what he was offering. "*My last class ends at about three.*" I finally responded, still a bit put back by his offer. "*I'll see you then.*" he said. All the way home I was wondering what I was getting myself into and what would the boys at the range think?

It was no easy task finding his place back in the woods. He lived with his wife in a mobile home with a nice garage added on. Bill generally disliked people and the location of his house showed it. He met me at the door and we went through the house into the garage which was really his workshop. Archery tackle covered the walls and about every inch of counter space. He grabbed a bow off the wall and a back quiver full of arrows and then proceeded to select another bow from about a dozen hanging on the wall. I had brought my own equipment, but the recurve bow he gently laid in my hands seemed so light and beautiful it was begging me to try it. "*I made this little recurve a few years ago and I think it will be just about right for you.*" I nodded in response, not knowing why it would be right for me as he also handed me a back quiver full of cedar arrows. He led me out the back of his garage to the backyard.

I immediately noticed the rear of the garage was covered with deer antlers, some of which would have made the record book. Bill suddenly took on a new position in my eyes. He wasn't just some nut lost in time. There may be something to this man that might be worth listening to. Over the years I tried more than once to get Bill to tell me the stories behind some of those racks, but he always had the same answer. "*The size of the horns don't make the trophy, the size of the hunt does.*" he would always say. Later on I would grow to understand those words.

His backyard was just a wood lot, the same as the front. Bill was not the sort to worry about yard care. His targets were just a few bales of straw scattered through the woods. He would wander around taking shots around trees, through bushes, and under limbs. He cleared no shooting lanes to any of the targets. It was all natural.

My first lesson was to stand about ten feet from a bale and "practice form" as he called it. We started every lesson by shooting twenty arrows this way—something his hero, Howard Hill, supposedly did. Shooting that recurve seemed so odd at first, but in a short time I was getting the feel for it.

CLASSIFIED ADS

CLASSIFIED AD RATE: \$1.00 per word, \$20.00 minimum.
USED-BOW ADS: \$10.00. One bow per ad, 20 word max.

KNIGHT YEW BOWS, O.T.A. FIR SHAFTS!. Quality products direct from the manufacturer. Distributor and Dealer Programs available. FREE brochures. **Doug Knight**, 553 Elm Street, Jefferson Oregon 97352. Phone: (541) 327-3086. Fax (541) 327-2852.

LEARN WOODEN BOW MAKING with ERRETT CALLAHAN. 50 years experience. Workshops in May (archery), June (flintknapping), and October (primitive technology). Write for details. Cliffside Workshops, 2 Fredonia Ave., Lynchburg, VA 24503 Ph: (804) 528-3444.

HOW TO MAKE A DOUBLE-LOOPED FLEMISH TWIST BOWSTRING by Martin Maynard **USING THE RIGHT BOW-STRING MATERIAL** by Dan Quillian. Get this illustrated booklet with Dan's recommendations for just \$9.50 which includes postage. Contact **BCY, Inc.** at PO Box 466, South Lyme, CT 06376 or call (860) 434-3126 now.

TWIG ARCHERY.

Raw shafting, pre-finished shafts, finished arrows. Cedar, pine, maple, "pass-through" hardwoods, and all new CHUNDOO. Parallel, custom tapered, barreled shafts. Arrow-building supplies. Tanned snakeskins, only \$12 - \$15, very nice!! Beautiful, hand-laced, leather quivers and accessories. Free brochure. **TWIG ARCHERY**, 45194 TR 432, Conesville, OH 43811. (740) 829-2847, Monday-Friday 4-8:30 p.m., Saturday 9-5 p.m.

PREMIUM PORT ORFORD CEDAR SHAFTS AND CUSTOM ARROWS. Stotler custom TD bows, call Bob at **ANTELOPE TRADITIONAL ARCHERY** - (510) 680-7219.

JAVA MAN PRIMITIVE ARCHERY: Durable, efficient bows from a variety of hardwoods and styles. Designed and built to meet your requirements. Greg Coffey, (810) 629-8084, 6-10 p.m. EST.

YOU WANTED THEM, HERE THEY ARE. All-wood bows by Greg Harris. **Quality Northwest Bow Woods**, 289 West Bartlett Rd. Lynden, WA 98264 Phone: (360) 398-7146

WATER BUFFALO and GEMSBOK HORN. Bamboo, hide glue, moose and caribou billets, knapping materials, rawhide, feathers, much more. **The Rock Shop**, 1251 Copper Creek Rd., Wasilla, AK 99654, (907) 373-3094.

WOODEN BOWS From Ash to Zebrawood. Ancient, Traditional, and Current Designs. Smooth, Fast, and Durable. Quick Delivery. **PAUL RODGERS** (510) 634-1835

SUNDOWN PRODUCTS

Deer Leg Sinew (whole and processed), Rawhide (whole and strips), Hide Glue, Back Sinew, Beaver Silencers, AND MORE! Call or write for price list. Charles Homitz, 34 Meyers Road, Washington, PA 15301, (724) 222-5861.

CHESAPEAKE, DESPERADO, GREENHORN, AND EXCALIBUR LONGBOWS. Full line of traditional and primitive archery, tapered shafts, accessories, free catalog. **NO FRONTIERS ARCHERY**, 6933 Park Ave., McLean, VA 22101.

OIE BUFF ARCHERY. Custom tooled leather products. "25" styles of quivers, book releases; *Arrowsmithing, A workable Knowledge from Primitive to Traditional, The Osage Orange Static Recurve, A Workable Knowledge From Live Tree to Finished Bow*. \$7.00 each plus \$2.00 shipping. traditional/primitive supplies. 3790 Pecan Drive, St. George KS 66535 (913) 494-2797

CUSTOM WOODEN ARROWS BY RICCARDELLI'S ARROWSMITHING. Available in Cedar and Douglas Fir. Starting at \$48.00 per doz. We've moved! 3023 Linekilm Rd. Birdsboro PA 19508, Phone or fax: (610)-404-0798.

CHIEF AJ 200# TRAINING BOW, by Howard Hill Archery used by Chief AJ to build strength to pull 200# Yew War Bow on Aug. 31, 1997. \$1,850.00 or cash & trade considered. (217)253-2959 or (217)834-3056. POB 131, Tuscola, IL 61953.

CHIEF AJ 200# WAR BOW, Yew, cow horn tips, 77" WORLD RECORD Bow by Welchman. Pulled by Chief AJ 466.5 yd arrow flight record. \$86,500.00 (217)253-2959 or (217)834-3056, POB 131, Tuscola, IL 61953.

YEW PICTURE FRAMES. Bark, Sapwood, and Heartwood make perfect border for favorite hunting photos. Other popular bow woods available. With glass, 5x7 - \$20.00, 8x10 - \$25.00. Other sizes available. \$5.00 shipping. Justin Black, P.O. Box 2077, White Salmon, WA 98672.

BOW STAVES, IMPORTED WOODS, HANDLE RISERS, SHAFTS, GLASS, LAMINATIONS, BOOKS, TOOLS, GLUE and INSTRUCTIONAL BOOKLETS. Catalog \$1.25. **WOODS UNUSUAL**, P.O. Box 1722, Hawaiian Gardens, California 90716-0722, (562)421-2171.

SINEW, SNAKESKINS, FEATHERS, GLUE, ANTLERS, FURSKINS, HORNS, RAWHIDE, BUCKSKIN, SHELLS, HIDES, BEADS, QUILLS, BOOKS, TAILS, ETC. COMPLETE INTERNET CATALOG: www.hideandfur.com

WANTED: AUTHENTIC PRIMITIVE ARCHERY EQUIPMENT. Authentic primitive bows, arrows and related equipment. No modern or reproduction. Especially interested in North American. Robert Brandau, 210 South Pinellas Ave. #260, Tarpon Springs, FL 34689, (813)938-4722.

BUY-SELL-TRADE LONGBOWS AND RECURVES. Send large S.A.S.E. to Dept. 1A, 16904 S.W. Greentree Ave., Lake Oswego OR 97034. Need quick sale or purchase, leave message (503)880-7796.

STONE POINTS AND KNIVES BY EXPERT FLINTKNAPPER, BILLY JOE SHELDON, plus instructional video on new method anyone can use to make stone points and knife blades. Dealer inquiries welcome on video. **HGR Productions**, PO Box 21, Kenton, OK 73946. (580) 261-7736. <http://www.angelfire.com/ok/Kenton/>

IS IT POSSIBLE TO PREVENT: Cardio-Vascular Disease? Cancer? Arthritis? etc. Concise, No-Hype information on cause and prevention. Send \$5.00 to S&H to: Bob Adler, 39 Capitolian Blvd. RVC, NY 11570



INSTINCTIVE ARCHER[®]

M A G A Z I N E

The Lore of the Bow—The Flight of the Arrow...

IF YOU...

See beauty in the flight of a perfect arrow.

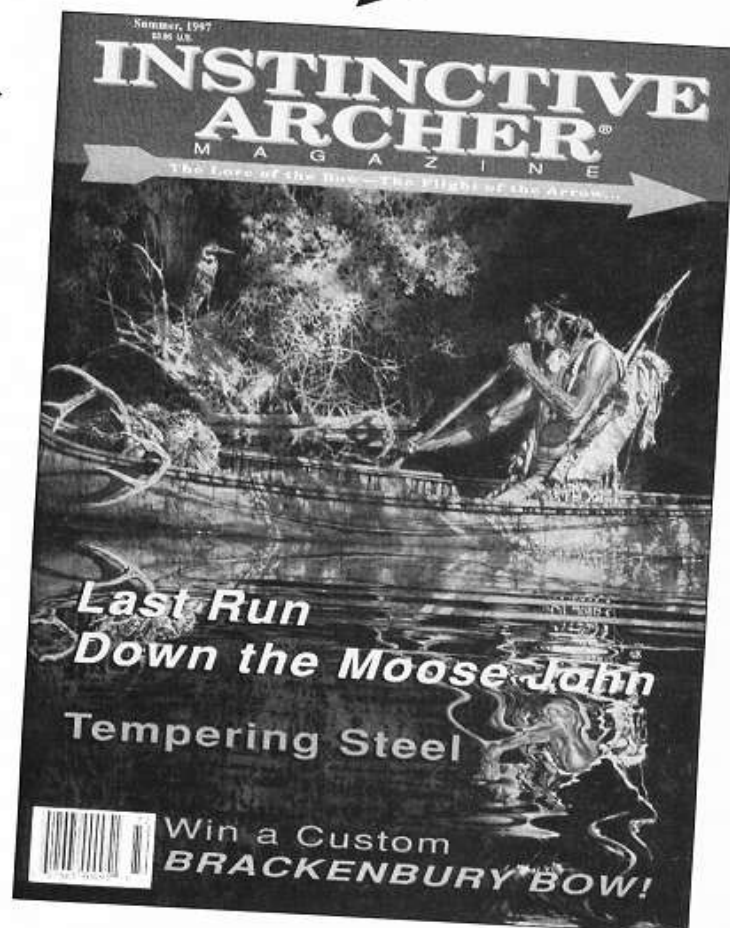
Want instructive articles written by archers
from around the world.

Love the history and romance of archery
almost as much as the sport itself.

Enjoy the thrill of the hunt *AND* the
challenge/camaraderie of traditional archery.

Want to become a better archer.

*Then Subscribe to an Exciting
Archery Magazine With a
Refreshingly-Different Perspective.*



SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

U.S. SUBSCRIPTIONS:

One Year: \$12.00

Two Year: \$23.00

CANADA SUBSCRIPTIONS:

One year: \$22.00 U.S.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS:

One year: \$30.00 U.S.

Please send a check or money order to:

INSTINCTIVE ARCHER[®] Magazine
P.O. Box 400, Horseshoe Bend, ID 83629-0400

Allow 6 to 8 Weeks for Delivery

We also accept VISA and Mastercard[™] (Phone: 208 465-9893)

Begin your collection today!
Order the BACK ISSUES of
Instinctive Archer[®] Magazine.

Premier Issue, Summer/Fall '96, **SOLD OUT**, Spring '97,
Summer '97, Fall '97, **SOLD OUT**, Spring '98.
(price includes shipping and handling)

U.S. \$6.50 each

Canada: \$7.00 each

Other Countries: \$8.50 each

LORE: A body of wisdom or knowledge . . . especially when it is of a traditional nature.



A few days ago I was traveling down the highway and I tuned in to the local public broadcasting radio station and was taken in by an interesting discussion which included the subject of hunting. The main topic of the show was about the tremendous changes which are going on in the West due to an exploding population of people moving here from everywhere else! Along with the boom has come political change. One of the people on the show was an ex-governor of Montana who agreed that hunting, although a way of life for generations of Westerners, may disappear within 100 years!

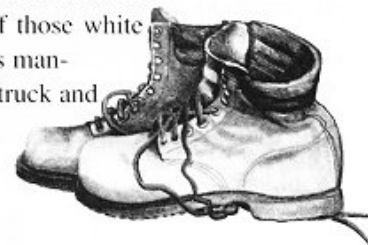
What? I thought to myself, how could that happen? But then it got me to thinking and I remembered in the late sixties, before anyone but a few ranchers and hard-core jeepers had 4x4s, you could go down to the local sporting goods shop and buy a bighorn sheep tag across the counter, just like a general-season deer tag. Then it hit me! Where I live now you can't even buy a rifle season deer tag "across the counter" any more! It's all by permit only! And bighorn sheep tags, well, now they're on a "once per lifetime" drawing basis.

The West has changed drastically since I was in high-school (and I'm not that old, thank you). The open vastness of the West used to be the insulator which protected the wildness and likewise the wildlife in its rugged landscape. These days hordes of pilgrims with 4-wheel-drive vehicles and those little "4 wheeler" ATVs that enable people to course over the terrain with comparative ease, now roam where previously only the occasional beater '48 Chevy pickup with rocks in the back for traction, a good shovel, and a lot of common sense used to reign. The tracks of few have become the highways of many.

Well, perhaps that's why traditional archery has experienced such a renewal. Perhaps we miss the days when an old '48 Chevy pickup was a primo hunting rig and we weren't in such a hurry. Maybe we are trying in some way to preserve or capture the innocence and clarity we find is disappearing in the hustle and bustle of today's evermore complex and psychopathic society. Just looking at the price tags of vehicles nowadays can drive you to hysterical babbling about 99-year contracts and having to sell the house and move into your new truck. *"Sorry honey, no room for the dishwasher, but look at the view. And just think, we can put all the hunting stuff in the back!"*

Some may think traditional archery today is some kind of psychological abnormality (sometimes my wife would probably agree), or perhaps some may look at it as some type of retro-cultural backlash phenomenon. Nonetheless, we are helplessly drawn to it like gypsy moths to a candle flame. Perhaps it's a little of both.

I hope the next generation will not someday be donating our hunting gear to local junk stores and museums (junk stores that don't make money); and "bagging" all their meat with debit cards. I hope the children of the future have the opportunity to hunt and fish and understand the sacredness of life and death; to know that meat doesn't actually come from the grocery store, and that there is a natural world out there which isn't wrapped in plastic on one of those white styrofoam trays. I hope that hunting and particularly bowhunting does manage to last for another 100 years, by then I will have paid off my new truck and I will really be ready to enjoy it!



21st Century Longbows

Three new winners from **21st Century Longbows**, **Brian Bishop**, **Torben Jensen**, and the **Eclipse**. Brian Bishop is the latest in a long list of winners who have won IBO World events using **21st Century Longbows**. Brian used a Nova 66" bow 57# @ 28 inches using a 540 grain Chundoo shaft 65-70 spine with Maxi fletch. The "97" IBO World is the seventh world event won by archers using **21st Century Longbows**.

The Eclipse: A combination of ancient and modern technology. The old technology comes from a Danish archeologist that found the Holmegaard bow on an island off the Danish coast and dated to be over 9000 years old. The new technology comes from **21st Century Longbows**.

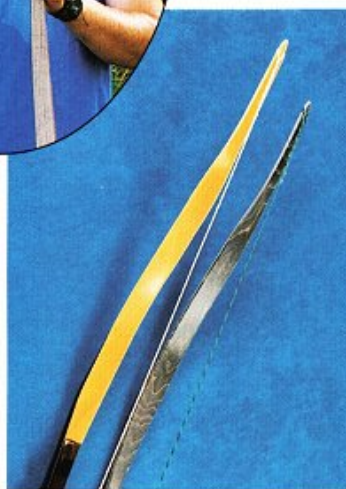
What a fitting way to introduce the **Eclipse**: capturing the Danish Longbow Championship in the hands of Torben Jensen from Denmark.



Brian Bishop
(1997 IBO World Champion)



When performance counts;
Rex Dacus selected an experimental Glasair III plane to get there and a **21st Century Longbow** to take these two record class whitetail deer.



New Holmegaard
limb structure



Brush nock and
string silencers

For more information including a color brochure covering the user friendly 21st Century Longbows, send \$2.00 to:

21st Century Longbows
P.O. Box 8461
Jacksonville, Texas 75766

(903) 586-0715
FAX (903) 586-5496
E-Mail: bows21cjm@tyler.net

Everything You
Need From
Tournament to
Treestand™

McMahon

TRADITIONAL ARCHERY

125 High Street,
Mansfield, MA 02048
800-627-3199
508-261-9783



WE DO HAVE EVERYTHING YOU NEED

With over 800 different items listed in the catalog we do have everything you need for traditional archery.

WANT HELP? TALK TO WORLD CLASS ARCHERS

Get professional advice on how to choose equipment for tournament archery and hunting from Easton Eagle Eye champion, Dan McMahon. We are all archers here, and some of the people who answer the phones are world class tournament archers.

OPEN 7 DAYS AND EVENINGS!

Convenient hours. Order M-F 8am to 8pm, Saturday 12-8pm and Sunday 12-3pm.

LIFETIME GUARANTEE

If you are ever unsatisfied with the quality or workmanship of a product you purchased from McMahon Traditional Archery, send it back for a full refund! In addition, any product you order may be returned in new condition within 30 days for a full refund.

TRADITIONAL VALUES

Values. A simple word that carries a lot of responsibility. Responsibility like passing on marginal shots, good sportsmanship at tournaments, and a financial commitment to our sport. Last year the McMahon Eagle Eye contest raised \$3,434 for the Wildlife Legislative Fund of America.

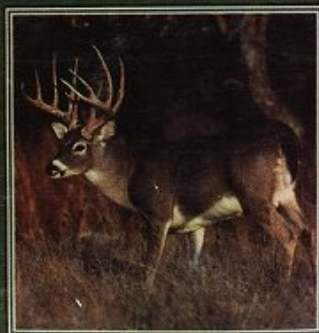
WHAT DOES ALL THAT SERVICE COST?

Nothing actually. Even with better guarantees and longer operating hours, a financial commitment to your sport and world class customer service, you will find our prices to be the best around. We guarantee it.

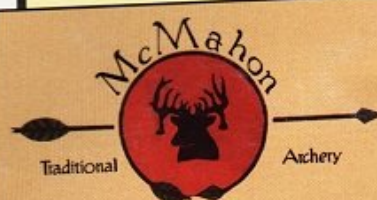


FREE CATALOG

WHITETAIL TACTICS
WITH
RECURVES & LONGBOWS



JIM HAMM



Fall Hunting Issue - 1997

Call for your free catalog,
or email your name and
address to:
catalog@mcMahonarchery.com
Visit our WEB site at
www.mcmahonarchery.com