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Spring, 1999

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COVER PHOTO: A proud Scot with a "proud" osage longbow. Hari Heath of Heathen arms dressed in native garb, high in the Idaho mountains. In addition to tillering this unique bow to perfection, Hari also handcrafted the fighting sword, which is well balanced, quick in the hand, and as sharp as the keenest broadhead. Photo by Rik Hinton.

INSTINCTIVE ARCHER® MAGAZINE

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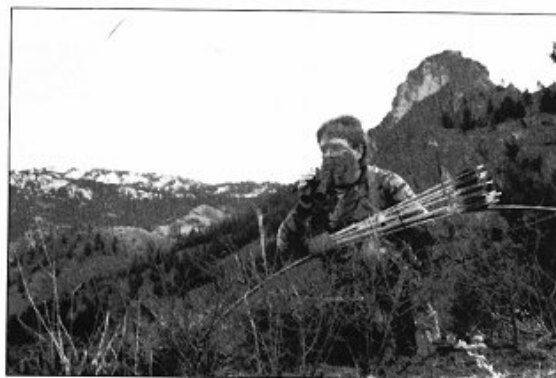
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From the old oak desk of the Editor



Rik Hinton, Editor

In the northern latitudes, waiting for spring takes its toll on those who yearn for green hills, spawning carp, and long stalks on steep wilderness slopes in the hope of arrowing glossy-furred black bear feeding on newly borne grasses. That yearning got the best of me last night. Winter snow had finally been replaced by the first cold rains of spring, and long after dark, my bow began calling my name. Despite the horizontal rain and the darkness, I gath-

ered a few veteran fir shafts from last year, heavy and straight, yet well worn from constant use.

Squinting in the heavy rain, I focused on the small spot of white against the dark soil, drew back, and watched the yellow fletch fly true again and again. I was shooting into a muddy dirt bank, but I was picturing the heavy-tusked wild boar that I hoped to stalk and shoot in a few short weeks when I could at last escape the cold and hunt for a few glorious days in old Mexico. Shot after shot, the cold rain continued to soak my back and shoulders, but I could almost feel the warm rays of the Mexican sun as I pictured myself stalking closer and closer to the elusive boar of my dreams. (Practicing archery in inclement weather requires a rather active imagination.)

I will admit that night shooting in the winter and early spring takes a bit more concentration, and certainly more dedication, but it's also a lot of fun. More importantly though, it keeps our archery senses keen.

Warm weather practice is easy, anyone can do it. There are no weather problems or lack of daylight to hinder practice sessions or make you want to stay inside. You don't have to wear bulky clothes or worry about snow build-up on the bow shelf, and you certainly don't have to worry about neighbors thinking that you've finally gone off the deep end when they see you practicing late at night in the rain or snow. But the difference between being a mediocre shot with a longbow or recurve, or being a great shot is often determined by year-round practice.

The best archers that I know practice 52 weeks out of the year, rain or shine. I doubt that many of them realize how much more they practice than casual archers. In fact, many of them aren't practicing to get better, they are just out there shooting arrows because they enjoy it. But that year-round practice is quickly evident at the first of the spring archery tournaments. Many of them post higher scores at the beginning of the season than most archers do at the end of the season. Yes, some of them are natural athletes who excel at outdoor endeavors. But many of them were mediocre shots only a few short years ago, and a couple of them just picked up a bow for the first time five or six years ago (I observe these "upstart" archers with a raised eyebrow and much suspicion [a.k.a. envy]).

Non-archers occasionally ask me whether they should buy a compound or traditional bow for hunting. One of the things I tell them is that if they care about the animals they will hunt but only have time to practice once a week or less, or if they are not willing to practice in the winter, then they should buy a compound, and shoot it with sights. But if they have the time and interest to shoot on a regular basis, year-round, then they are far better off with a traditional bow. I also tell them that they will enjoy the world of archery much more with a traditional bow, because they will be watching those arrows fly, rain or shine, all year long.

That old bowhunter Chester Stevenson, born before the turn of the century, stated it well for future generations when he wrote "*In this same ten years, I killed hundreds of squirrels, rabbits, and pests of all kinds, also ducks, grouse and other game birds. I like to hunt the year round, and when game is scarce I work on stumps, mole hills, etc. More and more shooting.*"





Letters to The Editor:

(A response to Brett Johnson's letter, Fall 1998 Issue)

Dear Mr. Johnson,

I am also very interested in Archery of Northern Europe and have collected all the information I could find on the topic. While Highlanders used archery in combat longer than anyone else in Europe, I haven't found much specific information on types of bows and arrows used in Scotland until Elizabethan times.

Elizabeth I replaced the use of archery by armed bands with the use of firearms, which left large quantities of surplus bows and arrows in the Tower of London where military equipment was stored.

The King of Scotland then sent an emissary to buy this equipment at bargain prices. English military handbows from the time of Edward III were yew longbows.

I will be sending the medieval specifications of such equipment to *Instinctive Archer*™. (Not the so-called traditional longbow used in England in this century.) I have more information in my notes which I will soon get out of storage.

Perhaps you know that the Dauphin of France, when he became King, had a personal bodyguard of Scottish archers, and that Charles the Bold employed Scottish mounted archers as well as English archers.

I will send more information later and I would appreciate knowing what information you have.

Sincerely,

Ernie Roth
10 King St.
St. Jacobs, Ont
N0B 2N0 Canada

Hi Rik,

After reading Bob Wesley's article on archery golf, I would like to inform the readers that archery golf is alive and well in Wisconsin.

We have an archery golf course at Mt. Morris Wisconsin. This is north of Wautoma. This club has been there since 1952.

It is a great archery course that is run by the North Fon Du Lac Archery Club. They hold three or four shoots each summer. On the off weekends groups can rent the course, or individuals can shoot and leave the money in the loot chute.

George Henrich, Merrill, Wisconsin

Dear Tracy,

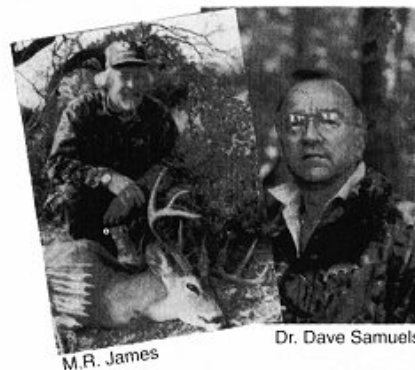
Congratulations on a great magazine!

I have enjoyed reading it so much that I have obtained all the back issues except for Winter '96, which is sold out. I would like to complete my collection of *Instinctive Archer*™ and wonder if any of my fellow readers have an extra copy which they would sell to me? My address is:

Dave Sterling
57 Spring Glen Drive
Granby, CT 06035-2625

From the PCBA:

The Physically Challenged Bowhunters of America (PCBA) are proud to announce the election of new board members M.R. James and Dr. Dave Samuel. M.R. and Dr. Dave have both been with *Bowhunter Magazine*® since its inception. In addition, they have served on the National Bowhunter Education Foundation and are both presently on the board of the Pope and Young Club.



M.R. James

Dr. Dave Samuel

The goal of the PCBA is to help the physically challenged get into the woods to bowhunt. Some have hunted before their disability and need the help and encouragement that other disabled bowhunters can provide. Others

have never hunted and bowhunting can provide the self-confidence need to help them get their lives back on track. We feel

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that M.R. James and Dave Samuel can provide leadership and recognition to help the PCBA reach our goals.

If you are physically challenged or know someone who is, or would like to help us get the many physically challenged involved once again, contact the PCBA at:

PO Box 57,
Gorham KS 67640
(785) 637-5421 e-mail: macs@midusa.net
or
RR 1 Box 470
New Alexandria, PA 15670-9240
(724) 668-7439 e-mail: mkvought@westol.com

Dear Ladies and Gentlemen,

I would like to know if other subscribers of the magazine exist in Switzerland? If it is allowed, it would be great to get their names so a meeting could possibly be arranged.

Kurt Sturzenegger
Steinerstr. 15

CH-6430 Schwyz, Switzerland

P.S. It would be nice to read once of the "applied archaeology" e.g. pre-history bows and arrows of the stoneage or replicas of Egypt bows, etc.

Dear Editor

The Ohio Society of Traditional Archers (O.S.T.A.) is holding its State Shoot, September 4th and 5th, 1999. OSTA holds this shoot on Labor Day weekend each year and never charges for dealer setup or camping. We hold four two-day shoots each year at various clubs around the state, but we feel the State of Ohio should have a larger traditional shoot. Many of our members travel to very nice shoots each year in other states and we would like to give the traditional archers of other states the opportunity to come and enjoy the great state of Ohio. So if you would like to shoot and shoot a lot, give OSTA a try.

In 1998, the OSTA State Shoot had 511 shooters. We provide free primitive camping, offer food at reasonable prices, and drinking water is available on the grounds. There are also three motels less than one mile from the club. Classes: Men and Women: Recurve, Longbow, and Selfbow; Boy and Girl Youth; Cubs; Pee-Wees; Ole Timers.

We will have two 30-target courses, two shots per target, 60 shots per course. One course will be shot on Saturday, and one on Sunday. Both scores will be combined for trophies. Shoot fees are affordable, with family rates, lots of novelties, and raffles. The Christian Bowhunters hold services at every OSTA shoot Sunday Morning at 8:30 a.m.

For more information on OSTA, our shoots, or dealer info, call or write to:

Hoot Gibson
PO Box 422, Pleasantville, OH 43148
(740) 468-3422

(To Gary Altstaetter)

Hi Gary,

I thought you might be interested in a photo of the man you wrote about. I first met Birnie in Erie, PA., sometime between 1960 and 1963. I met him again when I took the enclosed picture. I still have a string server that he gave me.

Frank King
Erie, PA



1966 Bad Tolz,
Germany

1st European Field
Archery Contest

(Lower left: George
Birnie. Upper Right:
his father. Other two
names forgotten.)

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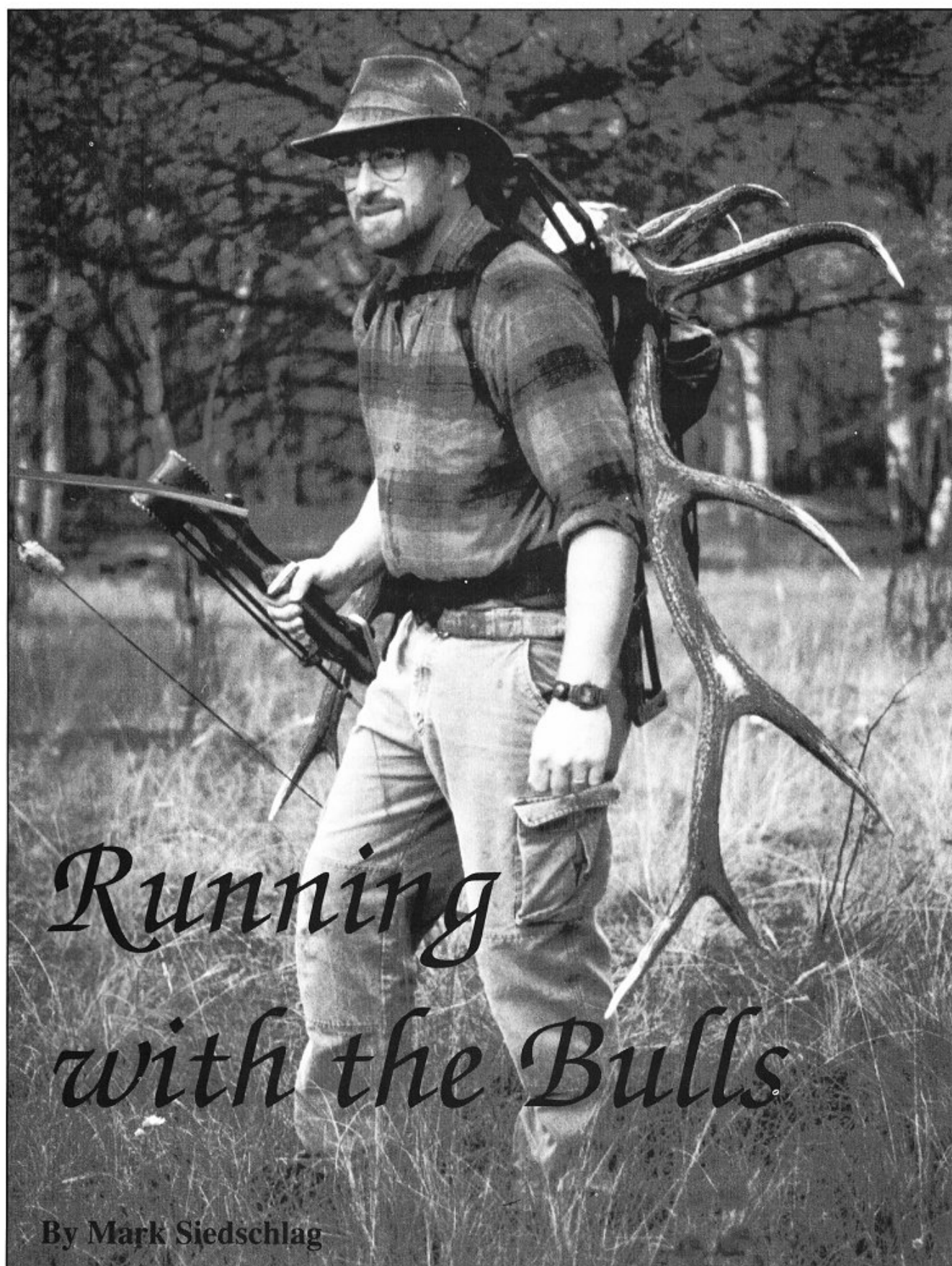
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Running with the Bulls

By Mark Siedschlag

I don't remember when elk became something special to me. It was certainly back before I was even old enough to hunt. My father would often talk about hunting elk with a far off look and an obvious longing in his heart; which may have been where the spark started. It was the elk themselves who caused it to grow into a fire. They were so big, so far away, lived in such incredible places, and were so exotic, I couldn't blame my father when he dreamed about hunting them. It was a dream that he would eventually pass on to me over the years as we talked in our hunting camps. My father would never realize an elk hunt, and my dream of hunting them would have to lay dormant for years. As time went on, I wondered if I would ever realize this dream.

School teaching and bowhunting are two loves of my life. Two loves that are in constant conflict with each other. Teachers who value their jobs can not take off for fall hunting trips. My only hope of ever going elk hunting, it seemed, was to find a teaching job in some western state containing a huntable population of elk or quit teaching altogether. Quitting teaching was something I was not willing to do and moving west required more than just myself to think about. I had a family too. So my elk hunting dream seemed destined to quietly stay a dream when through a strange twist of circumstances, I found myself and my family living in New Mexico, 25 minutes from the mountains and elk.

I was 37 years old when I finally held my first elk license in hand, a fulfillment of more than 25 years of waiting and longing. Despite being a green eastern whitetail hunter, that first season lived up to all my expectations. Hunting evenings after school and weekends, I was able to log 17 days afield, encountering several bulls, including two that were huge beyond belief. The fact that I never got off a shot did little to dampen the experience. The country was truly spectacular and I enjoyed every minute as I ran nightly with the bulls on top of my mountain. It was a learning experience that left me full of anticipation for what might be in store for my second season.

If hard work counts for anything, my second season as an elk hunter should result in a full freezer. I scouted a couple times a week after the season ended, until the snow forced me to quit for the winter, but I was right back at it again as soon as the roads became passable in the spring. By June, I was going out almost every night and covered over 500 miles in the mountains all on foot. My effort resulted in the discovery of hidden springs not shown on the topo maps, tiny drainages, and parks that I never knew existed. My mountain was becoming as familiar and comfortable to me as my own back yard. In July, the mail informed me that I was again lucky enough to draw a tag. I was going to be an elk hunter again and felt as ready as I could be.

The season opened mid-week and hot. The only bugling I heard was from two other hunters that never left the security of the road. I decided to sit on a wallow that was being regularly used, hollowing out a blind out of a group of oakbrush. Being an old whitetail hunter, taking a stand was familiar and comfortable, being much easier than running up and down the mountains after the bulls, but maybe not quite as much fun. I was content and happy to be elk hunting again. Just before dark, the movement of a tan form alerted me to the presence of an elk in the oakbrush across the small opening that contained the wallow. I was willing and would have been happy to take a cow elk, even on opening day. I had two chances last year on cows, but turned both down. In each of the cases, a large bull was near while the cows stood in easy range. The antlers of a large bull just do something to me and I couldn't bring myself to shoot a cow when a huge bull was in sight. I promised my wife and myself that I would take a cow if presented with an opportunity this year. An elk's meat is too good to pass up.

The elk at first stayed mostly hidden in the oakbrush and I couldn't tell if it had antlers or not, but I suspected it might be a bull just because it was alone. The initial rush of adrenaline when first spotting the animal had quieted a little as time passed, but my heart shot back up in my throat when it walked into the open-

ing and I could see five ivory-tipped points to a side. He was a beauty. Still 60 yards out, he grazed in the small opening unaware of the danger that lurked in the shadows of the oakbrush near his wallow. In the security of my blind, I did my best to calm down and ready myself for a shot that I was certain would come as the bull slowly fed nearer. My experience and instincts seemed to take over as I began to focus on the task at hand. In situations such as this, it seems that the predator inside me just takes over. My fingers tightened on the string while my eyes never left the spot on his chest where I planned to bury the arrow.

There are so many things beyond the hunter's control that can spoil a hunt. This bull was not to be. A wind that was a steady cross wind all night, decided to swirl. I watched in sinking horror as the wind indicator I had tied on a nearby branch bent one way and then another. Finally it bent in the direction of the bull. The elk's head came up but there was no crashing of hooves, no fleeing animal. He got a whiff of me, but I don't think it was enough for him to be sure, still, he was taking no chances. Like lifting fog, he just seemed to melt into the oakbrush, leaving me alone again. It was an exciting first day and the close encounter only fueled my determination more, but the best was yet to come.

A hard rain overnight and cooler temperatures made me abandon any idea of sitting over wallows. I climbed to the top of the mountain and sat on a rock to listen for bugles, thinking the sudden change in weather would bring some action. The wait was short as three different bulls opened up almost immediately. One bull with a squeaky voice was close, maybe only 200 yards away, and I headed for him through the pines. The ground was covered with dry needles and twigs two inches thick, preventing any quiet footing despite my best efforts. I stopped to put on some light deerskin moccasins, hoping they would give me quieter footing, but it made little difference. I had to cross a small opening of bare rock and moved over it at a quick pace. I was concentrat-

ing on being quiet and not looking ahead, a mistake I had made before. The maker of the bugle, a spike (which unknown to me, was moving in my direction), caught me in the open and left with a crashing of hooves. As I stood up to watch him depart, I heard the deep throated growl of another bull not far away and my second stalk of the night was on.

The wind was in my face as I made my way in the direction of the sound. He wasn't far. After covering about 300 yards across the flat rocky top of the mountain, I heard the loud crack of large branches breaking. I had to be extra quiet now because he was close. Crawling to the edge of a small draw, I looked over and saw the white tipped antlers of a large bull rising above the sea of oakbrush below. The antlers were all that I could see of him above the vegetation. The bull was bigger than the one I saw the night before with six ivory-tipped points to a side. His huge rack would drop down into the green brush and quickly shoot up again as he worked over the defenseless trees. Branches would catch and hang on his antlers for a moment and he would carry them around proudly, like a trophy. He was making a lot of racket between his brush beating and his growling, trying to catch the eye of a lady. The wind was steady in my face, and even though I was at least 70 yards away, I could smell his musky odor. I felt this bull feared nothing and he was putting on an impressive display of power. I found myself just watching in amazement.

It seemed hopeless to get any closer. I would have to climb down into the draw and navigate an almost impenetrable wall of oakbrush without him hearing or seeing me. Despite his preoccupation with defoliating the entire draw, I was sure it couldn't be done. I reached for my cow call and with a dry mouth, timidly gave a single soft mew. His reaction was swift and definite. With what he now thought was a female to watch, he upped the intensity of his display. He screamed a low growl and attacked a small pine tree so hard, that it snapped off just above the ground with a loud crack. For five minutes I would call and he would kill another tree.

Finally frustrated with this cow that wouldn't come any closer despite his best efforts, he started in my direction at a steady pace, growling every couple of steps. All I could see of him was the tops of his antlers as he advanced. It was an impressive sight to watch that huge rack bob up and down above the oakbrush as the bull marched towards me. I'll carry that memory with me for a long time.

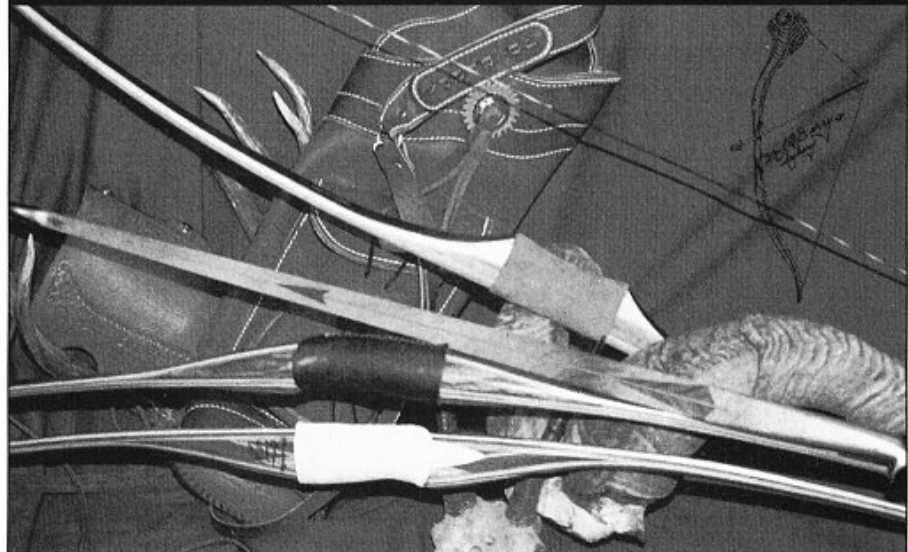
I was well hidden, in good position for his approach, and surprisingly still under control. He made it through the oakbrush and was about to climb up the rise and past me at about fifteen yards, when we both heard the soft mew of a real cow just up the draw. It was followed by several more and the bull immediately turned his attention to the small heard of cows noisily coming down the draw towards him. He strutted up to the ladies with his antlers laid back causing them to take off, they seemed to not want anything to do with him. The last I saw of him that night was his wide rack and light colored butt following after the cows as they disappeared down the draw. I tried to follow, but soon gave up, realizing it was hopeless. That night's hunt was over.

On the way out, I stopped to check a small hidden spring that was nearby, one that I had found during my scouting earlier in the summer. I was thrilled to see it churned into a muddy mess, still reeking of elk. Last night when I checked it on my way out, the water still ran clear with no sign that an elk was using it. I knew whose wallow it was.

The next day was the hottest of the season, with temperatures in the 90s. By the time I climbed up the mountain to the wallow, most of my water supply was gone and I knew that the elk had to be thirsty too. A ponderosa pine split conveniently into two trunks about ten feet up and provided the perfect spot for my little tree crotch stand. It was up in less than five minutes, twenty yards from the wallow. Not hearing any elk bugling that evening did little to discourage my vigil. It was hot and I expected the bulls to be quiet. It would be hard to match the excitement of last night's encounter, but there are times when I enjoy the more quiet gentlemanly hunting out of a tree, watching nature go on all around me.

The sun had just set behind the ridge and the evening was getting cool

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and quiet. The wind had stopped, my wind indicator hung straight down without so much as a twitch. The birds were silent and there was no sound at all. Sometimes I can just feel it when game is near and I was feeling that now. My senses were in a heightened state and I didn't dare move anything except my eyes, constantly scanning the area, straining to hear any sound at all.


From my left he appeared without a sound. I saw his rack just float out of the trees and there he stood, huge, in the open, just 30 yards away. It seemed more like a dream than reality. I was sure it was the same bull I encountered last night. His six polished ivory points to a side stood out against the darkening evening timber like light bulbs. I was fairly calm, maybe because I was hunting from the familiarity of a tree stand. I had been in this situation many times before with whitetails.

It was a difficult shot for a lefty and I held off thinking there would be a better one. He was reluctant to head straight to the wallow and just stood there for a few minutes watching. The wallow was composed of three tiny pools about ten to twenty feet apart. The first two had not been touched by the elk and were blocked from my view by a group of small aspens. The final pool was the one used before by the bull


and it was the one I had a clear shot to. He walked to the first pool behind the aspens. I couldn't see him, but I could hear him pawing the water, splashing it onto his belly with his front legs. This lasted just a few minutes and I heard him grunt softly a few times in obvious pleasure. He then moved on to the next pool, crossing an opening between the aspens and allowing me an opportunity to shoot. At 25 yards I was ready, but he moved through so fast, I was not comfortable with the shot and held off. At the second pool he drank long and hard. I could plainly hear him sucking in the cool water but he was still mostly out of sight behind some brush. From there he came right to the third pool, my pool. He began to paw the mud and water with his front leg again. Only twenty yards away now, I could hear him softly grunt with each stroke of his front leg, but I still could not shoot. He was facing directly at me and offered no shot. My patience was being stretched. I wanted to shoot in the worst way, fearing the opportunity was slipping away.

He finished quickly and headed at a fast pace directly towards my tree. Thinking back, it amazed me how much ground he could cover with just a normal walk. In seconds he was at the base of my tree and still moving. His right antler passed just a scant yard below my feet as


I tried to swing my bow on his broad back for a shot straight down into his chest. It was a tough angle and as I began my draw, the arrow made slight contact with the sight window emitting a soft "tick" sound. The bull froze, still just feet below me. I could hear his every breath as I held mine, trying not to make a sound. His musky smell, now strong, filled my nostrils as we both waited. The tension was mounting with each agonizing millisecond, finally breaking when he jumped with a grunt and spun around. He paused another moment in silence before he felt satisfied and continued at his quick pace, now on a path behind me. I had to maneuver my bow around a tree limb quickly to get into position for a shot and I had to do it without making a sound, he was still just feet away from




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my tree. Speed was critical as he was quickly walking away and I feared quickly walking out of my life forever. I got the bow into position just as he entered the last opening, quickly drawing and releasing the arrow as he walked straight away from me at fifteen yards. I didn't see the arrow in flight and heard no sound at all that would indicate it hit anything, but the shot felt right. The bull just kept on walking without breaking his pace and showed no sign of a hit, walking right out of sight. I must have missed, I thought. I felt completely defeated.

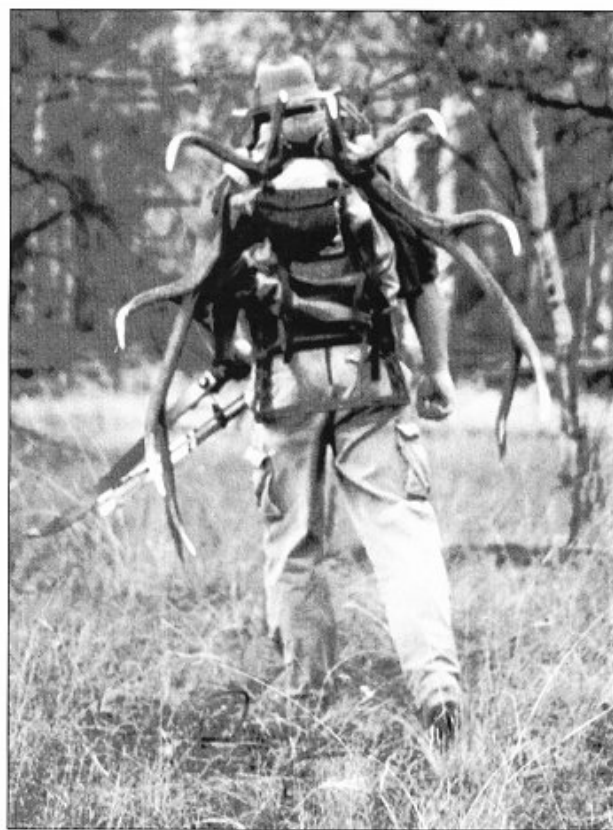
All hope wasn't lost as he made a wide circle and quickly returned to the first two wallows, standing again behind the aspens. I had another arrow on the string and was praying under my breath for a second chance. He stood there for a minute or two as the last daylight melted away, and then began to climb straight up the steep ridge in the dark timber behind the wallows. I followed his progress with my ears as my heart again sank, thinking that a golden opportunity was blown.

He only made it up about twenty yards before he stopped. By now it was completely dark in the timber where he stood and I could no longer see the bull at all. He went silent for a minute or two and then I heard him cough, followed by a gurgled squeal as he tried to clear his throat. I was sure now that he was hit, lungs I was suspecting, hoping, but I didn't know for sure. I

strained in the dark to hear something, anything that would tip me off to his condition. His labored breathing was becoming louder, audible now in the silent darkness. He stumbled, sending some rocks down the ridge. It was quiet for a moment or two, and then, with a loud crash he fell, sending rocks the size of a basketball down before him. He came to a sliding stop near the wallow in front of me. Through a cloud of settling dust I could see his dark form and make out his antlers. I began to shake and sat down fearing I might fall out of the tree. The bull was soon up again, but not for long. He dropped in the middle of the wallow and I heard his last drawn out breath escape.

I don't remember climbing down, but I do remember wrapping my hands around those huge antlers. My arrow caught him just to the left of his backbone in mid-body as he walked below me straight away. It angled downward and foreword through his body,

catching the liver and entering the chest cavity before stopping against a rib. It was just a couple inches back from where I was aiming, catching the back of one lung. He was so big just laying there. I was overwhelmed at his size and feeling the mixed emotions of a hunter's regret for the end of such a magnificent ani-



Of such days, dreams are made.

mal. In my almost 30 years of bowhunting, I couldn't remember a greater moment. It was a dream I had held for so long. In the past I would often fantasize about what the moment would be like, wondering how it would feel, and now, there he lay right in front of me. I sat in the silent darkness for a time just holding on to his antlers, going over each event in my mind, rehearsing them over and over so I wouldn't forget anything. I never want to forget this feeling, this hunt. My only regret was that I was alone, my father not being there to share it with me.

Elk hunting will always be special to me, not just for the challenge, or the beauty and power of the animal, or the spectacular country he chooses to live in. It will also be special because of the connection I feel with my father when I hunt them and the satisfaction of a life-long dream fulfilled. With a little luck of the draw, I'll be running with the bulls for many years to come.





TOMAILAWK BOWS

CRAFTED BY DALE KARCH

DMJ ARCHERY



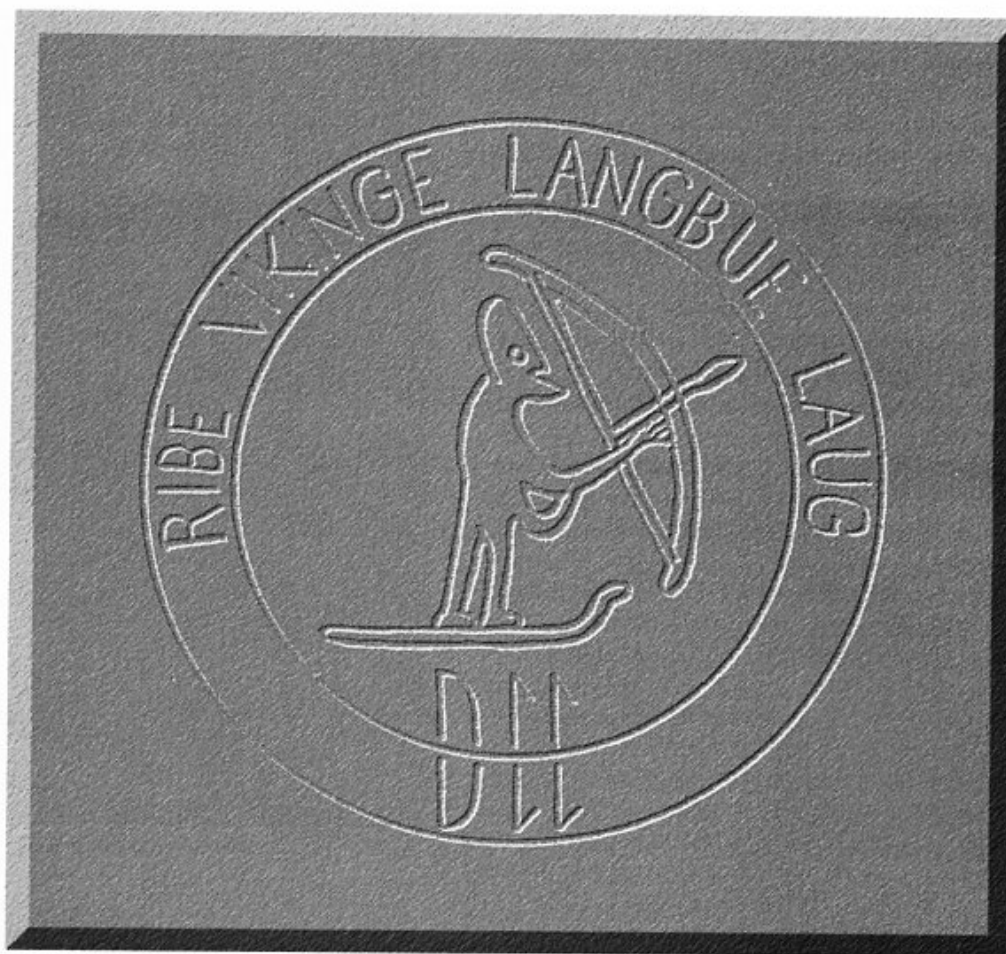
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ULL—Viking Longbow Guild

(ULL—Viking Longbow Guild)

By Dan Høj

In Ribe, the oldest town in Denmark, a group of 15 men gathered together to organize an old-fashioned archery guild and to share their common interest in shooting and reconstructing the bows and arrows of their Viking ancestors.

The primary purposes of the guild are to:

- arrange tournaments for "old fashioned archers" (bows, arrows, arrowpoints and clothing must be reconstructions),
- inform others about the bows and arrows of the vikings,
- make archaeological experiments with bows and arrows, and,
- to have a cozy time.

The new (old) bowclub was named for "Ull, the bow god of the Vikings. "Ull" was also the Viking god of hunting and skiing, and the logo of the club is taken from a big Swedish stone with carvings from the Viking age.



Ull members photographed at the Danish Archery Championship.

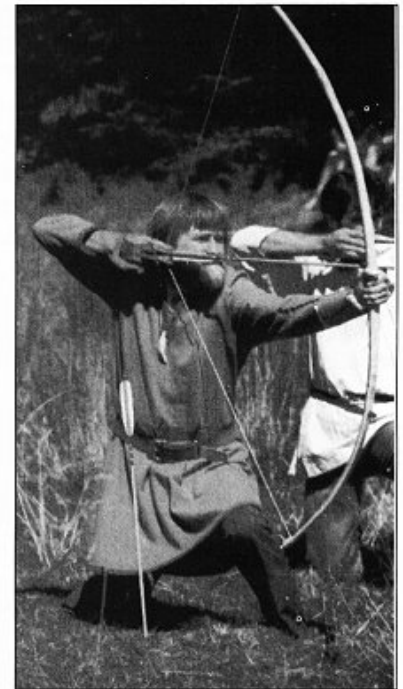
Today "Ull - Ribe Vikinge Langbue Laug" has 38 members, mostly "big boys" between 35-50 years old, but it also has many women members and a few children. On the weekends of the summertime our Viking longbow club travels around in Denmark, Germany, Norway, and Sweden informing the public and showing how to make and shoot Viking bows and arrows. In the winter-time we make bows and arrows and drink coffee.

The "Ribe Vikingecenter" and "Ull - Ribe Vikinge Langbue Laug," work together to host the Danish Archery Championship every year. Participating archers come from a very big part of the former Denmark (North Germany, Sweden, and South Norway), and it has already become a tradition for many archers to meet in Ribe on the second saturday in August every year.

As a result of the popularity of making and shooting "old-fashioned" bows and arrows here in Denmark, another old-fashioned archery club has now started up, and others are on their way.

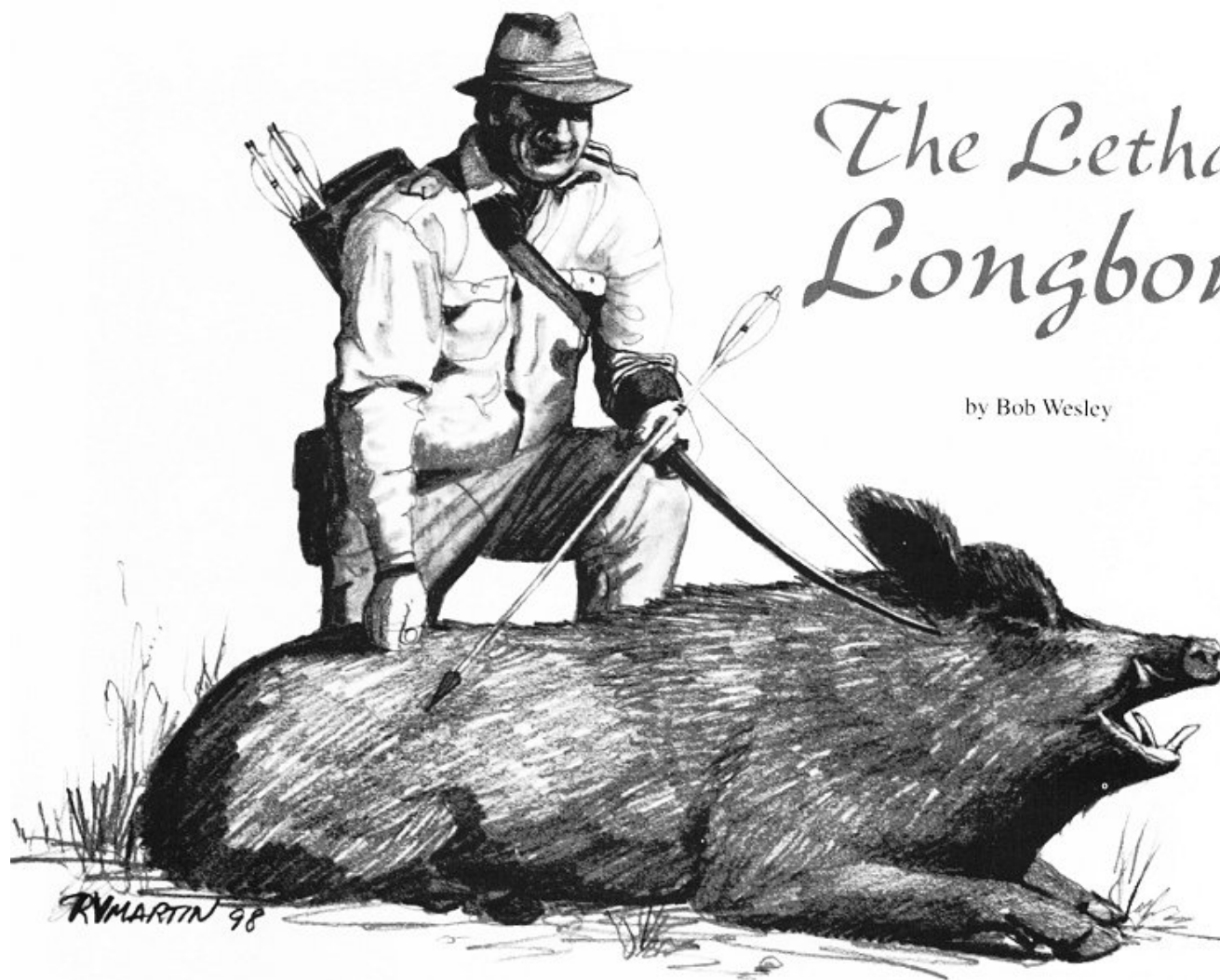


Nicolaj Iverson (age 4) being taught the legendary Viking skills, "the old ways," by his father.



Harm Paulsen—Viking archer.

Editor's Note: If you would like to obtain more information on the "Ull - Ribe Vikinge Langbue Laug," contact Dan Høj at Riddermandsvej 9, 6760 Ribe, Denmark. Phone: 011-45-7542-4119.



The Lethal Longbow

by Bob Wesley

The high-tech oriented modern bowhunter finds the nostalgic, light-in-hand longbow appealing and yet searches for guidance to quantitatively determine how lethal it actually is as a hunting weapon.

"Bob, that boar must weigh over 400 pounds and charges everyone that comes into this area. Are you sure we should be doing this?" Acknowledging that my mouth was dry and my legs a bit shaky I turned to Walley. "Walley I feel confident in my equipment and have been looking for such a boar for a long time." Suddenly the boar charged. All that stood between me and 450 pounds of irate Russian boar was my longbow and utmost confidence in its killing power.

The average modern day bowhunter belongs to a high-tech generation. He generally asks very specific questions and prefers quantitative answers. Typical questions include, how can one determine how truly lethal a particular bowhunting set-up is as to killing power? What about adequate bow weight and broadheads? The modern archer thinks in terms of chronographed arrow speed and arrow weight. He is keenly aware of bow limb design and arrow speed.

Today traditional bowhunting equipment is experiencing an explosion of popularity. There is a certain magic connected to entering a lovely forest in pursuit of the wily

whitetail deer or deep-chested elk with a sleek unencumbered longbow or recurve in hand. Modern materials and design have added a high-tech advantage to these weapons which has resulted in efficient, easier to shoot equipment.

As I address the questions I posed earlier, permit me to suggest, in order of importance, the three big factors which, in my opinion, determine the effectiveness of a bowhunter. These factors are proper shot placement, a proficient broadhead, and delivered arrow momentum. If a bowhunter can place six out of six of his hunting arrows within a five inch circle from a distance of twenty yards, but begins to lose this consistency at greater distances, then he should not attempt shots beyond this killing distance. The bowhunter should also condition himself to wait for the perfect position of his quarry to permit a double-lung shot. Shot placement rates number one in my list of lethal bowhunting factors.

Perhaps one of the main reasons I choose the longbow as my choice of weapons is because it is a fluid-handling weapon in the field. Due to the narrow, thick limbs which are straight at the tips, one does not need a peep or string reference upon drawing and anchoring his bow to make a good shot. Most longbow archers have a three-point anchor which is reasonably consistent in its placement of the string: (1) the

"V" of the thumb-pointer finger notch around the jaw-bone, (2) middle finger at the corner of the mouth, and (3) index finger in contact with the cheek bone.

Using a "gap" or an "indirect instinctive aiming" method, the practiced longbowman can swing the light bow to anchor while bringing the point of his arrow with "secondary vision" on some reference point and all the while focus with primary vision at the exact point he wishes to hit. This permits him to hit moving objects, objects thrown into the air, or to rapidly aim at a fine buck without lining up a peep-sight hole with a front pin while struggling to maintain his bow in an absolute vertical position. Of utmost importance in my list of bowhunting priorities is placing the shot through both lungs of the animal.

The broadhead ranks second in importance as an essential lethal factor in determining bowhunting proficiency. There are many excellent broadheads on the market today which are designed aerodynamically for true flight and maximum penetration. I prefer a two-blade design with a 3:1 length to width ratio. The 3:1 ratio shape seems to establish an angle that allows greater penetration.

I also prefer as much mass weight in the broadhead as my bow will efficiently cast—from 125 to 190 grains of broadhead weight of quality sharpenable steel. I like to take a small eight-inch file and decrease the edge angle until it "feathers" upon each stroke of the file. If hunting boar, I will reverse the file and rake the edge of the file down the broadhead from back to tip creating fine, serrated teeth that face toward the tip of the head. Howard Hill explained to me that a hog generally has a very high fat content which will often coat the edge of a broadhead sharpened razor sharp and allow the elastic blood vessels to roll around the head. The small serrated teeth tend to resist this fat coating and tear the vessels leaving massive blood trails.

Delivered kinetic energy is another important factor in determining the proficiency of the bowhunter's equipment. Put simply, kinetic energy is energy of movement and when you add

delivered energy you are referring to point of impact. Too often, we tend to think of a bow as having a specific draw or holding weight and in our thinking equate this with the efficiency of the bow. The design of the bow must now be included with any determination of efficiency. With the improvements in design by modern longbow makers it is no longer necessary to use a bow draw weight which is so great that it is difficult for the average archer to control. In order to determine the efficiency of a bow, weigh your hunting arrow with your hunting head and shoot it through a chronograph to determine its speed or velocity. Most archery shops are set up with a chronograph and will assist the archer with this. It is a simple matter to plug this data into the kinetic energy formula ($ke = \text{mass} \times \text{speed} \times \text{speed} \div 450,240$) to yield a number which is the energy in foot-pounds.

A lady bowhunter may use a lighter bow weight of, let us say, 45 pounds draw weight. To increase her kinetic energy she may choose to use an arrow that is heavier in mass weight (like ash or a forgewood-compressed cedar). If her arrow weighs 700 grains and shoots through a chronograph at 160 feet per second, then this produces about 40 foot pounds of energy. My longbow shoots a 600-grain arrow 200 feet per second to produce slightly over 53 foot pounds of

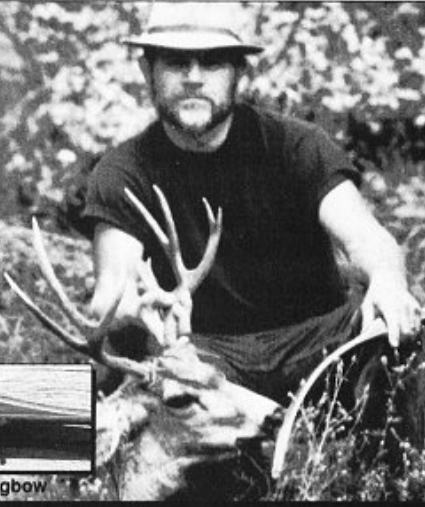
energy.

Does this mean that I would prefer to face a charging boar with a compound bow using carbon arrows which generates 60 foot pounds of energy? My answer to this question is a definite NO! Remember that an arrow kills primarily by hemorrhage rather than shock. I would again point out that the fluid handling characteristics of the longbow which allows consistent shot placement without a sighting device makes the weapon more ideal in such a situation. Keeping it simple, if the bowhunter shoots a heavier arrow at a faster velocity then he produces more energy. However, a double lung shot with a correctly sharpened broadhead, pushed by adequate energy, will result in a short blood trail leading to a humane kill.


Walley Renner, Robert King, and I looked down with respect at the magnificent heap of boar at our feet. Robert smiled and said, "*Bob that head-on charge and bow kill ranked with any I have ever witnessed, not excluding rifles.*" Now my mouth was really dry and I reached for the bota bag of water on Walley's shoulder. I could feel the muscles twitching in my chest and with a smile said, "*Boys, to be truthful, there was a second or two there that I would have bet on that boar....*"



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ALWAYS BUY YOUR MEAT IN THE LOCAL STORE

By John Durnford

How tiresome! There I was, in late autumn, scouting the mountain valleys for my family's winter meat supply, and by noon on the second day, all I had was a broken bow and just two arrows in my quiver.

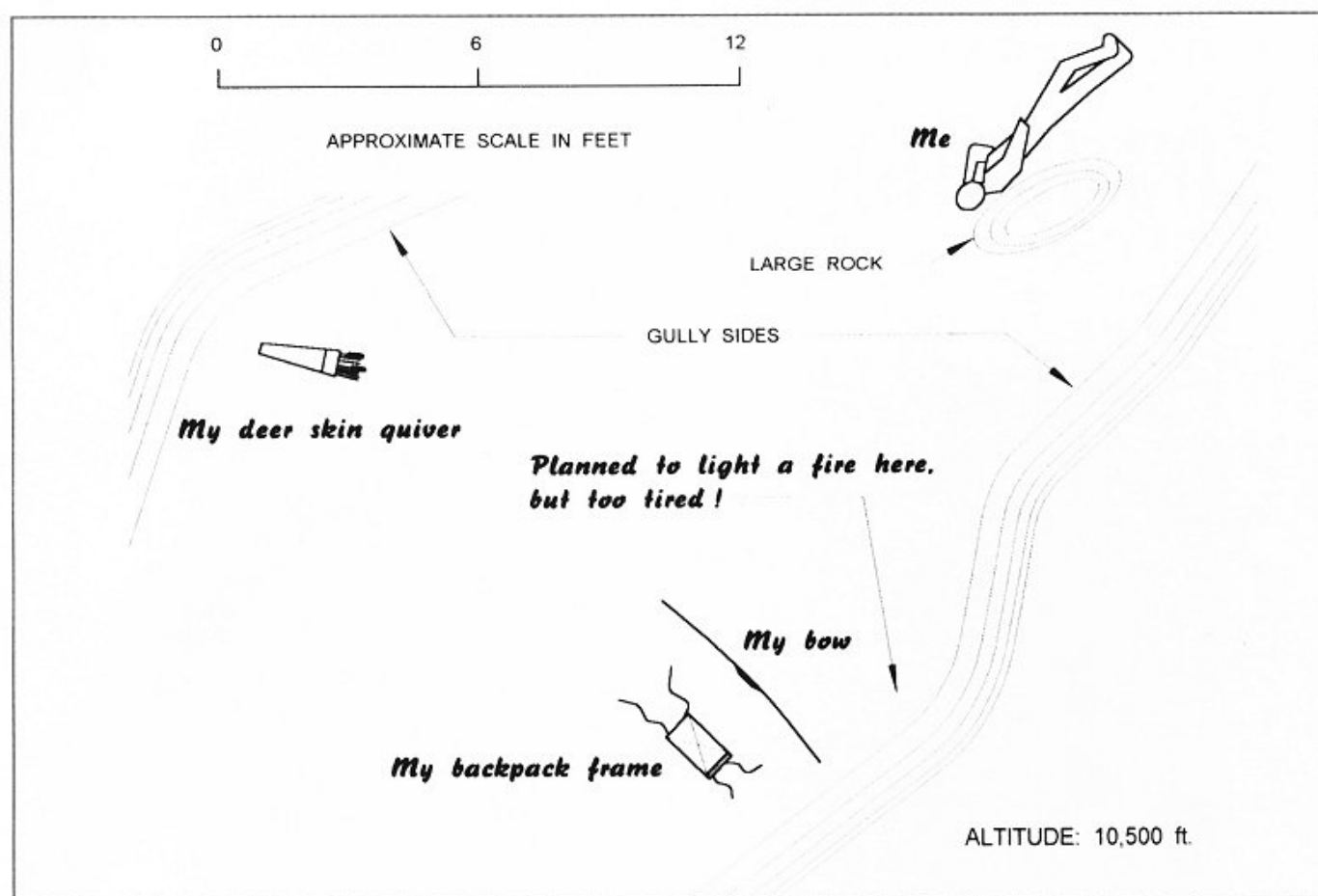
It had been one of those days; the second day of a planned five day expedition. I had already hassled with a good twenty miles of thick larch, birch, alder, hazel, and mosquitoes, to reach an area which abounds in choice game. Since there was always the chance of a shot en route, I had stuffed my quiver with grass to stop the arrows from rattling. Next to my smell, nothing spooks game that I intend to eat more than my rattle. I was therefore totally unaware of the growing hole in the bottom of my ancient quiver. Worked into a sizeable aperture by the jiggling broadheads, it enabled my arrows to commence a silent escape along the trail, one by one, save two. There was no chance I could backtrack and find them since, in fact, there was no trail. You have to navigate by the sun and direction of streams through that patch. I discovered the loss when stopping for a midday break. However, I was a good shot in those days, and two arrows would have amply provided the required meat supply.

Then, would you believe it, I broke my bow. I was crossing a wide frothing stream by rock leaping, using my bow as a staff to fine up my balance before making each leap. Somehow, my coordination broke down; I leapt, but my bow didn't. Its bottom tip firmly caught in a watery cleft, and I didn't let go. It cracked in the middle. What the hell to do?

Oh dear! In frustration, I hurled the now loosely hinged stick into the infinite, via the white water about me.

It didn't take too long to make a decision. My home was some twenty sweaty miles away, and the home of an archer friend who made tackle to sell, some five crispy miles away. Then she was going to have a customer for a bow and a bed. The reason for requiring a bed was that she lived in a nearby valley, but mountains of up to 12,000 feet separated us. However, there was a pass below the serious snow line, I was fit, my backpack light, the weather good, and I reckoned I could make her home by nightfall.

It worked out fine. On arrival at her door, I was greeted with an equal mixture of joy and astonishment. As we sipped beakers of her home-made wine, which had been gently mulled over a log fire, I was proudly shown the sale stock. Not least, there was a superb deer skin quiver she had just finished, which was obviously very expensive. Not being too well off financially at the time, and as my own quiver was rapidly tottering, I bought the quiver (how could I resist it!), and made do with an unfinished yew bow, and a dozen bare shafts. As I always carry spare fletches, broadheads, and the necessary repair kit when hunting, I could roughly finish the bow, and make up the arrows, during the following evening at my camp back in the hunting area. After the business, we spent most of the night yarning, and drinking more home-made wine; instead of sleeping of course. Quite illogical, but you know how people like us have tongues longer than our



bowstrings. I've yet to meet an archer who didn't.

Early next morning, I set off back up the mountain with an easy lope. The easy lope was partly due to an assertive thick head, and partly due to an assertive weather picture. The picture was daubed with grey clouds spilling off the mountain tops. Even a light snowfall, if continuous, could render my intimate knowledge of the area quite useless, and I didn't want to get caught out "up there." I was not carrying too much gear either, not expecting to cross mountains in late autumn. My backpack comprised a frame made from hazel and alder wood, and carried nothing more than a birch bark container which housed my emergency rations and fire lighting materials. The frame was meant for the carriage of meat to local caches as I shot it. Then it could be collected later as a whole by myself and my fam-

ily. It was already cold enough to keep it fresh and, apart from scaring off the inevitable wolves and bears about each cache, it was a much easier way of hauling the goods back home.

I suppose the lack of sleep and surplus of alcohol made me tire, and by the time I neared the top of the pass, I was feeling tuckered out. My body told me I needed a little rest and sleep. My brain told me to keep going for there were snowflakes beginning to skip about on a chill wind. Well, my body is my doctor; a doctor who is a brilliant diagnostician. Rest and sleep it was to be. I found a gully, out of the wind, and lay down with my back to a large rock. No doubt you are well aware of the survival trick which entails covering the whole of your head and shoulders if you're going to get cold. It fools the temperature sensors in the back of the neck into thinking the air is a lot warmer than it actually is.

The problem arises here that you must frequently uncover otherwise you start to suffocate. In consequence, valuable heat is lost. Thus I carry a cape made of woven grass. This enables me to breathe freely when so wrapped. So I wrapped my head and shoulders in the cape, stretched out, pretended I was lying in front of my own log fire ... oh! What bliss! I felt really snug, and must have gone to sleep almost immediately. I slept for a long time; I suppose you could say for about five thousand years. Incredibly, someone found me, my bow and shafts, my backpack and that marvelous deer skin quiver after all that time. Everything was still perfectly intact, although my cape was somewhat reduced in size - a snag with grass gear over a longish period. They didn't know who I was of course, and despite the fact that I had left Earth in a most comfortable glow, they called me the Iceman.



One Season in the Life of a Bowhunting Cameraman

by Dan Berry



There were a lot of people who would come up to me and say either, "You sure are lucky to do something that you like" or, "I sure would like to have your job." If they would have asked me that on Jan. 3, 1992, I might have just handed them my video camera and said "It's yours!" Now to think back, I did enjoy it but it involves a lot of work and long hours.

In July of 1991 I was approached by my brother Glen Berry, owner of Big Bull Productions, and asked if I would be interested in being his camera man. He uses high-tech cameras to produce some of the finest hunting videos on the market. To get good footage, and produce the desired effect in hunting videos, it takes many hours and hard work. A good cameraman must also be a hunter, who knows the movements and reactions of the hunter and the animal that is being hunted. After discussing with my wife Peggy the proposal and my ambition to take on such a task, she was very understanding and indicated that you only have one life to live so live it

to the fullest. I informed Glen that I would accept his offer and my adventure began.

First on the agenda was to read and learn all the preparation involving the camera. I went through and organized some old footage to understand exactly what Glen was looking for in his videos. In early August he had seen several nice whitetail bucks feeding in an alfalfa field in North Idaho. He located the owner of the property and was given permission to scout and hunt there come opening day. Glen informed me of the area and my first day to collect footage had finally arrived.

I left Spokane and parked near the alfalfa field at 2:30 p.m. I brought with me a special camo tent which had been constructed for filming. After a short walk I set up the tent and crawled inside. I knew the deer wouldn't enter the field until the sun started to disappear behind the mountains to the west. Instinctively whitetail will follow the shade line into the alfalfa field. By staying in the shade they are able to look

to the west without the sun blinding them. They like to feed at night when it's cooler, and stand out in the open so they are able to locate any predators that might want to feed on them.

For what seemed like eternity I waited for the daylight hours to start to fall into darkness. Just like clockwork, so did the whitetail. I spotted the first deer, a doe moving through the trees. Then with one big leap over a fence she ran about fifteen yards and stopped, looked around, and settled in for her evening meal. Although it was only a doe 100 yards from my tent, I was still excited to see her. I turned on the camera for the first time. Within five minutes several more does and bucks proceeded to enter the field, but at that range the footage I was getting was far from fantastic. Just when the indicator light came on informing me it was getting too dark to film, a couple of younger does went running by at about forty yards, one chasing the other.

The following day I filmed from the same location and had about the same results. After arriving home I showed Glen the footage and the spot where the deer were entering the field and feeding. I proceeded to show him a predetermined location to put up a treestand and get the excellent footage we were after.

The following morning I picked out a tree that was in the location I had discussed with Glen. Yes! This was the

perfect tree. There was no doubt in my mind as I climbed up the tree and started removing the limbs that might hinder the camera's view, but leaving the ones that would help camouflage me. After the limb removal was complete, I sat there admiring the location I had chosen. Suddenly I heard a buzzing noise. A bee went buzzing right in front of my face barely missing my nose! And then another one from the opposite direction. Then another, and another. I looked to my left and there it was 10 feet away—a beehive that was home to a thousand bees! They were starting to become active as the sun started warming the morning chill...bummer! Reluctantly, I decided the sensible thing to do was to climb down and choose another tree. I found another tree nearby making sure this time there were no beehives nearby. After clearing out the branches, setting up the treestand and tripod, I climbed down. I looked around one last time to be absolutely positive there were no beehives in sight.

At 2 p.m. the following day with camera in hand I started toward the tree stand. I was starting to get anxious, anticipating the excellent footage I was sure to get. After carefully tying a rope to the camera and camera deck I started up the tree. Then just below the treestand I came face to face with the biggest, meanest, ugliest looking porcupine I had ever seen. He just sat there looking at me like he was thinking, "What do you think you're

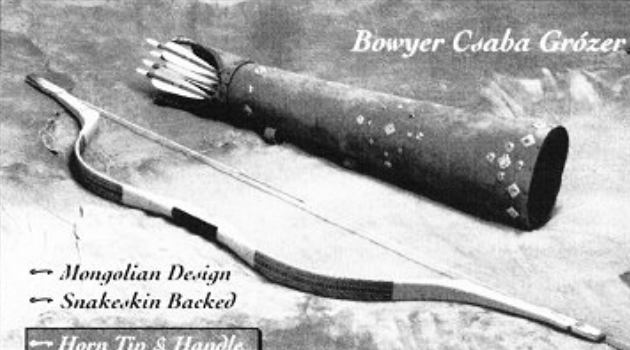
doing in my tree?" I moved to the opposite side of the tree and continued climbing up, letting him know that if he left me alone I'd leave him alone. I raised the camera and deck up and put them in place, sat down and put on my safety belt. I sat there looking down at my neighbor to make sure he didn't all of a sudden decide to take over my treestand.

Then just as the sun was starting to set I saw a movement in the trees. At last the whitetail were starting to enter the field. I shot some excellent footage that day and the two days after that. I saw one buck that had really high antlers but no eye guards. I nicknamed him "The Boss." After putting up another treestand we left the area alone for a week until opening day arrived. Meanwhile, from an old barn I continued to observe, film, and study the whitetail using binoculars. Finally it was time. Glen climbed up and settled into his tree stand and I did the same. I shot some good footage of some nice bucks but Glen let them go by because he wanted "The Boss." Well, "The Boss" never did come back and Glen decided to wait for a choice buck. You can see "The Boss" and the rest of the footage I took in the video called *Whitetail Rendezvous*.

We were invited to hunt whitetail and elk with some friends who owned land in Southern Oregon. My cousin Robin Boss went with us; he was going to use my camera. We were told that there were two cabins and we could stay in one of them. After a long drive we came upon the two cabins and climbed out of the truck. One cabin was small and appeared to be in pretty good shape. The other cabin was bigger but looked like it was falling apart. We knocked on the door of the smaller cabin. There wasn't anyone around so we assumed they must be out hunting. Knowing the guys wouldn't mind if we were to go in and wait we opened the door and entered the cabin. Just then I heard Robin exclaim, "There's a dead rat in the kitchen!" I thought, "Rats, oh no!" Sure enough there lay a dead rat in front of an ice chest and the ice chest had a small hole in it. We looked at each other and started laughing. We knew that we were all thinking the same thing (I

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don't know about this set-up). We went to see what kind of shape the other cabin was in. The closer we got to the cabin the worse it looked. There were holes in the roof and it looked like if a strong wind came up the cabin would fall apart. As we entered the cabin we saw old mattresses lying all over, and we could see where the rats had burrowed into the mattresses using them as their bedroom. There were rat droppings all over the place! Glen said, *"There's no way I'm going to sleep in here. I'm sleeping in the other cabin."* Robin and I just looked at each other, knowing there was no room in the smaller cabin for the camera gear and us and it was supposed to rain that night. We hadn't brought a tent because we thought we would be staying in a nice cabin in the woods.

We found an old broom and started sweeping up the rat droppings trying to clean the place up a bit. Then we set up our cots and carried in the rest of the gear. I sat down on my cot and started looking around. I looked at the old mattress and thought about that big

told us the story. In the middle of the night Jake felt something moving around at the end of his bed. He grabbed his flashlight and turned it on. There stood a rat looking like he was ready to attack. Startled, he let out a scream waking up Jim. He quickly grabbed his flashlight and saw the rat, who was just as surprised and scared as they were. The rat scooted off the end of the bed and stopped in front of the ice chest. With Jake shining the flashlight on the rat Jim jumped out of bed, grabbed his bow, nocked an arrow and shot. It was a good shot,

dead rat in the other cabin. I looked at Robin and said, *"You know what Robin? There's no way I'm sleeping in this cabin."* Going outside we saw some old plywood and plastic lying around. We used the plywood to make four walls and a roof and threw the old plastic over it. We now had two self-made shelters. Even though it looked like a Hobo camp, at least it was rat free.


Around noon the two hunters showed up. We walked up to them and couldn't wait to ask them about the big dead rat in their cabin. With a grin on their faces they

too, the arrow hit the rat. The only problem was the arrow went through the rat into the ice chest and penetrated the ham inside the chest. We started laughing and said, *"If you offer to make us a ham sandwich, noooo thank you."* Then they asked us about that set-up we had outside. I told them there was no way I was going to stay in the cabin with all those rats, especially after hearing the story they had just told us. It did rain that night but my Hobo tent didn't leak and at least I could sleep.

The next day I set up my tree-stand near a water hole and Jake and I settled in. That morning and evening we got some footage of some does coming up to the water hole but no bucks. Robin set up near an open field but he didn't have any luck either. On the third day Robin and Jim were walking back to camp when suddenly they spotted a small buck in the trees. Jim drew back, released, and hit the buck in the lungs. With camera rolling, Robin got it all on film.

The small buck was the only game taken but we did get some footage of a nice herd of elk. Now it was time to leave. We said our good-byes and thanked them for inviting us to hunt with them. (If you ever invite me to stay in

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your cabin don't be surprised if I ask you what kind of shape your cabin is in and if there are any rats in it.)

Two days later, after cleaning up the gear and recharging the batteries, we were on the road again to hunt bear and elk near the Eagle Cap Wilderness in Eastern Oregon. After setting up camp we set up a ground blind for the evening hunt, hoping to get footage of Glen taking a bear. The camera was set up behind Glen to get an over-the-shoulder view. On the third day we spotted a buck moving through the trees. After a one-and-a-half to two-hour stalk we got within shooting range. Glen had a 30-yard shot and I had an over-the-shoulder shot with the camera. With camera running Glen drew back and released the arrow hitting the buck in the lungs. The arrow passed all the way through. The buck ran about 40 yards and dropped.

The following morning we met some bear hunters using dogs and they invited us to join them. They said they might be able to tree a bear for us. After giving it some thought we decided to accept the invitation. The next morning they arrived at camp bright and early. With the bear hunters out in front we followed in our truck. About an hour later the old dog on the hood let out a howl. Jack stopped his truck and released the dogs. They headed up the highest and roughest mountain in sight. With the camera in one hand, tripod in the other, and deck in my back pack, I headed up, up, up. I didn't know about the dogs but I was getting really tired. Sweating, huffing and puffing, I continued up. I could tell the dogs had stopped running and they were howling and barking. I thought at last I was almost there. I fought my way through downfall and heavy brush that was over my head. I finally spotted the dogs with Jack, Bob and Glen nearby. I was excited to start filming.

I climbed over the last downed tree and out of breath I ask, "Where's the bear?" They said there was no bear. I said, "What? No bear? Then why are the dogs standing there barking?" Glen just shook his head and said, "I don't know." Jack said the dogs had come across a cougar and tried to tree it. The cougar jumped from tree to tree then came

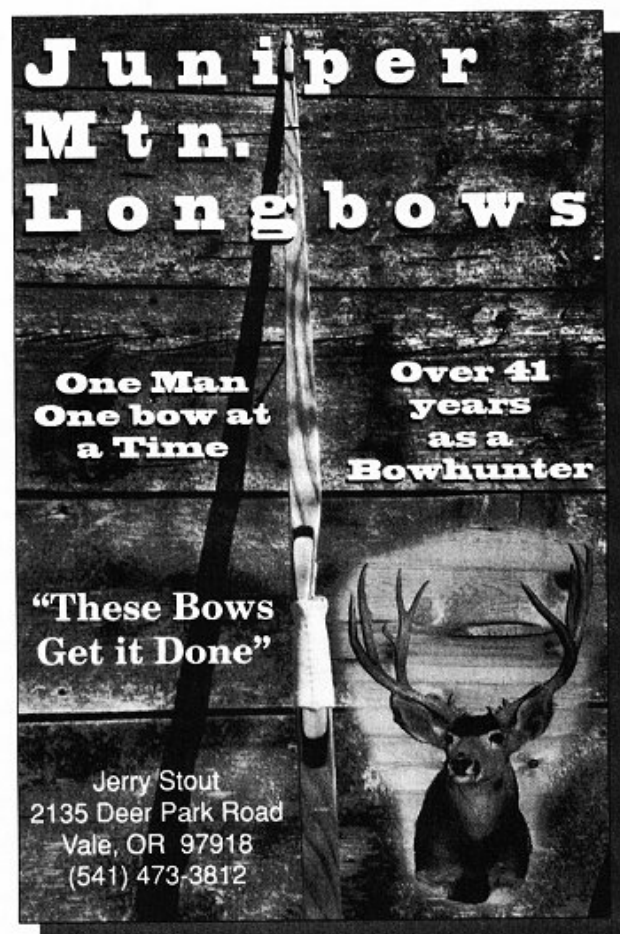
down and moved on. I turned and looked down the mountain and could see the trucks parked. They looked about the size of an ant. I really don't want to say what I was thinking but it wasn't very nice. Later that year Glen came back to hunt with Jack and Bob. The dogs treed a bear and Glen took a nice one.

It was now time to travel to central Idaho to hunt elk. Glen had just purchased a new camera. It was pouring down rain as we set up camp and it continued to rain all through the night. The next morning I wrapped the new camera with plastic and we were on our way. Glen said he had a favorite spot he liked to hunt. We parked the truck and we walked about a half mile. We came up to a rock ledge and Glen said, "This is it." I looked down and I couldn't even see the bottom and asked, "You mean down there?" "Yep." Glen replied. I thought, "Here we go again."

Glen took out his elk bugle and bugled. A bull answered from way down below somewhere. It was still pouring rain and for the first time in all the years of elk hunting I thought to myself, "I really don't want to go down there." But off I went, down, down, down. Glen would stop and bugle about every 15 minutes. Suddenly, we heard a different sort of bugle from toward the west. Glen bugled and added some grunts. The bugle to the west bugled back. They were the worst grunts I have ever heard in my life. It sounded like a sick mule. I thought, "Oh, no, no it can't be!" It was another hunter moving in on the bull we had been working. I was disappointed but after all, it was just another hunter out enjoying the outdoors like we all do. I thought that was going to be the end of the bull answering any sort of bugle. Sure

enough, we never heard the bull again. We sat down and just listened. The other hunter kept bugling and mule talking every 5 minutes. We sat there for 30 minutes, then Glen bugled and started cow talking. The hunter would answer but the bull kept quiet. It now started raining like someone was standing over us with a water hose pointed right at us. Cold, wet, tired, and muddy we decided we might as well start back up the mountain. I looked up and knew it wasn't going to be easy. Walking down we had slid on our butts half the time. All the way up it was 2 steps up and slide a step back. It took two-and-a-half hours to reach the top. Like magic as soon as we did it stopped raining.

Taking the trail back to the truck we spotted 5 grouse running around. Glen turned around and said he was going to try to line up 2 grouse and take 2 with one shot. So I took the camera out of the back pack and followed directly behind him to get an over-the-shoulder shot. Then it happened. One



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grouse stopped and another stopped directly on the other side. They were lined up perfect, and Glen whispered, "Ready?" "Ready," I answered. Looking through the view finder I had the perfect over-the-shoulder shot. I clicked on the record button. Glen drew back and released. The arrow passed through the first grouse, then through the second one. All right! Then all of a sudden I noticed that I didn't see the word "recording" in the view finder. Oh, no! Being a new camera that I wasn't very familiar with I had clicked the wrong button so the camera wasn't filming. I lowered the camera looking at Glen as he turned around with this big grin on his face, looking at me the grin suddenly disappeared, with the meanest look, he says, "WHAT HAPPENED?" With a lowered voice I answered, "I clicked the wrong button." He said, "Are you telling me you didn't get the footage?" I answered, "Being a new camera...." That was all I could get out. He said one word, which wasn't too nice, turned, picked up the grouse and headed towards the truck. I stood there thinking, "Oh, it's going to be a long trip back to camp." I was right, he never said a word all the way back to camp. I went into the tent, took out the camera and clicked and clicked that record button. Even after I fell asleep I dreamed about clicking the record button.

The following morning I was to travel to the Missouri breaks in north east Montana to hunt elk with Jay. Glen and Robin would remain in Idaho hunting elk. After yesterday I was kind of glad I was taking off. It was still raining and Glen was still giving me that look. Glen eventually took a nice bull but because of the way the bull came in Robin was unable to get any footage of the shot.

I met Jay at his home in Great Falls and spent the night. Before sun up we were on our way. Jay took his truck and I followed. The hours went by and it seemed like I wasn't getting any place. Montana is a big state and once you're on the east side there's not a whole lot to look at. Finally turning off the highway, we took a road heading north. Shortly I looked to the right and there was an antelope running full blast alongside the



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truck, then I spotted another, then another. Antelope were running all over the place like jack rabbits.

Arriving at a little restaurant called the Cross Roads Cafe, we met Bill, our guide. We introduced ourselves and Bill said to follow him. Yeah right! He turned onto an old, bumpy, dirt road and went at least 60 MPH. With dust flying I tried my best to keep up. We eventually pulled into a driveway where a trailer was setting, at least it wasn't some old cabin full of rats. Jack and I took our gear to a back bedroom. After dinner I couldn't wait to hit the sack. I was sound asleep when all of a sudden in the middle of the night I was awakened with the loudest noise, it sounded like a B-52 was coming through the roof. In the morning I learned that there was a U.S. Airforce Base nearby and they fly top secret aircraft only at night. Bill said he had seen some strange looking aircraft fly overhead in the middle of the night.

That morning Bill took Jack and I to a water hole where he had set up a ground blind for us. It was built like

something you would see in Africa. We went inside and sat down and waited, for four hours we sat there and not a deer, rabbit, bird, coyote, or elk came to the water hole. Finally we had enough of all this sitting and decided to take a walk. We still didn't see a thing but it felt good to stretch our legs. When Bill came back to pick us up, we explained to him that we felt it would be better to take us to a place where he knew there where elk and that we would have a better chance to locate a bull by bugling.

That following morning Bill took us to a spot and told us he had seen some nice bulls in the area. So Jack and I headed into the trees and Jack started bugling, about 30 minutes later a bull answered. The bull came to within 40 yards but I was about 20 yards behind Jack and a small knoll was between the bull and me so I never did see the bull and Jack never was able to get a good shooting lane. The bull finally saw Jack moving and disappeared in a flash. We continued and heard another bull bugling. Jack started cow talking and the bull started coming in but the wind changed direction and he caught our sent. I did get some footage but it was at a distance and the footage was nothing to speak of.

That afternoon Bill took us out once more. About an hour before sunset we heard a bull bugle. Jack answered the bugle and the next bugle we heard we could tell the bull was hot and coming in quick. The bull was on the other side of a small hill. We headed toward the tree line, with me staying 15 yards behind Jack. Just reaching the tree line I saw Jack drop to his knees and nock an arrow. I dropped to my knees and turned on the camera, ready for action. Watching Jack I saw him start to draw back, but there was one problem: the sun was low and directly in the view finder so all I could see was a blur. I dropped to my belly and rolled over one time and blocked the sunlight by shading myself with a small tree, and I started filming. I could not film left or right all I could do was film straight ahead. I heard the release of the arrow and the sound of the arrow hitting the bull. I then pointed the camera toward Jack and saw him running up the hill. I followed Bill up

the hill, cresting the top I spotted the bull, head down and standing there. I then knew Jack had made a fatal shot on the bull. I filmed the bull standing there then the bull started walking and bedded down. 15 minutes later the bull took his last breath and his head dropped. The bull was a nice 6x5, the footage of the bull turned out all right but if it wasn't for the sun it could have been a lot better.

The next day, Kirk, another guide who worked for Bill, told me he would drive me to a high spot and I could get some footage of some antelope. Parking the truck, sure enough there were antelope. I started filming a buck chasing a female. Like elk, antelope also breed in September. A buck will run himself crazy over a female and just like a bull there's only one thing on his mind. Kirk reached in back of his truck and brought out a decoy of a antelope and told me to follow him. Staying 20 yards behind Kirk we started walking.

Ouch, ouch there were small cactus plants all over the place and I was wearing tennis shoes. Thinking all we were going to do was film from the truck I didn't bother putting on my hunting boots. I did not go further than 80 yards and after one more ouch, I yelled at Kirk *"Just a minute Kirk, there's no way I'm going any further, not in these shoes, no way."* So I limped my way back to the truck with Kirk behind me with this big grin on his face.

That evening Bill told us he knew where there were some big mule deer, so I said *"Sure, lets go, but first let me get my boots on."* I rode with Bill while Jack and Kirk followed in the truck. It wasn't long before we spotted some antelope, with another buck running after a female. Jack didn't have a antelope tag but wanted to try the decoy out. So with Jack out front and me following, the buck spotted the decoy and headed toward us allowing me to get footage of him 40 yards away. Before sunset I also did film some nice mule deer. Now it was dark and we were heading back to the trailer. I was tired so I was just sort of sitting there with my eyes half shut and Bill talking away. All of a sudden we went off the road with my head hitting the top of the cab. I thought we where dead for sure, then Bill swings back onto the road. Looking at me he said *"Damn porcupine, they're over-running the place and eating all the young trees up."* I just looked at him and said

"Yeah, OK."

The next day it was time once more to head toward home. I sure wasn't looking forward to that long drive home. But early that morning I said good-bye to Bill and Kirk and was on my way.

Home at last, but not for long, one night was all and I was off again with Glen. I thought Montana was a long drive. It was nothing compared to where we were heading now. A moose hunt in British Columbia near the Yukon border. Taking turns driving, it seemed like every minute was an hour. We would stop late at night at rest stops and lay out sleeping bags on top of picnic tables, being sure there were no garbage cans nearby because we sure didn't want a bear to wake us up, especially a grizzly. After three days and three nights of driving we reached our destination. It was just turning dark when we arrived and that night we spent the night in a nice log cabin with beds and a shower. After sleeping on top of picnic tables, I don't need to tell you what a real bed felt like.

The next morning we drove to a camp where several other hunters were staying. Some were hunting bighorn sheep others were hunting grizzly bear, deer, caribou, or like us, moose. We were introduced to Doug's son Greg who would be our guide. After a nice breakfast we loaded up the pack horses and saddled up three horses. We rode up and down mountains. Sometimes the trail would get pretty narrow and off to the

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side would be mighty steep. But luckily for me the horse I was riding had been on a lot of hunts and went nice and slow. A lot more than I can say for BJ's horse which was a young horse and he was breaking it in. Every once in awhile it would start acting up on that narrow trail.

We followed a creek for a long way, coming across beaver dams. It took about three hours to get to a one-room cabin they had built. Greg told us that they had a helicopter fly in with the lumber. After unloading the gear we had to first remove a heavy door that was nailed over the cabin door which was put there to keep the grizzlies out. Entering the cabin I thought about that old, run-down cabin in Oregon, and sure was happy to see no rats.

Before sun-up, Greg was up and out the door rounding up the horses. Some of the horses were hobbled and the others would just stay nearby the hobbled ones. Saddling up our horses we rode to a high spot and glassed the country-side with binoculars and a spotting scope. Greg told us his brother was in the area a few days ago and had seen a record moose. Up on top it was cold, windy, and a light snow was falling. We spotted a bull with two cows on a hillside about two miles from the cabin. It wasn't the trophy moose Greg's brother had seen, but with it trying to snow, Glen decided because of trying to get the hunt on film we would go ahead and go after this one. Glen said that the bull would be in the same area in the morning.

Early the following morning we were on our way. Once in the area we tied up the horses and walked the rest of the way. After walking about a half mile we decided it was time to split up. BJ and Glen would stay low with Greg running one of the cameras and doing the Moose calling. I was to set up on higher ground using a tripod to film the action from a distance. It was hard going with the brush being eight to ten feet high. I was wearing military camouflage, and with the brush rubbing against me I was making more noise than I cared to be making, so I decided that there was only one thing to do and that was to take off the military clothing. So there I was,

fighting my way through high brush, cold, wind, and a light snow in blue long-Johns. I sure was happy we were way back in the back country, it would have been a little embarrassing to come across another hunter with the outfit I was wearing.

I came out of the high brush and into a small clearing and decided that this looked like a good place to set up. Just after leveling up the tripod and mounting the camera I heard BJ start calling, but couldn't locate him or Glen. But off to the north a quarter of a mile away I spotted the bull moving through some trees. Turning on the camera, I started filming. The bull was moving south then after exiting the trees he turned west and to my surprise was coming my way. And just like being the hunter, my heart started thumping with excitement.

The bull kept coming my way and I was getting some excellent footage. He kept getting closer and closer. I could hear BJ calling and the bull was starting to grunt back at him and making a clicking sound. He was so worried about another bull being in the area and a threat to steal one of his cows, that he came within twenty-five yards of me and never once noticed a human figure in blue long-Johns. I had no idea where Glen was but I was getting that one good shot that I wanted. All of a sudden I heard the unmistakable sound of an arrow that had been released and the thump of an arrow hitting its mark. The bull turned toward me and through the view finder I saw the white fetching in the lung area. He came

toward me for about five yards and then turned and ran diagonally and into the high brush. I could no longer see him through the view finder but heard this heavy breathing. Like a good camera man should I kept my eye glued to the view finder and kept searching for the bull. The heavy breathing sound kept getting louder and louder until I had to take my eye from the camera and looking to my right, just ten yards away came two cows running full blast right toward me. Grabbing the tripod, camera and deck I dove out of the way turning the camera toward the cows. The cows saw the movement and they were just as surprised as I was. In those blue long-Johns I must have scared the heck out of them. They put on the brakes and turned and disappeared into the brush. I grabbed the tripod legs, raised the tripod and camera high up in the air over my head and started searching for the bull. There he was, standing thirty yards away. I could see the arrow had penetrated deep into the lung area. All of a sudden I heard the sound once more of an arrow flying through the air and saw the second arrow strike an inch below the first arrow. The bull took off running with two arrows in the lung area, and disappeared in the brush once more. I then turned the camera downhill and there stood Glen, taking his head camo off with a big smile on his face, giving the thumbs-up sign.

That was a hunt to remember, we all did a great job. BJ with some excellent calling to get the bull to come




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within range, Glen stalking and shooting two perfectly placed arrows. And I for being in the right place at the right time to also get that perfect shot. With this footage a lot of hunters are able to watch something they can only dream of doing. I hope the footage will also help you, when your dream becomes a reality.

If you would like to watch this hunt you can find it along with two other hunts, a goat hunt in Washington and a black bear hunt on Prince of Wales island, in Alaska. The tape is called *In Search of the Grandslam, Part One*.

The drive home was long, and the scenery was fantastic, but seeing my driveway was even better, home at last. But not for long—two nights later found us in northern Washington to hunt whitetail in the cold and snow. There I was, sitting in a treestand, with Glen in a nearby tree. Glen and I hunted several more days, filming coyotes, does, and smaller bucks that Glen would let go by. We headed home the day before Thanksgiving to spend the holiday with our family.

The day after Thanksgiving a good friend Jake Jakcopsen joined us to hunt whitetail. Two nights later Glen and Robin were successful. Glen took a record book non-typical whitetail. The following evening it was time for action, a nice size buck that many hunters would be extremely happy to shoot came into range. We were set up to catch the action for what we call "over-the-shoulder footage." I turned on the camera, clicked on the record button, focused in, and couldn't have asked for a better setup. Jake slowly drew back the bowstring and took aim, the buck turned sideways and stopped. With Jake at full draw I was thinking "Now Jake!" but Jake seemed to be just sitting there. The buck took a couple of steps and stopped. "Now Jake shoot, shoot Jake!" then all of a sudden the buck walked into the trees. Jake let the string down, turned and looked at the camera and whispered "Not big enough." Now that buck was a nice buck, it wouldn't have placed high in the record book but would have definitely made the book. Yes, Jake wanted nothing but a trophy buck. I turned the camera off and sat there disappointed



Filming an action-packed bowhunt can be as exciting for the cameraman as it is for the hunter. "I dropped to my knees and turned on the camera, ready for action. Watching Jack I saw him start to draw back. . ."

that Jake hadn't taken the shot but understood that Jake wanted a big one and was going to take nothing but a trophy.

Next stop: central Idaho to hunt the last three days of hunting season. Five degrees and a wind chill factor well below zero. Day three came and I climbed up for the last time and settled in, the wind was blowing harder than the last two days and when it was time to leave it was like I was frozen to the treestand. I tied the camera to the rope and started lowering it and at that time I was happy the year was finally over.

I did enjoy being in the woods and seeing several different species of animals in a year's time. But there were many long hours and a lot of hard work involved. So the next time you sit down in your easy chair and click on the VCR to enjoy a hunting video, think of the

cameraman who you never see or hear. But he's there, and in a way you might say he's the unknown hero. So enjoy the footage and may all your hunts be enjoyable.



Editor's Note: Dan Berry (the author) is owner and bowyer of **Dan Berry Archery**. He was formerly a partner in J.D. Berry Archery Designs, and now lives in Spokane Washington, where he offers his own line of handcrafted, custom longbows. Dan Berry bows are noted for their craftsmanship and high-quality inlay work. Over the last decade, I have seen his bows perform well in the field and can highly recommend them. For more information, contact **Dan Berry Archery** at 6511 S. Plymouth Rd. Spokane WA 99224. Phone: (509) 838-8122, or e-mail him at dbarchery@aol.com.

When the 'Huntin' Ain't up to Par

by Red Chavez



Visions of big bucks and fat corn fed does danced in the night as I drifted off to sleep. Anticipation ran high as I dreamed of our conversations over the phone about the possibility of harvesting once in a lifetime trophies. Morning came too soon and Dale drove up before I was ready. I'm the type of packer who waits until the last moment to gather the essentials and hit the road. I figure that if I pack several days ahead of time, then I'll be adding little things to the point of needing a freight car to carry it all. My hunting partner on this trip was long time friend and fellow bowyer, Dale Dye of Trail's End Custom Bows. Dale is the perfect companion for a long drive into uncharted lands; as he is a constant source for humor and information about the history of the west. Two long days driving were filled with conversation of Indians, land formations, Lewis and Clark, and other tidbits with little or no connection to hunting or bow making.

Our arrival into the mid-west was sudden and immediately evident. Everyone we passed on the highway was a friend and our arms wearied from the constant waving. There was no doubt, Nebraska was the friendliest state we've ever been to. There was a slight bit of frustration in getting our licensing information; seems that there are only three places in the state where a non-resident can buy an archery deer tag. Luckily one was only 27 miles from our hunting area.

We settled in for the first night in the ranch house that would be home for the next six days. After procuring our tags the next morning, we set out for the ranch we were to hunt, hoping to find the owner in good enough humor to show us

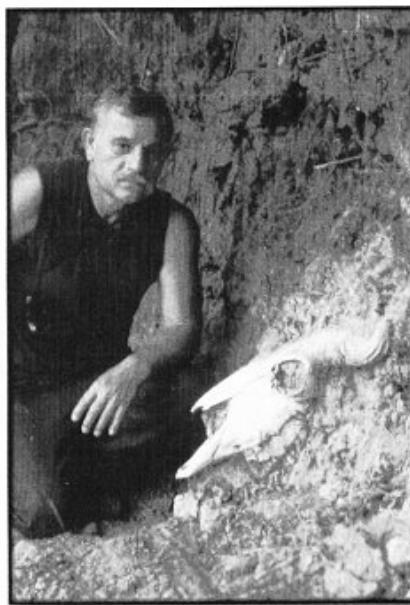
the hot spots. Again, luck was with us, rain had been on the agenda for a couple of days prior to our visit, so Jason, the land owner, was more than agreeable to show us the ranch, since the ground was too wet to harvest crops. And we did see the whole ranch, and his father's ranch also, with an invitation to hunt it too. We're talking about alfalfa, soy beans, and corn fields two miles long and a mile wide, bordered by the Niobrara River and its bottom land filled with hardwoods and pines. Talk about perfect terrain; we were looking at feeding areas bordered by bedding areas and water. That first evening we walked the fields, glassing the hillsides, searching for the deer doorways to this huge kitchen. We counted seven does feeding on the soy beans and alfalfa. We decided to set up our stands on trails leading to the fields from the river bottom. Neither Dale nor I were happy with the 45-minute drive from our living quarters to the hunting area; so, we opted to become campers. Dale and I prefer to see night stars and breath clean cool fresh air, so we pitched tents and camped along the banks of the Niobrara River in a neat setting, a family picnic and gathering area complete with an out house.

Well, here we were, in a perfect setting, everything was right—wrong! No animals. "What?" you say. I said, "no animals." Two full days in stands and not even a doe came by. I'm a meat hunter, a doe packs neatly into my cooler. We were stymied and disheartened. Mid-day on the third day, as Dale napped, I started up the river, stump shooting, enjoying the warmth of the day and the quietness. Three quarters of a mile above camp a flash of white caught my eye. Fifteen feet

above water level and thirty yards from water's edge in the bank was a bone or something sticking out. As I approached, the whiteness became a horn and part of what looked like a skull, sticking out four or more feet below ground level with twelve inch oak trees growing overhead. I retreated, still stump shooting, making my way back to camp. On my return, Dale was up and about. I said "Hey Dale, if I were to find something, it would be mine wouldn't it?" His answer was "Sure, Red, whatever you find is yours." "What did you find?" My return was "What do you know about skulls?"

We drove up the road a ways and slipped down the bank to the spot and Dale was agasp. He made his way back to the truck for cameras, shovel, screw-driver and a cold drink. We were about to document the unearthing of a complete buffalo skull. Dale had the movie camera set up and I started up to the skull with shovel in hand. The sun was right and all was a go—wrong! Even my old ears could hear the buzzing. Yikes!!! That's rattling!! Out of the blur blossomed a rather handsome prairie rattler, starting to coil near the bleached skull; a protector of the past. I turned and asked Dale if he was getting all of this. His reply was a yes and I turned back to the task at hand, a swift swing of the shovel and the viper was headless and Dale was in awe. I took the snake in hand and held it for the camera to record. My grand children and their children would have evidence of Grandpa's calmness in adversity. Two hours and many pictures later the skull was uprooted and carried to the truck. Dale called it a one in a million find; I was mystified as my mind raced with visions of how the buffalo came to rest in this place and how many years ago did his demise take place. This was turning into the most interesting hunting experience I've ever had.

Guess what. The next few days were spent digging and walking and looking for more evidence of the past. We found many bones, some we kept, some we put back. We found teeth, jaw



bones, vertebrae, and leg bones, but we didn't find what Dale was after, another complete skull. Not until the last day did Jason tell us of another area that held arrow heads and other Indian artifacts. He told us to take what we wanted, but alas, time was not on our side.

It was strange how hunting took a backstage to the finds of the past and the possibility of more unseen treasure. It is

now a part of me to find out all that I can about the areas that I hunt. I want to hunt not only the wildlife, but the past lives of wherever I am. I am mesmerized by what could have been or what was where I am standing. When I'm along a stream bank, I wonder what treasure is a few feet underneath, and when on a high mountain trail, I wonder who or what roamed here in years gone by.

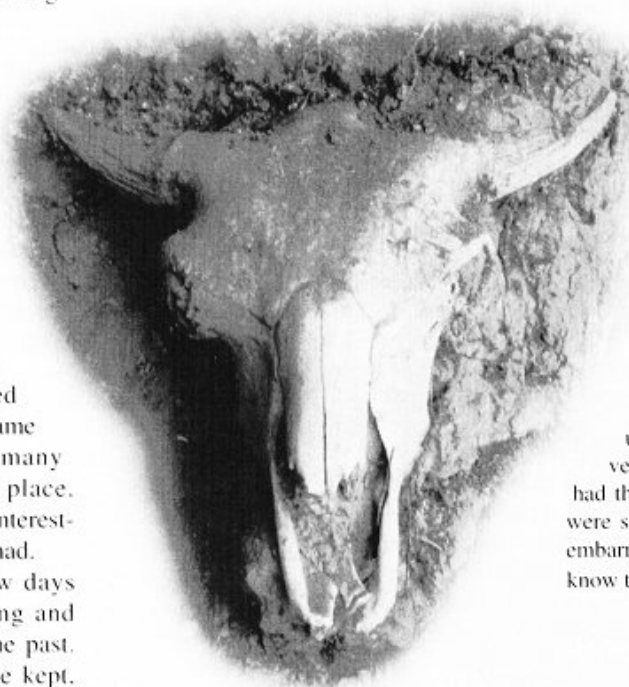
Oh, the hunt. . . well, Jason gave us both a half a corn fed pig, we saw lots of turkeys (enough to make me want to come back in the spring) and enjoyed the companionship that only good friends can have. We had evening talks with Jason and his dad about everything from their Grandpa homesteading the land to how unsympathetic the government is to the plight of the American farmer. In an old-time general store, we munched on burgers and brewskies and shared conversations with the locals whose names we never knew. I've never been so accepted as an equal anywhere in the country. This is truly a friendly place, and there is no doubt that I will return to hunt both above ground and below the ground.

As you wander through this life in search of bigger bucks and higher 3D scores, and when your arrow strikes that rotted stump umpteen yards away, stop and look about you and see all that is there and all that was there—it'll make you a better person and shed a whole new light on who we are and why we are here.



Postscript:

Before digging around and walking off with pieces of the past, you should check on federal and state regulations regarding such practices. Our venture was on private property and we had the blessings of the land owners, so we were safe and within the law. To avoid any embarrassing moments, have permission and know the law.



The Competitive Edge

by Gary Sentman

Alaskan Adventures

I guess a lot of my survival skills and my thirst for adventure were learned in my early teens, taught to me by an Umpqua Indian during several years of "fruit tramping" together. His name was Henry Mann and he had a son about my age. We became acquainted in Northern California where he, his son, and I found ourselves camping at the same site. I was so impressed with their adventures and lifestyle that I quit school in the seventh grade to travel with Henry and his son Joe. Itinerant laborers were referred to in those days, as "fruit tramps." The three of us, Henry, his son Joe, and I traveled to Washington, Oregon, California, and Arizona, where we would pick crops of cotton and fruit.

This was not only an adventure for a boy 15 years old, but quite an education as well. We were once fired from a job in Oregon where we were picking prunes. The day was very hot and everyone drank water from a 5 gallon milk can placed in the orchard. I removed the lid from the can and took a drink myself, then poured some water in the lid so my dog could have a drink. Then without thinking replaced the lid on the can. I was seen by some other workers and was reported to the crew boss. Soon the foreman came by and without any question said "*your done, pack up your gear and leave.*" After six months of this life I decided to return to my grandparents home in California and resume my education.

In 1959 Alaska became a state and Henry and Joe went to Alaska to homestead. When I heard this I immediately started making plans to go to Alaska and join them. That fall I found myself hitchhiking from the Anchorage Airport to Homer, Alaska. A journey of approximately 225 miles down the Kenai on a dry and dusty road. Henry's 160-acre homestead was approximately 10 miles out of Homer. Henry had started the construction of a log cabin approximately 30 feet



by 30 feet in size. I arrived in time to help with the notching of the logs for the construction of the home. At this time the only rifle I owned was a 22. I found myself using the bow and arrow quite often to harvest game. Game was plentiful and it was easy to bring back plenty of grouse or harvest a moose or bear any time you needed one. The only bow I owned at this time was a 66-inch Bear Kodiak which I had purchased in 1957 for the sum of \$49.50.

I graduated from Homer High School in Alaska in 1961. I worked as a commercial fisherman in the summer. Commercial seal hunting was also quite profitable. A seal hide skinned and salted would bring from \$40 to \$60 each. The Department of Fish and Game also paid an additional \$3 bounty on each seal. I remember one seal hunt in particular, when I made \$3,000 in one month. I experienced many life or death situations in the Alaskan wilderness and on its turbulent seas.

I really became interested in hunting with the bow around 1963. I had purchased two Howard Hill bows from Howard Hill's personal bow business, Shawnee Archery in Sunland, California. One of them was 70 pounds at 28 inches. The other was 85 pounds at 28 inches. They were both 68 inches between the string nocks and had sectional green glass on the back and white glass on the belly. I would hunt for several years in Alaska with these two bows taking moose, bear, and many varieties of small game, quite often putting a fish dinner on the table. I also found it necessary to purchase a high powered rifle for big game as well as protection.



Living in Alaska, hunting was a way of life. I killed this black bear near Homer, in 1969 with my 85-pound Howard Hill longbow.

Alaskans have an anecdote about people who seek advice about using a handgun for protection against the Alaskan brown bear. The advice went something like this; *"The first thing you must do is file the front site off and make the barrel very smooth. This way when the brown bear crams the handgun up your butt, it wont hurt so much!"*

Experienced bear hunters also proclaimed that the hunter who used a shotgun for protection wouldn't be around if they had to use it against a charging brown bear. I felt the 30.06 I had purchased would be adequate for all around purposes. I have killed several black bears with a bow and many with a rifle. All were taken for food. However I've never taken a brown bear. I once went bow hunting for brown bear accompanied by the Baptist preacher, Dick March, from Anchor Point, AK. He came along as my back-up, carrying a high-powered rifle.

We hunted above timber line since the coast is very thick with trees, fern, devil's club, and alder, limiting visibility to less than 20 yards. I used my 7x35 binoculars to glass slopes looking for a bear. Any animal looks huge above timberline, probably because they are out in the open. We came upon a flock of ptarmigan. I shot one with a blunt arrow only to have the bird take flight and vanish

out of sight with my arrow sticking out half way. I turned to Dick and he remarked, *"Gary, I'm confused, you're up here hunting a brown bear that could weigh 1,200 pounds with a bow and arrow and that 3-pound bird just flew away with your arrow!"* I told him to have faith, my Howard Hill bow and broadhead arrow would do the job. I don't think he was convinced, but since he had a rifle he continued to back me up on this hunt.

There were a lot of brown bear where I hunted and very often I would have only my bow and a quiver full of arrows. This is probably why I like the big back quiver. It holds lots of arrows for lots of shooting for meat, whether birds, hare, or big game, of which Alaska has some of the toughest in the world.

As far as broadheads, back then the main broadheads were Bear Razor Heads, Zwickeys, and Bodkins. I used the Bear Razor Head exclusively in those days. I remember the day when my 70-pound bow and Bear Razor Head were not enough on a moose. I had taken several Spruce grouse that were in my back quiver, where I quite often carried them, when I came upon a young bull moose. From a distance of 20 yds I shot the animal low in the brisket. I could see right off, penetration had been poor, appearing to be no more

than 4 or 5 inches. The animal would go for a short distance and lie down. Every time I'd tried to get close enough for another shot the moose would get up and go on the run.

In those days, what any sourdough Alaskan tried to avoid was killing a moose too far from the road, because packing a full-grown moose out of the woods for several miles was more than even the most dedicated or avid hunter

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wanted to do. Therefore I returned to my log cabin. Over the head of my bed on a rack was my 30.06 which I grabbed and beat feet back to where I made the hit with my bow. I picked up the blood trail and in a short time I came upon the moose. The moose was feeling rather grim but it still had the strength to get up and run as it had done earlier that day. It was a simple shot with the 30.06 and the moose went down. As I pulled the backpack off my back I realized that I might have killed the moose with my bow, but the 30.06 made the kill very easy. As it worked out, I still had a long pack back to the cabin with an estimated 180 pounds of meat on my back tied in the packframe. It took 5 trips to pack the moose out, leaving the hide and head for the coyotes.

By 1964 I was married and had two young children. I received notice in the mail that the state was offering residents of Alaska the opportunity to purchase land at \$100 an acre. I sent them a check for \$500. Approximately four weeks later I was notified that I was the owner of 5 acres of land. There was enough spruce timber on the land to build several cabins, but I chose to build one conservative cabin and dig a root cellar. I dug a good-sized root cellar but didn't know it had to be vented. The first year everything I put in it turned green and rotted. I subsequently vented the cellar. While digging the root cellar I seemed to attract the local grouse who came to get pebbles from the dirt (Alaska is covered with tundra and muskeg leaving very little exposed dirt).

Around April after the snow began melting away I cut and hauled logs using a come-along and Pevi for rolling the big logs when they would catch on roots etc. I began to strip bark from the logs which comes off in long strips at this time of year. The logs were then placed on blocks to prevent rotting while allowing the air to circulate around them. I recall there were 44 logs

in all that were cut, peeled, and put up to dry. These logs were dried for one whole season, through summer and winter and in the following spring I began to build a log cabin. I wanted to build the cabin mostly by hand, using the tools of the early pioneers: a double-bit ax with one

getting between them and rotting the wood.

While digging the root cellar I found blue clay which is quite common in Alaska. Mixing the clay with moss makes an excellent mortar to put in the cracks between the logs. This process is called "chinking" and will last for years. A log cabin built this way is warm, quiet, and safe against wild animals. I have never been more comfortable in any house.

My daughter Lorena was

old enough to gather eggs from the chicken coup, as well as some do small chores around the building site. My son Haig being 2 years younger demanded

All this while sitting in a little log cabin in Alaska with 10-degree temperatures, darkness falling at 3:30 in the afternoon, and daylight arriving at 9:30 in the morning.

side long and keen and the other side more blunt for limbs and notching the logs. The top log must saddle the one underneath to help prevent water from



Our five-acre homestead, ten miles from Homer, and the cabin I built with a hand axe. I have never been more comfortable in any house.

constant attention from his mother, because in the wilderness many things could happen to small children if you took your eyes off of them. Each one of us was entitled to a warm bath once a week. There was a lake several hundred yards from the cabin that supplied our water. We used a cattle trough type of bathtub and heated the water on a wood stove. I eventually dug and cribbed a well and installed a hand pump. We now had "running water." Just grab a pail, run outside, fill the pail and run back in.

I used wood and coal to cook with. There was an outhouse approximately 50 yards from the cabin which was accompanied by a bag of lime and a cup for summer-time use only, as this would keep things more sanitary. Of course there was always the old "thunder mug" under the bed that was used by the women and children of the house. I always went outside, no matter how cold it was. No electricity, TV, or phone. I had a radio which I only played perhaps one hour each night to save on batteries.

We were not poor but chose to live very conservatively. I used home-tanned seal hides to make my coats and often trimmed them with beaver or coyote fur which I had trapped the previous winter and home tanned. I imagine they had quite an odor to them, but I wore them to town while getting supplies.

Don't think everyone up there lived this way just because they were in Alaska. Most of the Homer population of approximately 754 wore city clothes, had bakery bread, and purchased their food from the grocery store. Our diet consisted of canned and dried fish, canned and dried meat, bran, cornmeal, and oats that had been purchased from a local feed store.

A real delicacy was apple fritters. These consisted of fried bread or tortillas with a sprinkle of sugar and cinnamon filled with applesauce which had been prepared from dried apples. This was then folded in half and pinched down on the edges with a fork then smeared with a little margarine and while still moist sprinkled with a little more cinnamon and sugar. This was considered a real Friday night treat.

When times were good and we had the money to buy ingredients and the snow was fresh on the ground, we added another treat—snow ice cream.



Living simply off the land had many advantages for the Sentman family. In addition to mouth-watering backstrap steaks, seals provided lamp oil; boot grease; and occasionally, warm, hand-made coats for Gary. Seals also brought a \$3 bounty from the State of Alaska, and if sold, the hides were worth approximately \$40 each.

This was made by first gathering a bucket of soft snow, then in a bowl mixing a can of condensed milk, one teaspoon of vanilla, one cup of white sugar, and a pinch of salt. Using a hand beater we stirred it all up, adding snow to get the right creamy thickness.

I was making good money seal hunting. It was very easy to make a hundred dollars a day, weather permitting. I subsidized the family diet with seal meat. We used only the backstraps of the seal and actually acquired a craving for the meat which was as lean as liver. I could hardly wait for the next meal. There is generally a 2-inch layer of blubber beneath the skin. This seal blubber was taken home and hung in strips and was rendered to a fine oil. This oil was used in our lamps for light as well as cooking. Mixed with a paraffin wax it was applied to boots and other leather for waterproofing. Then the seal carcass was placed outside and the chickens would eat it, stripping it to the bone in a day or two. The chicken's egg yolks, as you can guess, were deep red in color and very tasty.

While on the subject of eggs, I remember every springtime about May it was customary to go to an island where I knew I could gather seagull eggs. These eggs were placed in a tub of water. The ones that floated were discarded because they had birds in them. However I knew some who were said to feast like gourmets on the unhatched birds. The ones that sank were either scrambled or boiled and were quite tasty.

All this while sitting in a little log cabin in Alaska with 10-degree temperatures, darkness falling at 3:30 in the afternoon, and daylight arriving at 9:30 in the morning. It seemed to be as good as it gets for a modern mountain family.

The life I led in those days was perhaps the foundation of my traditional archery attitude. I continually sit and think about how I can simplify my life in this day of modern living. After all, isn't that what traditional archery is all about—a simpler form of shooting the bow and arrow, avoiding the complications today's high-tech world?



“With many cunning heatings and tillerings”

(Roger Ascham, *Toxophilus*, 1545)

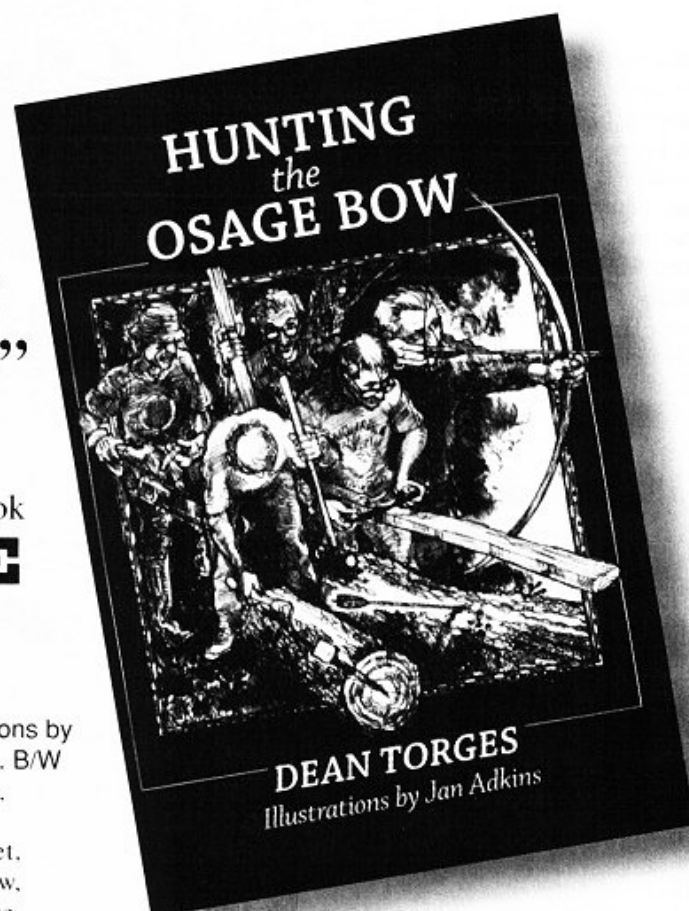
Ian Priestnall Reviews Dean Torges' Book

HUNTING THE OSAGE BOW

Hunting the Osage Bow by Dean Torges, with illustrations by Jan Adkins. The Apprehensive Dinosaur Press. 160 pp. B/W line illus. Softbound. ISBN 0-9665107-0-4. \$19.95.

It's amazing what you can find on the Internet, nowadays. Consider: I had just built a black locust flatbow, rawhide backed, that flopped. It just up and chrysalled on me. So I hacked out an ash flatbow, just to get my confidence back. I had already built a bow from a sister stave, so I knew the wood quality was OK. Because this stave had spent a year in the attic, waiting to go to the party, I called the bow Cinderella. I shot it in, shot animal rounds with it, even took it out in winter in weather so cold that an ice layer formed on the bow's back. And then it also up and chrysalled on me. After maybe 1,500 or more arrows. Not exactly despairing, but certainly frustrated, I decided to call in a higher authority. At <http://www.stickbow.com> there is a Grumpy Old Bowyers' corner, where you can ask your questions and read answers to other questions. I asked. And that's how I first got in touch with Dean Torges. He e-mailed me for further information. Or, rather, he diagnosed my problem, forecast *exactly* how my bow had gone, and laid down his prescription for improvement to my technique in the future. He also referred me to his book *Hunting the Osage Bow*. He was so accurate in his diagnosis that I felt it couldn't hurt to buy the book. And I was not sorry.

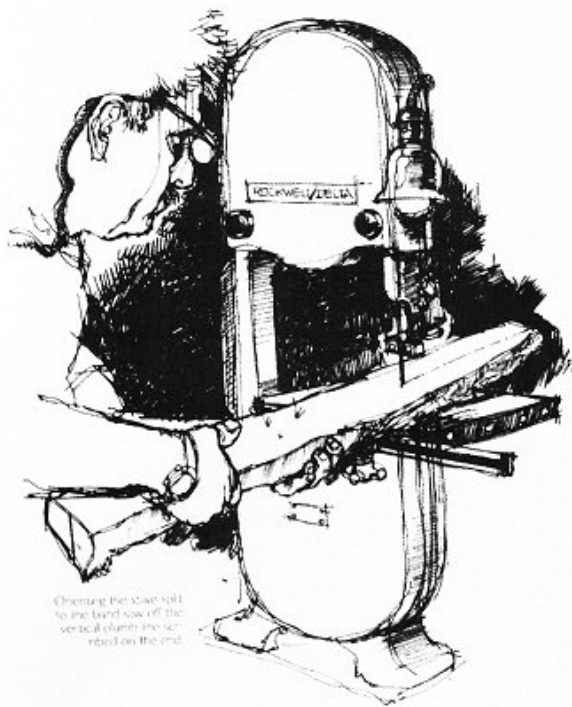
The book's title is accurate: it tells you how to locate, track, stalk and finally bring home an osage orange hunting bow. The whole book's an allegory, in a way, rather like John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Torges takes you on a journey from the osage orange hedges in his native Ohio right through to a caribou hunt in Alaska. Step by step, he tells you how to select your tree, fell it, split it out, coddle, nurse and dry the staves, reflex them, and carve out a bow. All the way you are assisted by the lively, sometimes quirky, but very



expertly observed line drawings of Jan Adkins. In this case, line drawings are so much better than photos: the artist can select the relevant, leave out clutter and background. If the drawings are accurate (and these are), then the reader benefits. Taken like this, the book is for the veriest beginner. Buy it, let it lead you by the hand, go with it on its journey. You will end up with a short, wide-ish, hunting strength osage orange bow that sits comfortably in the hand and shoots 500–600 grain arrows with devastating penetrating power. If that's what you want, there's no more to be said. Buy the book: build the bow: go hunting. Just do it.

But what if you do not just want that type of bow? What if you never hunt? What if osage orange is only a curiosity to you, found in an arboretum? Is there anything in it for the builder of 3-D flatbows, for instance? Yes, there is, but here I think it would be a mistake to buy the book for the beginner. If, however, you have experienced the frustration of minutely peeling down a flat limb section, only to have it chrysal, sooner or later, or if you have ever wondered why, in a very real sense, an English longbow, with its stacked D-section limbs, *allows* itself to be built, then you, too, can get a deal of information and help from this book.

You see, Dean Torges is agin' the current trend towards fast, pyramid-limbed, rectangular-section flatbows. He states his objections quite clearly and coherently and makes a convincing argument for a lenticular limb cross section. Any supposed loss of cast due to a rounded belly is, in



his view, more than compensated by the greater finesse with which you can tiller such a bow, and the increased mechanical strength imparted to the belly by allowing the spongy, porous spring growth to feather out along the line of the limb. Not only that: he sets out a plan for tillering such a bow by facets, so that handle fade, thickness taper and final tiller all flow one into the other, producing a smooth drawing, reliable bow. And this set of instructions (with drawings) *can* be adapted to other bows types. Maybe you will need to read the book more than once before you start to make shavings. You may even need to make a model bow or fool around with a piece of board stock before you get exactly what he means, but you will get the message, and your bows will turn out aesthetically more pleasing as well as more effective. More effective because the string will track better. Limb torsion will be reduced. The arc will bend more smoothly. And the bow will shoot. Maybe 5 or 10 fps less fast than the theoretically perfect, but the rest more than compensates. And anyway, who ever builds the theoretically perfect bow?

You will learn many other tricks of the trade, too. When he's not building bows, Dean is a cabinet maker. So he knows about wood. He also knows how to bend it. And he states that

you had better bend wood green than dry, if you want it to work in a bow. He shows you how to steam and dry your freshly cut stave. He tells you what tools to buy and how to treat them. There's a whole chapter on the cabinet scraper. He advises on handles and finishes. Of course he tells you how to lay out a bow. And of course, you will get more from his instructions, because they are so well thought out and coherently presented, than you will from many other books on the bowyer's art.

On route to Alaska, Dean and Lew build two bows, one each. One is a C bow, the other a D. "Who's Lew?" I hear you ask. Lew is building his first bow under Dean's supervision. Lew is important to this story, and to Dean, and to us. Lew is there for us. By explaining things clearly to Lew, Dean gets a clear picture to pass on to us. This is not just an expert telling us to "cut away everything that doesn't look like a bow." This is an expert struggling to pass on the lore, the craft and the *feel* of building wooden self-bows. This is why the book comes alive in your hands, in a way that others don't. If you really want to get to understand a subject, teach it: you will get a totally new slant on matters, if your student is intelligent and asks questions. And, by the way, Lew's bow, when it came in, didn't make the weight needed for Alaska. "One of the things that is

wrong with the reporting of science nowadays," a friendly professor once told me, "is that failures don't get a mention." Well, Lew's bow does get a mention. Not a failure, entirely, but a bow that was lighter than intended: Hands up those who have never built a bow that was lighter than they intended?

You can order the book from stickbow.com (follow the link to Dean Torges' homepage), from his advertisement in this issue, or from many traditional archery suppliers. I see that he also has some of his bows for sale. They will be as well crafted as this book, that's for sure. And they will be beautiful, too. That's certain. And Dean is a hunter and bowyer with a high sense of honor and ethics, and a very dry sense of humor. Just read the copyright inscription in the book, if you don't believe me. And the guy wants to help us struggling bowyers. Who else would offer to send me a quart of his favorite glue from the States, if it's not available in Europe?

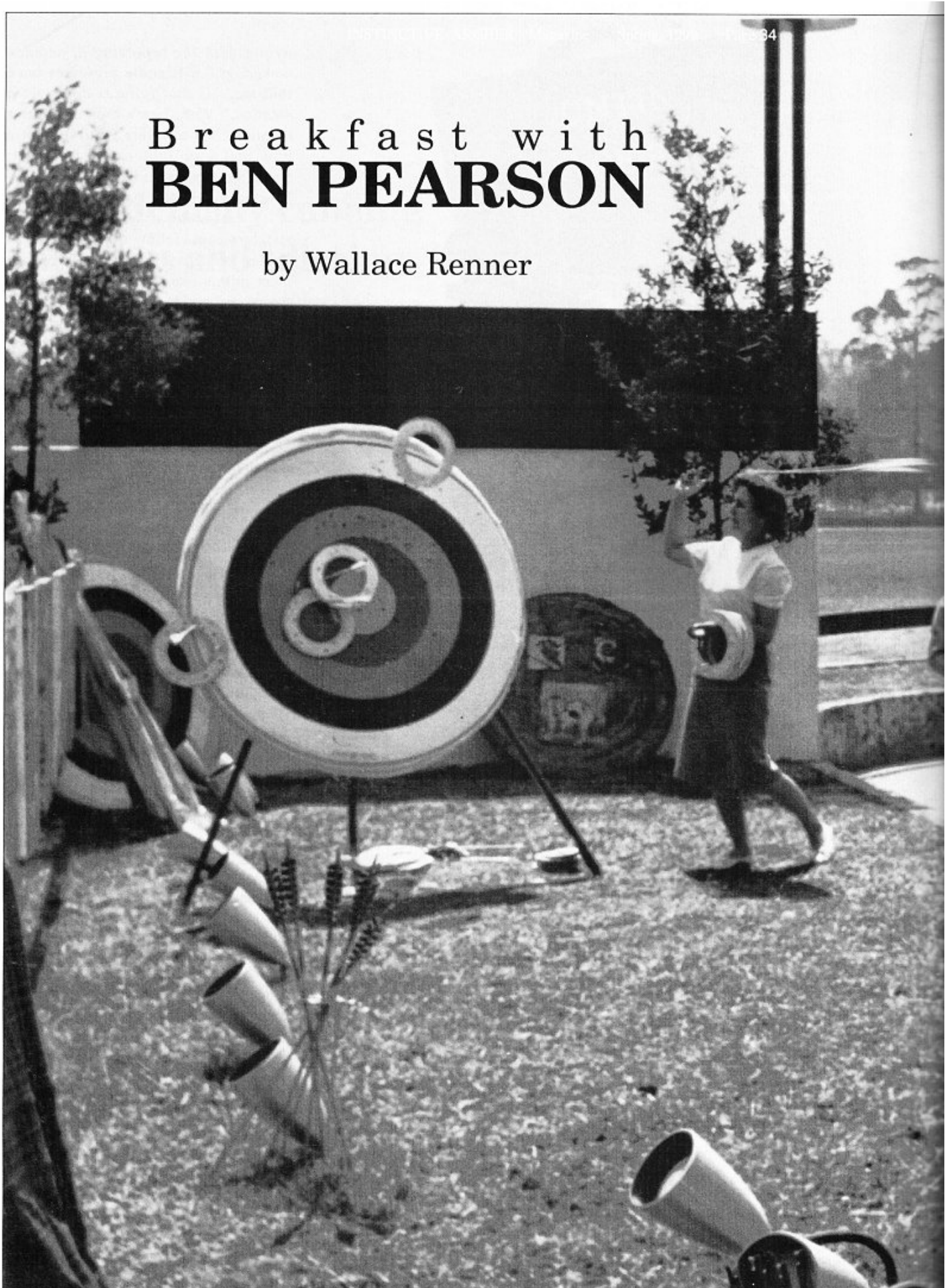
Thanks, Dean, for writing this book. Any plans for a successor? When? And put me down for a copy right away!

* * *

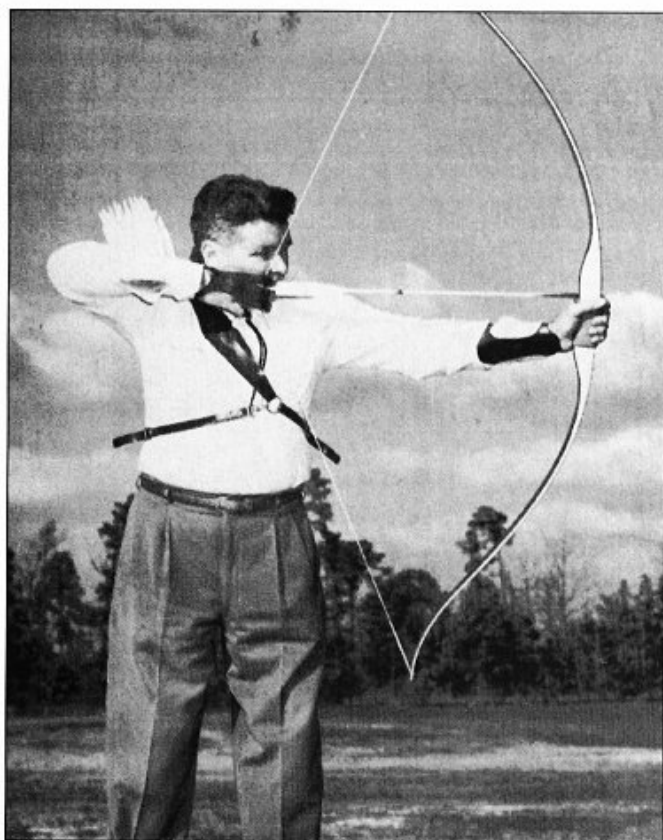
Ian Priestnall is a technical and scientific translator and editor based in the Netherlands. He makes and builds all his own archery equipment, which he uses on the 3-D range when he can, shooting at targets when he must. Previous articles of his have appeared in *Primitive Archer* magazine and on the Internet. He edits his archery club's own magazine.

Editor's Note: Rumor has it that noted author and bowyer Dean Torges was recently spotted on the side of a hill, playing hooky (bowhunting) when he should have been toiling away on his well-worn keyboard. One of our crack investigative reporters has been dispatched to the scene to see if this shocking revelation is true.









Ben Pearson was world famous for his expertise with a bow.



Second bowkill in Arkansas—1955.

Photo on Previous Page: Mary Pearson tossing targets for her husband Ben at the 1963 Mexico City Trade Fair.

Growing up in the 40s in the southern Ozark region of Missouri with a love of archery was pretty much an "on your own" undertaking. There weren't many archers to emulate or to ask for advice. So I did a lot of reading and watched a lot of newsreels at the movies to find my heroes. I eagerly consumed everything I could find written by or about the outstanding archers of the day. Many times, I would day dream about actually having a conversation with those individuals the magazines and the newsreels.

But like most heroes, they were out of my reach. However, an Ozark boy's dreams can come true. After a tour of Germany with the military, entering the ministry, and starting a family, I met one of those heroes. While serving a church in Union City, Tennessee, I had the pleasure of meeting and having breakfast with one of the greatest, Ben Pearson.

The year was 1963. The owner of the local sporting goods store knew of my interest in archery, and that I shot longbows and recurves. He had researched the field and knew that interest in archery was growing and wanted to be part of it. He asked if I could suggest a line of archery gear for his store.

I told him that at the time most mass-produced archery gear came from the Ben Pearson Company in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. The store owner had met Mr. Pearson at a sports equipment show. We decided to call Mr. Pearson and see if his schedule would permit him to come to Union City for a demonstration and to help promote archery in the area. We hoped that an archery club might develop from the event.

Fortune smiled on us, Mr. Pearson was available. So we booked the high school gym, advertised the event, and waited for the day when one of the greatest names in archery would come to our town. How I anticipated the coming event. It was like looking forward to a birthday, Christmas and the circus all at the same time.

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Mr. Pearson shot through his routine of "wedding disks," and disks with off-center holes. He broke wooden disks and finally shot a ping-pong ball as it bounced off the floor! WOW! I had never seen such bow and arrow shooting!

He shared stories of his hunting adventures, and answered questions from the sizable audience. (I was so star struck, I couldn't think of an intelligent question!) His new design, the Bushmaster bow, was taller than he and someone asked if the length was a problem with the longbow. Someone else asked what length was best for shooting. Great questions, I wished I had asked them. He wore a hand-tooled quiver, the same one that was pictured on the cover of the Ben Pearson catalogue. He used "micro-flight" arrows with white nocks, feathers, and caps. He drew and shot with such grace and ease, hitting each target as they were thrown. I swear, it was like having Roy Rogers or Superman come to town! It was as good as it gets!

But it got better. The next morning, I met Mr. Pearson at the hotel for breakfast. Me, the tow-head from the



May, 1958. Ben enjoying some archery fun with his son (the cowboy) and a friend.

Ozarks! I sat at the table with my idol, enthralled as he told about a new broadhead. You know, the one with the large

head. The Deadhead. He told about the time that he shot five arrows at a deer across a wheat field. When he retrieved the arrows they were so tight that he could, by putting his thumbs and forefingers together, surround all five arrows. Many years later, while pastoring a church in Hampton, Arkansas, I hunted that same field on the private hunting club of a friend of Mr. Pearson's, Doyle Duncan. My arrows weren't as tightly placed, but I consoled myself by imagining that I might be walking in Ben Pearson's footsteps.

In the hunting lodge after a morning hunt, I discovered a handsome, left-handed, multicolored handled Pearson Bushmaster. Three years ago, at a Howard Hill Longbow Championship in Wilsonville, Alabama, I was admiring the arrow collection of Sterling Harrell (now deceased). My eyes went immediately to a Ben Pearson arrow. As we chatted, I learned that Mr. Harrell's family lived in Hampton, Arkansas, and that a member of his family was president of the bank (Hampton, Arkansas, had one law enforcement officer, one traffic light, and one bank). I knew Banker Harrell from my years as pastor there.

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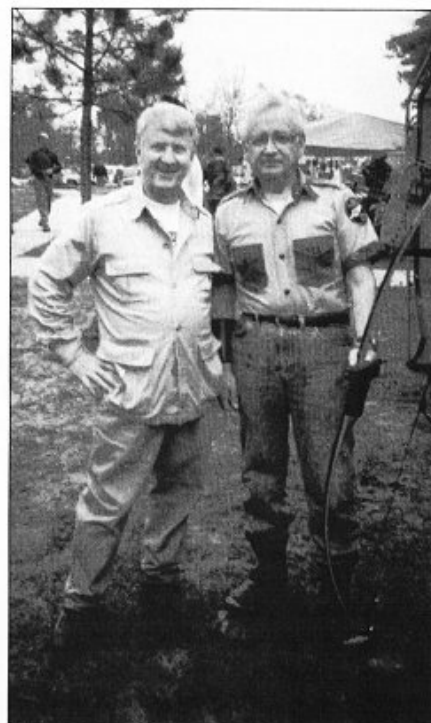
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Admiring Ben Pearson Deadheads.



The author (left) and Sterling Harrell, who hunted with Ben Pearson in Arkansas at Sheriffs Den Camp.

Sterling shared how he and Ben Pearson had hunted the wheat fields of the Duncan Camp. I told him about finding that left-handed Pearson Bushmaster in the lodge and he said with excitement, "It was Mine!" Sterling and Ben Pearson were good friends. Along with others, Sterling and Ben are fondly remembered from many Howard Hill Championship Tournaments.

Some years back, Mary Pearson attended the Wilsonville Tournament and visited with many of us. She is a gracious lady and still lives in

Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Their family has made a video entitled, *The Legendary Hunts of Ben Pearson*. Naturally, I have a copy in my collection.

It is especially gratifying that many of the heroes of our youth, when one becomes acquainted with them, are gracious, fine folks. Many, also, have gone on to become part of the great "rainbow in the sky." But when I gather with archery friends and share breakfast and stories before a tournament, it's like having breakfast with Mr. Pearson all over again.



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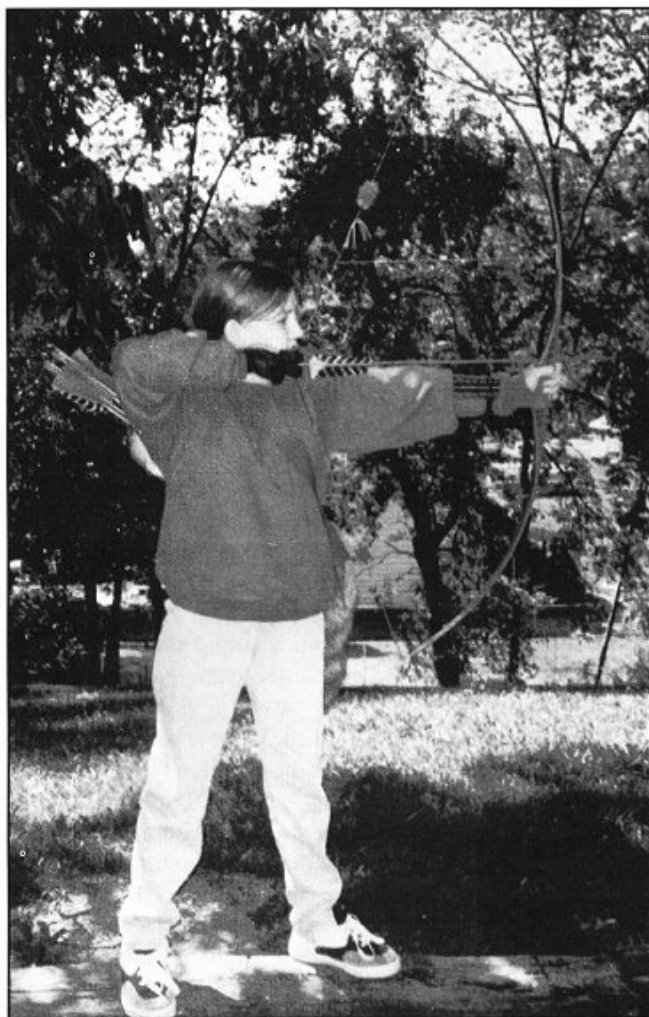
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The morning sun came screaming over the edge of the Yuma Mesa. It was brilliant, it was orange-red and it was directly in my eyes. I tilted my head so the top of the full face motorcycle helmet could block out some of the blinding rays. I concentrated on the highway in front of me and hoped that I would suffer no permanent retina damage. *"Just a little farther,"* I said to myself and I'll be below the mesa rim and out of the sun." Suddenly, a blinking 3-foot road hazard sign appeared directly in front of me!

As I awoke I remember thinking that I really felt much better than usual. I was apparently not fully awake, however, because I was dreaming that I was lying face down on pavement and a voice from behind me was saying, *"I took off his helmet because he was choking."*

"This dream is really realistic," I thought as I turned my head to the right. As I looked to the right I immediately saw two things. I saw ants heading towards pieces of chicken from my back pack that were lying on the highway and I saw a fellow Border Patrol Agent calling for medical assistance on a walkie talkie. I still thought that it was a dream until I noticed that several of the ants that had been headed for the chicken were now showing interest in me and were advancing toward me across the black top. I could hear sirens in the dis-

A "Traditional" Draw Check

by Kent Williams

tance and a Border Patrol helicopter orbiting above.

People say the craziest things in emergency rooms. I had seen this many times as a Supervisory Border Patrol Agent and was being very careful about what I said, or so I thought. The ER doctor approached and stepped through the crowd of people. My first words were, *"Doc, do you think that I'll be able to shoot my longbow again?"*

Oh well, so much for being careful. Under stress one usually expresses his or her true character and obviously, one of my primary concerns was being able to be an integral part of the flight of the arrow.

A month later I was still not able to reach the bow string on my granddaughter's 20# Bear Cub. Misery. Then, almost six weeks after the accident I could reach the string, but not apply any pressure to it. Progress.

Two and one-half months after the accident I was able to pull it slightly with much pain. Then, about three months after that fateful morning I grasped the string and pulled the 20# bow back to anchor. I remember thinking that this will be either the kill or the cure. I imagine that I could be heard for several blocks because of the extreme pain, but I had tasted victory.

Shortly thereafter I started trying to draw my 53# at 26" Howard Hill Big Five. I had literally worn out all my archery videos and had to get back into arrow flinging to retain my sanity.

That accident occurred on September 29, 1993, and I'm glad to report that I have since shot many thousands of arrows. The only problem is that I have noticed a progressive shortening of my draw length as well as poorer arrow flight over a period of time.

Recently I picked up an old arrow that I had marked in inches many years ago and came to anchor. I was shocked to discover that I was only drawing 23" to the back of the bow, and if I really strained, I could pull 24"!

That revelation led me to trying progressively lighter and lighter spined arrows to get good arrow flight, but there came a point of diminishing return where the arrows were so physically light, the longbow began complaining with increased hand shock.

I then began using my old "on spine" arrows, but with high profile fletching. That immediately cured the arrow stability problem, but limited me to shorter ranges because of the increased drag. (They surely do sound nice though.)

I then found a remedy by using long arrows (30 - 33") which, because of their low dynamic spine and higher weight, have provided much enjoyable shooting. As time went on though, I grew more and more concerned about the short draw length. Was there a remedy?

I even tried lighter-weight bows which were easier to shoot and increased my draw length somewhat, but I was never really satisfied with the trajectory. I kept remembering what I'd heard about being a real "man" in archery. To be a real man one had to *"pull a heavy bow, have a long draw, and have sharp broadheads."* Well, I did have sharp broadheads!

I then had the occasion to watch a video entitled "Shooting Instinctively, Better Than Ever." Two of the individuals were using what they called a

"cricket." It was some kind of a draw check device that "clicked" when they reached full draw.

The word "heresy" flashed into my mind. How could anyone shooting traditional, non-mechanical equipment use a *mechanical* device on their bows?

The more I thought about it though, the more I began to think that this might be a possible therapeutic answer to my short draw problem. What if my problem had been that I started too heavy, too fast, just like a lot of folks have done when switching over from compounds to traditional equipment?

I searched through all my traditional archery catalogs and found that Three Rivers listed an item called the "Clickety Klick." It looked much like the "cricket" shown in the video and was reasonably priced.

Several days later it arrived. When I read the accompanying directions it became apparent that it had been designed with the compound shooter in mind. In the directions a drawing showed the draw check (clicker) installed 6 to 7 inches from the limb tip. The folks on the video had recommended that the adhesive backed "Cricket" be attached just above the fade out on recurves to minimize the possibility of imbalancing the limbs. I settled for a location approximately 1/3rd of the way up the limb from the riser. If I had mounted the clicker just above the fade out it would

have put the clicker string (cord) too close to the bow hand on my Big Five.

The directions also showed that the "coupler" should be snapped in the center of the 2-inch attached chain to permit adjustment. I found, however, that leaving 2 inches of chain permitted the chain and coupler to impact the upper limb each time the bow string was released. They began to immediately cut into the finish on the Big Five. I therefore cut the chain as short as possible to preclude any further damage to the bow finish.

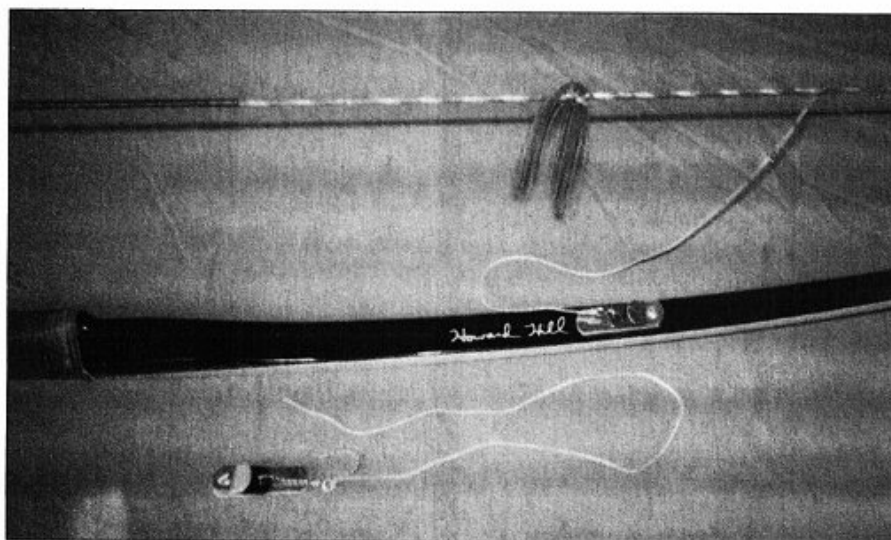
The accompanying directions and illustrations showed that the draw check "string" was to be tied and cemented directly to the bow string. It occurred to me that possibly the tension between the bundles of a Flemish string might be sufficient on a strung bow to hold the string in position without either tying or gluing.

I cleaned the bow belly with 100% alcohol and installed the clicker with the adhesive backing. I slipped the end of the clicker string between two of the bundles of the Flemish string and tied a knot in the end.

I then used the "draw test" arrow and came to absolute maximum simulated draw with an unstrung bow. It measured 27 inches. I then repeated the test with the bow strung and the test arrow on the string. My maximum draw was then 26 inches.

I then pulled the slack out of the draw-check string (this leaves quite a bit hanging out behind the bow string) and came to a 26-inch draw. The process of drawing to 26 inches served to pull the excess draw check (clicker) string back through the Flemish string the exact amount required for a 26 inch draw. I then marked both the bow string and the draw check string with a small felt tip pen. These marks would later aid in determining if there was a tendency for the draw check string to "creep" through the Flemish string after extended shooting.

I picked up a couple of my faithful 2013s and walked out the door with bow in hand. I nocked the first arrow and slowly came to what I thought would be full draw. Nothing happened. I kept drawing until I thought the bow would

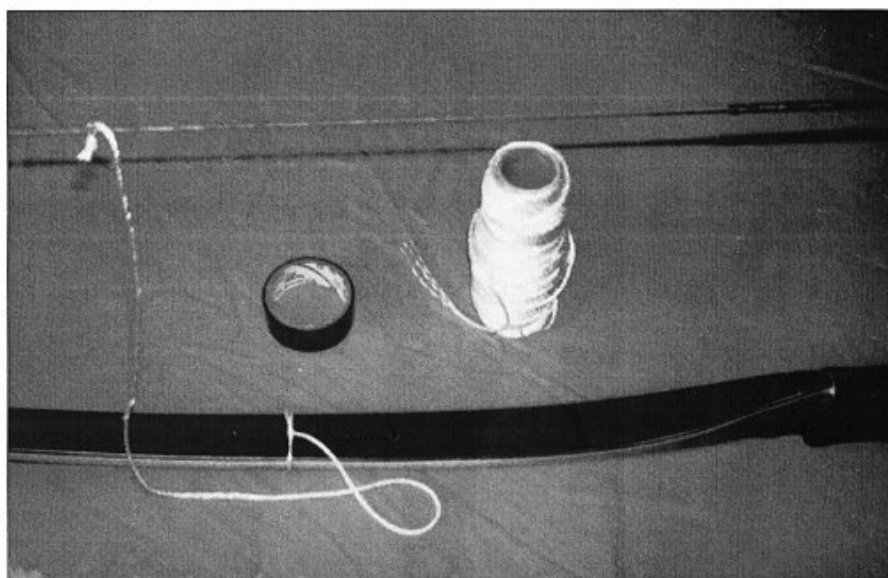


"Clicker" before and after modification and installation. (Note "clicker string marked in inches of draw.)

break and then I heard a "click" and released. Whew! The 2013 leaped from the bow, streaked across the driveway with surprising speed and buried itself in the hill side approximately 3 feet to the right of the bales! I had been so busy concentrating on the draw that I forgot to concentrate on what I wanted to hit!

Subsequent shooting sessions have provided the following observations:

1. My arrow speed has increased from 113 feet per second at 23" to 147 feet per second at 26".
2. The draw check string has remained "nailed" in place without tying.
3. My upper back muscles do not like the draw check device!
4. Even with the draw check set for a 25" draw (quite a bit more comfortable) I find that as I begin to tire, my draw immediately begins to shorten. (I shoot with a slightly bent bow arm and this bend apparently increases with fatigue.)
5. The draw check works exceptionally well when checking comparative velocity of arrows with a chronograph by insuring a consistent draw length.
6. My accuracy has gone drastically down hill! This may require a long-term evaluation to determine if I will want to stay with a draw check device for all shooting or just for practice/strength building.
7. The tension between the strands of the Flemish string on my 45# at 25" Big Five is more than sufficient to keep the cord in place without the need to tie it to the bow string.
8. The tension between the strands of the Flemish string on Marissa's 35# AMO "Stick" is not sufficient to prevent the cord from movement during shooting. (In her case, I simply tied a knot in the draw check cord behind the bow string at her proper draw length and then applied some super



"Traditional" draw check and components necessary for installation.

glue to the knot [not the bow string] to keep it from untying.)

9. As I gained experience with the clicker I began to notice that I could immediately tell when the slack has been taken out of the draw-check string *before* the click occurred.

I then decided to conduct an experiment and made up a "static" non-clicking draw check device. I simply tied a piece of nylon cord (string serving, I believe, would also work) with a bowline around the upper limb and then I applied a piece of electrical tape to the back of the bow to hold it in place. I then followed the same procedure as I did with the adjustment of the clicker string for draw length. What I found was that I didn't need a mechanical device attached to my bow, but could make a draw check that worked fine with nothing more than a nylon string and a piece of tape. (Truth is, I have a hard time hearing high frequency clicks anyway because of a high frequency hearing loss. Come to think of it, if I can hear it, maybe the deer can too.) One caution though, a "braided" cord works significantly better than a twisted cord for any draw check device.

After reading all this you may be wondering if a draw check device really for you? That depends. It depends

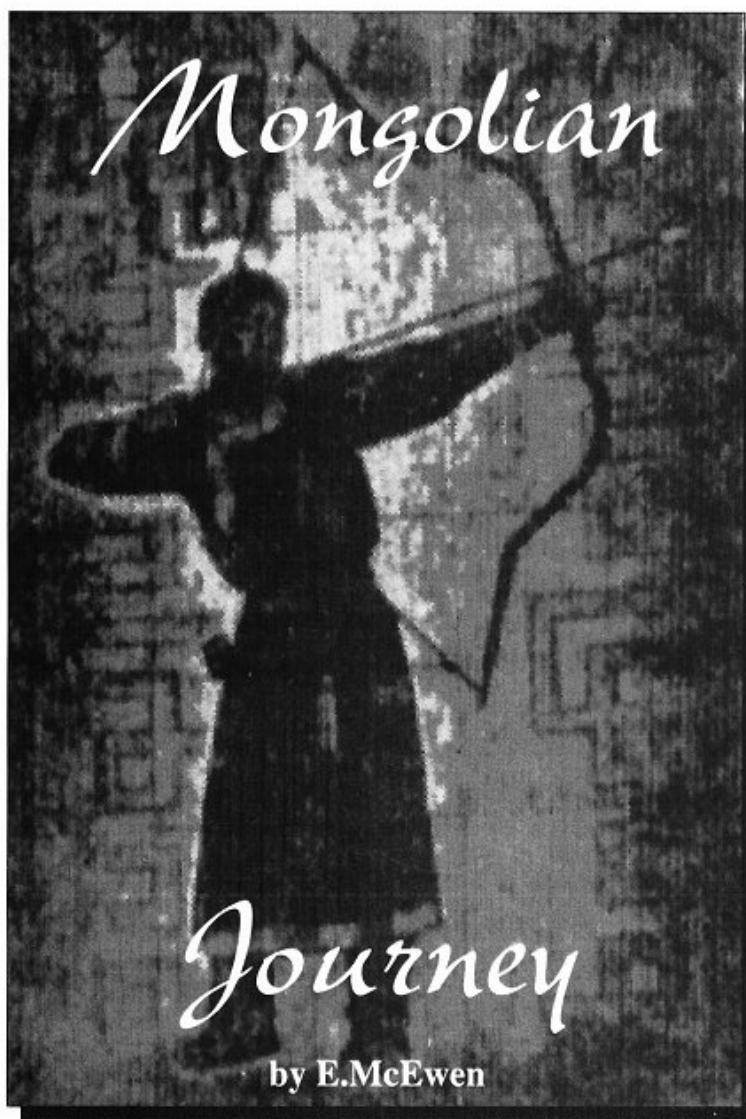
mostly on whether you have allowed yourself to be over-bowed and need a device to assist you in maintaining a proper draw length while building your strength. My granddaughter, Marissa, loves it. As she becomes tired while shooting she often "short draws" her 35 pound Martin "Stick" longbow. She now can be more relaxed while shooting, knowing that she will be drawing properly for each shot.

If your accuracy hasn't been what it once was or if you feel that it should be better, particularly in the area of vertical stringing, then it might be wise to have someone watch you shoot from the side and see if your draw length is varying. If an assistant is not available, then a draw check device could well serve as a good diagnostic device.

If you feel that a draw check might be of benefit to you, but, like me, you have an inborn dislike for things mechanical, or are concerned about the possibility of alerting game, then the simple static device I outlined above might just be the ticket.

Finally, if you are sitting there, still wondering if any of this would be a benefit, then all you need to find out is a piece of string or cord, a piece of tape and about ten minutes of time. Who knows?





Reprinted from an article that appeared previously in the *Journal of the Society of Archer-Antiquaries*.

In common with many archers I have often been asked what kindled my interest in archery. Like many boys, Robin Hood figured large in my childhood games but it was my father's stories of Chingis Khan which really caught my imagination. To me, the idea of a horn bow being shot from the back of a horse at full gallop seemed very exciting.

The dream of being able to visit Mongolia and to shoot with the descendants of the armies of the Great Khan seemed impossible to realize, particularly with the "cold war" making contact difficult. However, the collapse of communism has meant that travel difficulties have eased and contact with Russian scholars, who have a wealth of exciting news of recent archaeological excavations has been established. I little thought that this could lead to the adventure I was to embark upon. In 1992 I was asked to give a talk at the Archaeological Institute in London. I chose for my subject *Parthian and Sasanian Archery*, the main theme of which was the progression from the double curved Scythian type bow of the Parthians to the bone or antler-eared bow used by the Sasanians. The Sasanian bow is similar to that used by the

Uighurs, Huns (Hsiung-nu) and others right across the whole of the Central Asian steppes. Following my talk I was introduced to Prof. Georgina Herman of the Institute. She had been on a trip to Central Asia the previous year and had met Dr. Khudiakov. She suggested that I might like to correspond with him since we seemed to have the same interests. Subsequently, a telephone call from the Professor set my pulse racing. It was suggested that if I made application to UNESCO in Paris, I might be invited to join an expedition which was to follow the "Nomads' Route" of the old Silk Road. There was a possibility that Dr. Hudiakov would also be on the expedition, but in the event he wasn't, I've never written a letter so quickly! My application had been late but I was accepted and then followed the usual round of the passport office, health certificate, injections for various health hazards, air tickets and the Mongolian Embassy. Being a born pessimist I couldn't believe I would ever really make the trip but at last I was on route to Ulaan Baatar via Moscow. I will draw a veil over Moscow airport with its stony-faced officials whose main idea seemed to be to make everything as difficult

as possible. If travelling again I would certainly go via Peking even though the cost is higher.

I arrived a couple of days early before the expedition actually started and had ample time to explore Ulaan Baatar. It wasn't what I had hoped to see, being a drab, grey, modern city of apartment blocks surrounded by extensive railway yards and *gurs* (the felt tents of the nomads) set up inside areas surrounded by wooden fences. Very sad and sorry too did they look within the city, quite the contrary to their appearance on the open steppes.

The first event with any archery content was a circus. The theme of the show was a celebration of Chingis Khan. We were treated to a spectacular display of costumed ridges, yaks with beautifully combed and brushed hair like silk, camels and girl acrobats with double joints to their limbs before the first session concluded with three archers shooting at a target high above the center of the ring. The bows were weak and the arrows had blunt heads which nonetheless managed to stick into the target before there was a sharp bang from some sort of firework and the lights went out. A spotlight then picked out "Chingis Khan" and his court on a platform set high up to one side of the arena. The Khan, then indicated that the performance should continue; there was some of the "throat singing" so popular with the Mongolians followed by horse riding and acrobatics. The horse riding was done at great speed. Before seeing these

Mongols ride I would have said it was impossible for a horse to gallop at such speed in such a tight circle with the riders hanging out of the saddle to do all sorts of tricks. I could imagine what fabulous horse archers they would have made. The story of the mythical origin of the Mongols was told with much flashing of lights, thunder and some beautiful white wolves. The trainer had got them to perform a number of tricks like the most docile of dogs.

Among the acrobats were three men wearing the costume of the famous Mongolian wrestlers, that is, felt boots, brief trunks and a sort of bolero. They gave a display of exercises obviously designed to build the strength. Amongst the equipment they used were some heavy weights topped with lions' heads surmounted with a large ring. They began throwing these weights from one to another, spinning on their heels as they caught them and whirling round to launch the weight at the next man. This was followed by the eldest and strongest looking man catching the weight thrown to him by another, standing in front of him, on the back of his neck! One slip and it would have brained him but he repeated the feat again and again. The applause was tremendous. I make a particular point of reporting these exercises with weights because they struck a cord in my memory. I thought I had read of something like it in the *Journal of the*

Society of Archer-Antiquaries. My memory had not served me falsely. In the first issue of our Journal we had an article by Granville Squiers, "Tatar Training for the Use of the Bow." The last paragraph mirrors what I saw in Mongolia. It is good to know that these traditions haven't been lost although I don't know that the Mongols nowadays regard the exercise as being specifically for archery. Squiers says the weights were stone and of more than fifty pounds weight. The weights I saw were gilded and I had the impression that they were of iron but I could not be sure. We regard to the weight itself, I have some iron weights rather less in size than the Mongolian ones which weigh fifty-six pounds. Flash photography wasn't allowed because of the animals but I sneaked a time-exposure from under my jacket so I have a record.

The start of the expedition was timed to co-coincide with the Naadam, the annual games of Mongolia which includes the three "manly" sports of wrestling, horse racing and archery. Nowadays women also take part in the archery and horse racing but not, so far, the wrestling. In Ulaan Baatar the games take place in a stadium but elsewhere any clear space, and there are more than plenty in Mongolia, will do. On the left hand side of the main gate there is a huge mosaic picture of an archer, (see previous page) balanced on the right by a wrestler. Unfortunately, due to some mis-timing of the travel arrangements



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Close-up detail of the unwrapped bow at the Hovd airport.

from the special camp we were staying at outside the city, we arrived at the stadium after the archery had finished. This occurred two days running and I was in despair of seeing any archery at all. However, on the second day three archers were persuaded to lay on a special display and I was able to get some real facts at last.

With the aid of a Hungarian lady (Dr. Maria M. Tatar from Oslo University, who spoke fluent Mongolian) I was able to question one of the archers, a bowmaker, as to what woods were used in making the bow and what sort of thumbing was used.

All of the archers drew with the "Mongolian" release using a leather thumb guard. None of the archers used a ring of bone or horn. Their rings were made of a double layer of leather joined together at the back of the thumb, with a silver rivet. As can be seen in the photograph, the guard used in Mongolia is more like the Turkish thumbing than the

cylindrical Manchu Chinese one which I had expected to see. One curious fact emerged. The Mongolians do not always place the arrow on the right side of the bow (for a right handed archer). Fully as many placed the arrow on the left as the right despite using the thumb draw. It has always been stated that the arrow must be on the right of the bow when drawing with the right thumb but the Mongolians seemed able to shoot just as accurately whichever method was employed. When I asked why the arrow was put on the left side of the bow and not the right, the answer I got was usually, "I have always done it this way." I have puzzled endlessly about this and have concluded that with the correct spine of arrow for the method used, it makes no real difference and accuracy can be achieved. A different value of spine is needed according to which side of the bow the arrow is placed.

With regard to the wood used in the making of a bow I was told that several different woods could be used, larch, birch, and elm were among those named. This bowyer said that he used yak horn for the belly of a bow and fish glue for gluing. His bows had very little reflex in them, indeed, one he had, which he offered to sell to me for \$150 including four arrows, was virtually straight except for the ears which were reflexed as usual. All of the bows they were using had been bound from end to end in thin nylon monofilament so that they looked as if they were covered in a transparent tube. The bowstrings too were made of synthetic fibre but with rawhide loops. The reason given for the wrapping was that the modern bowstrings were hard on the bows and they needed the extra protection. I agreed to buy this bow but was



Side view of Mongol thumbing made of leather. The cord in the left hand is used to bind the archer's left sleeve.

unable to conclude the deal since I wasn't carrying my money with me at this point and we had to leave Ulaan Bataar shortly after.

I had very little time with this man but I was able to observe his shooting and that of his two companions. Apart from the aforementioned aberration in the thumb draw, all three archers anchored at different points, one in the area of the right shoulder but the others higher. The distance looked about seventy yards and the target was the usual stack of *sury*. I had a chance to examine some of these later on during the trip. They were made of woven rawhide basketwork, over a cardboard tube, some covered with coloured cloth. Accuracy was not very good, but there were no sights and the target was small, circle twelve inches high and set on the grass at a distance that had only been paced out. It was apparent that the arrows were not closely matched. The standard was perhaps like that of the Archer-Antiquaries at the Annual Shoot! Contrary to what I have read it isn't just the old people who take up archery and I have no doubt that it will continue to flourish for years to come.

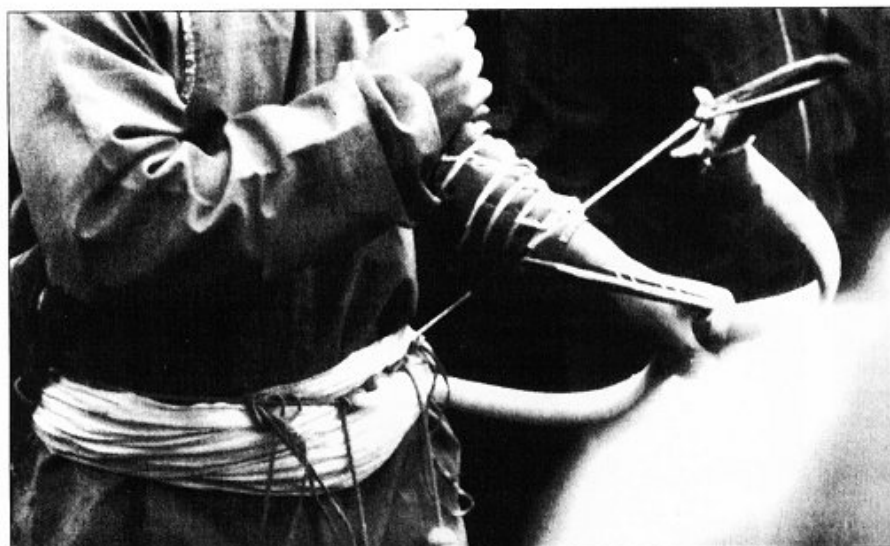
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Heavily set-back handle section of the Ih Uul Sum archer's bow.
(Photo by Eugene Pendleton Banks, Ph.D.)



A very strong lady archer at the Hovd airport. She drew bows fully as strong as the men, about 55 to 60 pounds at 32 inches.


The expedition proper commenced when the party of some 150 people travelled right across Mongolia to the city of Hovd in sight of the Altai mountains. My party travelled in an old prop aeroplane of the Mongolian airline which had to land to refuel part of the way across the country. In spite of the age of the plane our journey was comfortable and uneventful.

There was a large welcoming party awaiting us at Hovd. Somehow the fact that an archer specializing in the composite bow was aboard led to a trio of archers wearing traditional costume and bearing bows and arrows being amongst those greeting us. Cheese, *kumiss* (fermented mares' milk) and soft drinks were thrust into our hands but I speedily gulped mine down and was soon in conversation with the archers, one of whom spoke some English. Their archery equipment was in every way similar to that of the Ulaan Baatar archers but the archer who spoke English had a bow which was not wrapped with nylon and the designs with which it was painted were as a consequence clearer. Despite the crowds the archers drew their bows with arrows on the strings and invited me to try. I was surprised to find that a lady archer was drawing a bow fully as strong as the men's bows were, about 55 to 60 pounds at 32 inches. She perhaps drew her bow an inch or two shorter than the men but

in the Mongol bow this doesn't mean so much less in draw weight because of the lack of stack. In fact, the best Mongol bows have a feel rather like that of the modern "compound" bow, stack only occurs if the bow is drawn to around forty inches. I was invited to attend a shooting match but the organizers of the expedition had other ideas and an official reception had to be attended or offend the Governor of the province.

For someone suffering from "Mongolian tummy," as most of the foreigners in the party were, these receptions with huge quantities of kumiss, vodka (there is a special Chingis Khan brand) mutton and rice liberally doused in mutton fat, were something of a trial, especially as each area we visited tried to outdo all the others. At the banquet of one governor we were treated to the famous fat tailed sheep which had been boiled in our honour. It was a matter of etiquette that each guest, following the Governor, sliced a huge piece of fat from the tail and ate it with gusto. Despite my aversion to fat, and after a large swallow of vodka, I managed to eat without being immediately sick. I was surprised to find

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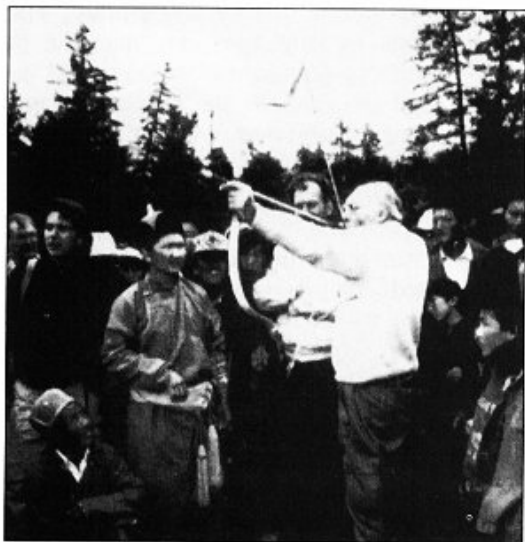
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The author shooting a Mongolian bow at last.



The welcoming committee at the Hovd airport.

that the tail fat didn't really taste like ordinary mutton fat at all but more like a sweet meat.

Entertainments were organized in Hovd and we visited a theater where we enjoyed traditional Mongolian and Turkish dancing and singing. There is a substantial minority of Turkish peoples in Mongolia hence the Turkish singing but sadly, they no longer shoot with the bow and arrow and there is no competition at the Naadam between the ethnic groups. In Inner Mongolia, however, the games held do include archers from peoples other than the Mongols. The Tibetans for example do still practice horse archery. (I am indebted to Prof. Liu Yingsheng of Nanjing University for this information).

Mongolians seem to be greatly interested in animals including all sorts of wildlife. As a consequence most of the museums have displays of stuffed animals. Since I was told at the airport that the best horn for bows was that of the ibex I took particular note of the displays showing these animals. The horns can be as much as three feet in length, are black and curved in a single sweep back from the animal's head. They are not as wide as water buffalo horns and have a corrugated surface which has to be cut off but they are excellent material.

Apart from some arrowheads of doubtful age, the Hovd Museum has a single piece of wood from a composite bow which had been excavated from a tomb. I was unable to find out where or

from which period the tomb was but the piece was obviously from one of the antler eared bows of the 13th century or earlier, perhaps from a Hunnic grave of which there are a large number on the steppes.

Following the mis-timing of the Ulaan Baatar and the rapid exit from Hovd airport I was beginning to be a little frustrated at not being able to study

the archery of Mongolia closely and in detail. The expedition was attempting to cover all aspects of Mongolian history and culture. There were specialists in languages, art, nomadic life, history, pre-history and so on. We detoured constantly to visit monasteries, ancient cities, grave mounds, nomad encampments where felt making, camel herding and many other activities were taking place. Several detours took us into vast rock formations where petroglyphs of ibex, deer, and their hunters indicated that in prehistoric times the steppes were populated with men using the bow. At first the simple bow but by the iron age the composite bow had appeared. Unfortunately, the dating of petroglyphs is a matter of some debate in Mongolia so just what constitutes the "iron age" I was unable to ascertain but clear evidence of the prehistoric use of the bow I did find.

Finally, in the Ih Uul Sum district I was able to shoot with a Mongol bowyer. After a night in a most comfortable and huge *gur* a demonstration was given and I was invited to shoot. This particular bowyer made bows a little shorter and more reflexed than most. He was a champion shot and obviously knew the trade of bowmaking very well. Bowery seems to be carried out as a hobby rather than as a full time occupation, at least nowadays but the results are professional for all that. The arrows used were all of about the same length but this archer had a band of blue tape to

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indicate the draw length. Just why the arrows were made overlong I wasn't able to discover. I pulled the bow to test its strength and obviously my fellow archer thought I was over drawing it for he signalled that I would break it. He indicated I should only draw to the length indicated by the blue tape. Then followed another discussion on the merits of placing the arrow on the right or left side of the bow. This champion archer, drawing with the right hand, placed his arrows on the left of the bow. I shot with a horn thumbing I had brought with me, copied from one found in a Chou dynasty Chinese grave. (cf. Lt. Cmdr. W.F. Paterson "A Han Period Thumb-ring" *Journal of the Society of Archer-Antiquaries*, pp. 7-9, vol. 17, 1974, for an illustration of a similar Han dynasty example) I had hoped to meet someone who might be able to explain the curious projection on the side of the back of these rings but even the Chinese scholars with the expedition were unfamiliar with them (I was, in fact the only archery specialist in the party).

The distance we shot was 70 meters, measured in *ald*, 48 of which made up the target distance. Another member of our group was told the distance was 80 meters. The *surs* of woven rawhide were about 4 inches high and 3 inches in diameter. I didn't scatter the pile of *surs* but shot close enough to be congratulated afterwards by Mongolian members of the expedition who obviously didn't expect a foreigner to have any skill at all. The Mongolian archer was off target too and said that the weather had changed and it was affecting his bow.

The bow was about 65 pounds at 32 inches, the arrows being under-drawn, as mentioned above. When asked to shoot at a shorter distance the Mongolian drew an even shorter arrow and canted the bow at an angle. He hit the target easily enough at about 15 yards but I gained the impression that he wasn't used to this type of shooting.

Following a talk I had given to members of the group the evening before the demonstration, the Mongolian archer had invited me to a *gur* and had shown me his equipment. His thumbing was of leather, like the ones I had seen in Ulaan Baatar but instead of a silver rivet holding the leather together his had a steel buckle. His arrows were of two

sorts, half with aluminum heads but in the traditional shape and half with bone heads. His fletchings were cut lower than that of most arrows I had seen. The arrows were in a painted wooden box with a sliding lid, rather like a large pencil box of the sort which schoolchildren used to have at one time. His bow was wrapped in nylon thread as were the bows in Ulaan Baatar but it was shorter, and had more "set-back" in the handle section. The nylon bowstrings were wrapped, also with nylon monofilament, from bow knot to bow knot so that the bowstring resembled a piece of stiff wire. The loops were of raw-hide. The string bridges were each of a round piece of antler about an inch in diameter and capped with a thin piece of leather. Below each bridge was a large "U." The object of these, of course, is to catch the bowstring when the string is released so that it doesn't slip off the bridge thus unstringing the bow and causing it to reverse and possibly break.

Following the shooting I was approached by one of our interpreters who said the archer wanted to know if I would like to buy one of his bows. I invited him to my *gur* and a speedy bargain was struck. We had a long talk on bowmaking and archery in general. I

showed him photographs of myself shooting from horseback and gave him copies of articles and literature concerning the Society. He asked if he could join the Society and correspond with me. I was delighted to agree but sadly, my letters to him have not met with response. I am informed that since the break up of communism, letters to Mongolia are liable to get no further than Moscow where the stamps are stolen.

This bowyer said that he used bamboo for the core of the bow, imported from China. He used Ibex horn for preference for the bow's belly but yak or cow horn could be used. The bow I bought from him has a belly made up with two pieces of horn on each limb. The second, shorter piece is fitted just under the ear and is bound down with a patch of leather glued over the join. I thought this was a bow which had been broken and repaired but it seems I was wrong and this was a common thing to do, especially with yak or cow horn which often isn't long enough to make the limb in one piece. Although the joint looks rather crude it seems safe enough and holds together well.

I was informed that horse archery no longer takes place on an organized basis but my Mongol friend's eyes gleamed when he saw my photographs and I feel sure that at least in the *Ih Uul Sum* there will now be someone practicing this ancient skill. In former times shorter bows with more sinew in their construction were made for use on horseback. These bows had a shorter draw and the arrow was anchored on the corner of the mouth.

There haven't been any flight shooting competitions for a long time now. The last competition took place in 1960 and was won with a shot of 216 meters. Apparently this competition was held using target bows and arrows but I was told that if the bows and arrows were altered much greater distances could be shot. The famous shot of Chingis Khan's archer Yisunke in 1225 is well known. This was at the time Chingis had mobilized his horsemen to fight against the Moslems of Turkistan and he is said to have shot "three hundred and thirty-five paces". This pace is the *ald* mentioned above so the distance is reckoned to be approximately 535 yards.

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I was given a leather thumbing fitted with a buckle and exchanged my own horn ring.

The place where I met the Mongolian bowyer was somewhere about halfway on the trip which covered some 4,000 km officially but more if the number of times we diverted or became lost (there are virtually no roads and certainly no sign posts in Mongolia) are taken into account. I saw no more shooting after this stop but at Harhorin (Karakorum) the old capital of the Mongol Empire, we visited the Erdend Zuu Monastery which has a museum. In the museum there were some arrowheads but no bows or quivers although some museums we visited during the trip had old bows, quivers and suits of mail. There was a brightly painted banner associated with the Buddhist religion which caught my attention. It had a white figure carrying bow and arrow. What drew my attention was the case containing the bow. It was in the shape of a boar and was carried with the case uppermost. I was unable to obtain an explanation or, indeed, any information at all about this figure. Outside the museum while looking at a stone which

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I had observed was inscribed in Persian (this caused some excitement among the scholars!) I was approached by a man who asked if I would like to buy some old arrowheads. There were three of them mounted on a card and labeled "13th century." It is doubtful that they are anything of the sort but they are old. One of the arrowheads is in the shape of a fork (now with one tine broken). I judge this to be a fire arrow.

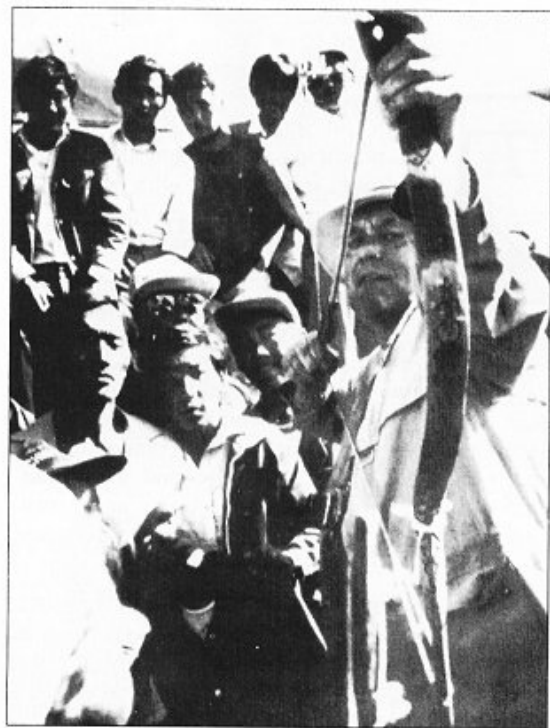
A procession of monks was staged on the second day we were at the monastery. This religious ceremony hadn't taken place for years, since the communists took over in fact, but was now being revived for the religion of Mongolia is once again being practiced in earnest. We saw a number of monasteries that were now open with their complement of monks holding services and not just for the tourists. In the procession there were some monks wearing masks. One was of a very old man with long flowing white beard and hair leading another wearing a dog's head. The old man was carrying a bow and quiver of arrows. The bow was a modern fiberglass composite, strung back to front! I had spoken to the monk before the procession started and to several officials but I couldn't get them to understand that the bow was inside out. Perhaps they didn't think it mattered but it was sad to see this when there were plenty of the "real thing" they could have used.

The whole expedition was a wonderful opportunity

to see something of the land of Chingis Khan and the archery of the Mongols as it is today. The possibilities for archaeologists seemed to me to be enormous. Although the land is only very sparsely populated today, judging from the number of ancient monuments and graves at different periods the population must have been widespread with many different peoples inhabiting the steppes. Today the country is trying to open up but the Mongols are sadly handicapped by being land locked and having only limited railway outlets available to them either through China or Russia. They are still the "meat in the sandwich" between the two countries and they have an enormous debt to Russia for "aid" which they have to pay back. The Mongols gained a fearful reputation in the past as ruthless conquerors but they did act as a channel between east and west and the Nomad's Route of the old Silk Road certainly played an important part in spreading civilization. I found the Mongols to be a tough, hard and yet friendly and cheerful people, despite their present difficulties and I am proud to have made friends with those I met.

One last piece of archery information. Tourist trips are now possible and even if one travels further than Ulaan Baatar it is possible to buy a bow from the government shops. There you will pay twice what a nomad bowmaker would charge but you would also be given receipt which would allow you to travel through customs without fear. I had been told by an attache from the German Embassy that I might be stopped from taking my bow out of the country because the idea was developing that these things were being thought of as national treasures. In the event I had no trouble but the warning put me off buying the dozens of arrows I would have liked to bring home with me too.

Sending things by post was possible but they had to travel through Moscow and there was a danger that the stamps would mysteriously vanish even before they left the country. My bow travelled on the luggage rack of the bus that took me across Mongolia and on the luggage rack of the aeroplane—when it was not clutched in my hand.



The author's first pull on a Mongolian bow.
(Photo by K. Teague)





Mongolian National Archery

by Munkhtsetseg

down six suns. And when the legendary mother of the Mongolian nation wanted to instill the idea of unity into her feuding sons, she sat them down before her and gave each an arrow telling them to snap it. Of course, they could do that easily. Then she gave each of them six arrows and told them to snap them all together. None of them could. This is how the Mongolian people first learned about strength through unity.

Before the Mongolian people were recorded in history, some of our predecessors on the steppe-lands of Asia included the Asiatic Huns and the Khitan who ruled North China in the 11th Century, and who gave China one of the names by which westerners later knew it: Cathay.

This is how the Chinese historian Sima Qian described the Huns: "[The Huns] had no written language: they governed themselves on the basis of the spoken word alone. Infants could ride on a sheep and draw a bow to shoot small birds and rats. As they grew up, they would shoot foxes and hares and these are what they used to eat. Their warriors were powerful archers, and all were armoured cavalrymen. Their custom when at peace was to follow their flocks, and thus archery and hunting formed part of their way of life. When war threatened, they practiced battles and attacks so that they could invade or make unexpected attacks. This was part of their very nature." You can see that the Huns' way of life was very similar to our Mongol nation later.

In the Liao and Mongol states in the 10th to 11th Centuries, our ancestors used to play a game called "Shooting the Willow" to demonstrate our archery skills. This is how the game was described in the official history of the Khitan Liao Dynasty: "Two lines of willow branches were set in the ground of a polo field. The archers, according to their different ranks, chose their own branch and marked it with a piece of cloth; then they whittled away the bark of the twig a few inches above the ground so that the white wood showed through. Led by one galloping rider, the others followed at full gallop, shooting with an unfletched arrow with a horizon-

It was a great pleasure for me to find out that people around the world are taking an increasing interest in national archery traditions, and that magazines like *Instinctive Archer*™ are able to devote space for substantial articles on the national archery traditions of Europe and America. Even more exciting for me is that you are publishing articles about the traditions of Asia. You have already published interesting articles about India, Korea and China.

Perhaps this is the right opportunity for me to contribute something on our great archery tradition of Mongolia.

Let me say a little about myself. My name is Munkhtsetseg. I come from a family of traditional archers. My father, Choijelsuren, was a famous archer and bowyer, and my brother, Mandbayar, is also a bowyer and carpenter.

Through my long association with archery, I have had the privilege of having been Mongolian women's national archery champion for six years. I am also keen on skating.

When I'm not involved in my sporting activities, I am also busy with my job as a senior inspector with the Mongolian Police Department. (No, I don't use my archery skills for that!)

Of course, archery in Mongolia has had a long and famous history. Our folk legends tell of Erekhé Mergen, the great archer who saved the people from a drought by shooting

tal blade for an arrowhead. An archer who could cut through the willow branch and catch the cut end at full gallop took top marks. Second came the one who could cut the willow twig but couldn't catch it. Those who could hit the whittled part but not cut it, or those who missed altogether, lost. When they shot, people beat drums to egg them on."

From the time of Chingis Khan and the Mongolian nation proper, there are many accounts of great feats of archery. In the "Blue History," there is a story of Chuu Mergen who hit a target from horseback at about 130 meters. There are accounts of a national competition in which renowned archers such as Tsülegtii, Gölgon Baataar, Sübgetei Baataar, Toghtong Baataar and Khüldar all competed over a distance of about 600 meters, shooting at a cap of deer leather placed on the ground. All could hit the target with one of three shots.

Although our ancestors were driven out of China in the Ming Dynasty, we were still a force to be reckoned with in our own heartland. In 1449, the Chinese army foolishly tried to invade, and we captured their emperor, Ying-zong. But in the seventeenth century, our land came under the control of the Manchus—another steppe-land people—who ruled China from 1644 to 1911. They tried to suppress the martial skills of Mongolian men, forcing them to abandon their herds and to go into monasteries and learn Buddhist pacifism. Archery was banned, and our menfolk could only keep up their archery skills by secretly practicing inside their yurts with toy miniature crossbows.

Since achieving independence once more in 1921, our Government has promoted our traditional archery skills. Although few of us can still shoot well on horseback, many practice traditional archery on foot. Each year in July there is a traditional sports festival, the "Nadam Festival," in which we compete at the three "manly" sports: horse racing, wrestling, and archery. Although our women don't wrestle, we like to compete in horse racing and archery. Women

are able to achieve outstanding results with the bow and arrow.

Today, the sport has three main divisions based on regional styles of archery and different construction of the bow. My style is "Khalkha" which is the tradition of the people of the central part of Mongolia. Another style is "Buryat" practiced by the people of the northern eastern region of our country. Finally, there is the "Uryankhai" style which represents the Western Mongolian people.

We shoot different targets and distances. In the Buryat style archers shoot at 35 meters, in the Uryankhai at 45 meters and in the Khalkha style at 75 meters. We are all united by the Mongolian Archers' Union, (of which I am a counselor). Buryat and Khalkha archery have many women competitors. Uryankhai archers are by tradition men. Each of our traditions has a special style of singing which is used by the scorer to indicate the score of each competitor. This helps us tell from a distance how our shooting is progressing.

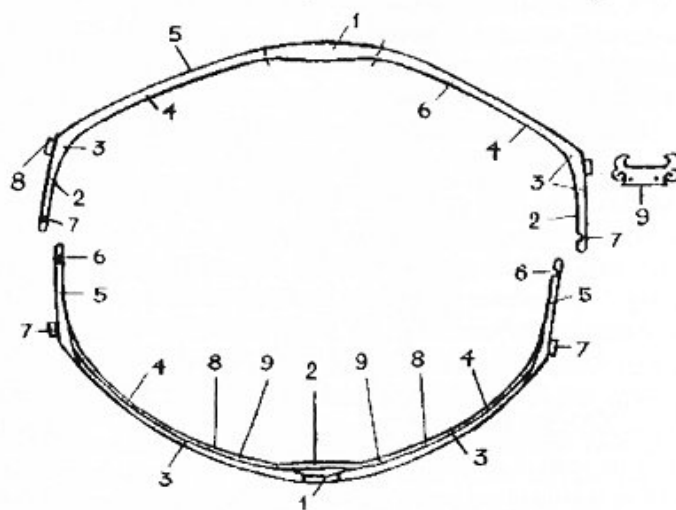
Each of our different traditions has a different style of bow; but in fact, we can choose the type of bow we want to use freely. There are different sizes and draw-weights to suit men, women, and children. The three styles of bow are "Gung"

— a deep form of bow based on the Manchu style; "Tömör" (Iron) and Khagas (Half Horse). The "Gung" style comes from the east of the country, the "Iron" style from our central, Khalkha area, and the "Half Horse" from the Western Uryankhai region.

All these bows are made in the traditional fashion, using wood, sheep's horn, and sinew. (See diagram below. The line drawing illustrations in this article are reproduced from a book on Mongolian national archery by Baldandorj published in 1976, with the kind permission of the Mongolian National Sports Institute which controls the copyright.)

We often pull a draw-weight of about 50 to 60 pounds. These traditional bows often risk splitting—especially as some of the modern chemical glues are not as reliable as the older, traditional fish glue we used to use. Therefore, you will often see Mongolian bows wrapped in nylon fishing line. These reduces the risk of sudden failure of the bow during use.

Nowadays we use a dacron string with nylon whipping. The string is quite thick—about 5 mm diameter. We wrap a piece of leather at the nocking point (marked "1" in the diagram.) The points



Upper bow:

1: Grip. 2: Sayah. 3: Splice. 4: Limb. 5: Belly. 6: Back. 7: String nock. 8: String pad. 9: String bridge.

Lower bow:

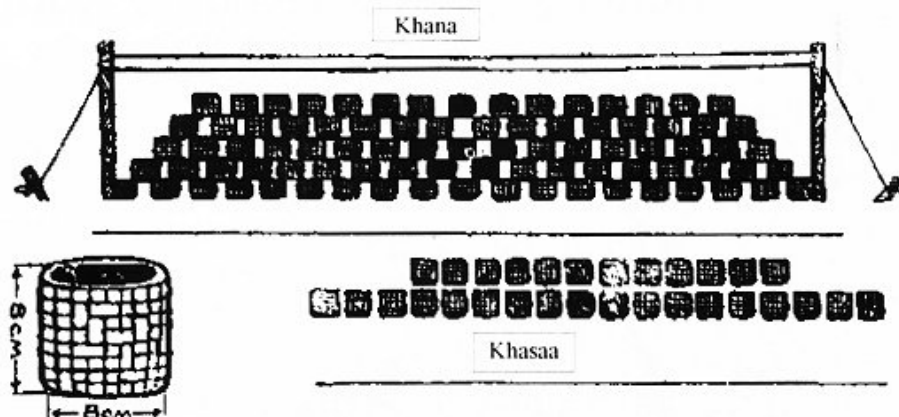
1: Insert at grip. 2: Build-out at grip. 3: Horn belly. 4: Sinew back. 5: Sayah. 6: String nock. 7: String pad. 8: Birch-bark covering. 9: Bamboo core.

in the string marked "4" in the diagram are left bare so that the string will fold away easily. At the ends, there are two loops ('6') made of sheep-gut which go over the string nocks on the bow.

The arrow shaft (see illustration below) is about 75 cm long and tipped with a bone blunt with a brass point. The fletching is the same depth as the diameter of the shaft. As you can see, we aim to hit our target but not for the arrow to stick in it.

In fact, our national archery contest uses the target rather like a game of skittles. The target is made up of a wall made of cylindrical baskets made from sheep gut with a measurement of 8 cm x 8 cm. The cylinders are built into a wall.

There are two classes of target shooting: "Khana" and "Khasaa." First we shoot 20 arrows at the Khana target, which is four meters long and 48 cm high; then we shoot 20 arrows at the Khasaa target, which contains 30 cylinders. You can see the arrangement of the targets in the illustration above. A scorer stands near the target and calls out the results of each shot in a traditional melody: overshoot, fall short, go wide or bounce before the target, and pass over it. An arrow which passes between two cylinders still scores. (This won't happen with the



Khasaa target because the cylinders are stacked too close together.)

It is difficult to say that there's any "spiritual" side of Mongolian archery as there is in Japanese Kyudo. Actually, we Mongolian archers just want to hit the target. But that said, to hit the target without perfect concentration and control of the body is not easy. So we regard archery as a very advanced form of mental and physical training.

If you want to see photographs and a video of me and my brother, Mandbayar, demonstrating traditional archery, please

look up the Asian Traditional Archery Research Network (ATARN) on the Internet at www.atarn.org.

In Mongolia, we love having visitors. We would be happy to meet foreign archers and exchange tips on technique. Our capital, Ulaanbaatar, can be reached easily from Beijing, Moscow, Munich, or Seoul by air. The Mongolian Archers' Union can be contacted through ATARN.

I wish all our archer friends around the world success in your shooting!



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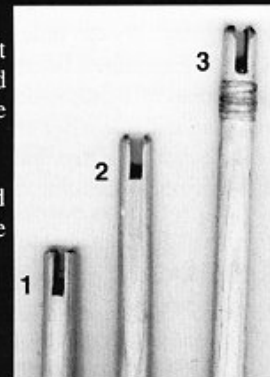


TED'S TIPS

A simple, yet effective way to make self nocks is to tape three bandsaw blades together (1" from each end), and:

1. Use the blades to cut (perpendicular to the grain) 1/2" into the end of the shaft.
2. Round the end of the shaft with 150-grit sandpaper and lightly sand the inside of the slot to fit the string.
3. Wrap thread or sinew around the shaft for 1/2" to increase durability.

Ted Fry is owner/proprietor of Oregon-based Raptor Archery (see ad on back cover).



A representative from the local Hunter's and Trapper's Organization was at the airport to meet us. My newly found Spanish friends and I got our luggage together and took the short ride to the local hotel. Along the way the driver explained to us that he had to keep his truck in a heated garage to keep the engine fluids from freezing. There were very few cars on the streets, but there were a great deal of snowmachines. I was amused to see how they were traveling up and down the streets like cars would in any small town further south.

After getting things in order at the hotel, I put my heavy jacket on and Rafael, Ignacio and I went out for a walk around the village. I noticed that in front of several houses there were partially consumed Caribou carcasses. It was of no concern for the hunters to leave them in their front yards. There is no real need for freezers in this community as the temperature is below freezing for most of the year. Down by the frozen bay there was a large ship at the dock. One of the village children who was playing close to it told me that it had not left in time the previous Summer and was forced to stay through the Fall, Winter and Spring until the next Summer. Once the ice thawed, they would have approximately two to three months to leave and sail south before the bay began to freeze over again.

That afternoon we met our guides and three other hunters who would be sharing the same Muskox camp with us. The guides explained to us the necessary preparations that would have to be made along with the pending travel arrangements. A specific guide was assigned to each of us and we then chatted individually with our respective guides. My guide was experienced at guiding sport hunters and explained to me how we would be traveling and what to expect during the hunt. He was good humored and was easily likable.

In a group we discussed for a long while the different clothes and other equipment we each had. Optics

were a subject in which our Inuit guides had a great deal of interest. Our footwear was also of great concern. Most of the guides were wearing the old military style "bunny boots" made by Bata. The conversation then shifted to weapons and ammunition. Others mentioned 7mm,

Hunting with traditional archery tackle carries with it the responsibility of being an ambassador for the sport.

.280, .30-06, 8X75 RS, black powder and then I mentioned "68 pounds at 28." The other hunters as well as the guides were amused by the fact that I planned on taking a thick-skinned, 750-pound animal with a bow. Once they saw my 70-inch Black Wolf longbow their amusement turned to nervousness. My guide thought that when I said I was using a bow it meant a space-age material cable gun with sights and mechanical release, etc. like what one previous hunter had been using. I explained to him that bows like mine had taken bigger and more dangerous animals including elephants and rhinoceros after which he seemed to feel better about the effectiveness of my longbow.

Hunting with traditional archery tackle carries with it the responsibility of being an ambassador for the sport. Many people are not familiar with the methods

and equipment employed by traditionalists and it is our responsibility to educate them in the ways of the toxophile. I wanted to be very thorough and meticulous in my explanation of the effectiveness of a longbow and razor sharp broadhead combination. Explaining the penetrating capacity of an arrow and the anatomy behind the broadheads ability to kill humanely is just part of the task that is required.

Later that day, after our initial rendezvous, we went to the Renewable

Resources Office and got our hunting licenses and Muskox tags in order. I was amazed at the relatively reasonable license and tag fees in the NWT. A hunting and fishing license along with a Muskox tag were less than what a simple hunting license would cost in many areas of the United States.

After finishing with our licenses we went back to the hotel and Rafael, Ignacio and I discussed how extreme the temperature was. I couldn't help noticing a small cartoon in a frame on the wall that had a little red devil in Arctic gear as its subject. The devil was standing outside of an igloo saying "If you haven't seen Hell freeze over you haven't been to Cambridge Bay." "Well stated," I thought to myself.

Early the next morning my alarm went off and I quickly took what would be my last shower for the next five days. I arranged my gear and put my bulky Arctic suit on. Once I had the pants and jacket on, I kind of looked like the Michelin Man. At least, I hoped, I would be protected from the cold. After considering various alternatives and speaking to several knowledgeable outfitters and previous hunters, I had made the decision to purchase an EXP suit from Northern Outfitters. It is quite warm, but tremendously bulky, especially if someone is trying to shoot a longbow wearing this. I had tried to practice shooting my longbow with it on at home but could not stand the heat long enough to accomplish very much. As soon as I put it on and tried to shoot I

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would start perspiring and would have to take the suit off within minutes. I would have to figure out soon how I was going to be able to shoot accurately with this bulky outer layer. I kept hoping that this situation would work itself out.

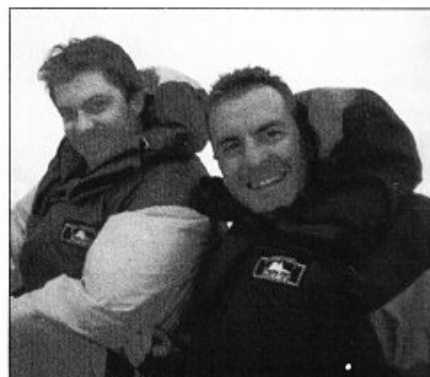
At eight sharp my guide was at the hotel room door. We took my gear down and I saw something I was not familiar with. A wooden sled with a partially enclosed box on it. I was told I would be riding in there for the next few hours. We packed my gear on the sled and I climbed into my "dog box." This sled would be pulled by a state of the art snowmachine. Once ready, we made our way to the edge of the village where we were to meet the rest of the group. It took about another half hour for the entire group to be assembled.

Before long we were racing across the ice. The snowmobiles were pulling the wooden sleds at about twenty miles per hour. Each time the sled hit a snow drift it went up for a brief moment and then slammed down into the ice. Each time I felt the sled rise I would hold my breath waiting for the impact. Several times it even knocked the wind out of me. Fortunately it began to snow and the guides were forced to slow down which made the ride much smoother. This was one aspect of hunting out in the Arctic I had never even contemplated. The traveling was treacherous!

The three hour trip ended up turning into a twelve hour ordeal. About half the distance to camp we got caught in a white out. The snow was coming down so hard that it was impossible to

see more than a few feet. Traveling was extremely slow. The guides decided it was best to stop and set up tents right where we were. We stayed in those tents for five or six hours drinking tea and getting to know each other. It actually got surprisingly warm in the canvas tents and after a while I was even able to take off my heavy jacket. We sat around the Coleman stove and shared stories of past hunts and adventures. Two of the other hunters had some experiences with archery tackle and were beginning to regret not having brought their bows on this trip due to the fact that they had chosen to use their black powder guns instead. They told me a story about an incredible archery hunt they had both been on the previous Winter. I was really starting to enjoy myself.

As we sat there talking, my guide began asking questions about how my shooting was and how accurate long-bows really were. I decided at that moment that this temporary delay would give me the much needed opportunity to practice shooting in the cold weather. I took my Black Wolf out of its case, assembled and strung it. At first I tried shooting with my heavy jacket on and was unsuccessful due to the fact that the string kept slapping against my arm each time I released an arrow. That was not going to work. I tried putting my arm-guard on, but the jacket's lining was just too thick. Then I decided to remove my heavy jacket and try shooting while only wearing the interior fleece layer. I was able to keep it off for about five minutes before I began to tremble uncontrollably.



Rafael (left) and Ignacio (right) trying to stay warm in the tent during a white-out.

In this period of time I made about two dozen accurate shots onto the side of one of the wooden sleds. I was using a rubber blunt and made a nice array of black marks on the wood. Actually, I was grouping all but a couple of arrows in about an eight inch group at twenty yards. My guide was very pleased and felt that my skills were good enough to attempt hunting a Muskox with a long-bow. It was a great relief to know that I was able to shoot accurately in spite of the horrendous cold. Being able to find a way to shoot in this cold environment had been worrying me since receiving my EXP outfit. I kept hoping that once I was in the Arctic I would be able to find a solution to this problem. Finally I had found one!

After our long delay we ended up arriving at the camp just in time to witness one of the glorious Arctic sunsets that I became so fond of. Sunsets are just one of the many larger than life occurrences of the High Arctic. The way the entire white expanse becomes a beautiful orange-pink color as the sun sets is not comparable to those of any



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Welcome

other place I have ever had the opportunity to visit. Even the world famous sunsets of Mexico's Pacific Coast rank a far second when compared to those I witnessed in the Arctic.

The next morning we were up early and had a hearty breakfast of eggs, sausage and hashbrowns. This type of breakfast always makes me think of the stories I heard in grade school about Paul Bunyan and the other hefty lumberjacks. We were given enough fat and calories to keep us warm all day and probably even the following day. Shortly after breakfast we split up in groups of two hunters and prepared to go out in search of Muskox.

We left camp and rode out onto the ice covered tundra in search of Muskox. On a snowmachine, as long as the weather is cooperating, a great amount of territory can be covered in a relatively short period of time. Before long we saw our first pair of Muskox. There were two males together. Through my binoculars I could see that one was a mature bull with thick bosses and heavy horns. Unfortunately he had a large portion of one of the horns broken off and we decided to pass on him. The other bull, though not small by most standards, was not fully developed. He had small horns with sharp points that are characteristic of younger bulls. We decided to continue looking. It was the first morning and I was interested in seeing a greater number of animals before

deciding to try to harvest one. I wanted to have a good feeling of what different sizes of Muskox were available.

We kept on searching the open tundra and before long came upon a large herd of twelve or fourteen Muskox. There were two mature bulls that would have made nice trophies. I thought about the possibility of trying to stalk one of these bulls, but I decided to keep on looking for a nice bull within a smaller group or preferably a mature bull on its own with no other Muskox to contend with. I did not think it would be as hard to stalk within range of a small group of bulls as it would be to try and stalk a whole herd. Too many animals could mean unintentionally wounding one with a miss or a pass through. Besides that, stalking a whole group of Muskox would be much more dangerous than finding a group of two or three.

When threatened, Muskox will usually form a protective circle with their heads facing out. They don't usually run away and prefer to stand their ground. If they feel threatened they will charge their enemy. One of the rifle hunters in a previous group that Spring had been injured by a charging bull and had to be flown out by helicopter due to his injuries. The impact had broken several of his ribs and he had suffered from internal bleeding. Later that day, another hunter in our group would have a close call with a charging bull. Muskox appear to be docile creatures, but they are definitely a

species that should be hunted with extreme caution. Many centuries of being pursued by wolves that could outrun them led to Muskoxen evolving this complicated and sometimes misunderstood defense mechanism. Since they cannot outrun wolves, they charge in self defense.

After several more hours of hunting we spotted a bachelor herd comprised of three bulls. From a distance, I carefully studied each bull through my binoculars. I noticed that there was one large bull in the group that was well into his prime. He had thick bosses that came together in the middle and substantial mass in his horns. I was able to see that one of his horns had about one inch missing from one of the tips, no doubt the result of fighting with other bulls. The two other bulls had smaller bosses, but their horns had the white, pointed tips of younger bulls. These tips, though very attractive, are uncommon on the more mature bulls. I looked at him carefully and decided that this was the bull I was going to try and harvest.

We made a very wide circle around the bulls and approached them from behind a hill on the snowmobiles. The bulls were apparently not bothered by our distant presence. By the time we were at the edge of the hill the bulls were only about 250 yards away on the opposite side. I decided that the best strategy would be to try and approach them along the edge of the hill in my white "arctic camo" outfit. Instead of just trying to go over the hill, I would work my way around it and hopefully avoid being seen for most of the time. I put my hip quiver on and assembled and strung my Black Wolf Longbow before beginning my approach. By this time I had already removed my heavy jacket and was beginning to feel the harsh wind on my back.

Walking in the deep and soft snow was a slow process. My boots kept sinking making my progress slow. Muskox have evolved large, cupped feet to help avoid having this problem. Approaching to within bow range without being heard or seen would be impossible. When we were less than one hundred yards away the three bulls took notice of me and began turning in my

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direction. I felt much like a bull fighter must feel when getting ready to take on a large and angry bull. There was nothing between me and the three bulls. One of the smaller bulls began raking his horn against his leg in a sign of aggression. There were not any rocks or natural barriers that I could use in case of a charge. I was beginning to get a little concerned because at this point, the only thing between the bulls and myself, was open, snow-covered tundra. I kept thinking that if I just kept approaching uncommittingly I could probably get within bow range without being charged or having the bulls run in another direction. It was necessary for me to transmit as little aggression as possible to these bulls. I did not want to be perceived as a predator and then be treated accordingly. At that moment, I think that they still could not figure out what that white object in movement was. I was trying my best to be extremely careful so as not to be charged by one or all three of the bulls. At about thirty-five yards I stopped approaching them and got down on one knee. Only at that moment was I

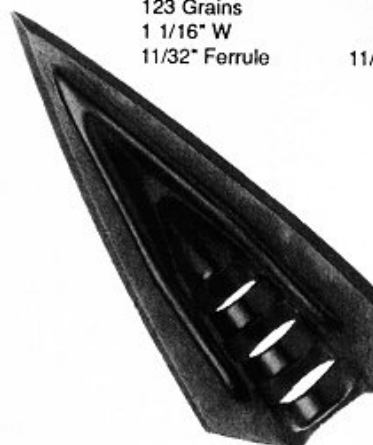
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1996 bull elk taken by Tracy Hinton with a 47-pound longbow and a Ribtek Broadhead.



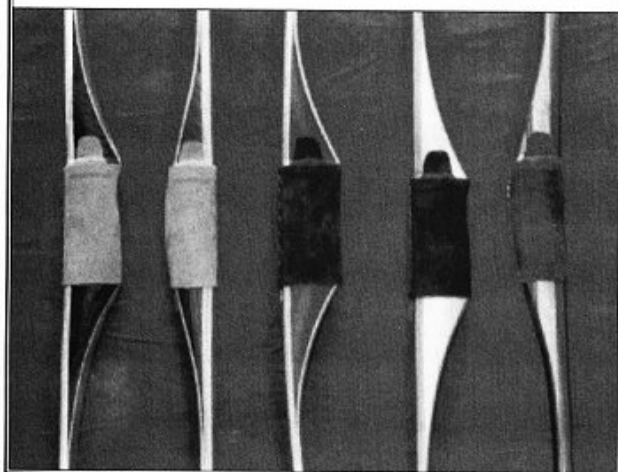
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finally able to appreciate the size of a full grown Muskox. It dwarfed any of the game animals I had hunted previously and was somewhat overwhelming at that point in time. I positioned myself to shoot and put an arrow on the rest. The three bulls were facing me straight on. I knew I could not expect to make a lethal shot through the thick breast bone. The bull would have to be broadside before I would take my shot. The seconds felt like minutes, everything was in place but the bull. I waited anxiously for my opportunity. Suddenly the larger bull, which was on the far left, began to turn. I

picked a spot behind his shoulder, drew back and released. I watched the arrow spinning on its axis in seemingly slow motion as it arched toward the bull and then it buried itself in the bull's chest. It was a perfect hit and it went in all the way to the feathers! Instinctively, I took another arrow from my quiver and sent it flying towards its target. The bull had not yet reacted to the first arrow's impact. Another good hit! This arrow went in inches from the first. It was completely broadside and went deep into its chest. The bull turned violently around and as he began to run away I was able to get in one last shot. He was quartering away and running at about forty yards. I hit directly behind the shoulder and was very close to the other two arrows. Three perfect shots!!!! I was elated and felt like shouting with joy. Though the bull was still running it would only be a few moments before the sharp broadheads served their purpose. I could see that the three arrows had hit within inches from each other. Never before had I made such good shots on any type of game animal.

As he was running away I could already begin to see that he was suffering from the effect of the three broadheads within his chest. He was moving in a zigzag path and looked to be struggling with his balance. After running seventy yards, he fell on his right side. The impact caused the two still intact arrows to push through his skin on the opposite side. As I approached the bull closer he was already motionless. The two other bulls were still running away at a great distance. I stood back from the bull and admired the size and uniqueness of this prehistoric looking Arctic creature. I could tell immediately he was an older bull. His bosses had many chipped areas and were well worn; he was a veteran of many battles. I could imagine the confrontations he had encountered with other bulls. Two large animals charging each other and impacting with a loud clash that could be heard for several miles. Confrontations similar to those of the different species of wild sheep. The most perfect way to describe this animal dawned on me. I thought that it looked just like a cross between an African Cape Buffalo and a North American Bison. A body similar, but smaller than a Bison's with the horns of a Cape Buffalo.

After pictures were taken and the bull was skinned and butchered we began our journey back to the camp. Along the way I was swept by the feel-



Only those who celebrate the chase and love their prey will ever understand moments such as this.

hunting with traditional archery tackle provides me.

A feeling of sadness and remorse combined with ecstasy and the feeling of great accomplishment overtook me. The sadness and remorse for the slaying of the animal and the ecstasy of the chase. The sense of accomplishment following a successful and challenging hunt. These feelings all come as a result of the deep admiration and high regard that we as hunters share for the animals we pursue. Only those who celebrate the chase and love their prey will ever understand the significance that taking the life out of a creature they love and respect has. The day that I stop experiencing this I will put my bow down and give up hunting.

The experiences that I have been able to share with other hunters and the opportunity to visit sometimes miraculously beautiful places like the Arctic is only one of the reasons I hunt. The opportunity to become more familiar with myself and my surroundings through the act of hunting is the most important reason I have chosen to hunt. Hunting with traditional equipment has only helped to elevate this experience to never-before-achieved levels of satisfaction and a sense of well being. The desire to continue to experience this is what keeps me going back to the act of the hunt and the chase.



Editor's Note: Watch for Part Two of this adventure to the Great White North in the Summer 99 issue, where the author pursues the most dangerous and fearless predator on earth with a long-bow and a sharp arrow. You won't want to miss this one!



ing I often experience following the harvesting of a game animal with my long-bow. It is an incredulous awe at the effectiveness of such a simple weapon and a deep sense of spirituality that

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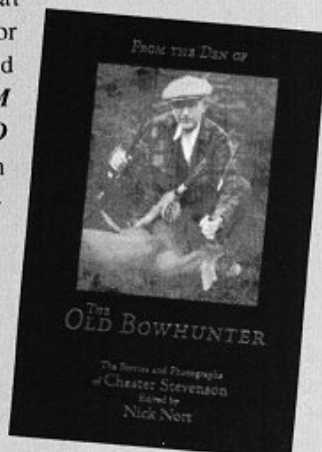
The biggest benefit, however, is that each package of lines contains three spools which are connected. This means no wasted line for the dealer or user."

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FROM THE DEN OF THE OLD BOWHUNTER, THE STORIES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHESTER STEVENSON, Edited by Nick Nott

Here is a book that should have been written thirty or forty years ago. Today, it would be a bowhunting classic. **FROM THE DEN OF THE OLD BOWHUNTER** is a collection of the best stories and photographs of Chester Stevenson (1883-1978), which appeared in archery magazines in the 1920s through the 60s, and inspired many bowhunters to follow the life of adventure in the wilds.



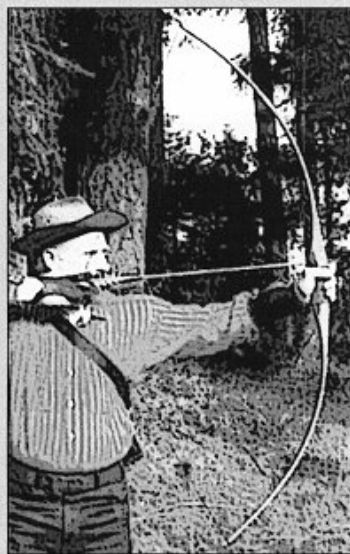
In this volume, edited by Nick Nott, who knew Chester Stevenson, the best material from the Old Bowhunter is organized into a hardbound collector's book. Many of the stories are made believable only because of the accompanying photos.

Through these stories, the reader can join Stevenson as he travels by stage to his early hunting destinations, and hunts deer, bear, cougar, and small game with his companions B.G. Thompson, Grover Gouthier, Russ Jones, and others. Included is a photo of a snake bow Stevenson built from osage billets sent to him by Fred Bear.

Chester Stevenson's name deserves mention among the early archery greats in America. He was an exceptional bowyer, adventurous hunter, professional photographer, and winsome writer. This book of over 200 pages and 100 photographs takes the reader back to the wild and magical era of archery in the good old days.

FROM THE DEN OF THE OLD BOWHUNTER (\$29.95, retail) is available from **Trailhead Publishing, 30811 Izaak Walton Rd., Eugene, OR 97405**; or from various archery suppliers. Dealer inquiries are welcome.

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Bow Profiles

By Bob Martin

Two bow profiles (the first of many to come) are featured in this issue in as objective a format as we could manage to come up with. A brief explanation of our data and format is in order. First of all, it is not our intention to rate or compare a particular bow over another. However, these profiles ARE intended to provide readers with clear, objective information and data about a specific bow, describing it and its characteristics in an unbiased, somewhat-scientific manner. Also, it should be noted that these figures and measurements were not made in a NASA laboratory. For the most part, the tests were done in my basement or on the back porch! So understand there is a margin of error. However, be assured that every effort was taken to be as accurate as possible.

In testing these bows, I soon found that a multitude of unanticipated problems arose which I did not have the faintest idea would be an issue when I first volunteered to tackle this project. Interpreted, this means Rik called me up and said that because I had the chronograph at my house, I drew the short straw! To which I unthinkingly replied "OK!" and so it began!

I quickly determined that measuring different bows for draw weights at specific points would require a universal reference point, as bow shelves and risers come in all shapes, sizes, and widths. To merely measure draw from the traditional back of the bow at the edge of the arrow rest/plate had a serious drawback. Although it works absolutely perfect for an archer to use this point in determining his appropriate arrow length, it certainly is not an accurate indicator of draw length! Why? Simply because narrower risers allow the use of shorter arrows, wider risers necessitate the use of longer arrows. **THE DRAW LENGTH REMAINS THE SAME!** Get it? (See drawing at right.)

The archer's arms do not shrink or grow when changing to narrower or wider risers, but a bow with a riser 1.5 inches wide will shoot a shorter arrow than a bow that has a riser 3 inches wide, all other things being equal.

This is not usually an issue unless you embark upon a project such as this. Therefore, in determining a universal reference point which would have as few pitfalls as possible and work in the vast majority of situations, we determined to measure draw weights for the "force/draw" chart from a point 1.25 inches forward from the deepest point on the handle on the bow. The use of this point as a reference for determining draw length and weight is not perfect, but we had to keep a degree of simplicity. Remember this data will give a basic profile of the bow and what can be expected. Which brings me to the next point of issue...

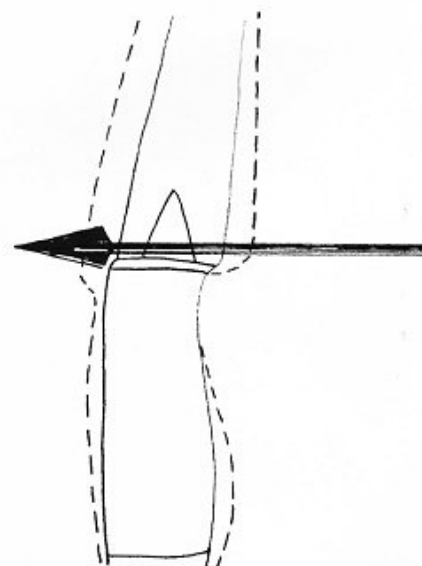
The chronographing was done by this writer and there was NO attempt to draw the bows to the mythical 28" draw. Rather, the bow was drawn to my natural draw length and the focus was to be consistent and fluid, concentrating on a spot on the target bale just as if the chronograph was not there. My draw length is about 28.5 inches using the draw length formula mentioned above, which would make it about 29 inches on most recurves. No attention was given to the velocities other than to write them down, no attempt was made to see how fast the bow could shoot, rather the concept was to identify how fast the bow did shoot! If you can follow that train of thought then you are on the right track. If it is all now as clear as mud, don't worry about it, just take the data at face value and understand that no two archers shoot exactly the same, and of that there is no doubt.

And now, if I have not muddled the waters enough, I will make one addi-

tional statement: please do not think that any published data infers any recommendation as to what bow you should buy or what bow will work best for you. Bows vary as much as shooting styles, draw lengths, or taste. A sage proverb observes that for everything gained in one area of performance, there is usually a down side to that gain. In other words, velocity alone may have its expense in things like sensitivity, noise, durability, accuracy, etc.

I once purchased a new bow that had blazing speed, it smoked arrows, it also sprayed those smoking arrows all over the target. My slower, heavier, quieter, forgiving old bow arched its arrows consistently into tightly packed clusters with the fletchings touching! I sold the new bow to the next member of the velocity cult who showed an interest in it!

To sum it up, I would say "balance." Find a bow that fits you, "feels right" and hits where you point it, and you will be a happy camper.

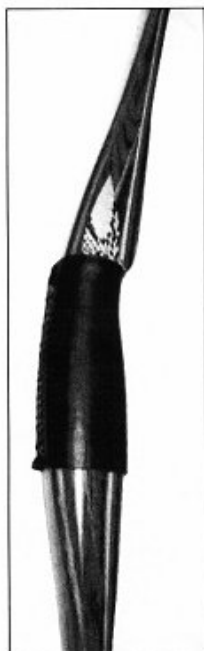


This illustration shows how draw lengths can be affected by riser width. The 28" arrow shown above can be drawn farther on a narrow riser than on a wider riser (see dashed line), such as on a recurve.

BOW SPECIFICATIONS

Bow:	J.D. BERRY TAIPAN 64", reflex-deflex longbow with trapezoidal limbs. (avail. 62-66").
Bowyer:	J.D. Berry, J.D. Berry Archery South 303 Hallett, Medical Lake, WA, 99022. Phone: (509) 299-3029
Riser:	18" reverse handle; multi laminate w/cocobolo; leather grip w/snake skin rest
Limbs:	Deflex-reflex trapezoidal limbs; clear glass over 6 various laminations; limb-tip overlay belly and back; inlay design under glass; hook nocks.
Finish:	no voids, highly polished
Length:	63 7/8" nock to nock
Poundage:	59# @ 28", (draw length measured from a point 1.25" forward from web of grip)
Limb width at fade-outs:	1.222" (top limb); 1.288" (bottom limb)
Limb width at nock:	.458"
Brace height (belly to string):	6 1/8"
Fade-out to fade-out length:	approx. 18 1/2"
Limb nock to end of fade-out:	22 7/8" (top limb); 22 1/8" (bottom limb)
Price:	\$585.00 U.S.

INCHES	POUNDS
10	11 lbs.
11	14
12	17
13	20
14	22
15	25
16	27
17	29
18	32
19	34
20	36
21	39
22	41
23	43
24	45
25	48
26	51
27	55
28	59
29	62



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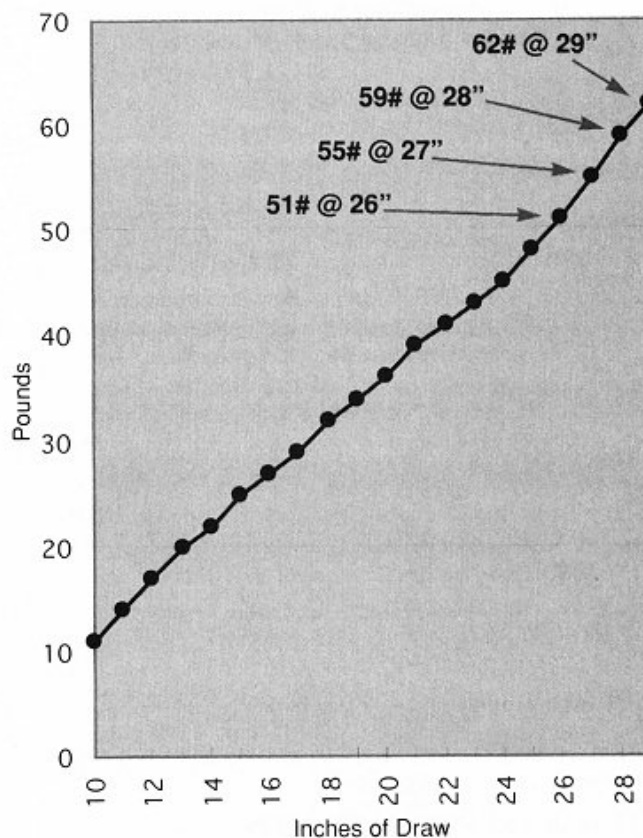
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FORCE-DRAW DATA

(Poundage gained per each inch of draw)



Average Arrow Velocity and Kinetic Energy

(10 shot average measured 4 ft. from chronograph, at 32° F.)

Arrow Weight	Arrow Speed	Kinetic Energy
695-grain arrow:	159.6 fps	39.3
605-grain arrow:	168.1 fps	38.0
540-grain arrow:	176.6 fps	37.4

BOW SPECIFICATIONS

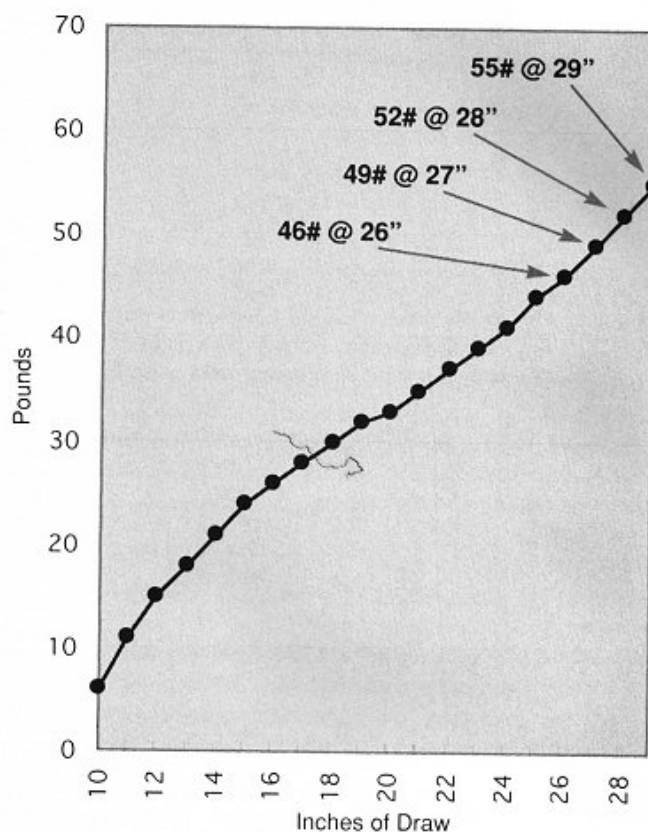
Bow:	TOMAHAWK RECURVE, 62", 3-PIECE TAKE-DOWN.
Bowyer:	Dale S. Karch, DMJ Archery W4830 Village Acres Lane, Princeton, WI, 54968 Phone: (920) 295-4677
Riser:	18" solid cocobolo
Limbs:	Take-down, black glass over two laminations of action wood; limb wedge fade-out of dyed brown action wood; black and red limb-tip overlay. Limb attachment is by two 1/4" pins, each limb is bolted to the riser with an allen-head bolt and washer.
Finish:	Fullerplast, satin
Length:	64 3/4", nock to nock along back of bow
Poundage:	52# @ 28", (draw length measured from a point 1.25" forward from web of grip)
Limb width at fade-outs:	1.756" (top limb), 1.745" (bottom limb)
Limb width at nock:	.564"
Brace height (belly to string):	7 1/8"
Fade-out to fade-out length:	27 3/4" (straight line)
Limb nock to end of fade-out:	approx. 17" (top & bottom)
Price:	\$445.00 U.S.

FORCE DRAW	
INCHES	POUNDS
10"	6 lbs.
11"	11
12"	15
13"	18
14"	21
15"	24
16"	26
17"	28
18"	30
19"	32
20"	33
21"	35
22"	37
23"	39
24"	41
25"	44
26"	46
27"	49
28"	52
29"	55



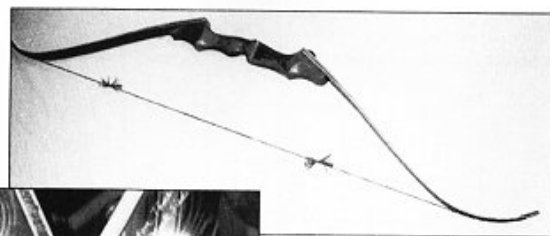
Clean, graceful lines on a solid cocobolo riser.

FORCE-DRAW DATA
(Poundage gained per each inch of draw)



Average Arrow Velocity and Kinetic Energy
(10 shot average measured 4 ft. from chronograph, at 32° F.)

Arrow Weight	Arrow Speed	Kinetic Energy
695-grain arrow:	151.2 fps	35.2
605-grain arrow:	158.6 fps	33.8
540-grain arrow:	167.3 fps	33.6



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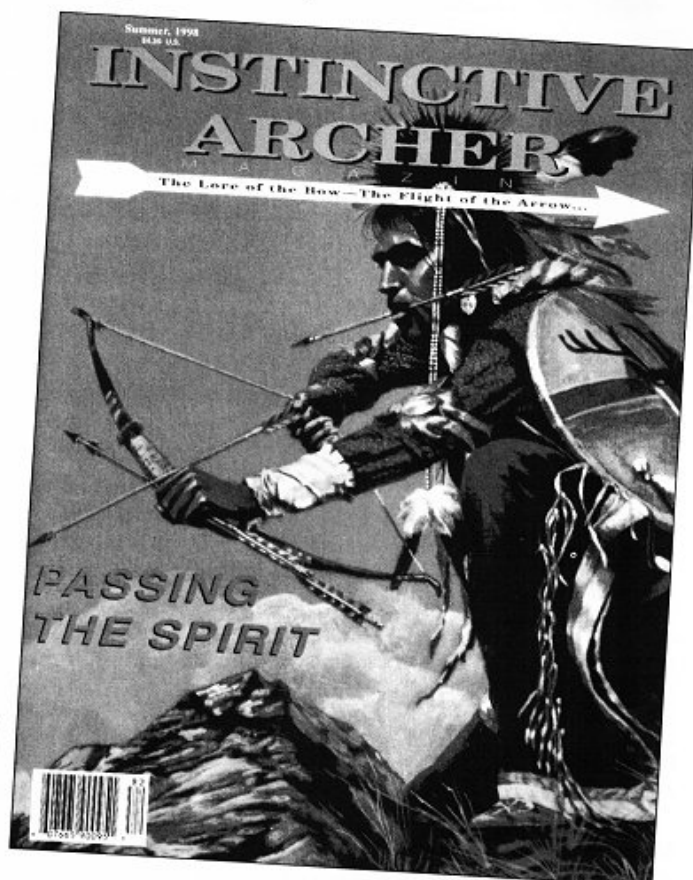
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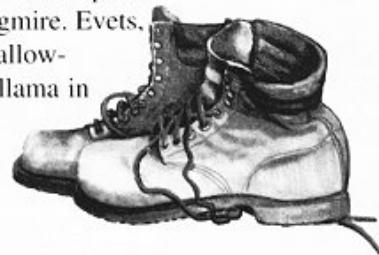
With
Bob Martin

Sometimes things happen unexpectedly that test the mettle of a man, and his sense of humor. Some folks find it hard to laugh when things go wrong, some folks find it hard not to laugh when things go wrong. I fall into the latter category. What I am about to tell you may make some shudder with horror but if you're like me, you'll be laughing about this a week from now. The story is true, unfortunately so...

It was a long hard trail that wound its way up a steep rocky canyon that found my partner and I (let's call him Evets), trudging and sweating out every step and sucking hard for every bit of oxygen as we struggled towards our base camp site. We were about a mile from our destination when the trail dipped into a green swale wherein lay a green bog with tall grass and the epicenter of this cautionary tale. We were elk hunting and packing in with our llamas; stalwart beasts of sometimes curious disposition that have a way of spicing up any trip into the wilderness.

Llamas, for the most part, care very little for any kind of boggy ground and one can usually count on some sort of disagreement with the woolly beasts as their instinct tells them to avoid anyplace where they could end up stuck. I had just had such a disagreement with my lead llama, who I finally managed to pull off balance, and thus gave such a mighty leap that he would have easily cleared a volkswagon as he sailed wide-eyed over the two foot wide trickle. As he touched down, the trailing rope to which was tied the trailing llama, came to it's full tightness just as the lead llama's body slammed me backwards. The lead llama now recoiled back as my biggest llama dug in with all fours and lowered his head due to the sudden realization that he now faced the dreaded trickle. Now having obtained the desired effect of jerking the llama in front of him almost off his feet, he now decided it was time to show the first llama that he was the champ of trickle jumping and he was not about to be outdone by a novice. Gathering himself like a cougar leaping towards its prey, 550 pounds of stud llama, saddle and paniers careened like an Olympic hopeful, breaking the llama long-jump record, hitting the preceding llama with all his weight from behind on the other side of the trickle, which once again started the first llama in motion, which once again impacted the frenzied packer (me). Luckily a small fir tree was in the path of this melee and brought the chain reaction to a screeching halt as one llama went to the left of the tree and the other to the right, winding all three of us securely together in a tangle of lead ropes. Whew! Who knows how long this could have gone on, were it not for that fortunate tree.

Evets stared on soberly from the far side of the trickle, lead rope in hand, he turned and looked for a moment at the two llamas he was leading, who were no doubt thinking with abandonment of all hope, they were about to meet their doom in the llama-eating bog of soft soil that spread out for three feet beyond the body of water like a vast uncrossable quagmire. Evets, whose timing was honed as fine as a scalpel, now wasted no time in allowing me to untangle and clear the path, charged forward with his lead llama in



tow. The writhing tangle of unfortunates in his path seemed only to steel his determination. This could have had its own unfortunate result as the only thing a llama hates more than a bog is another stud llama crowding his bubble!

Time seemed to thicken into slow motion, senses became heightened to crystal clarity. Evets' llama balked, hit the end of the trailing llamas lead, went to his knees as he gave a mighty lunge forward, hitting Evets from behind, albeit a bit low, with oiled smoothness, as if choreographed through weeks of practice, the llama's head emerged between Evets' legs from behind as the llama once again gained his feet. Evets' found himself lifted off the ground, the llamas head and neck protruding fully between his legs to their limit, the llama's withers and paniers now making full contact with Evets rear-side. Now if that wasn't enough, the rear llama now caught up with the one Evets was riding and the horrible sight of Evets, wild-eyed, flailing his arms and legs about, struggling to stay on for the full eight seconds, was a sight I will not too soon forget!

Evets, now thinking at the speed of light what to do, threw his bow out in front of the charging mass just as I yelled at him, "Your not supposed to ride those llamas!" Evets then yelled back in panic, "My bow, get my bow!" as he now rodeoed forwards towards the direction he had flung his delicate recurve and quivered wooden arrows. I managed to get one leg and an arm loose and was just able to reach the end of his bow limb and snatched it up. Evets continued his ride towards the now defending stud llamas to which I was entangled. I am sure Evets must have had some reason he did not slip from the llamas back and attempt to divert the collision but he was flailing about with such fervor and yelling about his bow that I didn't pick up on what his plan was.

The impact is kind of hazy to me now, kind of like one of those X-file scenes where you don't really know what happened. Being farther from ground zero by several feet, my memory is more intact than Evets', whose memory was so tortured that he scarcely remembers the incident, let alone the details of the events that actually took place. I remember the dream-like impact as Evets' llama squarely centered the one tree in their path, my tree. Mostly I remember the pain in my stomach and jaws from the hysterical reaction I suffered that manifested itself in fits of laughter that lasted several days, I was severely traumatized.

That night I felt I could truly relate to Robert Service and his poem in which he wrote:

*There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who toil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge.....
(I saw Evets ride a llama)*

P.S.- Evets still doesn't think it was that funny.

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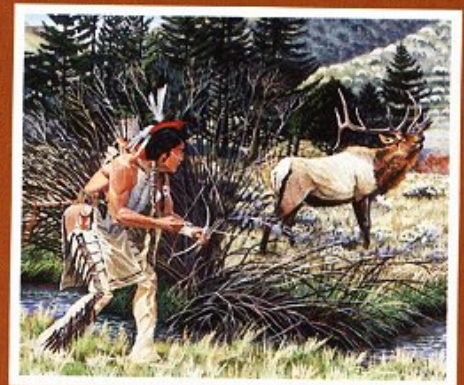
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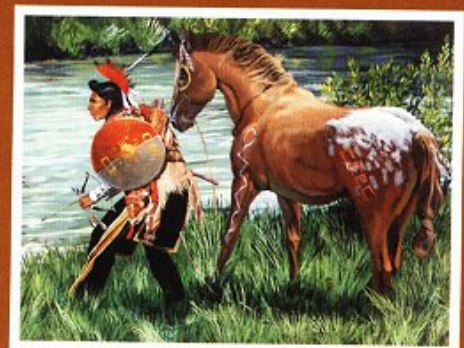
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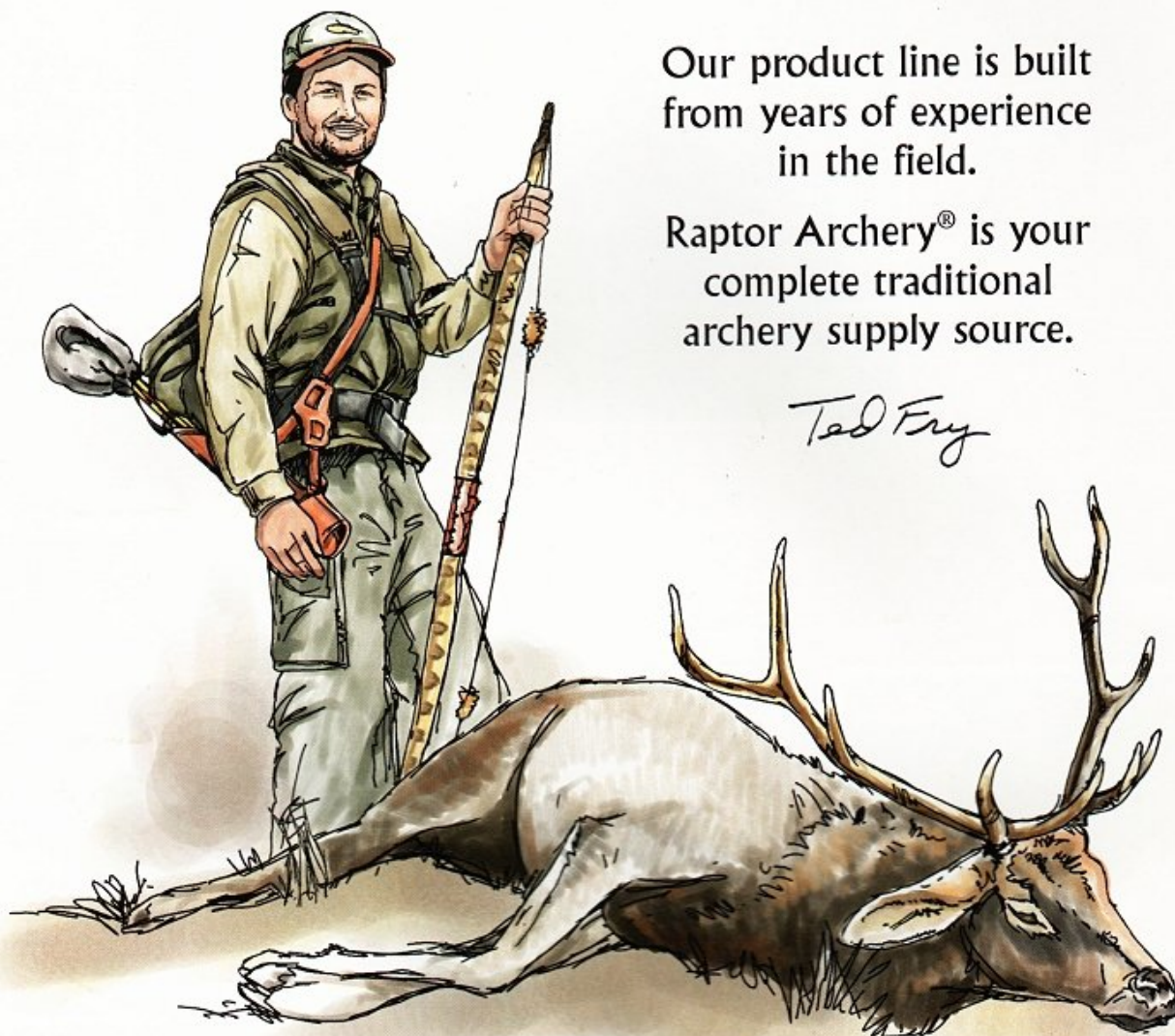
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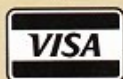


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