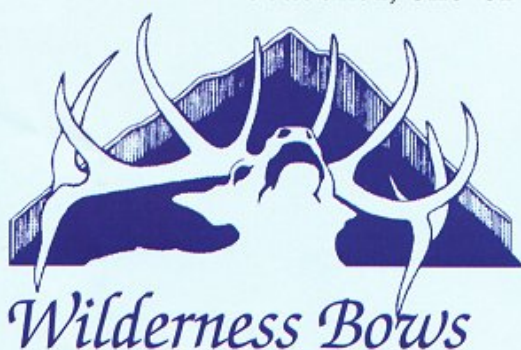


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INSTINCTIVE ARCHER®

Summer, 1998

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COVER PHOTO: "The Deer Hunter" by Ralph Harris. This outstanding painting was also selected as the Idaho Department of Fish & Game's 1995 Archery Stamp. (See page 83 for more info.)

INSTINCTIVE ARCHER® MAGAZINE

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From the Particle Board Table of the Assistant Editor

When I was a boy, my Sunday school teacher gave me a book on canoeing and promised to take me out in his canoe. I'll never forget the first time I experienced that surge as the paddles propelled the sleek craft forward. What a thrill for an 11-year-old boy. Out on the big river with the "old salt" at the helm, I felt like I had entered a whole new world. Later, my teacher took our whole class on a canoe trip to an island where he had buried a treasure (a mason jar full of pennies). We had a map and found the treasure in a hollow tree! I had never seen so much cash in my life (or since).

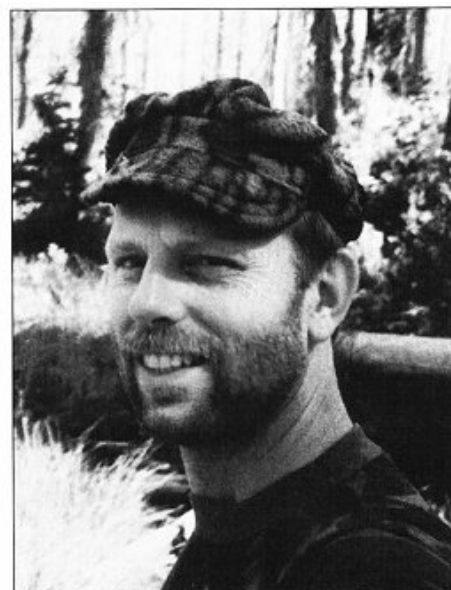
My dad encouraged my interest in archery as a young boy and bought me and my brother tiny arrows for our wooden bows and set up targets for us in the basement. He inspired in me an awe for nature and all things wild. My earliest memories in life are of riding atop his shoulders as he hiked deep into the woods to his favorite fishing holes. He first put a pencil and a pad of drawing paper in my hands and encouraged my artistic tendencies.

As a teenager my girlfriend's father would take me out in his back yard and show me how to shoot his recurves (to the frustration of his daughter). He gave me pointers, encouragement, and inspiration. I admired his skill which seemed totally unequaled and unattainable to me as he would consistently put arrow after arrow into a paper plate at sixty yards with his 80-pound recurve. We remained friends long after I had moved far away and was married to someone else's daughter.

These men changed the course of my life. This editorial is a tribute to them and how they took the time to share what they knew and what they loved with a kid. Archery is a great sport but what it can build inside people is what truly makes it great. Promoting archery is good, but we must stay mindful that it's about archers. We salute all of you out there who are involved in and supporting bowhunter/archery-education classes and other activities that bring a positive influence into a kid's life.

Such things build character, self discipline, self control, dedication, and perseverance, which go hand in hand with a whole lot of other traditional values such as honesty, sportsmanship, integrity, fidelity, and faith—just about everything missing from public schools and computer games.

Here's to Brother Scott and Ed Scoles, and most of all, Dad—thanks for making a difference. *"May you always hit the mark and may your path always be lit by the Son."*



Bob Martin, Assistant Editor





Letters to the Editor:

Dear Editor,

I'd like to congratulate you for producing such a well thought-out magazine. As you can imagine, supplies of Instinctive Archer are at a premium in England, hence the subscription cheque.

Whilst I have finger to key pad, I'd like to say a few words concerning the primitive bow scene, and bow-hunting especially. As you know, bow-hunting was outlawed in England some years ago. You may or may not know that there is a fierce debate at present, as to whether fox hunting should be banned as well. In my home county of Somerset, the National Trust, a land-owning body, dedicated to keeping land open to the public, has banned stag hunting with hounds on its land. This is the way of things now, I believe. England is a comparatively small island with a large population, most of whom live in towns.

The fox-hunting fraternity argues that they must be allowed to hunt, because they must keep the numbers of these predators down. They then go on to say that they don't catch very many foxes anyway, so what's all the fuss about? This is an emotive issue for many people, and regardless of the morals involved, I think the hunters are missing the point. It's a point at the heart of bow hunting, and indeed primitive, instinctive archery itself. Why do we hunt with bows, when we could use accurate, long-distance rifles with telescopic sights? Because it's harder, and requires getting closer to nature, to become part of it because our range is less than a rifleman's. So why do we hunt with primitive longbows and recurves, with wooden arrows, even flint broadheads? We could be using compound bows, with sights and "twiddley bits." Because we have to be that much closer still, and therefore closer still to nature. Our instinct feels for the quarry, touches it, smells it. Add to that the satisfaction of having made our own equipment, as many of us do, and we start to get the sense of continuity with past generations.

This is the heart of it. Tradition is all important: If we forget where we've come from, how will we know where we are going? I'm working toward a doctorate in vertebrate paleontology at present. Sometimes, people ask me "what is the point of digging up fossils?" I give the same answer, "In the past lies the future."

So, hunting foxes with hounds is probably cruel. Hunting deer with a bent stick and a small feathered spear is probably cruel too: I'm sure the animal doesn't enjoy the experience! But when we hunt, we smell the air our ancestors

did when they crawled from the hut on a cold misty dawn. We are reminded of what we are, not of what we are supposed to be. Perhaps the anti-hunting fraternity are also reminded of what they are, and that is what so motivates them.

My point then, is that it's too late for us in England, but it's not too late for you in the States. When the hunting argument is raised, be honest, we shoot traditional weapons to be part of a tradition. I think the fox hunters in my country are shooting themselves in the foot with their arguments. Although very different from archery, theirs is a tradition too, and like it or loath it, it's part of England's tradition. We've somehow lost our identity in England. The Scots, Welsh, and Irish know what it is to be Celts, and have a rich tapestry of tradition to draw from. It's traditions as well as languages that define cultures. We English have legislated or forgotten many of our traditions, and having cut ourselves off at the roots, are wondering where we go from here.

Finally, I've been very surprised to see so many English contributors in the pages of your magazine (especially in the Fall 1997 issue: Pete Day, who was based close to where I am now). I had no idea there were so many instinctive archers in England. Sadly, most of the Longbowmen I've met use some form of sighting method. Perhaps they use similar methods when they throw a stone! Please keep up the good work!

Yours Sincerely,

Stig Walsh

Dear Sir,

Many thanks to you for an outstanding publication! Once an archer, always an archer. I started shooting the bow back in the 1940s and continued through 1959.

The first bow I made was a six-foot Lemonwood English longbow which I still have. In the mid 40s the classic and my all time favorite movie "The Adventures of Robin Hood," made in 1938, was reissued, and really got many of us youngsters fired up for archery and fencing. I will play my tape of this classic, which incidentally won an Academy Award for the musical score by Eric Wolfgang Korngold. I must have the article, *A Stick Without a String* (Errol Flynn's Robin Hood bow.) Not too many people know that Howard Hill taught Flynn and also played Captain Phillip of Arras in the movie.

I am getting back into archery now with my grandson. The thrill is still there, even in my sixth decade. Keep up the good work. The variety of articles plus the international flavor is outstanding.

Best Regards, Joe Bodner, Jr.

Dear Sir,

Just a brief note to take "mild" exception to a statement made by your editor... "Don't come to full draw in church or you'll be greeted by raised eyebrows from the pulpit." If that's the case - you are going to the wrong church!!!

Try that where I preach and I'll stop the sermon and tell you "Turn your bow hand a little more and lower the elbow on your drawing arm."

Anyway, best wishes and thanks for a good magazine. May they all fly straight!

Charles Lindley, San Angelo TX

Dear Sir,

I'd like to make an inquiry about a statement made in the Winter '97 issue, page 42. This appeared in the interesting article by Michael Rockmaker about Walter Lucki. The statement appears in the middle of the middle column on page 42. Mr. Lucki has been discussing an Olympic archery event "done with a recurve bow with sights and special counter weights." Then he says: "Traditional archery is most commonly known as a stick bow with a string." Rockmaker then asks: "Walter, how does this differ in shooting ability between the two bows?" Lucki replies: "THE MAJOR DIFFERENCE IS A RECURVE BOW CAN BE MORE ACCURATE AND CONSISTENT."

I guess the question is: was he comparing the Olympic type recurves, with sights and special counter weights, with a stick bow, whatever that is, or was he comparing in more general terms basic recurves and longbows, both shot without sights, etc.?

My own understanding, from the writings of Howard Hill and others, but not based on actual experience, is that the longbow, all else being equal, is considered more accurate and consistent than the recurve. Lucki, being a longbow advocate himself, makes his statement somewhat confusing. Can anyone help clarify?

I am enjoying your magazine (2 issues), so far it seems a fine piece of work. Best Wishes,

Frank P. East

Dear Frank,

I can only speak for myself on this, but my experience may not be unique. I hunted and competed solely with recurves for many years. My trusty bent-limbed bows brought home many first, second, and third-place trophies; as well as numerous big and small game animals. Life was great! Then I began wondering if I could have the same success with a longbow, and from the very day I received my first custom longbow, my recurves have been relegated to the closet.

My competitive scores took an immediate ten-percent drop, but when I slipped into the mountains, I seldom failed to bring home deer, elk, and bear. Since then, my hunting success, if anything, has increased, yet my competitive scores on the 3-D ranges are, after all these years, still slightly lower than my old recurve scores. In my opinion, this is primarily due to the difference in mass weight (in the riser) between longbows and recurves. Gary sentman has an excellent article in this issue that may help clarify it for you. He uses the analogy of heavy-stocked, bench-rest rifles vs. regular hunting rifles to illustrate the difference in accuracy between heavy bow risers and typical longbow risers.

Many of the best archers that I know shoot equally well with a longbow or a recurve. My wife (much to my chagrin) also has the knack of being able to shoot any type of bow well. I, on the other hand, have found longbows to be a bit of a challenge—but therein lies the allure!

You have probably heard this before, but in archery, the most important thing really is "the person, not the bow."

Rik

I found a copy of your magazine (Fall 97) in a bookstore in Conway AR a few weeks ago while traveling to the Arkansas State Longbow Shoot. I get all the other traditional bow magazines but INSTINCTIVE ARCHER® is by far the best I have ever read.

Thanks, Larry W. Burford, Jr.

Dear Rik,

I am responding to Letters to the Editor, Spring 1997, and the complimentary words from Curtis Hermann and yourself: I must say I was rather taken aback to see a letter aimed at me, our friend Robin Hood, and his back yard Sherwood Forest—and all sharing the same paragraph! You have both now put me in a spot. Where do I start? My already large nose would grow to Pinocchio proportions if I told you I had indeed roved through that magical Mecca with longbow and clothyard shaft. What I am struggling to say, dear gentlemen, is, ahem, that the nearest I got to fulfilling your dream was in the early 1180s, sorry misprint, 1980s, when my English longbow and arrows were used in anger on the occasion of the British National Field Archery Society's annual championships when they were held on the edge of Sherwood Forest.

As a Southerner (born in England's capital, London) we tended to stay South for fear of being eaten alive by the wild Northerners (so what's new?). The ancient New Forest

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(that sounds like a contradiction in terms), as mentioned in "Leave No Tern," was a much closer and safer proposition, though no doubt the hapless King Rufus would disagree... The Nottingham area still has out-laws though. A regular occurrence is the theft of bronze bow and arrow from Robin's statue outside Nottingham Castle. I suppose the Sheriff turns a blind eye. My regards to all, and thanks for a super magazine. Also I have room for one more pen pal if Curtis wants to write!

Pete Day
The Old Dairy, The Lane,
Randwick, Nr. Stroud,
Gloucestershire, GL6 6HN England

Dear Rik,

First, I must add my accolades for the Instinctive Archer, a wonderful journal for the growing number of us who share the deep appreciation of *"The Lore of the Bow and The Flight of the Arrow..."* Very well done and I look forward to more great issues.

It is on this point that I'm sending you this brief note. I have noticed that one of your regular writers does not appear in the latest issue (Winter 1997). I'm speaking about Gary Sentman who has given us so many "Competitive Edge" articles over the years. I have become very used to seeing Gary's insightful articles, and was somewhat disappointed not to see one this time. Gary has a way of packing a great deal of wisdom into his brief articles, providing many new angles and insights. After reading Scott Toll's very positive review of the Sentman Longbows in Instinctive Archer® (Spring 1997), I have an additional respect for the depth of Gary's knowledge and his skill as an accomplished bowyer. Reading his "Competitive Edge" articles is like talking to an old friend.

I hope we get to see Gary returning to your pages some time soon. Once again, thank you for this terrific journal. Sincerely,

James P. Goodrow II

Dear James,

Due to a change in printing companies, our normal writer's deadline had to be moved back for that issue, and Gary's article just missed it. We apologize for the delay, but as you can see, Gary's "The Competitive Edge" is back, and it's as good or better than ever.

Rik

Dear Rik,

I love the scope of your magazine, and this Winter '97 is a great one. "Longbowmen of La Florida" by Sterling Holbrook really got my attention. There's been a lot written about the Plains Indians, but not as much about the Indians of the Southeast. The idea of a hunter on foot with a six foot locust bow and cane arrows sounds inviting. You can bet that before the summer gets very far along, there will be a 73-inch primitive archer in N.C. with a 73" locust bow.

Tonight I'll get a good cup of coffee and settle back for more adventure. The article "Quest for the Giant Gator of Ocala" caught my eye also, and will be the first thing that I read. Jerry Hill is such a tribute to archery. I've yet to meet him in person, but he's always interested in talking with you about archery and bowhunting-related activities. I look forward to getting down to his tournament this year. From what I hear, it's an archer's dream.

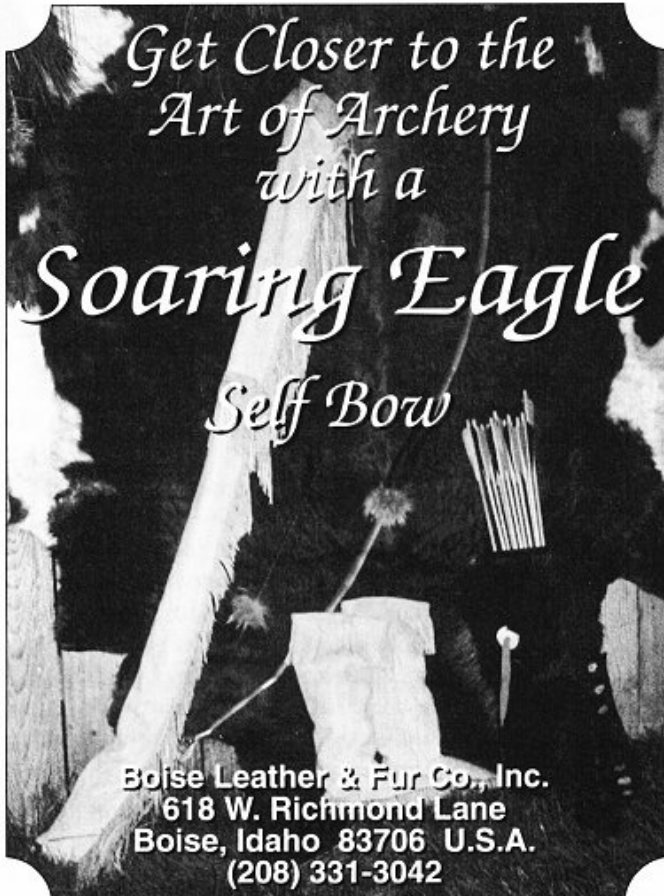
You've got the right combination of articles on historical facts, how to, and adventure. You cover archery here, there, now, and back then. I can't imagine how you could improve on it. Please don't change.

Don Ward (Two Fletch)

Dear Mr. Rik Hinton,

About two years ago I gave up shooting the compound "Training Wheel" bow because it was becoming more of a challenge financially to stay up with the latest technology and it was decreasing greatly in the amount of satisfaction and fun it provided. I was all set to give up archery entirely and then I decided that I would first go back to the old "stick bow" method and give it a try one more time.

Like I said, that was 2 years ago and I am now having more fun than I ever had before. I started with a Damon Howatt "Black Mamba" that Martin puts out and I still use



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that bow as my primary hunting bow. I also have a beautiful "Fedora 560 Hunter" that shoots an arrow so remarkably quick that I get a lot of surprised looks from compound shooters at tournaments. Unfortunately, I made the mistake of getting it in a draw length that is a little short for me, which I did not realize at the time. So I ended up shooting a little more weight than I can truly control.

Right now I am waiting for the arrival of my new dream... ML-12 Vision Longbow, put out by Martin. This will be my first longbow but I have had so much fun with the recurve experience that I had to give longbows a try.

When I first started shooting these "primitive" implements from our historical past I had no idea of the pure fun and satisfaction I would receive from such an adventure. Now when I finish shooting at a tournament, I am somewhat saddened because it's over. I look forward to the next shoot and all the practice shots that will be completed in the meantime.

Your publication with all its informative articles adds greatly to the enjoyment of this new-found fun. I have learned many new things and dispelled many erroneous beliefs I had because of your writers and their vast amount of experience. I especially enjoy your many "how to" articles which has inspired me to try and make my own truly primitive stick bow from a stave sometime in the near future.

Thank you for a really fine publication and keep up the great work. Sincerely,

Charles E. "Doc" Kistler

Dear Mr. Hinton,

Thank you for sending your '98 Spring addition. Your magazine is the best archery one I've seen since "The Feather & Shaft" went out of print in, I believe, 1949 or 1950. It is great to read about bows and not machines. My wife and I do shoot recurves but we still have our old lemonwood bow she taught me with back in 1946 or 1947...

Best Regards, you have a great magazine.

Zack

Dear Editor,

I am sending a photograph of a small "button head" deer that I was able to harvest on Christmas Day this year. I know that the photo leaves a lot to be desired in the "sharp" department, it is rather fuzzy. This does not in anyway take away what the photo represents. This photo represents a very great milestone and accomplishment in my life. I am requesting that you please include this photograph in your traditional harvest section of you magazine.

I was an avid hunter as a young man, owning many rifles and shotguns, and hunting every opportunity that I could. I considered myself a good hunter, however, in my early twenties, I quit hunting. I vowed never to hunt again unless I used a bow and arrow—the same equipment used by the original residents of America, the early Indians. I sold all of my rifles and shotguns and bought the camera equipment

necessary to take wildlife photographs. My hunting for the next thirty or so years was done with a camera, capturing wild animals in their natural surroundings.

Well, my daughter got married two years ago to a young man, who along with this brother loved to shoot bows and arrows. I got hooked, bought myself a second-hand



"Fred Robinson of Kenersville, NC harvested his first deer with a "Hummingbird" longbow, Byrd built arrow, and grizzly head."

Browning "Explorer" recurve, and after many hours of practice/learning, I became a pretty good archer. I decided that it was time for me to, once again, try hunting. Only this time, I would be hunting with a traditional bow and not with one of those new funny contraptions with wheels, sights, releases, etc. I believe that the only true ethical way to hunt a wild animal is to hunt him in his world. With a traditional bow and arrow you are definitely in the wild animal's world. When you are close enough to a deer to see his nostrils flare, hear him breathe, and see him blink his eyes as he attempts to discover whether you are a threat or not, you are in his world. If a man is successful and able to harvest a deer under these conditions, he has definitely accomplished something to be very proud of. I am fifty-six years old and have harvested my first deer with the only weapon that I believe is proper to hunt the animal. I cannot put into words the sense of accomplishment that this means to me.

Thank you

Fred A. Robinson, "Satisfied Hunter"

From Errett Callahan

There's more to Jack Jeffers' *Recollections* story, in Instinctive Archer® Spring '98, than he said. May I add a few lines to get the whole, unbelievable story across? As it is, readers may not realize that all three of us actually hit that tree at 175 yards, but we surely did. And Jack has the photos to prove it. Don't ask us to do it again. It'll probably never be duplicated again, at least not by us. Anyway, after Jack made

his spectacular third hit on that magical tree, the air was alive with electricity. We realized that we were witnessing the culmination of a lifetime of Jack's shooting on this sacred ground. The spiritual significance of this historic moment slowly crept over us, filling us with exuberance, then silent awe. Then my turn came. Jack wanted to photo me attempting this shot for some reason lost to me. I'd only hit the tree a few times 50 yards closer after almost an hour's shooting, though I did make some good groups. No chance of hitting it now, especially with only one shot. So, selecting a light target arrow for speed and repressing conscious thinking, using just pure animal instinct, I drew and let fly. As if by magic the arrow flew up, out, and down, striking soundly dead center in the trunk. We couldn't believe the luck. Surely greater hands than ours were at work here. Then when Bob Rose stepped up and duplicated our hits, the world stood still. This, we realized, was the culmination of all our years shooting together, a miraculous farewell. A silent explosion. We were reminded of Howard Hill's famous, once-in-a-lifetime shot where both he and his companion each hit ducks on a lake 160 yards away. (See *Hill's Archery Adventures*, 1958. Trend Books #125, pp. 107 & 109.)

Well, hitting a whole tree is a lot easier than hitting a duck so we're not claiming to be Howard Hills. But the sanctity of the event is similar. And so we said our good-byes and parted. Why, I ask myself, is this farm so important to Jack? Why is he so intent on trying that impossible shot? Well, this farm is more of a "home place" to him than the house he grew up in on the adjacent land. That place had been trashed by college students in recent years. But the farm has gone on virtually unchanged. Same farmer; same fields; same cows (well almost). So naturally this was the place Jack had to return to for his final farewell. And that 175-yard shot was what he had to try one last time. The fact that he did it, that he hit dead center, and that we did too, fills the experience with mystical significance. So Jack, wherever you go in this new turn of your life, good luck. Maybe sometime in the future, before we pack it in for good, we can return for a final visit to that field and empty our quivers at that tree one last time. By the way, on the way home, I showed Bob the Field, which I hadn't seen in 35 years, where I had made my "dumbest shot" (in Jack's article). Talk about stupid. And Rik, why not have a regular or occasional feature on "My Most Spectacular Shot"? I bet everyone has one to offer.

Best Wishes,

Errett Callahan

Dear Errett,

Great idea! How about it readers: what were your "most spectacular" shots?

Rik

Dear Instinctive Archer,

I'll start out by saying I love your magazine. I read it from cover to cover. My favorite articles are the how to and hunting stories. Not having any traditional archers to hunt with I value other peoples' adventures. Now to my reason for this letter, I would love, no, need to see an article on how to

cut the sinew from the animal and the best way to dry it before pounding and so on. We have all read lots of articles on how to use it after you already have it, but nothing on getting it off the animal, whether it be a deer, elk, moose, bear, or whatever. I know it can be bought from places advertised in your mag., but it just isn't the same as using as much of the animal as possible. The natives wasted little to no part of the animals they killed. I would like to learn how to do the same and it seems to me it would be a great several-part article teaching us how and very interesting reading. I hope you don't mind a green horn such as me making suggestions but I did it anyway.

P.S. A friend at work wanted to know why in biblical times the left handed archer was often sought after as the superior archer? He knows the bible so I assume he read that they were. Any knowledge on the subject would be appreciated.

Signed:

The Green Horn, Kevin Pinckney

Dear Kevin,

I have removed the sinew from deer and elk many times, but I can honestly say that I really don't know the "proper" way to do it either. However, I do know several people who might be able to shed some light on the subject. Look for an article in a future issue.

We'll take a shot at answering your question about the left-handed archers, but will gladly defer to anyone who can answer it with actual facts. Bob Martin and I discussed this at length, and he made a convincing case for the fact that in biblical times, left-handed swordsmen were more difficult to defeat than right-handed ones. The same is true today for left-handed boxers and martial artists (most right-handed fighters aren't used to opponents who fight "backwards"). Boxers and martial artists can, with practice, learn to defeat left-handed opponents, but warriors in a sword-fight to the death only have one chance to learn.

In the old days, War Generals would brag about the number of left-handed warriors in their ranks to increase any fear an enemy force might have. My guess is that the generals sought left-handed archers because, in hand-to-hand combat, they were also left-handed swordsmen, and thus harder to defeat.

Rik

Dear Sir,

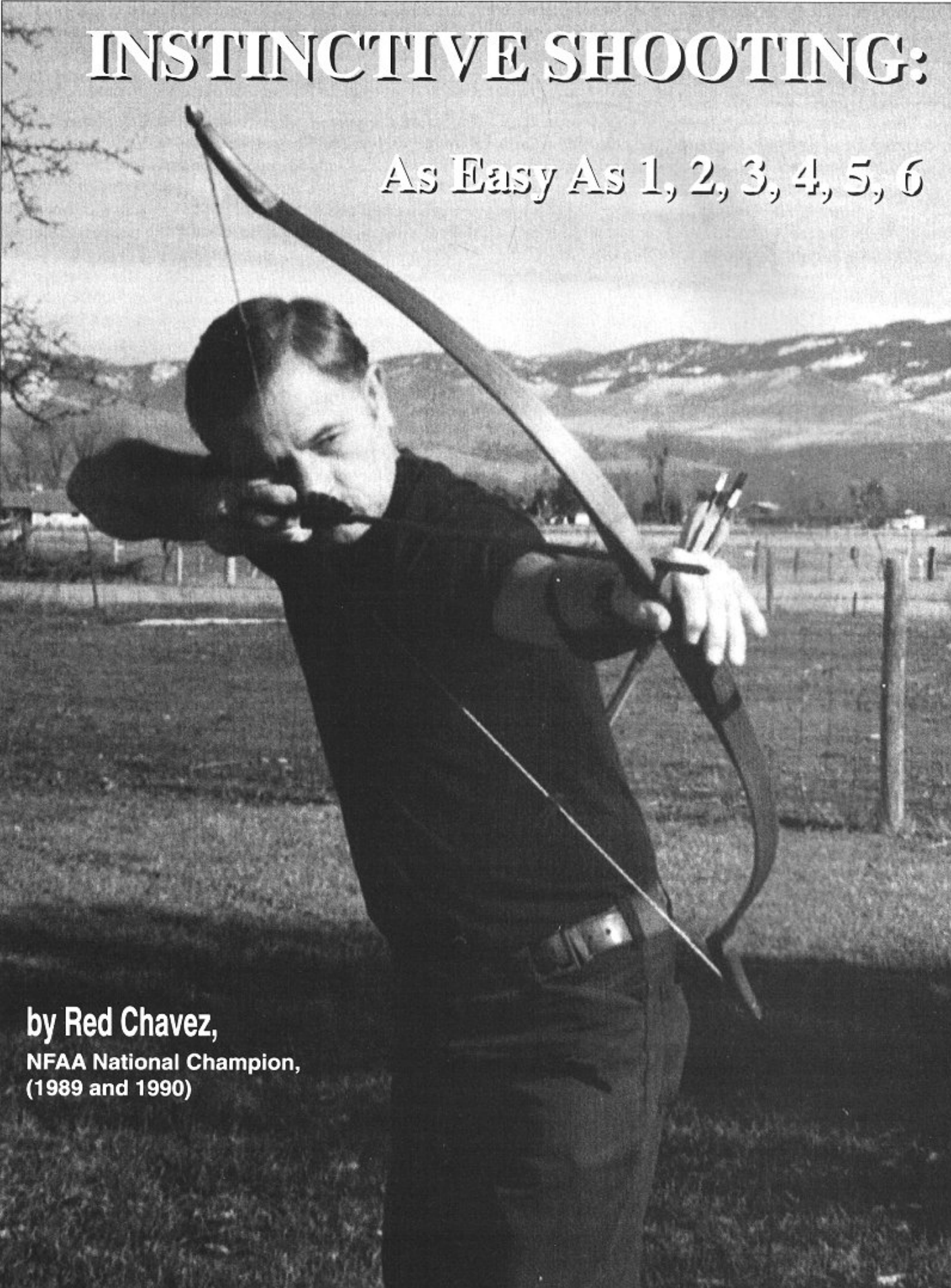
I really enjoyed the Scott Toll article on the *Visual Aspects of Instinctive Archery*. It helped to answer some decade-old questions I have had. I started shooting in 1944, quit in 1959, and started again last summer, introducing my grandson to the longbow. I have never shot a compound, and prefer the old self bows and laminated recurves and semi-recurves that I still have. Still have a few dozen Port Orford cedar shafts from Woody's Shaft Shop in Rogue River (1958). Hope I can get back into the sport. Best Regards,

Joe Bodner



INSTINCTIVE SHOOTING:

As Easy As 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6



by Red Chavez,
NFAA National Champion,
(1989 and 1990)

Instinctive shooting means different things to different shooters, everyone has their own idea about how to go about shooting instinctively and how to explain their process of shooting. The only exception to the above statement is the novice shooter. The beginning shooter is full of ears, trying to make sense of all the methods and explanations available. Only after experimenting and hours on the practice line does one begin to formulate an explanation of how to get an arrow to the proper spot on the target.

In the following text, I will try to give a concise explanation of the process that I go through to achieve an instinctive shot.

The shot process is comprised of several sequences. Those are:

1. SHOT PREPARATION,

2. PREDRAW TENSION,

3. DRAW,

4. ANCHOR,

5. "RELEASE" (in quotations to acknowledge that it is just a common term to improperly describe the letting go of the arrow), and

6. FOLLOW THROUGH, which is the do nothing stage that requires little explanation.

In order for the shot process to occur, the body must be pre-conditioned to perform the sequences instinctively. More simply put, **the body must learn the shot process, through repetition, in order for the shot to be instinctive.** Sometimes that learning process takes years and thousands of arrows; but, it is possible to speed up that learning by SLOWING DOWN and becoming more deliberate in your training sessions. Through these slow deliberate training sessions you will repeat the sequences of the shot process to the point that you will be able to do them without thinking about them; thereupon becoming what I call a purely instinctive shooter.

Your body needs to learn what to do so it can do it instinctively. If you do not shoot enough arrows at 20 yards, your mind and body will not know how to shoot that distance. You cannot expect to shoot accurately at 40 yards if you have never shot that distance (note that I use the distance example of 40 yards only as an example, because I feel that there are only a very few archers capable of an instinctive shot at 40 yards. Remember, the longer the shot, the greater the margin of error becomes.)

You must have a basis that your mind relies on to perform a task without thinking about that task. If this were not true, then we traditional shooters would be able to take out our bows once a year and slay everything in sight, with the first arrow. But we all know that to be good traditional shooters we must practice form, the shot process, and distance, the repetition that gives us instinctive ability. We must continually

remind our minds and bodies of the process that they must have to get an arrow to the spot we're looking at.

Probably 90% of the shooting done by traditional shooters on 3D courses is attempted instinctively — partially — maybe semi-instinctively. Most of us do not practice properly (we do not teach our minds and bodies the correct methods—in sequence—and we do not prepare ourselves for the conditions we will encounter on the 3D course or in the hunting realm).

How many times have we stood on uneven ground and flubbed the shot. We were so busy thinking about our footing that the shot process was hidden somewhere behind the candy bar in the fanny pack. So you can see that our pre-conditioning expands to more than just shooting at a practice target. We must wear the clothes, shoot up and down steep angles, kneeling, shoot at critters (squirrels, gophers, stumps) and learn to R E L A X under pressure. All this gets us to the point where we can ignore the conditions and perform the shot process just as we remember it, instinctively.

Let's go through the sequences of events in the shot process that will allow you to precondition yourself one step at a time. It is important to proceed one step at a time building a foundation of solid steps leading to a completed, purely instinctive shot.

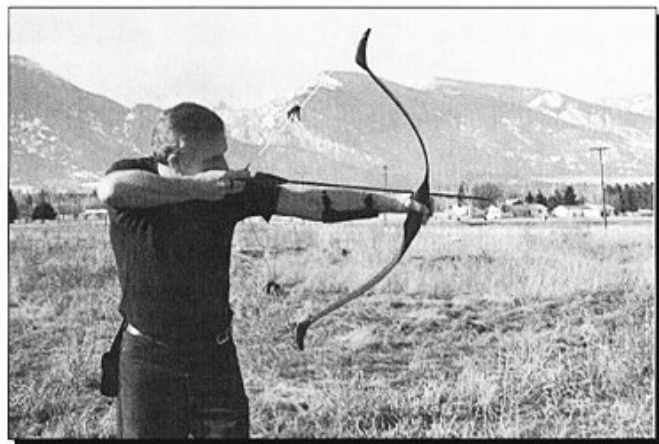
As in all of my practice sessions, we begin 10 to 15 feet from the target. The target is a 20-yard spot target, either an NFAA blue face or an NFAA 20-yard hunter target. Both targets have a white center spot with an "X" in the center. Now come the critics with comments about paper shooters and regimented shooting regulations and marked yardage. My only comment is that most of the good 3D shooters and successful hunters come from a solid basis of paper target, measured distance shooting that helped them develop form and mental referencing to distance and visualization. In this context, visualization is a very important term—when you achieve the ability to visualize the flight of your arrow to the target, you will become a purely instinctive shooter.

Meanwhile back at the ranch, we're 10 to 15 feet from the target. Why? We need to develop our form without the worry of missing the target, or the concern over the placement of our arrow as it strikes the target face. Then why use a target face? Well, we need to start from the beginning by always picking a spot to shoot at, not just the white center spot, but the "X" in the center of the spot and the imaginary "X" in the "X"; funneling your vision down to the infinite "X" within the "X". This focused concentration is the basis for instinctive shooting. So, in the beginning, let's not worry about where the arrow goes, just focus on the "X" and as you learn and practice the different steps in the shot process, your hand-eye coordination will develop and you'll soon be close to or right on the "X".

The initial step in the shot process is shot preparation, and it is just what it says. You prepare for the shot by setting your stance, adjusting your balance, looking at your target, picking the spot, concentrating on that spot and nocking an arrow. The importance of this step cannot be over emphasized. This is probably the second most important step in the



PRE-DRAW: Tension with focused concentration.



DRAW: Bow arm coming to full extension, then only a slight draw back to anchor.



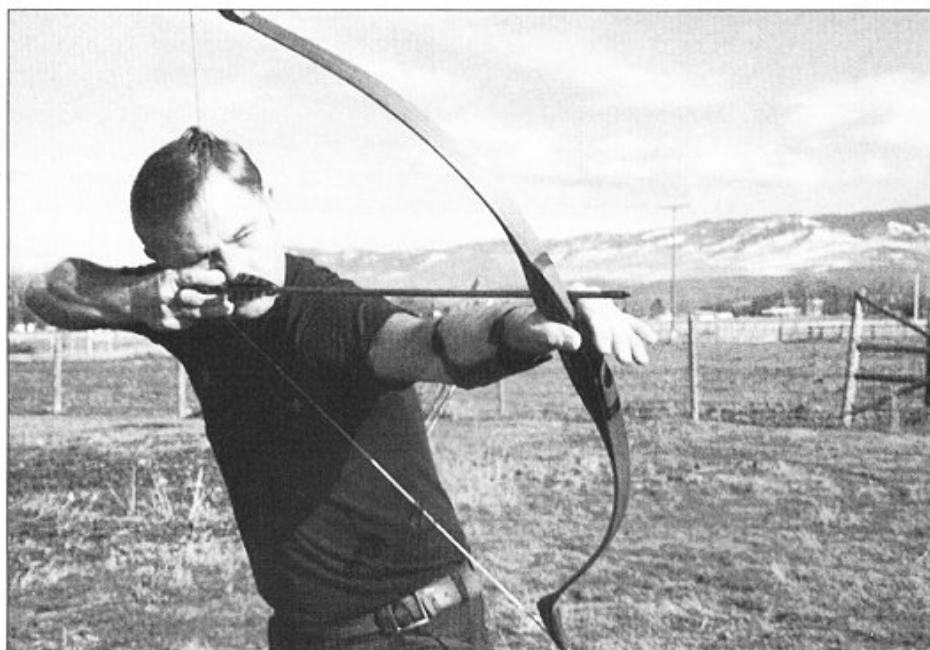
ANCHOR: Notice alignment (drawing elbow is straight through to point of arrow).



RELEASE: The exact moment of release. Notice the limb tips in motion, beginning to propel the arrow forward.



FOLLOW THROUGH: Everything remains in alignment. The bow's upper limb tips forward slightly.



ALIGNMENT (side view):

Both eyes open, the fletching just beginning to touch the end of my nose. Notice the loose, relaxed grip.

shot sequence. This step puts you in control, relaxes you, initiates your focused concentration, and gets an arrow onto the string. For me, the shot preparation sequence is practiced on a regular basis throughout every day. I visualize myself shooting at "things" almost always. I focus and visualize the shot in my mind so often that when I do get a bow in my hands, everything happens instinctively. Now we enter the easy part of the shot process, because the next three sequences are mechanical and are generally performed easily with repetition. Here's how they go.

GRIPPING THE STRING:

Treat your fingers as a hook and hook them over the string either Mediterranean style or three fingers under, whichever is your style.

THE PRE-DRAW:

Keeping your fingers hooked and your wrist rigid, start to put drawing pressure on the string. This pressure extends sometimes only an inch and then stops as you assess the feel of the bow in your hand, the string, and the readiness in your mind for the shot to progress into the draw sequence. If the shot does not feel

right, you relax and let up. Remember that you have that option at all times during the shot process. It's kind of ironic that now as we start the tension and muscular activity that your instruction is to relax and slow down. The shot will happen more smoothly if you are relaxed and at ease. Yes, there is a lot of mental conditioning involved, but just practice it over and over again and soon enough you'll be able to go from pre-draw through draw to anchor. Predraw immediately goes into draw if the shot feels right.

THE DRAW:

The draw sequence is a simple push-pull motion and when done properly, the bow arm will reach it's maximum extension just before the drawing hand reaches your anchor point. No, maximum extension does not mean that your bow arm is fully extended and rigid. Your bow arm should be slightly bent and as relaxed as possible. Yes you can hold the force of the draw and be fully relaxed. The drawing hand and fingers should still be fairly rigid, but relaxed. When done properly, you'll reach anchor with the weight of the draw distributed between the bow arm, the drawing arm, and the drawing shoulder and back muscles. Don't forget to practice letting down.

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ALIGNMENT (front view):
Drawing arm in proper alignment
with the arrow,
concentration focused on
the "X inside the X."



Now that we have that mechanical explanation out of the way, let's go back to predraw and do something mental. At the start of predraw you will slip into the stupor of focused concentration. Look through your spot and visualize the flight of the arrow through it. And so, with this mental image and the mechanical movement you arrive at anchor. What is your anchor? Who knows, it's up to you. Just make it the same every time you draw the string. Then why mention it? Because, somewhere in the sequence you must stop the draw; if even for just a minute amount of time. It's hard to put a time on that stop, but it has to be there. It gives the hand-eye coordination time to catch up and settle on that spot where your bow arm will stop. After very little practice you will begin to feel when your hand-eye coordination is set, any time spent waiting around after that will hinder the accuracy of the shot.

If your mind says that you've held too long, then let up and begin again. Yes, focused concentration is still in effect and, if your drawing arm is relaxed, you will have good alignment (a straight line will exist between your drawing elbow and the tip of your arrow). Have someone take several pictures of you at full draw on random

shots, to see if you need to improve your alignment.

We now reach what I consider the most important step in the shot process: The dreaded "release." I don't like the term because it does not describe the process. It leaves you with the belief that you physically let go of the string. No, Such a deed (pulling your fingers off a string under such tension) would cause string oscillation, bow-arm torque, and poor arrow flight. Yes, that sounds exactly like what many archers see upon "release."

How do we do it right? **RELAX.** Relax the muscles in the back of your hand. When you do that, it is impossible for you to hold the string and it slips away, pushing your fingers out of the way. The quickness of the finality of the shot will surprise you; suddenly the arrow is gone and it's into that focused concentration spot. It takes a great deal of practice to learn how to relax the back of your hand. You can practice while watching the tube by holding a golf ball in your finger tips. Relax your muscles and the golf ball will slip away.

The last step, the follow through (the do nothing step) just hangs around so that we will know that there is another step. This keeps us from anticipating the previous step and peeking to see where the arrow has gone before it has gone. If

the "release" is done properly, though, the arrow will be gone before you have a chance to think of anything else.

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FULL DRAW AT ANCHOR: The instant immediately preceding the release.

FOLLOW THROUGH: The instant immediately following the release. Notice the follow through.

Back to the practice session. Shoot 20 or more arrows at 10 to 15 feet; then if you feel comfortable about your form, move to what ever yardage you're working on for that day. Try to do the full practice session from the same yardage so as not to confuse your hand-eye coordination development.

When you move to different yardages, only shoot one arrow at a time; pull it, then move to a different spot to shoot the next arrow. Whenever possible, set up a video camera to tape your form or have someone take snapshots of the shot process at important intervals; like full draw, the moment of "release," or during follow through.

These images are vital to learning proper shooting form. When you can see what you're doing, you can make changes to perfect the process. Through it all, remember to relax and have a good time.


Prologue:

In reading the preceding article you will note that some instruction seems to be missing. There is no direction as to the proper stance, how to hold your bow, how much cant to use, or even where your anchor point should be. In my opinion, those and other unmentioned characteristics of shooting form are as individual as your draw weight.

As you practice and develop, those characteristics will come together into your very own shooting style. It is a style unique only to you and should not be made to be like anyone else. These characteristics are essential parts to the shot process and should be enlisted into your personal style of shooting.

May good arrows befall your targets.





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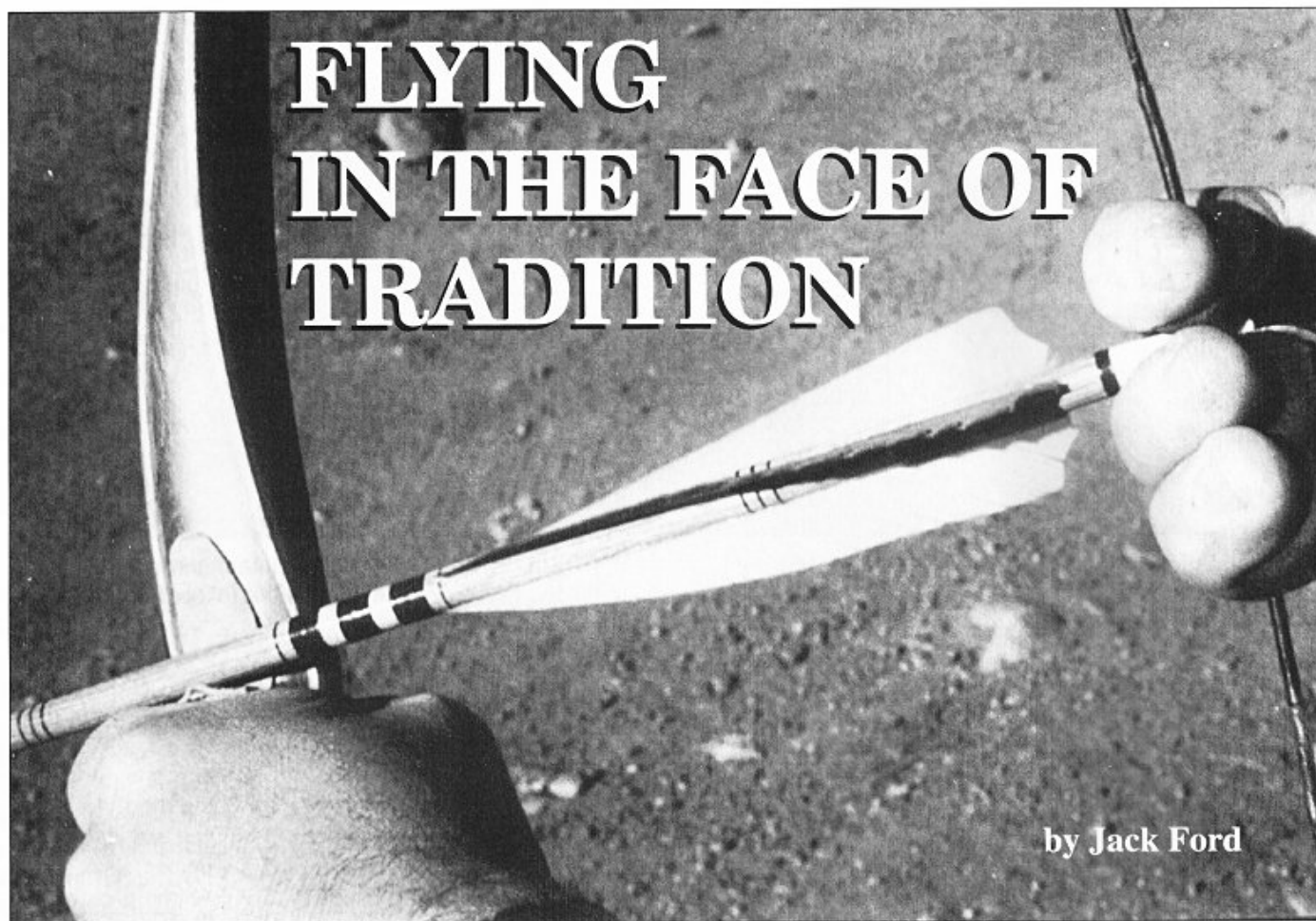


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FLYING IN THE FACE OF TRADITION

by Jack Ford

When you meet bowyer Bill Matlock of Chama, New Mexico, one thing is certain—you will learn something new. When I met him, he took everything I believed about tuning a bow and turned it upside down.

There are three types of people in this world: those who read the instructions first, those who read the instructions when all else fails, and those who never read the instructions at all. I count myself among the first group. Accordingly, before I ever purchased any equipment, my primary step in learning how to bowhunt was to consume every book and magazine article I could find on the subject, and follow their lead faithfully.

One of the most often repeated principles in all those books and magazines involves the relationship between the bow and the fletching on the arrow. It is written in stone that the archer shall strive to ensure that as little of the fletching as possible touches any part of the bow. Then, and only then, all other factors being equal, can acceptable arrow flight be attained.

As a beginner, it seemed important for me to follow the instructions that were consistent from one publication to another and to remain well within the parameters set by experienced authorities. In my mind's eye, only by following the rules to the letter could I develop an acceptable skill level with the bow.

Bill Matlock explained that what I had learned as a novice was a good beginning—that it established parameters that allowed me to develop good form and discipline. Matlock went on to say, however, now that I was in the real world of bowhunting, my best assets would be an open mind and the willingness to experiment. The first step in adopting this new attitude would be to disregard everything I had learned about how to minimize fletching contact with the bow.

Matlock works constantly to make his stickbows the best in the world. He never accepts the bow he finished today as the best he can do. Seeking the perfect blend of art and science, Matlock employs his machinist's background and wood-working skills to craft traditional bows that look as good as they shoot. Ultimately, in an effort to ensure that his bows always perform at their peak, his insatiable curiosity and incessant experimentation led to a system of bow tuning that strays far afield from normally accepted procedures.

Some years ago Matlock was given a short, Turkish-style recurve bow made by a friend. At first Matlock tuned the bow according to conventional methods, then tested it against one of his own stickbows of the same draw weight. The shorter bow, shot at the same elevation and using the same arrow weight as the longbow, should have delivered a higher performance level. Instead, the recurve consistently fell short of the distance mark set by the longbow. Matlock determined

the culprit was poor arrow flight caused by the short bow. The extreme angle of the bow string at full draw was interfering with a smooth release, which caused the back of the arrow to hit the shelf on release. He began to raise the nock height higher and higher in search of clean arrow flight. At a nock height of one and one-eighth inches Matlock reached his goal.

"Suddenly the arrows were leaving the bow like a bullet," Matlock said. *"The higher nock height resulted in cleaner arrow flight and the short bow was then exceeding its previous distance performance."* Traditional bow tuning methods seek to minimize fletching contact with the bow.

Matlock's method takes the process one step further and seeks to eliminate fletching contact with the bow entirely. Matlock learned that to accomplish this, the nock height must be set sufficiently high to allow the back of the arrow to clear the bow entirely on release. Coincidentally, if the back of the arrow clears the bow altogether, the type of fletching material used and the positions of the cock feather and hen feathers become irrelevant.

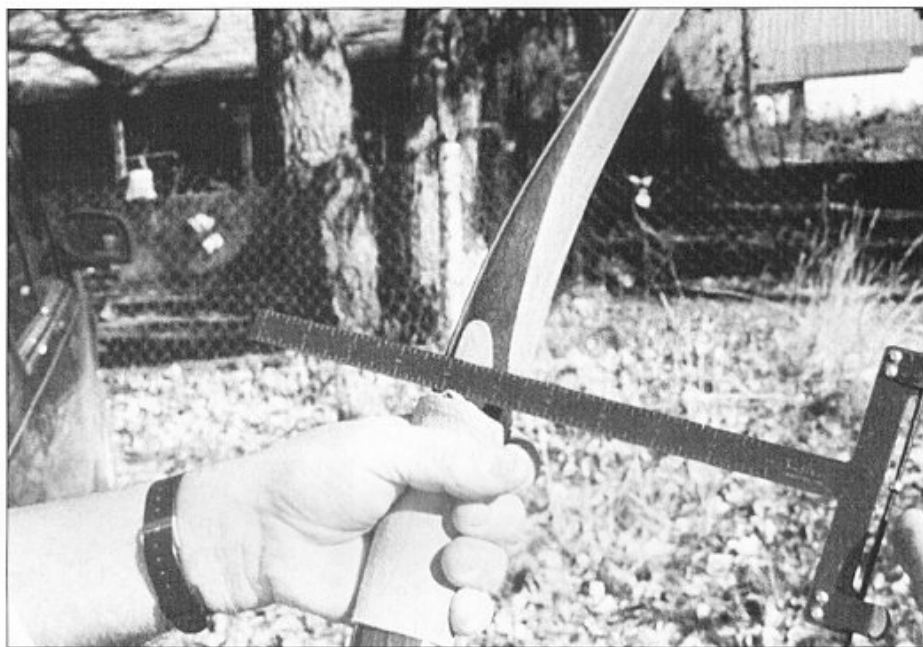
While Matlock began his tuning experiments using stickbows shot off the shelf with fingers and arrows fletched with feathers, he went on to test his theory using other equipment combinations. Matlock shot compound bows from the shelf and from a rest, using arrows fletched with vanes and feathers. He shot stickbows from the shelf using the same arrows. Matlock shot all combinations with the cock feather turned in and turned out. He learned the same principle applies no matter which equipment you use.

"Whether you use feathers or vanes, shoot compound or stickbow, or shoot from the shelf or a rest, the improved arrow flight is significant," Matlock said.

Using Matlock's tuning method with vanes produces an even more dramatic improvement in arrow flight. If an arrow fletched with feathers bangs against the bow, the arrow continues on its way with far less interruption than an arrow fletched with vanes. The feathers,

known to be forgiving, simply collapse, minimizing the bounce of the arrow.

The vanes, known to be totally unforgiving, do not collapse, causing the arrow to sail off in unpredictable flight patterns. However, if the back of the arrow has no contact with the bow, it then becomes possible to attain good arrow flight using arrows fletched with vanes, shot from the shelf of a stickbow.

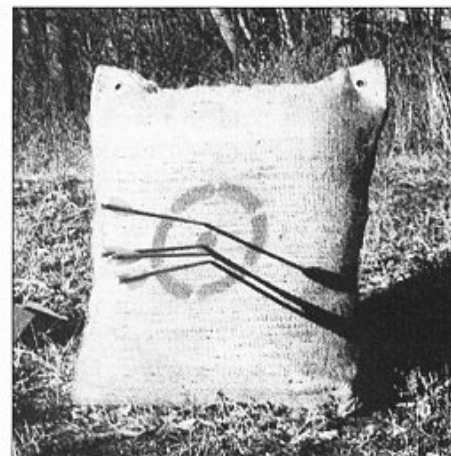


Matlock's tuning procedure requires the nocking point to begin at one inch or more above center, then worked down until good arrow flight is achieved.

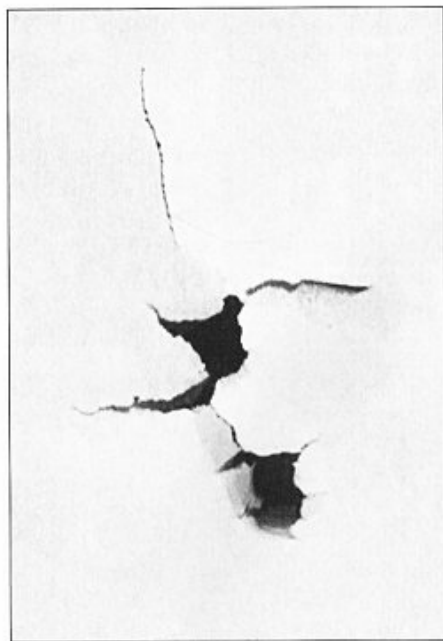
Matlock's tuning procedure centers on nock height. It presumes other elements of the tuning process have been accomplished. Although custom dictates starting the nock height slightly above square and working up, **Matlock advises starting the nock height at one inch or more above square and working down until you achieve good arrow flight at ten yards.**

"A low nock height will allow perfect arrow flight only from a perfect release, which is possible consistently under the controlled conditions of a tuning session. What we are trying to accomplish is perfect arrow flight from a not-so-perfect release, commonly experienced under the pressure of hunting conditions," Matlock said.

He suggests using the paper test to control the tuning session. At first the arrow probably will pass through the paper fletch high. That means the back of the arrow will pass through the paper above the entry hole made by the front of the arrow. The arrow flight will be demonstrated by an entry hole, then a tear up to the area where the back of the arrow slices through the paper, marked



This group was shot by the author from the shelf of a Matlock stickbow tuned according to Matlock's procedure, using arrows fletched with vanes.



As this paper test shows, Matlock's tuning procedure produces the impossible - **good arrow flight with arrows fletched with vanes shot from the shelf of a stickbow.** The fletching passed through the paper 3/4 of an inch high behind the point.

by cuts made by the fletching. Move the nocking point down in stages until the fletching passes through the same hole made by the point of the arrow. Such arrow flight will be marked by a single entry hole surrounded by the cuts made by the fletching fanning out from the center of the single hole.

"The entire approach calls for common sense. Although the arrow will be tail high and will oscillate coming off the string, because the arrow clears the bow and hits nothing on the way, it will straighten out and settle down quickly, resulting in cleaner flight. That means less energy lost, which allows the arrow to retain momentum, resulting in better penetration, one of the primary factors contributing to a humane kill," Matlock said.

After listening to Matlock explain his theory, I was invited to watch a demonstration. To illustrate the flexibility of his tuning procedure, Matlock shot a variety of arrows with both stickbow and compound bow, without regard to spine, arrow weight, or most other

considerations normally thought essential to fine tuning.

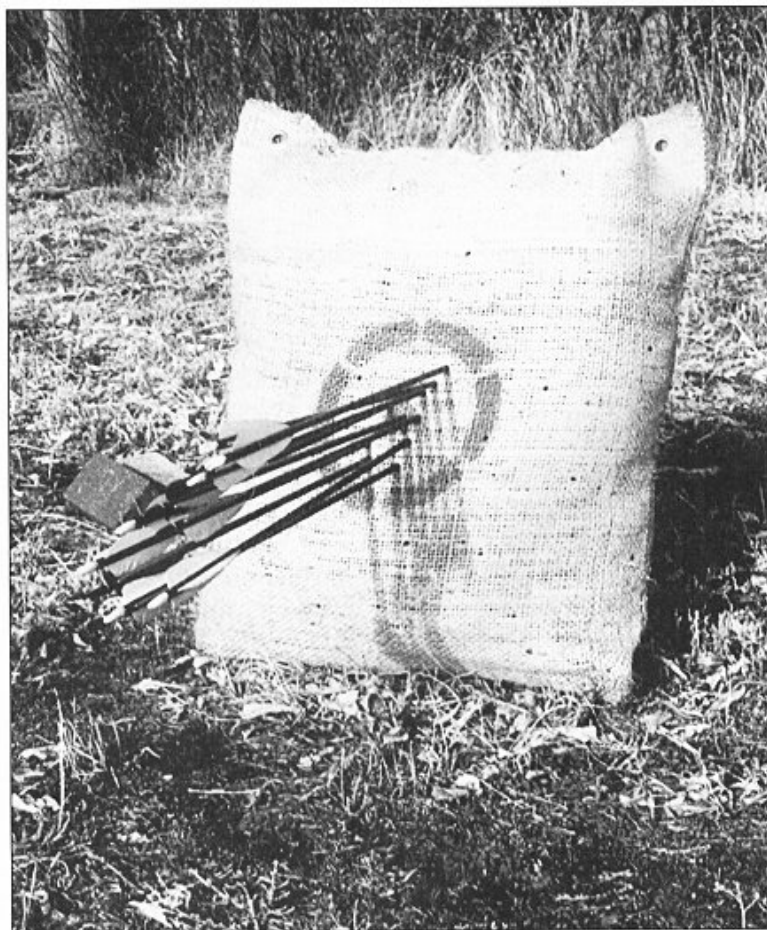
Specifically, Matlock shot one of his own stickbows which drew 51 pounds at 28 inches. He also shot a compound bow equipped with a flipper rest and set at 65 pounds and 28 inches. Both bows had been tuned according to Matlock's recommended procedure.

Matlock shot the same group of arrows from both bows. The Easton aluminum arrows included 1916, 2114, 2117, 2213, 2215, and 2219 in lengths from 28 to 30 inches and point weights of 125 grains and 145 grains. He also shot mahogany wooden arrows of 680 grains, spined at 80 pounds.

Matlock shot groups with the cock feather turned in, with the cock feather turned out and random groups without regard to the position of the cock

feather. No matter the arrow, no matter the position of the cock feather, no matter which bow, all of the arrows maintained the same basic point of impact and grouped well within the vital area of the smallest game animal.

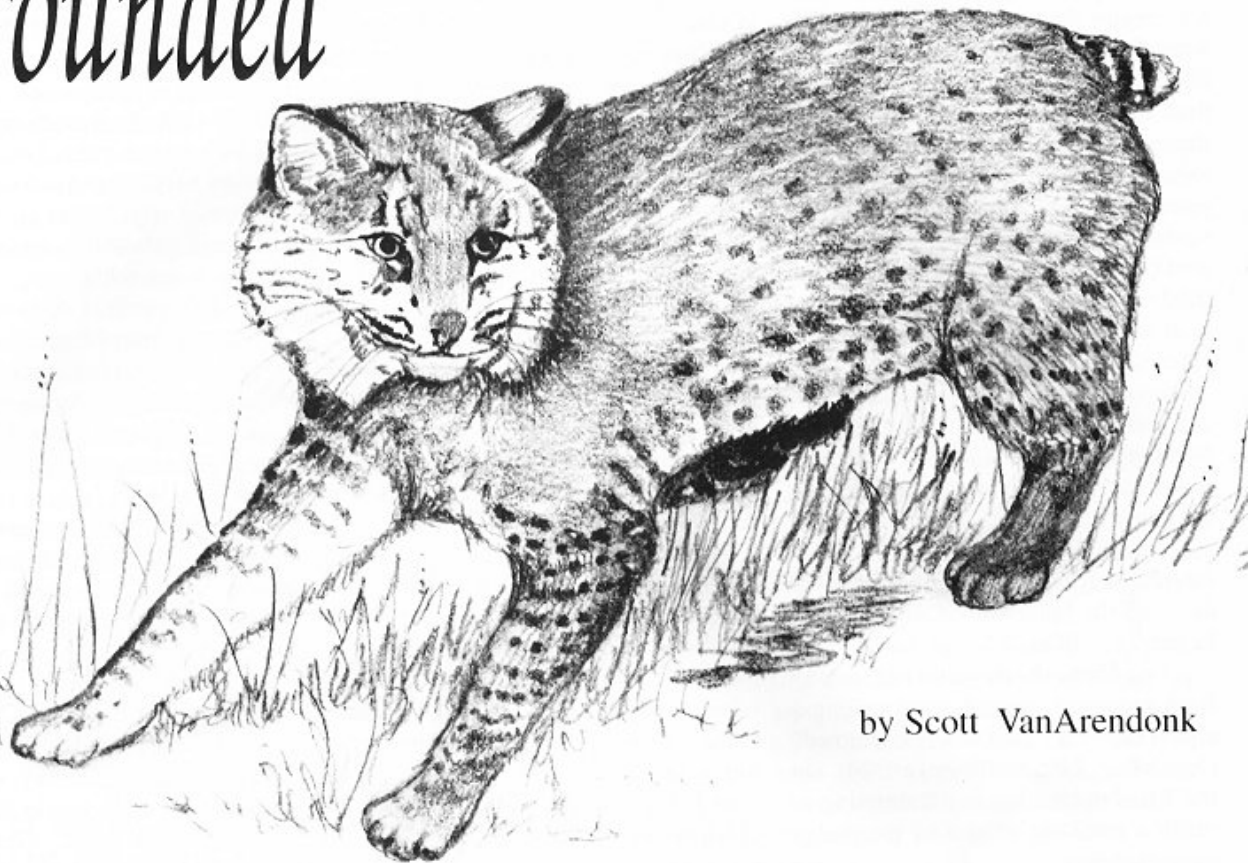
Now, ordinarily, no one would grab a handful of mismatched arrows and head for a tournament or a hunt expecting stellar performance. But, if using Matlock's tuning procedure accomplishes exactly that, think of the possibilities using arrows specifically matched to you and your bow. All it takes is an open mind and a willingness to consider new ideas, no matter how much they may seem to fly in the face of tradition.



This group of mixed arrows, including several fletched with vanes, was shot by the author from the shelf of a Matlock stickbow, tuned according to Matlock's procedure.

Grounded

RVM
98



by Scott VanArendonk

Put your left hand out in front of you with the palm facing away. That's Michigan. Now look at the knuckle where your little finger joins the rest of your hand. That's Oceana County, the place where I live and do most of my bowhunting.

Oceana County is known for two things. I've forgotten what the first one is, but the second is our asparagus. We grow tons of the stuff. In fact, our county is the number one producer of asparagus in a state responsible for some fourteen percent of the nation's crop. All of this is to say it is quite common to have an asparagus field close by when bowhunting in these parts. Fortunately for me, the hunting of white-tails here is often very good.

Once I was hunting in a patch of woods on the back end of an asparagus field. The half-mile trek across the field was much easier because of the path along the east edge where no plants grew. I was especially thankful for this trail on this particular morning. The waist-high plants were drenched with drizzle that had fallen sometime during the night. Climbing into a treestand with wet clothes is no way to begin a hunt on a cool fall morning.

When I left the asparagus and entered the woods, however, there was no convenient path through the ferns because I had neglected to clear one. The eighteen-inch brown and green plants were doing their best to make up for the soaking I was able to avoid earlier. With increasingly

damp knees above my rubber boots, I waded through the wet ferns toward my treestand.

The only consolation to the midnight drizzle was the quietness of the woods. Each step I took made nary a sound despite the carpet of oak and maple leaves on the forest floor. By the time I reached my treestand, I was more aware of the sound of my own breathing than anything.

After climbing aloft, I settled in and awaited the arrival of light. There was no discernible line between darkness and dawn. The sun, hidden by a thick, seamless pall of dark gray clouds, made anything but a grand entrance. In the same way moviegoers sometimes blink their eyes because they sense the house lights dimming before the show starts, I blinked my eyes often, wondering if the advancing light was enough to begin hunting.

Ten minutes later, I stood and nocked an arrow on my recurve. After fidgeting around to find a comfortable position, I noticed some movement sixty yards to the west. Peering through the dirty dishwater dawn, I saw what I thought was a gray dog trotting through the woods. Again, I blinked my eyes, uncertain of their accuracy. A second or two later, it became clear I was watching a fox, which promptly disappeared behind a clump of bushes.

Watching the wilderness come alive in the early hours always makes for a successful hunt whether I take an animal or not. This particular morning was no exception.

Almost as if on cue, as if nature's alarm clock had just rung, the birds and squirrels began their daily routine. Paradoxically, the woods retained their sense of peace and stillness, while at the same time bustling with activity. The birds fluttered from tree to tree, making sure each branch was in the same place as yesterday. The gray squirrels and fox squirrels argued amongst themselves about whether acorns were best baked or fried. A red squirrel came and threatened to rough up any other squirrel that got too close.

That old philosophical chestnut came to mind as I watched, *"If a tree falls in the woods and nobody is there to hear it, does it still make a sound?"* Was the wilderness putting on this display of activity just for my benefit? Does nature's alarm clock ring this way every day with the same results? How could I be sure?

Then, thirty yards out, a gray form seemingly materialized among a clump of ferns. Had the fox returned? Once again, I blinked my eyes. No, not the fox, but rather a cat attempting to make a meal out of one of the pudgy squirrels below.

With silent steps, the cat advanced as the squirrels continued the great acorn debate. The feline's head parted the ferns like the business end of an alligator pushing through a swamp, the eyes just above the sea of brown-green leaves.

This was no ordinary house cat as I had first supposed. Very few tabby or angora cats, if any, could stand among those ferns and view them at eye level. The tell-tale shape of the face, the tuft of hair over the ears, the snub tail, the gray-brown coloration all confirmed my suspicion. This was a bobcat, the first one I'd ever seen in the wilderness.

I didn't even know we had bobcats in Oceana County. The sight of it felt as unlikely and surprising as a refrigerator in the middle of an asparagus field; I knew what one looked like, but I just didn't expect to find it here. When I later shared this story with a few life-long locals, they thought I had an overactive imagination. The bobcat, however, didn't appear to know he wasn't supposed to be here.

I was presently faced with an interesting situation. Whitetails were my intended quarry. I now had a shooting opportunity at a bobcat at twenty yards. In a fraction of a second, my mind worked over a host of questions.

Was hunting bobcats even legal? Did I need a special license or tag? I didn't know. I thought I remembered reading something about trappers going after bobcats. Or was it hunters with hounds? Or both? Are bobcats considered small game? Again, I had to plead ignorance.

I made a mental note to check the Michigan Hunting Regulation booklet when I got home, not only for regulations concerning bobcats, but for all species. The next time I went afield, I wanted to know all my options.

Issues of legalities aside, I wasn't sure what I'd do with a bobcat if I killed one, anyway. I knew nothing about the table qualities of bobcat meat. I suspected the cat's pelt might have been valuable to somebody, but probably not to me. I simply had no compelling reason to release an arrow at the cat. And even if I did have a reason, the window of opportunity suddenly closed. With the cat still fifteen yards out, the eight or so squirrels abruptly stopped their debate

and scampered up whatever tree was at hand.

From the safety of the trees, the rodents began making a racket the likes of which I've never heard. Tails waving smartly with every measure of their chorus, the squirrels carried on, letting every creature within two-hundred yards know there was a predator in their midst. Other squirrels within earshot joined the chattering ensemble.

It appeared the bobcat had been in this situation before, for he simply turned and walked back the way he came. Once discovered, continuing to hunt would have been an exercise in futility. The cat seemed to know this all too well.

Seeing this age-old ritual dance of predator and prey has since given me pause for reflection. I have often thought that following the bobcat's lead and stalking my quarry on the ground with my bow would be an exercise in futility. Whitetails have learned that constant paranoia is in their best interest. With outstanding auditory and olfactory abilities, the odds would be more than tipped in their favor. Getting within range of a whitetail seems like a feat more likely to occur as an accident than a planned result.

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Then the matter of drawing my bow to release an arrow comes to mind. If I were to get within twenty yards of a whitetail by some weird twist of fate, would there be opportunity to draw my bow undetected? The whitetail eye is not much better than the human eye. However, experienced hunters know whitetails are exceptionally good at detecting movement. Being at their level would certainly make a shot much more difficult.

And therein lies the truth that will compel me to attempt this kind of hunting next season. It will be a tremendous challenge. There is a distinct possibility I will not shoot an animal from the ground for a season or two. Perhaps not for many years. There is much to be learned. More to be practiced. G. Fred Asbell's new book *Stalking and Still-Hunting: the Ground Hunter's Bible* will

likely play a role in this process. But the woods, and the deer themselves, will ultimately be my tutors in this new endeavor.

The challenge of still-hunting and stalking as opposed to hunting from treestands feels very much like the challenge I faced in learning how to shoot instinctively in the first place. I didn't want to give up my bowsight because it seemed so unlikely I could achieve half the measure of accuracy without it. And yet, when I got a new bow and finally started to practice without sight pins, I enjoyed archery and bowhunting more than ever.

I have to believe the same will be true for still-hunting and stalking. It will be a process. . . a very difficult process, to be sure, but one where the successes will be deeply rewarding. To get within shooting range of a whitetail? To release an arrow at a deer on his level?

To take an animal more on his terms than on mine? What a thrill! What an accomplishment!

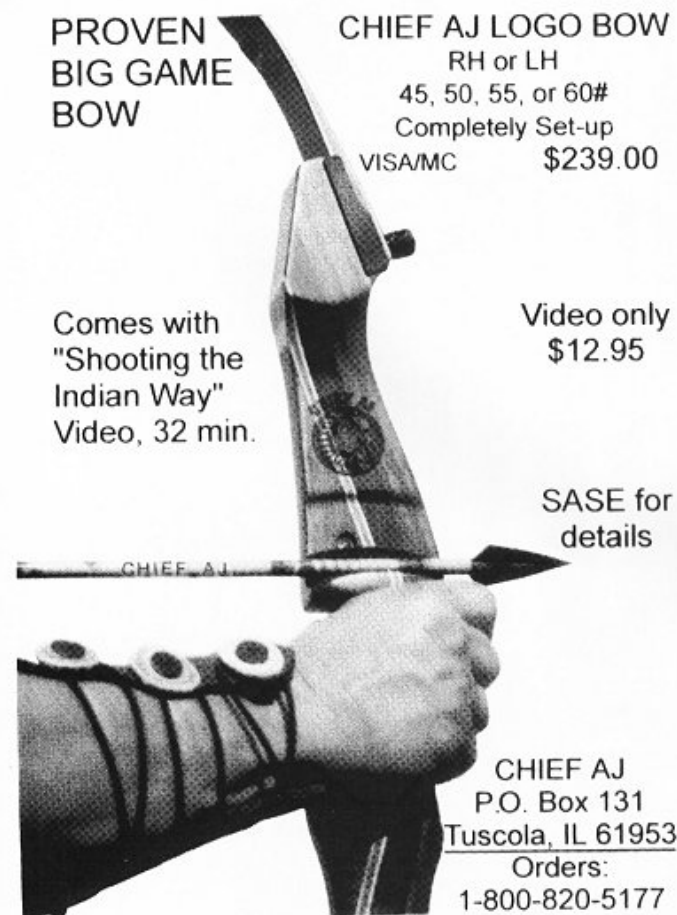
The memory of that bobcat could serve to discourage me about hunting from the ground. After all, the cat ended his hunt that day without any breakfast. What I need to remember, however, is the bobcat likely left the scene knowing just a bit more about how to hunt squirrels. What's more, he appeared very well fed, and I don't think he had been eating asparagus.

Sure, there will be plenty of mistakes along the way in still-hunting and stalking. But if I am willing to learn, I will become a much better woodsman and bowhunter. With diligence, my time will come, and I will see success. That day will make the difficulty of learning to hunt on the ground ultimately worthwhile.

Until then, I'll continue to practice and learn, all the while slurping asparagus soup. Fortunately for me, I enjoy the stuff and can eat it whenever I want. That's a good thing because there is an ocean of it around here, and the hunting may be a bit lean—for a while, anyway.



(Note: I have since learned there is a hunting season on bobcats in Michigan with dates specific to each of our three zones. In my zone, these dates do not overlap with the archery deer season. That, along with the fact that I didn't have the required fur harvester's license, would have made me a poacher had I shot and killed the bobcat.)



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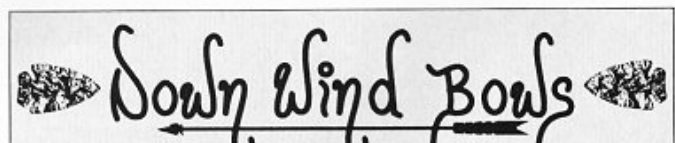
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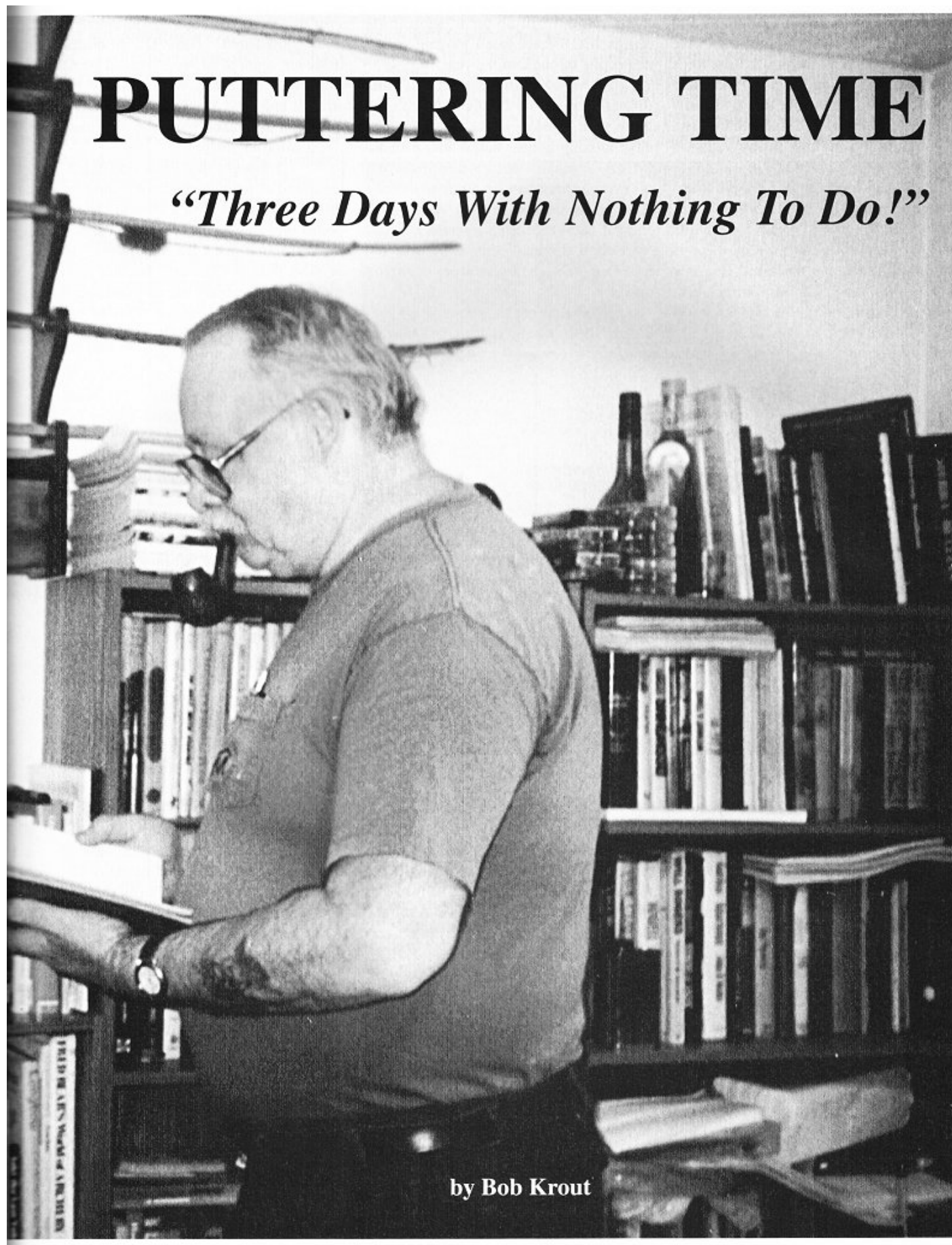


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It is the week between Christmas and New Years Day and I find myself in the unique situation of having at least three days off with nothing to do. Production at my regular job is shut down to allow for some much-needed maintenance and I am using up the last of my vacation before the new year.

At the same time my part-time job is down while the owner moves our little lab to a new location. This should work out great for me as the new lab is just minutes from my house. The only bad part is that it is located right next door to a sport shop! Oh well! I guess I'll just have to put up with it!

table. Now I can do all of those little things that I have been putting off or neglecting throughout the year.

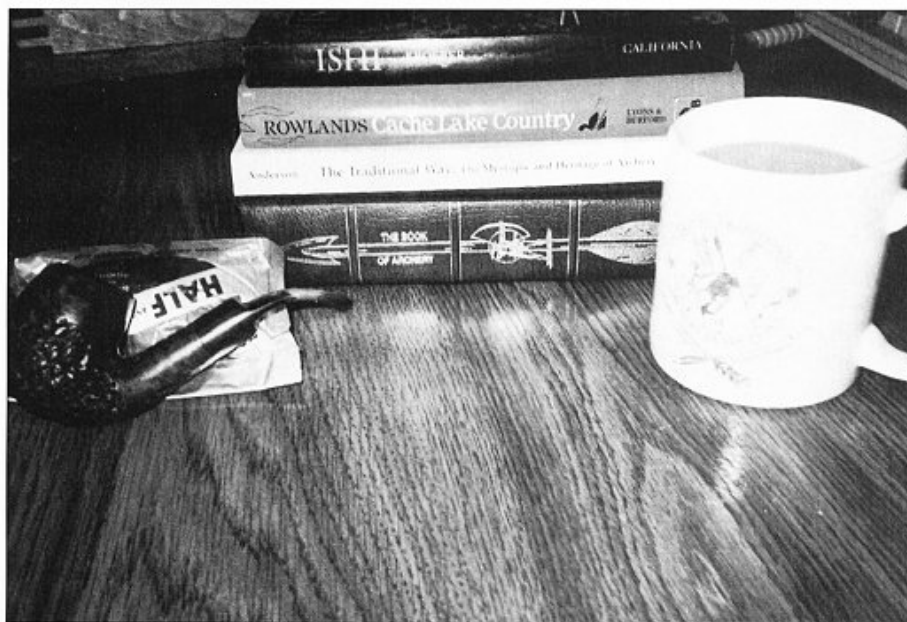
Arrows come next. I sort through my arrow boxes and separate those stout warriors of the 3-D wars who have missing points, nocks and/or feathers. As I repair these faithful friends I take inventory to see what has to be replaced for the new season. At the same time I separate those remnants of "matched dozens" that will join the eclectic mix in my stump-shooting quiver.

Shafts, nocks, points and feathers are all sorted and notes taken of what

grip the string too tightly and interfere with arrow flight. These Dodge nocks, however, seem to fit my 18-strand string just right. The arrows certainly fly straight and true! Maybe I will get a few dozen, in different colors, and give them a real workout this year.

I thought that I had finally gotten ahead of my perpetual point shortage this year. That is until I went to change points on some arrows for stump shooting and found that I was completely out of steel blunts! Oh well! Another item for the list! Feathers are in good shape except for again running short of my favorite reds. My supply of whites is getting pretty skimpy as well!

I finally finish my arrow business and turn to other things. My bookshelves are getting a little messy. It seems that they are the perfect repository for any odd item that needs to be set down for a time. I clean them up and rearrange those volumes that got stuck in odd places. It seems rather obvious that I am running out of shelf space for my small, but growing, library. Maybe I will add another section this year. My books are like old friends that I revisit time and again. I never tire of reading of the exploits of Pope and Young and Ishi, of Fred Bear and Howard Hill, E. Donnal Thomas and G. Fred Asbell. The history of archery is alive to me in the writings of Robert Hardy, Dr. Robert P. Elmer, George A. Hansard, and many others. As I dust and straighten I pick out a few volumes to be reread in the following week. Hansard's *Book of Archery* tops the list! I find it to be endlessly fascinating, especially because of the fact that he had access to many private libraries and manuscripts that are not generally accessible to the public. Although not an archery book, I will again reread *Cache Lake Country* by John J. Rowlands. Mr. Rowlands was a "timber cruiser" for one of the large Canadian timber companies during the early part of this century. His job consisted of going far out into the wilderness of the North and reporting back to the company on the condition and type of timber available over vast areas on which they held logging rights. His book is a journal of a year at his cabin at Cache Lake, how he occupied his time,



It doesn't get any better than this - a hot cup of coffee, a favorite old pipe, and some good reading.

What to do? To anyone who is a "dyed-in-the-wool" archer there is really only one answer! It is "Puttering time!" The first thing I do is make a fresh pot of good old "eight o'clock" coffee to fuel me through the day. Next I retire to my little "den," which is really just our smallest spare bedroom. It is, however, the place where I have my bookshelves, bow racks, desk, and work

must be replaced. At the same time I am thinking of what new things I would like to try this year. At Denton Hill, site of the "Eastern Traditional Archery Rendezvous" I traded one of my quivers for a dozen matched arrows spined for my favorite Abbott longbow. They were made up with chundoo shafts and "Dodge pro nocks." I don't really care for any type of snap nock, most seem to

Photo on previous page: It happened again! I tried out the self timer on my camera. I wanted a picture of myself - sort of a cross between the urbane, man of the world Robert Ruark and the steely eyed John Wayne with just a touch of Gary Cooper. What happened? All I get is a picture of this old guy!

and the many chores and challenges of the different seasons far from civilization. Anyone who professes to be a woodsman will love this book!

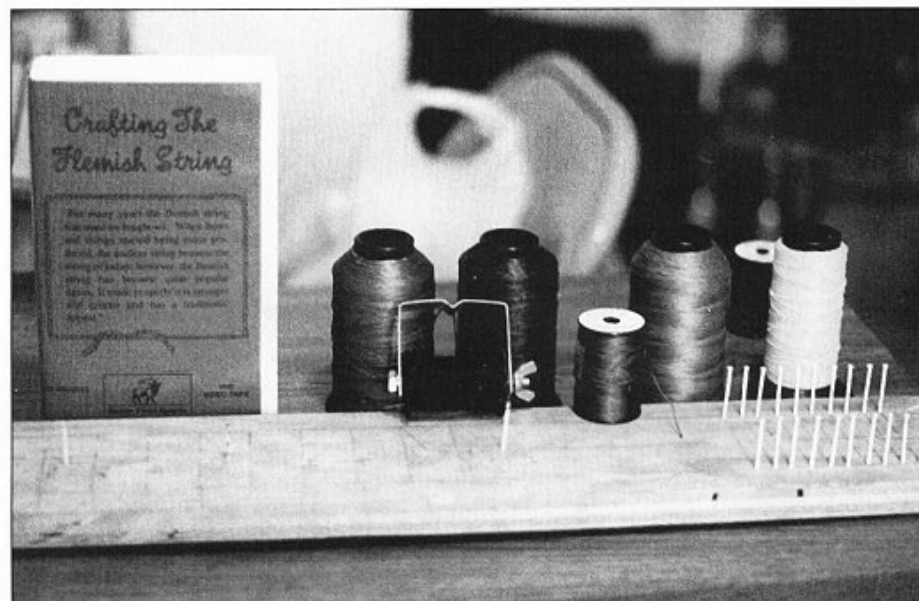
I am getting things in pretty good shape now and take a break. At times like these I like to have some background music to keep me company. I will play some Delbert McClinton on the little tape player as I contemplate the year past and the year to come. Sometimes I will listen to LeRoy Parnell or the Everly Brothers. At other times I will lean more towards some 1940s big-band music or even classical from my meager selection of tapes. Eventually I get another cup of coffee and start thinking of strings. I promised a friend that I would make him a 58-inch string with a good tight twist for his new 62-inch Fedora recurve. I need an extra for my 60-inch Bear Kodiak and, while I'm at it, I may as well make one or two for my 68-inch longbows.

I made my first flemish string from the written directions in one of the early issues of *Traditional Bowhunter Magazine*. It was an education in frustration although I eventually ended up with a usable string. Making a flemish twist string is one of those things that is remarkably simple and easy if you can see it being done, but extremely confusing to a novice reading directions. I finally sent to Butler Field Sports for a copy of their excellent video *Crafting the Flemish String*. It not only shows the actual making of a string in good close-up video, but also how to make an excellent, adjustable string jig.

String making is a therapeutic endeavor. I love the feel of the B-50 Dacron and the string wax that holds it all together. I twisted up two green and black recurve strings, one for my 60-inch bow and one for my friend's 62 inch. Next I made up two yellow and black longbow strings. One of the things I like about string making is the fact that you can custom craft them to fit your own bows and your own ideas of what you want. For instance, I like to make the lower string loops just big enough to fit the bow nocks. They fit nicely but are not forever falling off the bow when it is unstrung. I also like to start my serving a little higher than nor-

mal so that both ends of my bow square are on serving when I use it. That way it slides easily up and down as I adjust things to suit. I also like to make the serving a couple of inches longer than normal. In my shooting style the string always hits my armguard. I have found

Oh sure I shoot some warm up shots as I head into the woods and probably one or two as I come back out to the car at the end of the day but that is not really shooting. By the time the six or seven week season has gone by I am starting to remember why I didn't want a heavier



Stringmaking time! B-50 Dacron, serving material and server, stringmaking jig, and the excellent video "Crafting the Flemish String" from Butler Field Sports.

that the area that slaps the guard frays much quicker than the rest of the string. On my custom strings the longer serving slaps the guard, instead of the bare string, and they last much longer. In fact I have only worn out two longbow strings and they were both served in the shorter fashion.

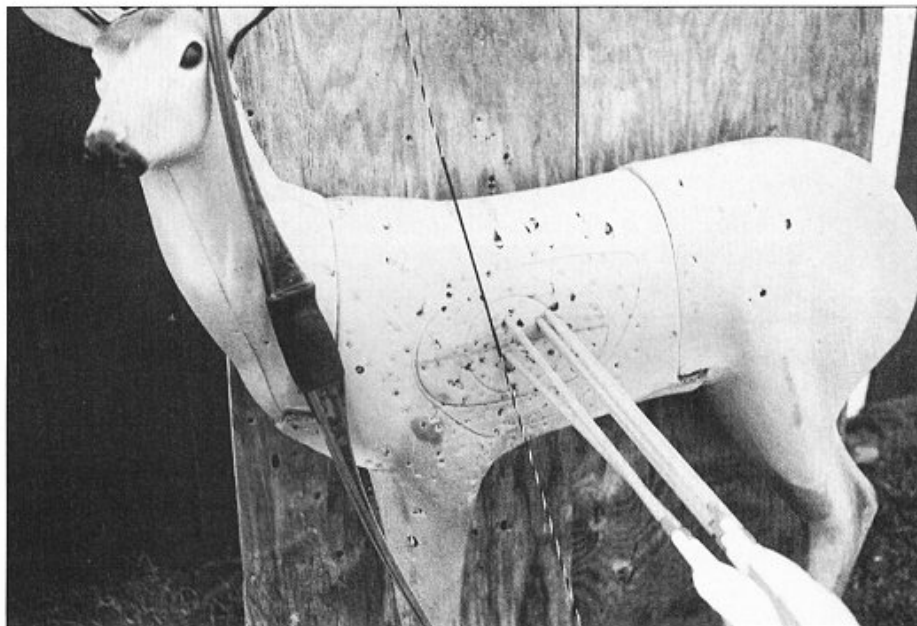
My little "archery den" is now becoming shipshape and in order, ready for a new year of shooting and playing Robin Hood in the woods! There is just one nagging thing that calls my attention. My shooting form—or lack of form!

It seems that this is a yearly occurrence. My shooting accuracy usually peaks out just as archery deer season begins. All year long I have been 3-D shooting, stump shooting with friends, or just flinging arrows at the targets in my yard. Usually about this time I get to wishing that I had gotten my Abbott longbow with a draw weight 5 pounds heavier than its 58 pounds at 28 inches. Then deer season is here. I am in the woods, bow in hand, every chance I get. BUT, I am not really shooting that much.

draw weight. Its one thing to shoot a hundred arrows when you have been shooting constantly for months on end, it is quite another to accomplish a steady draw, solid anchor and clean release when you have been standing in the cold for days and weeks and shooting relatively few arrows during that time.

Then comes gun season. I really don't care to hunt with a gun anymore. I've shot deer with shotgun and rifle and the challenge and satisfaction is just not there like it used to be. However, I have some grandkids who love to hunt. Their dad doesn't hunt so it is up to me. I love to take them out and try to teach them some of the things I have learned over the years. They are doing quite well and developing into the kind of honest ethical sportsmen that will carry on the traditions of our sport. Of course I have made sure that they all have bows as well. They can always count on "Pap" to make sure that they don't run out of arrows!

The point is, while I am doing this I am not shooting. Then there is the



A little "back-to-the-basics" practice and they start flying straight again! A decent group from 18 yards with my 58 lb. Abbott longbow.

Christmas madness and the end-of-year work rush and as a result it may go another six or seven weeks with very few arrows shot! When the late archery deer season comes back in on the day after Christmas I am struggling to achieve a full draw, plucking the string and dealing with all of those other "nasties" that creep up to foil an archer.

Now is the time to retire to the back yard and work on recovering some semblance of shooting form. I set up my bag target or my 3-D deer and get back to the basics. First I double check my bow, checking the string and nock point. A few minutes with the bow square verifies that the fistmele is at the proper height and all is well equipmentwise.

Now it is back to the numbers: "bowshooting 101." Place the arrow on the string and slide it up under the nock. Concentrate on the target and draw the arrow as I concentrate on pushing with the bowhand, pulling with the stringhand and feeling the tension build between my shoulder blades as I let my back muscles take over the task of holding as I come to full draw. My hand comes back and locks into its familiar anchor spot on my cheekbone, below my right eye. Hold a moment to verify a solid anchor and proper positioning, then a quick, clean release. The release, for me, seems to work best when my hand

simply falls away from the string with only the slightest backward movement. Maintain position and concentration until the arrow strikes the target then draw another arrow and do it all again. Soon the arrows are flying true again and I start calling my shots. I will still need to get in at least a few arrows each week through the snow months to maintain my arm, but it will soon be time for 3-D again. The local clubs have been starting their shoots earlier each year and there is usually something going by sometime in February. Shooting in the snow is fun!

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Especially when it is 10 degrees and you have hit your coat sleeve, causing your matched, tapered arrow to skip over the target and burrow under 2 feet of snow! Ah well, another sacrifice to the spirits of archery! After snow melt it may be found by some hi-tech shooter and cause him to wonder about wooden arrows and wooden bows. Maybe he will be tempted to search out some traditional shooter and become a convert to what archery is really all about!

My three days off are now drawing to a close, but I just don't want them to end. In my last bit of "puttering around" I drag out my box of leather and sort through the remnants of my various quiver-making projects. Here and there I separate pieces for making a leather "wallet" or belt pouch ala Saxton Pope or maybe a few string pouches for attaching to my back quivers. Once again I will look over my small supply of raw shafting, trying to decide if I really like Chundoo better than Norway pine, or if I shouldn't just stick with Port Orford cedar. The cedar that I have acquired of late hasn't been of the best quality but it has been straight and there is nothing on earth that can compare to the fragrance of cedar shavings. Finally I will sort through my small stack of quiver-making templates. Some I will continue to use, some I will change or modify to incorporate improvements either real or imagined.

The wonderful time spent puttering around with my books and bows and arrows has replenished my soul. I now look eagerly forward to getting out in the late season and doing something with my deer tags. Of course, if I actually shoot a deer, I'll have to give up my burgeoning reputation as western Pennsylvania's worst bowhunter. A sacrifice I am more than willing to make in exchange for meat in the freezer taken by my own hand!

More than anything, I am looking forward to more days with "nothing to do!" They are the best! At some very deep emotional level I have always felt that such days were God's reward to us for trying to live a good life. They just may be!



A Look at Some Early "Modern" Arrows

*By
Hugh D. Soar*

English arrows and bow by Robert Bragg, circa 1836.

It is unusual for early modern recreational arrows to be available for scrutiny in any number; preservation is inevitably by chance, and haphazard in the extreme. When a number can be gathered together however, it is possible to make some sort of comparison one with the other and, by doing so, advance our knowledge of equipment as it was between 150 and 200 years ago.

The 28 arrows compared in this article come from the writer's collection and are, to use an accepted archery term, pre-Victorian. That is to say, none is later than 1837 when Queen Victoria was crowned.

This is a convenient date at which to stop, since archery had yet to appeal to the leisured classes en-masse. The makers of archery equipment were still small in number and, although latterly there is evidence for "mass production," a comparatively limited market left room for the individually-made shaft.

With "butt," or "rood" shooting still featuring in the early years of the period, the fletcher's ancient skill of "pairing" arrows had yet to be lost, and examples of these are included. The period covered is actually around 65 years, and during this time the modest steps forward might be thought surprising by some who, today, are used to almost annual technological advance.

Twelve of the arrows listed have, for some specific reason, had a year inscribed on their shafts; whilst reputed dates can be attributed to another four. The rest, through context and association, have been assumed to fall within the time-frame considered. Of those described, eight alone carry a maker's name, although many of the remainder have either Woodmen of Arden or Royal Toxophilite connections; and the likelihood is that at least the earlier of the arrows came from the workshops of Thomas Waring (Elder, or Younger) or perhaps the Thompson family in Warwickshire.

Each arrow has been individually examined and its diameter recorded by a Rabone Vernier Dial-Scale in .001", at intervals of 2" along its length. Measurement begins at the nock-groove and ends at the shoulder of the pile (point).

Weights in grains have been included, and maximum diameters highlighted to indicate profiles. Thus, a maximum diameter towards the nock end indicates a breasted shaft; towards the centre, barrelling; and towards the pile, a bob-tailed arrow.

Most of the arrows have some peculiarity or story associated with them. The arrow lengths on the following page are Imperial measurements) and diameters are in .0001".

Early Arrow Lengths and Diameters

Nock End		2"	4"	6"	8"	10"	12"	14"	16"	18"	20"	22"	24"	26"	27"	28"	Pile End
Arrow 1.	Length 27 1/8" Wt = 760 grns.	280	300	320	320	330	340	<u>345</u>	<u>345</u>	340	340	335	335	315			
Arrow 2.	Length 27" Wt = 770 grns.	300	310	315	330	335	345	<u>350</u>	<u>350</u>	<u>350</u>	340	335	335	315			
Arrow 3.	Length 26 3/4" Wt = 340 grns.	300	330	355	<u>360</u>	<u>360</u>	355	345	335	330	320	310	310	290			
Arrow 4.	Length 26 3/4" Wt = 380 grns.	310	335	345	370	<u>375</u>	370	365	360	350	350	340	340	305			
Arrow 5.	Length 26 3/4" Wt = 410 grns.	305	330	345	350	370	380	<u>390</u>	380	375	365	350	330	270			
Arrow 6.	Length 26 3/4" Wt = 480 grns.	290	315	340	350	350	360	360	355	<u>365</u>	<u>365</u>	350	325	270			
Arrow 7.	Length 26 3/4" Wt = 350 grns.	265	310	310	<u>315</u>	<u>315</u>	<u>315</u>	<u>315</u>	<u>315</u>	310	300	290	285	280			
Arrow 8.	Length 27 3/4" Wt = 390 grns.	260	285	305	325	340	350	365	<u>375</u>	370	<u>375</u>	370	350	330			
Arrow 9.	Length 28" Wt = 390 grns.	270	290	305	320	330	340	345	350	<u>355</u>	350	350	345	335	305		
Arrow 10.	Length 28" Wt = 400 grns.	265	295	300	305	320	325	320	340	<u>350</u>	<u>350</u>	<u>350</u>	345	310			
Arrow 11.	Length 28" Wt = 390 grns.	255	280	300	310	320	320	340	350	350	<u>355</u>	<u>355</u>	<u>355</u>	305			
Arrow 12.	Length 28" Wt = 390 grns.	275	290	300	310	325	335	345	<u>350</u>	<u>350</u>	<u>350</u>	<u>350</u>	<u>350</u>	345	305		
Arrow 13.	Length 28" Wt = 390 grns.	265	290	300	305	310	325	340	345	<u>350</u>	<u>350</u>	340	305				
Arrow 14.	Length 28" Wt = 390 grns.	285	295	310	320	335	340	350	350	<u>355</u>	<u>355</u>	<u>355</u>	350	340	305		
Arrow 15.	Length 28" Wt = 395 grns.	270	295	315	315	330	340	350	355	<u>360</u>	<u>360</u>	<u>360</u>	355	345	310		
Arrow 16.	Length 28" Wt = 400 grns.	250	280	310	315	335	340	340	350	<u>355</u>	<u>355</u>	<u>355</u>	<u>355</u>	345	315		
Arrow 17.	Length 27" Wt = 410 grns.	285	310	335	360	375	395	405	<u>425</u>	<u>425</u>	420	415	400	380			
Arrow 18.	Length 27 3/8 Wt = 900 grns.	315	350	350	355	360	385	390	400	405	415	420	<u>430</u>	410			
Arrow 19.	Length 26 7/8" Wt = 325 grns.	290	325	350	360	360	360	360	360	360	<u>365</u>	<u>365</u>	<u>365</u>	320			
Arrow 20.	Length 27" Wt = 340 grns.	320	325	355	<u>370</u>	<u>370</u>	360	350	335	325	310	300	290	290			
Arrow 21.	Length 27" Wt = 325 grns.	310	330	350	<u>360</u>	350	350	350	345	340	335	335	340	320			
Arrow 22.	Length 27" Wt = 400 grns.	350	360	365	<u>375</u>	370	360	365	360	360	360	355	350	320			
Arrow 23.	Length 27" Wt = 380 grns.	280	300	325	<u>330</u>	325	325	320	320	320	320	315	310	290			
Arrow 24.	Length 28" Wt = 390 grns.	310	325	340	345	355	370	380	<u>385</u>	<u>385</u>	<u>385</u>	370	350	330			
Arrow 25.	Length 27 1/2" Wt = 385 grns.	300	330	350	365	380	400	410	<u>420</u>	410	400	380	360	325			
Arrow 26.	Length 30 3/4"	410	410	450	450	450	450	450	<u>470</u>	455	460	450	430	410	475		
Arrow (26.1)	Length 30 3/4"	385	395	405	405	420	420	405	<u>430</u>	405	405	405	400	410	405		
Arrow (piece) 27.	Length 21 1/2"					500	510	515	515	520	520	540	<u>555</u>	550			
Arrow 28.	Length 29 1/2"	380	380	430	470	450	490	460	460	480	500	<u>510</u>	500	510	530		

ARROWS 1 AND 2:

Arrows number 1 and 2 bear two sets of initials, "S.F." and "H.F." They have been coupled with a bow in the possession of a fellow-collector which bears, besides the initials "S.F." the date "1770."

Both bow and arrows have close associations with the Royal Company of Archers (Edinburgh, Scotland); the bow has certain characteristics which suggest that it may have been made by Thomas Grant of Edinburgh apprenticed in 1716, and who worked through much of the 18th century.

It was customary at that time for Company arrows to be obtained from Continental sources, (perhaps Flanders). The pair whose measurements have been shown are fitted with "turned" brass piles, although it is unknown whether these are likely to have been the original ones.

The initials "S.F." are believed to have belonged to Simon Fraser, writer to the Signet (a Scottish "legal-beagle") who was admitted to the Royal Company in 1770. The initials "H.F." are enigmatic however; it is possible that they are those of (family member?) Hugh Fraser and, if this is so, then since he was admitted to the Company in 1749, the arrows may pre-date 1770 by some years.

Their preservation is something of a mystery; it was customary in England, and perhaps in Scotland too, for archers who performed some notable feat to preserve their arrows. Hugh Fraser won the Musselburgh arrow in 1758, and the Edinburgh Arrow in 1761 (Simon Fraser won the latter in 1774) and it is possible that the arrows measured for this article were kept to commemorate one of these occasions. But, this is mere speculation; what is not in dispute is their position amongst the earliest recreational arrows presently in private hands.

ARROWS 3 AND 4:

These arrows each bear the date 1802, and have strong connections with the "Woodmen of Arden." They are believed to have belonged to William Palmer who won the Silver Arrow in

that year (by four shots in 13 "ends") and are almost certainly older than the inscribed date. No Maker's name appears on them, but Thomas Waring the Elder was active at that time and they may be his work. There is an alternative possibility that they were made by an early member of the Thompson family, "hereditary" bowmakers to the Woodmen of Arden.

Palmer, of Coleshill, Warwickshire (England), was elected to membership of the Woodmen in 1786, a year after the (re) formation of that Society.

A feature of these two arrows is their deliberately helical fletching; their fletching profiles are similar to those of the 18th Century arrows described above, although they are not thought to be of Continental origin.

ARROWS 5 AND 6:

Arrows 5 and 6 also have connections with the Woodmen of Arden. They too are considered a pair, although they are not inscribed; they bear the cresting of the Reverend Charles Palmer, elected to membership of the Society in 1810. Although Charles Palmer won the Woodmen's Silver Arrow in 1815, and it is possible that these arrows reflect that

fact, they are endorsed with the figure "12" standing for 12 Roods (90 yards), the distance at which they would be shot; since however the Silver Arrow is shot for at 24 Roods, (or 180 yards) it would seem that they cannot be directly associated with this event and their pairing must for the time being remain a puzzle.

ARROW 7:

This arrow, inscribed 1821 and endorsed between the fletchings with the figure "14," is one of a pair which again may have been those with which the Woodmen of Arden Silver Arrow was won. They bear the cresting of William Gresley who was elected to membership in 1786, and who gained the Arrow in 1821.

The endorsement "4" is thought to relate to the weight of the arrow measured against silver coinage. The 350 grains of actual weight compares almost exactly with the 349.12 grains of 4 shillings in silver coin.

There is an outside possibility however that the figure represents 4 Roods (or 30 yards) the shortest of the Butt distances. (See also arrows 17 and 25 below).

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ARROW 8:

This arrow is interesting in that it indicates both the owner, and the exact date of the Event it is recording; ie (Lieut) Henry Ogle RN: 6th August 1830. All that is missing is the "raison d'être." It is possible that this was a "Prize Arrow," although it is equally likely that it was that with which Lt. OGLE scored either a Winning Hit, or perhaps the Most Central Gold.

Henry Ogle was a member of the South Saxon Archers who met and shot near Lewes in East Sussex, England between the 1820s and the 1840s.

Compare arrow No. 24. This is marked "H.O." and also belonged to Ogle; it is interesting in that it is "striated." Striation, or the grooving of the shaft, was believed by some archers of that time to prevent warping or "casting" and was a feature of shafts made by Thomas Waring the Younger who, although he remarked that it made no difference whatever, was first and fore-

most a business-man and respected the wishes of his customers.

ARROWS 9 THROUGH 16:

Arrows 9 through 16 were sold and presumably made (although this cannot be confirmed) by Robert Braggs of High Holborn, London. Braggs was primarily a maker of crossbows, although the writer does have one longbow by him in his collection. Braggs' Business address until 1838 was 36-37 High Holborn and this is consistent with the marking on the shafts.

The weight on each arrow is shown as "4(s) 9(d)." The actual weights are between 390 and 395 grains, an excellent consistency for barrelled shafts.

ARROW 17:

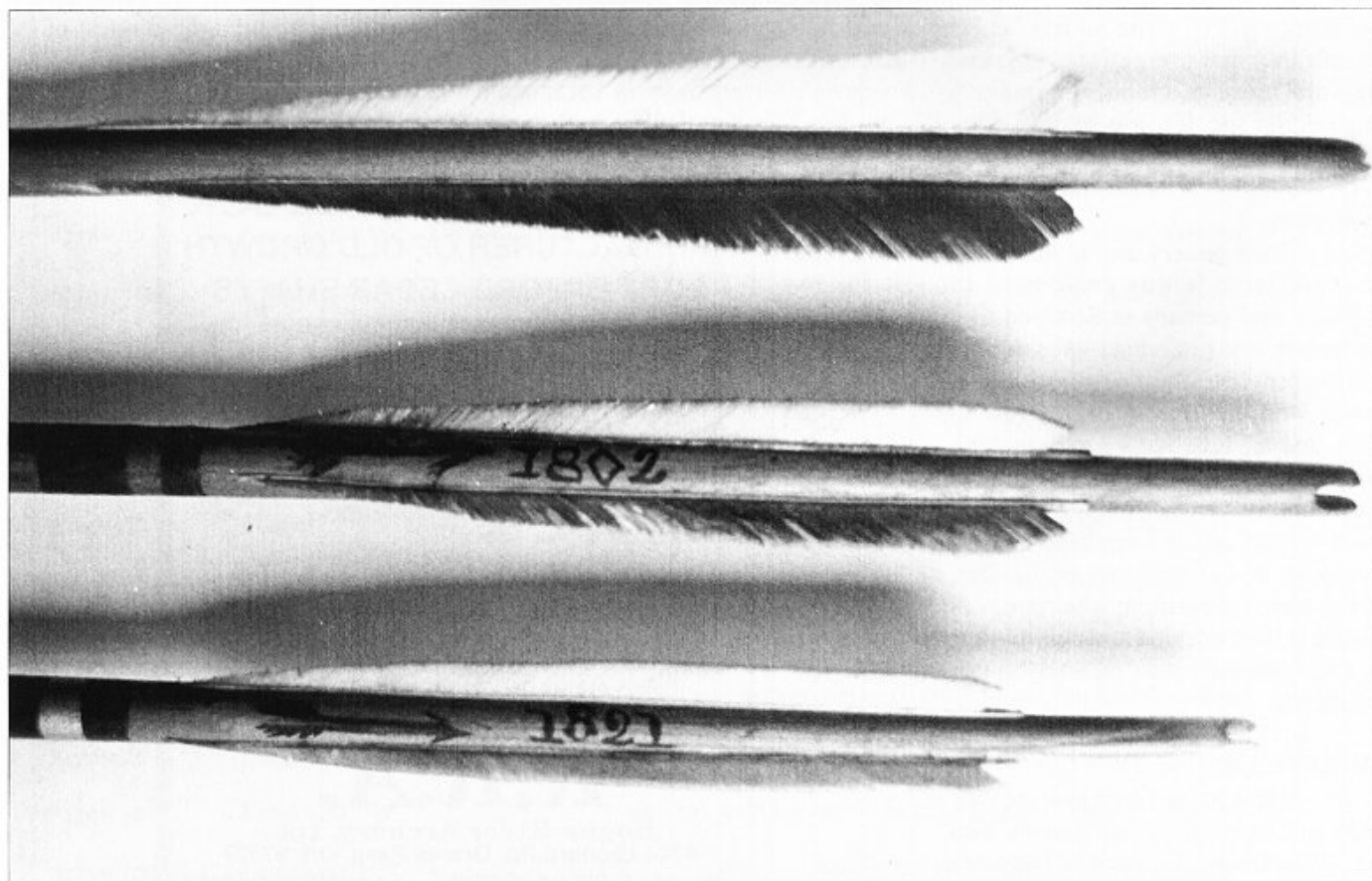
Arrows number 17 and 25 (below) are each marked "4," and average 397 grains. This weight equates with 4(s) 6(d) on the post-1816 scale of coinage weight (7.27 grains to one

penny) and to 4(s) 6(d) on the pre-1816 scale, of 7.74 grains. Neither is exact, and one may therefore look perhaps at "4" as indicating usage; four roods (or 30 yards) being as mentioned above, the shortest of the Butt distances shot at that time. However, see also the average weight of those marked "12."

ARROW 18:

Number 18 is truly an enigma. Marked 9(s) 6(d), and weighing around 900 grains, it is by far the heaviest "antique" arrow in the writer's extensive collection. With a pile diameter in excess of .400", or around 7/16", its profile is more akin to that of a battle-shaft than a recreational arrow, and begs the question of where and for what purpose it was made—and by whom!

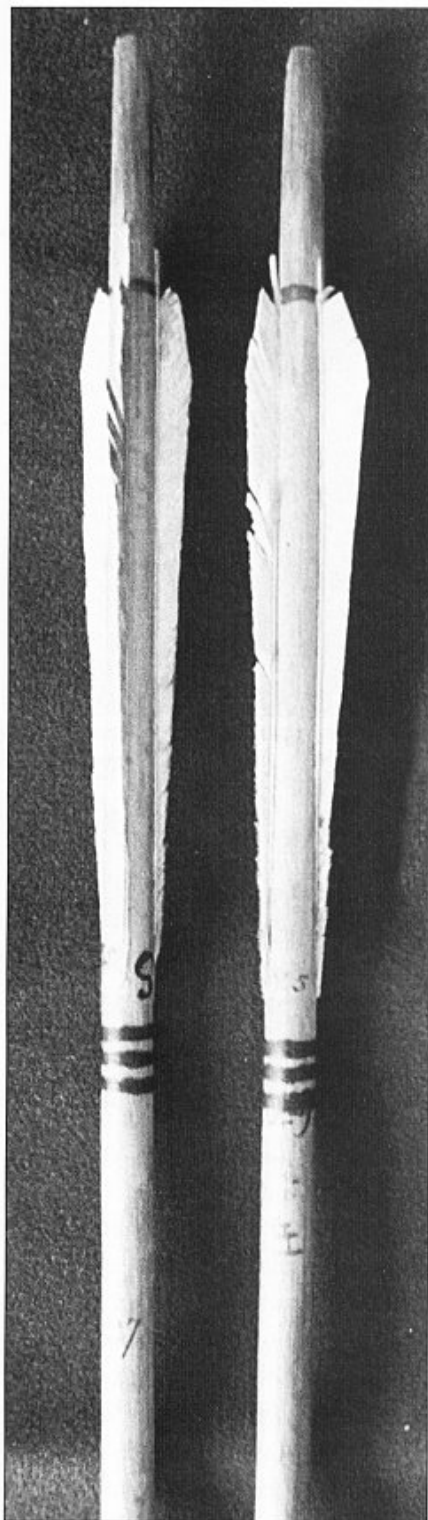
With little to guide, other than a presumed Northern origin, the writer believes that it might be the product of a Manchester bowyer/fletcher, and suggests the possibility of either Kelsall, or



Close-up photo showing the nock and fletching styles of early 19th-century target arrows.

perhaps Pilkington, each of whom was active in the late 18th century.

As to its purpose, it might be of the same kin as the heavy (by implication) "fore-hand, or 'butt' shaft"



Scottish arrows, circa 1770. (Royal Company of Archers connections)

which Shakespeare's "Old Double" would shoot for distance. (Henry IV Pt2.Act3.Sc2)

ARROW 19:

Arrows number 19 and 20 to 23 (below) are (with the exception of No 20) marked either "12" or "16." As with numbers 5 and 6 above, which are similarly endorsed, this is an indication of use rather than weight (12 roods = 90 yards, and 16 roods = 120 yards). As an aside, the "Northern" rood of 7 1/2 yards in length, was distinct from the "Southern" rood which measured 5 1/2 yards. (cf a cricket pitch which, at 22 yards is four "Southern" roods). Sixteen roods equates to the maximum of the four regular contemporary Butt distances.

ARROWS 26, 27, AND 28

Arrows 26, 27, and 28 are 16th century battle-shafts and have been included for purposes of general comparison. Their dimensions have been adduced from technical drawings however, and although broadly accurate must be regarded with some caution.

ARROWS 26 AND 26.1

These arrows are understood to show the same shaft before and after conservation. If this is so, and the drawings are relatively accurate, one to the other, then there has been a significant loss of mass.

Whether the reduced mass of a conserved shaft can be said to represent its true original state is a matter for conjecture, but on the face of things, there does now seem some logical reason where none has been apparent so far, for the inordinate delay by the Mary-Rose Trust in publishing arrow data.

That apart, what are the conclusions from this mass of data? Well, the first and perhaps the only relevance, is in the disparity between arrows of two-hundred years ago, and "traditionally made" arrows of today. The comparison of like with like is interesting and revealing. So, let's compare.

We'll start with the material of which each is made. Modern arrow-makers generally use P.O.C. (port orford cedar to the uninitiated). Ancient fletcher-

ers used birch, spruce, even poplar; woods indigenous to Britain. Footings were not of greenheart as are today's, but of boxwood, or sometimes even the same wood as the shaft, and never more than "two-point." Philip Rounseville's "three-pointers" were a century and a half away.

We use turned piles, and make shafts to fit them. They used brazed-piles, and personalized these to the shafts.

Most modern arrows have parallel profiles; older shafts are more often barrelled, or breasted. Dimensionally we have standardized between 5/16" and 11/32" but vary our lengths. Their diameters altered significantly from arrow to arrow, but their lengths were stable between 27" and 28".

Our fletchings are mainly "shield shaped;" theirs were invariably long, low, and triangular. We use plastic nocks; they used horn slivers, or latterly, half-horn nocks.

So, in desperation you say, what IS there in common between shafts of two-hundred years ago and ours of today? The form of archery in which they were used? Sad to disappoint you, but target apart, mostly wrong again. We bowhunt, or shoot at "stumps," or "field." They shot at "butts," or for distance at the "clout." Two-hundred years ago, those who hunted used the cross-bow.

Almost the sole likeness between the arrow of yesteryear and today was its role: to serve its master, the archer. That is the affinity which links one to the other across the years. Long may the purity of that purpose remain with us.



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

An Old Hunter's First Buck

by Charles A. McDonald



For two seasons I had waited for a buck and paid my dues with does. Finally, I decided to go West and try my luck. In Glendive, Montana, I met my hunting partners Paul Brunner, Roger Rea, and John Petrone—all veteran whitetail hunters.

It was October. I was bowhunting whitetails 13 miles north of the agricultural town of Glendive, in Dawson County. The beautiful and classic American river, the 670-mile cantankerous Yellowstone is marked by the gnarly cottonwoods that line the shifting river banks with their fluttering gold.

In 1996, more whitetails had been harvested in Montana by hunters than mule deer. Here in this area, the whitetails are found mostly in the thick brushy areas near and on the islands in the river system. The Yellowstone meanders northeast through the country before emptying into the Missouri River just across the North Dakota border. In eastern Montana, the previous winter had not been as hard on the whitetails as on the deer in the rest of the state.

The scenery was glorious. I could see broken ground, the red stone shale that dotted the crumbling slopes, cut by a hundred narrow slashes of erosion scars running down the side of the buttes. Montana had not yet had its first frost and the fall colors were just beginning.

I was soon staring at the beautiful prairie landscape and surrounding pale ridges under the brilliant hues of blue sky. The shorter days had sparked the leaf change. There was a palette of colors. Yellow is from the giant white-limbed cottonwoods, boxelders, ash, elms, and the chokecherry. Bits of emerald-green dotted the rugged broken countryside in stands of fragrant cedar and juniper among the deep ravines and coulees. Red from the sumac and dogwood marked the timbered banks and grassy valley of the Yellowstone.

I had checked this area with a topo map and aerial photo, and both the mental picture and scouting of the area convinced me that this was an ideal deer crossing. The island was used as a bedding area. The afternoon was now bright and still, and I felt good about my stand selection.

I was in my afternoon stand by 4 O'clock. It was a good one; the large cottonwood tree offered me plenty of concealment with its foliage and shadow in my background to keep me from being skylined. Several well-used deer trails passed immediately below on both sides of the tree. The ground was littered with many fresh tracks. I sat in a cathedral of anticipation.

I heard only the mournful sound of the wind as it sighed through the long shadows of the trees. Then I vaguely

heard the bickering of coyotes passing by and the high-pitched yips of the younger ones in the undetermined distance. They had been answered by an eerie feral chorus further away.

I watched a flock of twenty-two turkeys work slowly past my stand toward their roost about 100 yards behind me. The hens made considerable noise as some scooted about with their constant chattering.

I listened to them talk, and knew that as long as they did so, I was not detected by their keen eyes or good hearing. I also knew that the deer would find their faint yelps and clucks reassuring.

After they were out of my sight, I listened to them fly into their roost.

My eyes were now working ceaselessly to see into the better-lit portions of the darkness and make out every shadowy, indistinct form. Something

From behind me came the distinct closing sound of whispered crunching in the leaf litter. Something moved steadily closer. I saw and heard movement in the thick, dry brush and crisp, newly-fallen leaves. Two large does were moving toward my stand.

The deer were barely visible against the dark backdrop of the trees in the dim light. As they moved closer, their sil-

The deer were barely visible against the dark backdrop of the trees in the dim light.

houettes became easier to detect. I watched three deer closely. I worried and wondered if my old, stiff fingers and numbed arms could draw the bow smoothly. I half-drew the bow and then

drifted into my consciousness. I slowly stood up, with bow in my left hand, and raised my seat slowly. I stared down, listening intently and my senses, suddenly on alert, caused me not to move.

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slowly let the tension ease working the stiffness out of my drawing arm. The lead doe stopped. There was a long pause.

I watched the three deer in my peripheral vision, and saw antlers on one of them. It was a small antlered buck with four points.

Hopefully, the kill should be fast and sure. My arrow was a cedar shaft with barred turkey fletching and a sharp magnus broadhead. The buck moved forward. The shaft flew straight and punctuated the silence with a dull thump. I had even seen the hide wink at me as the arrow disappeared and air

escaped. It passed completely through the buck slightly off target. The shot was high and slightly back. I had allowed my bow arm to wander. The angle was good. I felt certain I had hit the liver and one lung.

The buck exploded into motion, lunging slightly forward, leaped, and gave a quick kick. Then he leapt away from where he had been standing. The arrow had completely penetrated the deer's upper chest. As I watched his posture, he turned quickly away from my stand, in a shower of leafy humus into the hardwood, back hunched up. He trotted north with his head up, unsure of what

had happened. Then he turned and walked back the way he had entered the clearing and was out of my sight.

I waited, watched, and listened. Eventually, I saw the two does enter the creek bed and cross to the alfalfa field to feed. There was still enough light to check the ground where the buck had stood, enough light to find and recover my arrow. Slowly and quietly I came down from my stand and stepped off the distance to where the buck had been—fifteen feet away. There was no blood trail. I then recovered my arrow, sticking angled out of the ground. I checked the shaft. The arrow was completely cov-



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ered with bright red blood. I also examined the feathered fletching carefully. I quietly left the area. I would return with two friends in a few hours to try trailing the deer in the dark.

We searched for a trail and found one drop of blood. We marked it. We made the hard decision to call it off for the night. I was not discouraged because I knew I had made a good hit. However, I knew too well that to leave the deer overnight could result in the loss of the meat to coyotes.

The early crystalline morning brightened the meadows, however, on the distant horizon we were greeted with low, dark-layered stratus clouds that had a damp look to them. The first thing we saw from a distance, approaching the river crossing was a coyote coming up the draw from the island in the river. It turned back down the trail and disap-



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peared. We had to find the deer today or the coming rain would wash any sign left away.

I saw and heard nothing. However, Roger found another spot of blood right off and I was now happy that we had the starting point of our trail. The blood trail was spotty, almost non-existent, but it was there. We took up a position, keeping it between ourselves and the direction of the sun. Sign such as tracks or disturbed leaf litter is more easily seen when it is between you and the sun.

Roger Rea remained squatted, never leaving the blood trail, his eyes continually searching for another bit of blood trail to unravel the most likely route of passage into the surrounding thickets. Finding a spot of blood and marking it with a fallen tree branch, he took several steps until he found another. This developed our search routine. Paul

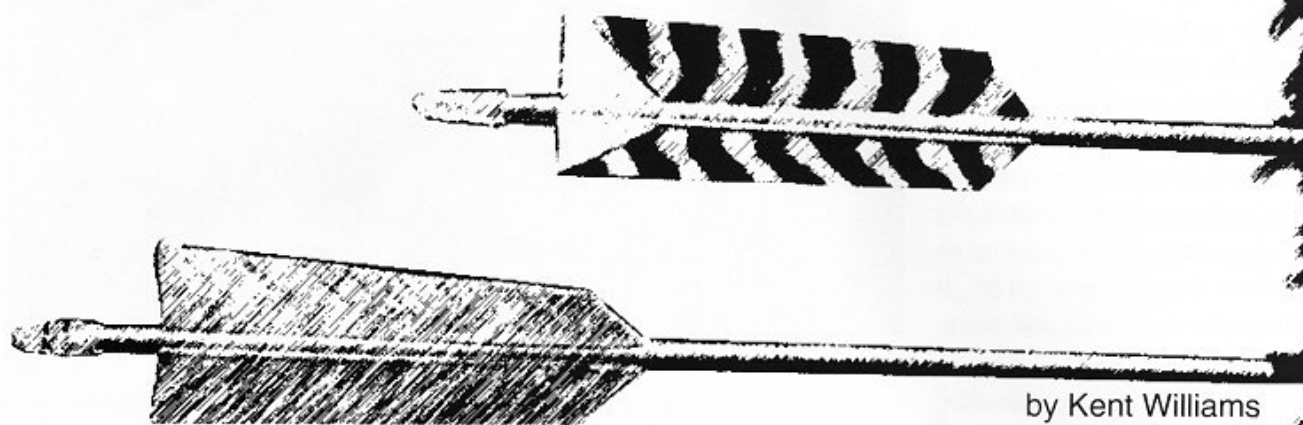
Brunner ranged ahead slightly, using logical deduction and guessing the line of travel.

After an hour's work, a whistled signal from Paul indicated that he had found a place where the bleeding became heavier and the blood trail was becoming better. I located Paul thirty yards away. I knelt and caught sight of the alarmed flight of a small bird. Then I saw the shadow-dappled body and white belly hair of the deer stretched out dead. The buck was sixty yards from my tree-stand, half-eaten by coyotes.

Both Roger and Paul were determined, patient, and perceptive in following a trail. The traditional values and discipline of the primitive and ancient art of traditional archery still live on.



Arrow Penetration



by Kent Williams

“Speed kills!” So proclaimed the advertisement in a contemporary archery magazine. It spanned two full pages and was a real attention getter, but was it true?

Well, it is true for automobiles, amphetamines, bullets, and even arrows. Arrows? Yup, but we have to define the parameters when we get into arrows. It is true that, for a given arrow weight, a faster arrow will penetrate greater than a slower arrow, all other things being equal. It's also true, that for an archer using sights, a faster arrow provides a flatter trajectory which decreases aiming error. In both cases the faster arrow would be more potentially lethal.

What the advertisement implies, however, is that a faster arrow is more lethal than a heavier (slower) arrow when launched from the same bow.

Ballistic Comparison: To better explore and understand this issue, let's take an informal look at rifle exterior and terminal ballistics. In rifle ballistics, speed plays two important roles. In exterior ballistics, (from the end of the barrel to the target) speed provides a flatter trajectory and therefore potentially less aiming error. In terminal ballistics (what a bullet does in

the target), a faster non-expanding projectile will penetrate deeper than a slower non-expanding projectile of the same weight.

But “wait,” you say, “*what if the slower projectile is heavier than the faster projectile?*” In both exterior and terminal ballistics, there is a term that ballistic experts use to determine how well a non-expanding projectile should penetrate through the air and in the target medium. It's called “Ballistic Coefficient.” Basically, ballistic coefficient is made up of two parts. The first part addresses the shape of the projectile as it relates to how streamlined it is and the second is related to how wide and how long it is.

For our discussion we will be looking at the second part which is called “Sectional Density.” Basically, sectional density describes how much a projectile weighs in relation to its cross sectional area. In other words, a projectile of “X” diameter that weighs a lot has a higher sectional density than the a projectile of the same diameter that weighs less. OK, that's fine, but how does that relate to penetration? Well, I'm glad you asked, because it indeed plays an important role.

USING RIFLES TO UNDERSTAND ARROW PENETRATION

Let's assume that you will be comparing the penetration of two different bullets in your trusty .30-06. The first will be a 110 grain bullet and the second will be a 220-grain bullet; both non expanding. Let's say that they both will be fired into a big chunk of ballistic gelatin that is sufficiently thick to insure that there will be no over penetration. Because of the limiting factor of permissible (maximum safe) chamber pressure, the 110 grain bullet will be traveling at over 3,000 feet per second while the 220 grain bullet will be traveling about 2,400 feet per second. Lets also say that they are both equally streamlined (same nose and base configuration).

Basically, the same thing occurs in both their passage through the air and in the target medium. The lighter bullet, because of its lower weight, will shed its velocity faster than the heavier bullet. This means that the lighter bullet will have lost more speed as it passed through the air than did the heavier bullet. In the target, however, this is much more pronounced with the result being that the wound channel for the lighter bullet is significantly shorter than the wound channel of the heavier bullet, even though the heavier bullet arrived at a lower velocity. That's simply observed phenomena, but why? Well, the answer can be found in the areas of both Kinetic Energy (KE) and Momentum (M) as they relate to sectional density. The formulas are as follows: $KE = MV^2$ and $M = MV$ where M is the mass of the projectile and V is the velocity. Without getting into the formulas for both, I believe that I can safely say that velocity plays a much greater role in the development of KE than does the weight (mass) of a projectile. Therefore the 110 grain bullet arriving at the target at a much higher velocity possesses significantly higher KE than does the slower, longer, heavier 220 grain bullet. What happens though, is that because of the 110's low sectional density (weight as compared to cross-sectional area) it slows down quite rapidly, thereby providing a rapid "kinetic energy dump." The result is a short, wide wound channel. The heavier bullet, however, arrives at a lower velocity,

but because of its high sectional density tends to decelerate (slow down) more slowly. This results in a longer, narrower wound channel.

Momentum on the other hand, considers both speed and weight (mass) on equal footing, and in my opinion, better describes what occurs with hunting arrows. Again, using the .30-06 as an example, the 110 grain arrives at a much higher velocity and after entering the test medium, sheds its velocity rapidly because of its low sectional density, while the longer, heavier, slower 220 grain again slows down to a lesser degree, thereby providing a longer wound channel.

SECTIONAL DENSITY AND ARROW PENETRATION

Whether we use kinetic energy or momentum to help in describing what happens, the result is the same. Deep penetration is the result of a projectile with high sectional density. That's why folks who hunt large dangerous game such as Cape Buffalo choose heavy bullets and arrows, not light, fast ones. They need good penetration if they are to return home in one piece.

To see how this principle works in fact, I used two different 1816 arrows that were 27 inches in length. One was a normal air-filled 1816 that weighed 414 grains while the other was filled with mineral oil and weighed 694 grains. They were both shot from a 55-pound Martin Mamba through the chronograph screens. At one yard the velocity of the air-filled version was 144 feet per second while the oil-filled arrow cleared the chronograph screens at 118 feet per second (with a 25-inch draw length).

When they were both repeatedly fired into a new straw bale the heavier arrow consistently out penetrated the

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lighter arrow. (I know, straw is not the same as a big game animal, but please understand just how difficult it is to get a deer to stand still for repeated test shots.) The answer here again is that the heavier arrow has a significantly higher "sectional density" than the lighter arrow.

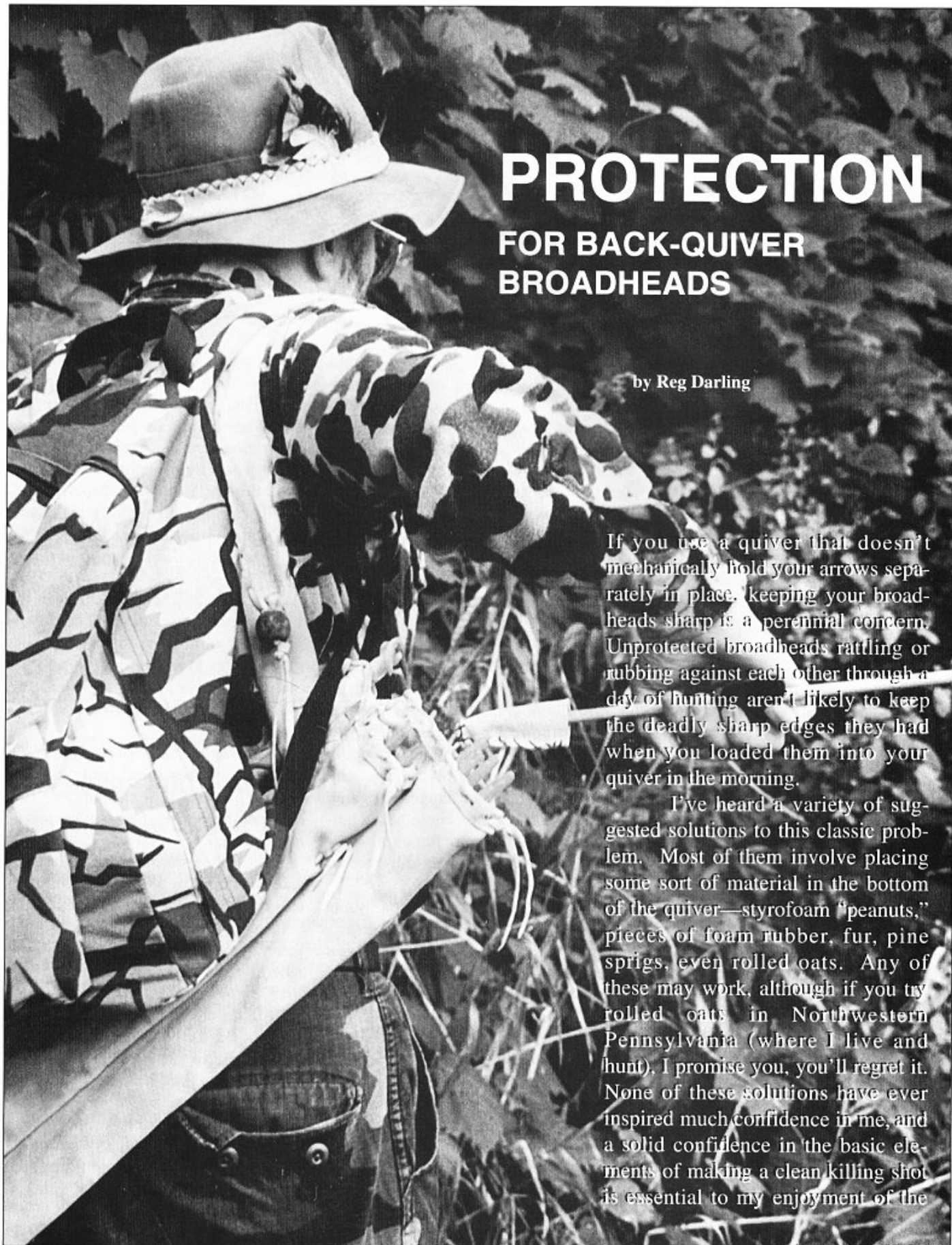
What's very interesting is that the lighter arrow flew 18% faster than the heavier arrow, even though the heavier arrow weighed 40% more! How could that be? The answer lies in the area of "bow efficiency." The bow is somehow able to apply more of its stored energy to the heavier arrow than it can to the lighter arrow. That's why we feel less vibration when we shoot a heavier arrow.

Well, does speed really kill? Or should I say does speed really kill better? I believe that the answer is a resounding no when penetration, per se, is considered.

When considering those who take longer shots using sights on their bows, however, the answer is less clear, because an accurate shot that hits the mark due to the flatter trajectory provided by the light, fast arrow is better than a poor shot made with a heavy, high-arching arrow.

On the other hand, those of us who choose to shoot our bows instinctively and are not troubled by the arc of a heavy arrow once we have become accustomed to its trajectory, can benefit greatly from the use of heavy arrows for big game hunting because of increased penetration, increased bow efficiency, and the reduced handshock that heavy arrows provide.





PROTECTION

FOR BACK-QUIVER BROADHEADS

by Reg Darling

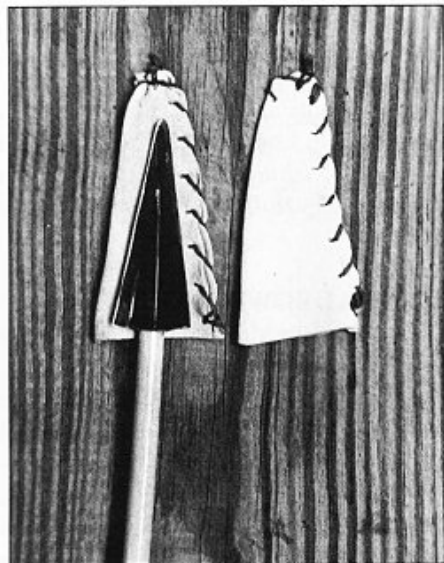
If you use a quiver that doesn't mechanically hold your arrows separately in place, keeping your broadheads sharp is a perennial concern. Unprotected broadheads rattling or rubbing against each other through a day of hunting aren't likely to keep the deadly sharp edges they had when you loaded them into your quiver in the morning.

I've heard a variety of suggested solutions to this classic problem. Most of them involve placing some sort of material in the bottom of the quiver—styrofoam "peanuts," pieces of foam rubber, fur, pine sprigs, even rolled oats. Any of these may work, although if you try rolled oats in Northwestern Pennsylvania (where I live and hunt), I promise you, you'll regret it. None of these solutions have ever inspired much confidence in me, and a solid confidence in the basic elements of making a clean killing shot is essential to my enjoyment of the

hunt. Loose material in the bottom of a quiver will certainly reduce blade-to-blade contact, but it won't eliminate it.

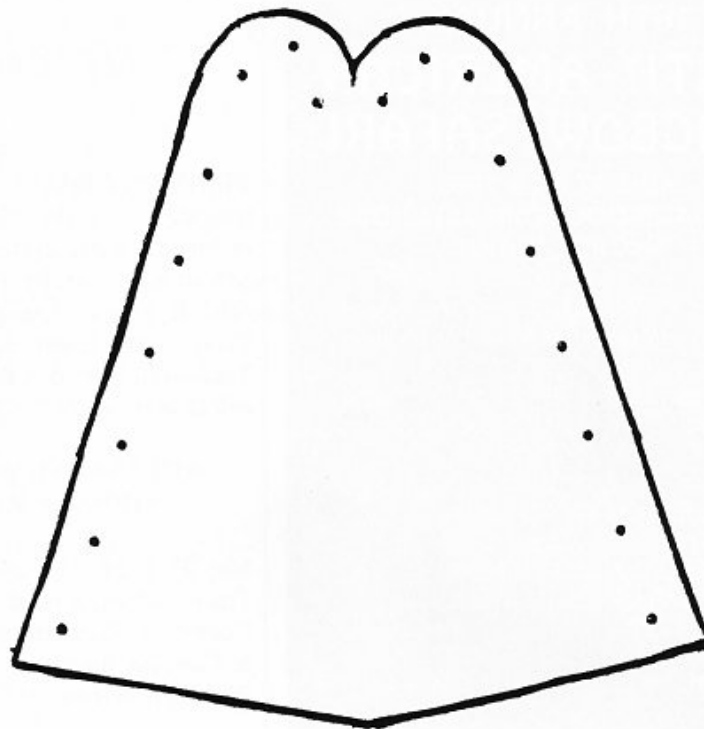
The only fully satisfactory solution I've found is Jay Massey's suggestion in *The Traditional Bowyer's Bible*: loose fitting, individual covers for each broadhead. They provide complete protection for the broadhead, slip off inside the quiver when you draw an arrow, and they're easy to make.

I carry a few extras in my pocket. When I return an arrow to my quiver, I simply put a new cover on it.



On a particularly action-packed day I may have to stop and empty out the old covers to make room in the bottom of my quiver, or replenish the supply in my pocket. Days like that only come once or twice per season. I also keep an extra supply of covers permanently stashed in the bottom of my day pack, a hedge against the vagaries of my early morning memory.

The pattern shown in the illustrations is what I use for Grizzly broadheads. On several occasions I've given a handful of my covers to friends (and my father) who have used them without complaint on 130-grain Pearson Deadheads, Bear Razorheads (without the inserts), and Wolverines. However, the photo above illustrates how the size and shape of the broadhead relate to the pattern; use this as a guide to custom fit your covers to your broadheads. Although my Grizzly pattern may work



Actual-size template for leather "Grizzly" broadhead covers. Modify as needed to match other styles of broadheads.

acceptably with many different broadheads, conscious attention to functional details matters—cultivated as a general attitude, it makes everything work better. Isn't such cultivation one of the basic reasons why so many of us are drawn to the making of our own equipment? So, unless you use Grizzlies or something very similar, take my pattern as only a suggested starting point and revisualize in terms of your own broadhead.

Any fairly soft, pliable leather will do. Since making good use of the hides of the deer I kill goes hand-in-hand with eating the meat, I always have an abundance of deerskin scraps that can be salvaged for broadhead covers. I've also used goat skin and even garment leather from an old coat with good results.

A 12-inch length of thread is ample for sewing one cover. I use waxed linen thread because it's durable and I have lots of leftover scraps from other projects. Heavy waxed threads are also much easier to handle than the light, unwaxed threads one would use in a sewing machine. HINT: Double the stitching at the tip of the cover to ensure that the point of the broadhead doesn't poke through.

Keep in mind that the type of quiver you use may also have some effect on how you fit the leather covers to your broadheads. I use a soft, deer-skin, Lakota-style quiver which I wear at a slight angle across my lower back so the arrow nocks are just behind my right elbow (I'm right handed). A quiver made of stiffer leather might be less effective in stripping off the broadhead cover as the arrow is drawn. On the other hand, with a quiver worn more vertically, covers that are too loose might tend to fall off enroute as you return an arrow to your quiver.

As with any piece of equipment, try out your broadhead covers before you take them hunting. You may have to experiment a little to find the fit that best suits your broadhead/quiver combination. Keep those broadheads sharp!



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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.

STRICTLY STICKS

2nd Annual Traditional 3-D shoot. June 13-14, 1998. East Huntingdon Sportsmens Club, Alverton PA. Call Scott Mitchell (724)547-7459. Realistic Distances, McKenzie Targets, Practice Range, Eagle Eye Qualifier, Novelty Shots, Swap Meet, Indoor Restrooms, Door Prizes, Nearby Lodging, Vendor Tables, Primitive Camping, Food and Pop.

The United States National Archery Association FLIGHT CHAMPIONSHIPS

Bonneville Flight Range - Wendover, UT August 14, 15, 16, 1998. U.S. National Archery Association Membership is Required in Order to Compete. The Bonneville Flight Range is located approximately four and one half miles Northeast of Wendover, UT. Take the "Bonneville Speedway" exit off I-80 to the range. \$25.00 to enter a maximum of 8 classes. 4 regular flight and 4 broadhead flight. Of your choice. Individual classes are \$5.00 each. \$32.00 for adult membership that includes the "Archery Focus" magazine and the "Nock Nock" publication. Call or write to Rulon I. Hancock, N.A.A. Flight Committee Secretary/Treasurer, 2782 McClelland St., Salt Lake City UT 84106-2238, (801)467-3084, if you require additional information.

(continues on next page)

Traditional Event Schedule (continued)

FIRST ANNUAL POKE & HOPE RENDEZVOUS

The Maine Traditional Archers (MTA) will hold the First Annual Poke & Hope Rendezvous, in Durham, Maine on July 11 and 12. The "Durham Rod & Gun Club" will host the event at its club and range facility located on Route 136 in Durham, Maine. The event will be two days of non-competitive traditional shooting an fun. The event will feature: 60 3-D targets, small-game course, shoot-em-up course, novelties (bring flu-flu's), Raccoon Shoot, limited, primitive camping on site (call for availability), camp grounds within 15 minutes. The highlight of the shoot will be the MTA Shoot Out Finals, the winner gets a custom longbow by "Lost Nation Archery" Allenstown, New Hampshire (603-485-4900). The rendezvous is 15 minutes from Freeport, Maine which is home of L.L. Bean's four-story factory store and other sea coast attractions which include many factory outlets, restaurants (great seafood) rocky-coast line, lighthouses, etc. For an

information package call or write: Maine Traditional Archers, C/O Bob Jacobson, 2179 Eastern Rd, Warren, ME 04864 (207)273-2235. For camping reservations call or write: Maine Traditional Archers C/O Kevin Grogan, 49 Highland Ave., South Berwick, ME 03908, (207)384-3237

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MAY 30TH & 31ST, 1998

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If you are attending the Safari this year, come two days early (June 25 and 26), and spend some quality time camping, making kids' bows, and having fun with that special child in your life. The skills and knowledge you both obtain, and the bonds you strengthen, will last a lifetime.

Call Dean Torges at (614) 666-2861 to register—to ensure quality instruction, the class is limited to 30 children accompanied by adults. Dean will supply the staves, strings, and some tools, all you need to bring are rasps, spokeshaves, scrapers, jersey gloves, and a desire to learn the skills necessary to "arm the neighborhood."

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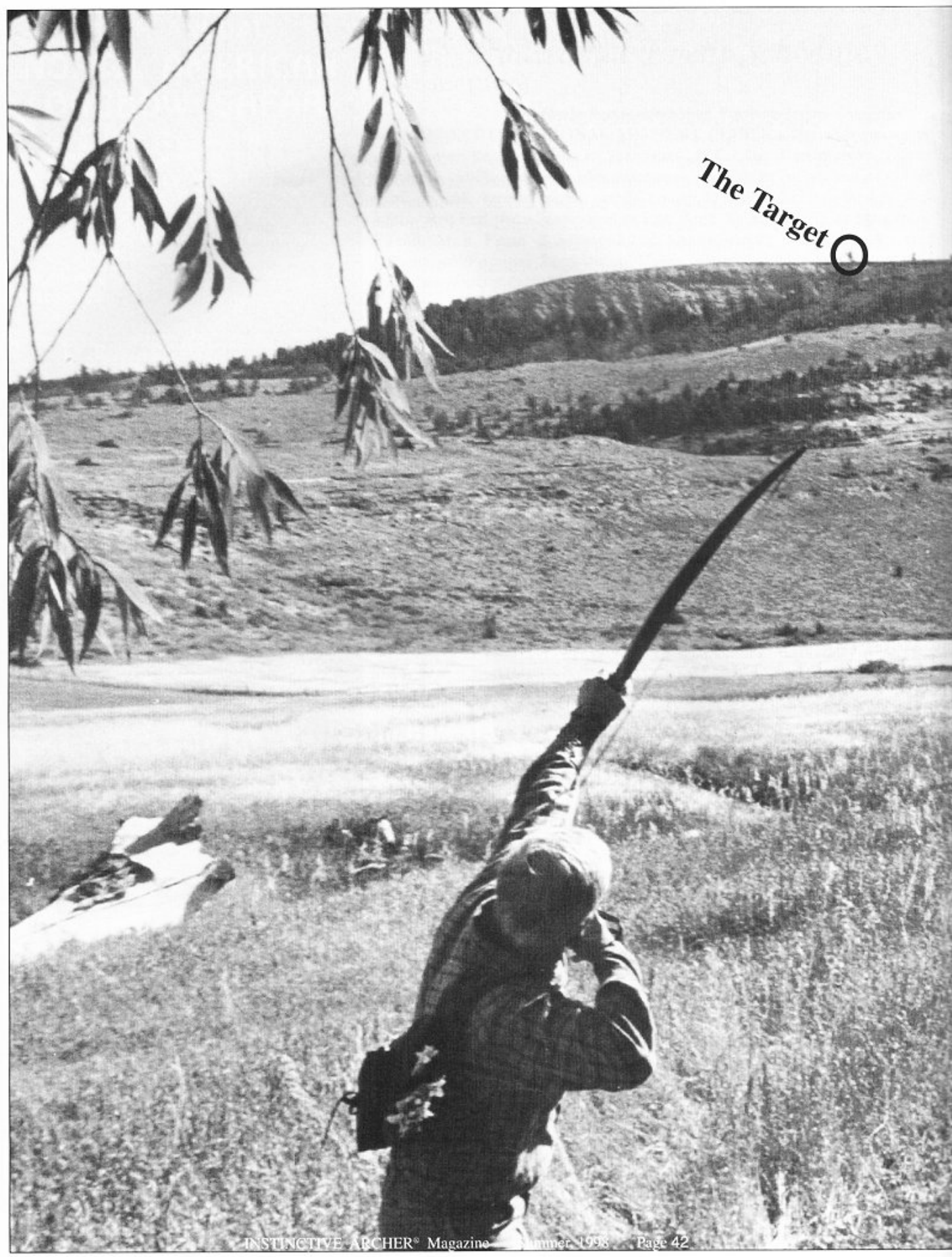
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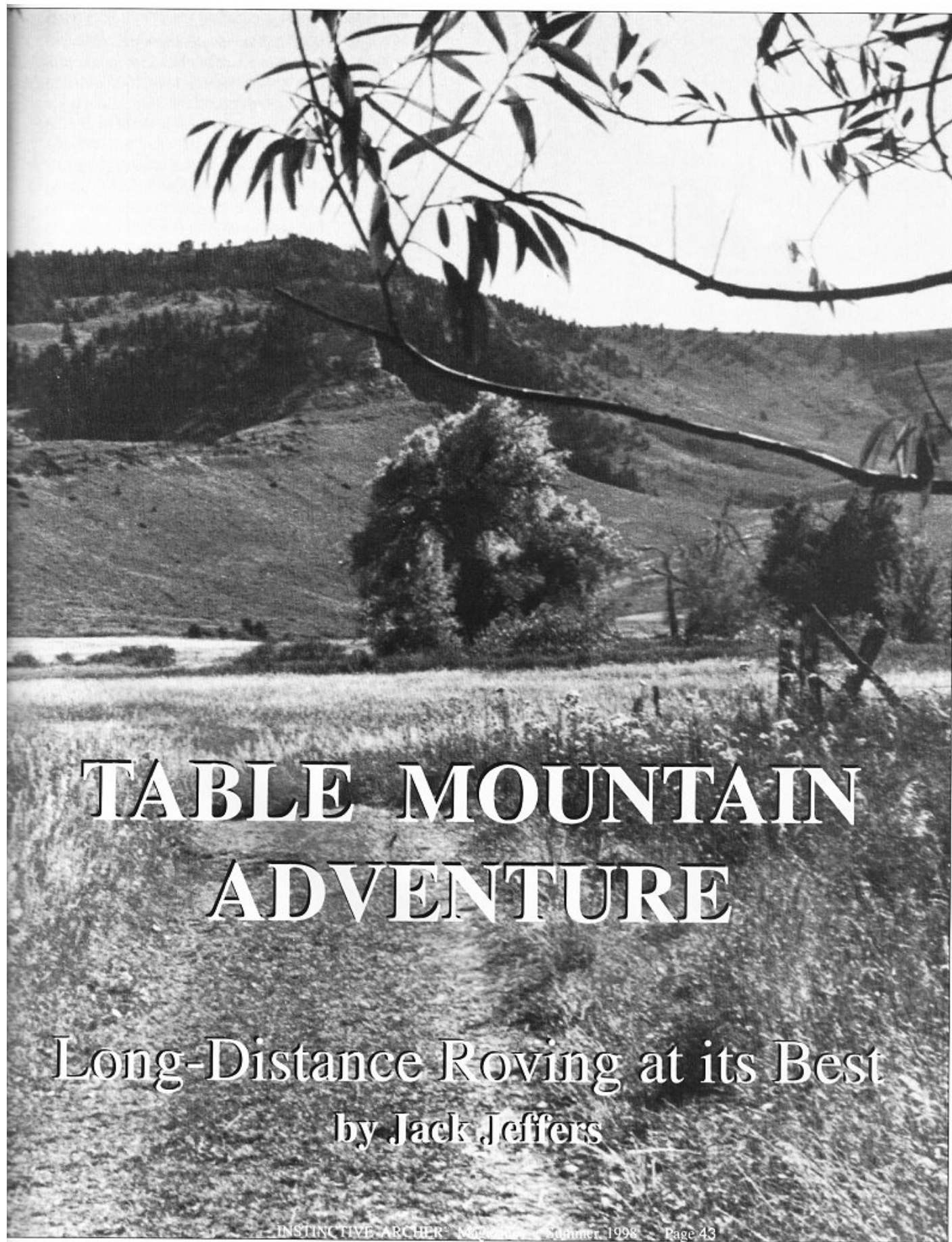
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The Wind River Archery Range, located just west of Lander, Wyoming, has to be one of the most beautiful roving sites in the country. It's one Lander's best-kept secrets, surrounded by foot hills, high peaks, and bordered by the Popo Agie River.

During the summer of 1997 my friend John Walker and I were shooting the range when I stopped and looked across the red cliffs to Table Mountain. I'd been thinking about this venture for some time so I said to John, "*How many shots do you think it would take from here to put an arrow on the top of Table Mountain?*" I think John's initial reaction was that I was nuts. Certainly judging from the silence and expression on his face he had doubts about my sanity. He was about to say something but I continued my conversation by pointing to a small speck of a lonely tree that barely stood out against the mountain's upper skyline. "*More specifically,*" I said, "*how about shooting for that tree.*" "*Hell,*" John said, "*that must be a mile and half up there. It would probably take between twenty and twenty-five arrows.*"

I was thinking more like twelve, so I said, "*John, I bet I could make it up there with ten.*" The subject rested for a spell after that, but ever so often I'd bring the matter up because by now I was getting serious about going for it, and from John's reactions I think he was ready to join in, if for no other reason than to get me off his back. Toward the end of July I asked John to set a date for the Table Mountain Adventure. He said we'd do it on October 15, but we later settled on October 14 so that my wife Pat could join us for the

fun of the climb and to act as an extra spotter. Pat is becoming an excellent traditional archer and uses an old 35-lb osage that I made back in the early fifties.

John looked over at me while shooting on the range that day and said, "*Jack, there is no way you'll make that distance with those field arrows.*" My reply was that I hadn't said anything about what sort of arrows I would be using.

How many of you readers have ever treated yourselves to a round of archery golf? Probably very few of you, because it's virtually a thing of the past, and most golf courses are so crowded these days that it would be difficult to get permission. The answer to this problem is to take archery golf to the open range and apply the same guidelines and techniques.

In the photo below I show a variety of arrows which I designed or modified to make this shoot possible. Instead of drivers and a variety of chipping irons, you make yourself a variety of flight arrows right down to large multi-fletched shafts for shorter shots and shooting over blind ridges or trees. This adventure opened the doors for making a lot of seldom-used arrows, plus it became a major project which occupied our interests for a number of weeks prior to the actual shoot. Half the fun in preparing for such an event is just thinking about it and making special equipment.

When I made my original estimate of how many arrows it would take, it was basically based on eyeball distances and how I would approach the final Table Mountain plateau. We had three visible ridges that we would have to negotiate in some way, but from a distance it did not seem all



An experienced rover's quiver will hold several different types of arrows, each for a different type of shot. Here is an assortment of the author's roving arrows.

that bad. There appeared to be an approachable slope to every ridge. I was also taking into account that I had a second hip replacement (reconstruction) some years back and I had physical limitations to think about. My muscles had not come back, and there was only about fifteen to twenty degrees of actual flex in the joint. I was going to take the direct approach and make it to the base of the final cliff just in front of the target tree. I was gambling that I could lob my final arrow(s) up and over the cliff and come as close as possible to the tree and large boulder resting right beside it.

During the final weeks John and I experimented with flight arrows, and I figured we'd have at least fifty percent breakage on rocks.

This meant that we would have to have a full quiver of multipurpose shafts. In fact, when it came to designing a flight arrow we had to make an arrow that would not go too far because if we lost sight of it we had no reference point. In our terrain and vegetation it would be easy to lose. Plus, who knows what is over the next ridge. It could be a five-hundred-foot gorge.

The feathers must be brightly colored, and the arrows must stick up in the sage brush. Therefore, we elected to shoot one or more arrows and pick the best of the lot for the next shot. The arrow that worked best was the first to the left in the photo on the previous page. It was a light 5/16ths, tapered cedar shaft with a 40-grain bullet point (a thin, 30-caliber jacket minus the lead, war vintage). Errett Callahan had given me a handful the last time we met in Virginia. I figured some day I might find a use for them.

Time and again I'd scanned the approach with field glasses and the game plan remained the same. I had no intention of climbing the mountain beforehand to check it out. That would spoil much of the challenge and adventure. About a week before the big event we checked with the land owner and got his



The challenge begins. The first two shots were critical because they must set us up for the long climb up the first ridge.

permission to hike the property. I had one question regarding what we could not see beyond the first line of red rock cliffs. How deep was the cut on the other

have to make a bit of an end run and hope to place our arrows in good positions for the following shots.

We arrived at the site about 10 a.m.. A beautiful Wyoming day. We all had water and fanny packs with extra provisions to get us through a long day. It would take us four hours to make the ascent, and another three to get back down the mountain.

The first two shots were critical

because they must set us up for the long climb up the first ridge. Our arrows were perfect, and we let fly. They landed in the far corner of the field as planned. It was the next shot that put me a pace behind John because we had to shoot diagonally and get up on top of the red rock cliff. If we fell short, we would definitely be a shot down.

Estimating distances on long expanses of open range is also difficult, as is gaining a hundred or so feet in elevation per shot. John was using a fifty

It would take us four hours to make the ascent, and another three to get back down the mountain.

side of the first ridge? He said it was a five-hundred-foot gorge. This posed a potential problem, so one day we hiked across the field and climbed over the red rock cliff and peered into the canyon. It was an easy slope down but we were faced with what appeared to be a four to five hundred foot sheer cliff on the far side. This meant that we'd have to follow the ridge in the foreground up to a rock pillar to the right and traverse it to the left to the partially open field above. Instead of a direct approach we would



I only broke one arrow on the entire adventure. It was on this shot that my arrow smashed into a large, strategically placed rock.

pound laminated longbow of his design. I was using a forty-three pounder of similar design. John is a superb bowyer and like me, enjoys the thrill of watching an arrow fly over vast distances and falling to earth in one piece. Much nicer, of course, is to have it land where you intended.

John cleared the cliff at a perfect angle and was in good position for the series of shots that would take us up and around the canyon and high cliffs. The upper tip of John's bow (page 42) is about where his second arrow landed. With my lighter bow I figured I'd play it safe and drop back on the angle a little so that I would not fall short and bounce off the face of the cliff. This was my only mistake on the entire shoot because I cleared the cliff with ease and went forty yards further toward our final target instead of to the right. This put me about thirty paces behind John and that was pretty much the spread for the rest of the morning.

It took us several long shots to make the woods just to the left of pinnacle rock in the above photo. In fact the only arrow that was smashed on a rock was one of mine on this long incline. We used two and three arrows on most shots, but the main advantage of this was in finding our arrows. If we spotted

feathers on one, the rest were generally pretty close by. Many hit hard ground or shale and fell over into the sage and grass making them difficult to spot.

The shoot progressed well without incident. There were some great shots while making the steep traverse around the gorge and through the woods near pinnacle rock. It was here that I used my first four-feather fletch to help me find my flight arrow. Had I not been in line and not found the shorter distance field arrow, I would probably have lost the flight arrow and found myself in a poor position for the next shot. I gained a little on John on this one but would never make up the total difference.

By now we had gained close to fifteen-hundred feet in altitude and were on the ridge directly in front of the final cliff separating us from our tree/rock target. Here we made our final approach decision. John decided to go right and make the traverse around and up to the top of Table Mountain. It was a long hard hike and I decided not to try it. My leg had to get me back down from this mountain so I stuck with my prearranged plan. One thing had changed, however, which I had not anticipated. It was a sharp drop-off from where I stood to the bottom of the cliff, which we estimated to be between five and six hundred feet

high. And the tree and rock were right on the upper edge. If I could make the target from where I stood (see second photo on following page) my total shots would be fifteen. John would still end up with 14. Not a bad shoot. These two approach shots could be my best shots ever. I felt that I had a fifty/fifty chance of making the tree.

My first shot would be over a thick grove of aspen and assorted conifers and I knew I would be unable to see my arrows hit the bottom of the gulch beyond the vegetation. I elected to shoot three regular field arrows with bright orange and yellow feathers with blunt points so they would be less likely to stick in the trees. I never heard any of them hit a tree or the ground. Two of them still remain on the side of the mountain because the brush and trees were too thick to wade through. Boulders also littered the hillside and finding solid footing was difficult.

John and Pat were well into their final approach by now and I heard nothing from their direction. A big cow elk broke out of the forest shortly after they disappeared into it. That was the

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John and I standing on the approach ridge where I started my final two shots.



The big question: *Can I make it all the way to the tree in just two more shots?*

second sign of wildlife we had seen. A group of deer were spotted earlier.

I was in a bit of a mess trying to find an open hole between trees that would allow me the space I needed to launch an arrow up toward the distant tree. Gosh it looked like a long ways. It was almost straight up and virtually an impossible shot by normal standards. I have never tried to shoot over anything this high before. Once I'd shot an arrow over a railroad bridge that was a little over two hundred feet high. This shot was absolutely awesome.

I pulled three arrows from my quiver. All were various configurations of flight arrows. I drew the bow until the bullet point touched the bow. I was leaning back so far with both feet on rocks that my neck hurt. It was a clean release and the arrow headed up into a

bright blue sky. There wasn't much arc until the last moment, but I saw it disappear somewhere near the edge of the cliff. No sound. I nocked the second arrow and bent backward once again. Once more the arrow seemingly went straight up and did a little arc just as it disappeared over the cliff. I was fairly certain that this one made it over, but I was not absolutely sure.

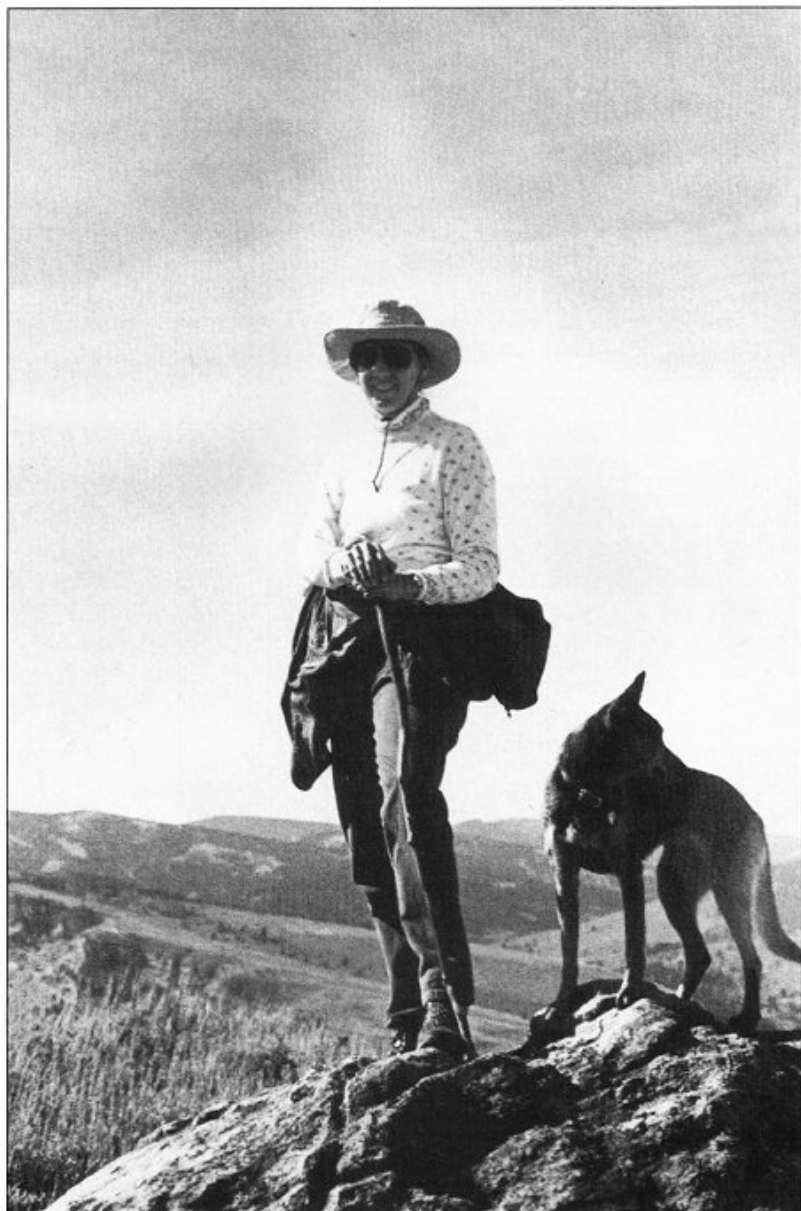
It was now up to arrow number three. It had a double cut on the same feather. A strange cut. I did this to reduce feather area and still maintain stability during flight. I felt like this was it. Now or nothing.

Everything went the same as before, except this time I heard something hit and a number of birds flew out of the tree beside the cliff. I backed up and hunted around for a spot with a better

view of the cliff. Having found a spot with a view I waited about a half hour for Pat and John to reach the target area.

Of course they could not see me, so when I saw them I let loose with a high pitched "hoot hoot," and I was heard. It took a few more hoots and a lot of arm waving before they spotted me way below in the little clearing. Sound does not seem to travel very well up and down high cliffs. In a few minutes I heard Pat yell that she had found my arrow. I returned with a victory whoop because just knowing that an arrow was actually on top was cause for great celebration.

I wrote about my greatest shot in a previous article, but when John and Pat returned to the lower crest and told me what they had found, I'd have to put this final round on my all-time list of



My wife Pat and our dog Sam stand atop the rock on Table Mountain after the ascent.

unbelievable archery shots. My first two arrows were within several feet of the tree. My third and final arrow was lodged between the rock and the tree. Right on! As anticipated, I ended up with 15 shots, John had taken 14.

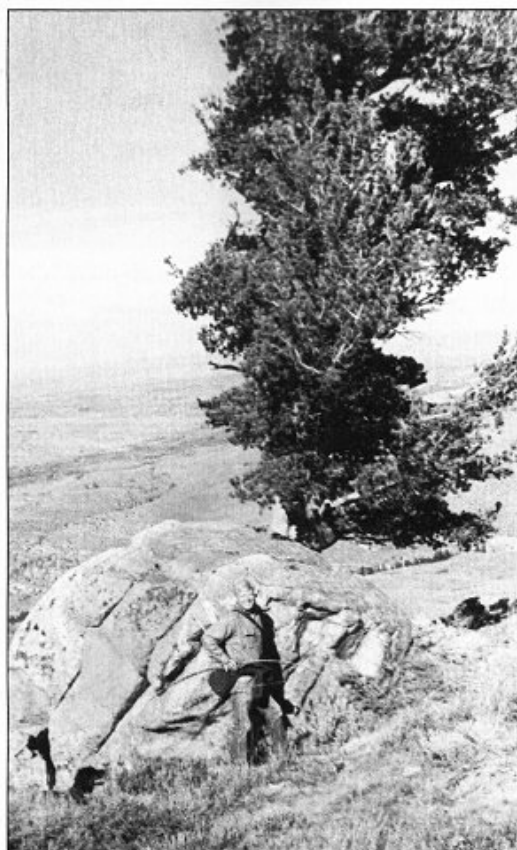
As we approached the final red cliff on our descent we stopped just short of the rim and looked down at the field where the day's activities began. I was worn out but elated by the day's venture. John made one final challenge. "Jack, do you see that bailing machine down there in the field? I'll bet you a six pack of fine German beer that you can't hit it." My first two rubber blunts fell way short so I pulled out a real field arrow and turned it loose. Beautiful flight. Bam! I could see pieces of my arrow

flash in the setting sunlight. When Pat and I arrived back home we found a pack of fine German beer sitting on our door step. What an adventure. This is what REAL ARCHERY is all about.



POSTSCRIPT

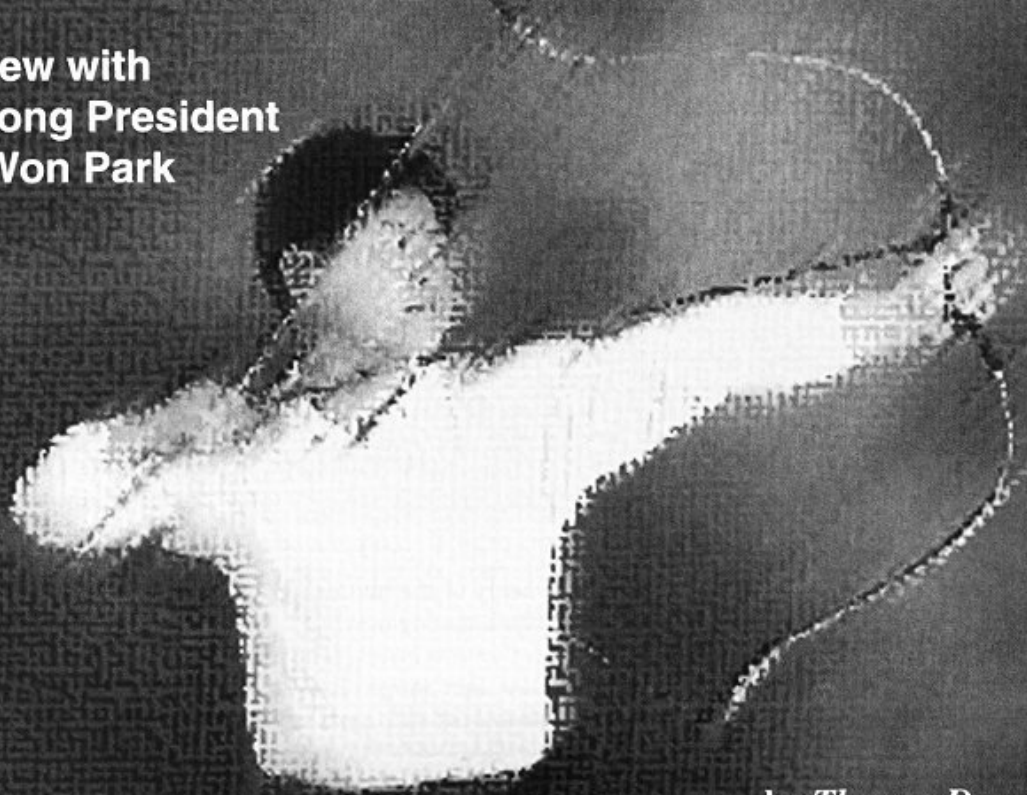
As we hiked down the ridges we discussed the possibility of doing this again some day and shaving a point or two off our total. I figured we could go straight into the first canyon and lob an arrow over the far cliff before making the long climb up and around the pinnacle rock, then spot the arrow and take it straight to the bottom of the last cliff. Trouble is, now we know from experience that we can shave a shot off the total. I think its really more fun to have an element of surprise.



This is John standing beside the tree and rock. He never could find his final arrows in the thick sage and underbrush atop the mountain, but he made the top and that was the prime objective for the day.

The Korean FRP Bow:

**An Interview with
Yunmugoong President
Myoung-Won Park**



by Thomas Duvernay

As I prepared to let loose a few early-morning arrows at the last Eastern Traditional Archery Rendezvous in Denton Hill, Pennsylvania, another archer approached me. "Is that a kid's bow?" he wondered, looking at the 48" length of my bow.

"No, it is a Korean FRP laminated bow," I explained. At that point, I drew the string back to my shoulder, the siyahs nearly parallel to each other, and released. The arrow sailed up the side of the mountain, toward the foam target 100 yards away and missed. Actually, I overshot the target by another 25 yards. The other archer's mouth dropped open wide.

Outside of Korea, that kind of reaction has become common for me to see. I let archers draw back on my bow often. They are amazed with the ease of drawing. When they take it out for a test shoot, they are equally amazed with its accuracy, cast, and lack of hand shock. They are also impressed with its beauty. I have supplied these bows to many people. Without exception, every person made a point of contacting me to let me know how much they enjoy shooting it. Just what is it that makes this bow so attractive, both in looks and performance? I decided to find out for myself.

When I returned to Korea, where I live most of the year, I contacted the president of Yunmugoong, Mr. Myoung-Won Park [I would like to note that I frequently spell the family name as "Bak" instead of "Park," as it sounds closer to the correct pronunciation, but I will use the familiar spelling here.]. I asked him if I could visit his company, for a tour and interview. He enthusiastically agreed. He went on to say that we had met before, when he was at an archery competition in my city. We set the date for one month later.

When the time finally arrived, my wife, son, and I set off for the city of Bucheon, near Seoul and Incheon. It was a five-hour drive from our home in Kyongju. After fighting some heavy traffic through the city of Bucheon, we arrived in the area of the Yunmugoong Company. We called Mr. Park, who quickly came and guided us to his business.

We arrived at the factory, which consisted of two main rooms—an office and a work floor, with several bows in various stages of completion. Also there was Mr. Park's wife, who assists him in bow making.

After the customary personal conversation, we sat down for a talk. The interview is paraphrased and abbreviated, as it comes from a translation.



Keeping up with the demand is no simple matter. Here Mr. Park inspects a batch of bows in progress.



Mr. Park showing proper placement of the hand-carved Acacia siyahs.

Mr. Park, when did you first start making bows?

I first started back in 1969.

Why did you start making bows?

I am good with my hands and I loved archery, so the two went together naturally.

How many people work for you?

Just me and my wife.

Are Korean traditional bows the only kind you make?

No. I make Olympic style bows also, for many famous-name companies. I have made hunting bows and longbows before, but haven't done that for a couple of years. I also manufacture crossbows.

What is the draw-weight range for your Korean bows?

I have, in stock, bows in the 36 to 63 pound range (at about 30-31" draw length). However, I can make bows in any draw weight that a customer wants.

[Author's note: I ordered and received a 27# bow for my son and a 70# bow for the editor of this magazine, Mr. Rik Hinton — any draw weight is possible]

That brings me to my next question. Do you make custom bows?

Yes, I do.

Now, to the heart of the matter. What goes into a Yunmugoong bow?

Our bows have several layers. The outer layers are glass laminations and sandwiched between them are layers of hard and soft maple, along with carbon layers.

How many layers of carbon?

It depends upon the bow. Either one or two. For our best Korean traditional bow, we use two.

Don't you use any bamboo in the core?

We used to. However, the diameter of bamboo needed was larger than anything we have available in Korea, so it had to be imported from other places, such as China; it was not of the needed type and quality. That was when we switched to maple.

What about the siyahs?

They are hand-carved from acacia, just like those for the Korean horn bow.

The backing is beautiful. It looks just like that on the Korean horn bow.

You're right, it is the same. It is a type of birch that comes from China and Korea.

Is it prepared like it is for a horn bow?

Exactly the same. It is soaked in sea water for a year. Before it is used, it is brought to a boil. It is interesting to note that this type of bark was used histori-

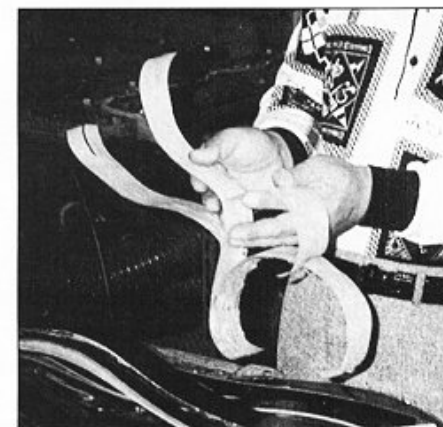
cally for paper. It didn't decay fast, so it was durable. The sections of bark yield six layers each. The coloring varies from layer to layer, so each bow looks unique.

At what rate can you make bows?

It averages out to about one bow per day.

How about its velocity? For example, what would it be for one of your bows with a 51-pound draw weight?

That bow would be about 185 fps. You will note that a true horn bow, at the same draw weight, will have a faster velocity; it will act like a bow about 16 pounds heavier.



Each piece of birch bark has several unique layers that can be peeled off for bow-backing material.

Can you compare the Korean horn bow to the FRP bow?

The horn bow is wonderful. No hand shock, excellent cast, and so on. However, there are some disadvantages, too. It takes an experienced archer several minutes to brace and balance the bow. The horn bow has to be occasionally adjusted when braced. The horn bow is made for either the left hand or right hand; you can shoot it only off the side it was made for.

The FRP bow, however, can be braced like any recurve. No fine adjustments. And it can be shot off either side. Its cast is phenomenal. Also, it costs a lot less than the horn bow.

Have you made any noteworthy bows?

Back in 1974, I made and presented a bow to the late Korean president Chung-Hee Park, who was an avid archer.

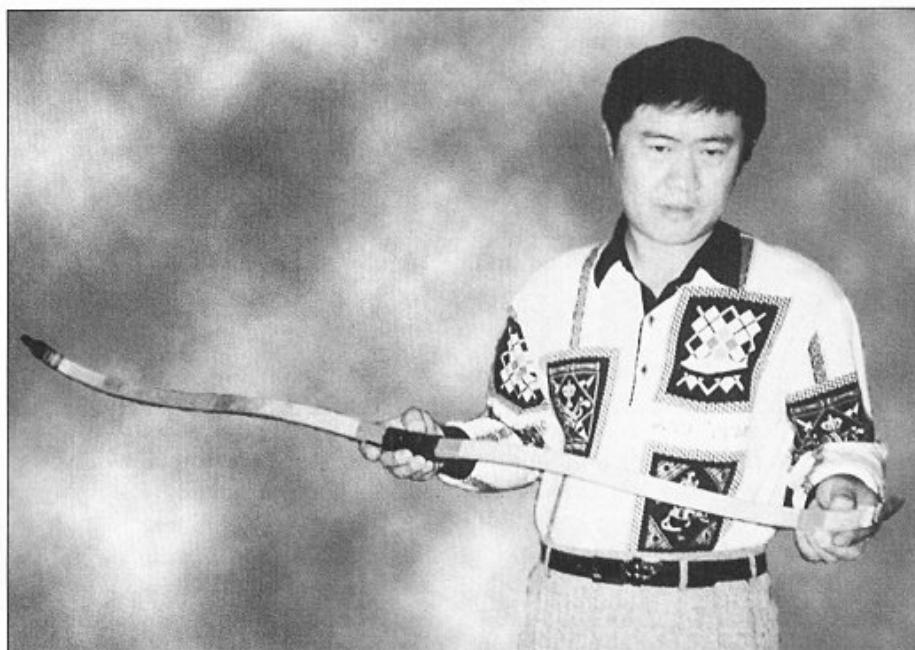
I notice that in Korean historical TV dramas and movies they use FRP bows, not horn bows.

Yes, that's true. Interestingly, they were bows that I helped make when I worked for another company. They had an order from Europe for 400 bows, which were made. The order was later canceled, so they were stuck with a load of bows. They put the bows up for sale, cheap. They were all picked up by a Korean TV studio. Those are the bows you saw on TV. Many Korean archers have, like you, noticed that the bows were obviously not horn bows and complained.

The FRP bows you produce look exactly like horn bows. Why does the studio not switch?

For the same reason they bought the other bows. Cost. They were able to get a load of bows for very little money.

In my opinion, it's their loss. With their beauty and performance, I'm sure your bows will soon be well-known internationally.



The final product: a hand-crafted Korean bow backed with birch bark. The graceful lines of these short, powerful bows provide only a hint of their phenomenal shooting prowess.

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

I have arranged with Mr. Park to be the international distributor for his Korean bows. For more information, please contact me at the following locations:

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Web site:
<http://www.nmc.cc.mi.us:443/esl/korarch.html>



Corrections:

In my previous article, "Double Take," Don Symanski's name was spelled 'Shymanski.' My apologies Don. Also in that same article, the distance noted for Korean archery was 180 yards, while it is actually about 159 yards (145 meters).

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A Return to the Arrow Tree

by: Mark Siedschlag

The gusts of wind pushed against the vehicle causing it to swerve to the right as the road ahead disappeared underneath a white veil of blowing snow.

I looked at Dan, the driver, and mentioned that it looked like we would have the woods to ourselves this week. Dan smiled and said, "*Ya, nobody would be stupid enough to be out in this weather.*" Except us, I thought to myself, giving Dan a weak smile back. We were both excited and buzzing with anticipation. The cold weather did nothing to dampen it. We were prepared for the cold, and after all, this was late December in Wisconsin. Would you expect it to be any other way?

This trip was a homecoming for me. After two years of exile in a foreign state, I was finally back to hunt my woods, the place where it all started. A late-season December hunt was an annual event for me, with Dan becoming my

partner for the last few years. Missing it for the first time last year had left a void that lasted the entire year. I decided I had to go back. A two week Christmas break gave me the chance I needed and I was off to the north woods. It took no effort to talk Dan into joining me and the two of us were back at it again, just like I had never left. During the long drive north from Dan's house I was filled in on the latest happenings in our woods. Since my departure, another forty acres had been logged off and it caused the deer to change their movements from previous years. Dan's luck had been modest since I left. He had little time to hunt our woods and figuring out the deer in this large tract of endless timber requires time. Still, being back together again, our confidence was soaring.

I had faced cold on similar trips before, but this year was going to be a bad one. Two years living in the sunny deserts of New Mexico didn't help either, I had gotten a little soft. We pushed some snow with the bumper of Dan's four wheel drive on our way down the old skid trail to our campsite. This was just another reminder of what was ahead. Stepping out of the warm cab into the icy air also woke me to what this week was going to be about: cold.

I shivered as I grabbed for the zipper of my coat, pulling it up to my chin. I went first to the back of the campsite to find a familiar old white pine. There, about twenty feet up, was the old, weathered, birch arrow I had hand doweled from a discarded wooden crate. I sunk it into the soft wood two years ago, the last time I was here. I remember wondering if I would ever see my woods again and had left the arrow behind for Dan to see and remember all the good times we shared here together. The Navajo believe that when you make

something, the spirit of the maker goes into the creation. I was leaving my spirit behind in the woods I loved. I didn't want Dan to feel alone after I left.

To get our tent set up we had to dig our way down through more than a foot of ice and snow to the frozen ground beneath. It took longer than usual and it was almost noon before we were finally finished. This left us little time to scout and get our stands placed before the evening hunt. We went first to all the usual places, but found few fresh tracks in the snow. Because of the time, we chose the first likely spot with any fresh sign and put up our tree stands, but that night we saw no deer.


We had a whole week and I was in no hurry. Eventually we'd figure the deer out. I was going to enjoy every minute of this, not knowing if I would ever again get the chance to return. Huddled in our tent that night around the warm glow of a small propane heater, I listened to Dan with interest as he explained how the deer have changed their patterns from previous years. He briefed me on his last two years of hunting our woods and I listened intently, visualizing each of his stories. That night, while in our sleeping bags, the temperature dropped to 18 degrees below zero.

The rattle of the alarm startled me awake and I groped for the dang thing in the dark. Ice had formed in my beard overnight from my condensed breath and I urged Dan to hurry and get the heater lit. This was fun.



Hunting that morning was brief. Much more than an hour on the stand and you were likely to end up a popsicle. We met back at camp while it was still early for a warm breakfast. The rest of the morning was spent stump shooting and scouting. I found myself in the unfamiliar position of following Dan around. Since I first brought a very green, novice bowhunter here a few years ago, I had always been the guide, the leader. Dan was the guide now, he knew where the deer were, not me. I enjoyed watching this role reversal, remembering what it was like those first few years when Dan was just learning to be a bowhunter.

We moved our stands to a bet-

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ter spot, we hoped, and continued our stump shooting. Stump shooting is something that Dan and I enjoy and practice with a great deal of competitive fire. I enjoyed this almost as much as the hunting. That evening on the stand, I was treated to a visit from a bald eagle that landed in a tree a scant twenty yards away. His white head softly yellowed as the setting sun disappeared behind the western tree line. Against the slate-blue evening sky, he was a striking picture and I wished I had my camera. He kept me company that night and was my only visitor.

Dan fared much better on his stand, as not one, but two bucks kept him company. The first was huge, by Dan's account, and he is not known to exaggerate like some other hunters I know. Both were close, within ten yards Dan said, but neither offered a good shot and Dan wouldn't risk a questionable one. I had taught him well.

The weather stayed cold, only making it into the twenties two days on our hunt, while falling below zero each night. The harsh conditions added to the experience and we were both having a ball, snug in our tent at night. I finally ended up wearing a ski mask to bed to keep my beard from freezing. We continued to scout, move stands, and stump shoot for the rest of the week, making memories as trophies. I wish one of those memories was the two of us standing next to a couple of large bucks. I had this romantic vision of returning to my woods and taking a big buck one last time, but that was not to be. The gun hunters removed a good number of the deer during their season and the cold weather made hunting difficult. The late season is

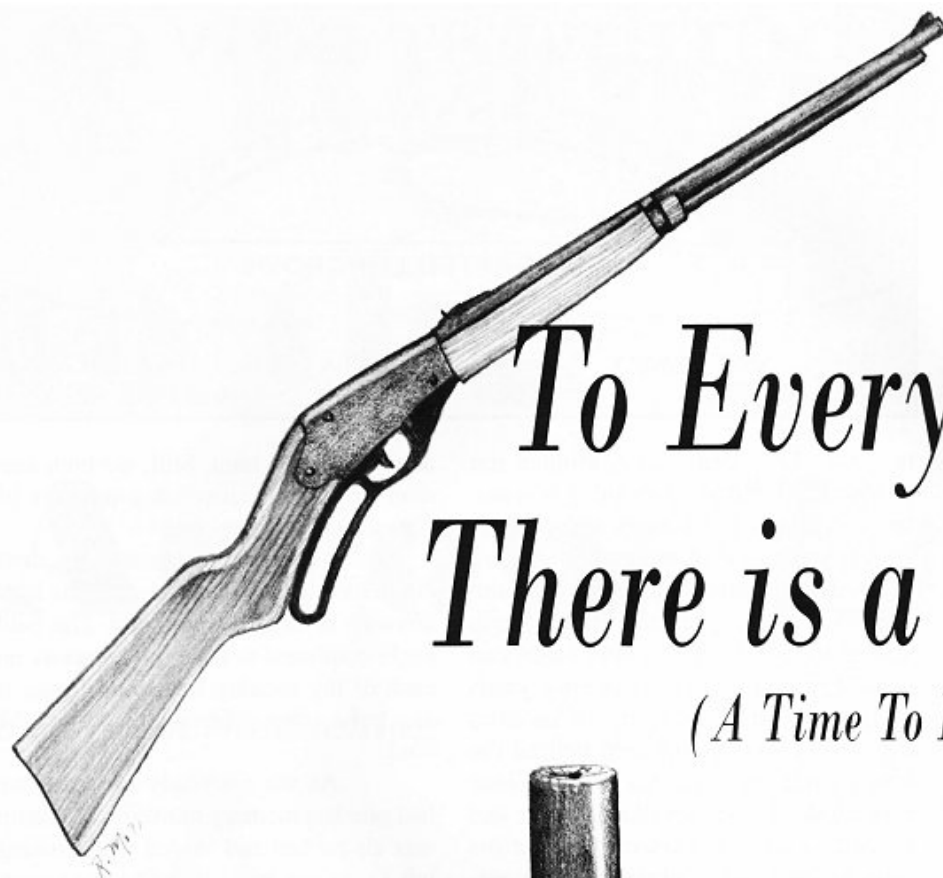
always a tough hunt. Still, we both saw deer and came close on a number of occasions.

I don't think shooting a deer could have added much more to the hunt anyway. It already was great. The bald eagle continued to keep me company on each of my evening hunts and I took it as a good omen, a special memory of the hunt.

As we got ready to leave, we had one last memory to make. The camp was all packed and loaded with nothing left to do but leave. It had gotten quiet and we paused a moment before we both pulled a special arrow from our quivers. We each made an arrow for just this occasion and carried them in our quivers all week. Between the fletchings we printed our names and dates in black permanent ink. Taking careful aim we sunk our homemade shafts into the frozen trunk of the white pine, near my original birch arrow. It was time to go.

On the way back, I thought about my woods again. It was the place where I became a bowhunter under the tutoring of my father. When Dad passed away it had become a place where I could come to remember him. Later it would become a place where I taught Dan to be a bowhunter and my friendship with him would grow. It was becoming clear to me that this was no longer my woods, but Dan's. Just like my father passed it on to me, I was passing it on to him. I realized it when I watched him take control of our hunt. He was no longer the novice bowhunter, but rather carried himself with the savvy of a veteran. Inside I had no concerns though, I knew Dan would take good care of his woods.





To Everything There is a Season

(A Time To Kill)

by Paul King

I can remember my first "kill" as though it happened yesterday. I was six years old and had been given a Daisy "Red Ryder" BB gun by my paternal grandfather, "Pop" King. My mother was not pleased with this gift. *"He'll shoot his eye out!"* — *"You'll shoot your eye out!"*

But, only months after my birth, my father had succumbed to the scourge of polio that had swept across America in the late 40s, and Pop King would spare no effort to see to it that his orphaned grandson had every toy he thought a boy ought to have. This wonderful old man, in the throes of personal grief and his own second childhood, filled my world with wonderful things, kites and capguns, firecrackers and flashlights, Western Flyer bicycles and Bazooka bubble gum. But, in spite of my mother's misgivings, that BB gun was the most cherished gift of all.

My mother remarried when I was five, and my new dad's family, Chickasaw people, owned a 160 acre farm in south-central Oklahoma. A beautiful place. I became a hunter on that farm, and my first "kill" was a semi-domesticated cottontail rabbit.

It had been a good year for rabbits. My new grandmother delighted in watching them browse and frolic about on the front lawn and in the bordering field in front of the house. I think she may have even have given some of them names. There had long existed a tacit familial understanding that these yard bunnies were strictly to be left alone. Understand, hunting was an important activity in this household. There was an old gun cabinet by the back door that held several shotguns and .22 rifles. Conversation was laced with hunting stories and the larder was often graced with game. Dove, quail, jackrabbits and cottontails, several species of ducks and geese, and the raucous red squirrels that my grandmother hated so for stealing her pecans were often served on this table. Seemingly omnipresent memories of THE GREAT DEPRESSION had endowed this food resource with reverence of almost mythic proportion, something akin to manah from Heaven.

I was about as excited as a six-year-old boy can be on that Thanksgiving morning in 1954 when Red Ryder and I set out on our first "real" hunt. My step-dad had pointed me toward the pecan grove that grew halfway between the house

and the main road and laughingly instructed me to "knock us down some pecans." These trees were too close to get a boy lost and far enough away that no harm was likely to be done by stray BBs. I had yet to reach those trees when a fat, half-tame rabbit appeared in front of me. Red Ryder jumped to my shoulder of his own accord. The tiny copper sphere burst forth from a jet of oily air, trajected perfectly toward the junction between that rabbit's sweet blue eyes. The BB didn't even penetrate the skin, but that little animal fell onto its side and kicked at the air and then its contented existence came to an end. Actually, I think he might have died of shock or surprise. I am sure, however, that the rabbit was no more surprised than I.

I sat on the ground and cuddled that soft carcass like an old Teddy bear. I was very proud. Now I knew what it felt like to be a "real" hunter like my uncles and cousins and my new dad. Perhaps my new Granny would even set

aside the turkey she had been cooking all day and serve my contribution, my rabbit instead. Gun in one hand and limp rabbit dangling from the other, I swaggered my best Roy Rogers swagger back to the house.

My new grandfather sat on the porch smoking a Chesterfield. "What'cha got there? Find that out in the road, boy?"

This man had about thirty grandkids and didn't yet know my name.

"No Sir," I announced enthusiastically. "I didn't get it out the road, I killed it! I killed it with my BB gun!"

"Naw," the old man laughed. "With that little ol' pop gun of yours?"

"Yes Sir," I said. "You think granny might cook this up instead of that turkey?"

"You just stay right out here on the porch while I go find out what the folks want to do."

The old man seemed amused by what he'd seen, but his reaction certainly hadn't been what I had expected. There

was something about the way he said "What the folks want to do" that left me feeling pretty uneasy. Then my stepdad came out, followed by my mother.

"Come around to the chicken coop with me, Paul. Bring that rabbit."

It was obvious that he wasn't happy. When I looked to my mother for support, she just nodded that I should go.

I was new to this family, but my newfound cousins had already given me a pretty good idea of what it meant to be taken behind the chicken coop. As we rounded the corner of that smelly old structure, chickens scattered and squawked as though they knew something awful was about to happen. This man, my new father, began removing his narrow, sunday-best belt.

"You enjoy killin' that little bunny?," he asked. "Uh-huh" I said with complete honesty, but beginning to doubt the wisdom of my actions. He folded the sunday belt half-in-two.



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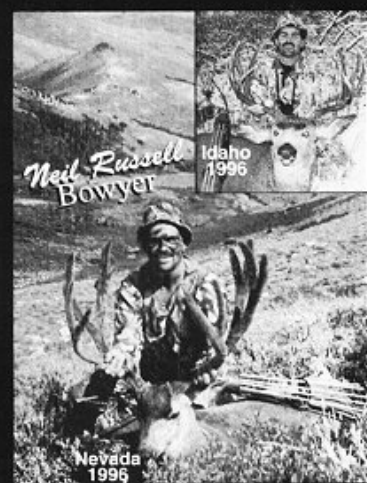
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"I was just huntin' like you and uncle Howard and all them other kids." I had never been belted and was beginning to cry.

"Now, don't start snivelin'." he said. "Just what were you planin' to do with this." he said, taking the limp rabbit out of my hands.

"I was gonna give it to Granny so maybe she could cook it an' we'd have rabbit instead of that stringy old turkey for Thanksgiving."

With that, change swept across his deep Chickasaw eyes. His anger was replaced with compassion, perhaps even something resembling respect.

"Those yard rabbits are Granny's pets. Did you know that?"

"No sir."

"Well, they are, and she's gonna be plenty stewed when she finds out you killed one of them. About how far away was he when you shot him, do you think?"

"About as far from here to that tree." I said, pointing to an ancient mulberry tree about six or seven feet away.

"Well, that was a pretty good shot with that little BB gun. You always shoot that good or was it just an accident, do you think?"

"Almost always," I said simply. "I'd shoot stuff all day if I had enough BBs."

"We'll get you all the BBs you want, boy. But you're not gonna shoot any more of Granny's pets now, are you?"

"No sir."

"You listen to me," my new father said. "I'll teach you what you can shoot and what you can't. Understand?"

I nodded yes, and then received my first lesson in the ethics of hunting. There were three rules. First, never kill anything unless it is a pest or you intend to eat it. Second, never do anything that is against the law. Third, killing Grannie's cottontail rabbits was against the law.

As we skinned and gutted that animal I learned a lot of other things too. Life is temporal, and in order for one thing to live, something else must die. Life is complex, even more complex on the inside than the outside. Every part was explained.

From trachea to testicles, I learned the appearance and function of each organ. For the first time, hands thrust into this little mammal's warm body cavity, I experienced the awe and wonder of life, and the grim responsibility of inflicting death so that I could be sustained.

The whipping I almost got behind that chicken coop was a great lesson. Hunting can involve right, and wrong. There is a time to kill, and a time not to kill—for the hunter, the distinction is of the utmost importance. A true sportsman, a gentleman, must reference not only the "regs", he must often search the goodness of his own heart in order to determine which is which.

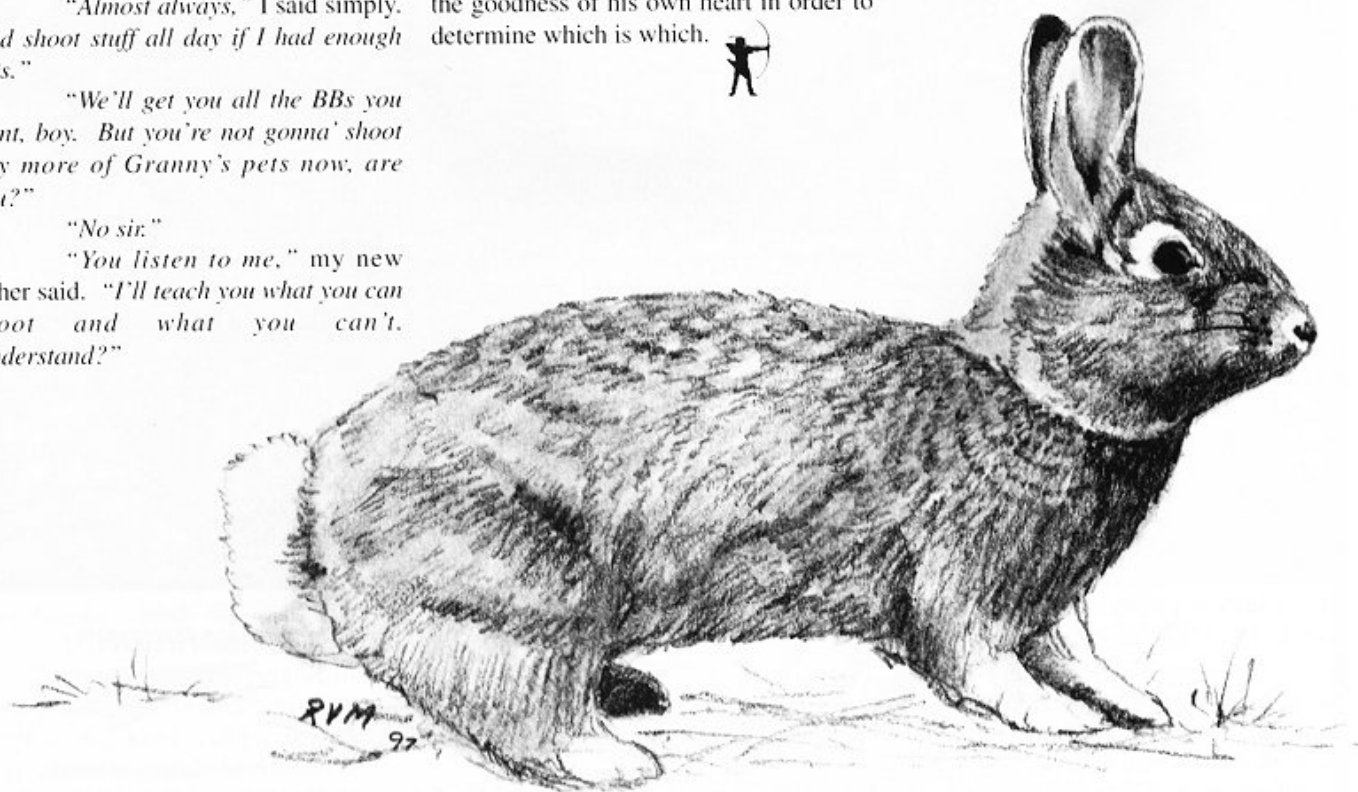


ADDENDUM

Several months after completing this article, I got a good laugh when I ran across the following reference in Paul Klopsteg's *Turkish Archery and the Composite Bow*. He is discussing the rules of the Turkish Archers Guild, which began somewhere around the year 1451.

Klopsteg illustrated how little the rules have changed over the past 500 years when he related the following:

"Among the obligations assumed by the novice were: throughout his life, so long as he were able, not to give up archery; not to shoot animals except those that are noxious, nor those whose flesh cannot be eaten or whose skins cannot be used for clothing; to shoot animals only in the course of a hunt permitted by law; not to shoot at believers or those with whom an agreement has been made; not to shoot in unfamiliar places or fields that are not open to full view."



Rendezvous

by
Bob Martin

**The north wind calls, the south wind answers in reply,
The waking dawn rushes on, towards the haloed evening sky.**

**The long trails turn to cross and hard-earned miles o'er ridge and pass
cross rivers deep and mountains vast,**

**Bring on yon friends with smiles wide, hand shakes strong and good.
The web of life reunites old brothers of the sylvan wood.**

**With bow in hand we've joined our band and chocked our quivers full,
With joy of life and hearts refreshed we string our bows to pull.**

**Oh the song, sweet singing is the hiss to archer's heart
and bowmen's bliss.**

**Oh feathered wonder, wood and steel, how deep within us is thy feel,
To draw us here on this fair day, and once again the bowmen play.**

**So good the feel of God's green earth beneath the archers feet;
How longingly we've pined away in yearning for this meet!**

**To say good-bye near makes me cry so I'll only say "Farewell."
I pray our paths will cross again, but only time will tell.**

**And so dear friend I'll think of you each time I string my bow,
And hope you'll say a prayer for me as we turn our ways to go.**

**The trail winds out to who knows where; I'll see you in the spring,
Same time next year, we'll see it clear to make the arrows sing!**



Mirror, Mirror On The Wall—

The Competitive Edge

by Gary Sentman

Through the years I have read about and heard many stories about great archery champions. From the great legends like Howard Hill and Fred Bear, to modern-day champions. Many debates as to who was the best of them all have also occurred through the years.

When I lived in Roseburg, Oregon, I was president of the Rod and Gun Club for several years in the 1970s. As I recall there were approximately 80 members in the archery club, composed of 80% compound shooters and 20% traditional shooters. Conflict developed between the groups quite often as to who were the best archers.

COMPOUND SHOOTERS, STRING WALKERS, FREE STYLISTS AND BOWHUNTERS

3-D target ranges were few and far between at that time. The popular round was the 28-target field range. The "Compound Shooters" began to shoot high, nearly perfect scores on the field range. The compound bow was in its developmental stage and fairly new to the sport. Every year the bows became more efficient for the target shooter, until

the standard 28-target field round had to be changed by making the center section more difficult to hit.

There were also "String Walkers." String walking is a sophisticated form of target shooting, in which the shooter places three drawing fingers below the nock of the arrow. At different distances the gap between the arrow and the index finger will increase or decrease depending on the distance of the shot.

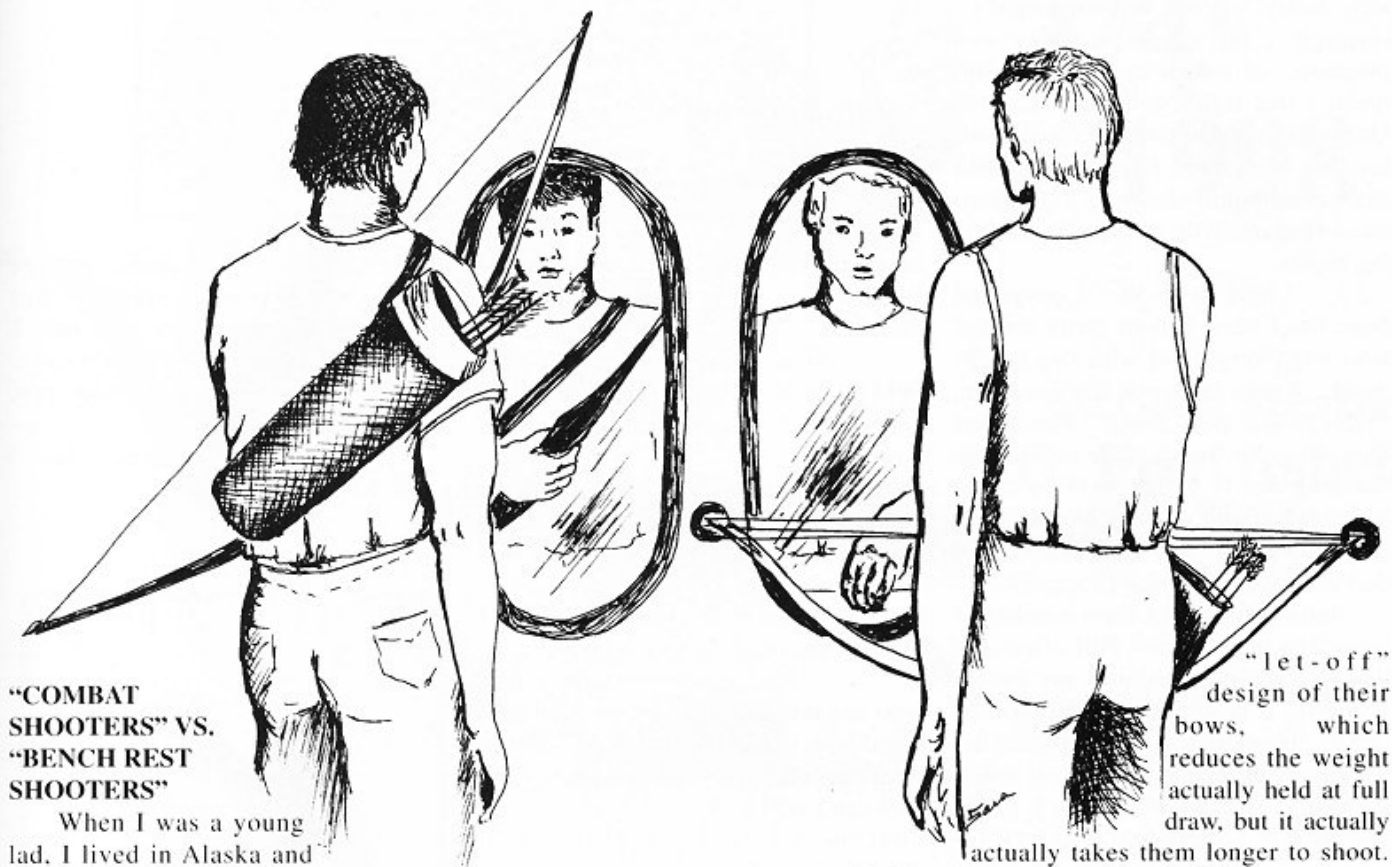
There were also "Free-Stylists." These were archers who used everything but the kitchen sink on their bows; stabilizer rods, levels, kissers buttons, adjustable sights, and other gadgets.

Then of course, there were the "Bowhunters," who shot longbows and recurves. The bowhunters had to shoot with fingers and a minimum of 40 lbs. of draw weight. No sights or mechanical aides were permitted. Range finders were forbidden in most shoots.

As president of the archery club, it was my task to try to keep the different classes of shooters on friendly and workable terms. When a conflict developed, I would find that the pre-shoot work parties would suddenly consist of only myself and 1 or 2 of the other officers of the club. Some of the "bowhunters" felt the "Free-Stylists" were like kids playing with cap pistols, because the equipment they were using wasn't fit for hunting. On the other hand, the "free-stylists" felt that if a "bowhunter" couldn't shoot a field round of at least 430 to 480 out of a possible 560 that he really wasn't a good enough shot to go bowhunting. The barebow shooters kind of measured up somewhere in between the bowhunters and the free-stylists. At club meetings there would always be a suggestion to have a trophy for the best shooter. "The Grand Champion."

Archery tackle today is much more sophisticated and efficient than it was then, even for the archer who shoots a traditional bow. Improvements have been made in arrows, string material, and traditional bows. Although, granted, not nearly as many improvements as there has been for compound bows. Still, the conflict remains...

Who's The Best Shot Of Them All?



"COMBAT SHOOTERS" VS. "BENCH REST SHOOTERS"

When I was a young lad, I lived in Alaska and depended on wild game for food. Consequently I have done a great deal of rifle hunting, taking big game such as moose, elk, and bear. I have also been quite active in combat pistol shooting through the years. Though I enjoy and respect the activities I mentioned, I must admit I have never had anything in common nor any interest in NRA target shooting. Thumb-hole stocks, Canjar triggers, and bull-barrels just were not my cup of tea. I found it difficult to even carry on a conversation with a person who was strictly a "bench-rest" shooter.

I believed I was a good shot if I could put a one-pound coffee can on a post and

at 100 yards, throw my 8-pound .30-06, with a 4-power scope to my shoulder and within 3 seconds get the shot off and hit the can. I felt I had no apologies to make to a bench rest shooter who perhaps was using a bull-barrel, a 1/4 oz. trigger, and a 12 to 16 power scope who could shoot, from a bench at a 100 yards, five shots within an inch. My one shot, though, perhaps only striking the edge of the coffee can, might look a little pathetic when compared to the bench-rest shooter's 5-shot, one-inch group.

I personally feel that the compound shooters are the "bench-rest" shooters of archery. As a rule, they have the ability to hold longer because of the

"let-off" design of their bows, which reduces the weight actually held at full draw, but it actually takes them longer to shoot. By now, possibly, the hair is starting to stand up on the back of the necks of some individuals reading this article. However my intention is not to discriminate, but to put different styles and equipment in the proper perspective. I make this analogy to "bench-rest" shooters only in an effort to try to determine "Who Is The Best Shot."

The late Howard Hill in his book, *Hunting the Hard Way* wrote about many feats of skill and accuracy that he accomplished with the longbow. Like shooting a buffalo from a horse at full gallop, a cougar as it leaped from a rock, or a running deer from a distance of more than 100 yards, etc. The

Thompson brothers, who shot selfbows, made the statement in their book *The Witchery of Archery*, that any skilled archer should be able to pin a deer through the shoulders at 100 yds.

Howard Hill and Maurice and Will Thompson have shot more birds on the wing with traditional bows and arrows than many shotgunners can even dream about. Never-the-less, I would bet my best longbow that if they were alive today, not one of them could go through a target range today and outscore, with their traditional equipment, a free-stylist compound shooter. On the other hand, neither could modern-day compound free-stylists, with their mannequin shooting style, outshoot Howard, Will, or Maurice at moving targets.

I have never shot a compound bow, but I have known many archers who were very good with this equipment. Again let's ask the question, "Who Is The Best Shot?" The archer who can go through a static target range shooting nearly perfect scores; or the archer who, with a heavy hunting bow, can put 3 arrows into the kill zone of a deer at 30 yards in under 15 seconds?

John Schulz told me a number of years ago that Howard Hill often said that he would shoot against any man in the world if he could name 50% of the targets. Every athlete and sportsman has a style and method that suits their needs. As you can see, establishing a grand champion of archery would be very dif-

ficult. It would be presumptuous to say which style or which feat is superior over the other.

So the next time you're on the field range and see a target archer with everything but the kitchen sink on his bow shooting the bull's eye out of the target with each arrow, don't feel you have to apologize if the best you do is to quickly place three or four arrows in a 10-inch circle at 35 or 40 yards. If you are skilled in your chosen "field" of archery, you can hold your head high.

When I talk to potential archers who are interested in shooting a traditional bow, one of the first things I ask is what their objectives and goals are. Only then can I advise them as to what equipment and style of shooting they should

pursue. Whatever the choice, a large selection of equipment is available. Just forty or so years ago there were only 2 basic choices, either longbow or recurve. Hunting seasons were also longer then, and target ranges were fewer.

Until next time... Good Shooting



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Hunters Rendezvous

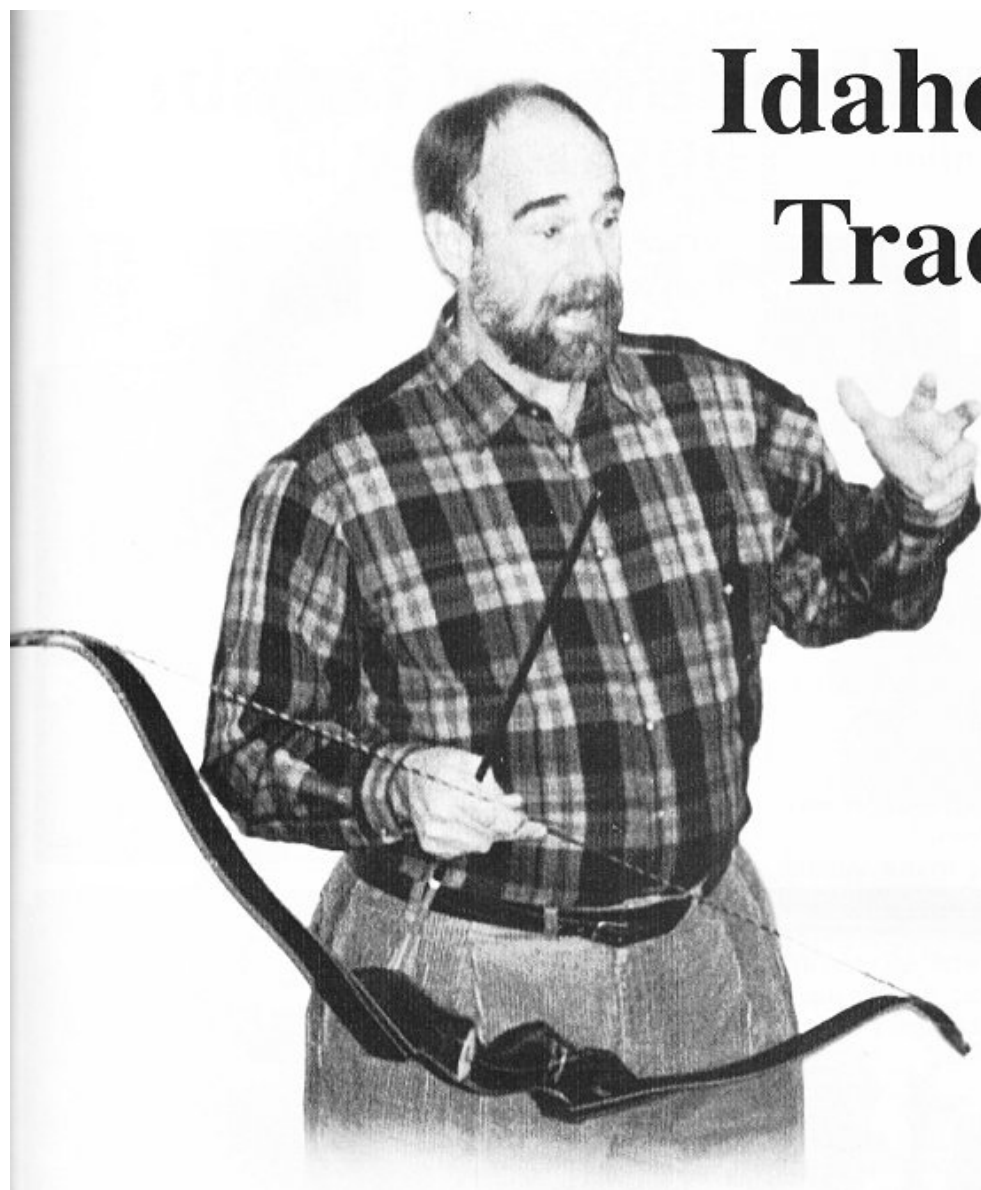
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Idaho Traditional Day 1998

Guest Speaker:
G. Fred Asbell

by Rik Hinton

The Idaho Traditional Bowhunters (ITB) took traditional archery to the public again this year on the first weekend of March with IDAHO TRADITIONAL DAY 1998.

ITB hosts this event in the spring of each year, and the response from ITB members and the public continues to grow. Hosting the event in the spring just before the 3-D season begins is a boon to the many bowyers and archery equipment suppliers who set up booths with everything an archer could want or need for a long season of shooting.

As popular as the booths full of goodies are, the seminars have proven to be an even stronger draw. You can always tell when one of the seminars

begins, because half of the crowd will suddenly disappear into one of the several classrooms for seminars on flemish string making, cast-iron cooking, hunting with heavy arrows, knife sharpening, arrow crafting, etc.

This year, G. Fred Asbell flew out to teach one of the seminars and speak at the dinner banquet. As you can imagine, his instinctive-shooting seminar was packed with a standing-room only crowd of eager attendees.

As always, the booths and seminars are free and open to the public all day, but the evening banquet requires pre-registration, and is the hit of the weekend.

This year's banquet was no exception. After the dinner and a few words

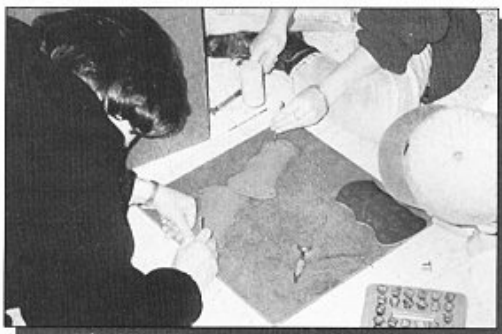
from ITB President Doug Chase and Idaho State Bowhunters' President Larry Velvick, Fred Asbell introduced himself, and in a quiet, soft-spoken voice, shared the very personal tale of taking his first buck many years ago. There were over two hundred people in the room, yet you could have heard a pin drop as Fred took us back to the days of his youth when bucks were few, and successful bowhunters even fewer. . .

If your club doesn't host an event like this for the public, you should think about trying it. Advertise it in the paper and at local churches, invite all the boys and girls clubs in your area, and be prepared for a great response.

Idaho Traditional Day 1998



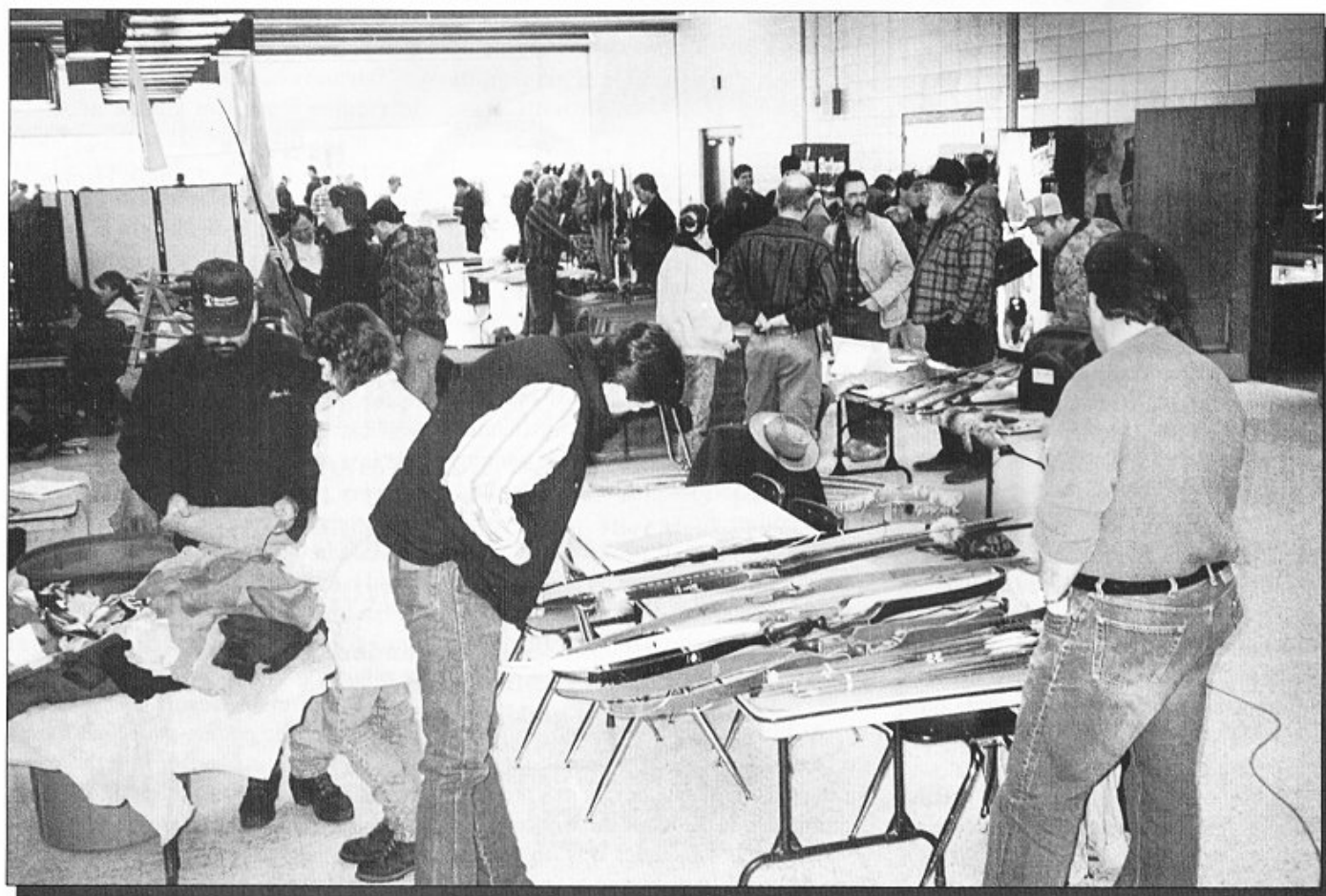
Goodies galore were available at B&J Achery's well-stocked tables.



The Armguard-Making Seminar was well attended, and from the looks of it, lots of fun!



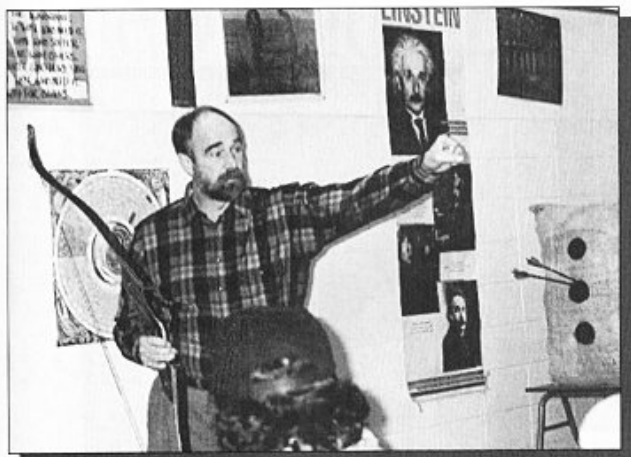
Pack Idaho's booth was a great place to share hunting and hiking stories while checking out their popular line of top-quality wool packs and accessories.



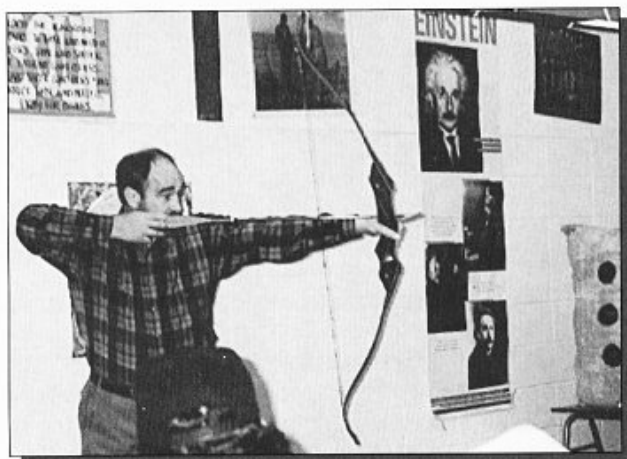
A constant stream of archers and prospective archers alike kept the suppliers and bowyers busy the entire day.

Idaho Traditional Day—1998

(G. Fred Asbell's Instinctive-Shooting Seminar)



Fred began the standing-room-only seminar by explaining that the most important aspect of instinctive shooting is "... *learning to point your hand where you want the arrow to strike.*" Once you learn that, you are well on your way to becoming a better archer.



As your bow hand comes up, your brain is calculating exactly where your hand needs to be when you release the string. Your brain learns the proper "sight pictures" for different distances through repetition. "*Where your bow hand is aimed is exactly where your arrow will go. Learning to control your bow hand is the most important thing you can do to improve your shooting.*"



Fred explained that perhaps the best cure for target panic (not reaching full draw) is to concentrate on pushing strongly against your bow rather than on drawing the string all the way back. Pushing strongly against your bow will force you to reach full draw.



Fred's quote of the day:

"Instinctive shooting is not an excuse for bad shooting."

Idaho Traditional Day—1998



Ron King of Fox Bows polishes up the finish on a much-handled recurve as the crowds continue to pass through. (For those of you who read the "Chief Weak-Heart" article in the last issue, that's him in the hat, back to his cantankerous old self and out-hiking the "dudes" on the ranch already.)



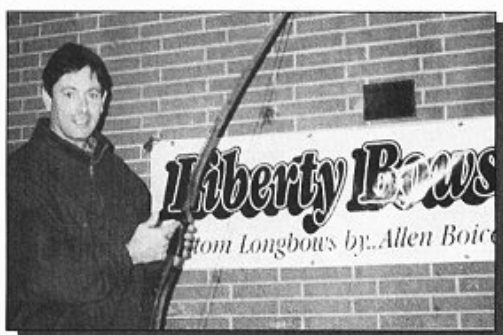
Chris Reeve's explained the finer points of "getting a good edge" to a packed house at his knife sharpening seminar.



Gordy of Selway Archery demonstrates his popular new "Screw-on" quiver attachment. (These are great!)



Dave Doran of Archery Past travels all the way from Western Oregon each year to teach Idaho Traditional Day's favorite seminar: Flemish String-Making. (Thanks Dave!)



Allen Boice proudly displays one of his custom Liberty Bows for the camera.



As Fred pulled the last arrow at the end of his shooting seminar, I wondered who we will have as our special guest for next year. . . I guess you'll just have to come and see!



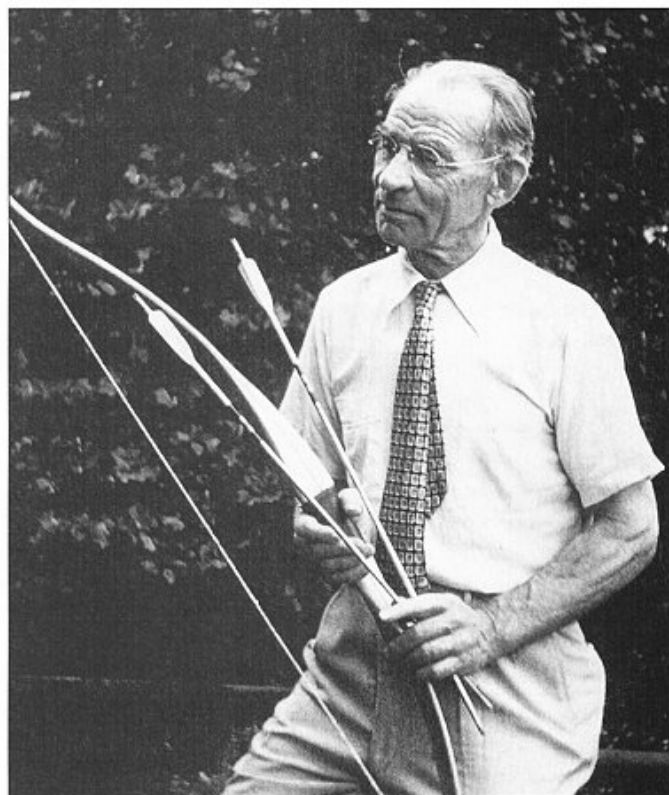
William Folberth

"The World's Best Bow Maker"

By Gary Altstaetter

Early in 1951 a British gentleman from Singapore wrote to a lady friend in Cleveland asking her to find a man named Folberth who made the best bows in the world. The lady made some inquiries at local sporting good stores about this man named Folberth. "Bill Folberth?" said a man in one of the stores. "The best bow maker in the world? He lives right here in Cleveland." The lady found William Folberth in a smudge white coat working alongside the men in his shop above a garage at 7821 Lake Avenue N.W. in Cleveland. The 80-pound bow she ordered for her Singapore friend was one of the heaviest weight bows that the Folberth company had ever made.

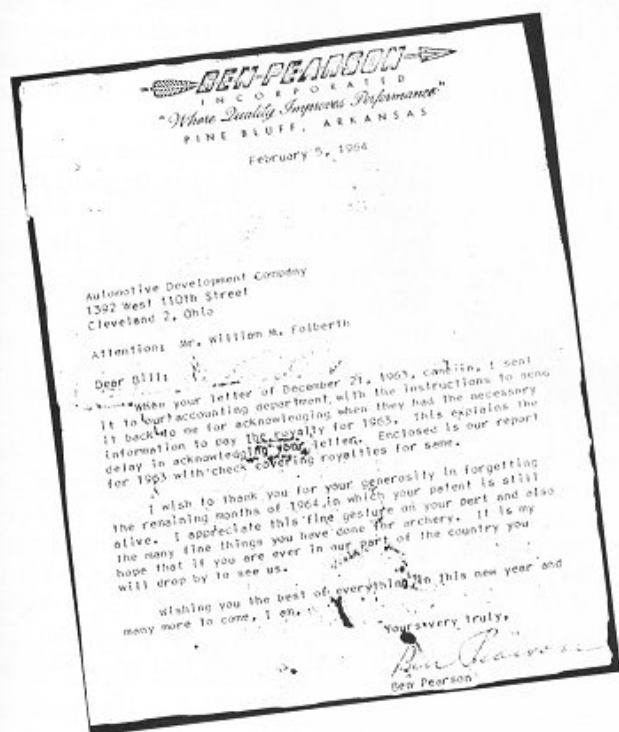
When Bill returned from a trip to Mexico later that year, he received the following message from H. Beamsih (the British gentleman mentioned above), president of the Archery



Association of Singapore. "Received your bow. It is the envy and admiration of all who see it. It has created quite a sensation around here. It is the first flight bow anyone has ever seen in Malaya. I am making myself proficient with it to attack the southeast Asian flight records this year."

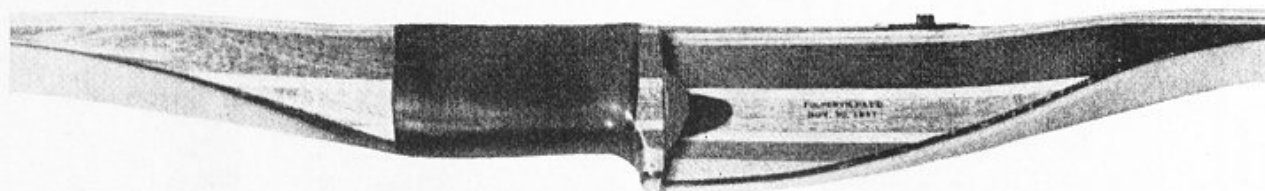
That story happened almost half a century ago, and most archers today get a blank look on their faces when you mention the name Folberth. Few realize the important role he played in the development of the bow as we know it today. His inventiveness and experiments in bowmaking lead to his patenting the first center-shot laminated bow with a high window, a long stiff mid-section, and working recurve tips. He also patented the first movable sight and the first high quality tubular metal target arrows. In spite of the fact that he had a number of patents, Bill never made much money from his archery patents. He gave most of his new designs away to friends so that they might improve their scores, or licensed them to manufacturers for a nominal fee so that they might improve their products.

Bill and his brother Fred immigrated to the USA from Transylvania sometime after 1900. The brothers worked a year for the Frank Stems motorcar plant before landing jobs with the Oldsmobile Motorcar Company. Fred eventually became an Oldsmobile representative in Europe. Bill became a trouble shooter, and began to drive Olds cars in races and endurance runs. Bill had an accident in a west coast race that almost cost him his life. Because of poor windshield visibility, he cut a corner too short and rolled his car. The poor visibility was the direct result of the hand-operated wipers, which were more or less the state of art for that time. Fred and Bill began thinking about some type of automatic wiper for the car. Finally, they hit on the idea of using the



"THE BLACK PANTHER"

Just one of the incomparably fast, smooth, accurate and beautiful 'STEW HAMILTON' bows. Perfectly balanced limbs of laminated baleen, osage, yew, black palm and plastic plus multicolor insert riser.



The full center-shot and insert riser are 'FOLBERTH' patented. You cannot buy an exact duplicate, each bow being individually custom made.

— Orders taken for October delivery —

\$85.00

f.o.b. Cleveland

STEW HAMILTON

4250 Warner Rd., Cleveland 5, Ohio

ARCHERY, August 1948

Page Seventeen

This classic 1948 advertisement shows a custom, centershot recurve made under the "Folberth" patent. (Note the use of baleen in the limbs.)

engine vacuum generated by the pistons to operate the wiper, and went on to get 106 patents as they perfected their product. The wiper was used on every auto until the electric wiper was developed. Their plant on Lake Avenue in Cleveland was producing 5,000 units a day in 1925 when they sold the vacuum wiper and all their patents for more than \$1,000,000.00. They are remembered for the vacuum wiper, but their first patent was for a carburetor. They sold that patent for a few thousand dollars and used the money to erect a building to carry on their experimental work on the vacuum wiper. Among their other patents was a three-speed planetary transmission, a power driven tire pump, an audible warning signal to let drivers know when they had three miles of gas left (super highways were not in vogue yet), and a clutch system to do away with gear shifting. They also invented an apparatus to administer ether that operated on the same principle as the carburetor. They donated this patent to medical science for the benefit of mankind.

The center-shot window came about because Bill was looking for a way to make arrows work properly over a wider range of bow weights. He noticed that when he clamped a bow in a

vise and shot heavy arrows, they curved to the left. He began to cut material from the left side of the bow and found there to be less deflection to the left. The bows of that era did not have enough wood in the handle to support a full center shot window. Always the inventor, he found that he could use a piece of airplane fuselage as a center section. This pipe would give the handle section the needed support, and allow for the center cut window.

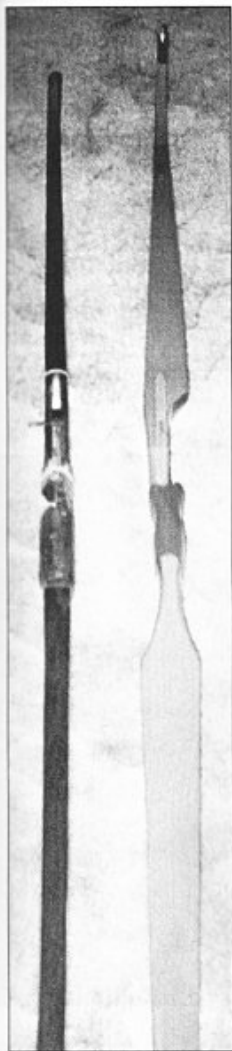
Bill developed and patented a better-shooting arrow called a "needle-nock arrow." The needle nock was an aluminum arrow that had the nock end reduced to a very small diameter. This cut down on the finger resistance and gave a better arrow flight. I would think that a dozen of the arrows still in the box would make a nice addition to any collection.

Bill's inquisitive mind also helped him develop a new technique of shooting that would improve almost anyone's score and make it easier for a new archer to become proficient with a bow. He developed the technique of resting the fingers under the chin and aligning the string with the tip of the nose and the center of the chin. This technique coupled with his newly patented movable sight gave the archer a method to make the bow deadly accurate. Bill developed

this technique in the 1930s and it is still the standard technique for sight shooting with recurve flight bows.

Bill also had a patent for wrapping the laminations around the handle section. We see this innovation in every laminated bow that is made today. Tom Jennings told me that every manufacturer (he included) paid Bill a nickel on every bow that they made. I have a copy of a 1963 payment made to Bill by Ben Pearson Archery in the amount of \$1,631.82 for the royalty on thirty-six thousand bows. That figures out to four and one-half cents per bow.

Bill was introduced to archery in the late 1920s when he joined the Westwood Country Club. In the winters some of the members were playing "Indian Golf" with the bow and arrow. Today we know this as "Archery Golf." He fell in love with the sport, and worked with several members of the Mayfield Golf Club to establish the rules for Archery Golf. Bill became very proficient at the sport, winning several state championships, and in 1936 he won the international championship at Toronto. A year later he lost the state title and the international title to his 18-year-old son, Bill, Jr. His youngest son, Fred, won the junior championship that year at the age of 13. Bill's support and promotion of



Two Folberth bows.
Left: 1930s Solid
Osage. Right: Early
1950s laminated.

Archery Golf made Ohio the center for this sport.

Somewhere around 1940 Bill yielded to the pressure of his peers and began to build bows and arrows. His first bows had either osage-backed hickory limbs or solid osage limbs fitted into a center section of a six-sided section of airplane fuselage. These bows had a 1 1/8" high window, and the fuselage section was painted a light green. The leather-wrapped handle is padded so that is quite comfortable in the hand. The arrow rest on this bow was raised and made out of a solid felt pad. I have no idea how many of these bows were made. I have a Folberth story that appeared in

the 1941 February issue of *Mechanics Illustrated* that reports there were five people employed gluing laminations for bows and making arrows. This many employees would lead one to believe there were a number of these bows made. But as most of you know, very few of the bows from that era are still around. To find a Folberth solid-wood bow with a metal handle fuselage is a very rare find.

When fiberglass came into use in the late 1940s, Bill embraced its usage and began to make a new style bow that a number of bowyers copied. It had a very narrow 1" wide handle that flared out to a limb almost 2" wide. The limb then tapered to 7/16" at the tips. The

limb had two laminations of amaranth sandwich between a lamination of maple and a lamination of osage. This combination makes a limb that is as solid as a rock. I doubt that there were ever any limb-twisting problems with this design. Another neat feature of this bow is the built-in sight bracket that looks to be of some type of plastic. The sides are grooved to hold the sight bracket. In a mid-1950s newspaper article, Bill stated that only about 5 percent of his bows went to hunters. The sight bracket was probably added to appeal to the other 95 percent of his customers who shot target archery. These bows have a gold label above the handle that says "Folberth Arrows" followed by four patent numbers. The patent date of the center shot window, November 30, 1937, is stamped in the sight window.

Bill Folberth never advertised his bows, yet his fame as a bowmaker spread world wide. A 1951 Cleveland Plain Dealer article states that he sold between 2,000 and 3,000 to archers in South Africa, Mexico, England, and New Zealand, and Abercrombie & Fitch gave him more orders than he could fill. I found a similar figure of 3,000 bows sold abroad in an article written by his friend Harlan Metcalf after Bill had died in 1967. I have found several ads from the early 1950s proclaiming that their bows were made under the Folberth patent. I have also found ads from Gassman Archery and Chippewa Archery listing Folberth bows for sale. The endorsement of companies like Abercrombie & Fitch (which was the ultimate sporting goods dealer at that time), Gassman Archery, and Chippewa Archery might have been all the advertisement that Folberth needed to sell his bows.

The bows that I have seen do not have any serial numbers. Bill was known for giving bows away. He would tell the recipients that they would be doing him a great favor if they would try a bow out to see if it works. If they liked it, they could keep it. If they didn't like it, they could throw it away or send it back. A man of this character would have little need to know when a bow was made. If the bow was not right, I am sure he would make it right. No questions asked!

Bill Folberth was an inventive genius, but there are other words that can

be used to describe this remarkable man. He was one of the better archery coaches of his time. He had a gentle unobtrusive way of teaching the proper archery form. He was also known as a peacemaker. Whenever there was a conflict between the different archery organizations, Bill was called on for his wise counsel to bring the sides together. He was also a very generous man. In the depths of the depression, he kept more than one hundred jobless men alive by providing work projects for them.

On February 1, 1966, the archery manufacturers honored Bill Folberth for his contribution to archery by awarding him the "Larry C. Whiffen" award at their annual banquet in Chicago. This quiet unassuming man passed away on July 22, 1967, but the archery legacy that he left us will live on as long there are bows to shoot. . .



This 1941 photo from *Archery Magazine* showed Mr. Folberth admiring three bows identified as "left, a bow shaped by following the grain of the wood; center, a conventional English long bow; and right, a mathematically-shaped bow with notched-center construction."



FLAMING

by Richard E. Brotzman

Flaming (no, not of bamboo fly rods, but of self bows) is the process of using a propane torch to burn the back, sides and belly of a bow to change the appearance of the white woods or, as in the case of Osage Orange, to change the color of the bright orange. This process not only changes the appearance of the bow, but in fact does improve the performance of the cast of the bow. In my experiments I've found that this process gives the bow not only a different appearance but also improves the cast and set of the bow limbs. I am very pleased with the results. Flaming not only changes the appearance of the bow but is actually a tempering process (drying of wood) to keep or help prevent the wood from taking a set (deflex). I've cut down Osage Orange trees in Kansas, and have made very serviceable bows within 3 weeks (after cutting the tree).

The process I use for flaming is as follows: After I take my stave to one growth ring and cut it to shape both in width, depth, and length of a finished bow, including the final tittering process, I then take my torch and flame the back sides and belly of the bow.

I hold the torch three to six inches away from the wood or just enough to keep from burning (charring) the wood. I burn mine to the black stage, not the light brown stage of flaming. I then sand the entire bow after flaming it (the bow will still have a black appearance after sanding).

The bow will get very hot during this process, so be very careful. Your hands will also get black during the flaming/sanding process.

I've been performing this process on every bow that I've built in the past 6 months and I am very pleased with the results.

I've also switched from pure linen strings and dacon strings to Fast Flight strings on my self bows with no bad results or limb-tip failure. I attribute this to the way I build my bow strings. I use a 10 to 12 strand Fast Flight string on my bows (57-65 lbs.), but in the loop area I add six to seven 14-inch pieces of dacon to give this area extra thickness so it doesn't cut into the wood in the string nocks. So far it works.

The reasons that I switched to fast flight string are (1) because it is a tad bit faster, (2) in my opinion, it's quieter, and (3) I believe it allows you to get more efficiency from your bow in both penetration and hitting power.



I hope this information will help change the thinking of some of the old-time bowyers who are set in their ways and will enlighten new comers. If you have any questions on the information contained above, please feel free to call me between 1 p.m. and 3 p.m., Monday through Friday at 785-494-2797.



Weightlifting and Archery: Part Two

by Price Ebert

To all of you who have been waiting for this weightlifting program, I apologize for the delay. I wrote and rewrote this article several times. At first I worked up a program that just trained those muscles involved in drawing the bow. The more I wrote, the more I realized that I was only giving you part of a body. Life is not just longbows and recurves. It gives me great pleasure to know I'm helping your archery. I feel I would be building a stairway to heaven if I could help you be an overall better person. So, I'm going to give you a complete body that will allow you to improve your life, including your archery.

If you haven't read part one in the Fall 1997 issue, I highly recommend you do so before attempting this program. It's hard for me to stress just how serious this weightlifting program is. To just start out lifting in this type of program without doing the "Transitional Phase" first would be like building a house on a foundation of sand. If you are a weightlifter now, and have been for some time, it's probably okay.

Before we begin, there are two things I would like to review "nutrition" and "rest." This weightlifting program is very demanding of your body. You absolutely must get one gram of protein per pound of body weight—two grams would be perfect. To make sure you stay on target you are going to have to keep a journal, and record everything you eat. Then look up the foods you eat in the "Nutritional Almanac." This book can be purchased at health food stores and book stores.

In the last article I praised the protein value of broiled and baked white fish. I'm still right in my praise, however there are two other protein sources with very low fat content. Venison is over seventy-percent protein with almost no fat. Ostrich is virtually identical to venison in it's protein to fat ratio (the taste is that of choice beef, very tender and full of flavor). If you can't find ostrich meat locally, call me, I'm an ostrich rancher. I process and market my own ostriches to the muscle-building public at industrial prices. I ship to muscle building archers, too. I also highly recommend a very high-potency multi-vitamin pack.

About rest: get all you can! That is easier written than done. Eight hours of rest per day should be the minimum while weight training. If you can get more, you may get extremely strong. Remember, lifting weights doesn't actually make you stronger. Lifting weights is just a catalyst to good nutrition and rest.

I call this type of weightlifting program "Method Training." In my opinion, as a weightlifting historian, this is the oldest and the best type of training. Modern weightlifting has become like modern archery. People are constantly coming up with something new that you just have to have, or you'll be obsolete. Well, we know that just ain't so.

Basically, we'll workout three times a week, adding five or ten pounds to the bar every set for six weeks. That's right, only three days a week, but the last two weeks will be brutal.

ABOVE PHOTO: Bent-over laterals. If you only go away with one exercise from this program, this should be the one.

**Increase Your Strength
by 20%**



**Improve Your Ability to
Hold on Target**



The way this works, you start out with 60% of your maximum weight for five repetitions, then for each set you add five or ten pounds to the bar. The next workout you start with five or ten pounds more than you started out with last time. It will look something like this:

DEADLIFT, SHRUGS, AND CALF RAISES,

Monday:

75# x 12, 100# x 5, 105# x 5,
110# x 5, 115# x 5, 120# x 5

Wednesday:

75# x 12, 105# x 5, 110# x 5,
115# x 5, 120# x 5, 125# x 5,

And so on for six weeks. As you can see, by the end of this program you are going to increase your strength by 20%. NOTE: To avoid injuries you must use perfect form.

Here is the entire six-week program to be performed on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday:

Five-Minute Warm-Up (rowing, jogging, cycling, etc.)

Quick Stretch (Pay special attention to the upper body.)

Deadlifts, Shrugs, and Calf Raises

___X12, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5

PULLDOWNS

___X12, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5

BENTOVER DUMBBELL ROWS

___X5, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5

POWER CLEAN/OVERHEAD PRESS

___X5, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5

BENTOVER LATERALS

___X5, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5

BARBELL CURLS

___X5, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5

TRICEPS EXTENSIONS

___X5, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5

SQUATS (LEG PRESS)

___X10, ___X10, ___X10, ___X10

DUMBBELL BENCH PRESS

___X5, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5, ___X5

CRUNCHES

5 sets of maximum effort

That's 50 working sets, and two warm-up sets. Plan on a two-hour training session. You may have noticed that I only included warm-up sets on the first two exercises. After that you'll be plenty warmed up. Let's describe the performance of the above exercises.

DEADLIFT/SHRUGS/CALF RAISES: Do a deadlift, at the exact moment you hit the top do a shoulder shrug (try to stick the ends of your shoulders in your ears.) Simultaneously stand on your very tip toes, for a two count. These two actions should be performed

as one fluid movement. Slowly return the bar to the floor. Do not release the bar, and start again.

PULLDOWNS: Do these the same way as described in the Fall '97 issue.

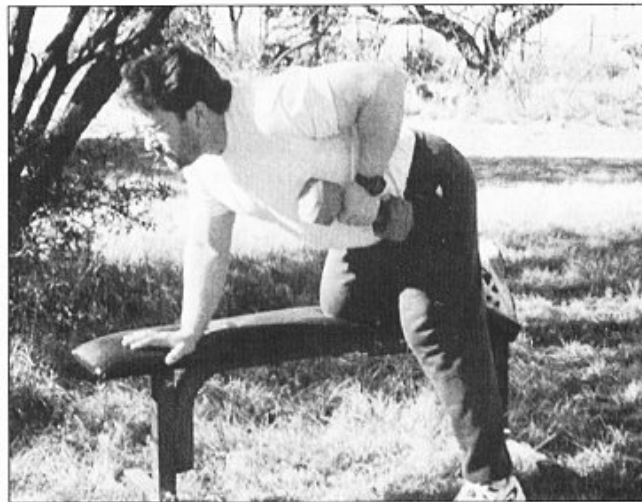
BENTOVER DUMBBELL ROWS
You need a bench or rack of some kind to brace your body with your free hand. Reach down pick up the dumbbell with your other hand. Adjust your body to where you are bentover about 100 degrees from the floor. The dumbbell should be hanging straight down, with your back muscles being slightly stretched. Now raise the dumbbell by trying to bring your elbow behind your back as far as possible. As you row the dumbbell up, at the top make sure you squeeze your shoulder blades together for a two count. Lower the dumbbell under control into a good back stretch.

POWER CLEANS/OVERHEAD PRESS: Start with a deadlift/shrug/calf raise, at the moment you get to the shrug/calf raise, continue to pull the bar high to your chest. When the bar gets to your chest, which is just about as high as you can pull, drop down a little by bending your knees, row your elbows under the bar at the same time, catching the bar on top of the chest, right above the collar bones. That's the power-clean part.

Now, just using your shoulder and arm strength, force the bar overhead. Do not use your legs or lower back to help get the bar overhead. Lock the bar out



Bent-Over Dumbbell Rows, position one.



Bent-Over Dumbbell Rows, position two. Concentrate on squeezing your upper back muscles (the ones that draw your bow) tightly.

overhead, and squeeze your shoulder and back muscles for a two count. Let the bar down slowly the way it came up. Lower the bar to just below your knees, and start again. A note of advice—the power clean should be easier than the press. Most people can clean much more than they can press. Besides, we're looking for shoulder work. If you want to work on your power cleans, and you're good at it, do the overhead press separate.

BENTOVER LATERALS: If you only go away with one exercise from this program, this should be the one.

From an archery standpoint, I think this is the single most beneficial exercise going. I prefer to do this exercise on a cable cross-over machine. Grab the two lower handles with opposite hands, crossing your arms across your upper body. Bend over to about 100 degrees from the floor, so that your arms are hanging down and crossed. This should cause a pretty good stretch across your back. Keep a little bend in your elbows throughout the entire movement. Now raise your arms up as far as they can go, pinching your shoulder blades together for a two count. Return slowly to the stretched cross.

If you do not have a cable cross-over machine at your disposal, you can use a single low pulley. You will have to do the

exercise one arm at a time. Just make sure you get a good stretch across your back. Perform the exercise in the same manner.

A pair of dumbbells will work almost as well. Pick up a pair of dumbbells, bend over 100 degrees from the floor, arms hanging down palms facing each other, dumbbells touching (see the photo on the first page of this article). Raise your bent arms up as far as possible, pinching your shoulder blades together for a two count. At this point you'll look much like a gull attempting flight. Of course return to the starting position slowly.

BARBELL CURLS : Use the same form as described in the Fall '97 issue. A

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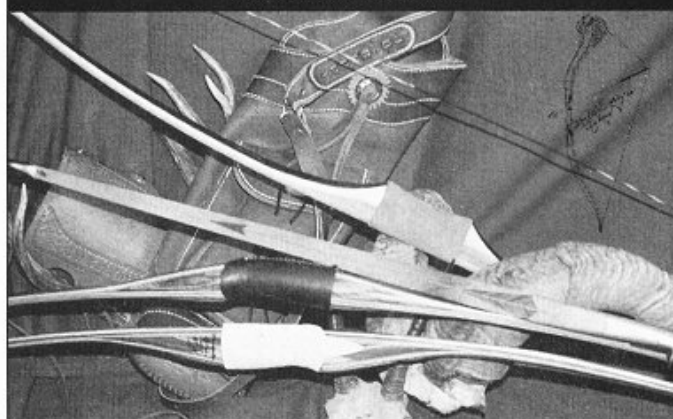
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straight bar or EZ curl bar makes little difference, I prefer the straight bar.

TRICEPS EXTENSION: Same as described in the Fall '97 issue.

SQUATS (LEG PRESS): Same as described in the Fall '97 issue. If you can't or won't squat, do the leg press. J.B. Kinney, arguably the "Worlds Strongest Grip," squats religiously. Squats give you overall power.

DUMBBELL BENCH PRESSES: I prefer dumbbells to barbells for bench pressing, especially where archery is concerned. The bench press is undoubtedly the most over-rated exercise, ever. Unless you're a lineman in American Football, or a shot putter, or a powerlifter, do your self a favor and use the dumbbells.

Let me describe the proper form. Lie on a flat bench with the dumbbells at arms length, straight up. As you slowly lower the dumbbells try to keep your elbows in, which will pinch your shoulder blades together at the bottom. This will pre-stretch the chest, and protect your shoulder joints. Your palms should be facing each other the entire time. The dumbbells should be below your chest line. Press the dumbbells up with power, while keeping the palms facing each other. Leave a little bend in your elbows at the top, and squeeze your chest muscles for a two count. If you must bench press with the bar. Keep those elbows in to pinch the shoulder blades together.

Allowing your elbows to get out wide, (90 degrees from your rib cage)

causes impingement of the rotator cuff. In other words, if you use sloppy form while barbell bench pressing, you'll wear a hole in your rotator cuff. No more archery, no more weightlifting, however you'll be able to watch.

CRUNCHES: Same as described in the Fall '97 issue.

Now, let me give you some fatherly advice. Like your father, I want you to learn from my mistakes. I would hate to see you make the same painful mistakes I've made over the decades. First, you're training for archery, not trying to make the U.S. weightlifting team. **DON'T GET HURT.** If you're really serious about your archery, only do this strength program twice a year. You can't shoot good archery if you're sore all the time. Don't let your ego talk you into making more than five-pound jumps for the upper-body parts, and ten-pound jumps for the squats or leg press. Making these frequent little jumps in weight allows your soft tissues, i.e. tendons and ligaments to get strong along with your muscles. If your muscles get strong too fast for your soft tissues, "pop!" surgery time.

Stay in good form. I suggest you always leave yourself one repetition in reserve. Don't struggle with a weight for ten or twenty seconds trying to get it up. You shouldn't have to make a real ugly face to complete your last rep. When you put yourself in these situations, you're in the danger zone, and the consequences can be very severe. If you dread your next workout, you're probably doing too much, cut back a little. This program is supposed to be challenging, not a fight for your life.

If you want the weights to give up their gifts, you have to concentrate constantly. If you don't you might get a gift you don't want. It's just like archery. Concentrate, use good form, and have fun.



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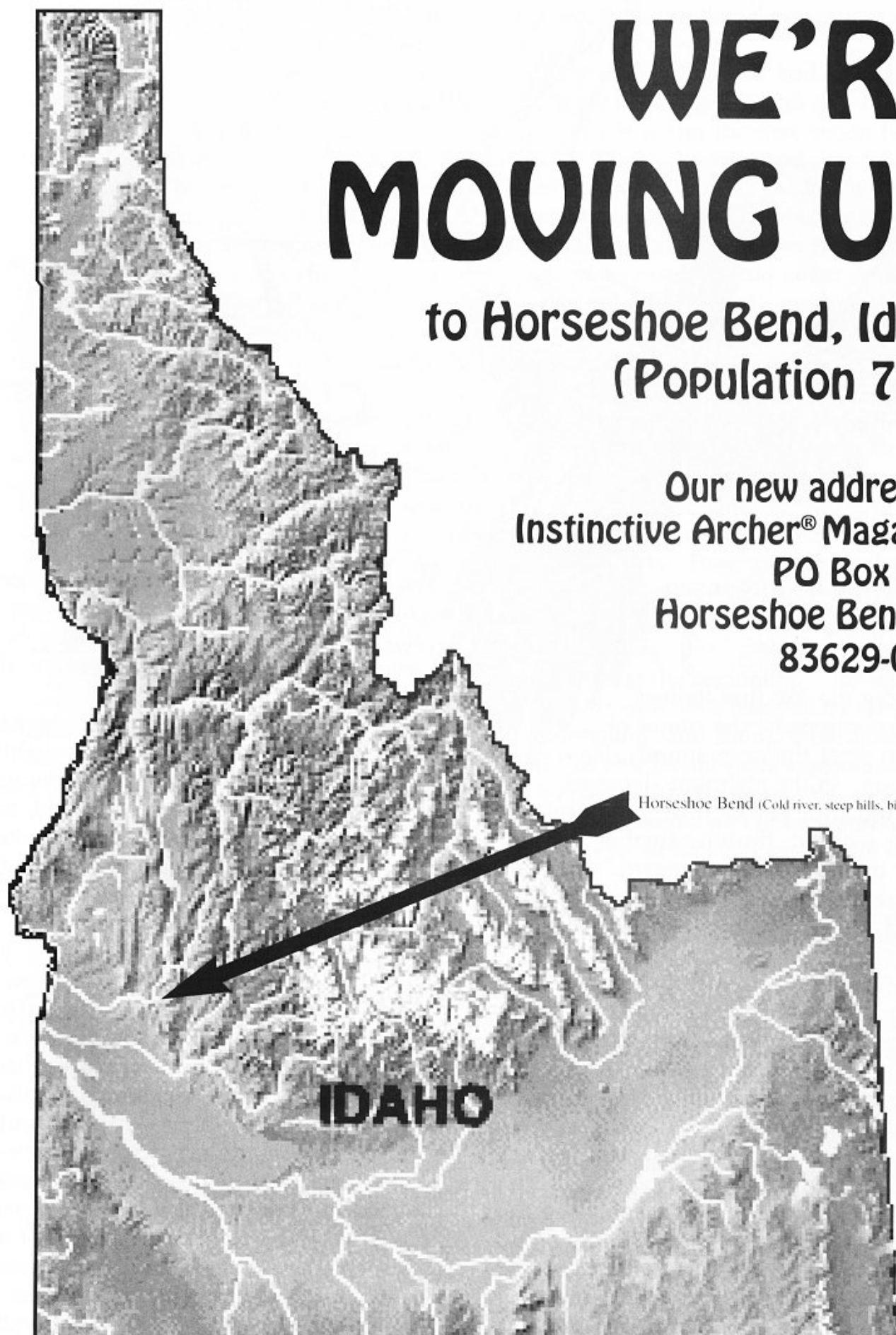
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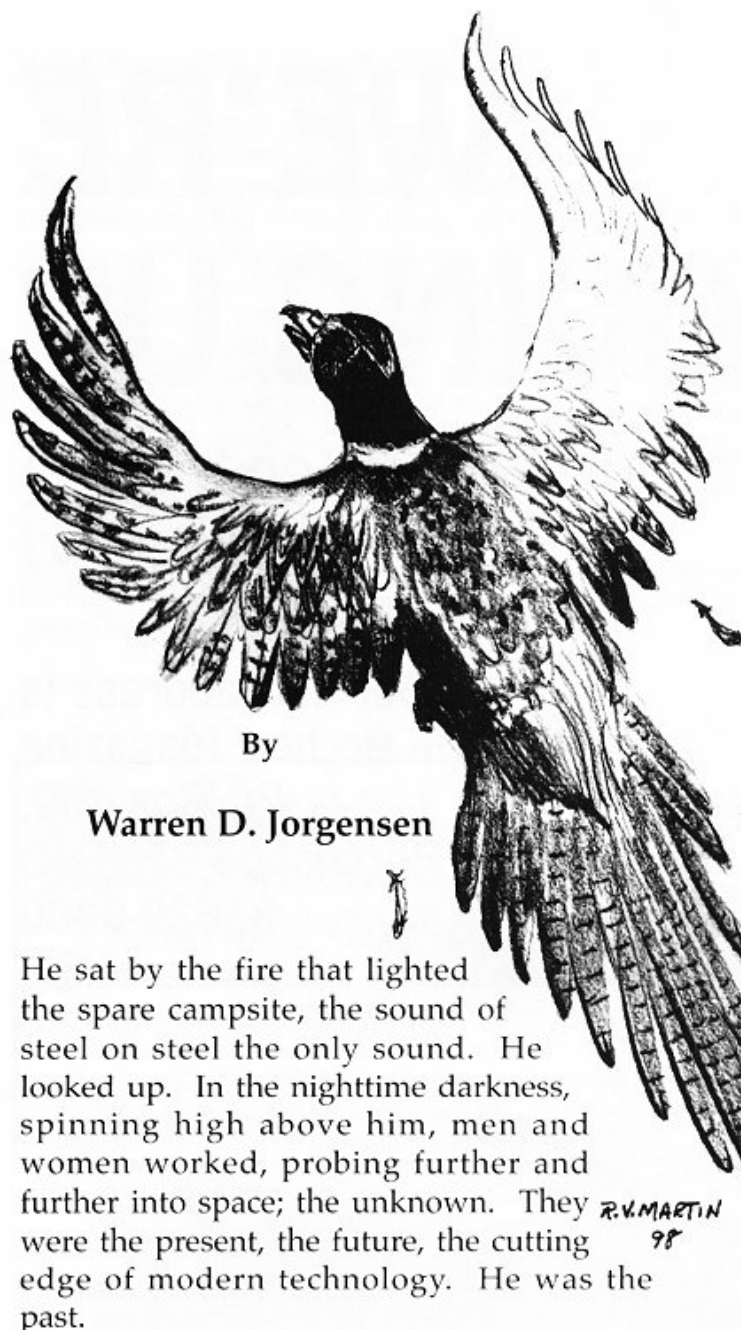
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IDAHO



By

Warren D. Jorgensen

He sat by the fire that lighted the spare campsite, the sound of steel on steel the only sound. He looked up. In the nighttime darkness, spinning high above him, men and women worked, probing further and further into space; the unknown. They were the present, the future, the cutting edge of modern technology. He was the past.

He thought about those men and women briefly as he worked a stone across the edges of a broadhead that graced the end of a wood arrow that he held in his lap. Putting the final strokes on the last arrow, he slipped it into his quiver, threw two more logs on the fire, and went to the tent to check on the boy, who slept soundly.

He pulled out his own sleeping bag and mat, spread them next to the fire and undressed, rolling his shirt in his pants and stuffing them inside his sweater to make his pillow, he slipped into the bag. Gazing into

THE SPIRIT

the cool, black night sky, he saw a shooting star appear, flare, and burn itself out high above him. Just like the first night he had ever camped out under the stars, those many long years ago.

Then, there had been many nights on many hunting trips, he had thought that they would go on forever. He thought of his brother, their days in the field, nights bedded down next to fires just like the one he now lay next to alone, and the bows and bowhunting that had been the reason for it all in the first place.

Brief snatches of those years flooded his mind. He and his ratty bow, with the red oilcloth-wrapping on the grip, the missing rest that forced him to shoot the bent and twisted arrows off his knuckle, shooting alongside his brother, who scored hit after hit with the longbow that whipped out the straight handmade arrows, with five-inch feathers and real field points. He wanted a bow like that but knew that it would never be.

Then there was the day they went to the gun shop. There was one small corner reserved for archery tackle, because few hunters used such primitive equipment. He remembered

R.V. MARTIN
98

holding his breath and the growing lump in his throat as his brother checked, tested and yes, bought him his own real longbow.

It was light in the hand, smooth on the draw, with a real rest and smooth leather handle. Even as he drew it in the store, he knew he would kill with it.

Before he could hunt, he would have to have arrows, and the first lesson he learned was that an archer made his own arrows. Slowly, by trial and error, he learned; after his homework was done, often times before, putting off the lessons of the textbook for the lessons of the archer. He learned the selecting of the straightest shafts, and how to straighten them if they were not so, to put the nock on first, and only when the shaft was straight and true, because otherwise it would never shoot true. He learned the feel and smell of the dipping, the crowning, the cresting, the burning and cutting and the gluing of the fletching, until he had two dozen finished arrows such as he had never seen before and they were special, because he had made them. They were his.

With his new arrows he began the endless hours of learning the archer's art, and the learning curve was slow, sometimes painfully so. It began with barely concealed tears and unconcealed frustration. How could anything so simple be so complicated? Next to his brother, ten years older, bigger, stronger, smarter, and just a damn fine shot, he was never good enough. His arrows, as if they had minds of their own, went low into the grass, and high over the butts. They went to the left and to the right, over and under the target. He was holding too tight, and then too loose. He was bending his wrist in, then out, then too high, then too low, and the harder he tried to control it, the more distant success became.

"You will never control the bow," his brother told him at the beginning. *"You will become one with it, and when that happens, you will have the spirit of the bow, and the spirit will guide you, guide your arrow."* He didn't understand, and thought he never would. He knew though, that someday he would be able to put three arrows in a Lucky Strike package at twenty yards too, if he worked at it. He knew that someday he would become good enough. Gradually the bow became part of him, and he of it, until it became an extension of his arm and his eye, of himself, and finally of his spirit. And when it was, they hunted.

At the end of his second season, his "rabbit record" was ten. And then came their third season, and what came to be known at family gatherings as the season of "The Day of the Pheasant," and what everyone commonly referred to as "the shot."

He remembered that morning as if were the day before. In his mind, it still was. They were hunting a section of woods where they had been putting a dent in the local rabbit population for two years. They came to a section of low brush and blowdown. His brother being left-handed, went to the left, he to the right. They started through and over the blowdown, carefully, silently, slowly. A step, and wait, and look. Move little, look much, like it said in the book about Indian hunting that he had read somewhere in his learning. They signaled each other with a look, a nod, a flick of the wrist, a slight movement of the finger. They had hunted this way often, sometimes spending an entire day hunting without exchanging a word.

He was standing sideways on a log six feet off the ground when he heard it.

He listened, watched, straining his senses for a clue to whatever it was. A coon maybe. He'd like one of those, he thought, but it wasn't likely, not at this time of day. Maybe, just maybe, he had a fox, and the thought made his nerves tingle.

"Oh, let it be, please let it be," he thought, and the thought was snapped off incomplete by the beat of the wings, and oh damn! A pheasant! Going straight out and up, just like in the magazine, angling out of the brush, and impossible to hit. As his eyes flared, his heart sank, and his left arm rose, and hours of reflexive training took command.

The bow arced. The index finger of his right hand found the corner of his mouth. He knew that he wouldn't hit the bird just as he had never hit the plate that his brother had thrown in the air—as the tip of the arrow fell in behind the rising bird, followed over and ahead of it, and even as he released he knew that he would have to make another arrow to replace this one, and there was only the sound of the wings beating the air. God, how could those things fly that fast! The bird went up and out, wings flapping furiously, stuttered momentarily, the arrow went out straight and true, and they met and even before it hit, he knew it would, and—YES!

Just as the arrow buried itself under the bird's outstretched left wing and as it began the first uncontrolled pinwheel into the brush below, Harry leaped two feet in the air, his arms punching the sky, the bow gripped tightly in his fist, a war whoop on his lips. He forgot where he had been, missed the log coming down, and like the bird, went crashing into the brush himself. He landed hard, heard a snap as a flash of pain shot through his right leg, mixing with the adrenaline rush that was pumping through his body. He was hurt, but he was laughing, and he was happy and he was crying and where was that damn bird, and why can't I stand up, he thought.

Then his brother was standing over him, holding his arrow in his hand, and halfway up the shaft, the pheasant hung limply, its wings lifeless. The sight made him cry a little more, but he had never been so happy in his entire life.

"That was one hell of a shot," his brother said. *"Better than any I've ever made."* And it was.

Their season was finished that day, and he spent the next two months with his leg in a cast.

They didn't know it at the time, but there were to be but three seasons left to them. They would take their mixed bag of rabbits, squirrels, three raccoons, and one cold winter morning when his brother took his fine six-point buck. He called in and killed his first and only full-furred fox, the skin of which went up over the family fireplace.

Then his brother went when he was called, to hunt the most dangerous game of all, and did not come back. When his own turn came, he volunteered and returned, but changed. There was a woman who wanted to have his children, a life to be found, children to be born, the first of whom, a boy, would be named after the uncle he would never know. Gradually, the memories of those days in the field and that day and that shot faded away, filed and forgotten—until that hot, steamy August day when he stood on top of the embankment and watched the boy who now slept

were daubed with dirt, mud, and charcoal, his curly hair invisible under a green bandanna wrapped around his head.

The boy held an old bow in his hands, and he thought that it looked familiar, with it's cheap red oilcloth handle wrap and no shelf so that he was forced to balance the bent, twisted, decades-old arrow on his knuckle as he scanned the banks of the creek with the concentration that only a child can bring to such pursuits; a mountain lion ready to spring. He was a hunter.

"What're you doin' son?" He broke the silence, and the spell. The boy looked up, his concentration broken.

"Hunting," he said, almost sheepishly.

"I thought so. What're you hunting?"

"Dinosaurs."

"Oh. Well, I understand they lay up in this heat. How about some lunch?"

"Oh, OK." He sloshed out of the creek and up the embankment.

"By the way, where'd you get the bow?"

"Found it in the attic. Grandma said it was yours. Said it's been there for years. Can I keep it?"

I think it needs replacing. Let's see what I can do."

It had been five years since that afternoon. But the boy had sparked a flame he thought long dead in the embers of life. He found the man in Vermont who would make him the bow he wanted, and another for the boy. That Christmas, he watched as the boy opened the long flat box, and the cries of joy that filled the house.

He kneeled in front of the boy, took the bow out of the box, and balancing it on his fingertips in front of him, reached back for words long forgotten.

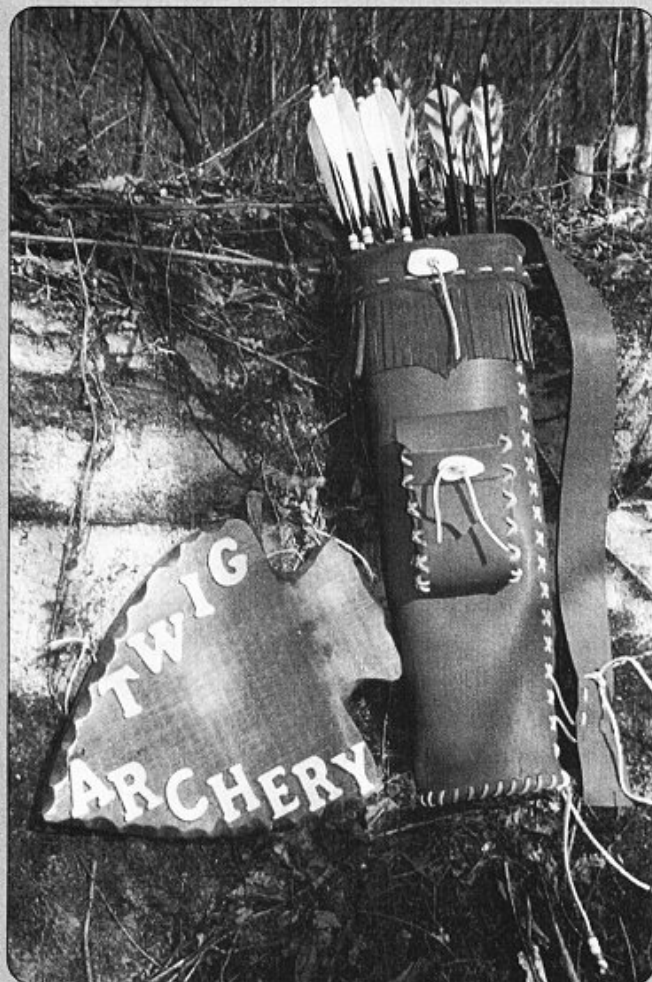
"You will never control the bow, You will become one with it, and when that happens, you will have the spirit of the bow, and the spirit will guide you, guide your arrow." He placed the bow in the boy's outstretched hands, and fully understood the uncomprehending look in his eyes.

On a cold, brisk New Year's Day, with the first three arrows the boy made himself, they began to practice. It was two years before the boy drew down on game, his first rabbit.

He lifted the flap of the tent. In the half-light thrown by the fire, he could just about make out parts of the untroubled fourteen-year-old face. One arm extended from the sleeping bag, the fingers of his slim manchild's hand resting lightly on the unstrung longbow, the forearm holding down the quiver of arrows, and between them, the tailfeathers of the pheasant he had shot this afternoon. The spirit had been passed.



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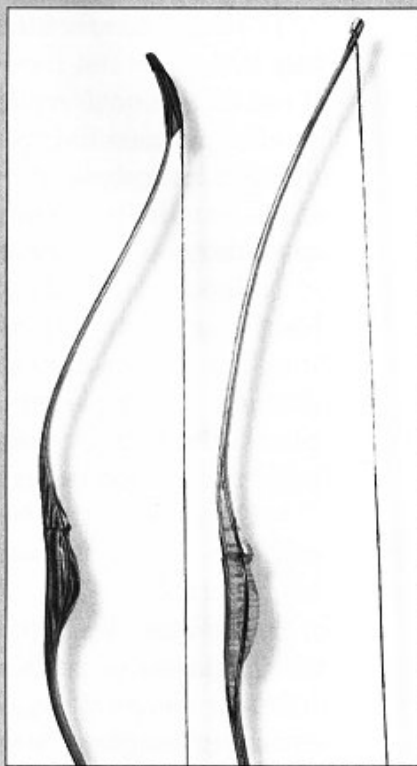
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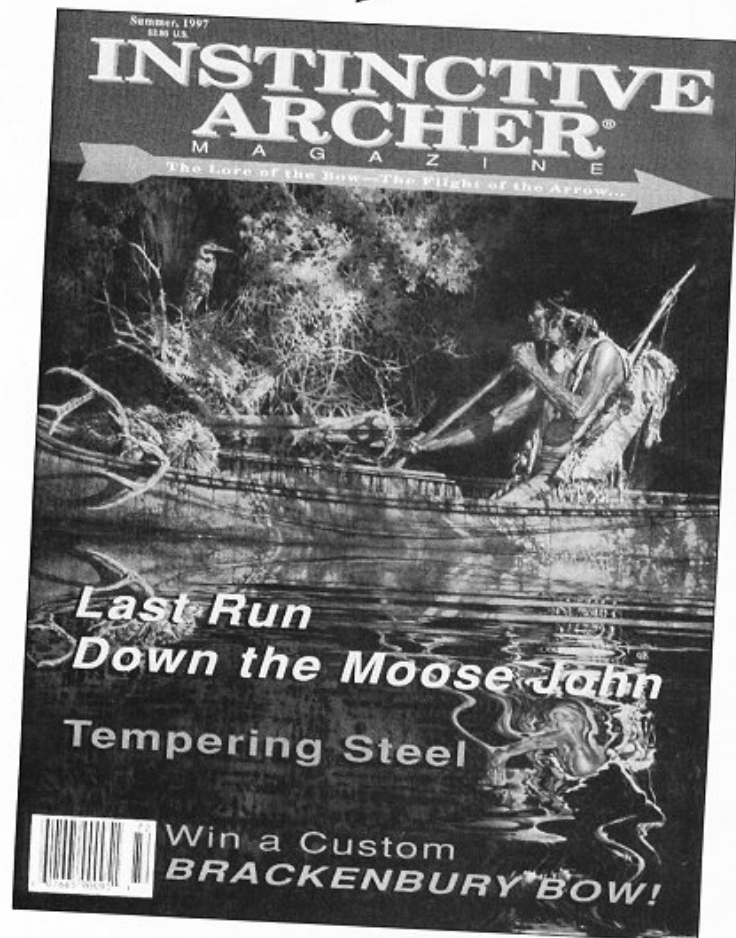
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LORE: A body of wisdom or knowledge . . . especially when it is of a traditional nature.



*With
Bob Martin*

The prevailing west wind was rustling through the tops of the huge aspen trees that ringed the edge of the meadow in the secluded valley. In the distance the familiar "clunk-snap-thunk" of a pine squirrel dropping cones drew the hunter's senses to crystal clarity.

He had been here many times over the years, the changing colors of autumn drawing him there as surely as geese are drawn south as the first frosts spur migration. The aspens always drew him. He searched the scarred bark of the big aspens, the veterans of centuries. There, scratched in the bark, were the names and dates of those who had paused to note their passing in the secluded grove of aspen where silence had lease.

They held a fascination for him since he was just a lad. As a boy he had always marveled at the bone-white bark which told the tales of so many passersby who, like him, were also drawn to the groves of aspen. Hunters, trappers, cowboys, and miners all have left their marks. Somewhere out there on some sunny hillside were the signatures of friends and family now gone, inscribed with month, day, and year. Older names from the last century, often unreadable now with the aging and stretching of bark, lost to the sands of time. In some lonesome thicket the aspen silently bear witness in memorial. A hunter noted his passing "Oct 29, 1923" in perfect cursive.

In this grove of aspen, elk had scarred up most of the trunks as high as they could reach to scrape off the tasty bark. The hunter scanned several trees. Looking closely, he walked around them. There it was, at about 8 feet up, his own signature and a date. It had been many winters since he had marked that tree. He had placed it high to prevent it easily being barked off by the elk. He reached out with the tip of his bowlimb and touched his name as if making some connection with the past or completing a pilgrimage.

He remembered vividly the pleasant misery of packing a beautiful 5-point bull out of this canyon. He remembered the unforgettable shadow he cast as he trudged across the meadow in the golden September sunshine. His pack was burdened with a full quarter of the bull and the beautiful rack strapped atop the load. The low sun stretched the lines out across the sedges. The shadow, bow in hand, pack and rack, stood briefly in the center of the verdant opening along the stream. . . a hunter's shadow.

For a moment he stood in appreciation and gazed across the secluded valley and thought of all the adventures he had enjoyed in those mountains; the many times the flickering light of a small fire had danced against the ivory aspen as he and his good friends had busied themselves with staying warm, cooking, and drifting off to sleep beneath these sentinels of time and dreamed hunter's dreams under the stars. He scratched out a note:

*"May you find your hunters dream, with aspens growing high.
May you slumber, peaceful sleeping, beneath the starry sky.
And may you make your mark upon an aspen's snowy bark,
And remember all the best of life forever in your heart"*



IDAHO

ARCHERY STAMPS AND PRINTS

This series of stamps was created from 1982 until 1995 for the Idaho Department of Fish and Game as permits for archery hunters. An exclusively limited edition of high quality prints remains for the discriminating collector. Collect the series or collect a favorite design.



1995 Idaho Archery Stamp

Each numbered print includes a certificate of authenticity as well as variations with mat and frame, full color remarque, additional autographed stamp and Idaho State silver commemorative coin. Call or write to Rocky Mountain Creations for details and prices.

Ralph Harris has created eleven stamp designs for the Idaho Department of Fish & Game since 1982. For the past 34 years his creations can be seen in many national publications, which to name a few include, Ski and Skiing magazines, the U. S. Air Force, The Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association, Ducks Unlimited, The Sawtooth National Recreation Area as well as extensive private collections. He is also a professional ski instructor and lives near Sun Valley, Idaho.

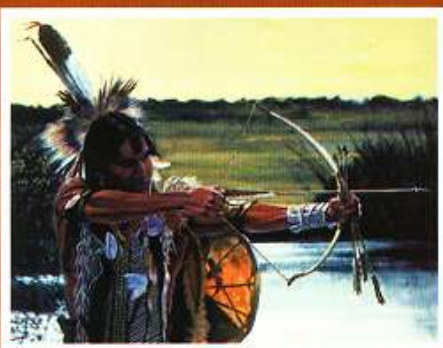


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These limited edition prints are the end of a great series. Due to the Idaho Department of Fish and Game fiscal cut backs and computerization of license sales these artistic creations will no longer be reproduced. Thus, you have the opportunity of owning a very rare collectable that will certainly be cherished.



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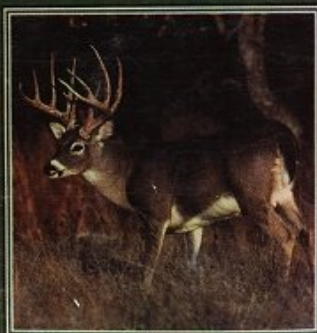
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TRADITIONAL VALUES

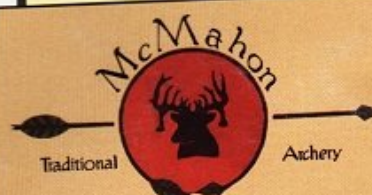
Values. A simple word that carries a lot of responsibility. Responsibility like passing on marginal shots, good sportsmanship at tournaments, and a financial commitment to our sport. Last year the McMahon Eagle Eye contest raised \$3,434 for the Wildlife Legislative Fund of America.

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