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# INSTINCTIVE ARCHER®

Summer 1999

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**COVER PHOTO:** Artwork from the 1986 Idaho Archery Stamp, showing what it was like to hunt in Idaho long ago, when the herds were too large to count, and success meant the difference between life or death. Limited edition prints of this rare collectible are available from Ralph Harris, PO Box 1091, Sun Valley Idaho, 83353-1091. (208) 726-8077.



# INSTINCTIVE ARCHER® MAGAZINE

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Assistant Editor/Chief Illustrator  
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**Hugh D. Soar**

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## From the old oak desk of the Editor



Rik Hinton, Editor (Spring 1999 hunt in Mexico)

This photo is for all you jokesters out there who keep asking if I "always" wear face paint, or if I just do so whenever there is a camera around. Well, this should prove once and for all that at least I don't wear it after dark, in Mexico, following a great day of javelina hunting. . .

the weapons that were to be used, and because of the much lower likelihood of harvesting an animal.

The times have certainly changed since then. Fish and game departments are now faced with a need to manage hunting opportunities (seasons and methods of take) to insure the continuation of healthy big game herds. A prime example of this type of management is the establishment of "fly fishing only" waters, that have now, due to limited harvest, become outstanding blue-ribbon fishing areas. By limiting the methods of harvest, the quality of the fishing in those areas has improved dramatically. This same type of approach (limiting the types of harvest) can also be used for big game wildlife management, but it will require hunters to choose their weapon—the "either/or" option. Personally, I love having the opportunity to hunt with my long-bow in the general rifle season, it extends my time afield. But if I had to choose between high-quality "choose-your-weapon" archery hunts or lower-quality hunts in both the rifle and bow seasons, I would pick the "choose-your-weapon" hunts. Yes, I would be accepting limitations on when and where I could hunt, but in exchange, I would be given the opportunity to enjoy much higher-quality hunting (larger herds, more mature animals, fewer hunters).

In this issue, an open letter from Wildlife Biologist Mike Schlegel to Dick Lattimer, President of the Archery Manufacturers and Merchants Organization discusses this very topic. If you have an interest in the future of archery seasons in North America, I encourage you to set aside some time to carefully read and think about what Mike has to say, then write us with your comments. This is an important topic whose time has come. Whether you like them or oppose them, either/or hunting seasons are likely to have a strong impact on many of us, and those who will come after us.



P.S. If you were wondering why you received a second copy of the Spring 1999 issue, it was because of some new hardware that our printer purchased. All of the bugs in the new hardware were not worked out when they ran the Spring issue, and it caused the photos to print very poorly. We asked that they reprint the issue and mail it to all of our subscribers, which they did. We were more than a bit stressed out until we knew for sure that the issue would be reprinted, but it all worked out in the end. Our thanks go out to our printer, D.B. Hess, for working with us to solve this problem in such an expeditious manner.





## Letters to The Editor:

Dear Rik,

I have been using goats for packing the last 3 years. I am now thinking about llamas because I can't leave the goats tied at my base camp safely.

A story about your Llamas, the pros and cons, would be of great interest to me and others wanting the ideal hunting pack animal.

Thanks for a great magazine.

Sincerely,  
Robert Bender  
Dallas TX

Robert,

*Thanks for submitting a great idea. There are many myths and legends surrounding llama packing, and an indepth article about them would surely help clear up some of the misconceptions. We'll put someone to work on the article right away and try to get it into the Fall issue.*

*As you already know, as with goats, you don't need a trailer to haul llamas. They load right into even a small truck with a camper shell and lay down on the bed to enjoy the ride to the trail-head. Once they have packed the gear to your camping spot, you simple tie them out on a long rope where they can nibble on brush, grass, and pine needles and you are free to go hunting with little worry about them (llamas have an amazing ability to untangle the tie-out rope from their feet.) Besides that, they are just plain fun to have in camp.*

Rik

Sirs,

I purchased a newsstand copy of your magazine sometime ago, Winter 97. After reading it through, I decided to send for a subscription. Well, I'm finally getting around to it. I'm glad I found the issue I did, because it had an article about Herter's archery equipment.

Like the author of that article, I would spend many winter hours being entertained by and drooling over those Herter's catalogs pages.

I look forward now to that same entertainment, enlightenment and education coming from pages of Instinctive Archer Magazine.

Thank you,

Loren Eckles  
Idaho Springs, CO

Dear Rik,

Thank you for the excellent magazine. I'd also like to relate an experience I had this past summer. My partner, Dr. Lou Scarcella, and I attended our first "North American Longbow Safari" in the beautiful state of Idaho.

Without a doubt this was the best archery get-together that I've ever attended, and with 600 shooters present, everything went smoothly for this three day event. The two days of 3-D shooting was just that, no scoring, just shooting for the fun of it, with new and old friends.

There was, however, four events on Saturday which involved competing against our fellow archers, which brings me to the reason for writing this letter. Four of traditional archery's finest bowyers, each donated a bow to the winner of each of these events. I was one of the lucky four and received a custom bow from Palouse Archery Mfg., owned and operated by Eric Frey and Doug Kenyon.

Besides building a beautiful and great shooting longbow and recurve, they're a couple of real nice guys. Give 'em a call, you'll be glad you did. Thank you for letting me thank Eric, Doug and the other bowyers involved in this great shoot.

Gary Forte

Dear Rik,

Please except my thanks and extend them to your staff for your efforts in getting out a most informative and enjoyable publication. Mahalo Noi Loa.

Jerry Hucks  
Honolulu HI

**Editor's Note:** Several readers have requested information about where they can obtain high-quality yew longbows from England, "The Real Thing." In response, Hugh Soar has provided the following list of British Bowyers (there are many more, but space was limited):

- **Hector Cole** (Arrowsmith), The Mead, Grt Somerford, Chippenham Wilts SN15 5JB
- **Malcolm Grady**, Charnwood, 238 Louth Rd, Grimsby, NE Lines DN33 2LF
- **Hilary Greenland**, 14 Upton Rd, Southville, Bristol BS3 1LP
- **Richard Head**, 405 The Spa, Melksham Wilts SN12 6QL
- **Roy King**, Toxophilus, St. Nicholas Rd, Blackpool, Lancs. FY4 5JB
- **Alan Pritchard**, 72 Oldfield Rd, Chapelfields, Coventry CV5 8FW
- **Bob Powell**, Spinney Cottage, Mill Row, Blockley, Moreton in Marsh GL56 9JS

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# Archery Events

## **Kansas Traditional Archers' 7th Annual 3-D Rendezvous Shoot**

Location: Ninnescah Bowhunters Range, South of Wichita in Sedgwick Co. June 26 & 27 1999.  
Contact Lanny Taylor 316-326-2624, 405 N. F. St. Wellington KS 67152.

**Directions:** US-81 So. to 103rd St. So. In Sedgwick Co., or Kansas Turnpike So. to exit #33 Mulvane interchange. West on K-55 HWY. 1/2 mile to US-81 HWY. North 2 miles to 103rd St. So. also known as Clearwater Rd. West on 103rd St. So. 12-1/2 miles. 103rd St. So. will curve and become 111th St. So. Continue West 2 miles until you reach a small graveyard (215 St. W.) turn right on gravel road.

## **Ohio Society of Traditional Archers State Shoot**

September 4th & 5th 1999. Free primitive camping on the grounds. Drinking water available. For grounds info. call Bob Smith (513)355-0190. **Two 30 target courses, two shots per target, sixty shots per course.** One course to be shot on Saturday, and one course to be shot on Sunday. Two day combined score for trophies. Affordable shoot fees, with family rates. Lots of novelties and raffles.

For more info on O.S.T.A., our shoots, or dealer info call or write, Hoot Gibson, P.O. Box 422, Pleasantville OH 43148, (740)468-3422.

## **Piedmont Traditional Archery Club**

June 12 & 13 1999 - N.C. Primitive / Traditional Archery Rendezvous. **This is our primitive event.** In addition to the regular activities, we will include Spear Chunken, Hawk Throwing, Atlatl, Etc.

## **N.C. Traditional Archery Tournament**

August 7 & 8 1999. This is our last tournament of the year, and we will use it to prepare for hunting season.

Fliers will be available 30 days before each event. Call for more information. P.T.A.C. @ 1-888-820-PTAC or Don Ward @ 1-919-563-2682.

## **"Strickly Sticks" Traditional Archers 3rd Annual Traditional Weekend**

Sponsored by East Huntingdon Sportsmen's Club located in Alverton, PA. To be held on June 12 & 13 1999. 3-D targets set at hunting conditions. Novelty shoots as well as the **McMahon Eagle Eye Qualifier** and **"The Sticks" Challenge**. Recurve, Longbow/Selfbow, women, and youth (11 & under) classes. Primitive camping, vendors, food and drink available (no alcohol).

For more info. please contact Scott Mitchell, 15 S. Shupe St., Mt. Pleasant, PA 15666 or call (724)547-7459.



## WAKE UP AND SMELL THE ROSES

(An Open Letter from Wildlife Biologist Mike Schlegel)

A couple of months ago I sent the following letter to Dick Lattimer, President of the Archery Manufacturers and Merchants Organization (AMO). I wrote this letter in response to a news release stating AMO awarded a \$25,000 grant to the Wildlife Legislative Fund of America (WLFA) to research "Either/Or" regulations. Specifically, AMO wants WLFA to develop a plan for them to prevent state wildlife agencies from initiating weapon restrictive seasons.

I have supported WLFA from day one, however, I was incensed that WLFA would accept this money to do AMO's "dirty work." In my opinion, this "research" project goes beyond the realm of what I thought WLFA was all about. To date, as expected, I have had no reply from either AMO or WLFA. Until such time as WLFA can justify wasting \$25,000, plus their time and effort on this project, I will have a difficult time contributing money to them. In my opinion, there are far more important issues for them to address.

Some of the issues I addressed in my letter are already bearing fruit. The Colorado Wildlife Commission in May, 1998, approved a regulation that bans in-line muzzleloaders from the muzzleloader-only seasons. Obviously they have attracted the wrath of the muzzleloader industry.

Lionel Atwill, in his Primitive Weapons column in the September issue of Field And Stream wrote an article "Good-Bye, In-Lines?" Mr. Atwill points out, "Intent is the heart of the issue. Regulations evolve from intent." He further states, "Intent speaks to why we hunt in general and why we hunt with a muzzleloader in particular. The question is about why, not what." I disagree. Initially most, if not all, bowhunting and muzzleloader hunting opportunity was predicated on the premise that the equipment warranted special stand-alone seasons. Also, hunter numbers were minimal. Since that time equipment has changed and hunter numbers have increased.

In this article, Mr. Atwill, in my opinion, identified one of the major problems with both bowhunting and muzzleloading equipment technology.

"Not long after Colorado's blackpowder seasons started in 1977, some Iowa farmers got a notion to hunt elk there. Trouble was, they knew nothing about traditional muzzleloaders, nor did they care to learn. So they went to a local gunsmith named Tony Knight, who built for them a gun that utilized contemporary design concepts and components while conforming to Colorado's blackpowder regulations. And so the in-line was born, midwived as it were, by Colorado's elk."

Atwill further states, "The in-line holds great appeal for hunters who are not motivated out of any desire to re-create history." Also, "However an in-line is much easier for a beginner to use, and does not require the meticulous care and feeding that flintlocks and caplocks need in order to be reliable." Terri Trowbridge of the National Muzzleloader Rifle Association says, "We know lots of these in-line hunters have these guns just because they can get the extra seasons." Bowhunting, and specifically bowhunting equipment, is being drug into the Colorado situation. Tony Knight, Knight Muzzleloaders, complains this new Colorado regulation is very discriminating. "You look at the compound bow and that does bring advantages: speed, easy (to hit with). And it's considered a primitive weapon. You can see that every convenience and goody added to archery is accepted with open arms. Now to be so restrictive on firearms is very discriminatory..."

The Colorado Wildlife Commission has "vowed to continue discussions on this issue, coupled with discussions on the intent of the muzzleloading seasons (and of the bow seasons as well)." It appears to me the technology "pimple" is about to burst. If bowhunting is a way of life for you, GET INVOLVED. You have a lot at stake. Contact you local wildlife management agency and its governing body. Explain your concerns regarding equipment technology. Specifically, how it impacts hunting season and bag limit opportunity, user group conflicts, and the image portrayed to anti and non-hunters. Get involved with local, state and national organizations. Also, contact the Colorado Wildlife Commission. Offer them support for their decision to tackle the technology issue.

\* \* \* \* \*

To: Dick Lattimer,

President, Archery Manufacturers and Merchants Organization 4131 NW 28th Lane, Suite #7, Gainesville, FL 32606

Dear Mr. Lattimer:

I read a news release on page 41 in the Spring 1998 issue of National Bowhunter Magazine regarding AMO funding to resist "either/or" seasons. The \$25,000 funding for WLFA coming from the AMO Save Our Heritage Funds.



I was made aware of this proposal last October through a WLFA Newsletter. I wrote Rob Sexton, WLFA Director of State Services regarding my concerns with this proposal. Enclosed is a copy of my correspondence to Mr. Sexton.

In reading your recent news release, I am most disturbed by the paragraph describing how WLFA will use the money donated by AMO. Specifically, "The prime benefit of this research will be to enable the establishment of a system to know about proposed Either/Or seasons at the earliest possible time, so as to be able to effect their defeat in the most timely manner."

In my professional opinion, AMO and WLFA are shooting themselves in the foot with this language and approach. The statement in your release, "*The challenge is that no two states propose or enact regulations in the same way*" demonstrates an inability to understand that situations vary from state to state and that within a given state, situations change with time. Thus, programs and proposals are tailored for individual situations. For example, all states have a deer season, yet none of the states have uniform deer hunting seasons because conditions vary from state to state!

Beginning in the mid-1980s and into the 1990s wildlife management agencies in the western states have been struggling with deer and elk management. The major dilemma centers around designing hunting seasons to accommodate hunter demand and at the same time meet deer and elk population management goals. These goals are predominately biological, sociological, and economical. There are specific biological thresholds that have to be maintained in order to provide for population welfare, specifically, population size, plus sex and age composition. At the same time, the social values regarding hunting are changing, hunter expectations are changing, and competition between user groups is intensifying. The majority of agency funding is derived through license/tag sales, plus federal excise taxes. Very little comes from state tax coffers. Thus, license/tag sales have to be maintained to support programs and personnel. Consequently, management decisions become "Catch-22s." If hunter numbers are not regulated, biological thresholds can not be achieved. If hunter numbers are reduced, funding needs can not be achieved, etc., etc.

In addition to my comments in the enclosed letter to Mr. Sexton, I offer the following observations during my tenure as a professional wildlife manager in Idaho. I will preference my comments to the situation, as I see it, in the western states.

Initially, bowhunting opportunity was predicated on the nature of the equipment and the number of hunters. In most cases hunting opportunity was very restrictive. Beginning in the mid to late 1960s agencies began to increase bowhunting opportunity. In Idaho bowhunting opportunity peaked out in the early 1980s. During this time, the number of hunters also increased significantly. Also, during this time technology completely changed the equipment upon which initial season were predicated.

Coinciding with the above time frame, there occurred major changes to the wildlife habitats upon which deer and elk are dependent. Miles and miles of road were built to harvest acres and acres of timber, thereby greatly increasing hunter access and reducing and/or eliminating hiding and escapement areas. Consequently, the age structure within the buck and bull segments of many deer and elk populations began to decline, as well as the ratio of males to females for both species.

To counter the above problems, state wildlife management and federal land management agencies entered into cooperative agreements to regulate access during hunting seasons, plus incorporate wildlife habitat management objectives into timber management objectives. At the same time, hunting seasons were altered (sex specific regulations, antler point restrictions, etc.), season dates were altered (basically eliminated rifle hunting during the rut), season length reduced, and in some areas limited entry hunting replaced general hunting. These changes have had varying impacts on the target species. Unfortunately, most of the changes either occurred too late, and/or there was poor compliance, i.e. access management.

The above conditions also began to spawn conflicts between user groups and more importantly between hunters and wildlife management agencies. The issue of "fairness" began cropping up as rifle hunters lost general hunting season opportunity during the rut for both deer and elk. They reasoned, "if I can't hunt during the rut, why should the bowhunters, especially with the equipment they are using now."

From my perspective as a former Regional Wildlife Manager and a bowhunter, I maintain the archery industry is very instrumental in the user conflict and bowhunter/agency problems. AMO specifically, by choosing to stick it's head in the sand regarding the equipment technology issue. Consequently, wildlife management agencies have been forced to "wear the black hat" and adopt bowhunting equipment regulations. In doing so, they have been chastised by the archery industry as well as certain bowhunter groups. Also, the archery industry has ignored state endorsed equipment regulations by promoting equipment deemed illegal. The 65% let-off is a prime example. The management agencies have been trying to send a message to the archery industry; **Enough is Enough!** Thus, there has been a strained relationship between wildlife management agencies, hunters and the archery industry. I see your "Either/Or" proposal as another nail in the coffin regarding these relationships.

The archery industry needs to understand, hunting regulations and equipment restrictions are approved by commissions. If these commissions do not feel an item should be allowed for hunting in their state, they have the power to so restrict. They are not duty bound to any and/or all equipment that shows up on the market.

In a 1980s study, non-hunters were asked what would cause them to become an anti-hunter. One of the main reasons cited was equipment and technology that gives the hunter unfair advantage over the game. In my opinion, we are surely accommodating those with that philosophy. During the 1997 SHOT Show there was a company marketing a sporterized 50 caliber rifle. The promotional video showed a "hunter" (shooter) taking a 4 point mule deer at + 1,100 yards!!

I recently received a request from WLFA encouraging me to "Join the Campaign To Fight the Anti-Hunters This November." I am having a very difficult time rationalizing why I should contribute a portion of my retirement funds to WLFA when \$25,000 is literally being wasted on an "Either/Or" study. This money could be put to much better use to promote and preserve bowhunting.

Bowhunters in the western states have already lost bowhunting opportunity because of unregulated equipment technology. If AMO is truly concerned about the future of bowhunting they have to take leadership in equipment restrictions. I maintain if bowhunters were aware they were sacrificing bowhunting opportunity to accommodate the archery industry through it's promotion of high-tech equipment, they will choose to maintain their hunting opportunity. Muzzleloader hunting opportunity has suffered greatly because of technology.

I propose representatives from AMO, state wildlife management agencies, bowhunter organizations, such as the Pope and Young Club and the Professional Bowhunters Society, and bowhunters need to come to the table to address the issue of bowhunting equipment and the future of bowhunting. The theme of such a gathering should be doing what is best for bowhunting rather than what is best for the archery industry.

Why is AMO so afraid to "draw a line in the sand" regarding bowhunting equipment technology? Other sports have taken such a stance. For example the game of golf could be completely revolutionized if technology were allowed to run amuck. For example, there are materials available to make a golf ball that drives much further than a regulation ball. However, there are equipment restrictions imposed (and enforced) that prevent the golf equipment manufacturers from taking advantage of new technology. Why not the same approach for bowhunting and the bowhunting industry. The old adage "You owe it to the animal to use the most efficient equipment available," doesn't hold water. If we truly prescribe to this adage, we should all be using a center-fire rifle for hunting.

Although I am sure my point of view will be reviewed as critical and very negative by AMO, hopefully it can also be viewed as constructive. In reality, what is at stake is the future of bowhunting, as well as the bowhunting equipment industry. Realistically, bowhunting opportunity as we know it today can not be maintained unless AMO endorses and supports restrictions/limitations involving bowhunting equipment. Let's do what is best for both rather than continue to pit one against the other. We need to prevent further alienation of the wildlife management agencies. After all, they have the final say on both hunting opportunity and equipment.

I look forward to your reply. Also, I am willing to work at any capacity to achieve a better working relationship between bowhunters, wildlife management agencies and the archery industry to perpetuate bowhunting.

Incidentally, I resigned my position with *Traditional Bowhunter*™ Magazine, effective March 1, 1998. Thus, the opinions expressed in this letter are mine alone and in no way represent those of *Traditional Bowhunter*™ Magazine. Nor do they represent a pure "traditionalist" philosophy.

LET'S WORK TOGETHER FOR WHAT IS BEST FOR BOWHUNTING!!

Sincerely,

**Mike Schlegel**

14170 Franklin Rd, McCall, ID 83638

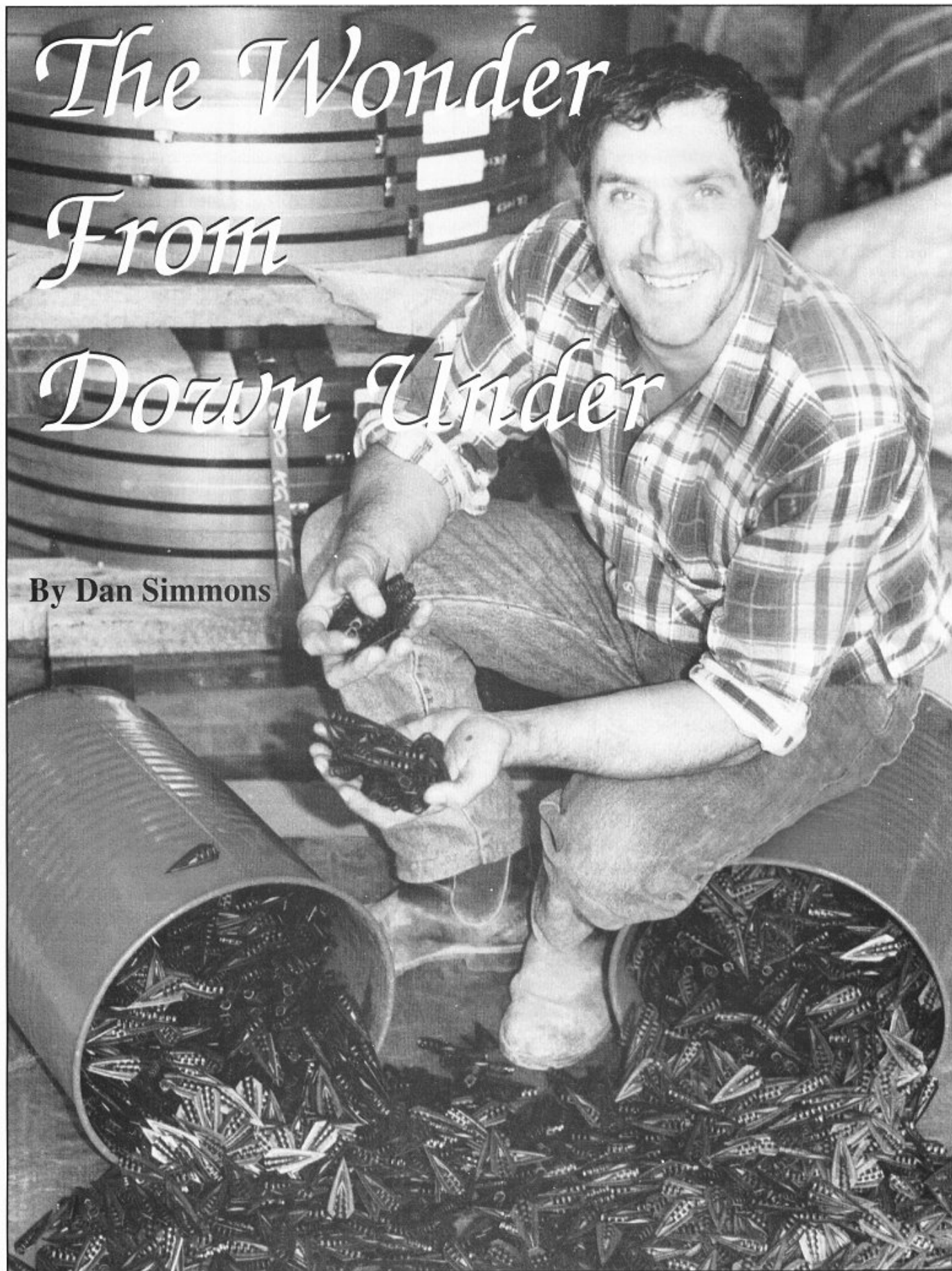
Phone: 208/634-8306 Phone/Fax: 208/634-3735

e-mail: mws@cyberhighway.net

Enclosure

cc: Pope and Young Club ( G.F. Asbell), Professional Bowhunters Society (J. Chinn) Wildlife Legislative Fund of America (R. Sexton)





# *The Wonder From Down Under*

**By Dan Simmons**

Ribtek™ Broadheads made their market debut in America in 1994. For many years prior to that, Ribtek had been the number-one selling broadhead in Australia. It may surprise some people to learn that Australia has a very large bowhunting following, and traditional bowhunting is growing by leaps and bounds in Oz. A pen pal in New Zealand sent me my first Ribteks to show what he hunted with down under. He said these heads were very strong, and inexpensive.

The heads were subsequently passed out to the fellows I stump shoot with on Sundays. The idea of this was to tear these broadheads up, to see just how strong they really were. During that first day, everyone put the 123S through a severe beating. They were shot into streambeds, hickory and oak trees, and anything that would bring a quick death to a broadhead. At the end of our stump-shooting that day, the six heads I had brought with me had some nicks and dings, but were still in very good shape. For the final phase of punishment, I pulled a cinder block from the bed of my truck. The block was brought along expressly for this purpose, although all the heads had not been expected to make it to this point.

When the shot was being set up, stalwart companions became a little edgy. It seems it was a little close to where we had our vehicles parked. They wanted the block moved to an area free of tires and truck doors.

My concerns were up a little, as the shot would be taken at ten yards—by me. No one else wanted to be that close to a disintegrating broadhead. Before common sense could rear its head and stop the testing, the Ribtek was shot into the cinder block out of a 75-pound recurve. And stuck! Without any sign of bending or breaking!

No one there could believe what they had just seen and we all ran over to look at the block with the broadhead stuck in it. The taper of the shaft was shredded where it was forced through the ribbed ferrule, but the head was still intact. Jerry Bauman, one of the torture testers, and an unofficial field tester for Sky Archery, told me, "You

*better get a handle on those things for here in the States. Because if you don't, I'm going to."* Well, that, as they say, was that.

It took another month and a half to get the manufacturer's phone number and another two or three weeks to get everything set up with him so we could start selling the heads here in the U.S.

During this time, I came to know Col. Graham as well as can be expected by telephone conversations alone. I have to admit I was impressed with his knowledge and love of bowhunting.

When all the details were hammered out and agreements reached, the Ribtek was introduced to the bowhunting public here in America.

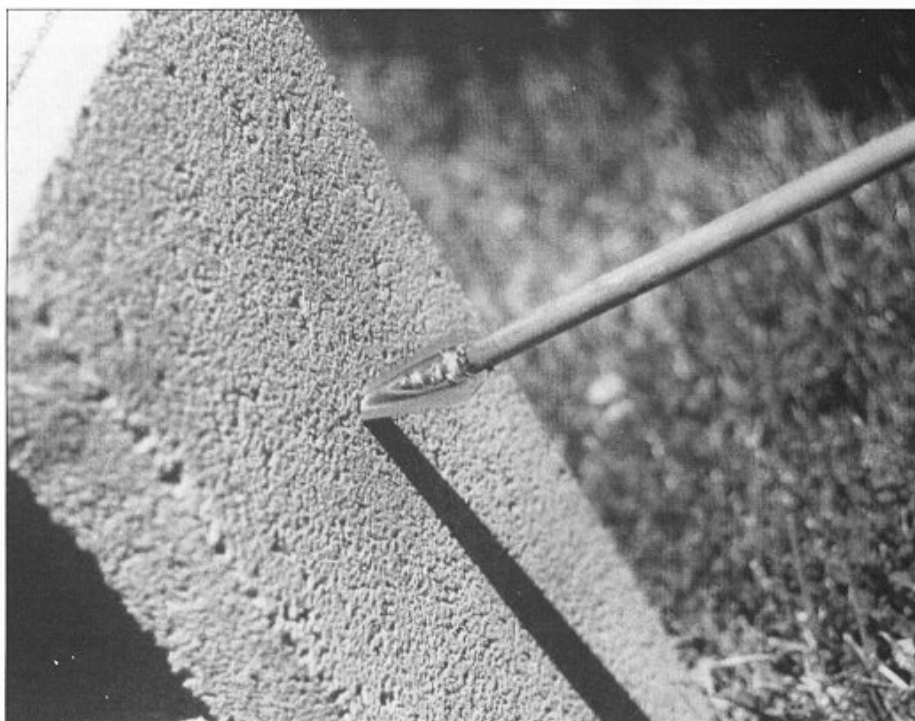
A big reservation in undertaking putting the Ribtek on the market was the fact that the broadhead market was pretty well glutted. There was everything from switchblade types to the tried and true two-blades. Concerns were high about introducing this new product to a relatively limited audience. Several of the broadheads the Ribtek would be going against were broadheads everyone had

been using for years. Was the bowhunting world ready for another broadhead? Did we really need another broadhead? These were paramount questions.

The Ribtek was an extremely strong head. It was a one-piece head, easy to mount, easy to sharpen, and flew very well. With that in mind, and with overseas shipping, customs, and taxes included, the Ribtek could still be marketed for roughly half the price of major heads available at that time.

All of a sudden, I was an international importer. And just a couple of months before I was just another bowhunter looking to tear up some different type broadheads.

The first couple of years saw the head selling more as a novelty item than as a serious hunting implement. The third year, sales slumped and so did the determination in marketing this new head. It was also the year I was selected to be a member of the International Police Task Force for the United Nations Mission in Bosnia & Herzegovina. The trials and tribulations of managing two new careers at the same time, one from half way around the world, was unique, to say the least.



The original Ribtek test head, shot into a cinder block with a 75-pound recurve.



Had it not been for the dedicated effort and plain hard work of my wife, Nancy, the Ribtek would have died a quiet death with no one to lament its passing.

The fourth year would be the make-it-or-break-it year. While I was overseas, Col. Graham instituted a design change which gave me cause for additional numerous gray hairs. As it turned out, he knew what he was doing.

Upon my return to America, several more weight sizes had been added to the line until the Ribtek offered eight different head weights and two different widths. Now the head is offered in everything from the IOOSL (slim light) to the massive 19OW (wide). THE 19OWs and the 16OWs are my personal favorites.

I am happy to say that now the broadhead is doing very well in the hallowed halls of bowhunting and we all expect much bigger and greater things from it in the future. Col. Graham, of Col. Graham Australia, is the originator and manufacturer of the Ribtek line of broadheads. He is the leading innovator in broadhead design today, in my opinion.

Most broadheads on the market are quasi-clones of one design or another. They all involve the bending, brazing, or welding of several pieces of metal to produce the finished product. This is not to say that these are bad heads or bad designs. After all, there are just so many ways to make a broadhead.

Col. Graham designed a one-piece, internal skeleton broadhead that withstands the harshest of treatment. He started manufacturing the head back in 1984, so the Ribtek is not really a new broadhead. From the first rough head design up to and including the present product line, Col. Graham has designed and built all his own dies and the machinery used. When I contacted him about getting background information from him for this article, he sent me a brief summation of the Ribtek experience, insight that only the inventor would have.

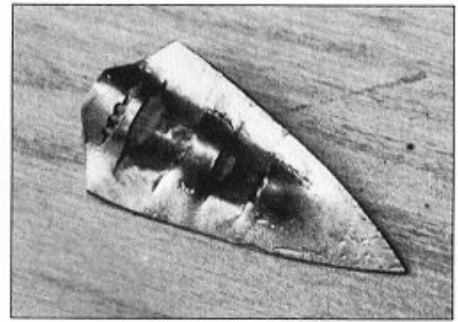
*"The Ribtek story starts back in '84. A good idea of how to produce an efficient broadhead quicker and cheaper became a reality after I crudely beat a*

*piece of carbon steel into what is now recognized as a ribbed ferrule broadhead.*

*"Dozens more one-off test models were made pressed from slap-together dies. Some were submitted to the destruction test to find their weak spots. Others missed the target completely and were never to be seen again. Fortunately, I've still got a few of the 'roughies' left for posterity.*

*"It wasn't until I started to make the first production Ribteks that a friend informed me that the 'skeleton ferrule' had been used before. Ben Pearson had filed for patents on the design back in '38, and hunters had successfully used those heads for many years after. Not seeing these heads before, more than likely, helped me in pursuing a different approach in the designing of the strengthening rib gussets, the backbone of a good head.*

*"Eventually I converted my muscle-building manual fly press to hydraulic power with an auto feed connected by a labyrinth of levers. That one pressed only a few thousand heads before I concocted 'The Machine from Hell.' This one had a wry sense of humor as*



Ribtek Number 1!

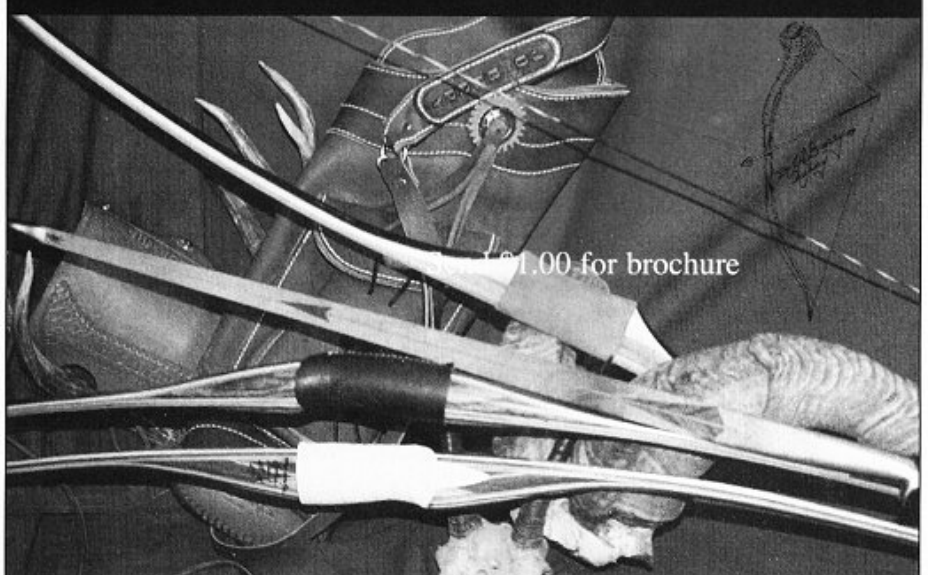
*well. On one of several occasions, I'd been watching its boring routine: feed, press, eject, thump, bang, groan for more than three hours. Trying to stay awake was getting to be a maximum effort. Leaving the machine to turn up the radio was a little risky, but I thought 'It will only take a second.' I turned, and on the very next pressing—CRUNCH!"*

*"The dies were in and out of the machine hundreds of times for repairs or changing die blocks. This was a slow, finger-jamming operation. Although spoken to quite harshly and threatened on numerous occasions, the machinery went on to produce over 350,000 Ribteks.*

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"At one time, several large blanks were pressed, with the idea in mind that I would be able to grind two, even three sizes, from one blank. This would reduce the number of dies I would have to make in my very basic workshop. A lot of these heads didn't make it to the catalogue. All the broadhead collectors thought I was a great bloke.

"Getting an edge on the finished head was another hurdle. About a dozen different variations of sharpeners were bred until I had one that worked well, but was not health-wise for me, the operator. I could sharpen about 3,000 a day.

"In the last effort, I had sharpened about 75,000 heads, grinding off two five-gallon drums of filings, a handful of which ended up in my lungs. Plus, I developed a bad case of R.S.I. (repetitive strain injury) in my wrists and elbows. During the process, I had to manipulate the heads twice, locking them into clamps for sharpening. On removal from the clamps, the heads were dangerously sharp, and hot!

"It was amazing how this ordeal of pain stimulated my imagination. The plan I came up with to eliminate this operation meant I would literally have to start from the ground up and to give the idea an added twist, I would have to do it all by myself.

Building an extension to the factory for the larger machinery was first on the list. After that, a seventy-ton press with all the extras of feeds, coolers, and ejectors came together smoothly. I was starting to get the hang of slapping these monsters together.

"Dies were on the other end of the scale. Fine tolerances and design formats were critical to ensure longevity under extreme pressures. Incorporating the design feature of edge-forming under pressure eliminated the need for grinding. This also meant that all the heads would be of a consistent weight. Plus, the stock metal thickness could be increased through a metal-gathering process for vital structural areas, such as the tip. The last machine on the production line is the ferrule reamer. This one ensures an accurate five-degree taper for true alignment.

"After a stressful nine months, the day of reckoning came. Fortunately, the closely guarded design ideas worked. The new 'Ribbies' handled the torture tests with ease. And the 'Beast,' when it is humming, will send down the chute 1,500 broadheads per hour, giving me ample time to do the part I like best, product testing on feral game."

An apt description of the Ribtek would be: a one piece, internal skeleton, two-blade broadhead, with a ribbed ferrule. However, there is much

this description neglects to mention. The ferrule of the head insures a proper and centered mount on the shaft, with an accurate, full-length, five-degree taper. There have been some reports of mounting problems with swaged shafts. In most instances, this is a result of poor swaging of the aluminum in the taper area, and the fold area on the swag creates the problem in alignment.

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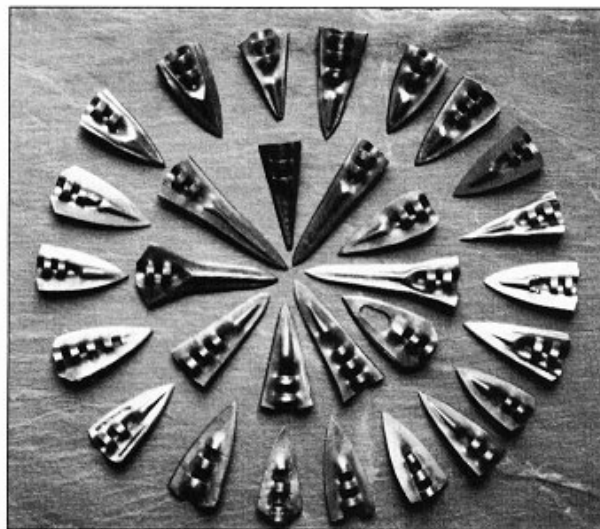
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ferrule, you have a relatively smooth design that will not create a vacuum upon entrance. Nor will it pop off when shot into something hard. With a tolerance factor of two grains of weight per head the quality control on heads is second to none.

Finally, with a single-piece broadhead there are no welds, brazing points, or folded metal to blow apart at the wrong time.

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today's bowhunter. The head design and manufacturing process is singularly unique. Enough so that the process, name, and head, have been internationally registered as an official trademark in Australia, Canada, and America.

What can be expected of the Ribtek Broadhead in the future? The answer to that is buried somewhere deep in the fertile mind of an off-the-wall Aussie. One who has a penchant for going off on one-month walkabouts with a stick and string in his hand.

#### AUTHORS NOTES

*Dan Simmons is the President of Hunter Distributing. This company is the only authorized distributor of the Ribtek Broadhead. Due to the manufacturing process of the Ribtek Broadhead there have been several instances where counterfeit or similar- looking, broadheads have been mistaken for the Ribtek. Any Ribtek Broadhead from Col Graham Australia, distributed by Hunter Distributing, should be clearly marked as being the original Ribtek. Hunter Distributing would appreciate any information on broadheads purported to be Ribteks where the packages are not so marked.*





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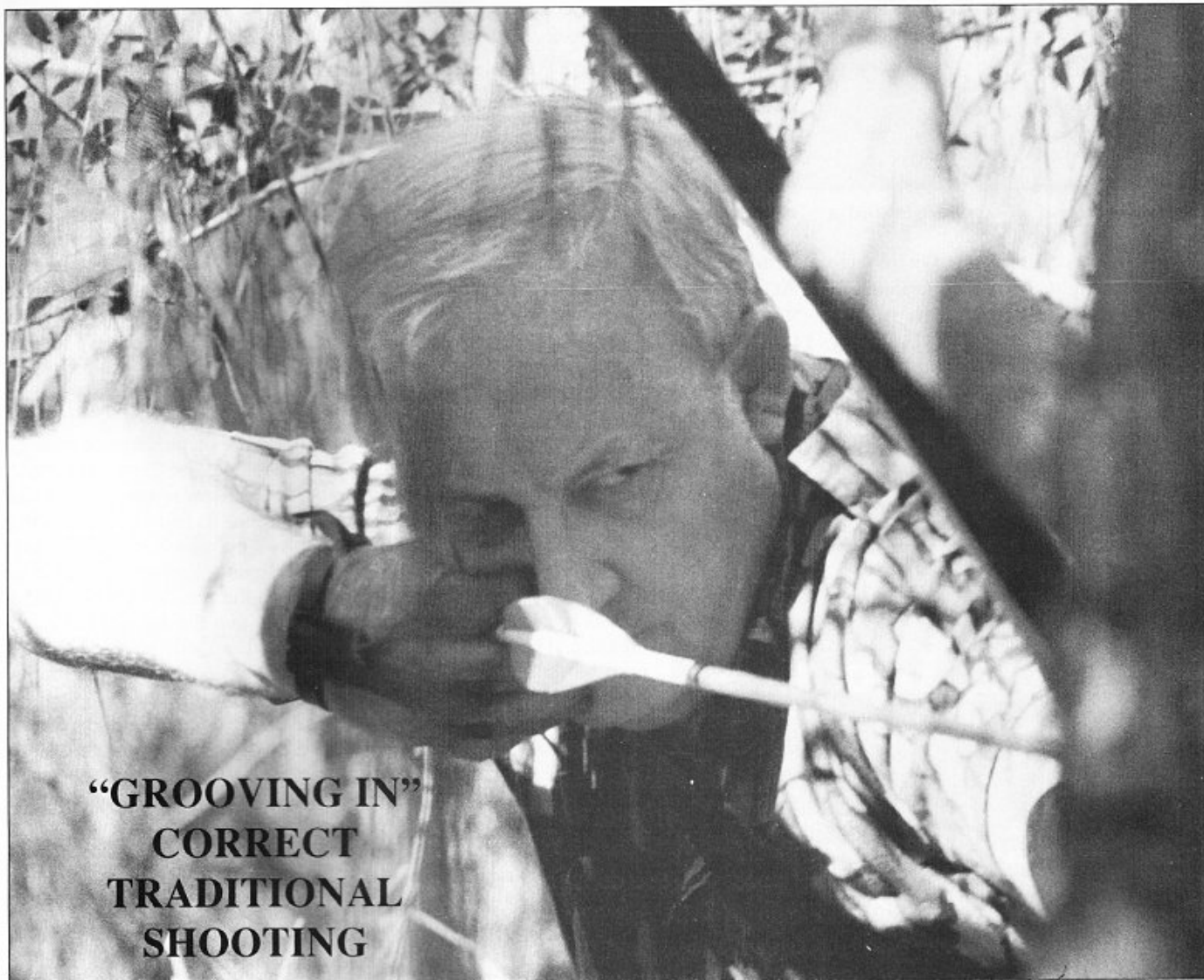
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# Arrows From The Sherwood Glen

by Bob Wesley



**K**nowing correct shooting form is only part of the equation. It is essential that correct form be grooved in until the shot is executed without the bowman consciously thinking about it. Correct form should be thoroughly understood and then, through regular practice, become established in traditional shooting.

This past hunting season I carefully climbed twenty plus feet shortly before first light. I positioned my stand at a right angle to a well-used trail which ran parallel to a small creek. I was positioned near a stand of fruiting white oak trees with indications of heavy deer traffic. I always experience a

kind of therapeutic magic as I sit as motionless as I can while keeping my senses alert to any unusual sound or movement while bowhunting.

I enjoyed this solitude for about an hour when movement interrupted it. A medium-sized deer casually crossed the trail below me to disappear in the thick brush just beyond. I could feel my heart pick up a few beats. I heard the rustle of leaves from the direction the deer had come. Suddenly a medium-sized four point buck seemed to materialize on the trail. I slowly rotated my body to bring my bow shoulder in line with the deer while easing the bowstring back to anchor. With my peripheral vision I positioned the point of my arrow



along the foot line of the deer while lining it up behind his front leg. . .

In the fall of 1969 I stood with Howard Hill in front of his beautiful home, Hillcroft, located in a lovely forested area just off Howard Hill Road near Vincent, Alabama. Howard had been working with my rigid target type form for the past two days and his patience was wearing thin. *"Bob, if you have to think about making a hunting shot, you've already blown the shot."* The smoothness of Howard Hill's shooting could be described as poetry in motion. This uncanny shooting expertise had been developed over a period of years. What looked so effortless was the result of regular, careful practice of the fundamentals of correct form and a method of instinctive aiming.

Howard and his lovely wife Elizabeth taught me the importance of correct form, aiming, and the role of rhythm in shot execution. He was now impatiently waiting for a fluid transformation to suddenly take place in my shooting. Mrs. Elizabeth looked on often with the hint of a smile on her face. From time to time, she would enter into

the instruction. *"Bob, you're coming along, but you need a bit more bend in your bow arm elbow. This is very important for keeping rhythm in your shooting."*

Very briefly, correct alignment is essential in proper shooting form. The bowhand should be positioned so that the wrist is not broken inwards. The bow arm elbow should have a slight bend and the body should be positioned so that the bow arm shoulder is almost but not quite perpendicular to the target.

The nock of the drawn arrow should be under the pupil of the dominant eye (an exception to this was that Howard Hill was right handed and left eye dominant). The anchor should be consistent and solid with the "V" formed by the thumb and pointer finger seated firmly under and around the jaw bone. At full draw, the back muscles should do most of the holding which allows the arm drawing the arrow to be somewhat relaxed prior to releasing the arrow. Upon release the anchor hand should remain on the face.

Once the bowman understands correct form, it is essential that he makes a supreme effort to reproduce each detail in regular practice for a sufficient period of time to allow it to become established in his muscle memory. The final goal is to be able to execute the shot correctly without consciously thinking about it.

Indirect Instinctive aiming follows the establishment of form and permits consistent shooting from longer distances. At full draw the bowman conditions himself to place the point of his arrow on a secondary aiming spot with peripheral vision. The primary vision is always focused on the spot one wishes to hit and should not bounce back and forth to the secondary spot. Again, this requires regular practice, determination, and patience. The distance between the primary and secondary

aiming spot will change as the bowman moves to longer shooting distances.

Correct shooting form and indirect instinctive aiming must be practiced to a point that both become so established in muscle memory that they take place without conscious thought. A rhythm becomes established from the time one reaches back for an arrow through the swing draw, anchor, aim, and release so that it appears to be one smooth, continuous motion.

Shifting back to the four point buck, I released my arrow smoothly and followed its flight to disappear slightly high but completely through the deer's upper chest. The buck bolted into the brush. Several seconds passed and I heard thrashing in the small creek some fifty yards or so away. I sat back in my stand, took several deep breaths and waited for my heart to slow down. I said a silent prayer of thanks for the privilege of bowhunting in a free land and for the wonderful beauty of nature around me.

I replayed the shot process in my mind. I could not remember placing the point of my arrow on an exact secondary spot below the chest of the deer. I could remember that it was positioned several feet on the ground in front of the footline of the buck. I could not remember my exact form alignment or if I was holding at anchor with the muscles of my back. I can remember that the release felt good and the arrow flew well.

I remained in my stand for an hour before climbing down. I walked over to the point of impact and my arrow was there on the ground covered with lung-type blood. I stood it up to mark this position and followed the blood trail to the edge of the creek. I could see my buck on the other side of the creek, partially submerged. I offered another short prayer of thanks to honor the buck and express my gratitude for this wonderful sport.

The equation for correct traditional shooting consists of a number of factors. Three of these are correctly aligned form, a consistent method of instinctive aiming, and a "grooved in" rhythm in putting it all together. In the next article we will consider "correct alignment for consistent traditional shooting" in greater detail. Until then, we extend our best wishes from the Sherwood Glen for more consistent shooting.



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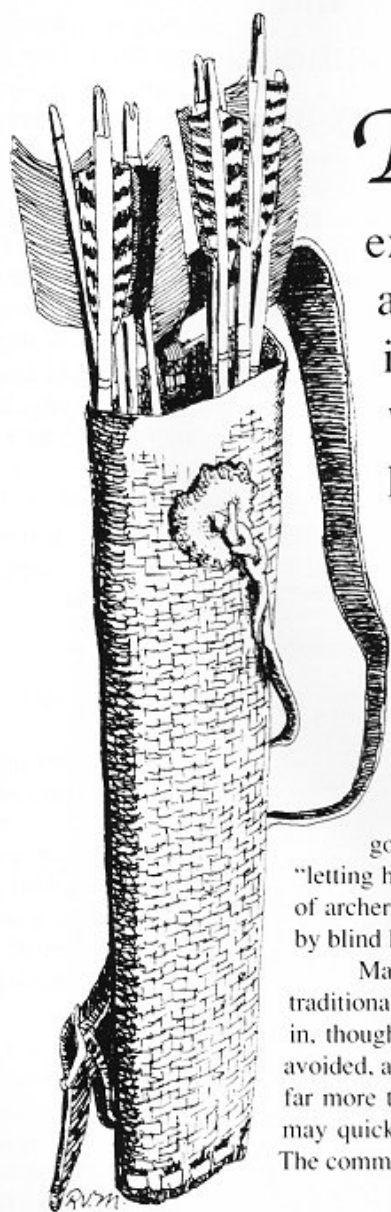
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# Some Common Mistakes of New Traditionalists

by David Mitchell



*T*he renewed interest in traditional archery is heart warming indeed. Many new shooters are experiencing the pure joy and simplicity of archery as it has always been. No doubt the great appeal of it lies in that very simplicity. It is easy to become weary of the number of things that must function properly to shoot well with the high-tech equipment. Eventually many grow weary with the constant tinkering and adjusting, the portable tool kit, and wondering when arrows go awry *"was it me or has something gone out of adjustment?"*

I guess I do not marvel so much at how many shooters are switching over. What amazes me is that even more are not. But as simple as traditional gear is by comparison, it still needs to be carefully selected and properly matched. That is not hard to do, but good shooting with traditional gear is more than just buying a bow and pulling back and "letting her rip." To be sure, you can shoot very well indeed with recurves and longbows, but a lot of archers do not. A lot of compounders are convinced that you can't hit a thing with them except by blind luck.

Many veteran compound shooters are finding that shooting a compound well and shooting a traditional bow well are two very different things. It really is a different activity that we are engaged in, though both result in an arrow being propelled through the air. If some common mistakes are avoided, and the shooters new to traditional archery get started off on the right foot, they can enjoy it far more than they even imagined. However, without a minimal amount of care at the outset they may quickly become disillusioned and only have their initial doubts about the venture confirmed. The common problems lie in two areas: choice of equipment and approach to shooting.



### Choice of Equipment

Poor advice is almost as bad as no advice. Does the pro shop you patronize specialize in fitting traditional shooters? Do they offer bows for you to try? Compound bows and traditional bows are two totally different things. Knowledge of how to set up and use the one does not assure any knowledge of proper use of the other. You are better advised to travel a little distance or phone a shop that specializes in traditional archery to get the help you need to get started. In addition, if you look around near you at local clubs and shoots you are sure to find some experienced traditionalists who will be most happy to help you. Don't be afraid to ask.

Selecting bows too heavy in draw weight is another problem. Custom bowyers tell me that this is not as common as it once was, but they are still getting calls from customers wanting to know if they can take a few pounds off of their new bow. It has often been said, and wisely so, that when switching from a compound, drop down as much as 15 to 20 pounds in draw weight. Go a little lighter than you think you need to. You will master the different shooting form much more quickly and develop much better accuracy much faster. You can always go up in weight later, but poor habits caused by excessive draw weight do not go away quickly.

Be careful of purchasing unsound equipment. I see many older recurves that have twisted limbs generally caused by improper stringing using the old step-through method rather than a bow stringer. Such bows may not shoot well at best and can be dangerous at the worst if they unstring themselves at full draw, which I have seen happen. That is most unnerving. Have someone knowledgeable go with you to select a used bow. If that is not possible, string the bow (use a stringer), draw it slowly and watch the recurves to see if they twist. Sight down the limbs looking toward the tips and see if the string lays properly in the string grooves on the belly of the limb or if they lie to one side or the other. Pass on

bows that are twisted—they are no bargain at any price for a new shooter. Be sure the glass on the limbs is sound and free of cracks. Normal stress marks (little white flecks) in the finish are common and not usually a cause for concern.

Wooden arrows, especially used ones, should be checked for cracks or other damage in the shaft or nock. Slightly flex the shaft as you turn it in your hands and watch for cracks that may only show up when flexed.

Improperly matched equipment can make satisfying and accurate shooting difficult. Matching gear need not be expensive but should be carefully

Perhaps no variety of shooting is more highly personal than shooting traditional archery. What works for one may not work at all for another.

selected. By matching we mean that the overall mass weight of the arrows and especially the spine or stiffness of the arrows must be matched to the draw weight of the bow. Arrows not correctly matched in spine to the weight of the bow will not fly straight. This is personal and varies from shooter to shooter as to what will fly well. It depends upon your

draw length, anchor, and smoothness of release. Again, seek sound advice and experiment a bit until you get a sweet-flying arrow. We also need caution in outfitting wives and children with ill-fitted, mismatched hand-me-down gear. If they can't shoot well, they will quickly become discouraged and quit.

Failure to understand how traditional gear works can lead to problems. Recently at a 3-D shoot held by our club, a number of compound shooters (who are quite good, by the way) put up their compounds after finishing the course and got out some old recurves. They headed around the course again

after paying a second registration fee. I was delighted to see that. Two of them approached me about some minor problems with their gear. Both had nock problems and prob-

lems stringing their bows. Both had their bowstrings upside down. They seemed in awe that I knew that, and felt there was surely some deep secret to such knowledge. In a way I hated to state the simple fact "the big loop goes on the top limb."

Simple? Yes, but it needs to be understood. These were not novice

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shooters, but they were new to traditional shooting. Let's give them all the help and encouragement we can. Nothing gets much simpler than a recurve or longbow. But as simple as they are, they work best when you know how they are supposed to be treated.

Even the dreaded term "tuning" applies to traditional bows, but again, it is about as simple as it gets. If your arrows are porpoising (flipping up and down on the tail end) it is usually the location of your nocking point on the string. Adjust it up or down until you get good flight. The nocking point generally may be a little higher on traditional bows than on compounds. I usually place my nock point one-half inch above square on all my bows and it invariably works well for me. Fishtailing (side-to-side flight) is usually from a sloppy release or arrows not of the proper spine for your bow. My experience leads me to this rule of thumb. For recurves, I match arrows by spine to the weight of my bow or a little heavier. That is, I shoot arrows (wood) spined 50-55 pounds for a bow of 50 pounds at my draw. I can also go up at least one spine group and sometimes two with no problem. For my longbows I match to the draw weight or one group lower which sometimes gives better clearance around my traditional non-center shot longbow handle. For aluminum arrows I have found better matching by following the older Easton charts (from 15 years ago). They have changed their suggested shaft sizes, and I am not the only traditional shooter who has noticed that.

### Approach To Shooting

The other major area for common problems is in the approach to shooting. All you need to do is stand around the warm-up bales at a traditional shoot and you will rather quickly see about all the problems. Really only a few things cause most problems.

Failure to appreciate proper form is a key ingredient in much of the failure to shoot well. Form is just as important to shooting a recurve well as it is with a compound. It's going to be different, but just as important. The fact that you are holding all of the draw weight dictates some difference. Small things make a

big difference. A proper stance, a suitable grip, a consistent anchor, a smooth release, and careful follow through are just as important with traditional bows as with any other. Far too often I see shooters who have no semblance of an anchor. This may be caused by too much bow, but whatever the cause, you cannot consistently shoot well without consistent form. Space does not allow any discussion of the details of form here, but reference to many good books and videos on the subject can be helpful.

Consult ads in this magazine or contact your traditional archery dealers, they usually have several such aids in stock. Do not worry about accuracy until a consistent form is developed. Accuracy will come fairly quickly with solid form, but without it you cannot develop consistent accuracy—it's just that simple.

Failure to find what works for you can be a problem. Perhaps no variety of shooting is more highly personal than shooting traditional archery. What works for one will not work at all for another. Body size and shape, facial structure, overall strength, and other factors all bear on your best form. Experiment until you find the stance, draw, anchor, and other factors that work best for you. Remember, you are not Howard Hill or anyone else. You are you. My own best shooting requires a slow deliberate form. If I try shooting quickly as soon as I touch my anchor my arrows go all over the place. I struggled with target panic for

years and a snap-shooting style would just trigger that again, and I get chills just thinking about that.

Impatience may become your worst enemy. I have had literally dozens of compound shooters tell me that they tried to shoot somebody's recurve once and couldn't hit anything. No surprise. It's different—it requires a different form and much practice. I'm convinced that anyone can learn to shoot traditionally, but most won't take the time to learn to do it well. You must love real archery and rejoice in the flight of an arrow. Two or three sessions prove nothing.

A compounder recently said to me, "*You sure shoot good groups without a sight—wish I could do that.*" Little did he know I was not doing it that day (an uncharacteristically good day, I might add) by wishing. I have put years into this. Don't shortchange yourself. Be patient, make the commitment. You may want to hang up the compound altogether while you master the new style. In the end, you'll be glad you did. It is not at all complicated—it just must be done well, but the freedom that you experience at last will be so exhilarating.



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# Bows of the CHAMPIONS

By Hugh D.H. Soar

**A**s the discerning reader might guess from the title, this article is an excuse to analyze, comment on, and generally draw attention to the characteristics, both of the longbows chosen and used by some of the top English longbow archers of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and of the shooters themselves.

A question. Does the personality of archers affect their choice of bow? Are they interlinked? Certainly in modern hunting, modern International, and Olympic archery this may be so. Is it coincidence that the Hoyt "AVALON" bow was the choice of so many Olympic archers? Was it a pragmatic assessment of its capability, of its superiority over others? Or does the name AVALON (mystic isle of King Arthur) identify with the supernatural, giving the bow, and thus the archer, special powers?

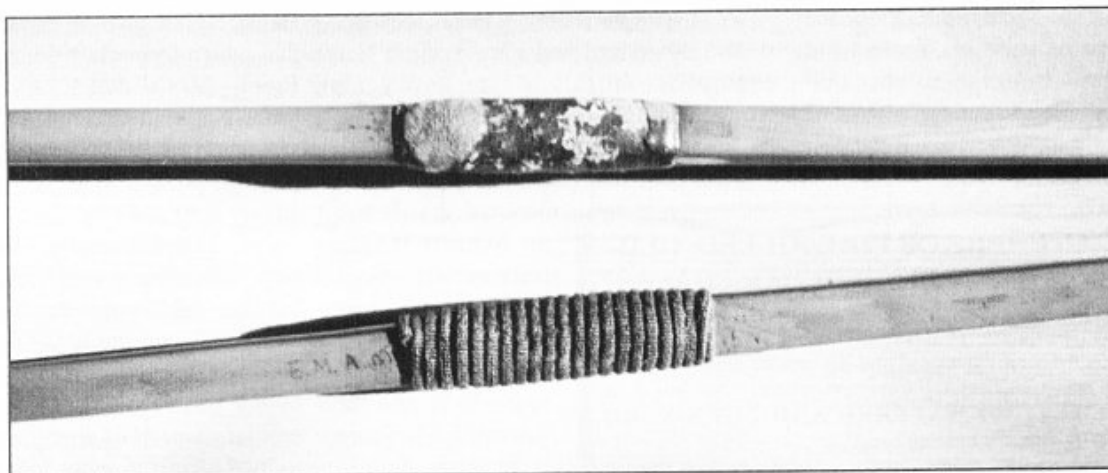
I would be surprised if Hoyt, or for that matter any other major bowmaker, named their weapons by chance. The ways of commerce are insidious, and whoever thinks that archery and commerce are not inextricably linked lives in the past.

If the characteristic of their chosen bow, and the character of the archer whose choice it is are interlinked, then we may lay bare some of the facets of temperament which, being com-



H.A. Ford, 12-time National Champion of Great Britain. Photo believed to have been taken in 1867 on the occasion of his last victory.





Bows of the Champions. Upper: Mrs. Ethel Atkinson's bow by F.H. Ayer of London (note silk cover on handle. Lower: Mrs. Ethel Armitage's bow by Thomas Aldred of London.

mon to both, made certain National English Target Champions tick.

I have chosen two men, and two women; each acknowledged for their expertise; each head and shoulders above their "grass-roots" companions. Horace Alford Ford and a Buchanan bow which is believed to have belonged to him; Charles James Longman and his Aldred bow; Mrs. Ethel Armitage and her Aldred; and Mrs. Ethel Atkinson and her bow by Ayres.

Thomas Aldred, James Buchanan, and Frederick Henry Ayres; three bowyers of note. More of them later. We will firstly look at their bows.

James Buchanan, a bowyer of great integrity, was a personal friend of Horace Ford; and although nowhere is it stated categorically, it is thought that his were the only bows Ford used. Certainly what references there are to bows in the accounts of his shooting are always to those of Buchanan. Botanically the longbow described here is of genus *Taxus Baccata*, not *Brevifoli*, as are American weapons. It is of European origin; and since bowyer Buchanan drew upon the high Pyrenees for his staves, we can look to this area with fair confidence for its source. There is just an outside chance that it came from the sub-Alpine region of Northern Italy, for Venetian yew was particularly prized; but the texture and colour of the wood differs from that of Spanish Pyrenean yew, and this source is unlikely.

It's draw weight is marked at 56 lbs, and it has an overall length between nocks of 70.3/4" (1m.80cm). The upper limb is 34.5" (87.6cm), and the lower 32.25" (82cm). Although the tip of its stringing horn (upper nock) is missing, the lower is intact and it is pretty certain that each is original. The handle covering is of green velour, secured above and below by .25" (7mm) decorated leather strip.

The upper handle cover is extensively worn for some 2" (5cm) below the mother of pearl arrow pass, indicating a tight grip between thumb, forefinger, and the heel of the hand. With the exception of some wear at the point of contact with the fourth finger, the remaining 2.5" of the handle cover is relatively unworn.

Although the means of its joining is hidden by the handle cover, Buchanan is known to have favored the fish-tail splice, as common at that time as it is now; and there is little reason to doubt its use here. It is not evident whether "brother and sister" billets were used to form the limbs, but this was consistent with mid-19th century bowyery practice.

In its present state the lower limb is bound in three places; these deal with a serious but fairly recent "lift" (tension fracture) which has occurred on the back. There is no evidence for crysalling (compression fracture) on the belly. It was shot until a year or two ago and this must say a lot for a 150-year-old bow.

The second bow to be checked out is by Thomas Aldred, erstwhile partner of James Buchanan in the 1840s, and in every sense his equal. It belonged to, and was probably made for, Charles James Longman, an outstanding English archer and National Champion for 1883, and a man whose talents extended way beyond shooting.

A superb example of bowyer Aldred's work, it's draw-weight is marked at 47 lbs, and it is 70.75" in overall length. The upper limb is 34.5" between nock groove and handle, and the lower limb 31.5". The handle binding is of green braid, and a mother of pearl arrow pass necks are original, and in perfect condition. Unlike the Buchanan bow, there is little evidence of wear. A 24-strand linen string, which may be original, is fitted to the bow. When acquired for my collection it was in its travelling Ascham, together with two other bows, twenty-eight arrows, and other paraphernalia belonging to the great man.

We know in considerable detail how Aldred's bows were made, there is a chapter in Longman and Walrond's book which tells us. Those readers who have kept their copy of the Spring 1997 *Instinctive Archer* can turn to pages 56 & 57 to learn all. He used the fishtail splice, carefully matching brother and sister billets; and was meticulous in allowing his glue time to cure properly to the extent of preparing and gluing his

joints only in the springtime. Evidence of the length of time his bows hold together comes from the number that have survived. The writer has a total of 31, compared with just 11 by Buchanan and 14 by Ayres.

The third bow, a ladies weapon, is also by Aldred and once again a fine example from this Master-bowyer's workshop. Shot by Mrs. Ethel M. Armitage, National Championess in 1914, it is of self-yew and weighs in at a

mere 24 lbs. It has an overall length between nock grooves of just 63.5"; whilst the upper limb measures 30.5" and the lower 28.5". There is an arrow pass in mother of pearl, and the handle covering is in Aldred's green braid.

The lower limb is bound in two places, and is marked E..M..A (rmitage). A twenty strand linen string, probably original, is fitted.

The fourth weapon, a Ladies bow by Frederick Henry Ayres, also made of self-yew, is that which formerly belonged to another Ethel. Mrs. Ethel E. Atkinson, three times National Championess : in 1928, and again in 1931, and 1935. Her bow, like that of Mrs. Armitage, was comparatively light at 24 lbs.

Dimensionally, Mrs. Atkinson's bow also measures 63.5" overall between nock grooves, the upper limb being 31", and the lower 29". The handle cover is of silk, and the upper limb is bound in one place. An arrow-pass in mother of pearl is fitted; and a double-looped string in spun hemp (of which more later) completes the picture.

F.H. Ayres, from whose London workshop this bow came, died in 1906 a rich man; almost the only bowyer to do so. He left £275,918 (\$560,000 at the then rate of exchange). At his death the firm was taken over by his four sons, the eldest also a Frederick Henry, and was known from then on as F.H. Ayres, Ltd. The omission of "Ltd" from the Makers stamp on this bow, incidentally, shows it to pre-date 1906. The objects of the newly formed Company show it to have market-leading aspirations; they included the manufacture of cycles, bicycles, velocipedes, motor-cycles, and motor-cars, as well as accessories for racquets, tennis, cricket, croquet, and, almost as an afterthought, archery.

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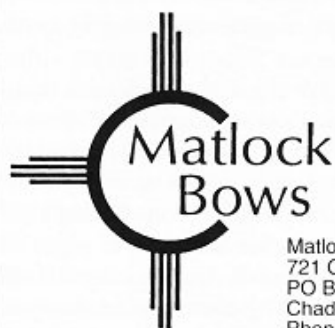
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loop, starting from the half-hitch securing the string to the lower limb. In passing, it is interesting to see an Edwardian bow string, of three stranded hemp, in what is presumably its original form before the application of water-glue and wax.

### PROFILING, HORACE FORD...

From 1849 until the late 1860s, Horace Alford Ford can fairly be said to have been the greatest, certainly the most successful, archer of his day; often rising at 4 a.m. on a summer morning to shoot a practice York Round before breakfast. His dedication, both by practical example and critical analysis of shooting, shines through the pages of his one book *"The Theory and Practice of Archery."* This stands alongside Roger Askham's great work *"Toxophilus"* as a milestone in the understanding of our sport, and is still as eagerly sought today as it was over a century ago.

Ford was taught his archery at Queens Park, Brighton, in Sussex, by master archer Edward Maitland. He was a willing and apt pupil; but all credit is due to Maitland for fanning the flame of an initial enthusiasm. It became obvious early in his career that he was an intellectual rather than an intuitive shooter. He understood the importance of a correct "draw-force line" a full century before it became a standard plank of modern coaching technique; and he was amongst the first to demonstrate the advantage of a front-of-face draw, thus keeping the eye directly above the arrow, against the then accepted draw to the ear.

He was a tall man for his day, standing a good 6' 2", and had a commanding presence. His was an equable disposition; although he was idiosyncratic on the target line, preferring to take himself off until required to shoot. For all that however, and his undoubted and well documented success, his style was anything but graceful. So much so in fact that a top flight lady archer once said, after watching him shooting against a companion, "...I had rather miss in that Gentleman's style, than hit in Mr. Ford's!"

If Ford had a weakness, it was in his draw and loose: a fact that was to

lead to an enforced absence from the Prize Table for much of the 1860s—his drawing style was to hold the string on the extremities of his fingers, leading eventually and inevitably to flexor damage in the third finger of his drawing hand—a major factor in his leaving the sport.

His final year of Championship was in 1867 when, for the twelfth and last time, and at Brighton where he had learned to shoot, he once more became National Champion. He retired from archery altogether in 1870, declaring that it now bored him; and he died prematurely from influenza ten years later, aged 58.

Ford's ability to put up huge scores has not always gone without comment. C. Pownall, the choleric Publisher (in 1929) of *"ARCHERY RECORDS,"* specifically excluded Ford's scores, with phrases suggestive not just of disbelief, but of implied cheating! Sufficient circumstantial and actual evidence exists though, to ensure that Ford's reputation stays unsullied, and Pownall's memory can be safely left to stew in its own bile.

Examples of Ford's excellence are recorded. On one occasion, it being too wet to shoot outdoors, he placed a half-crown coin (about 1.5" in diameter) against the skirting board of a large room, and going to the other end, drew up his bow and shot, hitting the coin squarely in the middle first time. On another occasion some friends placed an oak leaf on the target center, 100 yards away, and bet Ford that he couldn't hit it in three arrows. With his third arrow he struck the leaf and won the wager.

Apart from his awards, which were considerable and of quality (a writing desk on one occasion) and his cash winnings at local and Regional Tournaments, Ford netted well over £600 at his championship appearances, an enormous amount by today's standards. He lies buried, his character unblemished by petty slander, in Locksbrook Cemetery, Bath. Above him a simple headstone. There is no reference to the successes of this remarkable man. None are needed, he remains in death, as in life, an archery legend.

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi!!





**HIGHLIGHTING C.J. LONGMAN.**

Although not in the same league as Ford, Charles James Longman was still an excellent shot, taking the 1883 National Championship with 193 Hits, and a Score of 869 for the two-way Double York Round.

His archery talents were eclectic; he had the inquiring mind of the true antiquary. His collection of ethnic bows and arrows was second to none; whilst the extensive set of engraved ivory bracers he acquired whilst in the Low Countries, and which can be seen by appointment at the Pitt Rivers Museum in Oxford, is almost certainly unique.

Longman was a Principal of the Publishing House of Longman, Green &

Co. and as such a prime claim to fame rests on his inspired initiative to republish (in 1887) Ford's *"Archery, its Theory and Practice."* Having bought the copyright from Ford's representatives, he persuaded William Butt, for many years

most successful in the series. He concentrated, as one might expect, on the prehistoric and ethnic aspects of the bow and arrow, leaving the more modern scene to Colonel Walrond, Alice Legh, and others. Many of the photographs are of artifacts from his own Collection.

In his earlier days, Charles Longman took a keen interest in arrow penetration. In a Chapter on the Range and Penetration of Longbows within the Badminton *"Archery,"* he analyzes this, sug-

One gentleman in particular complained subsequently, that on a slightly foggy day he couldn't even see the Longman target, let alone hit it!

gesting the rather self-evident fact that for maximum effect four things need to be suitably exact. The shape of the head, the material of which it is made, the weight of the arrow, and the velocity at which it travels. The results of his experiments, conducted rather somewhat naively on his neighbor's gate with a borrowed Aldred selfyew bow of 65 lbs draw-weight, demonstrated if nothing else, that to remove a bodkin pointed arrow from an oak gatepost it was necessary to make a large hole in the wood subsequently filling it with putty. Fortunately for the gate, by now rather the worse for wear, a heavier, spear-shaped arrow could not be used because the borrowed bow broke, thereby ensur-


Secretary of the Royal Toxophilite Society, to revise it. Butt, himself a keen archer in Ford's mould, tackled the task enthusiastically, creating a work which might in fact be better described as his own treatise on the theory and practice of archery, based on observation and informed comment by Ford! It is no wonder that Longman's *"Ford on Archery"* is known habitually as *"Butt on Ford."*

With Colonel Walrond, Longman was one of the main driving forces behind the BADMINTON LIBRARY series of Books on Sporting subjects published under the general Editorship of the Duke of Beaufort, being personally responsible for a number of the Chapters in *"Archery,"* one of the

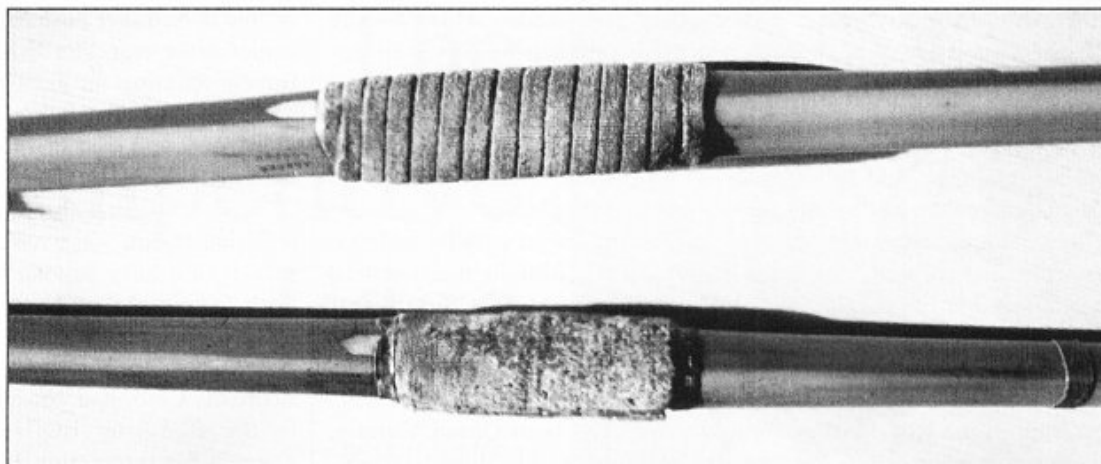
gesting the rather self-evident fact that for maximum effect four things need to be suitably exact. The shape of the head, the material of which it is made, the weight of the arrow, and the velocity at which it travels. The results of his experiments, conducted rather somewhat naively on his neighbor's gate with a borrowed Aldred selfyew bow of 65 lbs draw-weight, demonstrated if nothing else, that to remove a bodkin pointed arrow from an oak gatepost it was necessary to make a large hole in the wood subsequently filling it with putty. Fortunately for the gate, by now rather the worse for wear, a heavier, spear-shaped arrow could not be used because the borrowed bow broke, thereby ensur-



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Bows of the Champions. Upper: C.J. Longman's bow by Thomas Ayred of London (note silk cover on handle. Lower: a bow associated with H.A. Ford by James Buchanan of London.

ing premature termination of the experiment.

A valiant attempt by Longman radically to change the colours of the standard Target to a light French grey,

with a black Bulls-eye, was based on the premise that in strong sunlight it was impossible to see arrows in the target. The members of the Royal Tox, were persuaded to shoot at these during their Jubilee Celebrations, an experiment which went down like a lead balloon. One gentleman in particular complained subsequently, that on a slightly foggy day he couldn't even see the Longman target, let alone hit it! Faced by such trenchant criticism from his peers, Longman had no alternative but to abandon his initiative. With thinly veiled sarcasm however, he wrote in the "Archers Register: *"Timid Conservatives need not fear that I shall attempt to spring any violent change*

*upon them, or that they will be called upon to shoot at the Grand National Archery Meeting at a row of hideous monstrosities whose very outline they are unable to discern!"*

Like FORD, and I think without exception all other Champions down to the present day, Longman was an active member of the Royal Toxophilite Society, and shot there regularly. He was also elected to membership of the exclusive West Berkshire Archers, whose numbers were limited to twelve, and shot with them (latterly only occasionally) until 1903, when his name disappears from the list of those taking part.

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Although he lived on for many years, dying in 1932 at the good age of 82, he seems not to have shot again.

#### A DUET of ETHELS.

Ethel M. Armitage, and Ethel E. Atkinson shared more than just a first name. Each had championship class; each was a dedicated archeress, although perhaps for a difference of reason. Ethel Armitage was a happily married family wife with two daughters, also archers, and a husband who, despite his military duties as a Captain in the Royal Army Service Corps, was a fine bowman in his own right. Ethel Atkinson was a widow with a young family to support, and an unashamed intention (I have this at first hand from her son) to win Awards (often monetary in her day) to supplement a meager income.

Mrs. Armitage had the misfortune—not the best chosen of phrases perhaps—to be in competition with the legendary Alice Legh; and like Queenie Newall, Lottie Dod, and other excellent archers she lived, archery-wise, in

Alice's permanent shadow. However, she gained the Championship Silver Bracer and Badge just once, in 1914, when in a hard-fought battle with Queenie just 3 points and one hit behind her, they and two others pushed Miss Legh into an unaccustomed fifth place.

Life was never easy for widows; however Mrs Atkinson managed to belong to, or shoot at a number of Southern Clubs. Prime amongst them was perhaps the prestigious "Queens Royal St. Leonards Archery Society" whose patron had been Queen Victoria, no less, and whose Club Round—the St. Leonards Round—reflected this with its additional "Royal" Ends. Ethel Atkinson it was who, as Honorary Secretary, tidied up the Club's affairs when it ceased, arranging for the Royal Trophies to be deposited with the Curator of Hastings Museum.

Having no Alice Legh to contend with during her hey-day, this Ethel made the Championship three times, in 1928, 1931, and 1935. (As an aside, the entry in Paterson's *"Encyclopedia of Archery"* which accords her a fourth title in 1929, is wrong, the Championess that year was Miss Rushton).

Both Ethels were International archers, although opportunity was limited for Mrs. Armitage. She did take part in the 1908 Olympics however, coming a creditable fifth out of twenty-five. Her namesake represented England at the World Championships many times though, being a member (with Mrs Nettleton and Miss Search) of the winning English Ladies Team in 1935. By now a

widow herself, her husband having died earlier in the year, Mrs ATKINSON continued shooting until 1939, when she unbraced her bow for the last time. She re-married, and died in 1959 at the ripe old age of 79.

It's said, with what truth I can't tell, that if you want something done, give it to a busy woman! Fact or not, both Ethels played their full part in archery admin. Ethel Atkinson, besides her duties as Secretary to the St. Leonards Club, had considerable input to the fledgling English "General Council for International Archery." In fact the Minute Book for the first five years of this Organization's being, was and may still be, in the possession of her family; an historic fact that, by the lack of interest displayed, seems of no particular interest to anyone! Mrs. ARMITAGE however, although not concerned with International archery polemics, busied herself within County archery in Herefordshire. It could truly be said of her that if County archery were a pie, she would have had her finger in it up to the knuckle. She belonged to six County Clubs. A founder member of the "Hereford Round A.C." (formed in 1901 for ladies to practice the then new Hereford Round) she also belonged to: Wyese Bowmen; Wyese (Ladies) A.C; the Mid-Herefordshire A.S.; the prestigious Hereford Bow-Meeting Society (formed in 1826 and still going strong today); and the Mid-Herefordshire A.S (formed in 1902 to enable ladies to practice the NATIONAL Round) a club of which she was both founder member and Hon: Secretary/Treasurer.

Although each career was interrupted by hostilities (WWI for Mrs Armitage; WWII for Mrs Atkinson), in the latter case finishing it altogether; despite adversity, each was able to realize much of the potential of which they were capable, a credit both to courage and tenacity of purpose. Although they seldom shot together, both Ethels sang to the same tune. Truly a duet, if seldom a duel.



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# The Competitive Edge

by Gary Sentman

## Learning the Hard Way

Over the 23 years that I have held the official record for pulling the heaviest hand-held bow I have been asked many times how I developed the strength to pull such a heavy bow. You might say my love for archery with the resultant ability to pull heavy bows all began in history class when I was about 14 years old. While glancing through my history book I saw a picture of a fine specimen of a man, a Greek, as I recall, who held a bow of "curves" in his hand. The two made a beautiful picture. I decided then that I wanted a bow with curves.

At the sound of the lunch bell I rushed to a nearby sports shop to look at their archery supplies. The bow that caught my eye was a Bear Kodiak. I had no concept about the pull weight or mechanics of the bow. I only knew it had graceful curves and was similar to the one I had seen in my history book. The bow was priced at \$49.50 and having no money I asked the clerk if I could purchase the bow and make payments until it was paid for. I mowed lawns and saved my lunch money and paid on the bow. Finally with some help from my grandmother the day came when I proudly made my final payment.

I hadn't thought about stringing the bow, when I discovered this might be quite a task I phoned my friend Jerry Hedland who lived nearby. I talked him into coming over to help. We put the tip of the lower limb on the bed as I held the upper limb while Jerry pushed the handle of the grip down. I was able to pull up on the upper limb and place the string on the nock. I had purchased one arrow for \$1.10 at the sportshop. Taking my treasured possession to the backyard, I placed the arrow on the string, drew it to my cheek and let her fly. My eyes opened wide as I watched the arrow shatter on the wooden fence. I was sure proud of my bow, but now I was without arrows. I was probably losing weight because again I had to save my lunch money to buy some arrows. I soon had enough to purchase two.

On returning to the sport shop I found there were different arrows for different pull weights of bows. I didn't know



what the pull weight of my bow was or even that it was a necessary consideration. I returned home and looking closely at the bow I discovered "AMO 60 in. long, 66 lbs. pull weight at 28 in." written on the bow. Armed with this information I again returned to the sport shop. I then informed the clerk that I had a 66-pound bow and wanted some arrows. The clerk looked at me and my lanky frame and asked if I was going to hunt African elephants or what I had in mind. I explained that I had recently purchased a bow from his shop and I now needed some arrows. This was the beginning of many years of learning archery the hard way. Thankfully that summer I had the opportunity to take an archery class that was being taught near the Portland Oregon zoo.

After graduating from high school in 1962 I made a trip to California to visit my grandparents. It was at this time that I visited Howard Hill's archery shop in Sunland California. Ted Garver was behind the counter. I told him I wanted to order a Howard Hill longbow of 70-pounds pull weight. As I remember it took about six weeks to get the bow. Meanwhile I made the trip to San Francisco California where I visited an archery shop owned by Ed Cannelli. Ed could see that I was very serious about traditional archery although very ignorant about the techniques of the sport. He took me under his wing and showed me what he believed was the Howard Hill style and technique of shooting. In a short time I was shooting the 28 field course just outside of San Francisco.

Most of the shooters there were shooting 45 to 55-pound recurves. I never once considered using one of these

bows even though it was in my seventh grade class that I was attracted to a bow with curves. From the first time that I walked into the Howard Hill archery shop in 1962 I knew I would always shoot a longbow. After about four months of using my 70-pound bow I thought I needed a heavier pull weight and so ordered another Howard Hill bow of 85-pounds.

I remember being in Utah on the opening morning of hunting season with my 85 lb. bow and quiver full of arrows. Off I went to hunt my big buck. After a couple of hours I came upon several large grouse. After I had shot every arrow in my quiver, gathered up and shot again, I had managed to dispatch one grouse with my 85-pound bow. In short, I had a lot of fun, but when I look back I realize I was ever so ignorant. However there was one thing I could do successfully, that was pull a heavy bow.

### Getting Ready For The Record Pull

In 1968 I had the pleasure of meeting the bowyer John Schulz. John at that time was making bows for Howard Hill archery company in Redding California. I remember walking into the shop and introducing myself to John. He invited me in and I explained to him that I was the guy from Alaska who shoots the 93-pound bow that he had made. John asked me if the bow wasn't a little heavy for me. I answered him saying I've never pulled a bow that was too heavy for me, and was quite comfortable with my 93-pound bow. John took me to the back room where he had finished a 154-pound bow that had been made for Don Brown from the Los Angeles area. Brown had been training to set a new world's record for some time.

John asked me if I thought the 154-pound bow would be too much for me. I said I didn't think so and sure would like to give it a try. At this time John excused himself saying he would be right back. In a short time John returned with four other guys. As they entered the room John said, "*Fellows I want you to meet Alaska's greatest bow hunter. He's never had a bow that he felt he couldn't draw and he's going to pull Don Brown's 154 lb. bow for us.*" As I looked at their faces I noticed they were all grinning from ear to ear. The bow was strung and handed to me, I proceeded to draw it several times with no apparent effort while continuing our conversation.

John and I kept in touch and hunted several times together. In 1975 I received a phone call from John informing me that Howard Hill had passed away. John explained that the Howard Hill company would like to sponsor me to go to The Forksville Pennsylvania Bow Hunters Festival and attempt to break the world record set by Howard Hill. Howard Hill's record of 172 pounds for the heaviest hand-barely bow pulled was set in 1932. I had barely three months to prepare for the event.

John made a 150-pound bow for me to pull to condition with. I considered weight lifting for additional training and went to a nearby gym where I approached several avid weightlifters and asked them if they would like to try to pull my 104-pound bow, as I was doing some research in preparation to pull the world's heaviest bow. They all agreed assuming 100 lbs. would be relatively easy for them to pull, because they were used to throwing around 100 lb. weights with little effort. To my surprise, *and theirs I'm sure*, not one of them could even come close to pulling the bow to an archer's draw. I decided at that time there was no point in spending the next three months in the gym pumping iron. I would spend my time in preparing using live weight and building tendon strength.

I finally arrived in Forksville Pennsylvania after missing two flight connections. I was to be picked up at the airport by several longbow enthusiasts. I imagine they watched the disembarkment of the planes looking for this "*super stud*" of rippling muscles that was going to attempt to set a new world's record. When the terminal cleared and they realized that there was only one man left standing around looking like he was waiting for a ride their eyes settled on me. They must have thought, "*No, this can't be the archer who is going to attempt to set the world's record. Not this skinny guy.*" I weighed 176 lbs. and stood 6 ft. 1 inches. John Schulz and I put on an exhibition on stage, popping balloons and trick shooting where I shot the 150 lb. bow. The "*record breaker*," as the 176-pound bow is called, is made of Alabama straight-grain Hickory, 72 inches long with a limb-core thickness of .75 inches and is 1.25 inches wide at the fadeout. It

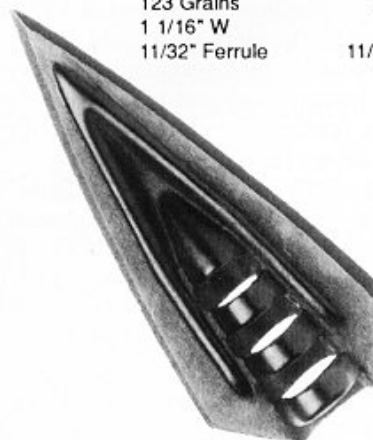
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took two of us to string it. The bow stringer broke the first time we tried. However, we were successful on the second attempt after making a bow stringer from some parachute cord someone happened to have. Finally the time had come. On September 20th 1975, I drew the bow back to 29 inches, but the nock on the arrow split causing the arrow to slip from the string. Undaunted I picked up another arrow, placed it on the string and drew the 176-pound bow back to 28.25 inches, as is recorded in the Guinness Book of World Records.

### How To Increase Your Bow-pulling Strength

Let's take the term strength. There are basically two kinds of physical strength, muscle strength and tendon strength. Muscle strength enables you to lift heavy objects such as the rear-end of a Volkswagen off the ground. Tendon strength, on the other hand, gives you the ability to do chin-ups, push-ups, or like some farm boys, throw bales of hay around all day long without undue fatigue. The ability to perform different feats of strength depends on the length of the muscles involved as well as the angle to which the muscles are hinged to the bone structure, in other words, the leverage the muscle and bone combined create. Some individuals are thin and look like me, while others have shorter, stockier builds.

I'm sure you realize from the previous paragraphs that first of all I had a lot of natural ability. We're not all created equal. Some have natural abilities to play the piano or flute etc, with great success. While some have athletic abilities to excel in different sporting events. For those of you who wish to increase your strength for pulling a heavier bow, I will relay in as much detail as I can, the methods and mind frame I used in preparation for the world's record.

I feel live weight exercises will benefit the archer more than pumping iron to increase the strength needed for pulling a heavy bow. Exercises including isometrics and push ups. These exercises build up the correct back muscles needed for pulling a bow. Acquire a set of pulling-cables with four or five individual springs. The ones I used were the Joe Weider type which were very strong,

So strong in fact that I have seen very few men in my life that could put all five spring-cables on the stretcher and pull them across the chest with both arms stretching them approximately 5.5 feet. You may find it necessary to start out with only two or three springs and progress until you are comfortable with the weight, then add another spring. This is what I did until I could put all five springs on the bar and stretch them five to ten times in one set.

After you are comfortable with the weight extend both arms over your head and pull them down in front of you extending your arms to the side. This develops the top of the shoulders. Stretching them across the back at shoulder level, extending the arms develops the back muscles. I worked out with the spring cables five days a week. Remember if you want to increase your strength you must continually use maximum strength in exercise. Regularly doing the same routine such as 3 sets of 15 may increase your stamina but not necessarily your maximum strength.

I also used the 150-pound bow in my workout routine. I would draw this bow several times a week, both right and left handed. It became so easy to draw that I began to extend my arm and using a 29-inch glass Micro Flight arrow, drew the bow one-third of the way and held as I slowly counted to five. From that point, without letting down, I drew the bow back two-thirds and again counted to five. Without letting down I completed the draw to anchor on my face and held at full-draw until my bow arm began to shake. For the competitive archer I recommend having a bow five to ten pounds heavier than the one normally used for competition shooting and use it as directed above to increase your strength for handling your competition bow. Work out with the heavier bow only after you have finished shooting for the day. Breaking your muscle fiber down will only destroy your shooting form. I don't recommend shooting the heavyweight bow until you are very comfortable with the weight. I had a retail archery shop during the time I was preparing for the event so was able to pick up the bow as well as the springs and repeat these exercises throughout the day.

As is true in many sports, traditional archery requires the archer to

develop mental aptitude as well as physical. Therefore periodically I would hold my hand and arm out as if I were holding a bow and "visualize" as I went through the motions of pulling an extremely heavy bow. My purpose for this was to condition my mind that I could and would pull any bow that I desired. I feel that mental conditioning is as important as the physical aspect. I actually believe, in my case, I could have pulled the world's heaviest bow with just mental attitude, just as we have read about the 130-pound woman who was able to lift the partial weight of a car because her child or husband was pinned underneath. Although later she may realize she has suffered physical injuries from the feat. Therefore the body must be put in physical shape so one doesn't suffer physical injury.

I was at an archery shoot approximately five years ago where an archer had a compound bow that was supposed to be pulling 120-pounds. Calling me the "strong man" of archery he asked me if I could pull the compound back. My mind was still conditioned so I easily pulled the compound. Because of the different action of the compound this could have resulted in physical injury for me because I was not physically prepared. Remember not to ask from the mind what the body is not physically able to do or you may suffer physical injury.

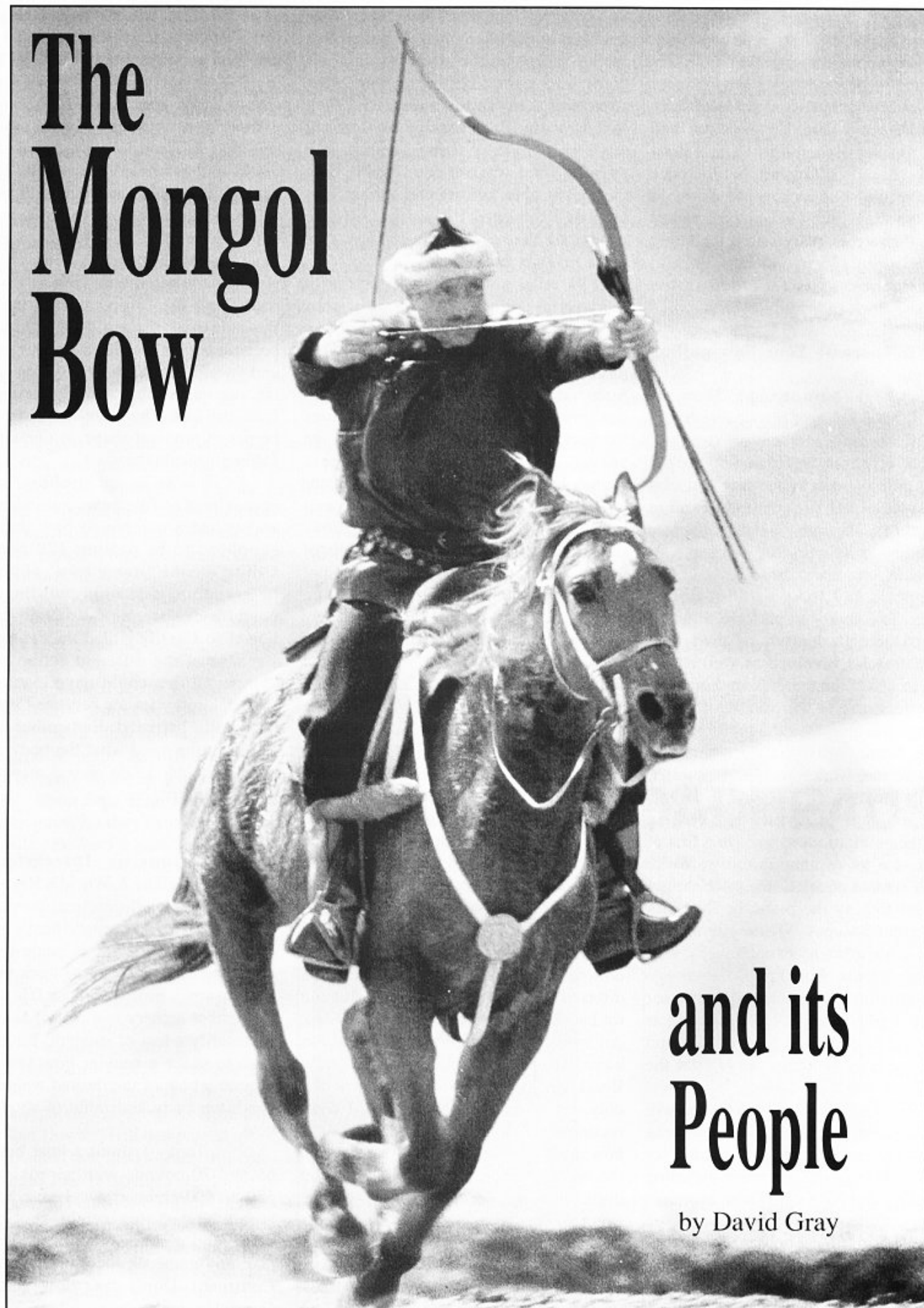
### Not Everyone is Interested In Conditioning For A World's Record.

In closing, for all practical purposes I don't advocate extremely heavy bows. However, I feel, if one is going to hunt big game it is necessary to work up to a maximum point of efficiency. Remember archery is a feat of skill, not necessarily a feat of strength. But if you wish to shoot a heavier bow you must acquire a bow of the desired weight and condition body and mind to shoot that bow.

Today I shoot a bow between 65 and 70-pounds with approximately 550- to 600-grain arrows. I am confident with a bow of this weight, shot placement, and a sharp broadhead, I could take any game on the North American Continent. Don't over bow yourself. Good shooting!







# The Mongol Bow

and its  
People

by David Gray

*This piece was researched as part of my personal preparation for the first formal mounted archery demonstration in the United States given by Kassai Lajos, the founder of this standardized discipline in Europe. This event occurred at the Great Lakes Longbow Invitational, July, 1998; it was primarily underwritten by the Michigan Longbow Association and coordinated by the author.*

Who is this Kassai Lajos who shoots from horseback? Who are your Hungarian relatives who may bear the name Bartok, or the Hungarian you work with whose name is Horvath who lives in a town called Kossuth? Why are they known for their individualism, courage, dignity, and hospitality? What path led this highly accomplished horse archer to our midst today?

### **The long trek out of Asia**

The journey of the Magyar (Hungarians) apparently began some time long before the days of Christ. Although historians caution us that the time and place of origin may be uncertain, a predominant belief is that they came from the Ural Mountains around the river valleys of the Kama and the Volga. Scholars now refer to these ancient fishing and hunting peoples as Finno-Ugric because some impetus or hardship drove some of them out of their ancient lands toward the northwest to present day Finland, and others started a very long drawn-out journey southwest to present day Hungary. To this day, the Finns and Hungarians share some language similarities in testimony to their common roots. The Ural Mountain origin of the Magyars was celebrated in the particular style of the whistling arrow used in an opening ceremony at the 1998 Michigan demonstration.

The odyssey of the Ugric people from the Volga to present-day Hungary is measured not in years but in centuries. After a dozen or more centuries of migration, and by about 680 A.D., the ancestors of the modern Hungarians arrived on the Russian steppe (vast grassy plain) by the Don and Dniester Rivers, directly north of the Black Sea. They were quite a strong force as indicated by their control over Kiev. The Magyar culture evolved with a decidedly cosmopolitan flavor. During their long journey out of Asia, the Ugric people were to be deeply influenced over several centuries by a number of civilizations. These influences included the Turks and other strains of the nomadic horse cultures, Jewish Khazars, and Iranians. Their wide cultural horizons are evident in the fact that most nobles and many common Hungarian people were bilingual up to the tenth century A.D. (their own Magyar language, and Turkish).

### **The entrance into Hungary**

The Hungarians moved again to escape military pressure in about 890 A.D. Ten tribes united for strength—seven Hungarian tribes and three Khazar tribes. The strongest of all the Hungarian tribes was the Magyar which became the name of this emerging nation as well as the language adopted by all ten tribes. The Magyars crossed the Carpathian Mountains

into current day Romania, Transylvania, and Hungary. The conquest of this new homeland was completed in 896 A.D.

The new homeland (the Carpathian basin) was not densely populated and the conquest was apparently relatively easy. Remnants of the Huns occupation during the 300s and 400s and even more remnants of the Avars' occupation in the 600s, 700s, and 800s were absorbed into the new Magyar nation. Similar to events in ancient Polish history, the Hungarians absorbed diverse peoples without obliterating their identity or their culture.

Hungary was a major player in early European history for several centuries. The first long phase of national stability lasted from the time of the conquest in 896 until 1300; this era was labeled by the name of the leader of the conquest, Arpad. Throughout most of the 1400s, the Kingdom of Hungary occupied a large portion of central Europe, and shared a national border with the Lithuanian-Polish Commonwealth. The Ottoman Turks overpowered Hungary and ruled over the country from the mid 1500s through the late 1600s. By the late 1800s, Hungary had regained its self-control in the form of a dual monarchy with Austria.

### **Kassai's modern Hungary**

Kassai was born in 1960, four years after the famous Budapest Revolt against the Communists. For nearly fifty years Kassai's Hungary had been under the heel of oppression, first under the Nazis starting in 1944, and then under the Communists from 1949 to 1990. In spite of every effort to strangle the courageous and independent spirit of the Hungarian people, they have made a vital comeback. Kassai's family had enjoyed a fairly comfortable status before the Nazi takeover; lost everything, and had to rebuild from the beginning.

Even though we may need to be careful with the concept of a national character, Eastern Europeans seem to have more than their share of romantic toughness. Poland, a sister country to Hungary in many ways, held the Nazis at bay for over a month in 1945 against all odds with a scarce supply of home-made weapons. Some writers think that the Warsaw Uprising of 1945 may have buttressed the spirit of the Budapest Revolt in 1956. And Budapest in turn may have inspired the Poles to penetrate the first crack in the Iron Curtain in 1990 in the form of the democratic Solidarity movement. If any one word characterizes the modern Hungarian landscape, it is rebuilding and renewal.

Kassai's bow-making shop employing eleven people, and his new Mounted Archery Center are part of this rebuilding.

### **The Magyar-Avar bow**

Now that we have a sketch of who Kassai is and the lineage of his people, what about the bow he shoots? An important aspect of the significance of Kassai's bow is that it signals the western frontier or demarcation of the great Asian archery influence. Just as the Magyars are cosmopolitan in development and diverse in origins, so is the Magyar bow. This bow



Kassai returning to the starting line in preparation for another attack on the target.

is sometimes referred to as the Hungarian Avar bow (Traditional Bowyer's Bible, Volume II, page 135) because its architecture resembles the remains of bows found in ancient Avar graves.

Recent analyses of ancient Avar and Magyar gravesites graphically reveal the richness and antiquity of the horsebow in Kassai's hand. Numerous excavated graves allow us to see the Avar archer at final rest with the bow placed over the heart, with arrows, and quiver alongside. The position of durable elements such as the bone handle plates, bone siyah plates, stone and metal arrow points, and metal quiver frames tell a fairly accurate story,

By examining undisturbed graves, and drawing inferences from different grave sites, much has been learned about the configuration of these ancient bows. That these people were as attached to their horses as to their bows is clear because the head of the horse and the shank (shin) bones were commonly buried at the foot of the archer. Kassai's bows evolved from these horse archers,

convey some distortion due to brevity, but I am convinced that we must first understand and appreciate the people before we can understand either an ancient bow or it's modern counterpart.

#### Kassai's bows

The pre-modern, thickly sinewed and horn reinforced bows upon which Kassai's bows are based reflect the resilient but tough character of the eastern Europeans. Even though Kassai has replaced bone and sinew with modern materials, his bows stand squarely in the early and richly melded Eurasian stream of peoples and implements.

## The ancient versions of these bows were refined over centuries for hunting and fighting...

and from many of the other Asian groups which thundered across the steppes of Eurasia. This rapid thumbnail sketch of the Magyars and their ancient bows may



While Kassai is a Magyar, and is most closely tied historically to the Magyar bow, the bowyers in his shop make several kinds of closely related yet clearly distinct bows. Three such bows are the Hun, Magyar, and Mongol.

These bows reflect a portion of Kassai's current understanding of the three types of bows based on his cooperative work with anthropologists and museums, and through his extensive travel. These three types of bow have different siyah lengths, and different angles of siyah orientation to the limbs. The Mongol is the only one requiring a string bridge or pad on both siyahs. The Hun bow is the oldest and only asymmetrical one of the three. Comparative overall configurations of the bows indicate the differences of the three bows as produced by Kassai.

It is usually a mistake to take any drawing or photo of any original bow or reproduction as the definitive form of any particular kind of bow. I doubt that any type of bow is petrified in one totally standardized pattern. Rather, ancient and modern bowyers were and are highly intelligent, creative, and experimental creatures. Surely as we amass more information about these Asian bows, we will see evidence of variance and differences within each of the three types at any given time or across time.

Kassai makes a standard Magyar which is 48" long, strung (nock to nock), and a tall version for taller archers which is 55" strung. The Mongol bow is about 54" strung. His personal choice for horseback shooting is a Hun model, about 58" strung, pulling about 33 pounds. He shoots a light

Easton Superslam arrow measuring 33" from start of field tip to string; it is shot in the Asian style with a free floating "anchor" toward the back of the neck. The average approach shot and parting shot are in the vicinity of 30 yards, and if he goes up from three arrows to four or five in one tour-de-force demonstration pass, the approach and parting shots are about 40 yards. The trajectories remain amazingly flat in all these shots.

As with any vital artisan, Kassai's research and experimentation is ongoing. His emphasis is balanced somewhat toward the side of modern functionality rather than detailed replication. The ancient versions of these bows were refined over centuries for hunting and fighting and now offer an attractive option for modern hunters and target archers.

I have extensively shot all three of the basic types of bows made and used by Kassai, and have watched the reactions of others shooting them for the first time. These bows feel very good because a lot more energy is stored in the drawn limbs with much less effort because the siyahs (which act as levers)

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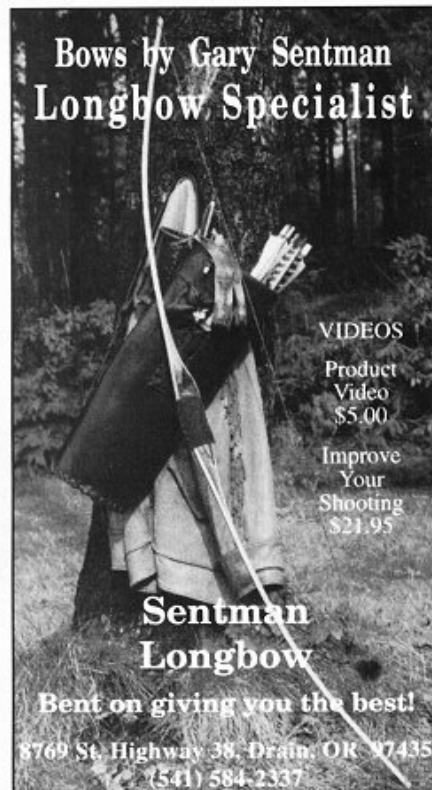
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really work. People cannot believe they are pulling the weight marked on the bow. The accuracy challenge is similar to any bow where the arrow is being shot off the bow hand without a shelf. The Mongol facilitates accuracy better than the other two for me, but as we said Kassai prefers the Hun, and still others prefer the Magyar. All these bows are available through the Krackow Company (see ad on this page).

Kassai has been the moving force behind organized competitions throughout Europe. With this bow, generated in centuries of rich history, he has just recently set a world record for a twelve hour non-stop mounted shooting marathon. Like his ancestors, Kassai fires multiple arrows accurately in a few seconds while at full gallop. This is the reason that people prayed in the Ninth Century: "Lord deliver us from the arrows of the Magyars."

A Magyar is here! Welcome to Kassai.

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Kassai inside the vendors' tent at Denton Hill, 1998.

"Composite Bows" by Charles Grayson. (1993). Chapter 5 in Volume II of *The Traditional Bowyer's Bible*.

"The Hungarian Composite" by G. Fabian. (1970). *Journal of Archer Antiquaries*, page 14-16. *The New Penguin Atlas of Medieval History*, by Colin McEvedy. (1992). New York:

#### Books.

Great simplified maps showing who ruled what and when.

*Saracen Archery: an English Version and Expositions of a Mameluke Work on Archery*, (originally 1368, reprinted and modified, 1970). J. D. Latham, and W. F. Paterson. London: The Holland Press. Includes no Hungarian or Avar bows per se, but one of the most basic works showing the Arab archery technology which is so closely related to the Hungarian-Avar bows.

"Whistling and Bouncing Arrows" by Ragnar Insulander. (1998). *Journal of Archer Antiquaries*, pages 10-12.

## Future Mounted Archery Opportunities

A two-day training session on mounted archery is anticipated at Saluki Archery in Grand Rapids, Ohio in late June, 1999; contact Lukas Novotney at 734-847-7039.

There is some possibility of an open competition at one of the major shoots in the States in the summer of 1999. There may be other training dates and places as well.

You may also consider going directly to Kassai's Mounted Archery Center in Kaposmiero, Hungary (100 miles southwest of Budapest).

For more information, contact David Gray at Krackow Company, R.D. 1 Beechwood Road, New Wilmington, PA 16142. 724-946-8332.

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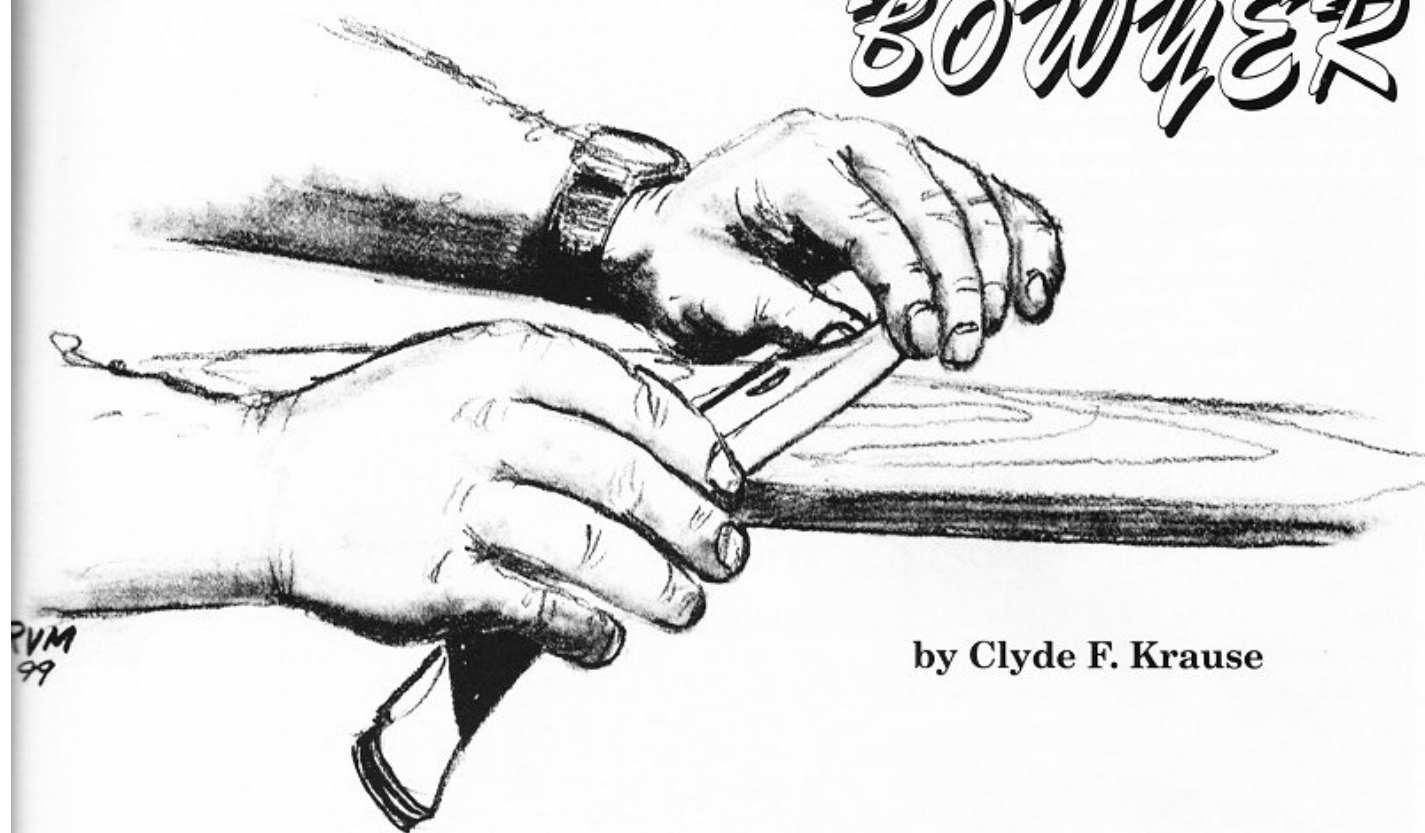
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# BOWYER

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by Clyde F. Krause

After decades of mental somnolence, I was recently re-introduced to the world of archery by a fellow worker, Ben Smoothers. With his stocky build, bushy eyebrows, and short, heavy beard streaked with gray, he is reminiscent of that legendary hero of early Americana—the Mountain Man.

Shortly after he started working with us, the realization dawned on my fellow workers and myself that he had a significant, if not glaring, peculiarity which set him a bit apart from the rest of us. He actually READS! You know—magazines, newspapers (and not just the comics!), and even, if I dare say it, BOOKS! Other than this minor flaw in his character, he is an upstanding citizen and all-around super nice guy.

Ben is an accomplished archer, bowyer, and arrow maker. He once proudly displayed to me an arrow he had just finished. This arrow had all the distinguishing features of a corkscrew and characteristics of a gnarled hickory limb all rolled up in one.

The broadhead—handmade, of course—was a small piece of an old handsaw blade, feathers from a white leghorn rooster rounded out the ensemble. In response to my rather skeptical look, Ben replied, "Already tried it. It flies straight as, heh, heh, heh, an arrow!"

According to Ben, even an arrow with an "S" curve in it is serviceable "as long as the crook of the 'S' is in the center of the arrow." Passing along useful and obscure tidbits of information such as this is one of his specialties and one he enjoys immensely.

Another of his specialties is tool making. He actually makes the tools used in crafting his bows and arrows. These tools he makes one at a time by hand. A man of much patience, he has been known to turn up his nose at a store-bought drawknife and painstakingly file one out of a garage sale butcher knife.

After becoming accustomed to his sometimes unorthodox approach to things, I asked him one morning what his current project was.

"Trigger type release for my bow," he said, flashing his ever-present grin.

"You been working on that thing for about two weeks now," I observed.

"Yep."

"Why don't you just buy one? They ain't but about twenty bucks."

"Store-bought ones just don't feel right," he replied, flashing the grin again. His grin is legendary in these parts.

I knew better than to ask. I really did. But I asked anyway. "Just what exactly is that anyway?" I asked, pointing to part of his contraption.

"Hood latch off an old Model T."

"And this?" I asked pointing again.

"Part of the innards of that big old cuckoo clock in the living room."

Noting my surprised look, he quickly added, "Oh, it's all right. My wife don't like that noisy old clock anyway. She ain't even wound it up in ten years."



"You gonna have that contraption finished by hunting season?"

"Dunno," he mused. "I should know more in a month or so."

I went to see Ben one clear, crisp Saturday morning last fall to visit, catch up on all the latest news, drink coffee, and maybe pick up a tip or two on bow making. I found him sitting on his carport, contented and busily at work on his latest bow, shavings flying in all directions. Locating him was easy. I just followed the plane of steam from his coffee cup rising over the pile of shavings.

I always enjoy a visit with Ben. His wife always has a pot of hot coffee and donuts and he takes the time to explain the different kinds of tools he uses, why he uses them, and describes the various woods he uses and their strengths and weaknesses.

"Ash is pretty good," he would say. "Always use second-growth trees. They grow faster and that makes the grain straighter. The straighter the grain, the better. Be sure to cut the tree only if it grows on the North side of a hill. These trees are stronger than any others. Must be the strength comes from fighting the cold winter winds."

Ben had a beaver-like determination that would allow him to cut a small sapling, rive several billets for self-bows from part of it, hang them in his attic to cure properly, stash them behind the seat of his pickup, slide them under his bed, or prop them up in a corner of the living room, and split the rest of the tree for firewood—all on the same day.

He even saved all the smaller limbs and twigs for use as fuel for a campfire when he took his family camping.

Ben's practice of leaning the billets up in a corner of the living room to season had recently been banned by his wife. After recently moving into their new house, she rather effectively "shooed" the bow-making materials to "anywhere but in the living room." Even a patient and understanding wife will go only so far.

Any announcement to his family of a new project, such as the bow now well underway, was always received with the same reaction. His wife would give a deep sigh and shake her head, while his two daughters would giggle and crowd around to watch.

Ben's dog, an enormous black Lab named "Buttercup" would flop down with a resigned sigh. He knew there would be no hunting that day. I learned a big, friendly, and lazy dog (a Lab in particular) is absolutely essential to a bow maker. Their waggin' tail keeps the pile of shavings swept out of the way while laying at your feet keeping a watchful eye on the goings-on. Being a natural

## I learned a big, friendly, and lazy dog (a Lab in particular) is absolutely essential to a bow maker.

retriever is a definite plus since the Lab is occasionally pressed into service to fetch a band-aid when the knife blade slips.

In addition to the ash wood he was so fond of using, Ben also used hickory, cedar, ironwood, cherry, osage, and a species heretofore unknown to me which he referred to as "old broom handle." An ingenious, resourceful, and conservative guy, he fashioned his bows from not only larger limbs, logs, and small trees, but also from pick ax handles and old osage fence posts—staples and all.

Although fence staples are not a common feature of most bows, they are quite prevalent in bows made from old osage fence posts. They are considered as natural as worm holes and pin knots, and are carefully worked around.

Ben explained this rather unusual feature of some of his bows.

"They give the bow a bit of character. You don't want to pull them out as that would leave holes, and any holes would be a weak spot. Besides," he continued with a grin, "they give me places to attach some of my accessories!"

I had noticed some of his bows displayed an unusual assortment of dilly-wobblers and bits of animal fur, but had assumed their primary function to be decorative in nature.

Never had it crossed my mind that they were so functional as to be classified accessories."

"How many staples do your bows normally have?" I asked.

He shrugged. "Depends on the fence post," he answered. "The staples ya leave in gotta be stuck tight, though. If they're loose they may 'zing' out when you release an arrow. A basic 'twang' from a bowstring doesn't usually bother a deer all that much. They may give you a dirty look and jump around a bit, but they don't usually panic. The deer around here have come to recognize this as the by-product of an energetic and determined human-type archer such as myself and as such not much of a real danger. On the other hand, the 'zing' of a staple being launched at high speed is unfamiliar to them and scares them half to death - not to mention clear out of the country."

"Hmmm," I replied. "An astute observation on your part. I had never really thought of that."

Ben nodded sagely. "Most folks haven't. But you got to remember, if you want to bag a deer, you have to learn to think like a deer."

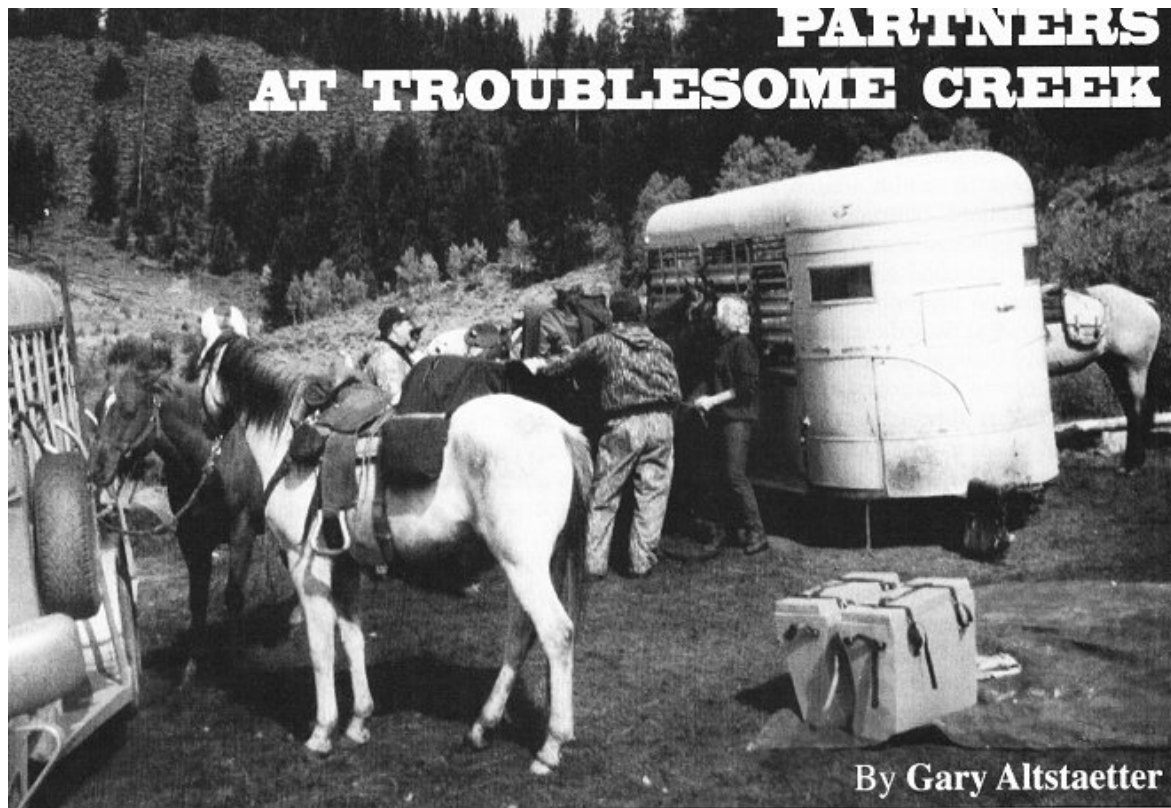
"Now," he continued, "if you want to make a really nifty bowstring, all you need is a length of baling twine, some black shoe polish, and..."

"Ain't got time this trip! Gotta go! Maybe next time! Thanks, Ben!" I interrupted, floundering over a pile of shavings as I headed for my truck. My head was reeling from trying to absorb all the "usefuls" Ben was glibly tossing my way.

Absorbing massive blasts of useful and timely information—no matter how casually—tossed my way, is not one of my strongest points. I mean, after all, a fella's brain can only stand so much learnification at one time!



Excerpt from *Seen It, Done It, Been There - Ain't Back Yet*



By Gary Altstaetter

our outfitter Marion Bricker Sunday morning for breakfast. After a brief meeting, miles north on route 125, turned west on a listed several miles through the mountains to ally, after about two hours of unloading our n horses, and loading gear on five pack d us to saddle up. I slipped one foot into a

From the very beginning, I tried to mold him into my image. He liked our canoe trips, our mini-bike riding in the wilds of Pennsylvania, and our camping trips, but I could not get him interested in hunting. No matter how many BB guns or bows I bought him, I could not alter his passion for any kind of a sport that revolved around a BALL! He slept half of

the time with a ball glove on one hand and with his other arm wrapped around a football. I finally gave up on my crusade, and put all my efforts into his passions. Like a lot of young people, it took him some time to grow up, but he finally got a college education and moved to Columbus, Ohio to work. We had always been close, and it was quite an adjustment to not have him around the house. I had all but given up on he and I ever hunting together. Then in the early spring of 1998, he called and asked if I would take him on my fall elk hunting trip in Colorado. Words could not express the joy that phone call brought me.

He had nothing to go hunting with. We had to work fast! I told him he could have my hunting bow and I would order a new Bruin Custom from Mike Steliga. It was the least that a father could do, and it made a good talking point with my wife when she questioned the purchase of another bow. Mark lived in the heart of Columbus. The lack of a close outdoor range and a heavy work schedule made practice almost impossible. He made the two-hour drive home every other weekend so we could practice together, and spend time studying elk videos. Although he had very little experience with a bow, he progressed rapidly to the point where he could hit a paper plate most of the time at twenty yards. I told him if he didn't get buck fever he had a good chance of scoring if given the opportunity. I was jolted out of my dreamland as my horse began trotting to take his chosen place in our caravan.

The ride into the main base camp is twelve miles of some of the most beautiful scenery in northern Colorado. From the trail head, the trail climbs steadily upward till it reaches the crest of the first mountain. There were several times on the way up that I was

sure that it would be a 500-foot plunge to eternity if the horse should slip. Guide Richards Hawkins told me not to worry, it was no more than 200 hundred feet, and the horse would never do anything to hurt themselves. I thanked him for his reassuring words and told him he had no idea how much better that made me feel. The trail followed the crest of the mountain for a short distance before we began our descent.

We had another mountain to conquer before the trail leveled out. The trail followed the valleys between the various peaks. Everything went smooth until we were about a hundred yards from camp. The rigging gave way on one of the pack horses and most of it's load hit the ground. After introductions to the rest of the crew, we gathered up our gear, and began the task of making a tent our home for the next week.

There was still about three hours of sunlight left when we finished unpacking. We grabbed our bows and started out of camp to have a look around. Mark and I along with Mike and Randy Nickles decided to scout the upper end of Lost Gulch. They would scout the ridge on the north side, and Mark and I would look around the south ridge. Bethel Nickles and Joe Davis headed down the gulch in the opposite direction to take a look at Elk Ridge.

We spent the first two hours looking for elk sign and the last hour sitting. We heard several elk bugle in the distance, but we could not get a response to my occasional bugle. It was dark and there was a cool crisp bite to the air by the time that we reached camp. After a hardy supper, we gathered around the topo maps to plan tomorrow's hunt.

The air was crisp, and the sky was filled with a zillion stars as we headed out for our first day of hunting. Mark and I walked about a mile up Lost Gulch before we stopped to rest. We

spent several minutes listening for a bugle, but the only sound I could hear was my heart pounding as it begged my lungs to supply it with more oxygen. I had spent three months getting my 55 year old body in shape for this trip, but the first day or two in thin mountain air is always a killer. We continued walking and started up the ridge just as the morning light broke.

Our plan for the first day was to find an area that elk were using and then spend the rest of the week doing some serious hunting. We had only walked several hundred yards when we found a lot of fresh droppings, and several small pine trees that a bull elk had torn up with his antlers. As we worked on up the ridge, we found several more small pine trees that had taken a bull elk's wrath, and more droppings. We were about three-fourths of the way up when we decided to take a short rest. I asked Mark to get his cow call out. I wanted to see if he had learned anything from the elk videos. He was giving it his best, but he was terrible. I tried to show him his short comings by blowing my Scery cow call. We spent about five minutes in our schooling, and were about to leave when I noticed a tree with a bulge. It was maybe eighty yards out and there was a tree about thirty feet in front of me partly blocking my view. I took two steps to the right to get a better look. That bulge turned out to be a six by six bull elk that was looking right at us. I turned my head slightly, and out of the corner of my mouth I whispered, "It's a bull." Mark replied in a normal voice, "What did you say Dad." I thought, "That's it, he's gone." Much to my surprise, the bull began to walk in our direction. He moved at a slow pace, but he never took his eyes off of us. We slowly knelt down and raised our bows. I thought to myself that the situation was helpless. I once had a whitetail pull the



Gary showing the Colorado trout who's boss.



same trick and he jumped the arrow. He stopped broadside at about twenty-five yards. It was now or never! I had barely started my draw when he whirled, barked, and ran straight away from us. I grabbed my cow call and gave it blow. He stopped and cautiously walked in our direction again! This time he came within about forty yards and stayed in cover. Once again, he barked and trotted off. I was about to try my cow call again when I turned to look at Mark. He was trying to blow his call, but in the excitement he had bit down too hard and he could not get any air through the call. His face was beet red, and his eyes were protruding like someone with a serious thyroid problem. I was laughing, but I managed to give another cow call.

The bull stopped, turned, and moved towards us once again. I could not believe my eyes. This time he stopped at maybe fifty yards. Once again his sense of survival took over and he ran away barking. That time I made no attempt to call him back. I knew that if I continued to play with him he would spook and move out of the area. We quietly eased out of the area and headed back to camp to see if we could get Richard to give us some help. We reached camp just before noon, and I explained the situation to Richard. He suggested that we wait till mid afternoon to give the big boy a rest before going back to the area. His plan was to ride to the end of Lost Gulch, and come in from the opposite direction. He had called the same bull in the week before, but the hunter had hit a limb in front of the bull.

It was about 4:00 p.m. when we reached the saddle where they had seen the bull the previous week. Richard placed me at the high end, he was maybe forty yards down to my right, and Mark was about thirty yards down beyond him. He told us to pick a tree for some cover. If we didn't see something in a couple of hours he would try some bugling. I found two trees close together that afforded me a fair amount of coverage. The area in front was clear except for a branch hanging down at about thirty feet. I was going to break it off, but I thought it would make noise and spook any elk within hearing distance. Anyway, what was the chance that an elk would stop in front of that obstacle. It was a long two-hour wait. The late afternoon air was cooling rapidly, and I was doing my best not to shiver. I could see Richard fiddling around with his

bugle. I knew it wouldn't be long before he would be doing some elk talking. Just then, I caught movement to my left. There were three cows coming over the saddle. I was getting ready to shoot when I saw a four-by-four bull following the cows. I let them go by and readied myself for a shot at him.

When he stopped to graze, that limb I didn't break off was partly blocking my shot. He was downhill about thirty yards, and I figured I could make the shot if I just missed that branch. I let an arrow go that narrowly missed the branch. The shot looked good. I was getting my knife out to start skinning when that arrow dropped a few inches under his chest. I could not believe I had missed him. He spooked. Moved about fifteen yards down the saddle and began grazing again. I knocked another arrow, but he was now out of range. Just then I could hear the thundering hooves of the cows as they came running back up the saddle. I figured they had winded Mark, and were making a hasty retreat. They ran past the bull, and he bounded after them. As they ran into the brush, Richard gave a spike bull bugle. In a minute or two the bull came walking out of the brush and started grazing again. I guessed him to be maybe forty-five to fifty yards away, and my pulse rate to be somewhat over the century mark at this point. He slowly walked towards Richard. I was ready to try another shot, when the bull raised his head and saw Richard. He whirled, and ran in my general direction. As luck would have it, he stopped fifteen yards in front of me to look over his left shoulder at Richard. I followed his movement with my bow and I began to draw. I was within inches of my release, when he caught my movement and lunged forward. It was like I was in a time warp. I could see what was going to happen, but I was helpless. I had spent the whole summer practicing to release when my fingers touched my cheek and I just could not stop that motion mid stream. The elk had moved just enough forward that the arrow caught him in the area of the kidneys. To make matters worst, I was shooting downhill, so there would be little chance of a blood trail. When I walked over to explain the situation to Richard, I could see Mark feverishly working to retrieve an arrow from a tree stump. He had a smile on his face so big that it would have taken a beach towel to wipe it off. *"I thought I had hit the lead cow in the leg Dad, but I missed and hit*

*this stump. God, was I shaking! I didn't think I was going to get the shot off."*

*"I'll bet you looked at the whole elk instead of picking a spot."*

*"Yea, your right dad, I didn't pick a spot."*

We looked for a blood trail for about twenty minutes, but had to give up because of the approaching darkness. I was sick. I would have rather missed than be in this situation. As we headed back to camp, Richard assured me that we would find him the next morning.

At supper I took a fair amount of ribbing from Randy, Joe, Mike, and Bethel. They told me if I had been shooting a compound I would have dropped him in his tracks. It was all in fun even if it was at my expense. After supper, Richard and I sat down with a map to lay out how we would search for the elk the next morning. Mark and I were going to work up the ridge while Richard was going to ride in from the back side. Once on top, we were going work back and forth the length of the ridge. When I turned in that night, I noticed someone had taped cardboard wheels to each recurve on my Bruin bow. I hit the sack pretending not to see them.

Mark and I left camp before daybreak. We started up the ridge just as it was getting light. About halfway up, I began to have some rather severe abdominal cramps. They progressed to the point that I had no choice but to return to camp to get some Imodium AD. I thought I would give myself an hour or two for the medication to work and then return to the search. I was sitting in the cook tent having a cup of coffee when Marion came back with the good news that Richard had found the elk. I was amazed at how fast my condition improved. We saddled horses for Mark and I, and two pack horses to carry the meat. When we reached Richard he had field dressed the elk and had it almost skinned. We pulled the skin back over the elk and shot up a half roll of film. I wanted to make sure that I had a lot of bragging material.

We arrived back in camp to hand shakes and congratulations from everyone. This time there were no jokes about stick bows. Joe said, *"Aren't you going to stick it to us?"* *"Not me, I'm not going to say a word. I'm just going to smile!"* That night I broke out a bottle of snake-bite medicine that was hidden in my pack and we toasted my good luck. I

even forgave them for the cardboard wheels on my recurve.

Wednesday morning Mark and I thought we would work the same area where we had seen the bull on Monday morning. I was hoping that we might entice that big boy again with some cow calling. We worked up very slowly and called about every fifteen minutes. Sometime around 9:00 a bone chilling fog settled on the ridge. We decided to sit tight, and wait until the fog raised rather than risk an injury stumbling around in that soup. The big boy had either left the area or was no longer love sick. The only thing we encountered that morning was a small mule deer doe.

By noon the temperature was hovering around the 70-degree mark. It was just too warm to hunt. We called it a morning and headed back to camp to try our hand at fly fishing for trout. Mark had never used a fly rod before. I gave him a 10 minute speed course in the basics of casting and showed him where to lay the fly. He didn't catch much, but after several hours of fishing he could lay the fly down without too much slap on the water. When we returned to camp, Mike Nickles and Marion were riding into camp with a nice four point mule deer tied over a horse. They started to untie the deer when the pack horse spooked. He broke loose in a bucking rage, dragging the deer around the camp. Marion told Mike that there would be no additional charge for the tenderizing treatment. After things settled down, Mark changed into his hunting gear, and hunted the last couple of hours that night on the ridge just south of camp.

Thursday morning we rode north to Long's Draw to spend the day hunting. After dropping Mark and Dennis Bender off, Richard and I spent the morning exploring. We rode around winding in and out of the draws before we tied the horses up at 9 a.m. I followed Richard up the side of a ridge for about thirty minutes to an outcropping of rock that over looked the ridge that Dennis was hunting on and had a beautiful view of Haystack Mountain.

We laid our tired carcasses down on that rock, and spent the next two hours enjoying the blue Colorado sky. We talked hunting, our grandchildren, and the wonders of nature that surrounded us. Mid-afternoon we rode up Long's Draw and found Marion taking a snooze. He told us that Randy had been within bow range of a monster bull, but



Gary (left) and his son Mark showing the results of a productive day in Colorado.

couldn't get a shot. We spent the remainder of the afternoon with Marion telling lies and enjoying the landscape around us. I do believe if God created anything better than this, he's surely keeping it for himself. Dusk was rapidly approaching when we picked up the last of the hunters and started back to camp.

I chose to stay in camp Friday. I was so stiff from Thursday's eight hours of riding that it took a crowbar to get me out of bed. Richard offered to help hoist me into the saddle so we could enjoy another day of riding. I told him I would have to turn him down. I didn't think my body could stand another day of fun. The morning was overcast and it started to rain about 11 a.m. Mark came in sometime after 1 p.m. soaked to the skin. He had seen some sign, but had not seen any elk. Randy showed up shortly after Mark with the news that he had taken a cow. What a week! Two elk and a mule deer. After some hot soup and a change into dry clothes, Randy left with Richard and Marion to pick up his elk. Mark and I spent sometime going over topo maps before he left to finish out the day. He spent the rest of the day on the ridge north of camp, but did not see anything.

We awoke Saturday morning without Marion's cheery help. He had forgot to set his alarm and was late getting up. After quick breakfast, we returned to the tent to ready our gear for

the return trip. Packing the horse presented a major problem. We had to find room for Randy's elk. It took some effort on Marion's part, but he finally found room for all the gear. Leaving camp is always a time of mixed emotions. Part of me would like to continue to hunt. Then there is a part of me that can't wait to take a hot shower.

As I eased myself into the saddle, I noticed Mark had big grin spread all over his face. It was the same grin I saw when we encountered the monster bull, and the same grin I saw when he missed the cow. I closed my eyes and my mind wandered back almost forty-five years to that sunny autumn day in November when I shot my first cottontail. My father must have seen that same grin. As I opened my eyes and looked at Mark, I knew. Like my father had known on that autumn day those many years ago, that I now had a hunting partner!



Footnote: If you would like to book a trip into this remote area, contact Marion Bricker, P.O. Box 1002, Granby, CO 80446 Phone 970-887-2301. He has a top-notch crew that will show a good time, and go out of their way to get you game.



# TARGET PANIC—101

## Part One: What is it?

By Red Chavez

*J*uly 30th and the decision was swift and final, I drove out of the driveway, not looking back: just looking forward to the road trip ahead of me. My last minute decision to attend a two-day tournament in Big Bear, California, rushed my travel plans and my always ready-to-go backpack and bow were thrown into the back seat. No plans, just go and be away when that dreaded day came and went. (I had told no one of my scheme to be conspicuously absent on my 50th birthday.) Things were quiet, too quiet, and I knew that should I be here, a multitude of black, foreboding things would be unleashed upon me. I skipped country, driving south on highway 93, out of the Bitterroot into the high desert of Idaho and Nevada. I really hate stopping for gas in Nevada—those one-armed bandits suck up all of my change and most of my bills. Twenty-two hours and many rampant thoughts later, I turned the Blazer into the parking area above the smog filled-basin of San Bernardino County.

It had been many years since I had attended the Big Bear shoot and I wondered if any of the old gang were still around. I parked in the shade and pitched my backpacking tent under an oak tree on flat ground. For two days and nights, this would be home. The surroundings were familiar and my memory slipped back to good times here with my son David and then with my second wife, and Robert and Tony. It was Tony's first experience with camping and I can remember him saying to Donna, as he looked out over the pine-studded hills, "Mommy, what is this picture?" A postcard setting for an enjoyable two-day shoot.

Back to reality. I had been formulating this very article since Rik had mentioned it several months earlier. Those

**Above Photo:** The classic "Floating Anchor." The shooter is about to release before coming to a solid anchor. In most cases, this is caused by over bowing (too much poundage for the shooter to easily control).





The "Pre-Release" syndrome usually shows up with a sloppy release forward of the face.

hours road tripping had renewed my ideas on the subject: target panic. I've been to scores of tournaments, done leagues until I'm blue in the face, and listened to archery complaints by the hundreds.

At first, the symptoms were relayed by way of target compound shooters, because, in the early eighties there were few traditional shooters to be found. The majority of those early acquaintances were target shooters who attended tournaments each and every weekend, all year long. They practiced a lot and competed vigorously. There seemed to always be tension in the air as the shooting progressed each day. And, it was visibly apparent that those of us who shot because we loved what we were doing and enjoyed the company of friends, did not seem to suffer the nervous groping of target panic. Hence, the first on a list of symptoms leading to target panic: nervousness, tension, and anxiety.

As shooters began arriving on Saturday morning, I prepared questions, in my mind, for the unsuspecting quarry. Luck was with me, as I spied an old friend, Terry Adams. I had not seen Terry in nine years and his "grayed out" appearance made me think of my own

mid-century moment that was to occur in three days. We greeted with hearty handshakes and common "How are You's?" I looked about for his wife, Becky, but, she was a no show, with pressing deeds elsewhere. After a few minutes, I left Terry with a promise that he'd succumb to my questioning on target panic.

I had to shake my head in disbelief as I saw the number of traditional shooters lining up and practicing. In the eighties, it would be a lucky day for three or four traditionalists to be here, but now, more than a third of the shooters were of stick persuasion. All manners of recurves and long bows were present. Groups of four or five standing around chatting, leaning on the stick of their choice. I couldn't believe it—and I didn't feel out of place.

I looked over the target assignment sheet and asked the attendant which groups were traditional shooters. He pointed out a couple and I just picked one and said "I'd like to shoot with them." I ended up in a group of four traditional

shooters and three compound shooters. Introductions were easy, as they all knew each other, and we were off at the signal. Funny how you can have a good time shooting with seven people for two days and then can't remember their names. First day's shooting out of the way, all too soon and I set out gathering information.

I'll not use names here, just some symptoms I ran across. We start with the "Grabber." This gentleman was able to perform a perfect shot process up to the point of release. The brain would say "release," the muscles would start to comply, the brain would say "hold it!, not now;" The muscles would obey and the grabbing would commence. Indecision and lack of confidence at the moment of release, along with a severe case of anticipation were the major symptoms here. These problems did not occur with every shot, but when they did, there was a guaranteed miss in the future.

Another recent convert from the compound world was having problems getting to anchor. When just doing a practice draw, he could come to what he called full draw; but, when he tried the real thing, he would barely get the draw to his face and the arrow would be on its way. Interesting to note here is that he said that his draw length with a compound was 28 inches and he assumed that his traditional draw length would be the same. But, alas, it would not be unusual for his draw length to recede two to two and a half inches.

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He was not aware of that and when just practice drawing, he would extend himself and draw way back to his compound anchor; but, when actually shooting, he was dismayed to find himself releasing before he was "way back." This is but one example of the early-release symptom, yet it is also an exception, because it is also an example of the switch over syndrome.

Here is what happens and what I did to help this person out. Individuals who switch from years of compound shooting to traditional shooting fail to recognize that their body and mind are conditioned to a particular style and process.

In the first throes of traditional shooting, all goes well until they quit thinking about each and every step; then, their instinct takes over and their mind falls back on to what was normal for so many shots.

All accuracy goes to pot and the shooter gets frustrated and starts groping around for answers, maybe searches for a "better bow" or even worse, goes back to the shooting style that works. There is an extreme need for patience and understanding of the process of relearning how to shoot—that is, relearning, step by step, until the new process replaces the old.

As for this gentleman, I got him to slow down his shooting process, beginning with the "push-pull" method



Sometimes when you just can't get off the string, you just throw it all away, with both arms flailing.

of drawing, instead of the extended arm and draw back method. I also instilled in his mind a quick "one-two" count upon reaching anchor.

clean relaxed release as I talked him through each shot. But, it was entirely evident that much practice was in store to ingrain the shooting process to make it

become instinctive.

When he left me, I was confident that he could become the accurate traditional shooter that he was seeking to be; besides, he had the advantage

**The "Gray Line Fever" reached up and grabbed her by the throat and choked her up so badly that she vowed to never attend another indoor national shoot.**

The results were immediate and pleasing. He was drawing his middle finger to the corner of his mouth and achieving a

of having just purchased my two personal hunting bows, leaving me without a bow for the approaching '98 hunting season.

Probably the worst case of instant target panic that I have ever seen, came in the spring of 1989. I took my soon-to-be second wife, Donna, to the NEAA indoor nationals in Kansas City. She had been shooting very comfortable indoor league scores and there was no doubt in my mind that she could easily win the silver bowl. The shooting room was huge and marked off for at least fifty shooters on line at a time. The targets were round mats one on top of another, each numbered to correspond with lane number at our feet. For a back stop, there



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Another example of flailing arms. The most critical moment in the shot process is the moment of release. This is when the "target panic" creeps in and you lose control of the shot process.

was a hanging netting to snag any errant arrows. And, wouldn't you know it, there was a long strip of duct tape marking the shooting distance. Hence the term "Gray Line Fever."

Everyone lined up, concentrating on the right target and the whistle blew. Donna knocked the first arrow, drew back, and lost all control. The arrow glanced off the cement floor and careened into the netting; and so went the next three arrows. She did manage to hit the target with the last arrow, then turned with a dejected look on her face that said "It's all over!" And it was all over, as she continued to shoot the low-

est indoor round score I have ever seen her shoot. The "Gray Line Fever" reached up and grabbed her by the throat and choked her up so badly that she vowed to never attend another indoor national shoot. That old man, anxiety, had won again.

In another case, a man from Northern California called me regarding an article I wrote in the Summer 1998 issue of *Instinctive Archer™ Magazine*. He was having problems getting off the string. He was holding for extended periods of time and sometimes could not effect a release at all. Anticipation, lack of confidence, and my favorite—anxiety,

were causing him to not want to release the string.

Let's take a look at that word. For a traditionalist, I really do like this computer; a flick of the mouse and the American Heritage Dictionary tells us in its first description of the word anxiety: *A state of uneasiness and apprehension, as about future uncertainties.*

Definition number two is even more interesting. 2. *Psychiatry. A state of intense apprehension, uncertainty, and fear resulting from the anticipation of a threatening event or situation, often to a degree that the normal physical and psychological functioning of the affected individual is disrupted.* Interesting, huh?

I give you that definition to get you thinking about what goes through your mind during the shot process. If you are not focused on what you are doing, then you will inevitably look ahead to the outcome of the shot: the Score. That puts us back to anticipation, lack of confidence, and anxiety.

Now that I have you at the edge of the "target panic cliff," in the next issue I'll talk you out of jumping.



### About The Author

Having entered the realm of traditional archery at a time when there were few traditional tournament shooters, W. Red Chavez is a proclaimed self-taught shooter, whose accomplishments are highlighted by two NEAA national championships, many state and regional championships in both the Northwest and Southwest sections.

More recently, though, he has been active in the IBO tournament scene with two Northwest Triple Crown championships, both with a long bow and a recurve. As a bowyer and owner of **Bitterroot Bows**, Red knows what it takes to make a good shooting bow, customizing each longbow or recurve to fit the customer's individual shooting style.

Red can be reached at (406) 961-5409, or by e-mail at [red@in-tch.com](mailto:red@in-tch.com)

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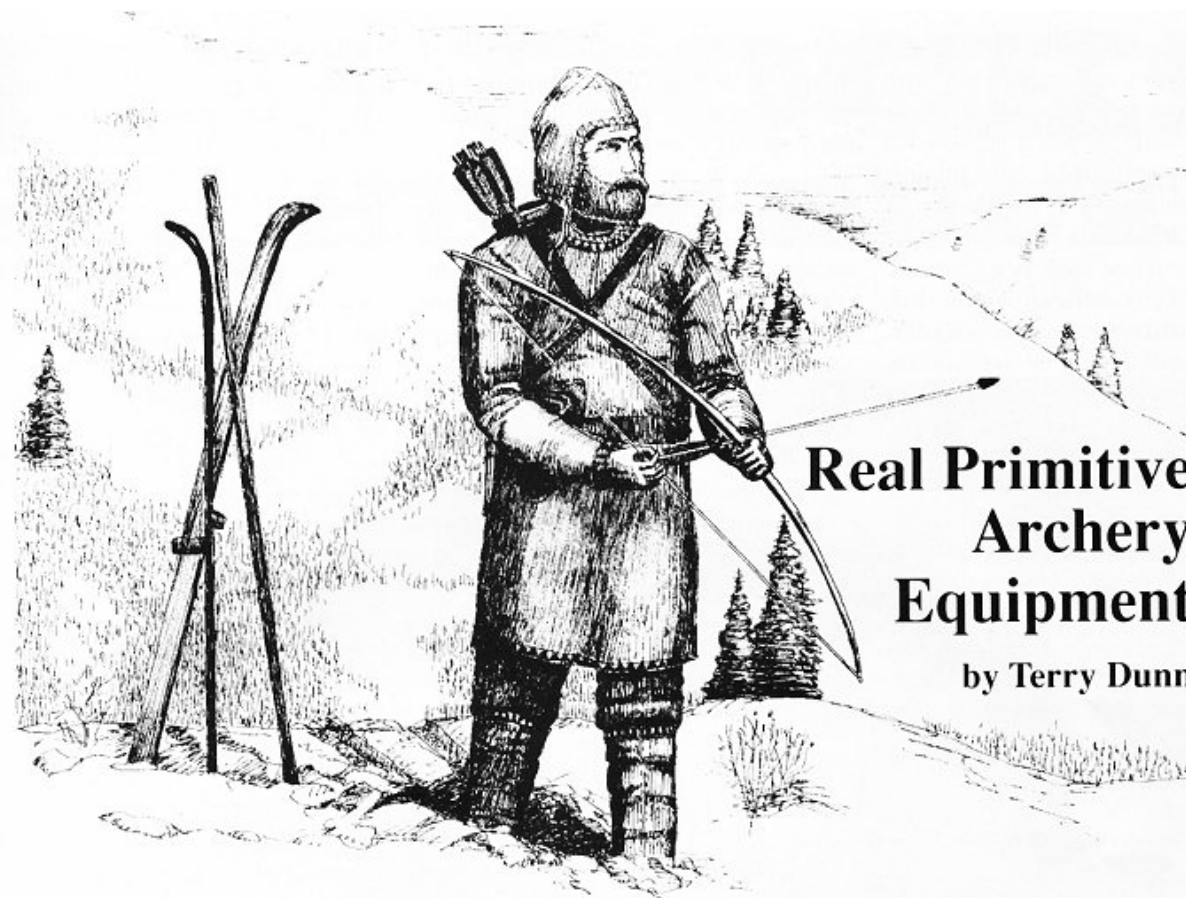
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## Real Primitive Archery Equipment

by Terry Dunn

High up in the Alps a lone man, caught in an unexpected blizzard, struggles against the biting wind, deep snow, and freezing temperature. Did he misinterpret the weather conditions or did the first winter storm come early? Either way, his decision to traverse the high pass proves to be a fatal one. Hypothermia and exhaustion have gripped him. In a frozen, disoriented daze he begins to discard his equipment, perhaps in an attempt to lighten his load, perhaps not even aware he is doing it. Either way he manages but a few more steps before slumping forward into the cold snow, arm outstretched, and slips into an exhausted sleep from which he will never awake.

And that would have been it for the poor soul who would become known as the Iceman but for a chance discovery 5,300 years later when freak weather conditions caused an unusually deep thaw. On Thursday, the 19th of September, 1991, a husband and wife on an Alpine walking holiday snapped, with the last frame in their camera, the first of many thousands of pictures of what would soon become the greatest archaeological find of the century.

The two things that make the Iceman so unique are firstly that he was freeze dried and permanently frozen, thus preserving not just his body but also his belongings including such items as timber, leather, and fibers. Things which would not normally last a few decades let alone five and a half millennia.

The second and most wonderful of all is the predicament in which he died. Every other burial ever exhumed by archaeologists has been at a prepared burial site. From the magnificence of Tutankhamen to the simple

mounds of Neolithic barrows the occupants have been specifically laid out, usually in best bib and tucker and with a few choice items alongside, in a neatly prepared resting place. In complete contrast however, the Iceman died where he fell. No pomp, no ceremony, just a man going about his business and plucked as it were straight out of his everyday life and preserved until discovery.

There have been several books written about the Iceman along with numerous magazine articles and even television programs, notably the BBC Horizon ones. It's all engrossing stuff and fascinating, but what really grabbed me as an archer was his shooting kit. Real prehistoric archery equipment, used in a real environment 5,300 years ago and still intact, a staggering thing considering that for us as a great nation of archers there aren't even any Medieval weapons in existence. The oldest British relics are those brought up from the Mary Rose.

The Iceman's bow is, not surprisingly, Yew. But although it is "D" shaped in cross section and 71 inches in length, it is not a traditional longbow in shape that is thick and solid at the grip with gently tapering limbs. The Iceman's stave is very slender and only tapers noticeably along the last

18 inches of each end. With no trace of bowstring marks at the ends and with rough, shaping scrape marks along its length still clearly visible, it is plain that the bow was unfinished, something it held in common with a round dozen of unfinished arrow shafts in his quiver.

The quiver itself is a sleeve of hide (fur still on) stiffened with a shaft of hazel knotted to it alongside one edge. It has a leather flap at its mouth, enabling the quiver to be closed against bad weather to protect the contents. These contents included, as well as two complete arrows and a dozen unfinished shafts, a tight coil of bast cord (bowstring?), four bundles of stag antler fragments, and two bundles of sinew.

All the Iceman's arrow shafts are from long shoots of the Wayfaring tree (*Viburnum lantana*) and the unfinished shafts are all between thirty three

and thirty four and a half inches in length. Of the two completed arrows one is 33.5 inches while the odd one out is thirty-seven inches in length.

At the nock end both arrows are almost identical, the nocks being half-inch deep slots. The fletching is five inches long and the primary wing feathers from large birds, their identification as yet unclear. It is attached to the arrow shafts by a thin layer of birch tar applied to the entire circumference of the shaft along the length of the fletched area. With the fletching glued in place it was then whipped with a fine thread spiraling from bottom to top. The thread is two-strand and probably lambs wool.

A fascinating fact is that the second complete arrow, some three plus inches longer than all the other arrows, has its whipping going up the shaft in the opposite direction (one spirals in a clock-

wise direction, the other anti clockwise). Having made arrows of my own in this way where the arrow is held and twisted in one hand while the other guides and winds the thread, I can deduce that one of the Iceman's arrows was made by a right handed man and one by a left. One of the arrows in the quiver was not of his own making. Considering too just how time and labor-intensive primitive arrows are to make, good quality missiles must have been highly sought after. Did the Iceman bargain or trade for this "odd arrow out" from some other archer?

Another difference with the longer arrow is that it is a composite shaft. The four inch long front piece is from the Cornel family (dog-wood?). The joint is a conical point fitted into a hollow end of the

main shaft, smeared for two inches with the birch tar then whipped with the same thread as the fletching.

Both arrows have leaf-shaped flint heads with tanged ends pushed well into slots in the shafts and these joints too were coated in the birch tar.

The rest of the Iceman's equipment is also well worth close examination if that is where your interests lay but mine is fixed in his weapons. Is there more to them than just the materials they are made of?

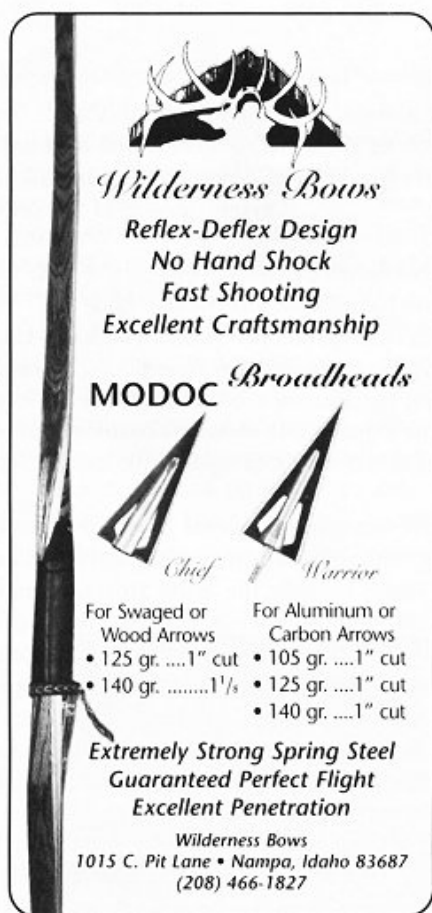
The bow and a dozen shafts are unfinished, with but two complete in the quiver. The fact that he was in the process of replacing his bow and so many arrows would indicate that he needed that many shafts. It would be unreasonable to assume that his incomplete archery set would be his first, so what happened previously? Also, replacing such vital equipment would be a priority, therefore his losses could only have been sustained a short while earlier.

The Iceman was an experienced bowmaker, both his bowstave and arrow shafts were very uniform in their shape and diameters, testament to his skills. All these points together suggest that the Iceman had experienced a spot of bother at some point not too long before his death. Something violent enough for him to use up lots of arrows. Did he tangle with wild beasts or hostile human beings?

In any event, he then took to the hills, attempting to replace and replenish his equipment while on the move. If it was this unavoidable bother that forced him up into the high mountains at the wrong time and into the teeth of the blizzard that killed him, it would seem more likely he had a clash with people rather than animals.

I'd like to think the Iceman was an ancient warrior being pursued after a battle in which he had fired many arrows against his opponents, breaking his old bow in the process, then was forced up into the high passes before ultimately falling foul of an unexpected or unavoidable weather system. But then, that's just the romantic in me.

Still, if only those ancient pieces of archery kit could talk, what a story we would have then, eh?



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# BIG ROCKS and MULE BUCKS

by Jerry Stout



Just a few of the "Rock Bucks" that have fallen to the author's arrows.

**I** can remember when was a young boy hunting Blacktail deer with my father. Time and time again as he would line out a hunt, he would say, "*Now don't forget to check out those big rocks that we hunted before.*"

Well, his advice finally stuck in my thick head and I have been hunting the big rocks ever since. As I grew up and left home and started hunting mule deer, I've found this to be even more true. Big muleys are drawn to rocks like flies to a hunting camp.

I live in the far eastern side of Oregon, right next to Idaho. It is a high desert area with sagebrush and rocks. It gets real hot here during bow season and those bucks like to lay up under the rocks for the solid shade during that heat of the day.

Speaking about heat, this year I went to southern Idaho first to hunt for a few days before picking on these Oregon bucks and elk. As I was driving down the freeway near Boise, Idaho, the radio station told me it was 102 degrees. I was getting close to my campsite where this old jeep road passes by a vantage point that is about a mile from a big rock rim and I know there are buck beds there. I stopped and got out my glasses to take a look. The first bed that I looked at had a dandy buck standing in it. He had just gotten up to turn around, pawed out the bed and laid back down. A big grin came on my face and I went on to my campsite.

It's really hard to kill a buck from the top of these big rocks where that buck was because the face of the rocks slopes back under at such of an angle that you can't lean out



far enough to see the beds. However, there was one exception—there is one good bed that you can get a good shot at.

The first thing I did the next morning was to go up there and fill in all the other beds with big rocks and clean out the good one really nice. This is an "old Indian trick" that I have learned through the years.

Well, that place didn't pay off this year, but a bed down the hill about 50 yards sure did. A good 4x4 came feeding in there and bedded down under a small rock ledge that is only about eight or nine feet high. I made my stalk, but when I peeked over the edge of the rocks, his horns showed me that he was looking up at me. The jig was up—he had heard me. I tried tossing small rocks down below him to get him to turn his head or stand up or something, but he wouldn't buy it and pretty soon he left like a quail from a berry patch.

One of the problems was he was back under me too much. So, I fixed his bed by filling in the back side with rocks and cleaning out the front. I actually moved that bed out three or four feet. Well, the next morning, daylight found me sitting on top of the big rim and watching two bucks feeding below me. About 8:30, one went off in another direction and a 3x3 came in and laid down for the day in that same bed. I waited about a half hour to make sure he was going to stay put, then started my stalk. This time when I peeked over the edge, I was looking at a buck that was very relaxed. I made a perfect shot at about 12 feet and that hunt was over.

Last year I told you I would be back and those bucks had better watch their backsides. Read "Chief Weak Heart" in *Instinctive Archer*, Spring 1998.

I hunt for rocks that are facing north or northeast which will make solid shade in the heat of the day. Get yourself a "good" pair of binoculars and learn how to use them. Out here in the vast open country we hunt, seven- or eight-power binoculars just don't get it.

I use nine-power Leupolds and sometimes I wish they were tens. I prefer to be on a vantage point at first light and get out of my pack, sit down and get serious. I look and glass later in the day also, but it's a whole lot easier to locate a buck when he is up and feeding. After he beds down, watch him for a while to make sure he stays put. Sometimes he won't like a bed for some reason and move (maybe it was full of big rocks some old weak heart put in there).

Now get the wind right and get around behind and above him. Forget coming in from the bottom or side, it just won't work. When I get to within 30 or 40 yards, I sit down, get rid of my pack and shed my boots and anything else that might bother me. I pull on a big tall pair of wool socks right over my other socks and tuck my pants into them. Then I can move like a cat!

Now for a real word of advice. When that buck lays down, start getting a real mental picture in your brain of where he is. Look for anything and everything that will tell you where he is, because when you get up there it will all look different. If you have to start stumbling around looking for him, it won't work, I promise.

Now, to prepare for this shot, you had better shoot a lot of arrows off of the house or something like that this summer. I know a lot of you are thinking



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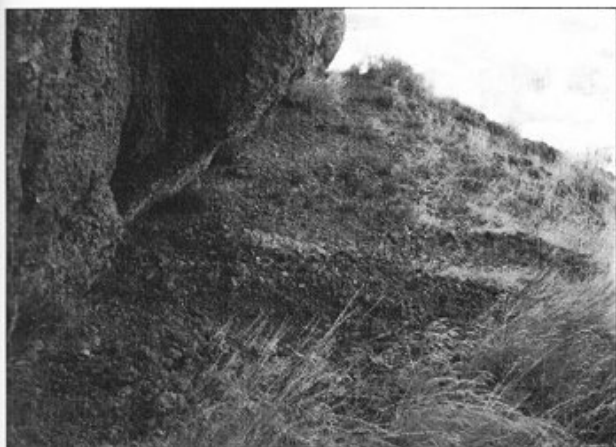
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Buck beds under a high, rocky rim, before I filled them full of large rocks. Note elevation drop to lower country!



Typical big buck country. Get into your glasses and take your time.

"that's no problem. I shoot well from a treestand." I am warning you, it's not the same! Most shots from a treestand have enough angle to them to make them easy, but these rock shots are mostly straight down and some are even back under you. Take my word for it and try it off the house.

Put your target one foot out from the foundation and work at it. I know some of you are thinking "what about the time Grandpa killed that big buck in the open sage flat or Uncle Bill got one in a quakie patch in Colorado," etc. Those are exceptions to me and I've done the same thing, we all have.

Once when I was a boy and had a 30-30 Winchester over my shoulder, I was crossing a huge sagebrush flat dragging my feet back to the truck after a long hard day. When I was a couple hundred yards from the truck, a huge buck got out of his bed and almost threw rocks on me getting out of there. I had almost stepped on him. No, I didn't kill him, but I almost did a lot of other things. That was another exception and we could write books about them.

I returned home from my Idaho hunt and started hunting my old stomping grounds for deer and elk. About the second day, I found a dandy buck bedded under a high rock bluff and the stalk was on. Two hours later I peeked over the edge and there he was, almost straight down under me. I missed that buck. I had shot about an inch high—I'm tellin' you it ain't easy. After the dust settled, I climbed down there

and rebuilt that bed—maybe next year. No buck from Oregon, but I did get a dandy 6x5 bull elk. Boy, I wish those elk would bed under those rocks, it sure would make my elk hunting a lot easier, but they just won't go for it.

Those of you who have followed the writing of Dwight Schuh and G. Fred Asbell will recall they both love to hunt mule bucks above timberline. They are obsessed with it. Do you know what is up there above timberline besides bucks? **Big Rocks.** And trust me, Dwight and Fred are some of the best.

I want to make one more point. I do some guiding for a friend of mine on his ranch. About the middle of October I had a gun hunter and we hunted really hard for a certain buck for four days and we finally found him. Any guess where he was?

That's right, he was under the biggest, roughest rock outcropping on the ranch. My point is this. It was no longer

August or September, nor was it 90 to 100 degrees. Fall was in the air, frost on the grass, and this big old buck was still using the beds in the rocks. Big bucks like rocks—period!

I'll bet if there were rocks in the corn fields back east, there would be a whitetail buck laying under one. I think the greatest advantage to hunting like this is the close shots. Most of my really good bucks have been shot right in their beds at less than 25 feet. Some as close as eight feet.

To me, the greatest part of bow hunting is to get really close. I like to talk about feet instead of yards. You got him where you want him. Take your time and make that shot. Don't worry about him smelling you. Nine times out of ten it will be later in the day when you get to this point and you are above him and the drafts will be coming up to you.

So, for you guys who want to hunt the exceptions, go for it! For me, I'll hunt the rocks!



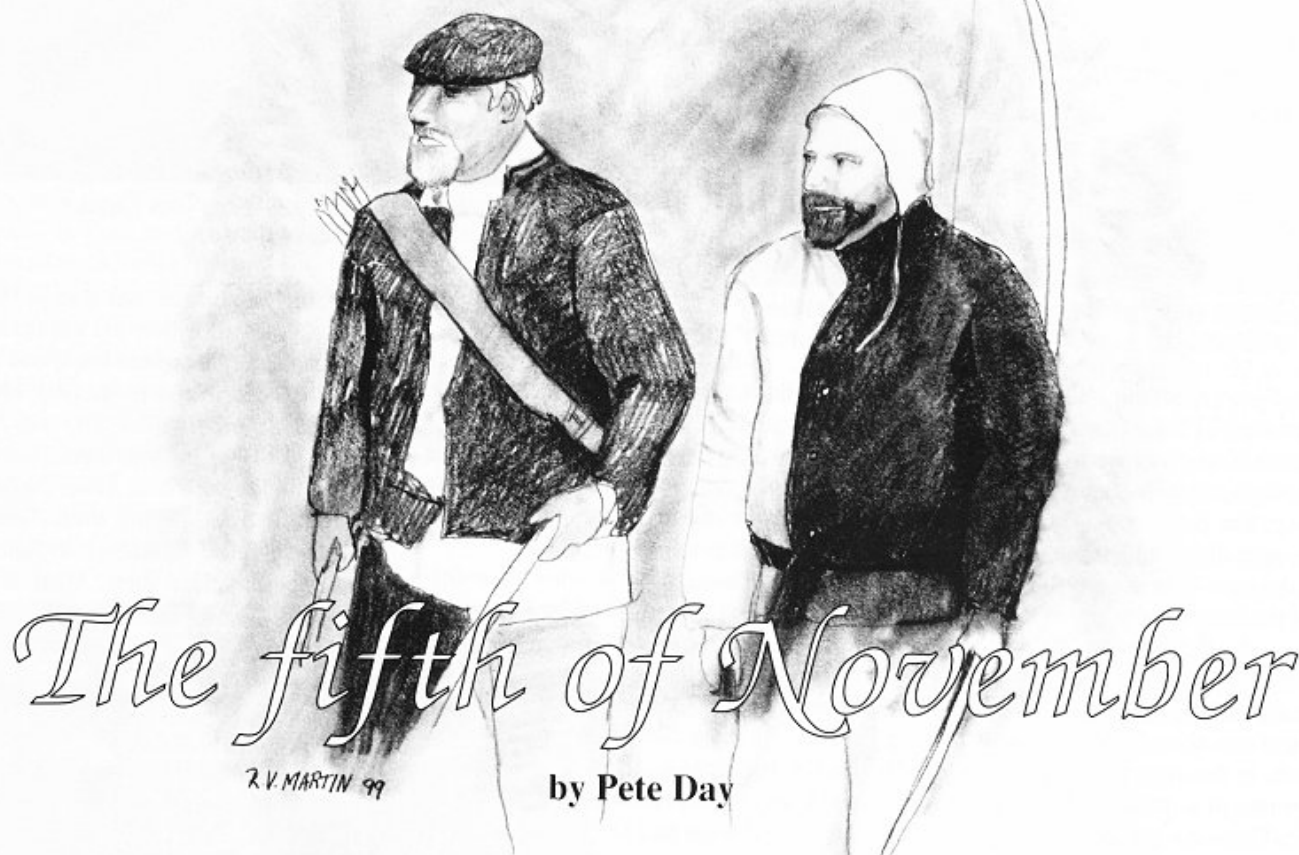
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# Remember Remember



## The fifth of November

R.V. MARTIN '99

by Pete Day

**N**ote: The title is part of an old English chant referring to Guy Fawkes (The Bad Guy?), who, on the 5th of November, 1605, was caught in a cellar beneath the English Houses of Parliament (the equivalent of the U.S. Senate) attempting to blow them up using gunpowder. For this, he was hung, drawn and quartered in the Tower of London on the 1st of January, 1606. Nowadays, poor old Guy would be famous as the only sensible person to get into the Houses of Parliament!

There is a lot of pressure on me to keep fit-looking. If there is a hint of the common cold, a tinsy-whimsy cough, or any minor ailment, you can be sure that should any of my archery clubmates (ancient and modern) get wind of it, you would find them camped in my backyard, snarling and biting; like hyenas waiting for my demise.

Think I'm kidding? I am not oblivious to the hints and innuendos (no, the latter is not a Spanish suppository) and gleeful rubbing of hands, as to whose homes my prize collection of archery memorabilia (ancient and modern) will end up in.

In a future article, I hope to take you for a stroll around those artifacts. However, as I sit here taking it all in, a certain object catches my eye (like poor King Harold) and seems to implore me to tell you its story. In case you don't know, King

Harold was an English king whose eye caught an arrow during a battle. This incident is famous since it contributed to Harold losing the battle which, in turn, dramatically and cruelly changed the course of English speaking people's history forever (The Battle of Hastings, England, 1066 AD).

### TWINKLE

Hanging like a ballistic missile amongst my bows, is a strange-looking arrow. It is over three feet long, has an eight inch paper fletch for economy, and a 6 inch paper cone covering some cotton waste fitted close up to the field pile (for sticking into wood).

At Bath Archers (in England and founded in 1857) long-bow target shoot during October 1994, I was approached by Hugh Soar, then the Secretary of the British Long Bow Society. He asked: "Had I had a phone call from a Mr. Robert Bradford?"

"No" I answered.

"You will," he said with a twinkle in his eye, and turned on his heel, chortling mischievously.

Illustration above: Archers at night, "down to earth and dressed to thrill," Pete Day (left) with his belt and braces, and Peter Willson (right).



What you will now read is a true story. Only the names have NOT been changed. Why should I protect the innocent?

It seems this Robert Bradford was a well-known 'fire-sculptor' who created giant exotic animals out of scraps of wood and fir tree branches. The animals comprised such things as pterodactyls, lizards, and in my case, dogs. Not just any old dogs, but a 12 foot high terrier snapping at the throat of a much bigger Boxer dog. The smaller dog had a water drain pipe for its spine, which housed rockets.

Robert Bradford duly phoned me with details of what he wanted me to do. My job? To shoot a fire arrow from an English longbow from the top of Trinity Church in Bristol, in front of a great crowd of people, and on Guy Fawkes night, the 5th of November. The successful fire arrow would then hit a fuse on the flank of the terrier and whoosh! — rockets ignite, travel along the drain pipe and into the open mouth of the Boxer. Everything then goes up in flames. Game over. Easy-peasy.

"OK" I said on the phone, "but I'll have to have a recce," believing him when he said the distance was "not very far."

## POLICE

I made my way to Bristol to find Trinity Church and the fire sculptor's scenario. I roughly knew of their whereabouts but decided to park and enquire. As I walked along, a police officer came towards me.

"Excuse me, can you direct me to Trinity Church?" I asked. He pointed to a giant building, peeping through the houses. "Ah, great. You see, I am an archer and I have a job to do," I explained. Gulp, news travels fast.

On the first sight of the strange creatures, I felt more confident. When I looked at the Church I wasn't so sure. I looked around and then called out for Robert Bradford. The smaller dog answered "Hello." Startled, I realized Mr. Bradford was inside the dog putting in the finishing touches.

He came out from within and we looked at the Church's great walls. This job looked scary for I estimated the distance to be between 40 and 50 yards.

"How do I get up to the roof?" I enquired lamely as my interest started to wain.

"You'll have to see the caretaker. I believe access is up the inside of that tower," he said, pointing to a shoulder-width lump on the side of the Church.

I went inside the Church, and, having met the disbelieving caretaker, I made my way up a narrow and ancient vertical ladder. Sixty feet up I came to a doorway, and stepping through it, found myself on a ledge just one foot wide with low castellations in front and a steep roof behind. Looking down, the targets looked rather, er, doggy size.

Mr. Hugh Soar's posterior would have been a satisfying mark for my first fire arrow.

It was at this point that I decided on a 'belt and brace' insurance — aptly phrased by my friend and former archery pupil, well known arrowsmith and fine longbowman, Peter Wilson. Peter was to be the 'belt' and my youngest son Si (Simon), a powerful 6 foot 4 inches tall archer, was to be the 'braces.' I felt too that Si could, if we failed, protect his Daddy should we have to fight our way through a hostile crowd.

I left the site with a heavy heart. You see, I had not yet approached the

two suckers, sorry, allies, Peter and Si. Time was not on our sides because (a) we had not practiced shooting fire arrows and (b) we didn't know how to make them. It looked SO easy in the movies.

## LOONIES

The evening before the big event found Peter and I in my garage, huddled over a conglomeration of arrows, paper nose cones, and wrought iron cones forged by Peter to a medieval pattern. Incidentally, the latter when stuffed with kerosene-soaked rags, then lit and shot into the air, dropped like lead balloons after just 60 feet.

Picture, if you can, two soaked loonies, lighting arrows at night, in a pitch black field, drenched with rain, shooting arrows up into the air, and cursing as the flames extinguished after just a few feet.

As we walked back dejectedly, I kept mumbling out loud: "02772 — etc."

"Why are you saying that?" asked Wet Wet Wilson.

"Robert Bradford's phone number — if the next lot fail, I'm calling the bloody thing off!"

After what seemed an eternity: "Eureka! I found it!" A last ditch stand of contact glue mixed with kerosene, plus Peter's paper nose cones, gave us

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two successful flights over 30 yards — and at one minute to midnight.

Peter still guffaws now at the memory of me, soaked to the skin, running off into the night after our burning orbs and then smothering the shafts with a pair of old underpants (where did I find them?) so's not to let the precious shafts burn.

We then made up 13 arrows — all the material we had. After all, one arrow would be enough according to Robert Bradford.

The following evening, Pat Ballinger and I drove to Trinity Church. We had arranged to meet the gang there. As we rounded the corner to the grounds, Pat began singing the words of an old music hall (vaudeville) song, which went something like: "In Trinity Church I met my doom, now I live in a top floor room ..." Which didn't exactly fill me with confidence.

After a rendezvous and agreeing a Game Plan, codenamed 'K-9,' I led Peter, Si, plus phone man Barrie Bracey, and morale booster Pat Ballinger (although after that song, I wasn't so sure) into the Church. Cursing, giggling, and scraping, we carried longbows, quivers of super-long arrows, buckets of kerosene, glue and gas lighters up the rickety ladder to our destiny on the roof.

In the darkness behind me, I heard Barrie say to Pat: "Are you alright, Patti B?" as he prodded her bottom with his mobile phone.

Old Guy Fawkes had nothing on us. When we emerged onto the roof, I was startled to see in the gloom, way along the ledge, a shadowy figure crouching down. Robert Bradford had managed to persuade an innocent cameraman to join in the "fun."

Way below us the crowd was thronging, and the floodlit dogs looked even smaller. A group of acrobats on unicycles and stilts were entertaining the crowd to the monotonous and deafening staccato of beating drums.

I looked down in dismay. Directly below us, and in the path of our hopefully flaming arrows, the crowd (who had no idea of what was happening, nor how the dogs were to be ignited) was at its thickest. In my wild imagination, I could see the first volley dropping short and setting fire to the guests, who would then run amok towards the dogs and do the job for us. Hmm .... no, don't even consider it.

When I had earlier mentioned "Insurance" to Robert Bradford, his eyes had looked at me and they said: "Forget it."

"Barrie, get on the phone and ask the marshals to clear a gap of about 20 feet," I said. Pat told me later that he did so, and in his best ex-London Metropolitan Police voice; and with some authority!

## BOMBS

Suddenly from below us, a loud voice yelled "Archers, are you ready?" A deathly hush followed.

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I make the point here that the thought went through my head that perhaps the two successful trial arrows were lucky ones. And poor old Si had never even had the "pleasure" of any practice whatsoever at scorching his bow hand.

My stomach turned. At a signal from me and as one, we ignited our arrows and raised them aloft to get a good burn going. We were like time bombs on that roof, and the unknown innocent cameraman was in the worst position being furthest away along the ledge. The only escape for him was DOWN.

Pat recalls that she will always remember how dramatic the scene looked, with us longbowmen dressed in medieval kit, silhouetted against the Church spire — then, as one, lowering the burning arrows and coming to full draw. I must admit that it looked impressive on the film which was shown on the TV news that night.

Now, if you have ever been in total darkness, then had a powerful light shone into your face, you can imagine how we all felt at that moment. Remember, we had no time to rehearse this accurate night shooting. With flames creeping over our bow hands we couldn't see a dog-gone thing! An archer could soon cure a 'holding-at-full-draw-too-long' problem with this set-up.

Pat stood in the small doorway busily snapping off photos with what proved to be a film-free camera — it's as well we had the Kamikaze Kameran along the ledge for it was he who was responsible for the action shots features in this article.

Another problem which came to "light" was that the lower limbs of our six-foot plus longbows were in danger of striking the aforementioned nasty castellated parapet. We each had to choose a gap and lean over this lower portion of the wall and out into the gloom so as to get longbow clearance. No tree-stand harnesses here!

Our first arrows whooshed spectacularly towards the target. When we could see again, one arrow was in the flank and two had just missed, but all were burning merrily. I was relieved, and expected the fuse to ignite any sec-

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Flaming arrows from above. (The doggies are not yet moved by the "woof-top" performance.)  
Inset: lady holding one of the "big arrows."

ond. Nothing. We waited a few seconds. Still nothing.

#### PRAYER

I had advised Robert to liberally douse the dogs in gasoline to help us, but he must have used water. Of course,

it HAD been raining all night and most of the morning, and our targets were waterlogged.

We continued shooting, with arrow after arrow miraculously hitting our unseen mark by a wing and a prayer, but still with no effect.

staged the "last arrow" stunt. If only they could have known how I felt at that moment! If it failed I suppose a ritual suicide off the roof would have been acceptable.

Fully composed, Si lit up, held high, came to full draw, loosed, and then yelled at the top of his voice after the flaming arrow "COME ON, MY SON!!" The arrow arced gracefully, then thudded into the middle of the already arrow-shot and flaming flank. To a great cheer from us and the crowd, the rockets ignited.

Danger or not, we hugged and danced jubilantly on that rooftop eyrie.

The thirteenth arrow was our lucky one.

END



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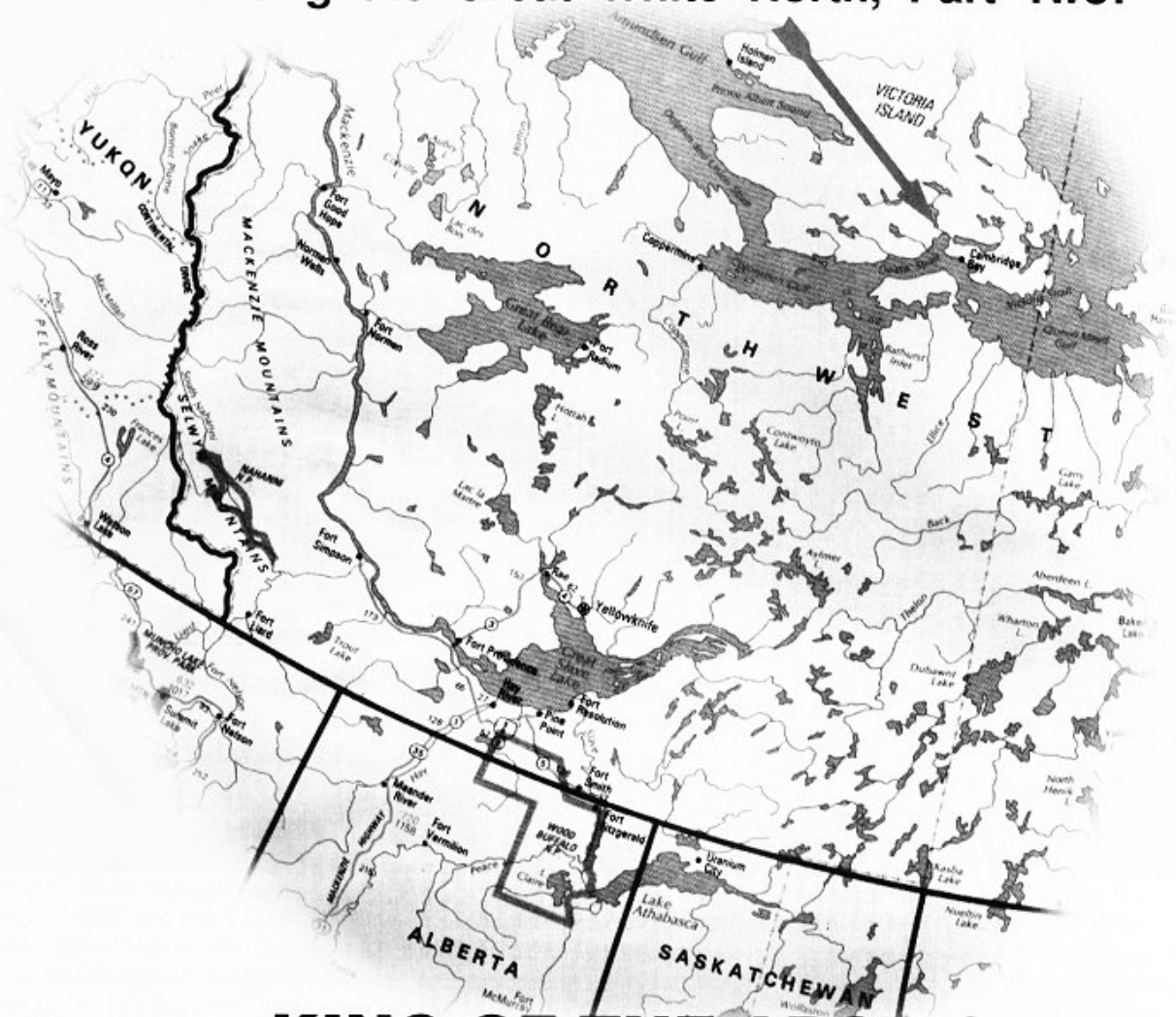
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## Hunting the Great White North, Part Two:



## KING OF THE ARCTIC

By Ricardo Longoria

Polar bears have always held a special place in my imagination. From the time I was a young boy I remember being told the story of my great uncle Shelby's polar bear hunt. The enormous polar bear he took on this hunt is currently recognized as the World Record in the Boone and Crockett Record Book. It is almost a full inch larger than the one that is listed in second place! In an old picture I have, my great uncle is standing behind this enormous bear in a heavy fur coat with the great expanse of the frozen arctic surrounding them. Over the years, I have heard a great number of different versions of the actual events that took place on this hunt. Some of these are more exciting than the others, but all are fantastic. The thought of hunting the great white King of the Arctic always seemed to be the one great adventure that I would definitely have to go on one day. It was not until I started hunting big game with a longbow that I finally decided that it might be the right time to embark on a bowhunting expedition for polar bear.

The polar bear, *ursus maritimus*, is known to be the largest terrestrial carnivore in the world, even larger than the legendary Alaska brown bear or Kodiak bear as some prefer to call it and much bigger than the feared and confrontational grizzly bear. In preparing for this hunt I would need to consider several different aspects, most notably my personal safety and the extreme environmental conditions.

The logistics of getting within bow range of a notoriously aggressive animal was a cause of great concern for me. I had been told that the polar bear is the only animal on Earth that knowingly and willingly hunts humans for food. It is said that every year 15 to 25 polar bears are killed in self defense by the Inuit hunters. A great proportion of polar bears are taken within camp by the sport hunters that pursue them due to the fact that the characteristically curious bears approach the hunter's camps while in search of food. It is not hard to imagine how easy it would be for this to turn into a dangerous situation.

In preparation for this hunt I began researching other traditionalists' experiences with polar bears to see what I could learn from them. There is not very much documentation available on the subject, and finding writings or videos on this was not an easy task. I turned to some of the archery world's greatest hunters and their books and videos for information and insight on this subject.

Fred Bear is one of the great bowhunters who took a polar bear with traditional archery tackle. From what little information I was able to obtain he was supposed to have hunted polar bears unsuccessfully on two or three different occasions. On these unsuccessful hunts the bears had to be shot by backup rifles in self defense. He was approaching the bears within 20 to 30 yards to shoot, and once hit, they would charge him. I was able to read a remarkable account of how Fred Bear and Bob Munger walked backwards into the wind to avoid having their faces frostbitten while hunting polar bear. They had to endure life threatening flights in light aircraft and then, upon landing, would pack blankets around the engine to prevent it from freezing over. Finally, after a great deal of determination, Mr. Bear was successful in harvesting a polar bear which I understand is displayed at the Fred Bear Museum.

I was able to see a film about the world famous bowhunter and Texas oilman, Bill Negley, entitled "Moments of Truth." In this film Mr. Negley takes cape buffalo, elephant, leopard, lion, rhino, and polar bear with a recurve. He is recognized as being the first person to have successfully taken the "Big Five" of Africa exclusively with a bow due to the fact that Howard Hill and Bob Swinehart both shot their elephants in the knees with high powered rifles before shooting them with a bow.

Negley's polar bear hunt was extremely exciting. He, his guide, and cameraman approached a massive boar to within bow range. The bear had not seen them, but scented them and approached to see what they were. They were behind a large ice formation and did not realize that the bear was as close as it was. Suddenly it came over the top



The **Current Boone and Crockett World Record Polar Bear**, shot in May, 1963, west of Kotzebue, Alaska, by the author's Great Uncle, Shelby J. Longoria.

of the ice formation within feet of Negley. They started yelling at the bear and waving their hands frantically convincing the bear that they would not make an easy meal. As the bear moved away, Mr. Negley was able to make a great shot which brought him down quickly. Unlike Fred Bear, Mr. Negley was fortunate enough to harvest a bear on

in the Northwest Territories nor is it considered to be "fair chase" by most modern bowhunters.

There is a tape entitled "Manhunter" that was made by McMillian River Outfitters. It is supposed to be an incredible video about the hunt taken by Dr. Bob Keeler from Wyoming. Unfortunately, I was unable

to obtain a copy, though I was told that the adventure of getting to and from the hunting area as well as the story about

## Suddenly it came over the top of the ice formation within feet of Negley.

his first trip, though he did suffer a very close encounter.

Arthur Young is the only person that I know of who took a polar bear with a longbow. I saw a film about his bowhunting experiences which included footage on his polar bear hunt. He was hunting bears out on the ice flows off of a boat. This is a viable method being that polar bears will often swim long distances from shore while looking for food or when moving from one area to another. From this boat, Art Young was able to get within feet of a large female and took his shot without getting scathed. Hunting in this manner, though a much safer approach to hunting polar bears, is not a currently accepted form of hunting

how the dogs ate his caribou coat are nothing short of fantastic!

By what some acquaintances told me, Dr. Keeler and his guides were separated from the mainland and on an ice drift. They were trapped on this slab of ice that might have been one square mile in area with a mature, male polar bear. This big boar came into camp looking for food and Dr. Keeler was able to bring him down with his recurve. This large bear had actually started to hunt Dr. Keeler and his guides! When the floating sheet of ice came in contact with the mainland they were able to jump to safety across a narrow channel.

I was very conscious of Dr. Keeler's experience and kept clear of

broken ice or ice flows and while on my hunt only hunted areas where the ice was thick and with no risk of being separated from the mainland. I can only begin to imagine the frustration and helplessness that this hunting party must have felt as they were floating out away from the mainland.

Ben Pearson's film on his polar bear hunt was actually the most helpful to me. His hunt took place in Alaska before the Marine Mammal Protection Act came into effect making polar bear hunting illegal to anybody except natives. During this period in time, the hunters and their guides would fly out over the ice and look for bears. Once a desirable one was spotted, they would put the aircraft down at a distance and then stalk within range. In Pearson's film, I witnessed him taking a very long shot at a wary bear. The bear appeared to be about 80 yards away when he shot. Though much further than any of the other hunters, he was able to keep a safe distance and still make a lethal shot.

After much consideration, I decided that my best chance of harvesting a polar bear, without being charged and attacked, would very likely be by taking a shot in the fifty to sixty yard range. I was somewhat concerned about not making a perfect shot at that distance, but the fact that I would be able to easily track the bear in the snow would make a second shot a very realistic possibility. I knew that if I could get an arrow in the chest cavity of the bear, then it would only be a matter of time before the bear would expire.

I began to practice a great deal at taking 50 and 60 yard shots with my longbow. In the beginning, being even remotely accurate was a problem, but then I began to get decent groups at that range. Using the indirect aiming method that I was taught by Bob Wesley several years before, I got to the point where I could hit the chest area of a wild boar target four out of six times at 50 and 60 yards. After several months I was almost as comfortable shooting at this distance as I was at 20 and 30 yards. My accuracy was obviously not the same at such long distances, but I felt that I was up to the challenge at hand. With my "point on" distance being 46 yards, I would have to hold at the top of the bear's back to hit the chest area at 50 or 60 yards.

Once I felt comfortable with the actual hunting aspects behind the pursuit of a polar bear, I was then ready

to start planning other aspects of this hunt. The intense preparation from a clothing and gear standpoint which I was making for a muskox hunt would be almost identical as what I would be requiring for the polar bear expedition. The only difference, and a tremendous one at that, would be the game being pursued.

Taloyoak, N.W.T., formerly known as Spence Bay, was the community I would be departing from on my hunt. A short commuter flight from Cambridge Bay, N.W.T. put me in Taloyoak in less than an hour. This village was very similar to Cambridge Bay as far as the houses and scenery were concerned, though it was somewhat smaller. There appeared to be a great deal of activity around the village and at the airport, much more so than at Cambridge Bay. I soon found out that all of the excitement was the result of the annual dog sled race that would begin in Taloyoak. While driving from the airport to the hotel I noticed that several of the homes around town had stretched out polar bear hides sitting in front of them. One of them was gargantuan and looked to be over ten feet!

After checking in at the local hotel and unloading my gear, I was escorted to the Renewable Resources Office to get my hunting license and polar bear tag in order. While the paperwork was being processed I studied a diagram explaining why it was so harmful to harvest female bears. This diagram showed that harvesting one female would be the equivalent of taking three males in regards to what effects it would have on the overall population in a given area. Each Inuit community has a limited quota of bears that they can harvest. A female will count as two bears which consequently motivates guides and their hunters to try and take a male if at all possible. Within thirty minutes I was back at the hotel.

By the time I had arrived in Taloyoak, I was eager to go out on the ice and test my skills on the Great White Bear. The recent success I had harvesting a muskox had given me the



Ricardo's Inuit guides Abraham and John Ukkuqtunuaq.

level of confidence I needed to meet the challenges that I would be facing. I was able to resolve all of my inhibitions about the effectiveness of my gear and my ability to cope with the elements while hunting Muskox. I would now be able to concentrate fully on the polar bear.

I met my two guides that evening. It was a team of two brothers; Abraham and John Ukkuqtunuaq. Abe was an old hand at hunting polar bears and John was a dog team driver with a great deal of experience. I immediately liked them both very much. Abe had been told that I would be hunting with a bow and was very enthusiastic about guiding another bowhunter. He had guided three previously unsuccessful bowhunts and was hopeful that on this occasion he would finally be successful. He was surprised to see that I had a longbow, but did not seem very concerned. The previous hunters he had guided were using compound bows. He told me about how his ancestors had hunted polar bears with simple equipment as well.

The next morning I was picked up at the hotel by Abe and then we rode out to the edge of town where he and John already had all of the supplies and equipment ready to go. We were planning to be out on the ice for as long as



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two weeks or possibly even longer. John and Abe each had a modern snowmachine and large wooden sleds that would be pulled behind them. Besides his snowmachine, John had his dog team and dog sled that he was taking along as well. Upon arriving in the hunting area, we would be using the dog sled for transportation exclusively. For the moment, I would be traveling in the "dog box" that was on the sled pulled by Abe. The enclosed box would provide an adequate barrier from the cold wind and after being lined with caribou skins would be much warmer than riding unexposed. Once my gear was tied down we began our trip.

Abe told me that we would be traveling to an area that was a considerable distance from Taloyoak. It could take between three and five days, depending on the weather, to get to this area. He explained to me that by traveling such a long distance from the village it would increase our chances of finding a large adult male. Most hunters are not usually willing to travel that far and for that reason there is a greater concentration of mature bears further from the community. I sat still in my sled and prepared myself for the long ride. It is surprising how much time I actually spent sitting in that sled daydreaming of white bears and far off adventures.

After hours and hours of laying in the bottom of that box I was almost in a trance. I thought long and hard on what the real purpose of my trip to the Great White North was. I wanted to grow as an individual and become a bet-

ter, more complete person. Being in the harsh arctic environment and pursuing the most dangerous and fearless predator on earth was nothing short of a religious experience. It represented the desires I had to find a more spiritual and fulfilling existence coupled with the climax of a life-long dream.

Travel across the ice was very slow. There were not very many landmarks to help gauge one's progress by, which made travel even more tedious. I, personally, could not tell if we had traveled five miles or twenty miles. Only Abe knew exactly where we were. About once every hour or more we would stop to rest and let the snowmachines cool down. I was amused by the fact that even in the sub-zero temperatures the snowmachine engines would overheat due to the heavy loads they were pulling. Abe would climb on top of my "dog box" and glass the endless ice in search of a speck of black that could be a bear's muzzle or of some glimpse of movement. It is said by the Inuits that polar bears hide themselves by covering their black noses with their forearms when they hear or smell humans. They are the only part of their body that is not white and can therefore give them away. A cup of hot tea and some banek would help us warm ourselves before continuing.

The first day we traveled hard and ended up arriving at our "camp" late in the evening. Camp out on the ice is not much more than a big wooden container that resembles a freight train boxcar, though considerably smaller. The Inuit hunters build these wooden shelters that

are about fifteen feet long, eight feet wide and eight feet tall within their villages. Once ready, they pull these containers out into the wilderness on rails with their snowmachines and use them as outpost camps. The only opening is a slight door on one end of this container that is about four feet tall and three feet wide and then a small exhaust on the top for the smoke to escape from. Once inside these shelters, they are actually very warm. Running a kerosene stove will raise the temperature to just above freezing within an hour. The walls of the container are insulated to help keep the temperature constant and considerably warmer than the exterior temperature. The warmest temperature that I experienced during this hunt was just above freezing. I soon became accustomed to having nothing more than a polypropylene long john top and bottom on while in these shelters and still feeling comfortable.

Within the shelter, we distributed ourselves and equipment in such a way as to optimize the little warmth we were able to generate. We set up our sleeping bags on the end of the shelter furthest from the entrance and then had the stove and icebox on the opposite end next to the entrance. After getting settled down and eating something, we talked at great length about polar bears and the danger that they pose to humans while out on the ice in the arctic. Fortunately, the dogs were tied up outside the shelter and would warn us if a bear came into camp. Abe explained to me that each year he was allowed to guide one hunter by the local Hunter's and Trapper's Organization. He had been doing this for many years and enjoyed it immensely. John won his first polar bear hunt as an assistant guide and was very excited to have the opportunity to begin guiding with his brother. I was really enjoying the conversation and the experience of learning more about the Inuit culture and their traditions.

Early the next morning, we were up and ready to start moving again. It would be another long day of traveling. I was quite surprised to see some bear tracks not far from camp. Abe said that we could expect to start seeing more bear sign since we were now a considerable distance from the village.

Every hour or so, as we traveled across the ice, we would stop for a break and Abe would glass the white expanse of the arctic in search of the elu-

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sive white bear. Early that afternoon, on one of these breaks, Abe shouted and pointed straight ahead of us. There was a bear about two hundred yards away running at full speed on a course that was taking it in a direction away from us. Abe said that it was a smaller female.

At first I did not understand how he knew this. Then Abe explained that usually there are only two ways to know what size a bear is without actually being right next to it. The easiest way is by seeing its track. The other way is by its behavior. A mature male will most oftentimes stand its ground and human presence will not alarm or disturb it very much. An immature male will move away slowly as will a mature female. An immature female will almost always run. However, when bears are in groups of two or three it becomes considerably more difficult to judge what they are because their behavior is less predictable.

I watched this running bear in awe and admired the natural camouflage that it possessed. It was easy to lose it in the white background and then suddenly see it once again as it kept running across the ice. I wondered how many

bears we might have already missed because they were lying still, perfectly camouflaged, in the barren white surroundings.

Once again we continued moving and soon came upon the bear's tracks. As Abe had stated; it was a small female. We kept traveling towards our destination without seeing any more bears. That evening, upon arriving at the place we would be camping, John noticed some caribou off in the distance. He decided that adding some Caribou meat to our supplies would be very beneficial. I agreed wholeheartedly and offered to go along and help him get a caribou. There was a herd of about 15 caribou and within ten minutes he had a small bull down on the ground with his vintage .303 British. Dinner that night was a wonderful caribou stew. It really was the type of meal I needed to warm me up.

By the third day I was beginning to think that we should probably not be very far from the area we would be hunting. We traveled hard all day long taking only a few short breaks. Along the way we came across four different sets of bear tracks. One was an old track that belonged to a large male. I studied the track closely and noticed the tremendous size of the pads on this bear. Its mark in the ice was as big as the one left by my boot. Abe said that it belonged to a male that was probably ten feet! The two inch claws were still imprinted in the ice. The track appeared to be more than two or three days old which would make trying to follow this bear useless. Regardless, it was still very exciting to be seeing so much polar bear sign. We were now far enough from the village to be able to see more bears.

That evening we no longer had a wooden shelter to sleep in. Hunters had not brought any that far North of the village. We set up the canvas tent that had been unused until this point and piled snow

around it to keep the wind from blowing it away. I could tell that this shelter would not be as warm as the other ones. After camp was set up I took my bow out and did some arctic stump shooting. I would pick out an abnormal ice formation and fling an arrow at it. Recovering these arrows was slow because the arrows, though they had a blunt, would bury themselves in the snow. During this time Abe had walked up a small hill behind camp to survey our surroundings.

When Abe returned, he said that he had seen two bears about five miles away. He was not sure what they were, but, he thought that it might be a sow and cub. They were in the direction that we would be traveling tomorrow which would give us the opportunity to examine their tracks. We were now only about four and a half hours travel time from where we would be hunting and I was beginning to get extremely excited. The two bears that Abe had seen were on our side of a hill that separated us from our final destination.

The next morning we were up early and getting all of our gear prepared to go. We had to separate the essential gear and provisions from any that would not be as important because from this point on, we would be taking only one snowmachine and the dog team. Abe would be using the snowmachine to pull the sled with the majority of the supplies and John and I would be pulled by the dog team. My anxiousness to reach the bay was such that I could not even feel the cold wind on my face or the bumps along the way. I was daydreaming of Nanook, as the Inuits call the polar bear. We eventually reached the tracks that the two bears from the day before had left. They were not made by a sow and cub. The tracks were made by a large male and a female. Abe said that they were most likely breeding and would be traveling together. My excitement was uncontrollable. The tracks on the male were huge and we knew he had just been there the previous evening. Abe and John decided to have tea and banek. I just wanted to move forward and follow the bears' tracks. Abe said that the bears would definitely be in the area of the bay and that there was no need to follow the tracks. I did what little I could to keep from getting too anxious, but it was hopeless. The chase was on!

We continued traveling and went over some small hills and dropped into the bay. There was a great deal of

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bear sign. In the next hour we crossed six sets of tracks including those of the large male and female. Abe would stop and glass and I would follow his lead.

Suddenly, towards our right, we saw a bear. It was a great distance from us, but still within range to see clearly with binoculars. I watched it closely and was able to witness the bear reaching down into a seal hole and then come out with a squirming seal. This bear looked like it was a male, but we could not know for sure. I was excited but there was something that did not feel right. This bear was not with a sow. It was by itself. This was not the same bear whose tracks we had seen earlier. I could also tell that its fur was very yellowish in appearance. I was not sure I wanted to go after a bear with a coat that was as yellow as this bear's. I thought to myself that it did not really matter very much and that most polar bears were this color. As long as it was a male the fur did not really matter, but the thought still bothered me.

While we watched this bear trying to decide what to do, John called my name and motioned off to my right. He said that he had seen another bear in that direction. I looked through my binoculars and saw one a mere 250 yards from where we were. Its fur was extremely beautiful. It was a pure white and blended well into the background. Abe looked at it and said that he thought it was a female. I thought for a moment that since this bear had such perfect fur, I would not mind the fact that it was a female. Inuit hunters, however, will do anything in their power to not take a female because of their limited quota system. For this reason they try their best to harvest only mature males.

Abe continued to study the first bear while I admired the beauty of this second bear. Suddenly I saw something move behind the second bear. It appeared to be a smaller animal. I called Abe's attention to this and he studied my find through his binoculars. He said that it looked like a cub. We had before us a male at a long distance and then a female and her cub. Three bears at the same moment! I watched this female and her cub and could not get over the magnificent color of her pure white fur. Even her cub's fur, which is usually not as dark as an adult's, was considerably more yellow. Both the female and her cub seemed oblivious to our presence.

Abe asked me what I wanted to do and I said I would just like to watch the bears for a while and maybe try to approach the far off bear to get a better look at him. I wanted to get a look at his tracks and get a more accurate idea of what size bear he really was before making any type of decision.

I studied the cub more closely. For some reason it did not strike me as having the correct proportions for its supposed size. I mentioned this to Abe and he decided that there might be more to this. He told John and I to wait while he went over to investigate this matter more closely. We watched him approach the bears slowly. Suddenly both bears picked up his movement and looked straight at him. The cub began running in the opposite direction. At this point everything fell into place. The cub was actually a female and the female was actually a male. This kind of mistake could only occur when trying to judge polar bears with no type of background to help judge their relative size.

These must be the two bears whose tracks we had seen earlier, I thought. Abe's waving arms instantly confirmed this. I got on the dog sled and John and I began moving towards Abe and the beautiful snow white bear. When we were about 100 yards from this bear John released two of his dogs to see if they could bring the bear to bay. The dogs immediately began to run in the bear's direction.

John and I followed behind the dogs on the sled. When the large bear realized that he was being pursued by two dogs he turned to fight. I watched in horror as he grabbed one of the dogs in his jaw and threw him several yards into the air. The dog was not mortally wounded, but quickly ran away from the bear. The other dog became cautious and would not approach the bear any closer than a few yards at the same time as the bear was moving slowly away from it. Abe shouted that this was a mature male and that he was probably not going to come to bay. He wanted to call the dogs back and let him go.

I decided that I did not want to let this one get away. I would try and take him without the help of the sled dogs. I removed my EXP jacket and began to approach the bear on foot. Once I was within approximately fifty five yards I put an arrow on the string and drew back my bow. I picked a spot behind the shoul-

der and released. I had calculated my indirect aiming point incorrectly and my arrow fell considerably short of the bear. I quickly grabbed another arrow out of my quiver, held my point above the bear's back and shot again. The shot's elevation was correct, but I had hit behind the chest area and instead hit its rear leg. At this point he roared loudly and I was sure at that moment that he was going to charge me.

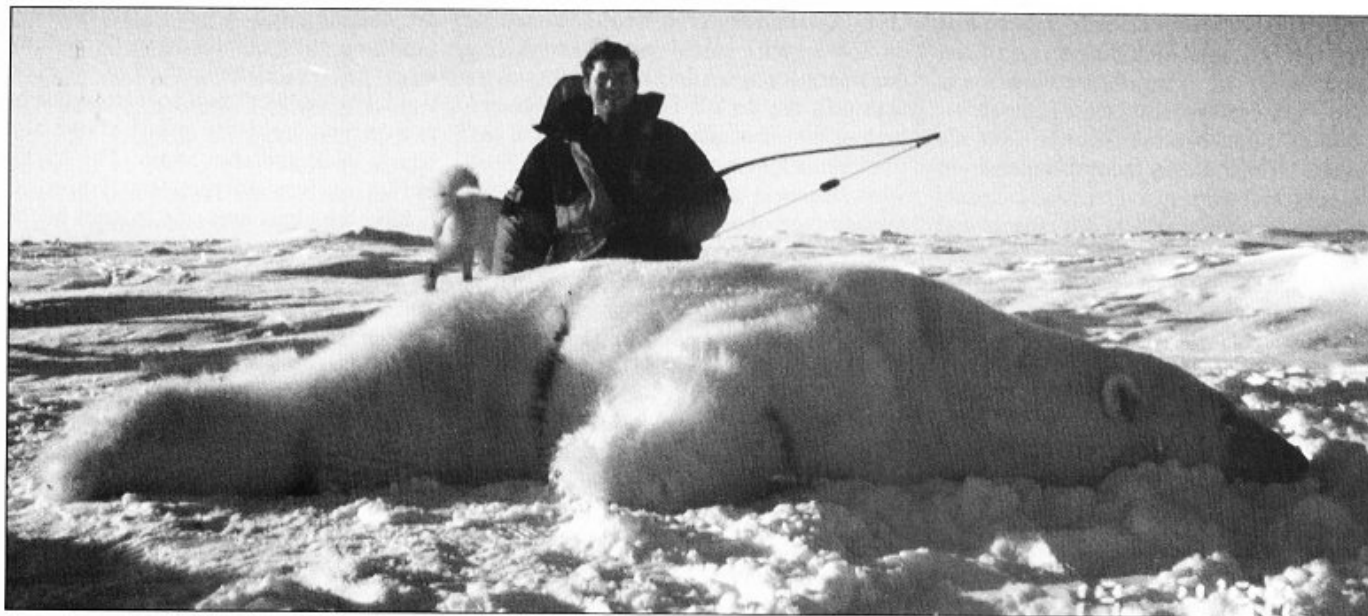
Instead of charging, he began to move away in a brisk shuffling run. I ran back to the dog sled and we began to follow at about 75 yards parallel to the bear. The one dog was still following the bear and was now beginning to show some courage as he would nip at the bear's hind quarters. Suddenly the bear once again turned to fight the dog. At this point I jumped from the dog sled and ran towards the bear. It was about 60 yards away. I took aim and loosed an arrow. It was high and arched several feet over the bear's back.

I needed to concentrate! My surroundings began to get blurry and I was having an extremely difficult time breathing. My body temperature was dropping and I could not feel my hands anymore. My head was throbbing from the cold and it felt as if my lungs were on fire! I had to focus my attention on making one accurate shot. That was all it would take! I had practiced at this distance and knew that I could get the arrow where I needed it.

In a dream-like trance I took another arrow from my quiver, picked my spot carefully and shot. The point of the arrow was slightly above his back and the release was perfect. I watched the arrow arch high in seemingly slow motion flying perfectly. The arrow disappeared completely in the bear's chest and when he turned around I could see that there was blood coming out on the opposite side. The arrow had gone completely through the bear! He began to move away and I took another shot. This time the arrow hit his front shoulder and shattered. It was not important. He already had a mortal wound. It was just a matter of time before the hemorrhaging would bring the bear down.

I fell to my knees as John ran up with my jacket. My hands were already hurting from the onset of frost bite and were a bluish color. I needed to restore my body heat before I went into shock. At this point I had forgotten about





We kept our distance and stared in disbelief. . . but could not yet believe that this "King of the Arctic" was finally laid to rest by a simple stick and string.

the bear and was trying to compose myself and start recovering my heat. I asked John for some tea and began sipping it in earnest hoping that this would be enough. I wrapped my hands around the warm thermos to warm them up.

The bear went on about 100 yards further and then layed down. I was watching him through my binoculars. I could see crimson on his nostrils. I felt sure that it would be only a few moments before he expired. The one dog came up behind the bear and started barking. In a last, futile attempt this magnificent bear rose up to give its last fight. The dog quickly got out of his way and the bear walked a few more steps and expired.

We kept our distance and stared in disbelief. I was now feeling much better, but could not yet believe that this "King of the Arctic" was finally laid to rest by a simple stick and string. After what seemed like hours we began to very cautiously move towards the bear. Abe threw some pieces of ice at it to see if it would move. The bear remained motionless. I walked up to the bear and began to run my hands through his fur. It was every bit as beautiful as it had seemed from a distance and had a very silky feel to it. I was surprised at the relative softness that it had as I expected it to be more coarse.

Its proportions were massive! The pads alone were more than fourteen

inches long. Its claws accounted for an additional two inches and were razor sharp. While turning the bear over I cut one of my hands with its claws. At this moment I realized that polar bears really are every bit as dangerous as they are said to be. I examined its mouth and was surprised to find that one of his canines was half missing. Abe examined them and confirmed the bear's old age. He thought that the fur might have been as white as it was due to a lack of adequate nutrition. After skinning and examining the carcass we noticed that this bear had almost no fat on it and was surely suffering from malnutrition.

We made the determination to camp in that same area as it was too late to go anywhere else. Abe took his rifle out and fired close to a dozen shots in different directions. He was very concerned that other bears would be attracted to the fresh carcass being that polar bears will eat the carcass of another bear.

After he was skinned, I was finally able to sit back and take in the whole experience. Abe and John were setting up camp and I was able to ponder the magnitude of what I had just accomplished. I sat on top of a snow drift and took in my surroundings. The closest that I have ever felt to coming in contact with the true meaning of life is being a stone's throw away from an animal that wanted to kill me. All this while holding in my hand a simple longbow and a sharp

arrow. I had no rifle back up and it was just myself against the undisputed King of the Arctic.

I relished the moment and watched in awe as the arctic paid a last tribute to this one majestic bear in the form of a glorious sunset. The sun came down slowly and bathed the entire arctic landscape in its orange light. As it went progressively lower the colors changed from orange to pink. I sat still taking in the last rays of sunlight before the sun finally disappeared completely.



#### Author's Note:

Hunting in the arctic is undoubtedly the most physically demanding hunt that a modern day bowhunter can pursue. Having the proper equipment and making adequate preparation is imperative.

Mark Buehrer of Bowhunting Safari Consultants was instrumental in planning this expedition to the arctic. His extensive bowhunting expertise and assistance was essential in ensuring my success. In 1998 Mark sent two bowhunters to the arctic after polar bear and we were both successful. Congratulations, Mark!

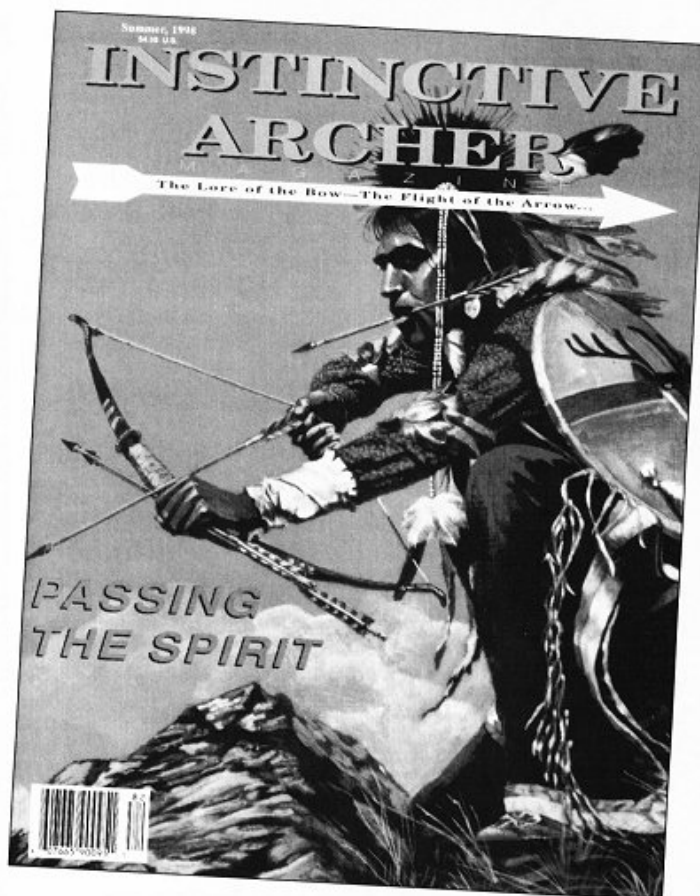
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W <del>SOLD OUT</del> '97	Spring '98	Summer '98
Fall '98	Winter '98	Spring '99

(price includes shipping and handling)

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LORE: A BODY OF WISDOM OR KNOWLEDGE . . . ESPECIALLY WHEN IT IS OF A TRADITIONAL NATURE.

# Bow Profiles

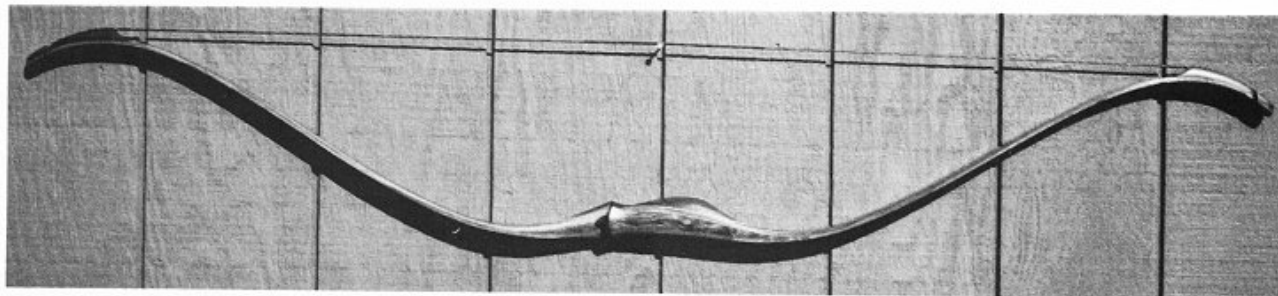
By Bob Martin

*Find a bow that fits you, "feels right" and hits where you point it, and you will be a happy camper.*

This quarter's bow profile features **Palouse Traditional Archery's "Millennium"** static-tip recurve. The Millennium is a beautiful piece of the bowyers' art which is patterned after more ancient recurves from Asia and the middle east, and is reminiscent of some of the fine early static recurves produced in this country before World War II.

The workmanship is first rate and the finish is uncompromising. The brochure from Palouse states: *"The riser incorporates a positive grip position allowing the archer to hold the bow exactly the same with every shot."*

» Palouse »  
Traditional  
Archery  
Mfg.





**BOW SPECIFICATIONS**

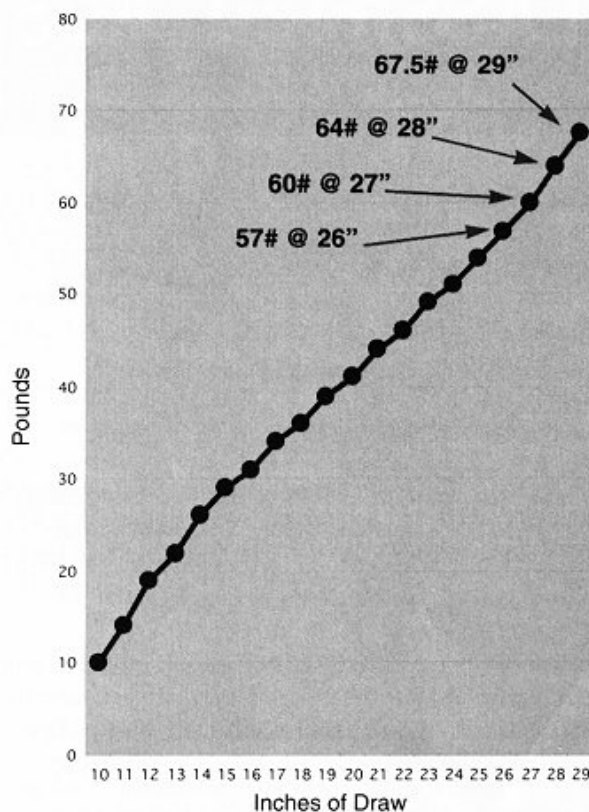
Bow:	Palouse Traditional Archery, Mfg. "Millennium" 60" static recurve.
Bowyers:	Eric Frey and Doug Kenyon  Palouse Traditional Archery Mfg. 209 North Roosevelt, Moscow, Idaho 83843 Phone: (208) 882-1441 palmfg@moscow.com
Riser:	Multi-laminate available with Leadwood, Chechem, Bocote, Purple Heart, Bubinga, Mopane
Limbs:	Reflex-deflex, narrow, static recurve. Clear glass available with Red Elm, Osage, Black Locust, Maple, Yew, and Zebra Wood
Finish:	Satin finish, very smooth with no voids
Length:	60", nock to nock along back
Poundage:	64 pounds @ 28 (measured 1.25" forward from web of grip)
Limb width at fadeouts:	1.232" (top) 1.243" (bottom)
Limb width at nock:	approximately .70"
Brace height:	7.25"
fade-out to fade-out length:	approx. 18.25"
Limb nock to fade-out:	20 5/8" (top) 20 1/2" (bottom)
Price:	\$ 550 (US currency)

**NOTE:**

For a complete explanation of our bow-testing methodology, please refer to the Spring, 1999 issue

**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:	168.0 fps	43.56
605-grain arrow:	178.4fps	42.76
540-grain arrow:	186.3 fps	41.62

FORCE DRAW	
INCHES	POUNDS
10"	10 lbs.
11	14
12	19
13	22
14	26
15	29
16	31
17	34
18	36
19	39
20	41
21	44
22	46
23	49
24	51
25	54
26	57
27	60
28	64
29	67.5

# CLASSIFIED ADS

CLASSIFIED AD RATE: \$1.00 per word, \$20.00 minimum.  
USED-BOW ADS: \$10.00. One bow per ad, 20 word max.

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**VINE MAPLE STAVES FOR SALE,** \$45 per stave, two or more \$40 per stave. Tom Hiegler, 1891 Yew St. Rd., B'ham VA 98226. (360)733-1262.



With  
Bob Martin

Inventions can be wonderful things, marvelous in their design and ingenious in inspiration. They sometimes work better in our imaginations than in fact. I've got a drawer full of nifty doo-dads that at the time seemed like just the ticket to some pesky problem. Most now lay in disuse as I discovered that they didn't live up to my expectations: like the handy-dandy pocket knife sharpener that doesn't. Most of these trinkets are fairly innocuous, others are more sinister. The following is a tale of a diabolical invention whose vortex I was unknowingly swept into with the coaxing of my good friend Rick. Now at this point he may argue that I was a willing participant but I must claim temporary insanity as he always knows my psychological weakness (hunting), and his ability to persuade me is well documented.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rick came over to my house one day to show "IT" to me. He proudly claimed that all our hunting worries were over. He said that he finally had found the cure to all our logistical problems for packing far into the back country. This invention was guaranteed to open up new vistas of far-flung wilderness adventure and make packing our elk quarters out of the mountains child's play.

"Rick," I said, "what is it?" "Why, it's an Elk Cart," he said proudly with more than just a little self-satisfaction. "What's an Elk Cart?" I naively asked. "Why it's only the best danged thing to come along since bow strings!" he snorted. "You see, this cart will let us easily roll our whole camp into the back country on this motorcycle wheel..."

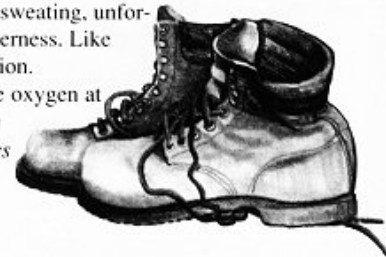
"I don't know..." I felt things starting to go black and Rick, sensing my pending attack of common sense, quickly warded it off with a cunning demonstration. Looking around for something to haul around for a demo ride, the only thing around that was movable was my wife, Ginny. Rick convinced her to hop on board and Rick and I proceeded to give the Elk Cart a trial run around the back yard with Ginny on board. My wife has quite a sense of humor and I'm still not sure if she was laughing at us or if she just thought it was fun. After several laps around the yard I was mesmerized. Rick was satisfied that the demonstration had sufficiently sealed our doom and Ginny was wiping tears from her eyes caused by hysterical laughter or the horror of seeing her husband sucked into yet another mad scheme. As she went back to the house, she mumbled something about us being crazy and checking on the life insurance policy. After the demonstration, the pulsating vortex had taken full control of our destinies.

The construction of the Elk Cart should be noted for posterity's sake or as a warning to other poor souls, should some unfortunate come across it somewhere. The cart was built out of thick walled, one-inch tubular mild steel (backpacker grade), with an intricately welded framework, about 4 feet long and 3 1/2 feet wide (powder coated). The frame was box-like with 6-inch sides and a motorcycle wheel welded in the center underneath. At each end there were two handles for the operators to hold onto (stretcher style), one to push, the other to pull. No brakes. The whole thing was about 90 pounds of fiendishly indestructible engineering and excellent example of the welders art. It was kind of a hybrid cross between a unicycle and a luggage rack for a land rover, complete with an off-road knobby motorcycle tire for traction.

Our new-found confidence in the Elk Cart, led us to haughtily shun our normal backing pack gear. We opted for a cast iron skillet, Coleman lanterns, rolls of plastic visqueen, arctic sleeping bags, etc. As the hunt approached there were numerous accouterments that found their way into the found Elk Cart cache. After all, we weren't having to carry anything anymore, we were just going to roll the whole thing into the Rocky Mountains like we were on a Sunday stroll (simple). The heady sense that we were Kings of all we surveyed was intoxicating.

The day arrived and our fate was sealed as we headed out. The trail was perfect. It was down hill from the main ridge road for a distance that easily lured us ever deeper towards the point of no return. After the first several miles, roots, rocks, sticks, brush, it didn't matter, the Elk Cart stubbornly balked at every opportunity. Undaunted, we pushed forward ever forward with determination or just a lack of sense to put ourselves out of our misery; two grunting, sweating, unfortunate souls, strapped fore and aft to a one wheeled behemoth in the midst of the wilderness. Like two ants struggling with a morsel ten times their size headed for some unseen destination.

"How you doin' up there Rick?" I managed to say between deep gasps for the sparse oxygen at 8,000 feet. "Oh, fine, I think. The good thing about my hand spasms and my arm muscles knotting up is that it sure makes it easy to hang onto these cold metal handles





in this pounding sleet. I hate to think about how hard it would be to hang onto otherwise." "Yeah," I replied, "and it's a good thing that we have as much weight on here as we do. This slick mud on the trail next to those thousand foot drop offs would be spooky if we weren't getting such a good bite with that good old knobby tire."

"Say, Rick, I was wondering where we are gonna put that six-point bull when we shoot him" I said with optimism. "Hopefully, by then we will have eaten off some of those cases of canned goods," Rick, countered.

After a whole day of baffling the elements (battling wouldn't qualify), having crossed numerous peaks and ridges we crashed in a stand of lodgepole pine as darkness approached. The rain was relentless. We found one of our rolls of visqueen and managed a make-shift shelter. We rolled out our sleeping bags amongst the hummocks of bear grass which were in all the wrong spots to get comfortable.

We discussed using our lantern we had hauled in but the gallon of Coleman fuel was at the bottom of the cart. We discussed breaking out the cast iron skillet and Coleman stove and peeling some spuds and frying them up. But it was all for not, as we were too tired to use any of the hardware we had spent ourselves on transporting. A pocket knife raggedly peeled back the top of a cold can of stew. We couldn't find our silverware in the dark so we ate it with our fingers which were now permanently formed into circular claws the radius of the cart handles, they were useless now for anything else but hooking scraps to nourish our spent bodies. We passed out from abject misery and slept the sleep of the oblivious.

The next morning the motorcycle wheel creaked as it spun slowly in the mountain air as the cart lay where it "crashed." The plastic tarp shelter we had built now formed a huge reservoir above us, filled with rain water. We heard hoofs clattering on the trail as a hunter rode past our make-shift camp on his mule. I sat up in my sleeping bag with knots of bear grass tangled in my hair. The hunter's face looked as though he had just stumbled onto an ultralight airplane crash site (which it strongly resembled) and was surprised to see a survivor. The hunter's wife was riding along behind him and cast a worried smile our way. She seemed like a nice lady. As they rode away I could hear her ask her husband if he thought we were OK and wondered if we had sustained any head injuries.

Rick and I hunted hard that day and the next. And the hunting was too good. The hypothermia had somewhat mitigated the terminal effect of the vortexes' grip and I was getting the inkling that we were in trouble. It was starting to vaguely register like the ripples from a pebble thrown into a glassy pond. I was starting to worry we were going to bag something way back in there and then what would we do? I was just contemplating that thought as we sat snoozing during our lunch break in a small saddle on a lonely ridge, when two mule deer bucks slowly grazed into the saddle about five yards from us. I woke Rick and pointed to the deer, which stood taunting us at close range. He immediately nocked an arrow, but luckily I was able to convince him not to shoot one. After the bucks nonchalantly wandered off and I let the knife down from Rick's throat, Rick and I agreed that we would only shoot elk (I don't know why, as elk are bigger!).

We later found ourselves several miles further from the crash site (camp), lured to the edge of a mighty deep dark canyon with sheer slopes tilting downward into a thick stand of cedar and fir, far below. We bugled into the defile and bulls started bugling all over that canyon. Once we had started them, they just kept it up. Big throaty squeals and whistles reverberated from every thicket and pocket—we had found elk Shangrila!

The elk sang sweet enchantments like the mythical sirens of yore to the two gaunt and tattered figures teetering on the brink of the chasm. Rick started down the slope and I was barely able to snag him by the collar as he headed for the closest bull.

"What's got into you! You trying to get us dead?" He sat down shaking like a German shorthair pointer that had just got a good snout-full of pheasant scent. "Those elk have no intention of letting us leave these mountains alive!" I said in a loud whisper. "I, I guess, you're, you're, right," he sputtered.

We sat there for a long time and just listened to the beautiful serenade of bulls below us, many, many, long and rugged miles from the trail head; miles from the crash site; miles from anyone with common sense. Silently, we gathered every ounce of courage we had, we made our move, slipping from rock to brush to tree, hoping to escape before one of those bulls zeroed in on our position and presented a shot.



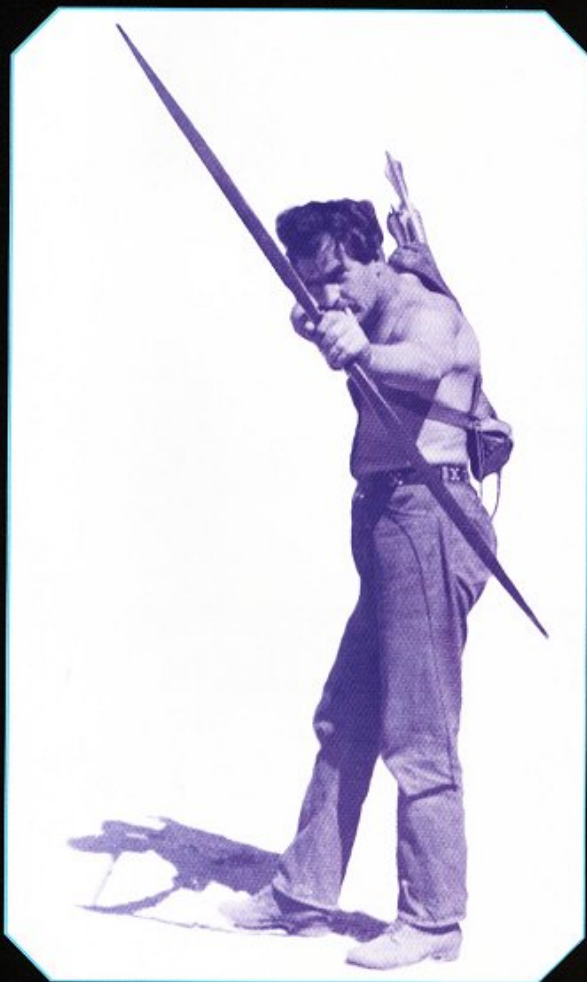
To this day when I am out in the wilderness, snuggled deep in my sleeping bag and the wind begins to blow, the rain begins to pour, whenever I hear a metallic sound that squeaks (a lantern handle, or a sheepherder stove door) I am reminded of the infamous Elk Cart and a cold shiver runs through me. If possible and he has his guard down, I grab whatever is handy and throw it at Rick! "Hey, remember that danged Elk Cart?" . . . the conversation usually sends us into a rambling incoherent banter that sounds suspiciously like dialogue from the movie "The Treasure of Sierra Madre," where Humphrey Bogart goes looney from being in the hills too long.

**Authors note:** Rick was so traumatized by the Elk Cart incident that the letter "c" disappeared from his name, ("c" as in "cart") and he has forever after been known as Rik.

**\*WARNING:** My wife sold the Elk Cart at a yard sale one day when I wasn't home and it's out there somewhere, waiting. . .

# Next Issue

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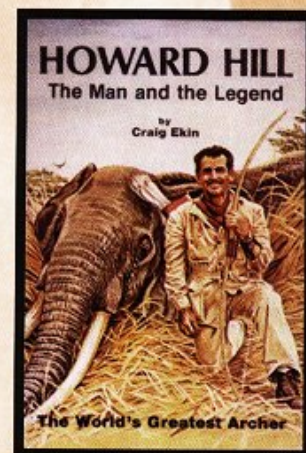
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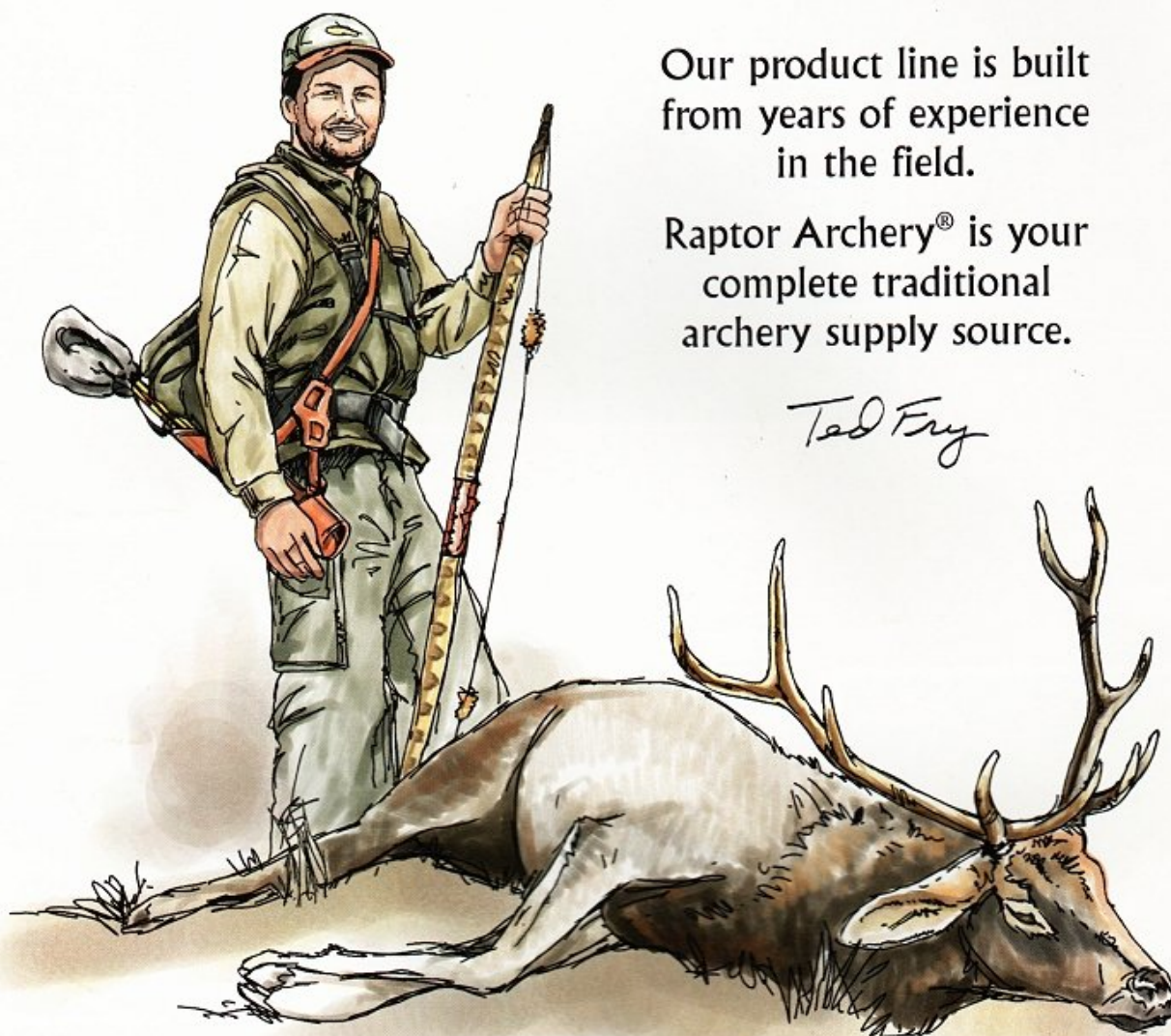
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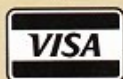


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