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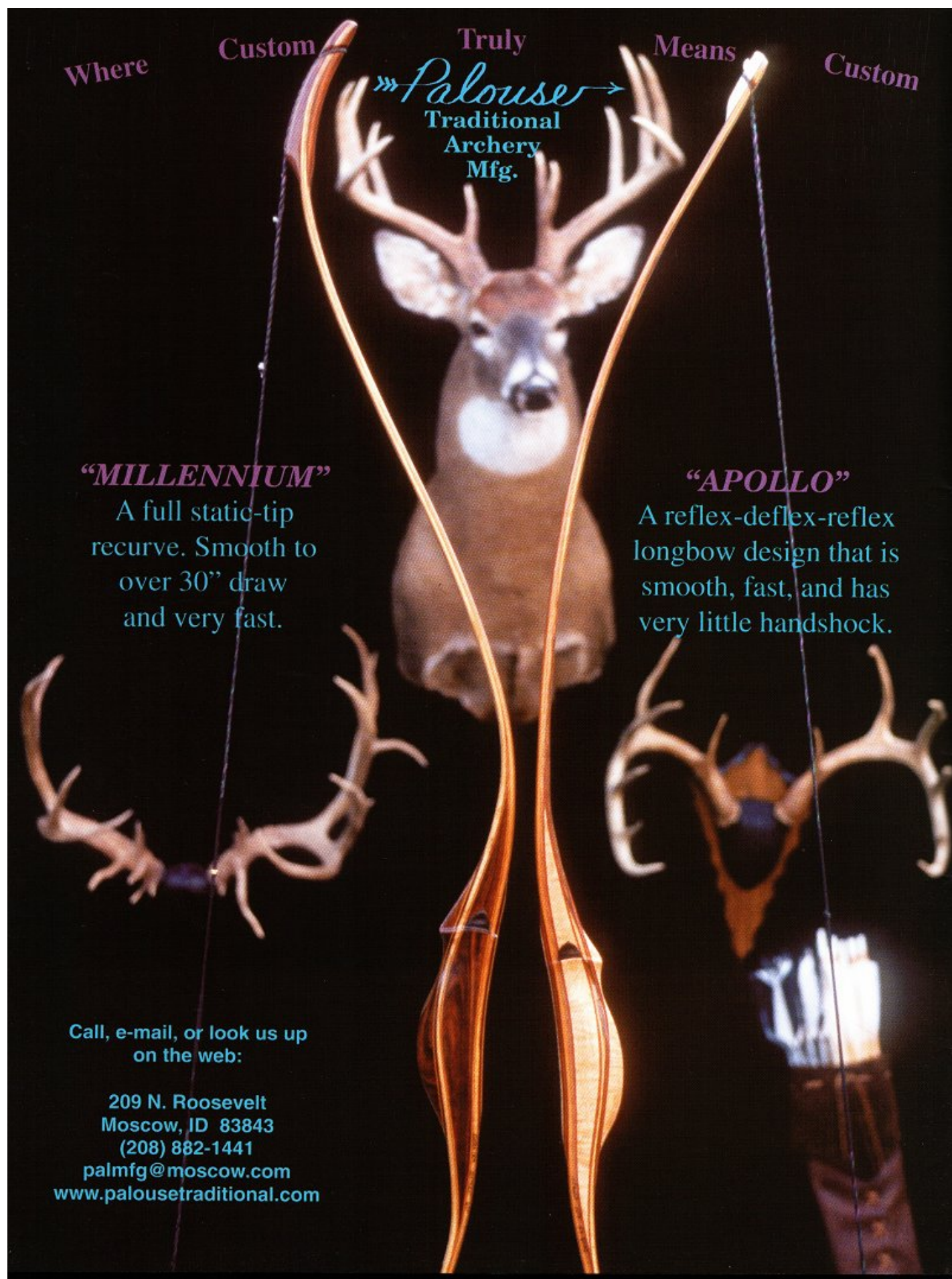
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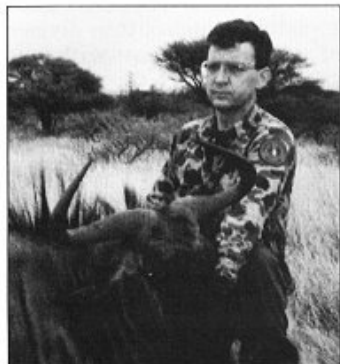
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Winter 1999

TABLE OF CONTENTS



Page 21



Page 6



Page 5

- | | | |
|----|---|---------------------|
| 5 | BOOK REVIEW:
Native American Bows, Arrows, & Quivers | By Paul King |
| 6 | Butt Bow and Battle Shaft | By Hugh D. Soar |
| 10 | Fear No Evil From the Longbow | By Jack Ford |
| 15 | Meare Heath Enigma | By Hilary Greenland |
| 19 | The "Standard" Arrow | By Hugh D. Soar |
| 21 | The Land of the Northern Sun | By Alan Mikkelsen |
| 28 | Bad-Weather Quivers | By Wolfgang Bartl |
| 32 | Cactus Spines, Texas Heat, and
Football With Teeth | By Mickey Lotz |
| 34 | Bows and Stuff | By Jack Jeffers |
| 44 | MOKORE Safari/Bowhunting School | By Jack Harrison |
| 52 | Bowhunting the Dark Continent | By Ricardo Longoria |
| 58 | Hit Archery, an Ohio Tradition | By Gary Altstaetter |

REGULAR FEATURES

- | | | |
|----|--|-----------------|
| 4 | From the Editor | |
| 41 | The Competitive Edge,
"Lessons Learned" | By Gary Sentman |
| 50 | Arrows from the Sherwood Glen | By Bob Wesley |
| 61 | Product Spotlight | |
| 63 | Bow Profiles—Traditional English Longbow | By Hugh Soar |
| 65 | Classified Ads | |
| 66 | Side Trails with Bob Martin | |

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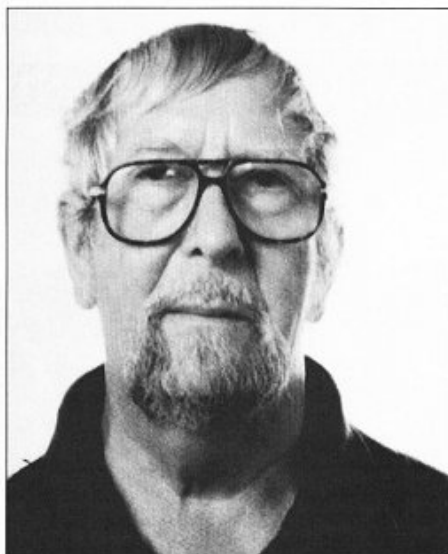
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From Hugh D. Soar, British Editor



Hugh D. Soar, British Editor

First Thoughts

Someone, with more thought for the clever phrase than for reality, once described the British and the Americans as two nations separated by a common language. Physically apart we are, but more unites than divides us, for we, in company with our Nordic cousins, share a common love for the simple bow.

True, there are differences in interpretation of our shared heritage; witness and wince at the portrayals of our common icon, Robin Hood. Consider our disparate attitudes to bowhunting; it is fundamental to red-blooded American archers, but it forms no part of our way with the bow in Britain, and no significant part in Europe. Destroying life was once fundamental to our culture, it is no longer; but let those who couple hunting with strength of character and infer vice-versa, pause to think. It would be unwise to see weakness in a

nation whose martial skills have kept an island safe from predators for near a thousand years, whose proud bowmen were once the scourge of Europe, and whose present fighting men are second to none. We may no longer hunt, but have it from me, our nature stays the same. Moreover, we acknowledge others' skills.

So, with no hunting, how do we archers here, whose instinct is for the simple bow, occupy our time? We shoot target, at British rounds and distances, and we enjoy the challenge of bettering our skills—but we shoot 3D field courses also, and for some this serves to sublimate an innate wish to kill.

We shoot for distance at the 9-Score Clout (a 26-foot diameter circle) and at Flight. Our National Flight-Arrow Record for English Longbow (unlimited) is 345 yards, and for the two-ounce replica battle-shaft (armed with a bodkin or a broad-head) 273 yards (each achieved with heavy war-bows of battle draw-weight), whilst in the Recurve Class, we hold the World Record at 618 yards.

We enjoy roving, both at fixed and random marks (long and short hoyles), and horizontal popinjay (our team is always highly placed in Belgium). For the one-minute speed shooting, we hold the International Record of 21 hits at 15 yards on a 15-inch diameter target. In short, our instinctive shooting interests are diverse.

Archery darts for the winter evenings, and re-enactment of "bowmen battles" of the past in summer time, complete the shooting picture, whilst consuming interests in the history of our weapon occupy the darker hours, because it is sometimes said with truth that we British live more than just partly in the past. In short, although we share with you, the bowhunters, a love of shooting in a simple bow, our traditions have developed differently.

I think it was Hermann Goering who once said "When I hear the word 'Kultur' I reach for a gun." I've no idea of what he was afraid, I know just this, that disparate though they may seem, our two cultures must claim a common bond, for when we were one nation, William Shakespeare had someone say "...come the three corners of the world in arms, and we will meet them." He might have quoted also somewhere (had he thought) the motto of the Black Prince: "Pactum Serva." For this it is which, anglicized as "KEEP FAITH," must be the motto of all longbowmen, where and whoever they may be.

This edition contains Articles from American, British, and German contributors on a variety of subjects. Enjoy it—there is more to come.

Good shooting, whatever form your pleasure takes.



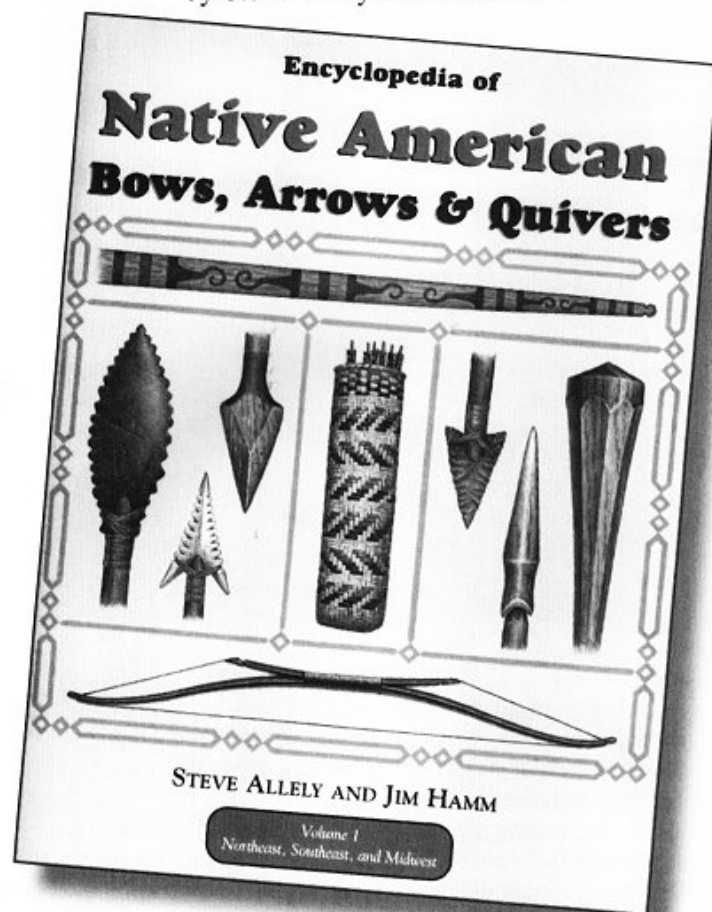
COVER PHOTO: Mike Willrich, British National Flight-Shooting Champion (English Longbow Limited). See page 6.

BOOK REVIEW

by Paul King

Encyclopedia of Native American Bows, Arrows & Quivers

by Steve Allely and Jim Hamm



I love talking to old men. My dad is gone, but his youngest brother, Uncle Howard, still lives to tell tales of their youth, of history, of suffering and small achievement. I don't see Howard often, but the last time I saw him I told him I'd been making bows. He gave me a sort of "so you're mispending your adulthood, too" grin, and commenced to tell me about his great uncles, Ott and Tack. These were his paternal grandfather's brothers, rascals, full blood Chickasaw who both had lied about their age so they could "Fight the Hun" in 1914. Ott and Tack, I was told, had been serious bow makers after their return from Europe. "That barn out there used to stink like hell with them 'bo dark' logs they'd split and hang. They learn't how from some ol' chief that lived over by Anadarko."

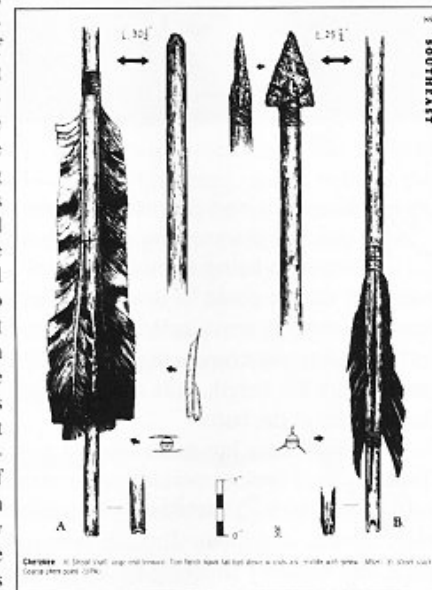
I've been pretty curious about Chickasaw culture for my entire life. Since I've started making bows I've been very interested in Native American archery, and when hearing that a pair of great uncles had been bowyers I became seriously curious about Chickasaw bows. A few days ago, my curiosity was largely satisfied. Like quite a few primitive archers, I just laid hands on Steve Allely and Jim Hamm's *Encyclopedia of Native American Bows, Arrows*

and *Quivers*. Turn to page 94 and 95 and you will find incredibly detailed, accurate, and sumptuously rich line drawings of three different Chickasaw arrow styles, a pair of Chickasaw quivers, and a bow that, yes, is made from "bo dark." The section on Chickasaw archery, as wonderful as it is, is only a small sampling of this marvelous contribution to anthropologist, archers, cultural preservationist, and lovers of primitive technology and art. Even appreciators of contemporary art will embrace this book because the illustrations are so superb.

Steve Allely and Jim Hamm have collaborated previously in *The Bowyer's Bibles* and *Ishi and Elvis*. Allely can be credited with most of the drawings in *The Bowyer's Bibles* and also with writing one of the chapters in Volume One. Hamm authored the *Ishi and Elvis* (one of my favorite books of all time) which is graced by Allely's drawings, as well. As significant as these books have been, the first volume of the *Encyclopedia of Native American Bows, Arrows and Quivers* is a tome of a different order. I did an informal count of the drawings. There are more than seven hundred, and every one of them is astounding in its detail. Examples of archery equipment from nearly forty Native American cultures, extending from the east coast of Canada and the United States westward, into eastern Texas and Oklahoma, are included.

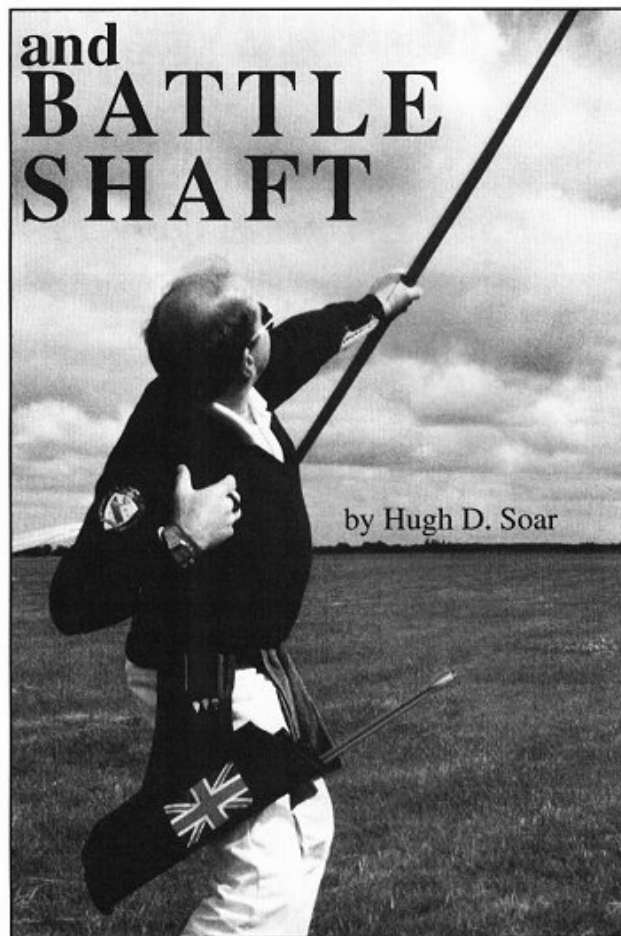
Allely and Hamm are to be commended for the thoroughness of their research. Their far-reaching investigations took them to collections in England, Denmark, Sweden, as well as the Smithsonian, the Peabody, and numerous other prestigious museums in the United States. Most of the drawings are accompanied with detailed annotations including the physical dimensions, materials used, coloration, and methods of construction. Steve Allely deserves particular credit for the magnitude and the quality of his artwork. The extent of his effort is difficult to imagine. Of particular note is the fact that all of the leading and trailing ends of the arrows and the upper and lower bow tips are drawn to actual scale. I know of no other document where this has been done. In fact, I have no doubt that this book is the most complete and significant compilation of indigenous North American archery related artifacts since Otis Tufton Mason's seminal works were published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1893.

For lack of a better word, the *Encyclopedia of Native American Bows, Arrows and Quivers* exudes nothing but "class." If you hold an interest in primitive technology or American history or Native American culture—or if you just love beautiful books—you're going to want to own this one. I understand that the authors are already planning Volume Two, and I can hardly wait.



Chickasaw. A: Small shaft, large and broad. Tip (feather) split down to within an inch of middle with spine. B: Small shaft, large and broad. Tip (feather) split down to within an inch of middle with spine. (Mason, 1893)

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Although it was customary in times past for authority to legislate distances at which it wanted its bowmen to shoot (it being rightly supposed that the further away a calvary charge could be disrupted, the better it would be for nervous men-at-arms anticipating its arrival) the English archer took some convincing that a 220-yard walk to recover arrows shot for length, was more in his interest than walking half that far at the butts.

Authority however, won, as was its way in those far-distant days. Fines, or periods in the slammer—national alternatives to flouting statute law—coupled with the bait of monetary awards and innate English pragmatism, induced obedience, and statutory shooting for length became a reality.

Matches took place across the country, most notably perhaps at Finsbury Fields in the City of London. These fields, with those at nearby Moorgate, seem to have been prepared for archery practice around 1497, although the earliest mention of a muster there occurs in 1520 when the Court of Alderman decreed that one should take place on a Tuesday in early April. A curious choice of date perhaps, having regard to the vagaries of our spring weather, but things may have been different then.

Although Prize tournaments at which back-sword play, wrestling, and archery featured largely had taken place

for many years, it was not until 1521 that by proclamation archery took pride of place. "Be it remembered that thys yere the fyrst daye of the wrastling was chaunged into Games of Shotinge and here (it)ys soon."

A lengthy preamble to the proclamation preceded the arrangements. "This saide Realme hath ever in tyme heretofore passyd been defended ageynsd the cruell malice amd daunger of the awkward enemyes and so from henceforth God wylying shalbe for ever whiche said feate of shotynge everye goode Englysshman is naturally bound to mayteigne support and uphold to the best of his power. . ."

Here, one may envisage an embarrassed shuffling of feet amongst some of the spectators who were not perhaps as supportive of "shotynge" as they should have been.

After the lecture came the interesting bit however. The money prizes. Barely listening to the preliminaries "...And who will come ther and take a longe bowe in his hand, havying the Standard therein therefor appoynted and ffarest

Photos: Mike Willrich, British National Flight-Shooting Champion (English Longbow Limited) displaying a "slashing loose" and a 342-yard shot with a 91-pound longbow crafted by Roy King. Mike also holds the International Flight Championship (Recurve) with a distance of 618 yards.

draweth, clenlyest delyvereth and fardest of grounde shoteth shall have for his best Game..." eager entrants, keen to improve their cash flow, heard with satisfaction that on offer for the farthest shot was a crown of Gold to the value of 20 shillings, or that sum in money. The next best would get one valued at 13s 4d, whilst the third would collect 10s. These amounts were tempting to say the least, and one may contemplate the lusty fellows who met that afternoon, each determined to go home with a full pocket, and perhaps something for the wife and kids.

The 1521 Proclamation was particularly interesting on two other counts. Firstly in its encouragement of strong shooting, by the paying of money to those who, whilst not picking up the major award in the Flight Class nevertheless got something for their trouble. On offer were 20 pence for those making over 24 score (480) yards, 12 pence for

22 score (440) yards, and for 20 score (400) yards, 8 pence. It is a sobering thought that today's official English long-bow Flight Record is just 17 score yards. Whilst with his best shot our strongest shooter might just have got the bus fare home, the present National Champion would have had to walk!

The second innovation was the arrangement made for the safety of the public who, then as now, were prone to wander aimlessly around at the most inconvenient place and time, oblivious to what was going on around them.

With its welfare in mind, and no doubt conscious of delays to the meeting if one got spitted, the General Public was reminded in a loud voice by the Mayor:

"... on the behalf of our Sovraign Lorde the Kyng (I) charge and commaund that everye man repaying to this Game of Shotinge kepe the Kyng's Peace in his oone persone upon the pain of Imprisonment, and farther to make ffyne..."

No pussyfooting about with yellow cards, then our appeals about human rights and infringements of personal liberty; get noticed by authority and you were banged up smartly and fined into the bargain. Ambivalence there was none. One feels in retrospect that modern methods lack a certain something.

"... and also that noo person approche or cume so nere that he shall stand in daunger for his own case and others. And for thr goode and due orderynge of the same no persone shal

be so hardy (foolish) to stand within xx yards of any of the stakes appoynted for a marke upon the perill that will fall thereof..."

"And to the extent that no person shall excuse him by ignorance there shall be a trumpet blown at everye shot...that every persone may therby take warnyng to avoyde the daunger of every of the said Chotts (sic)..."

Even modern target bows, with their associated light-weight carbon-fiber arrows might be hard-put to make some of the distances expected to be achieved by early 16th century bowmen. Granted, they enjoyed the skills of professional bowyers and fletchers, with wood of a quality only dreamed of today, but what these men must have been to haul back a 160-pounder and with a slashing loose loft a shaft for nearly 500 yards! With what patronizing disdain would they have watched their descendants puny efforts at the 9-score scout, or the 11-score roving mark. The "Standard" arrow is identified as the English battle-shaft. Examples of those which might have been used on that day at Finsbury in 1521 have been recovered from the Tudor warship "Mary-Rose." It is from their dimensions that replicas have been fashioned, and it is these that are shot for distance by members of the British Long-Bow Society today.

The Finsbury Tournaments became fixtures on the city's calendar, attended with due ceremonial pageantry by the mayor and the alderman of



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London, and seem to have been annual events for well over a century. They ceased in 1639 with the accession of Cromwell and his puritan commonwealth, but started again in 1663 after the dissolution of his protectorate and the restoration of the monarchy. King Charles II, the "merry monarch," favoured archery—whilst exiled in Belgium he had shot regularly himself. In March 1661, probably to celebrate his return the previous year, a parade of 400 archers entertained the public at large in Hyde Park with crossbows and longbows, the former hitting the mark at 20 score (400) yards. Three "showers" of whistling arrows were shot "so pleasing an exercise that three regiments of Foot laid down their arms to come to see it..."

Impressive though they were, however, these 17th-century parades were largely for show. It fell to the Court of Common Council to restore the old Finsbury Fields Distance Event, and the first of what was to become a new series began in 1663 with all the pomp and flourish that could be imagined. The bows used may have come from the Tower armoury—that they were war bows seems evident from the contemporary account. Curiously though, the terminology had changed. No more do we hear of the "Standard" arrow; the "Pound" arrow now appears on the scene, and with it comes an enigma. For what in fact was the pound arrow? Could it have weighed 20 shillings in coin? Thomas Roberts writing in 1801 thought so. But there is another possibility. The original shooting prize for the Standard arrow had been £1. Could the arrow used now have taken its name from that? There are those, amongst them myself, who think it might.

Whatever the reason, it was certainly shot, and with it also the "bearing" arrow, and the "flight" arrow. Whilst we have a fair idea of the heavy war arrow from actual examples, the make-up of the flight arrow remains something of a mystery. The 1663 Flight Event was won by a Mr. Gurlington (seemingly a member of the Honourable Artillery Company of London, a body with more than a passing interest in archery) with the only distance recorded,

a measured length of 440 yards. Since we today struggle to pass 340 yards (the National Long-Bow Flight Record of 340 yards made by Mr. Troward in 1798 stood for over 200 years until beaten this year) something has evidently yet to fall back into place.

Could it be that our bowyer's skills have yet to master the flight longbow? Arguably perhaps an artillery bow suited to despatching heavy battle-shafts is not the best of weapons for flight shooting. Or, is it the fletcher who is at fault? Jack Flinto (British Master Flight Shot) who knew a thing or two about arrows, used a 27" lightly barrelled self-shaft of pinus weighing 225 grains (approx. 2s.6d in old silver coinage) which he made himself. Clearly we have some way to go before catching the coat-tails of our ancestors.

Before leaving the subject, the advice given in "L'art d'archerie" (an early 16th century book on shooting in the bow) is worth a minute's study. The anonymous author believed the flight bow to be best at two arrow lengths plus a hand's breadth. It should be whip-ended, and the lower limb should be stronger than the upper. He advised silk for the string for greater elasticity. Some of this runs counter to present perceived wisdom, but then they got their distances!

Enough said perhaps. Over to you, bowyers and the fletchers of the English Traditional Long-bow Guild. In addition to the Butt bow (which you now make par excellence) and the artillery bow (where learning curves are slowly flattening, consider parameters for the flight bow: add that to your repertoires and lets get back to some serious distance shooting!!

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Although contests with the "pound" arrow continued into the 18th century, opportunities for distance shooting were diminishing rapidly, with encroachments into Finsbury Fields by commercial concerns, and the overwhelming presence of the musket; and this contest seems to have stopped altogether after the first quarter of the century. There was still some vestigial shooting at the marks however, until building made this impossible; and although a map of 1744 showed 14 still standing, by the end of the century all had gone.

Archery of course did not stop. Far from it. Sir William Wood, writing in his "Bowman's Glory," published in 1682 mentions in passing that "...now gentleman begin to be pleased with the divertisement, and pleased with this manly recreation. ..." However, although the fixed marks continued to be shot, butt (or "rood") shooting was now increasingly in vogue. The target contest

for the "Antient Scorton Arrow" had begun in Yorkshire 9 years earlier, and this form was a vibrant feature of the London based Society of Finsbury Archers of whom Sir William was the Patron. With the shorter distances came need for a lighter draw-weight butt-bow, ancestor of our present weapon. Butt or rood bows brought with them heavier butt-shafts to replace the lighter flight arrows; and by contention these were marked with the distances at which they might be shot.

A 120 yard butt-shaft was therefore marked "16," being 16 roods of 7-1/2 yards, and a 90-yard shaft "12." About the same time arrow weights, compared against silver coinage, were identified—a practice happily still observed by some British traditional fletchers.

Thus, until recently revived by the British Long-Bow Society at the request of those interested in the English war, or "artillery" bow, shooting the old

English battleshaft ceased nearly three centuries ago. It is good to report that the number of British archers prepared to master the technique of laying body into bow, and with slashing loose to give a dynamic shot, is increasing year by year; whilst distances are slowly improving towards the magic 12 score yards.

Bearing in mind the statute of Henry VIII requiring that no man should shoot less than 11 score (220) yards, and that in Elizabeth I's reign "...shotynge at the twelve skore prick. ..." is mentioned, it is pleasing to report that, although some today might tiptoe softly away, half of those whose pleasure is the war-arrow and heavy longbow, and most who shoot "flight," could look them squarely in the eye.

Butt-bow and war-bow, flight arrow and battleshaft; after half a millennium each still has its place in English archery. Long may that be so.



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Ricardo Longoria with his Black Wolf Take-down and the pending World Record Southern Roan Antelope.

Fear No Evil

From the Longbow

R.V. MARTIN
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by Jack Ford



In the minds of many, shooting the longbow is a right of passage akin to sleeping on a bed of nails or strolling barefoot along a path of hot coals. No pain, no gain. I too was a victim of that mental trap until I learned nothing could be further from the truth.

My education began when I moved my hunting activities from the Hill Country of Central Texas to the Rocky Mountains of Northern New Mexico. I suddenly found myself alone with my compound bow and all its paraphernalia, surrounded by experienced bowhunters who carried nothing more than recurve bows or longbows.

Despite their admonitions that hunting with traditional equipment was the ultimate bowhunting experience, and their reassurances that, with some diligence, the necessary skills could be acquired within a reasonable time period, I stuck to my guns, figuratively speaking. I insisted on all my wheels and cables and sights and the small army of tools required to maintain them afield. Over the years I had developed a level of proficiency with the compound bow that, in my mind, justified my presence in the field. I was not inclined to take time

out to do it all over again just to please my newfound hunting partners. If I was to be the only archer in the field with a compound bow, so be it.

At the same time I found a certain fascination in the graceful curve of the limbs, the finely sculptured riser and the warmth of the exotic woods used in the crafting of the traditional bows. After that first hunting season I was exposed again and again to the beauty and history of traditional bows during practice sessions. I grew more interested in considering the possibility that I too might join the ranks of traditional bowhunters.

Self-inflicted major changes in my life, those over which I have some control, are made only with great caution and considerable study. I was advised by some to first consider the recurve bow. I was told, because the physical structure of the handle of the recurve bow is similar to the compound bow, the recurve would feel more natural in my hand than the straight grip of the longbow. And overall, because the recurve bow is more forgiving than the longbow, confidence, therefore proficiency, would come sooner.

As is my practice, I read all I could about barebow shooting. Once I had an idea of what was required, I began to shoot a borrowed recurve bow. Lo and behold, the system worked. After a time, the arrows went more or less where I wanted them to go consistently, although, there was never a Robin Hood, you understand. In fact, I was still more accurate with my compound bow, but, that the arrows grouped at all seemed miraculous.

Then, once again hunting season was near and any notion I might have had of traditional bowhunting would have to wait. There was not enough time to consider a switch from compound to traditional bow that year. With preseason scouting to do and intensive practice required to fine tune my skills, my thoughts went from the method to the hunt itself.

During that season I had the opportunity to hunt with Curtis Featherston, a man who has hunted with the longbow for more than 30 years. As we prepared for the hunt, Featherston learned of my interest in traditional bowhunting and touted the longbow. He pointed to its simplicity. The fewer moving parts the less likely something will break at the wrong time. Featherston acknowledged that laminations in a longbow might separate and a string could break, but he suggested the former is highly unlikely and the latter easily changed. Or, as bowyer Bill Matlock of Chama, New Mexico put it, "Longbows don't break."

Weight is another factor in favor of the longbow, most of which top the scales at less than two pounds. And, given a choice, Featherston would rather spend the energy climbing the next ridge than toting anything heavier than a longbow.

Then, Featherston offered me one of his longbows to try, a Predator X made by Matlock. After my first session with the bow, there was some sort of emotional attachment to that stick of wood

that I have yet to explain. Despite my lack of proficiency, it just felt good to shoot the bow. I wanted a closer look.

But, for the moment another season was upon us and it was time to set aside other considerations and enjoy the hunt. On my arrival at Featherston's camp, we

Whatever term is used, you are shooting a bow bare of any sight mechanism. Your brain is using your eyes to teach your bow arm where to hold to hit any target you choose.

shot practice rounds. After three arrows the cable guard on my compound bow fell off. After several years of good service the metal suffered fatigue and broke at the threads. Normally I carry two of everything, but not this time, at least not a second cable guard. A replacement was halfway across the state. I had no backup bow. Two days of a five-day hunt would be lost. The merits of the simplicity of a traditional bow loomed larger than life.

Soon thereafter, I made a full commitment to the longbow. Now, I want to share that experience, so that anyone who has considered the longbow will not hesitate to take part in one of the most rewarding adventures in archery. This story comes not from an expert who has been everywhere and done everything related to the longbow, but rather from a beginner whose mistakes and triumphs are still fresh in the mind.

SHOOTING BAREBOW

The most intimidating factor related to shooting a longbow is the absence of sights. Whether the newcomer has never picked up a bow at all, or is an experienced compound bow shooter, the idea of playing Robin Hood, just pointing a bow, releasing an arrow and hitting a target verges on fantasy. A fantasy, that is, until you realize that shooting without sights, shooting barebow, is nothing more than a mental exercise using the world's most accurate ballistic computer, your brain.

Although several different terms have been applied, I use the term barebow shooting to describe the technique used to launch an arrow from traditional bows. In my estimation it most accurately describes the act at hand. Whatever term is used, you are shooting

a bow bare of any sight mechanism. Your brain is using your eyes to teach your bow arm where to hold to hit any target you choose. It is up to you to cooperate with your brain's ballistic genius by learning to concentrate

and to develop good form, ensuring that your body does the same thing, the same way, every time.

FOCUS

For the moment, forget using a bow of any kind. Instead, set up some sort of target area. A couple of hay bales and a paper plate will work nicely. Draw a small bulls-eye on the plate and attach the plate to the hay bales. A bulls-eye as small as one inch is preferable. Now, mark off ten yards as the distance at which you will shoot.

Without any bow at all, assume a stance at the ten yard mark. Now concentrate on the bulls-eye. Focus on that spot until everything around the spot disappears from your view and your mind, until all you see is that spot. When all the other lessons surrounding the use of the longbow are learned, the spot on which you focus is where the arrow will go. Initially, you'll discover that your span of concentration is very short, probably a matter of only a few seconds at best. The ultimate objective is to teach your mind to concentrate or focus on the spot until the arrow strikes the target, no matter how long that might be. A bow in hand at this point is unnecessary and actually becomes a distraction. Without the bow you can devote your undivided attention to learning to concentrate on the spot.

ESTABLISHING GOOD FORM

As it relates to the longbow, form is everything. To shoot the longbow well you must establish good form. If you fail to recognize the importance of good form you are headed for a bad experience. If you are having problems with the longbow, you are having problems with form. For more than any other reason, archers quit the longbow and go on to other pursuits, because they do not understand and accept that concept. For them, performance is less than desirable and improvement is slow to come, if at all. Despair moves in quickly and the sense of hopelessness prevails. On the other hand, if you look to your form for the answers, your relationship with the longbow moves ahead.

The development of good form should always contain a strong element of comfort. Shooting a longbow is not meant to test your ability to twist your body into strange positions from which there is no recovery. Instead, the guidelines, regardless of the source, are just that, guidelines, and should be considered accordingly. Never be afraid to make adjustments to make the longbow work for you.

THE ELEMENTS OF GOOD FORM

The basic elements of good form for the archer encompass the stance, the position of the bow hand and bow arm, the position of the drawing hand and arm, the anchor point, the release, and the follow-through. Arguments abound as to the order of importance of each of these elements, and each argument has its own merit. But, perhaps, a better approach is to treat each element equally.

STANCE

Stance refers to the archer's position relative to the target. Generally, the feet should be about shoulder width apart, with the front foot (that closest to the target) turned slightly toward the target, and the back foot parallel with the plane of the target face. Because people come in all shapes and sizes, there is no such thing as an exact stance. The objective is to place the archer in a comfortable position from which the other elements can be developed properly. Perhaps, you will

be allowed the time to assume a proper stance at a tournament, but no such luxury exists in the hunting fields. Experiment with variations of the basic theme until you arrive in your comfort zone, until you feel good about standing there with a bow in your hand.

THE BOW HAND AND ARM

The bow hand should grasp the bow riser with authority, but not a death grip. The best hold for me allowed the riser to push against the fleshy part of the palm while the fingers were wrapped loosely around the grip area. On release this allows the bow to move freely in natural ways that contribute to accuracy.

The bow arm is a major player in determining where the arrow will go. Control the bow arm and you control the point of impact of the arrow. Featherston advises that the bow arm should be held rock solid from the time the bow is raised to draw until the arrow strikes the target. The elbow should be rotated to a comfortable position, out of the path of the string. This eliminates forearm slap and allows energy from the string to be transferred to the arrow, rather than the arm. At first I found the rotation to be somewhat awkward, but soon it became a natural motion and position committed to the subconscious.

The bow should be held at a slight cant to remove the bow from your conscious view allowing you an unobstructed path to your point of focus. Likewise, the bow should be held so that the arrow is immediately below your eye, forming a straight line from your eye to your point of focus. Eventually, as you learn to focus on your spot, you will be consciously aware only of the spot, not of the bow or the arrow.

Although it is a perfectly normal function of physics for the top limb of the bow to tip forward with the release of the arrow, in the beginning, the sudden burst of energy caused my bow arm to drop. Once I became aware of this, it was a simple task to concentrate on holding my bow arm in place. Each time I would draw I would verbally direct my bow arm to "hold it!" Eventually my bow arm got the message and committed the act to my subconscious.

THE DRAWING HAND AND ARM

The drawing hand should hold the bowstring in a claw-like manner, with the string resting in the curled first joint of the first three fingers. The tips of the thumb and little finger should touch. Anything less can cause problems, because as you draw the string, the brain tells the fingers to hold on and they tend to move toward full claw or curl anyway, frequently changing the position of the arrow on the rest and sometimes dragging the arrow off the rest entirely. Starting at full claw in the beginning gives you positive control of the string and prevents the fingers from changing position during the draw.

In addition, Matlock says that a loose finger hold forces the string to pop off the fingers on release causing the string to oscillate across the center line of the bow, adversely affecting accuracy.

The common string grip calls for the index finger to ride on the string on top of the arrow and the next two fingers to ride below the arrow. However, some barebow shooters prefer all three fingers to ride on the string under the arrow because they feel the grip brings the arrow closer to the eye, which in turn improves accuracy.

DRAW LENGTH

At full draw, the drawing arm forms the other half of what should be a straight line from the bow hand, along the bow arm, through the shoulders and to the elbow of the drawing arm. Although your physical dimensions determine your draw length, the drawing arm establishes your draw length, a very important distinction.

Without a bow in your hand, assume a comfortable stance, then raise your bow arm to a shooting position and pull your drawing arm back to the full extension of your elbow. Check visually to ensure that your elbow is in a straight line through your shoulders and along your bow arm to your bow hand.

Now, with the fingers of your drawing hand curled as if holding a bow string, allow the curled fingers to touch your face. Where your fingers touch your face is your approximate anchor point. The distance between your anchor point and the back of the bow, the bow

surface furthest away, is your draw length.

Of the two elements learned in this bow-less exercise, understanding where your anchor point should be is the more important. If you try to establish an anchor point using the longbow you plan to shoot, your anchor point becomes bow driven. The resistance of your bow limbs will tend to dictate your anchor point, because, in the beginning, generally, your muscles are not sufficiently conditioned to allow you to reach full draw. However, if you establish your anchor point without the physical stress of drawing the bow, you know where that anchor point should be and can work to condition your muscles to meet the challenge.

THE DRAW

Although some recommend raising the bow and drawing all in one motion, as opposed to raising the bow then drawing, I found a compromise was in order to develop the fluid motion desired. As it turned out, once again, shooter comfort became a major factor in establishing my form in this area. Neither the one-motion theory nor raising the bow completely then drawing felt natural to me. I began experimenting, and discovered that at some point in raising the bow, my brain decided it was time to begin the draw. That's not mystical, it's just what happened to me and probably will happen to you. Let it happen.

REACHING THE ANCHOR POINT

Once you establish a natural motion for your draw, it's time to remember that you want to do something more than just draw the bow and release the arrow. You want to bring the string to your established anchor point, then release the arrow. I re-emphasize the point here, because, as mentioned earlier, in the beginning your muscles are unaccustomed to dealing with the full draw weight of your bow. As you draw, at some point short of full draw, the mus-

cles in your drawing arm will tell you, "This is a good place. Let go the arrow." And you will, fully believing that you actually reached your full draw.

Remember the bow-less exercise used to establish your true anchor point. Now's the time to put that knowledge to good use. Practice drawing the bow until you can touch your established anchor point, then release. At first you will experience short draws as you work to tone

Once you have established the elements of good form using the light bow, you can begin developing good form using a good full-sized longbow.

your muscles to obey your command. Here, more than in any other area, the word deliberate rules the day. Force your bow arm to reach full draw and be consciously aware that you are touching your anchor point before you release the arrow. Gradually, your muscles will learn how far they must go to reach full draw. Matlock calls this muscle memory. At this point, the process begins the transition to the subconscious and you will begin to reach full draw, touch your anchor point and release the arrow without being aware of the individual steps involved in the action.

FOLLOW-THROUGH

Follow-through in archery is a bit different than in most other sports where you do something to cause a continuation of the action. In tennis or golf you continue the motion of the racquet or club after either has made contact with the ball to ensure that the transfer of action to the ball is complete. In archery follow-through is the act of doing absolutely nothing. Once the arrow is released you have transferred all the action necessary to accomplish the task at hand. Move nothing. Not any part of your body. Not your head. Not your bow arm. Not your drawing arm. Not until the arrow has struck the target. In reality, the top of the

bow will tip and your drawing arm will move to the rear, both slightly. But, the less anything moves, the less adverse effect it will have on the release on the arrow, its flight and its point of impact.

PRACTICE TIPS

One of the best training tools to use during your practice sessions is a video camera. The camera will see what you are doing wrong and what you are doing correctly. If you don't have access to a video camera, another person watching you or taking still photos of your session also works. In the beginning, I had no idea that my bow arm

was dropping until I studied still photos taken immediately on my release of the arrow. Later I began using a video camera that proved priceless.

Your first longbow should be a kiddie bow that comes with its own arrows. One that draws in a range of 20-30 pounds will do nicely. Again, the fewer distractions from the lesson at hand, the more attention you can devote to learning the lesson well. A light bow, over which you have total control, will serve you better than a full-sized longbow that demands you be concerned about training your muscles to reach full draw, as well as all the other elements of good form.

Practice with only one arrow. Using more than one arrow tends to make you consider the performance of the group of arrows more important than that of any one of the arrows. Make every arrow you shoot the only arrow you will ever shoot. This attitude forces you to take the shot slowly and to concentrate on the performance of a single shot. The trip to and from the target to retrieve your arrow gives you the time to think about the launching and flight of only one arrow. If you did well you can review what you did correctly. If your performance was poor, you can consider what went wrong. If you try to juggle the

elements involving several arrows at one time, the sequence of events can become muddled.

Shoot through a bad day. Never quit on a bad shot. Keep shooting until you make a perfect shot, then quit. Even if you must get ridiculously close to the target to make that perfect shot, do it. If you quit on a bad shot your mind thinks you are satisfied. If you make the perfect shot you are telling your mind what you wanted to accomplish. Transmit the proper message to your mind.

Once you have established the elements of good form using the light bow, you can begin developing good form using a good full-sized longbow. However, don't discard the light bow. You'll be going back to it from time to time to work further on problem areas.

BUYING A BOW

Buying a good longbow should be done with great care. Buy from a reputable maker. The bowyer should be willing to provide references, both from satisfied customers and, based on the assumption that you can't please all the people all the time, some that were not so happy. Guarantees are important. Be sure you understand what the maker is willing to do if something goes wrong. Finally, buy a longbow you can shoot before you buy.

DRAW WEIGHT

Be wary of high draw weights in traditional bows. In some archery circles bow weight is the coin of the realm. The higher weight you are able to draw the higher your standing in the circle. Featherston believes the higher draw weight you try to shoot, the more trouble you will find. He says a modern longbow of 50 pounds will kill anything in North America. Featherston's position is

supported by Matlock. If you are new to archery altogether, Featherston recommends a longbow of no more than 50 pounds draw weight. If you are moving from a compound to a longbow, he recommends a longbow of 10-15 pounds less than the compound you are shooting. Under any circumstances, no one needs a longbow of more than 55 pounds draw weight. The improvement in design and materials since the 1960s allows a bow of 50 pounds draw weight to perform like a bow of 65 pounds of yesteryear.

BOW TUNING

Mastering all of the parts of barebow shooting accomplishes little if the bow is not tuned

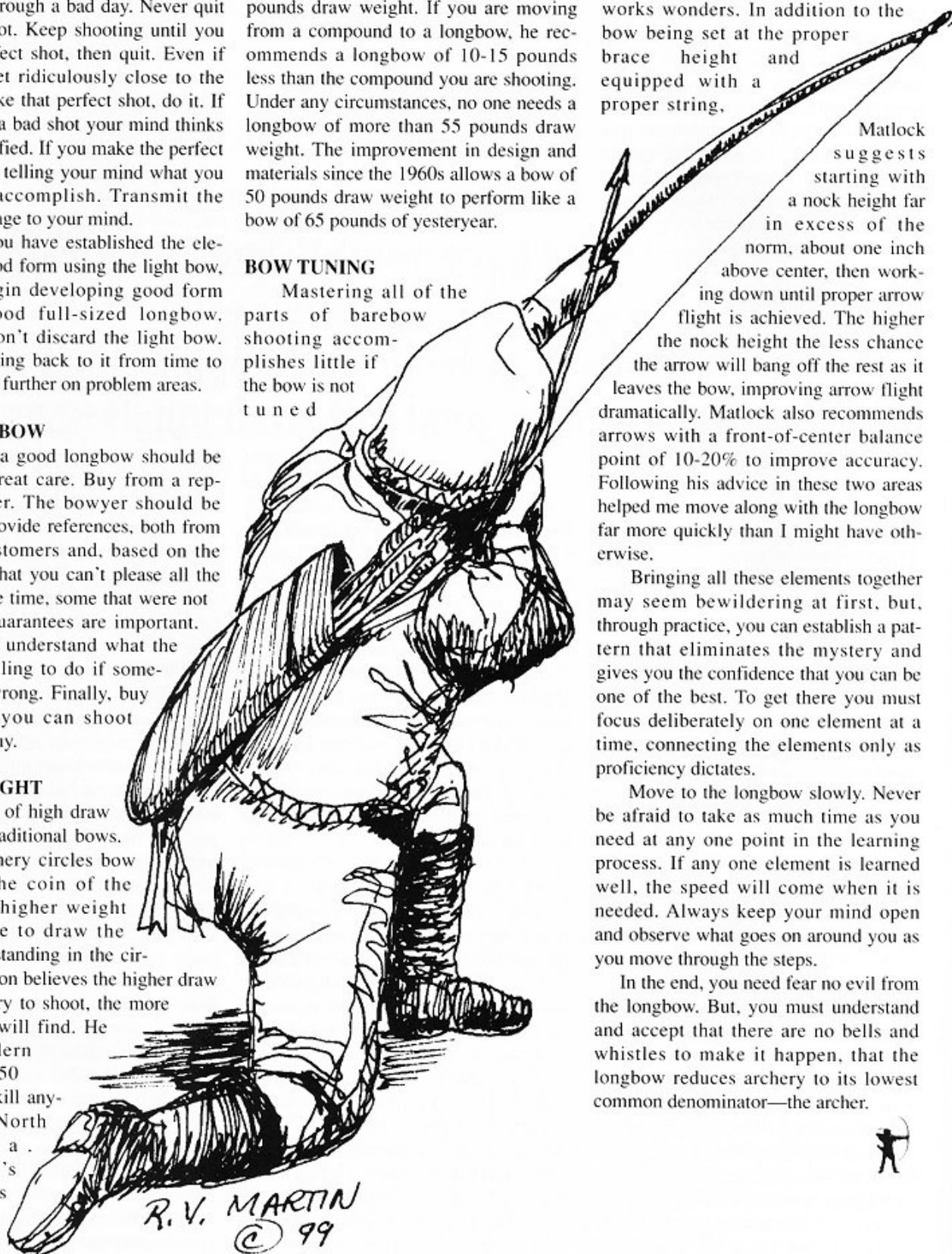
properly. Matlock has developed a tuning technique which is far removed from that which is normally taught, but it works wonders. In addition to the bow being set at the proper brace height and equipped with a proper string,

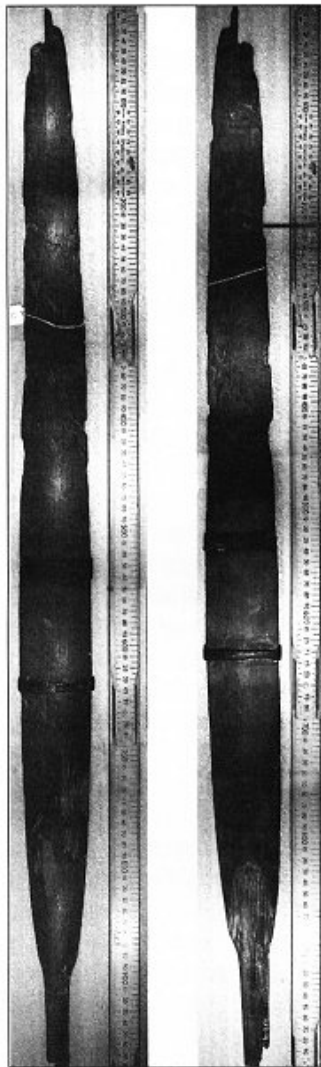
Matlock suggests starting with a nock height far in excess of the norm, about one inch above center, then working down until proper arrow flight is achieved. The higher the nock height the less chance the arrow will bang off the rest as it leaves the bow, improving arrow flight dramatically. Matlock also recommends arrows with a front-of-center balance point of 10-20% to improve accuracy. Following his advice in these two areas helped me move along with the longbow far more quickly than I might have otherwise.

Bringing all these elements together may seem bewildering at first, but, through practice, you can establish a pattern that eliminates the mystery and gives you the confidence that you can be one of the best. To get there you must focus deliberately on one element at a time, connecting the elements only as proficiency dictates.

Move to the longbow slowly. Never be afraid to take as much time as you need at any one point in the learning process. If any one element is learned well, the speed will come when it is needed. Always keep your mind open and observe what goes on around you as you move through the steps.

In the end, you need fear no evil from the longbow. But, you must understand and accept that there are no bells and whistles to make it happen, that the longbow reduces archery to its lowest common denominator—the archer.





MEARE HEATH ENIGMA

By Hilary Greenland

THE ARTIFACT:

Found buried in peat in the south west of England. It is a single yew bow limb, broken at the handle, with a wide section, rounded back, and flat belly; the outside of the tree is to the back of the bow. It is decorated with transverse bound ox-skin strips, scarfed and glued on the back, and (sinew?) diagonal cross braiding between. It has been carbon dated to within 150 years of 2,665 BC. It has been preserved with Polyethylene glycol (PEG), and is currently stored in the Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology in Cambridge, England, which also houses the limb of a yew longbow of a similar date (2,690 BC) found at Asheott, less than 5 miles from Meare Heath.

THE WRITER:

a professional bowmaker, who wields a bowmaker's tiller rather than an archaeologists trowel, but who has greatly enjoyed her research!

Some years ago I lived in the heart of the beautiful peaty wetlands of southwest England known as the Somerset Levels, and experienced first hand the area's unusual light and dramatic sunsets; I knew and felt this place to be steeped in myth and magic. Unsurprisingly, legends abound concerning the area; Glastonbury at it's centre, was thought to be the Isle of Avalon where King Arthur was taken to be buried; a thorn tree grown from Christ's crown is said to grow nearby; the ninth century Saxon King Alfred, reputed to be a fine archer, temporarily fled from the

Viking invasions into this secret, marshy area, and while hiding incognito, was so preoccupied with planning the defeat of the Danes that he famously burnt the cakes left in his charge on the hearth of a Somerset Levels hovel.

Many hundreds of years before any of these legends were formed, a prehistoric society unwittingly created a modern-day enigma, for around 2,600 BC the Meare Heath bow was "bestowed" upon the waters of the marshes to tantalize and frustrate 20th century archers and archaeologists alike

As a bowmaker I had formed several practical questions about the bow which I fully expected to be answered when I studied it first hand. In a back room of the Museum, seeing the single limb next to its smaller and more delicate sister, the Ashcott Heath longbow, I was immediately struck by the difference in mass

between the two. I soon overcame my initial wonder at being able to handle these priceless objects and made the checks and notes which I had hoped would help me resolve my queries. As time

went by, not only did I discover none of the expected answers, but also I found my questions were increasing in number. Gradually, the Meare Heath bow was working its magic.

Firstly, to the practicalities. Did the artifact itself tell me anything? It has often been said that the unusual size of the bow and its decoration indicates that it was something special in its own day, particularly when compared with the Ashcott find; these two bows have little in common except their material (yew), a button nock, and their date, which is the late Neolithic period. They could not be more different in design.

Other bows uncovered in the Levels indicate that a variety of profiles were used, but they are of smaller size than the Meare Heath: a whitewood (Ash?) flatbow (undated) which was discovered nearby was similar to a modern American longbow in profile with a narrow deepened handle and comparatively flat limbs. Unfortunately for archer-historians, it was in too many pieces to be conserved and was destroyed after photographic records were taken.

How powerful was the Meare Heath bow? It is extremely difficult to assess true draw-weight by size alone, particularly with yew where grain density, mass, and weight can be so variable. The preserving process has probably shrunk the artifact, hidden some of the marks and enlarged others in addi-

tion to increasing its weight, so care has to be taken in assessing these clues. The yew from which it is made is so good that I've not yet found a stave of the right quality and grain density suitable for making an approximation which could provide any information regarding likely draw weight and cast. A version made

The more I considered the find, the deeper the enigma became. I was under its spell. Was it a shootable bow, cast aside when it failed in the hunter's hands? Or an offering to the Gods?

from American Cherry, which is 90% of the original's scale (assuming the limbs were of equal length), shoots well with no string follow and little kick in the hand. I can only speculate that a bow this size would have cast a reasonably heavy arrowshaft a goodly distance. I'm only mildly disappointed that I can't find a more refined answer at this stage, for in the case of this particular bow, actual facts and figures don't seem important!

As far as I can tell, the decorations to the Meare Heath's limb form no practical function. I can see no basis for one theory that the binding quieted the bow in use, neither do I believe it could have assisted strengthening of the limbs, unless I obtain empirical scientific evidence to the contrary. There are bands of lightened wood across the limb close to the transverse binding where fibre decoration may have been applied and has long since rotted away, perhaps the diagonals held this in place. This is pure speculation, of course.

A fragment or two of the diagonal binding remains stuck to the back of the limb, it looks like sinew or rawhide but has not been analyzed. The bow was made with the grain lying off-centre to the limb, and while this would possibly make the bow twist on drawing up, it looks remarkably straight considering its age and shows little sign of string follow.

So, despite my studies and bow-making experience I could reach no ratio-

nal, considered conclusion about the practical nature or intended use of the Meare Heath bow. The more I considered the find, the deeper the enigma became. I was under its spell. Was it a shootable bow, cast aside when it failed in the hunter's hands? Or an offering to the Gods? Was it buried with some

unseen prehistoric dignitary with other grave goods to help him on his way to the afterlife? The bow itself was the key to a door opening onto the archaeology of the times, and inspired me to embark on a study of the area in which

it was found and the peoples of its time in an attempt to understand its context.

The Meare Heath bow's survival is entirely due to the unique nature of the land in which it was found. For thousands of years the area was flooded by sea and river, at differing periods forming reedy swamps, fenland, or raised marshland; it had probably been inhabited since before 4,000 BC, but by 3,000 BC itinerant hunter-gatherers had moved out of the area and early pioneers began to settle more permanently in small well-run agricultural communities. The Levels continued to flood regularly making travel across the boggy marshland extremely hazardous, and for over 2,000 years these societies constructed dozens of raised wooden prehistoric walkways, some of them several kilometers in length, crisscrossing the area to link communities with their pastures and fields on higher ground; the level of sophistication required to construct these tracks cannot be understated—they possessed fine practical engineering skills and their labour was highly organized. Occupation of the Levels continued throughout the Bronze and Iron Ages and beyond; since medieval times they have gradually been drained to form agricultural land of strange beauty.

Since the middle of this century archaeological work has been vigorous, yet it has barely scratched the surface of the prehistory locked beneath the

ground. The Somerset Levels still hide many ancient secrets, perfectly preserved in layers of deep, rich, dark peat

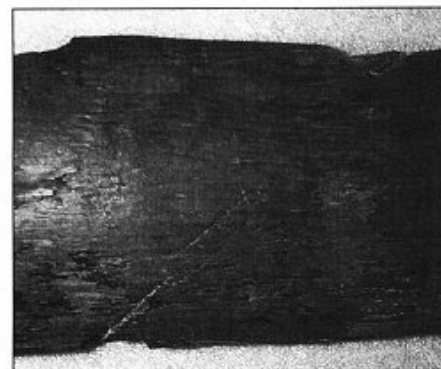
This high-quality peat, however, is a mixed blessing: it is a valuable resource which has been recognized and exploited since 1100 AD; unfortunately the use of modern peat-cutting machines is putting the area at risk both environmentally and archaeologically, threatening prehistoric artifacts and cutting through the ancient trackways which it encapsulates so perfectly, yet it is due to an individual peat worker's diligence in June 1961 (Mr. M. Spencer, I salute you!) that we have this unique example of prehistoric bowmaking. Still enclosed in its peat, the bow limb was taken to Cambridge for archaeological study and preservation

Why are there doubts whether the Meare Heath was everyday weapon? After all, many people have made "approximations" which shoot perfectly well. At the time of the bow's making, communities supplemented their diet of cereal crops and meat from domesticated sheep, goats, cattle, and pigs with local wild harvests including game. Bones of wildcat, beaver, bear, wild boar, badger, horse, and deer have been found in various settlements; finds of transverse arrowheads (considered best for shooting small game) increase in number around this period. A growth in population in Britain at the time put pressure on resources and so livelihoods had to be protected, therefore the main means of defense, bows and spears would have been essential and common in all the settlements. Yet on seeing the Meare Heath bow for the first time, a bowmaker is immediately struck by unusual factors in the design, particularly the narrowness of the handle (just over 20mm at its most narrow point by 22mm thick) in relation to the massive limbs (at their widest 65mm by 17.5mm thick); the keeled "fadeouts" seem too short to resist the stresses at this critical point between handle and limb. If I had designed a bow with a high risk of breaking in the handle, this would have been it

The Neolithic peoples of this area were excellent woodworkers, amply



Close-ups of the back of the limbs.



demonstrated by the construction of their timber walkways which were fashioned without benefit of metal tools; the workmanship on the bow is equally outstanding, and the six parallel decorative slashes across the 10mm-wide transverse binding are a testament to the sharpness of the flint tools used and the skill of the craftsman wielding them. So, why was the bow's survival put at risk by what appears to be careless use of these tools when applying the decorative leather bands? The oxhide bands and diagonal "decorations" were trimmed after their application to the bow, the consequent deep slashes across the grain on the back of the limb and nicks along its edges would certainly have put its working survival in jeopardy—no modern bowmaker would take such risks. So, was the decoration applied by other than the bowmaker's hand? Or, was it never intended for use as a regular weapon, therefore such carelessness was irrelevant?

The yew is clean and close grained, and I am having difficulty in obtaining such a good piece nowadays. I did not detect any sapwood, but the age of the artifact and the preservation pro-

cess makes it difficult to be sure, and there are no X-rays available. Pollen counts analyzed from the period in this area (Abbotts Way track, 2,500 BC) indicate that yew trees were not common at the time (less than 1% of all tree species) and there are few archaeological finds made from this wood although yew survives extremely well in peat: current archaeological records list a 5,000 year old yew mallet (so hard that it broke the steel blade of the peat cutting machine), and a set of highly polished yew pins which were decorative for hair or clothing, so was yew highly prized at that time and a valuable item of trade? It is certainly a beautiful wood and unique in its properties, something which the peoples of the time would have appreciated, a good piece could have had a very high value.

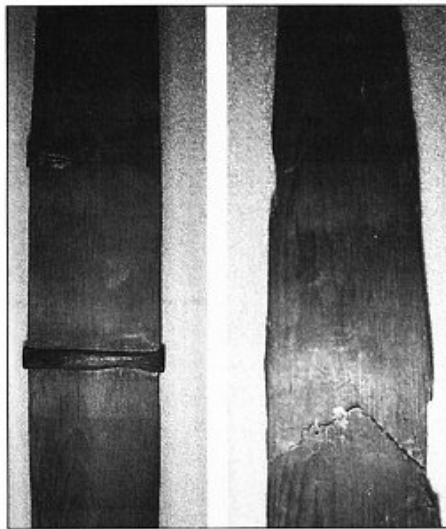
It is possible that the yew from which this bow is made could have grown some considerable distance from the Levels. Trade was substantial with other areas of Britain, Ireland, and Europe at this time, for example jadeite axeheads have been found which are sourced from the Swiss/Italian Alps over 750 miles away and these were very likely to have been traded for the prehistoric equivalent of a King's ransom; one perfect example was found adjacent to the Sweet Track (the oldest trackway found in the Levels) and just 500 meters from where the Meare Heath bow was found; this axehead had never been hafted or used—was it an offering to the Gods perhaps? It is not impossible that the Meare Heath bow, being made of such good quality material and decorated in such a fashion could also have been such an offering. We can only speculate about the rituals enacted in accordance with prehistoric man's beliefs, whether for the blessing of safe passage across the bog, or the provision of a good harvest to feed a growing community

Around the middle of the third millennium the population in Britain increased and there is evidence of crisis among the farming communities in the South and South West of Britain, the consequent shortfall in food production caused instability and internal strife.

Could the occupants of the Levels have been involved in such troubles? Was the Meare Heath bow ever used in anger? There is evidence that parts of the area, once extensively cleared by farming communities, had reverted to regenerated woodland by 2,400 BC, so did major upheaval and relocation take place?

Around this period, belief systems in Britain were changing from the cult of the ancestors to the worship of sun and moon. Within the date range of the bow, and less than 50 miles away, a new type of circular monument—a “henge”—was being developed, now the famous Stonehenge. Here the link with archery and religious ritual continues, for in 1978 a burial pit dated to approx. 2130 BC was uncovered near the entrance causeway, containing the skeleton of an apparently healthy young man with three flint arrowheads in his ribs and a stone bracer on his arm. A sacrifice? Maybe. Would special bows be needed for such a ritual, and then offered to the Gods?

Certainly Neolithic beliefs incorporated the concept of an afterlife; those prestigious enough to warrant grave goods were well provided for; buried alongside them were flint, spear, and arrow-heads, together with pottery and other everyday artifacts, but all these items were of special quality which made them distinct from those in everyday use. In many cultures throughout history, weapons are included with the burials of significant members of the community, so it is not unthinkable that a highly prized, decorated bow would



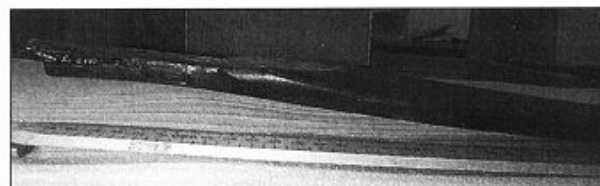
PHOTOS:

Upper Left: The upper and lower limbs of the bow.

Lower Left: A closeup photo of the limb tip.

Upper Right: A piece of diagonal binding on the limb.

Lower Right: The side of handle.



have been included in such circumstances. Perhaps a much-loved weapon was decorated on the archer's death, thus “upgraded” to grave-goods quality to protect him on his journey to the afterlife, only to be separated from it's owner over time by flood or other disturbance, to be found by our peat worker some 4,600 years later.

I started my study of the Meare Heath bow wanting answers, but instead I found an enterprise which proved to be a fascinating investigation into the mysteries of archaeology and anthropology. Beguiled by this bow, I ventured into areas of the

rich and vast subject of archery which I would never have discovered without it's influence; I'm more than happy that such an artifact, found buried in the land of myth and magic, should keep it's secrets for it has sent me on a wonderful journey of speculation and imagination. This bow—like archery itself—is whatever you want it to be!



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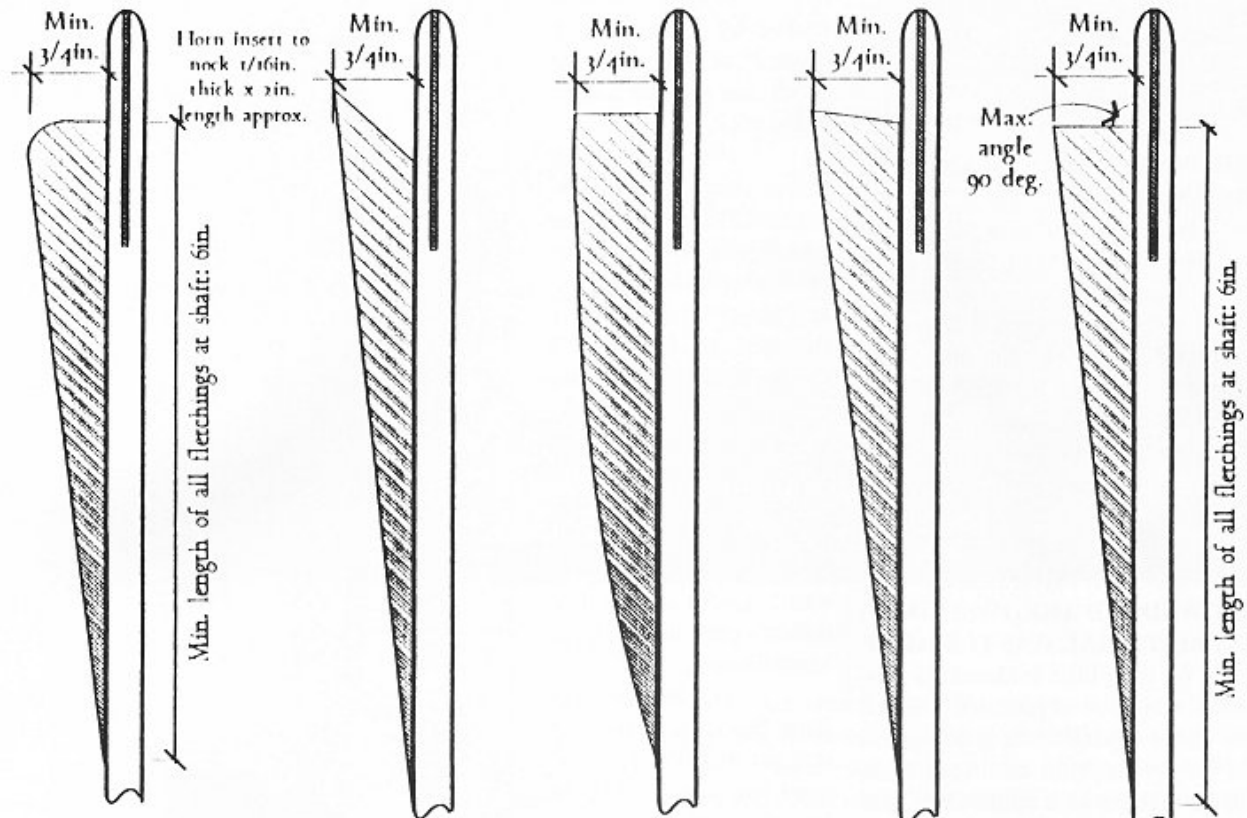


QUALITY
Custom Packs & Packing Options
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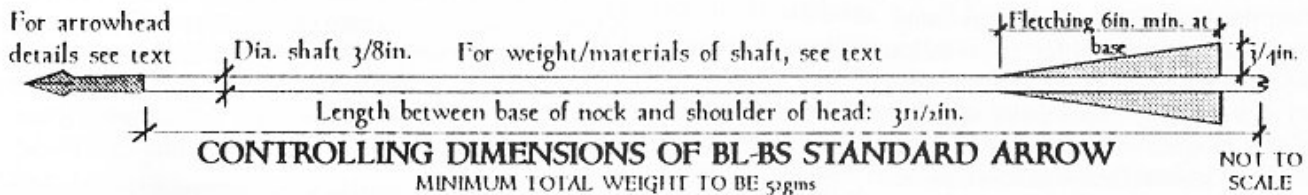
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THE BRITISH LONG-BOW SOCIETY THE "STANDARD" ARROW

By Hugh Soar



ALTERNATIVE FLETCHING SHAPES FOR BL-BS STANDARD ARROW



WHAT WAS THE "STANDARD" ARROW CONTEST? During the reign of Henry VIII, when the practice of archery had started to decline, contests were held on Finsbury Fields in London at which Wrestling and Archery were featured. In 1521, it was proclaimed that for the first time, archery should take pride of place as the first of these events, and that contests for distance shooting should be held annually at which the standard arrow, the bearing arrow, and the flight arrow would be shot. The principal award was reserved for the archer whose standard arrow made the most ground. This award was either a Crown of Gold to the value of 20 shillings,

or 20 shillings in money. In later times, the contest came to be known as the pound arrow, and this title may have derived from the £1 thus given.

SO - WHAT WAS THE STANDARD ARROW? The standard arrow is believed to have been the name given to the run of the mill sheaf, or war arrow, each of equal length, and by inference of equal weight, in contrast to a bearing arrow which is believed to have been a shaft selected for its good shooting qualities, and perhaps personalized to a particular draw-length.

It was no doubt deemed important for an archer to take a sheaf arrow, such as he might be provided within battle, and to make as much distance with it as he could. There are varying views on the length of a standard arrow, but the BL-BS has settled on a shaft length of 31-1/2" (between base of nock, and shoulder of head), using as a guide the arrows recovered from the Mary-Rose. Not, with socket taper the overall length of the stele will be 32-1/2".

WITH WHAT WERE STANDARD ARROWS ARMED?

It is believed that latterly at least, the heads known as London Museum Type 16 were in common use on Sheaf or Standard arrows. However, it is altogether possible that others had been, or indeed were, habitually in use. Type-15 Broad-Heads and Type-9 or 10 Bodkin Points are therefore acceptable to BL-BS on standard arrows, providing always that the weight criteria is met.

WHAT WAS THE PROFILE OF THE STANDARD ARROW, AND OF WHAT MATERIAL WAS IT MADE?

We have little evidence for profile, but the balance of probability is that it was either a parallel or a bob-tailed shaft. Roger Ascham mentions Ash, which he favours as a battle-shaft, and Aspen (Poplar) which he does not. Arrows of both woods were recovered from the Mary-Rose, and many other woods have been used for arrow steles in past times. BL-BS recommends the use of a dense, and thus a stiff wood as suitable to stand in the heavy bow with which the standard arrow should truly be shot.

WHAT THEN IS THE BL-BS SPECIFICATION FOR THE MODERN STANDARD ARROW?

A 3/8" diameter parallel, or bob-tailed self stele (shaft) of Ash, or a wood of equivalent density and elastic modulus, i.e. lime, box, hornbeam, etc., of draw-length 31-1/2" between base of nock and shoulder, or socket of head. Thus, 32-1/2" overall. Note A 32-1/2" x 3/8" diameter shaft weighs 44 gms, or 1-1/2 ounces. For comparison, a

cedar shaft of equivalent mass weighs 28 gms, or 1 ounce, and is thus unsuited for use as a standard arrow shaft since it will not, with a head, meet the weight criteria for the completed arrow.

A self-nock, protected by a horn nock piece 2" or thereabouts in depth, set at right angles to the nock.

Fletched with goose (barred turkey is acceptable) feathers, of which the cock feather should ideally be grey, and the other feathers or fletches, white, sheared for preference long-low-triangular, (see illustration), six inches in length. Armed with a Type-16 (for preference), Type-15, or Type-10 head, ideally hand-forged by an arrow-smith and bearing the archer's personal mark for identification.

The British Long Bow Society, believing that the standard arrow, as used for war, should be heavy enough to deliver a hard stripe (to use an archaic term) has set a minimum weight for its standard arrow of 52 grams (802 grains).

Heads vary in weight, since they are individually produced, but the following are approximations of those available:

- Type-16 head (light, short socket) 16 gms.
- Type-16 head (heavy, long socket) 22 gms.
- Type-15 head 28 gms.
- Type-9 bodkin 16 gms. Note For comparison, a medieval bodkin in my possession weighs 16 gms.



Replica 16th-Century war arrows, used at British Long Bow Society "STANDARD ARROW" shoots. In order to be used in the shoot, each arrow must weigh no less than 802 grains.



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The Land Of the Northern Sun

by Alan Mikkelsen

"A man who has not killed an animal with a bow and arrow remains a child....."

Bushman (San) Proverb

It was the last half hour of another African day, with the sun painting a rapidly disappearing sky shades of yellow, orange, and red, before slipping into a darkness bejeweled with stars. The big gemsbok came in alone, warily circling around the waterhole. Step by step, skittishly it approached, closing to twenty yards. Then, suddenly, it snorted, spooked, and jumped out of sight from the small shooting lane the "hide" offered. I didn't move. I had been kneeling, with an arrow on the string of my recurve bow for nearly 10 minutes. Several more minutes ticked slowly by. Seven days into a so-called "easy" African hunt and I had not loosed an arrow.

The gemsbok came back into view, moving edgily from right to left. It stopped behind a small hook-thorn tree, looking suspiciously for any sign of danger. Then circling around the tree, it slowly began to relax. Shifting into a broadside position, its head finally went down. I rose slightly on my knees, picked a spot on the gray-tan hide just behind the shoulder and started my draw. . .

I was living the dream of a lifetime, hunting in Africa with my bow. It was tough hunting. It was dry from January until early May, then, ten days before our arrival in mid-May, it began to rain. And it continued to rain after our arrival. Leeuwplaat, or Lion's Plateau camp sits high on a kopje or hill, overlooking the thornveld and savannah of South Africa. Powered by solar panels with a backup genera-

tor, it had not seen the sun for over two weeks. The batteries were nearly dead and the backup generator ran each evening.

Animals were everywhere. You could stand on the stone patio of the camp, just outside the lapa, or dining lodge, and see springbok, impala, gemsbok, blesbok, eland, red hartebeest, wildebeest, zebra, ostrich, and more. Although it rained, we hunted. Much African hunting is done over waterholes, from permanent blinds or "hides." Our problem was that water was everywhere and the waterholes were being used only sporadically. Nevertheless, on the first day of hunting, Jim Moore, of Elko, Nevada, collected our first animal, a blue wildebeest in what became known as the "Wildebeest Hide."

On the second day, Ric Anderson, who builds Marriah recurves and longbows in Whitefish, Montana, shot a waterbuck from another hide. We would ultimately collect three of these elusive animals, two of which would be record book quality trophies. Rich Wormington, of Yellowstone Longbows in Deaver, Wyoming, also had a shot at a wildebeest. A day later, with rain still pouring down, Ric ambushed a nice wildebeest in a classic still-hunt scenario.

I was spending most of my time still-hunting also. On the first day, stillhunting a small saddle between waterholes, I nearly ambushed two waterbuck. Smelling much like rutting bull elk, the waterbuck came down a trail near where I sat. Just before stepping into my shooting lane, however, they

turned and traveled straight away. Since they acted like they were heading somewhere with a purpose, I forced myself to ignore them, as a herd of red hartebeest were feeding less than a hundred yards away. Although the hartebeest is a bit of a comical-looking character, there is nothing funny about their sensory perceptions. They have ears like a bat and a nose like a bloodhound.

The greatest problem I had during the entire hunt, especially the first week, was underestimating the abilities of these strange-looking African animals. I had read and dreamed about Africa for more than thirty years, but unfortunately, most of that reading had a definite firearms hunting perspective. I went to Africa with some preconceptions, or more accurately, misconceptions about what the animals would be like. I had the idea that blesbok were somehow simple caribou-like animals, that wart hogs weren't much different from javelina, and that wildebeest and hartebeest were so goofy looking they had to be slightly dumb. I proved time and again that the only dumb thing in my equation was this Montana bowhunter!

I found a long, wide draw that held good numbers of springbok and impala and spent several days hunting it. I would ease into the draw until I heard the hair-raising grunts/roars of the impala or the softer, more nasal grunts

of the springbok. Finding some "friendly" bush, as opposed to the prevalent hook-thorn (haak-en-steek or "hook and prick") bush, I would kneel in the middle, like a sinner doing penance and seeking forgiveness, hoping to be delivered from my woes by a springbok or impala!

Both the springbok and impala fascinated me, but more especially the springbok. I ultimately got within 10-12 yards of a herd of springbok, and several times closed to within 20 yards, but never found myself in a position where I could draw my bow. I watched a springbok ram from thirty yards as he angrily challenged an interloper, finally putting him to rout. It was an experience I will always cherish. The springbok is the national animal of the Republic of South Africa, and I came to regard them as one of the most interesting, exquisite creatures on the face of the earth. Their delicate features, tan backs with a white center stripe of long hair, black side stripe and white belly and rump simply enthralled me. E. Donnall Thomas, who has written the definitive book, *The Double Helix*, on modern bowhunting of African plains game calls them "largely a target of opportunity," but I spent hours stalking and still hunting them. I came away frustrated, but believing it was something that I could successfully accomplish. Maybe next time. . .

The impala were possibly even more beautiful than the springbok. The first time I heard an impala ram snort/roar, my hair stood on end. I spent hours in the bush, listening to the rams roar and the ewes softly mewing, all within about thirty yards. I waited patiently for them to feed out and give me a shot. Alas, it was not to be. . .

We spent two days at another farm, hunting wart hogs and kudu. Rich Wormington had brought a rifle to hunt kudu, which he collected, along with a wart hog. I spent a large portion of one day easing through the thick bush that kudu like so well. I was able to creep to within 10 yards of a kudu cow before she exploded out of the brush with the grace of a whitetail in the body of an elk. Steenbok and gray duiker were also available in relative abundance on this farm. The most enjoyable species to hunt, though, were the wart hogs. Stalking wart hogs can be simply summed up in one word: FUN!

On the second day of hunting wart hogs, I located a small group, or sounder, of six—four sows and two very large boars. I was working my way down a drainage to them, when I saw Ric a quarter mile below me, working his way toward the same hogs. (He told me later that he was stalking an entirely different sounder!) We both oozed along, with twilight fast approaching. I was down to less than forty yards from the hogs, when over the ridge and down the road came the rattle of a Toyota diesel pickup (bakkie). The African farm worker assigned to help us find our way around the huge farm was out looking for us. Wart hogs on this particular farm are regarded as vermin and shot at every opportunity. The instant they heard the pickup, their tails went straight in the air and they made a bee-line for the thick thorn. Ric and I were disappointed, but pledged to make wart hogs a priority on any future hunt. They offer wonderful spot and stalk opportunities in the right areas.

Back to Leeuwplaat. The weather improved, back to normal for an approaching African winter. Mornings were cool and crisp with frost in the forecast, though none materialized. On the ride out to our hunting areas in the

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back of a bakkie, my fleece pullover and a windproof vest were very welcome additions. The daytime temperature would then rise to 70-80 degrees arguing for the long-sleeve camo t-shirt I wore. The normal procedure was to hunt from 7:00 or so in the morning until about 10:00, then go into the lodge for brunch. About noon or 1:00, we returned to the veld until dark. Several mornings I simply grabbed a couple apples, an orange and a liter of water and stayed out all day. I didn't feel a bit inconvenienced by this, but our hosts, Kruger and Hennrihet Human of Kudu Trails Hunting and Conservation were concerned about this strange behavior and worried that I was starving to death!

Brunch and dinner were served everyday with linen tablecloths and napkins. There were hors d'oeuvres to snack on, various kinds of dried meat (biltong), and if you were a drinking per-

son, a large selection of wines, beers and liqueurs. Soft drinks, bottled water and sparkling grape juice were provided for those who didn't consume alcohol. A wide variety of desserts were served with each meal. Every night featured a fire in the elevated fireplace of the lapa, and on most evenings meat was cooked over the coals of the fire. The lapa sat in the center of a semi-circle of five other small brick structures. Four of them were sleeping quarters, each with its own bathroom and shower. The fifth was the kitchen unit, sitting between the lapa and patio. Evenings we often sat around the campfire at the patio's edge, waiting for the appearance of the Southern Cross and Orion, the only constellation I recognized in a foreign sky.

We were in South Africa at the invitation of Kruger Human, Professional Hunter (PH), who wanted to convert all Leeuwplaat hunting to archery-only. We were the first traditional bowhunters Kruger guided. Many of his fellow PHs regarded the effort with skepticism, along with the owners of the farm. We served as the first ambassadors of the sport in this area, and provided comments and a critique for

future operations. And although we collected animals slowly, the tally began to climb. The opinions of everyone we dealt with about the capacity of traditional equipment switched from dubious to enthusiastic. A Sunday barbecue (braai) was held to invite the farm's owners and important dignitaries to meet with us. We put on a shooting demonstration for the guests and allowed them to shoot our equipment. Other PHs called on Kruger's cell phone nearly every night for updates on the progress of the hunt. Knowing how tough the hunting was because of the rain, all were impressed by the results. In the end, the decision was made to convert the farm to bowhunting only, and several rifle hunts scheduled by local hunters were to be canceled.

Kruger is amazing. His eyesight and knowledge of the animals are astounding. Standing at least 6'5", he moves through the veld with the same quiet assurance, and at about the same speed, as the giraffes. Ric Anderson's short legs worked overtime just to keep up, and Rich Wormington always looked like he was in a race-walk when he was with Kruger.

Kruger picked me up one afternoon, telling me he had a special place he wanted to put me. After driving a couple miles, he indicated a large haaken-steek tree that I was to work myself into for a hide. He announced that he



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would go around a short distance, and "...the eland will come by here," all spoken with his delightful Afrikaans accent. I looked around somewhat dubiously. There was nothing to distinguish this particular hook-thorn from any of another half dozen trees within 100 meters. There was no game trail near it. Nonetheless, I did as bid. Twenty-five minutes later, I was surrounded by eland, some weighing up to a ton and within ten yards! Unfortunately, I hadn't even had time to clear all my shooting lanes and was unable to move. It was quite an experience, however, to have that many large antelope so near. Kruger could see the whole thing unfold, and as he picked me up a couple hours later with a grin on his face, I complained, "Kruger, next time tell the eland to walk on the other side of the tree!"

...My middle finger hit the corner of my mouth and the arrow was gone in a whisper from my Marriah Thermal. Although the light was beginning to fail, the bright orange fletching indicated it was a good hit, just a few



Rich Wormington (Bowyer, Yellowstone Longbows), with a beautiful 28" waterbuck.


inches back from where I had intended. The gemsbok instantly flipped into a tail-wringing run for a hundred or so yards. After it went out of sight, I eased from the hide, and there, seventeen yards away, where the "bok" had stood, lay my arrow, covered from the point of the Snuffer broadhead to the nock in bright red lung blood. I slid the arrow back into my bowquiver with a quiet smile. This promised to be a short trail. Less than five minutes later Kruger and Ric pulled up in the bakkie to begin gathering us up.

Kruger began to regard my failure to shoot anything up to this point as a personal failure or affront on his part. Every time he picked me up, it was with a hopeful "Anything, Alan?" When I would reply in the negative, the disappointment washed across his face. Tonight was no different. Feeling satisfied, as well as a bit impish, I told about the springbok that had come by the hide, but didn't offer a shot. Then I started to describe how the gemsbok came in with-

out offering a shot for a long time. My composure broke, a big grin lit my face, and I flipped my bow around so the bloody arrow showed in my quiver. Kruger was out of the bakkie in an instant, pounding me on the back while Ric pumped my hand. A gemsbok is one of the most elusive and sought after trophies we wanted, and nobody had come close to one up to this point.


Kruger headed down the gemsbok's trail ahead of me at nearly a trot. Only about forty yards past where I last saw the "bok," Kruger let out a shout and stopped short in amazement. The gemsbok turned out to be a huge trophy. If possible, Kruger was even more excited than I was. The 42" gemsbok will have to be measured and entered, if that is my decision, but at this time it ties for third place in the SCI bowhunting record book. Kruger insisted it was probably the biggest ever taken with traditional equipment. Pictures were taken and the animal was loaded and taken back to camp to be dressed out. Kruger spent nearly two hours the next morning preparing the animal for more photos, then shot several rolls of film. Kruger was religious about this with all animals taken. His caping, skinning, trophy care and photography were meticulous and professional.

As "toad day" approached (when we all turn from hunting princes back into toads), several more animals were taken. In a truly inspirational story, Jim Moore shot a nice gemsbok, hunting with a set of arrows he had made for his brother-in-law, Fritz, who had died a short time before from cancer.



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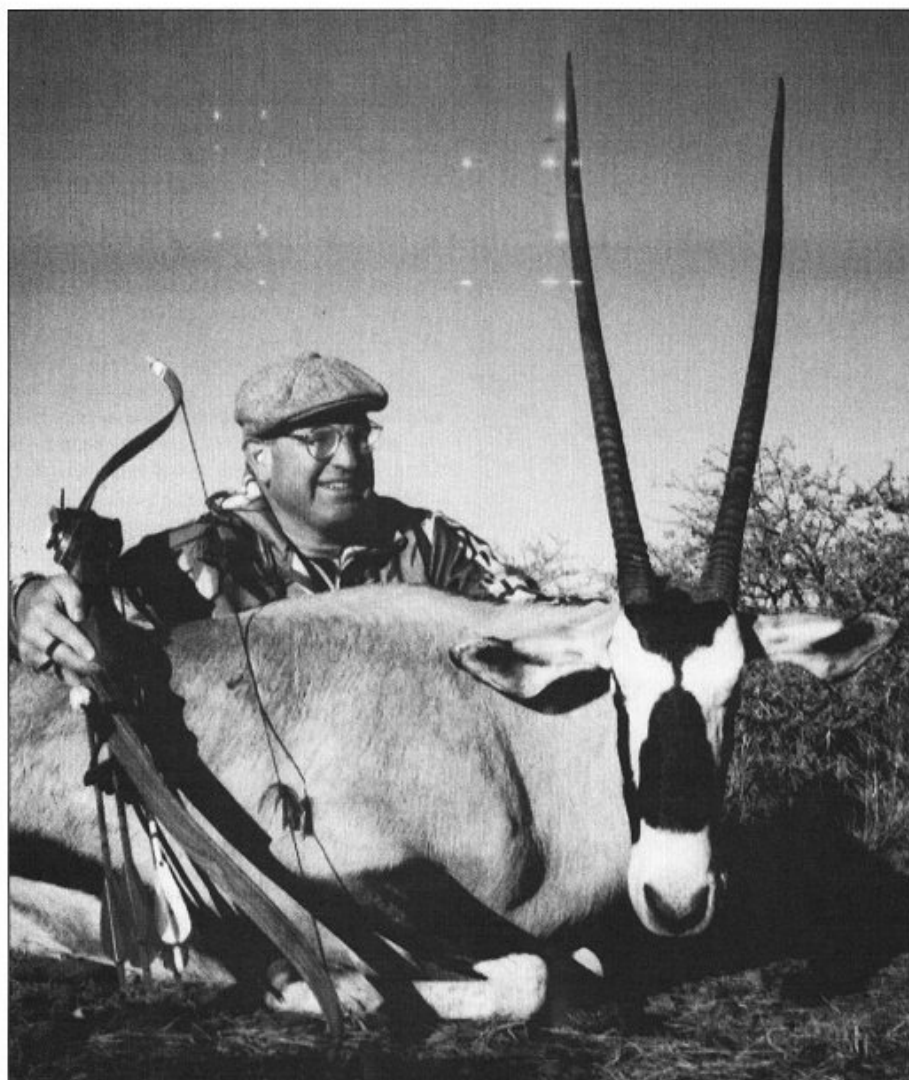
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The author is all smiles, and well he should be—this 42" gemsbok ties for 3rd place in the SCI bowhunting record book

Fritz never had a chance to use the arrows, and Jim's sister gave them back to Jim to use "in Africa for Fritz." A gemsbok herd was moving by when one

stopped. Jim nocked one of Fritz's arrows, said a silent prayer for Fritz, and launched the broadhead. It arced into the gemsbok behind the shoulder, passing through completely. The gemsbok traveled less than 75 yards. I'm sure Fritz smiled as Jim blinked away a tear. Rich Wormington and I each collected trophy quality water buck and Rich shot an impala and two springbok rams with the rifle as the hunt ended.

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The last evening of the hunt I went back to the "eland tree," the haak-en-steek thorn tree I had sat in several days earlier. A small herd of springbok fed nearby, just out of range. I watched the sun go down, having crossed the northern sky in its journey from morning to evening, and coloring the horizon at the finish of the African day. Soon I could hear the rattle of the approaching bakkie, signaling the end of a marvelous adventure in the Land of the Northern Sun. I stepped from under the tree and looked skyward from its trunk to the gnarly, twisted limbs rising above me. Slipping an arrow from my quiver, I drew back and left one of my handmade arrows, a bit of Montana, at the top of a hook-thorn tree in Africa. Kruger pulled up and got out. Looking at the arrow, an approving and knowing smile spread across his face.



TRIP NOTES:

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Please pronounce Kruger as "Kruer" or "Krewer." That's the Afrikaner pronunciation, preferred over the English "g."

This is a quality hunt, yet very affordable. Although we received a bit of a break for being "guinea hens," Kruger indicated he would try to hold the \$100/day/hunter, \$50/day/non-hunter rate. Trophy fees were reasonable, on par with or slightly below many other operations.

Ric Anderson and Rich Wormington were accompanied by their wives Barbara (Buzzy) and Marge, respectively. The women had a marvelous time, with Buzzy claiming this was the first true vacation she had ever experienced!

Ric, Jim, and I all shot Marriah Thermals, a three-piece take down recurve that Ric builds. Rich Wormington shot a three piece takedown long bow of his own manufacture (Yellowstone Longbows). It was an extremely quiet, fast and smooth bow. I had two sets of limbs for my Thermal, but hunted only with the heavier (66#) set. This was a new, experimental design that Ric wanted field tested before he



Ric Anderson (Bowyer, Marriah Longbows and Recurves) arrowed this blue wildebeest with his "Marriah Thermal" recurve.

put it in production. I was honored to have the first set of limbs. If anything, his new design proved to be even quieter and faster than the old. I make my own arrows, using Easton 2020 Legacy shafts, cut 29.5" to BOP. Dipped, crested and four fletched with five

inch parabolic feathers and Snuffer or Magnus broadheads up front, the arrows weigh about 600 grains. A five-arrow Great Northern adjustable quiver completes my set-up. I also carried a knife made by Ric, with the handle crafted from the wood scraps from my bow riser (Coco bolo and canary wood, with a satin wood accent stripe).

Ric and Rich each made a custom bow for Kruger and before we left he was starting to achieve hunting accuracy and pledged to retire his compound. Ric also brought a dozen arrows and Jim Moore contributed a dozen beautiful arrows he put together. I converted a Selway Take Down limb bolt quiver from right to left hand for the southpaw Kruger. We all agreed he was going to become the premier traditional bowhunter of Southern Africa!

I flew from Missoula, MT to Amsterdam via Minneapolis, and then from Amsterdam to Johannesburg. Everyone else met in Salt Lake City, flew to New York and then Johannesburg. I thought I had the worst connections, but in the end I thought mine turned out best. I left

Montana about 2-3 hours before Ric and Buzzy, but beat everyone to Johannesburg by about an hour. While they were enduring a twelve hour layover and watching the rats and mice in New York, I was in Amsterdam's clean and lovely Schiphol airport, complete with a hotel. For \$45 you can get a nice room and shower. I slept for 6-8 hours, had a nice shower and climbed on the plane to Johannesburg. I took a sleeping pill on that leg and arrived refreshed, compared to the weary travelers who had endured the wildlife (rats) of New York.

We ate a variety of "venison" or wild game meat. What was not eaten was sold or given to local people. The gemsbok was some of the best wild game I have ever eaten. Kudu was also great and wart hog kebabs are delicious.

We had eleven full or partial days of actual hunting. We hunted the last two weeks of May. The last two weeks of June would have been better and July and August dates even better yet, as far as waterhole hunting is concerned. Still, the opportunities for still hunting and stalking were outstanding. Even though waterholes are the most effective way of collecting animals, the challenge of stalking and stillhunting is something that every bowhunter should experience.

We were hunting nearly five hours from Johannesburg and almost an hour and a half from Kimberly, the nearest large town. The map I have is somewhat confusing and I was never sure if we were in Northwest Province or the Northern Cape province, and neglected to ask. South Africa roads are generally very good, and the country struck me as quite cosmopolitan in many ways. Although the camp and hunt were a wonderful experience, one that I'd like to repeat, I'd also like to experience an "old fashioned" tent safari at some point. Kruger is trying to build such a camp in Botswana and has invited us back next year to check out a whole new area, if he is indeed able to set up a camp in Botswana (Thuli District). A Thuli camp would also feature kudu and wart hog.

AFRICA HUNT CHECK LIST

- Money: When you board the plane, make sure you have your tickets and some cash. (I recommend \$1,000 in hundreds, \$100 in twenties, and \$10 in ones.) When you arrive, change \$100 into Rand at the airport. I had a hard time using travelers checks, except to pay day and trophy fees. Money exchanges at the airport will accept travelers checks, but few other business will. If you haven't prepaid, don't forget to bring travelers checks to pay for the hunt.
- Passport (I carry mine, along with the travelers checks in a neck pouch. Make sure you carry your wallet in your front pants pocket, not a rear one.)
- Medicine, including sleeping pills, for long, overnight flights. Also include travel

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suds & sunscreen. I shave with a razor and hot water. Some of our party had problems with electric razors.)

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- One change of socks and underwear. (I flew through Amsterdam. They had a hotel in the middle of the airport. You can take a shower for \$10 or rent a room during the 10-12 hour layover for \$45 and get rested and refreshed.)
- Spare eyeglasses/cleaner
- Sunglasses
- 5 pair underwear
- 2 pair heavy socks
- 5 pair light socks
- 2 long-sleeve hunting shirts
- 2 cotton camo pants or 1 cotton, 1 saddle-cloth
- 1 pr. suspenders
- Fleece pullover
- Fleece vest
- Light hiking boots
- Moccasins or sandals for evenings in camp
- Face masks or face paint
- Camouflage netting (to construct temporary blinds)
- Parachute cord (100 feet)
- Fletch cover (I use bright fletching)
- Knee pads
- ICE blind/three legged stool (I didn't take one and wished that I had--expensive)
- Lightweight, stowable rain gear
- Day Pack (mine's a large lumbar style fanny pack):
- Compass, matches, knife, mini mag, swiss army knife or Leatherman, water bottle, pruning shears (I forgot these and really missed them), lighter, tab, rope, tape measure, flagging, first aid (for blood, blisters & headache), sunscreen, binoculars, camo gloves, fleece creepers
- Predator calls/grunt tube
- Wet wipes
- FEW Ziploc quart bags
- Duct tape (for blisters and other repairs)
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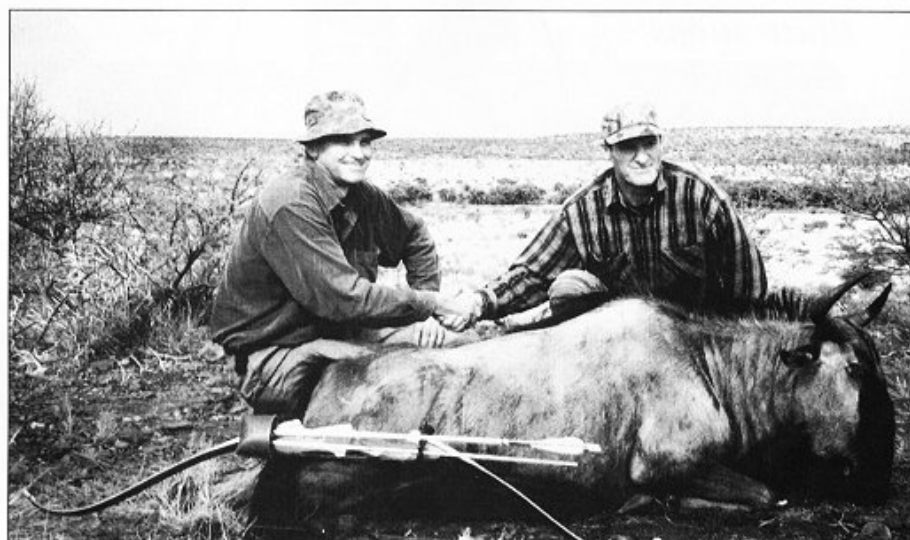
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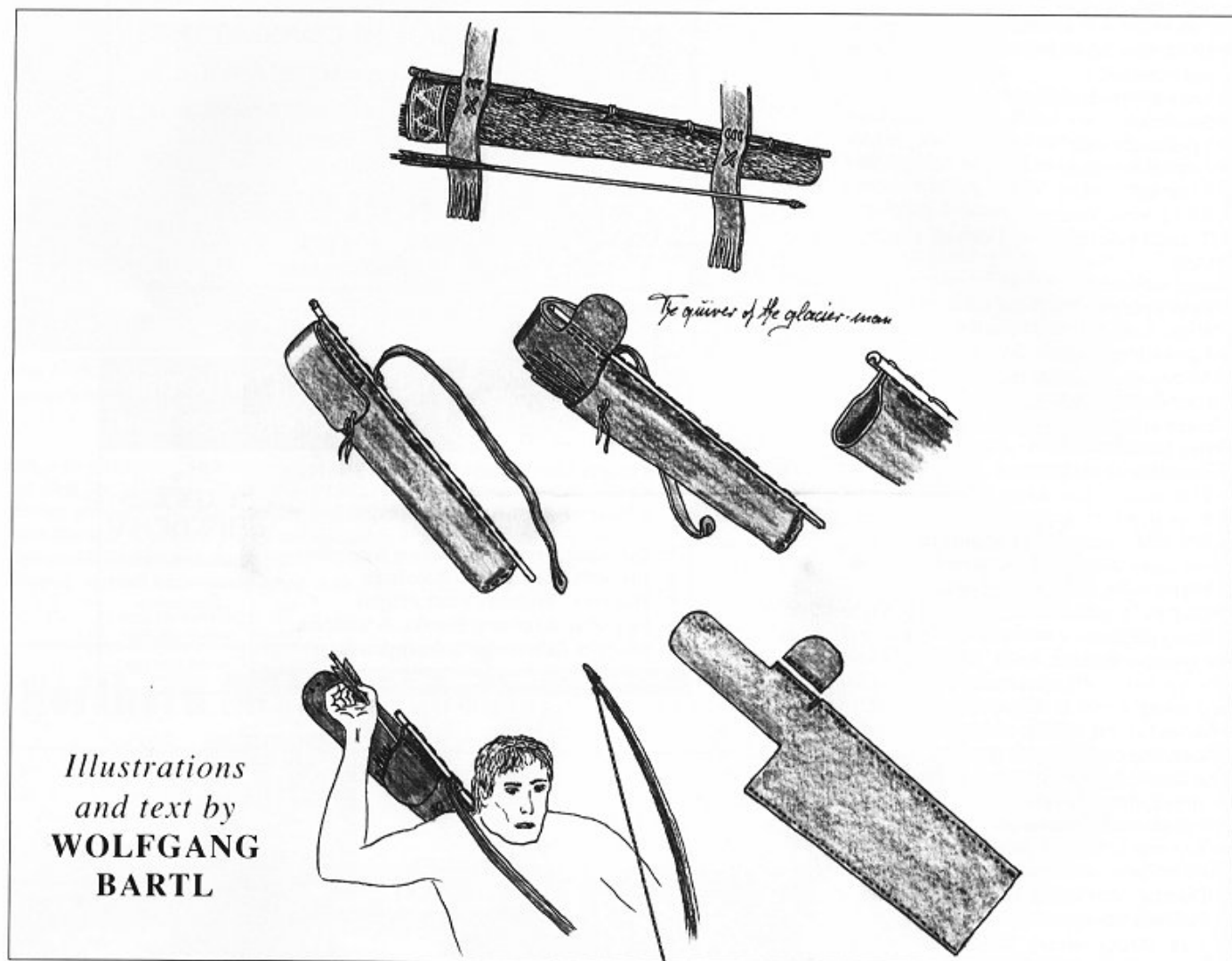
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Professional Hunter Kruger Human (left) congratulates Jim Moore of Elko, Nevada, on this large, blue wildebeest.

Bad-Weather *Quivers*



“O h ____! Missed!” This cry could be as old as mankind. Wet fletchings, a miss-hit, starved up to the armpits—and at home in the cave, a hungry and grumbling clan!

That same trouble would have jangled the nerves of the 6,000-year-old hunter found in the glacier. “What can I do to keep my arrows dry?” A good question, still relevant to traditional bowshooters of today. OK, if it’s raining, or it looks like rain, one can always stay at home reading archery magazines, repairing damaged arrows, or just lazing around. That is what the glacier-man could not do—to live he had to eat, to eat he had to hunt, whatever the weather. He had to find a solution to his problem, and he had a mighty good idea.

The quiver which was found near him shows the wealth of inventiveness and practicality so often found amongst so-called “primitive” people. A slim, longish “pelt” or hide sack, stiffened by a wooden stick, the top opening closed by two flaps—one horizontal, one vertical—was the iceman’s answer to his problem.

Some years ago I too made myself a bad-weather quiver. It worked very well but was larger and more complicated than that of our “primitive” hunter ancestor. My construction at that time consisted of a leather container of a rectangular cross-section having a removable top piece which was fitted with a lockable hinged lid. Into this I put my arrows. When required for use the arrows could be taken out through

a fold-out vertical side-flap (also lockable) at the bottom.

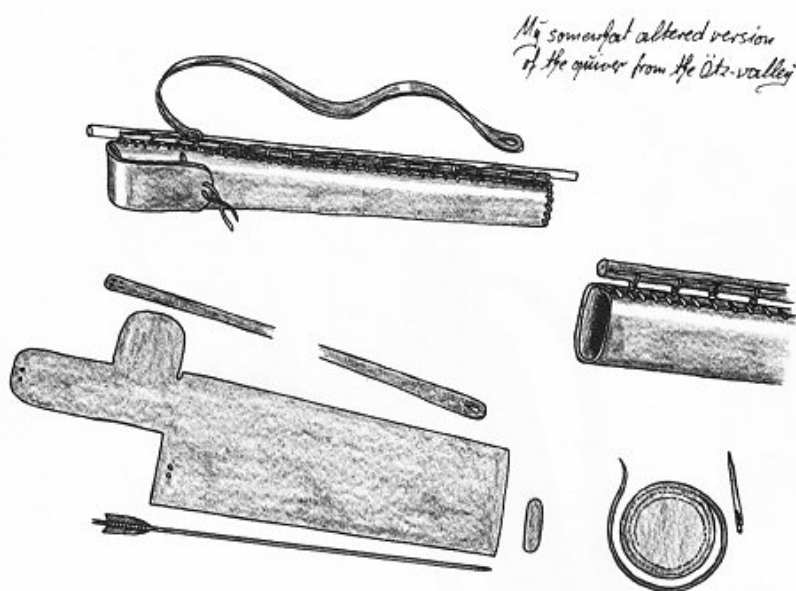
Rainproof quivers are not often come across, and I know of only a few. The native American version I have seen was a cylinder, circular in cross-section and closed at the top and bottom. It was carried in the middle of the back like a rucksack, and for the removal of the arrows had a circular or an oval opening at the side, near the base.

In my opinion, until the find in the Similaun glacier, the Native-American quiver was the most functional because it was comfortable to carry, the arrows could be withdrawn quickly and they were held safely in almost every position. They did not rattle, and could be unobtrusively removed. Besides this, they were quite well protected against adverse weather. Basically though, both types, that from the Otz-valley and the Native American example, are related, but each has been adjusted to prevailing circumstances. This shows once again that the "primitive" archers were perfectly capable of achieving optimum results with comparatively little expenditure of effort.

Interest and curiosity are strong incentives for experiment. As time passed I collected some information about the glacial find. Leathercraft is one of my hobbies; and since I like to "bend the bow," why should I not try to build a quiver of this type? The final impetus was a TV Report in which a man, Harm Paulsen, showed a replica of the Otz valley quiver and demonstrated its use. His explanation made sense to me, (unlike that of some other "experts") and coincided with my own considered thoughts. Also, I was greatly impressed with the high quality of his reproduction.

Because I am not a scientist, and do not go in for experimental archaeology, I was not bound to make an exact copy of the historical example, and thus I could with a clear conscience deviate somewhat from the original, whilst, however, keeping to the basic concept.

Whereas the original find was made of goat pelt, or a similar hide, I took 2.5 mm "fat-tanned" cowhide, a suitable arrow-length piece of which happened to be available.



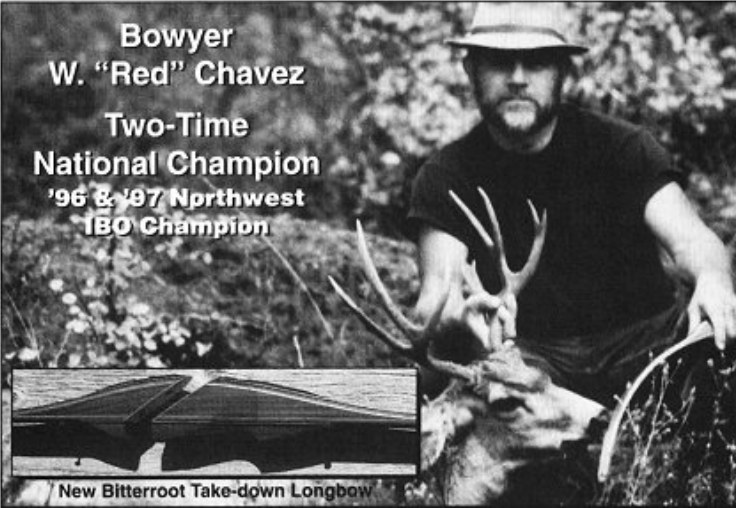
At first, one has to study the picture of the prehistoric quiver and must be able in imagination to dismantle it. Then its shape can be drawn onto a piece of strong brown wrapping paper full size and cut out. Now it is folded, and tacked together and it is ready for testing, altering and checking the pattern until certain that it will work.

When I laid the paper pattern onto the leather I noticed that this was somewhat too short. No matter; the original had the side-flap sewn on, so why may I not sew on the length-wise flap?

Taking care that the hair side (the smooth side) was on the outside, I then cut out the shape. Here though I did depart from the original. I wanted to make a cylinder which was oval in cross section, because of the stiffness of my leather. The ice-man had made his quiver of thinner leather in a rather more folded cross section, with both long sides drawn and fastened into a groove of the stiffening stick.

I had previously cut from a thin raw-hide disc a long spiral strip about 5mm wide, and soaked it in water, for

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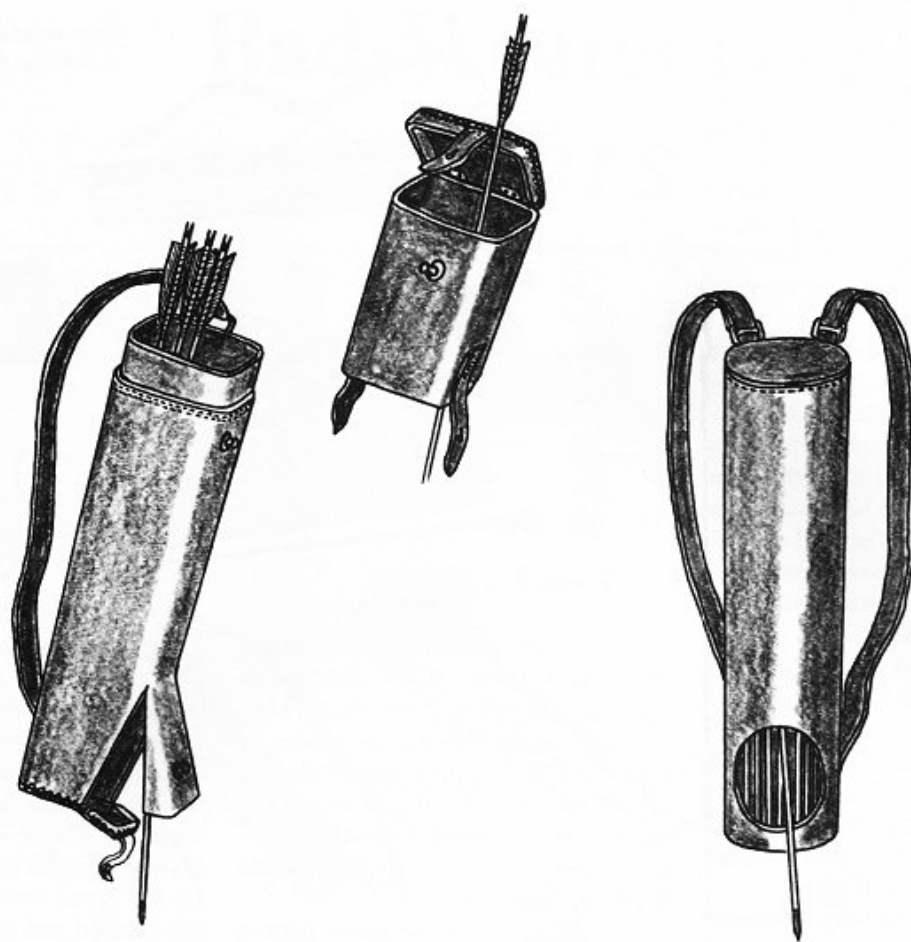


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this was to be the lacing of the quiver body. Along both long sides, from side-flap to bottom, I punched holes, evenly spaced. Then, overlapping by about five millimeters, I sewed them together using the rawhide strip. A "lacing needle," in which the end of the strip can be held, was helpful when doing this.

When the lengthwise sewing was finished, the lower end of the quiver was squeezed together until it measured just about 2.5 centimeters. It was placed on a remnant of leather and the shape drawn. After cutting this piece, it and the quiver bottom were punched with an equal number of holes, but with those on the bottom leather closer together (see drawing). The quiver of the glacier man was simply sewn flat together at its base.

When you put an arrow into this rather flattish cylinder, the fletching is still visible, but with the side flap the entire arrow will be covered. By adding a suitable piece, I made the lengthwise

flap of my quiver longer, so that when I closed it, it reached about five centimeters beyond the edge of the arrow exit. Two holes were punched into this flap, close to the lower rim, matched by two on the main quiver. A thin leather lace was then drawn through (see diagram.)

For the stiffening stick, I used a young, debarked shoot of hazel, about a

finger's thickness. It works well. It may be about five centimeters longer than the quiver at the top and must be so at the bottom, this is important. I drilled one four millimeter hole every five centimeters up this stick (I think the original had 2.5 centimeter spaces between the holes, and they were drilled away from the quiver because its "long sides" were

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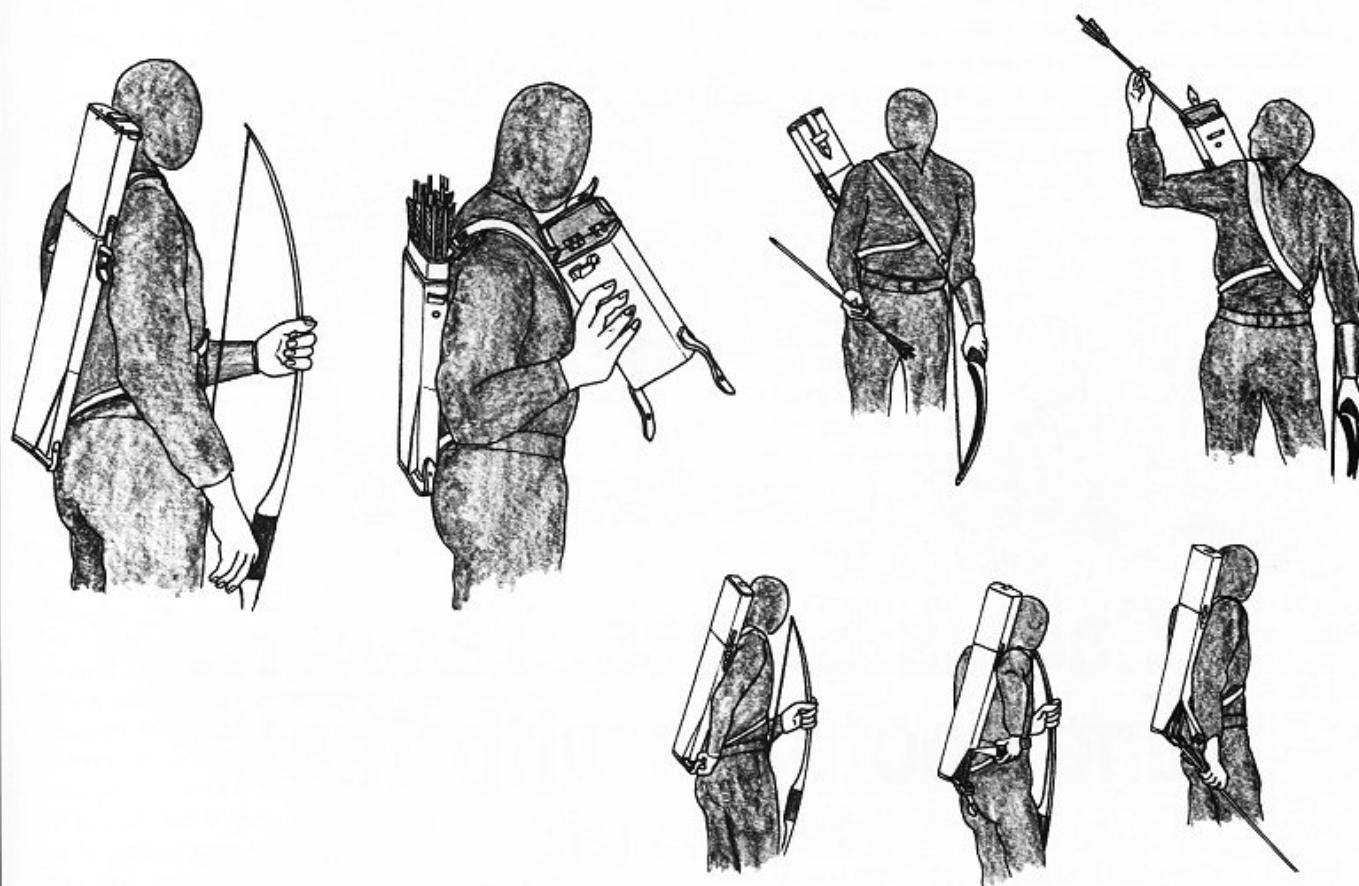
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Functional Use of a Bad-Weather Quiver

drawn into a groove cut lengthwise into the stick). I drilled my holes cross-wise, to help with my method of fastening, since my stick had no groove.

A rather close binding with wet rawhide had become too tight after it had dried, and when the shoulder strap was laced on and I wanted to see how it functioned, I noticed that the quiver turned away from me and I was unable to reach my arrows. So, I had to cut out the entire lacing, fiddle out all the little pieces of rawhide and bind it together again. This time though I used a hemp string and did not overtighten it. I left a little space between the quiver and the hazel rod stiffener and that proved just right. It now works really well.

The shoulder-strap should be fastened on the stick just below the side-flap, towards the wearer, at right angles to the quiver. The strap runs over the right shoulder (for a right-handed archer) across the chest, and at its end it has a hole which fits the jutting-out lower end of the stiffening stick. That is the lower fastening arrangement and one which makes it unnecessary to struggle through a strap fixed permanently at both ends. A simple but workable solution and better I think than modern arrangements.

If the quiver is periodically rubbed with a good leather-care product it will protect the arrows quite well in a shower or drizzling rain. Besides this, such a closable quiver protects the

fletchings of the arrows from damage whilst crawling through undergrowth, and furthermore, it prevents me from suddenly finding my arrows lying on the ground in front of me if I have to bend down for any reason—I know that can happen, believe me!

I hope eventually that this article, with the drawings, will provide an incentive for others to make their own all-weather quiver after the style of cave-man Otzi and experimenter Wolfgang! There are reasons enough in rainy days.





Cactus Spines, Texas Heat and Footballs with Teeth

by Mickey Lotz

The three javelina feeding my way were so close I could hear them chewing. All of a sudden they stopped chewing and disappeared into the jungle-thick underbrush of prickly pear and mesquite.

As usual my hunt was coming down to the last hour of the last day and I had yet to score. It's not like I didn't have my chances, as a matter of fact, I had blown chances every way you could imagine, and then some. I had stalks blown by swirling winds, by my shadow, by moving at the wrong time or too fast, by running into animals I hadn't seen before starting a stalk, by my ride coming to pick me up in the middle of a stalk, and by the animals wandering off before they got into range just 'cause they felt like it. What caused the last three animals to bolt when they were less than 15 yards away was beyond me. I had the wind in my face, the sun at my back, and was motionless, kneeling behind a big prickly pear cactus. Once again I was left standing all alone looking up and down the sendero.

I had brought a group of 10 bowhunters to the southern tip of Texas to try our hand at bowhunting feral hogs and collared peccaries or javelina (pronounced have-uh-lean-uh) as they are known locally. Peccaries are a small pig weighing perhaps 25 to 40 pounds which descended from a gigantic wild pig that lived during the lower miocene period 25 million

years ago. Rik Hinton suggested I call John Walker of Black Creek Outfitters (512-394-7633) out of Freer, Texas, if I was interested in a good "pig" hunt and he was right. This 8,500 acre ranch, which was only opened to bowhunting three years ago was chock full of the little "footballs with teeth" (another javelina nick name) and their larger cousins the feral hog which can get as big as 200-300 pounds, but any hog over 100 pounds is a good one and at least as tough to take as a big whitetail.

The equipment we carried varied as greatly as the personalities of the archers who carried them. Roger carried a Quillian longbow, Rob a Fox take down longbow, Chuck carried a Sky Trophy longbow, my brother Randy carried one of his new laminated reflex-deflex Sagittarius longbows he's now producing, Jimmy was shooting a Black Widow take-down recurve, Kendall a Proline compound. Mel, Moose, & Mark all shot Mountaineer compounds (although Mark finished the hunt with a Martin Hunter one-piece recurve after his compound blew a cable mid week). I had brought a Meare-Heath style hickory self bow I had just finished, 64" nock to nock, pulling 53 pounds at my draw length. It was my second attempt at making a self bow (the first one blew on the tiller stick) and came so close to becoming firewood so many times I ended up naming it "Woodsmoke." In the end it pulled

smoothly and evenly from brace height and cast my 570-grain cedars accurately and with authority. This hunt would be "Woodsmoke's trial by fire" so to speak!

Upon our arrival at the ranch we met John, settled up on our hunt, unpacked our gear, and went on a tour of the ranch. We saw about 20 javelina on the ride and knew we were in for a good hunt. On Monday, the very first evening Kendall put a javelina on the game pole. Tuesday morning Jimmy added another javelina. That evening Kendall tagged out with a 123-pound black feral hog. For the remainder of the week he became head chauffeur and chief scout! Wednesday Moose brought in another javelina. Thursday Roger carried in a javelina and Randy arrowed a black feral hog which pulled the scale down to 115 pounds. I have to admit that was not all the action either. Everyone was getting shots but me. As a matter of fact, by week's end we had taken 31 shots at javelina and 9 shots at feral hogs. The closest miss was at the unbelievable distance of two yards, by a compound shooter, but a longbow shooter was a close second with a clean miss at four yards (you should have heard them trying to explain what went wrong!). Two guys tied with the most misses at five apiece. Another fellow had four. None of the shots were longer than 22 yards!

So there I was standing in the unrelenting South Texas sun staring at an endless strip of bare hard-packed dirt road seemingly void of life. A road that had earlier produced numerous white-tails, cottontails, and scaled quail, as well as bobcats, badgers, coyotes, Mexican eagles, road runners, green jays, morning doves, and numerous small

sparrow-like birds I could not readily identify. Kendall would pick me up for the last time in an hour and the hunt I had anticipated for over a year would be over.

Now I've been bowhunting for over 25 years—long enough to know you don't always bring home game, or even get a shot. I've learned to appreciate the chase, the landscape, the weather, the flora & fauna, the other wildlife spotted, and the camaraderie of fellow hunters. But truthfully at that moment, more than anything else, I wanted to release a Snuffer-tipped cedar shaft from my home made hickory self bow at a small Spanish pig whose ancestors had migrated north from central America centuries ago to make their home in the thorny cactus studded desert of the Southwestern U.S.

Just like that, three of the tiny, hooved mammals with the oversized heads stepped out of the brush onto the road headed in my direction. I slowly melted back into the cactus and mesquite underbrush. Unbelievably, I just might get one more chance. "What else could go wrong?" I thought.

I was more than ready and admittedly a bit surprised when the large boar javelina stepped in front of me. At the spitting distance of five steps, a week of frustration from blown stalks was forgotten as I watched the yellow & white fletch of my arrow bury deep, tight and low behind the front shoulder. The little hog travelled less than 25 yards. "Woodsmoke" done good! After proper thanks to the Maker, I pulled my belt knife, field dressed the pig, and dragged him out into the sendero. As I sat on my stool waiting to be picked up, I had a chance to reflect on the last couple of weeks. The week before we started the

1,400 mile drive down here it had snowed 22 inches at my house and it took me three days to shovel out my driveway. Once we got to Texas a hot wind pushed daytime temperatures near 90 degrees. Each night in camp we were serenaded to sleep by the excited yips of coyotes as they cleaned up the area around the skinning rack less than 100 yards from the bunkhouse. The camp itself was first rate, clean, comfortable, and well equipped. The best I've stayed in out of four trips to Texas. The house included eight bunks, a large main room with a dining table, couch, refrigerator, stove, microwave, TV/VCR, ceiling fans, shower, and a toilet. Our only complaint (besides the snorers) was the fact that the shower water came from a pond and had a dubious color & odor, but it still felt good to take a hot shower at the end of the day! A walk-in cooler was also available for storing game taken. We had to supply our own hunting gear, sleeping bags, personal gear, food, and drinking water. The hunt fees were \$50 per day plus \$10 per night lodging. A non-resident five-day small-game hunting license costs \$35. All in all it was a great hunt!

After another long two-day drive, we arrived home to snow flurries and as I write this it's snowing very hard and starting to accumulate. Ahh, the joys of living in Ohio in the winter. Well, turkey season is just around the corner and my wife Dianne looked out the window in our living room last Saturday and counted 32 turkeys scratching for food. Sure would be neat to take a turkey with a self bow. . . hmmm, I think I'll start building a 60 incher, 'bout 50 pounds that I can shoot sitting down. . .



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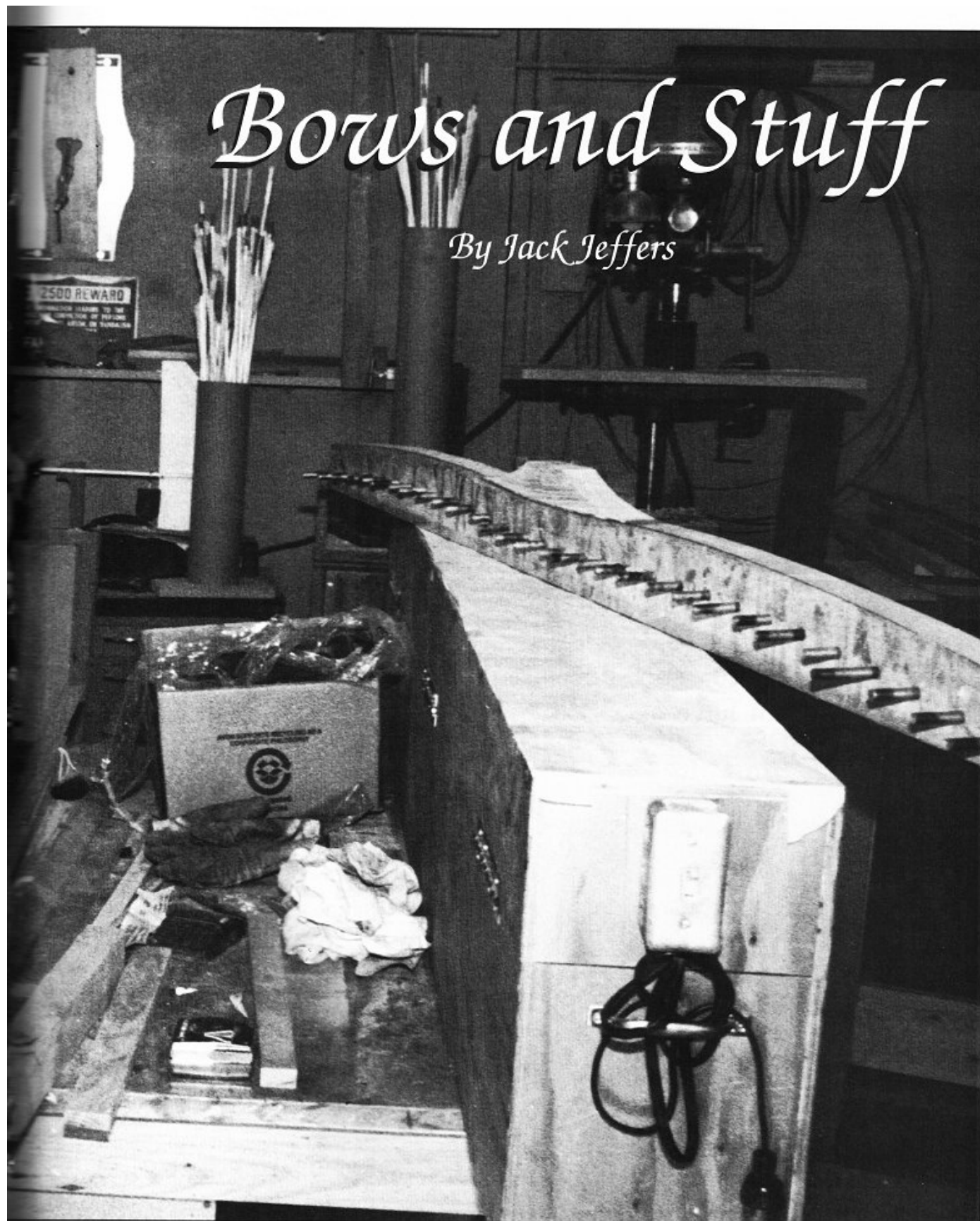
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Bows and Stuff

By Jack Jeffers

Shortly after moving to Lander, Wyoming, several years ago I was pleasantly surprised to meet up with several traditional archers, one of whom is also a fine bowyer. John Walker has a neat little shop beside his house that has all the right equipment to turn out high quality and exacting bow parts.

Like me, John started by making self-bows and other related archery equipment in the late forties and fifties before setting it aside for a number of years while he followed a demanding professional career. All of my early bows were self-bows because I did not have access to the equipment required for the more complex multi-lamination bows. Finally, with John's know-how and shop facilities, we have come up with some unusual creations. Someone, somewhere has probably gone through these same mental exercises, but making your own equipment and executing fresh concepts to make the end product suit your personal needs is still much of the fun of being a traditional archer.

One of the ideas that we kicked around the range for some time was John's desire to make what he referred to as a Super Bow. When I met John at the archery range the first time, I felt immediately that his traditional glass-backed, glass-belly bows with a center core of two or more wood laminations were already super in terms of cast and accuracy. But John had a bolder plan that he finally executed during the early spring of '99.

The experimental prototype of John's idea was glued up and finished during the winter of '98. We had discussed making a bow out of multiple laminations of osage backed with hickory. Then we formulated the plan to add a layer of glass on the belly. It seemed like a good idea at the time.

The new bow was glued up in a reflex form and was about 68 inches from nock to nock. John shot it a few times behind his shop to test it out prior to taking it to the range for a real break-in. It shot just fine. It was fast, easy to draw, and comfortable in his hand.

On the appointed afternoon our group met out at the range to witness this new bow in its first action. As if by some stroke of fate John handed it to me for the opening shot. The bow pulled about 50 pounds and came back to twenty-nine inches as smooth as could be when "BANG!"

You do not have a chance to become nervous when a bow explodes. It just happens. Afterwards you get shaky and are thankful that flying bow parts injured no one. This is the only bow that any of us have made recently that burst during a test shooting. Only those of you who have been left holding the handle will know how it feels to have a bow blow up in your face like this one did.

The bow broke in two places: one about eight or nine inches above and the other the same distance below the handle riser. As we learned in our evaluation of this event, what had happened was very simple from an engineering standpoint. There is no wood backing that we know of that can handle the stress when matched with a glass belly. Glass has a tremendous amount of resistance to compression and tension (stretching). Putting the glass on the belly meant that the hickory backing had to go beyond its elastic limit to compensate for the glass. The outcome was a big BANG. Has anyone out there ever tried bamboo for such an application?

To avoid a similar experience, the Super Bow project was a totally different approach. I find that it's amazing what goes on in archers' minds when they are out having fun shooting a stick bow. The ideas just spin around until they suddenly become reality. John and Alan Guile, another member of our group, had been discussing the project off and on for some time during our weekly rounds at the roving range. I was tuned in to the conversations but didn't have much to add other than that I would NOT be the one to make the initial draw test.

Finally, the design took shape. It would have a glass backing and belly. The center core would consist of four laminations: ash laminated to osage and osage to osage. This would involve three separate gluing operations on three different forms (see photo on previous page).

The first step was to glue up the two osage laminations for the inner-most core. This was the most radical form, which deflexed and reflexed the pair to a five-inch reflex radical. The second pair was the ash and osage, with the ash layer toward the glass backing. This lamination was one and a half



We still use the tried-and-proven method of cutting up inner tubes to pull the glue joints of a freshly glued-up bow together. It is economical and results in a first class job.

inches less radical reflex and was put into the form and glued to the handle riser at the same time.

The third step was to take these two pairs, which had been completely cured in the heat box, and to sandwich them together with fifty/thousands of glass backing and belly in the final form (the form at the right on previous page).

At this point in the process, I'll let John explain in his own words what was going on and what he thought we could expect. It looks as if we have really good glue lines. Everything is nice and flat. We've put the fifty/thousandths of glass in place, and we'll end up with a thickness at the fadeout of roughly five hundred/thousandths. I was just checking some of my other bows up on the wall that I think will be heavier and they run about 550-560/thousandths at the fadeout. I expect this bow to weigh out at maybe 56 to 57 pounds, so with a target weight of about 53 pounds, I hope we'll hit it pretty close. I can certainly sand down the edges or take it off the glass if we are over the target weight by too much.

If you look closely at the bow forms you will notice that we have found an ideal recycling solution for "wheelie" projectiles. They make great tie rods for rubber bands. John uses them exclusively for this purpose, while I put them to good use in our flower gar-

den. A camouflage high-tech projectile is the perfect stake for holding tall flowers up straight and they blend right in with the foliage.

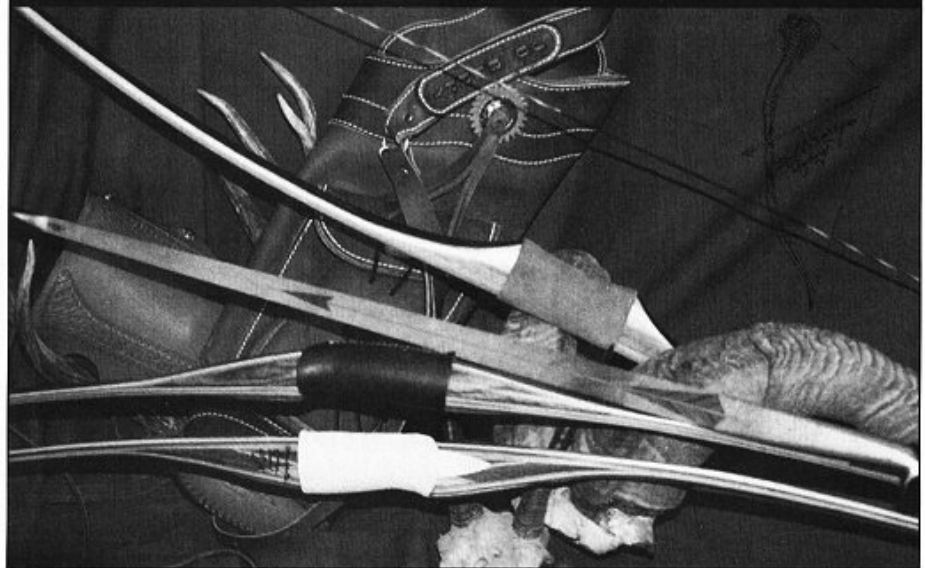
A nice thing about our wooden arrows is that they are mostly biodegradable. Those high-tech hollow tubes can

end up littering the fields of an archery range for decades waiting for some rancher's hay bailer to snag them and suck them into the guts of the machine. We have heard about this actually happening and it does tend to irritate the rancher.

We still use the tried-and-proven method of cutting up inner tubes to pull the glue joints of a freshly glued-up bow together. It is economical and results in a first class job.

John's Super Bow is shown at full draw on the following page during the first few test shots, which were toward a dirt mound that is a distance of about two hundred and fifty yards. This was over six weeks ago and as I write this article the bow has shot several thousand arrows and has been declared a total success. The cast is just slightly more than John's companion bow made on a single form, but the real difference in this new bow, which measures sixty-eight inches between nocks, is the nearly complete lack of hand shock. In addition, the draw is as smooth as they come. Lacking any devices for measuring feet per second, we have to rely on long-term flight and roving shooting and how the results compare to similar bows on familiar targets. This is why I have waited almost two months before sharing this data with

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other interested archers who may want to apply some of these techniques to their own bow making.

I prefer a softer shooting bow with less sensitivity, but one that is still snappy and forgiving. Ever since I made my first osage relics back in the late forties and early fifties, I have had the desire to experiment with multiple laminations of wood with a single layer of glass backing. Since my favorite wood has always been osage this plan would now be executed in John's woodworking shop. My new bow would simply be a modern version of the old Stemmler stave with glass or rawhide backing. My thinking behind using several laminations was to add strength through multiple glue joints and to cut down on "string follow" or "taking a set."

The first two bows were nearly carbon copies of each other, but

with different draw weights. One started at fifty-five. The second began at about fifty. Both were made in a slight reflex/deflex with four laminations of tapered osage backed with fifty/thousands glass. They measure seventy-one inches from nock to nock. My personal preference is for a long bow.

After shooting these bows many thousands of times for over a year, they still perform flawlessly and are as smooth as they can

be. They are everything I expected and more when compared to my original concept. Both have lost about five pounds in draw weight as well as losing most of their original shape. They are more like straight long bows now. However, and this is surprising to me, they both maintain their original cast despite some minor retillering after a thousand or two shots.

These bows had to settle in before I could finish them completely. Since the retillering there has been no change in cast, set, or sensitivity during the last ten months. I believe the reason that the cast has not changed is because the osage has been compressed, and therefore it rebounds a little faster, which in turn compensates for the slight loss of draw weight.

My latest bow is an extension of the first two and is the best of the lot. It came about when John was making his first prototype for his Super Bow project. I decided to make one more bow following my basic design, which would fall into the 45- to 50-pound range. I wanted to see if I could minimize the set taken by the other two. So I adjusted my process by gluing two center laminations on John's radical form before sandwiching them into the final form. I ended up with a total of four osage laminations on the belly side and a final hickory lamination on the back with a backing of fifty/thousands glass. This was a grand total of six laminations with no belly glass. And the bow definitely does not need it.



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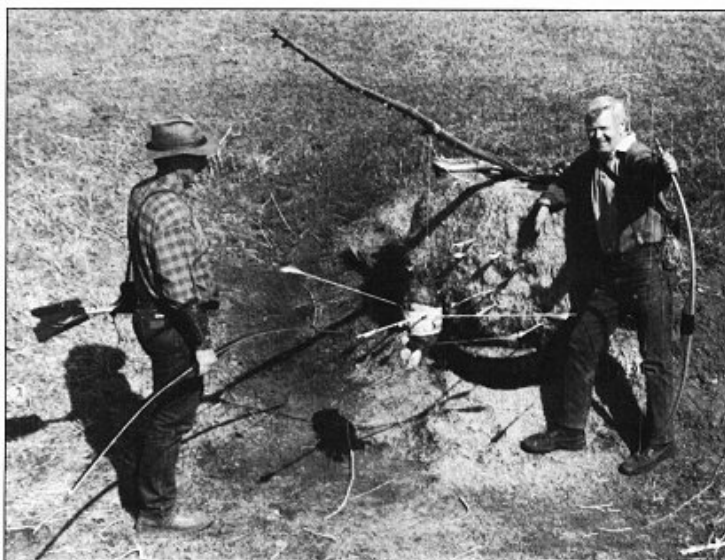
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I like to shape my handle to fit my hand. This is one of the final highlights of my bow making. In addition, I like to make a rather deep cut for the arrow rest.



We have a number of these scattered throughout the woods and some would challenge the best of archers.

This has to be the sweetest shooting bow that ever fell into my hands and it has performed well for three months. It is no Super Bow, but it is a perfect match for me. You might also note that I like to shape my handle to fit my hand. This is one of the final highlights of my bow making. In addition, I like to make a rather deep cut for the arrow rest. While it may appear like a center shot, the center of the arrow is actually about a third of its diameter away from dead center on the bow. I can shoot arrows that are spined six to seven pounds on the high side with virtually no noticeable difference in flight. But I have never been able to shoot an arrow that flies properly if it is spined so much as a pound under the bow draw weight. It will always curve to the left on a right hand bow.



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Paul Hann, another member of our group, shows off his almost finished self-bow made from a stave of black locust. A neighbor of Paul's was about to haul this tree to the local landfill. Then an archer in need of a fine wooden bow discovered it, and it has since been transformed into a work of art.

If you have two bows of identical pulling weight but with a radical difference in cast, a marginally spined arrow might work in the bow with less cast but not in the one with the higher cast. Logic dictates that the arrow that travels around the bow the fastest would be forced to bend more abruptly under the added compression and therefore would fly more to the left. At least this has been my experience with my various bows. Or perhaps subtle differences in my shooting technique make this more pronounced. I mention this observation because I think it is interesting and something that others may also have noticed and wondered about.

The strange looking glove that you see beside my multi-laminated bow is a new concept for a shooting glove that does not continually twist off-center on your fingers after several shots. In time, I hope to work the bugs out of it and to come up with a final design that does not resemble my patchwork quiver.

The photo on the preceding-page shows one of our swinging targets that we've made from a fruit bag stuffed with plastic grocery bags. We have a

number of these scattered throughout the woods and some would challenge the best of archers. In fact several are situated in such a position that it takes an arrow with a certain type of fletching to get through or over the obstacles. In this Figure, John is using his Super Bow and Alan Guile has one of his old favorites. Alan recently completed two self-bows. One is made of hickory; the other is of mulberry. It is a joy to watch these bows sling an arrow.

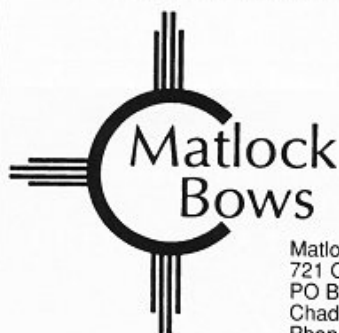
If you ever pass through Lander, Wyoming, with your equipment stuffed in the back of your vehicle, give us a call. John Walker and I always like to talk bow stuff, and all four of us don't need much in the way of an excuse to head out to the fields and forest with a bow and a quiver full of arrows. Every afternoon makes for a fine day of shooting. John and I are often referred to as the two old retired guys who would like nothing better than to go play with our bows and arrows and come up with weird new archery projects. Or the impossible shot. After all, that's what traditional archery is all about.



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The Competitive Edge

by Gary Sentman

Lessons Learned

As I am writing this article, the days have begun to shorten and a certain crispness can be felt in the air. In places like Montana and Alaska there has probably been an occasional morning frost. Now with great anticipation my thoughts turn to hunting as bow season approaches. In years past when I would quite frequently hunt with a rifle, there was little preparation for the hunt. Making sure you had an adequate supply of ammo, sighting your rifle in, having a good pair of boots and a good coat was basically all the preparation one needed. With a rifle of, say 30.06 caliber or more, getting within 300 yards of your game usually meant meat on the table. Hunting with the bow and arrow on the other hand takes much more preparation.

As I recall in the book, *Ishi In Two Worlds*, Ishi mentioned that it took three days to prepare for a serious hunt. He wouldn't eat fish or smoke tobacco during this time and believed it was important to cleanse the body of all civilized contaminants. Of course Ishi wore very few clothes before he became indoctrinated into white man's culture. So he did not have to contend with his clothes being saturated with domestic odors.

I think a modern-day hunter should follow Ishi's example to some extent to eliminate as many human scents as possible before the hunt. I just returned from an elk hunt in Eastern Oregon, and had the pleasure of meeting a very skilled veteran bow hunter. He drew a tag for a buck antelope and had a real nice trophy buck in the back of his pickup which he had just killed with a bow.

I asked him how he was so successful. Since he was a good friend of the hunter I was with, he volunteered to tell us step-by-step of how he prepared for the hunt. First of all, I must admit, he had access to a private ranch. This is to one's



advantage because hunting pressure is limited. I have found that any time there is a lot of hunting pressure in any area, the game become more nocturnal. They feed and move around mostly at night. So this hunter did not have to contend with hunting pressure.

He explained the first step was to have good camouflage gear, preferably of soft, quiet materials. He washes these clothes thoroughly with a soap that does not have UV brighteners. He emphasized that using Scent-Shield on his clothes was a must, then using natural scents that are common for the area he was hunting. These prepared clothes are then put in a plastic bag and stored in sealed containers such as a plastic box. The only time these garments are worn is when he leaves for the hunt in the morning.

On this particular hunt for his buck antelope, it was necessary to take a decoy. So he went to the water hole a day early with his hunting gear, sleeping bag, decoy, and minimal food and water. He would sleep by the water hole hidden by the sagebrush and remain there through the day. He felt it was necessary to stay the night because walking into the water hole the next morning with a flashlight or stumbling around in the dark would have given his presence away. This individual never mentioned camo netting to hide behind, but I think I would greatly recommend it to hide your movement as you position yourself to take the shot. Preparation such as this and hard-learned lessons from the past are what makes successful

bow hunters. If the novice bow hunter simply ignores lessons learned through time they will not have much success in bow hunting.

Washing the night before with a perfumed soap and shampoo or leaving the house with food or cigarette smoke or allowing your dog to lie in your lap or slobber all over you or even stopping to fuel up your gas tank with your hunting clothes on may spoil your hunt. When the bow hunter has taken the proper procedures with his clothing, the

next step of course would be to make sure his equipment is in good order, making sure his broadheads are sharp, his arrows are straight and of the proper spine, and that his bow of adequate pull weight to make a good clean kill. Over

the years I have learned several lessons about fletching hunting arrows that I would like to share.

FLETCHING AND BROADHEADS

Generally I like a feather about 5 1/2 inches long that comes up quite steep at the front of the quills and reaches an apex height at the back of as much as

darted, and often planed in wet regions where the feathers became a little wet and lacked the stability to guide the broadhead. I also look for a good ferrule on a broadhead. A ferrule that is excessively large in diameter will bind up. According to literature written about Pope and Young's African hunting expedition, they experienced problems with

the ferrule binding up when trying to penetrate large game. I also find that large ferrules are generally excessively heavy.

While on the subject of

broadheads I'd like to explain why I like a broadhead that has a longer cutting edge over one that has a shorter edge. It is similar to the difference between a Jack knife or a pen knife. When I'm trying to kill the animal quickly I'd rather have the longer cutting edge over the shorter any day.

Since we're covering lessons learned, I have to relay the stories about two of my friends who nearly lost their lives to a broadhead. One was sitting aligning his broadheads by spinning them on a table in front of him to make sure they were straight. While doing this one of the broadheads slipped off the table and struck him in the inner thigh severing an artery. This individual didn't feel much pain but when he looked down he could see he was rapidly bleeding to death. He almost died before reaching the hospital.

The other event happened a number of years ago. This archer was carrying his arrows in a bow quiver. In the evening while returning back to camp, walking through the brush with his bow in front of him, an arrow was inadvertently dislodged from the quiver. In his hurry to get back to camp he hadn't noticed the arrow was loose and he walked right into it. The arrow penetrated his thigh approximately 4 inches. He also was quite lucky to have lived to tell the story. Every time I handle an

Since we're covering lessons learned, I have to relay the stories about two of my friends who nearly lost their lives to broadheads.

11/16ths. However, when I was in Texas hunting javelina, I found they performed rather poorly in the wind. The wind will not only pull the arrow down decreasing your trajectory, but will also pull the nock end of the arrow sideways, considerably decreasing penetration if a hit is made on an animal. Therefore in windy areas I find a lower profile fletch to be far superior.

When selecting a broadhead, there are some real basic lessons to be learned. The first quality I look for in any broadhead is of course accuracy. But again, a broadhead that performs well under one condition may not perform well under all conditions. Wind, rain, and the type of game must also be considered. I've seen broadheads that flew reasonably well in dry regions, only to find that they bobbed,



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arrow or use a bow quiver I remember these lessons that nearly ended two of my friends lives.

Survival. I remember one rainy winter night when I was disoriented from camp (in other words lost!). As it became so dark that I couldn't see my hand in front of my face, I realized I was not prepared to spend the night out in the elements. I did have matches and a lighter but it was much too dark and too wet to start a fire. This was on the Oregon Coastal range, so I had a good idea of which direction the prevailing winds were blowing. Oh yes, I did have a compass. But trying to read one that late at night during a rainstorm with the wind blowing out the matches was nearly impossible.

I did not have a flashlight or even a raincoat, if I was to stay the night hypothermia would surely have set in. I spent approximately three hours walking out of the mess I was in by following the prevailing winds that blew in from the coast.

Thankfully I knew I had remembered to tell my camp buddies approximately where I would be and that I would generally be back in camp before dark, unless I had made a kill. I really appreciated my brimmed felt hat. It not only kept the rain from running down the back of my neck but I also discovered by pulling the brim down over my forehead it worked like cat whiskers and kept me from getting gouged in the face or eyes by a branch. I might add that I was not in a panic at all but I did want to get out of there as fast as I could. At a time like this a person realizes the fabrics they are wearing are or are not going to hold up to the terrain.

I know some outdoor clothing would have been ripped to shreds. This was not the case with me as I was wearing wool military pants, very good leather boots, and a good wool jacket. I made it out actually reasonably well, and have hopefully learned to take proper provisions when on a hunt.

Camouflage? People who know me personally know I resist wearing camouflage gear. It just is not for me. However I learned a good lesson about camouflage when I was invited to go

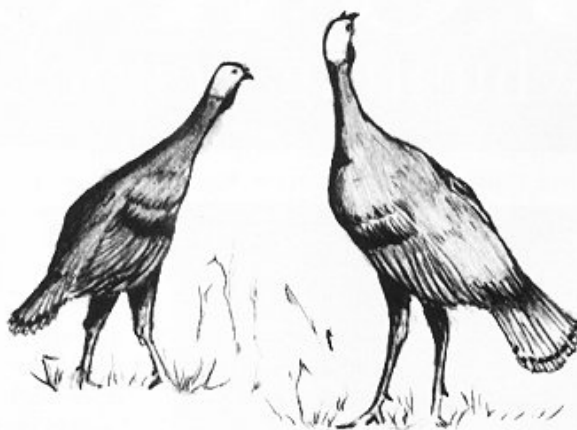
turkey hunting with two friends. I brought my usual gear, a brimmed felt hat, a green and black plaid light wool coat, my bow, and a back quiver, and felt I was reasonably prepared for the hunt. The hunt led us approximately 12 miles up the Rogue River in Oregon to a place called Paradise Lodge. That evening while having a cold beer in the cabin, my two friends began to roll out their hunting gear. This gear consisted of camouflage from head to toe. Including face net, bow sleeves, even camouflage shoes.

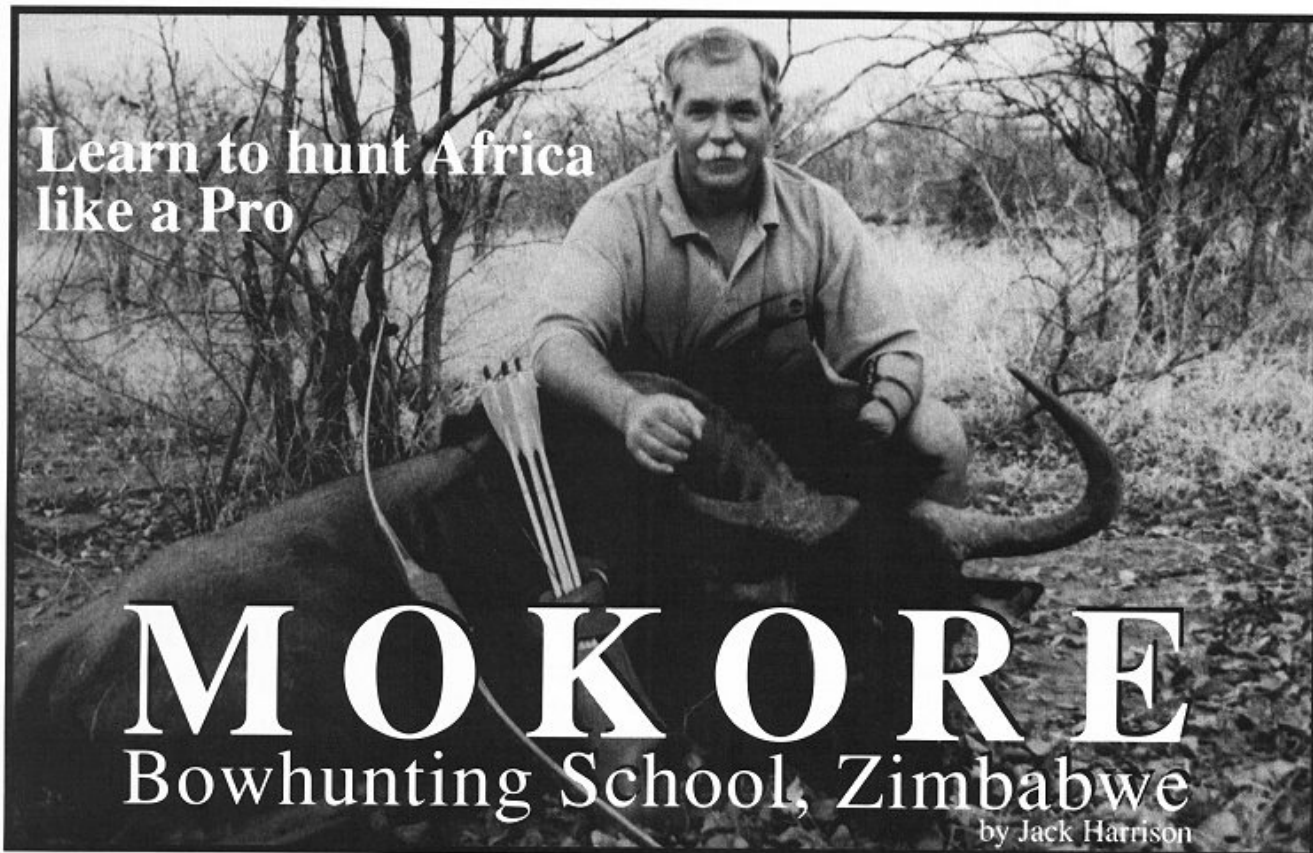
I looked at their gear and kinda' chuckled, saying to them, "Fellows, I'm from the old school, I don't like all that camouflage. You're going to look like Rambo running around out there in the woods." Their reply was, "Gary, to hunt Turkey's you really have to be dressed in

camouflage." When morning broke with just enough daylight to see, we went but a short distance and found turkey everywhere. I was "tippytoeing" through the woods, "goose necking" around trees at every opportunity. Every time I spotted a turkey the turkey was already looking right at me, and quickly took flight offering me no shot at all. After several hours of this I was one frustrated hunter.

Even though none of us killed a turkey on that hunt, my friends were at least able to get off a couple of shots because they had the proper gear and the alert birds were not able to spot them as readily. As the late Howard Hill once said, "There is a lot more to bowhunting then just being a good shot."

Good Shooting!





Learn to hunt Africa
like a Pro

MOKORE

Bowhunting School, Zimbabwe

by Jack Harrison

Editor's Note:

We have become aware of a unique bowhunting/educational opportunity that we would like to share with our readers. The **Mokore Bowhunting School** in Zimbabwe will offer two groups of eight bowhunters each the opportunity to attend an in-depth "bowhunting Africa" School/Safari in October, 2000, that will dramatically enhance your experience and hunting success, both in Africa and in all of your future hunts.

Bowhunting in Mokore may not be for everyone. It is not a highly choreographed hunt where you choose which fenced "paddock" you want to hunt, depending on which type of animal you want to kill that day. It is not a place where your professional hunter knows exactly how many animals are in a certain area, what each animal will score, and who he bought them from. Those types of hunts are popular, prevalent, and highly productive, but Mokore is different.

Mokore is what much of Africa used to be—wild and free. You will hunt and experience Africa the way that it was meant to be, no fences, no "pre-filled" paddocks, and with no idea of what may be around the next bush. Mokore will challenge your abilities as a bowhunter. It will not be easy, it will not be choreographed, but it will be filled with 14 days of action and adventure. During the first four-days, you will hunt in the mornings, and spend the afternoons receiving the in-depth training and information needed to hunt, one-on-one, with free-ranging African game, and be successful. While afield, you will be hunting in a natural wonderland where world-record-class animals roam wild and free.

Like I said, Mokore is not for everyone, but if you have ever dreamed of hunting Africa, this is a chance to do it right—the first time, and enjoy one of the greatest, most action-packed hunts of your life.

African game animals behave differently than white-tail, elk, or other North American animals. Until you have actually hunted African game, you won't understand how truly different and challenging they are.

The following entry from my diary during my first three-week African safari serves as a reminder that there is a need to bridge the gap between the differences that exist hunting North American big game and African game:

"I don't know how I got here so soon! It is the last day of hunting in Zimbabwe. I arrived here near the end of September. Where did all the time go? It is 4 a.m., and I've been awake since 2:30 a.m.. I can't blame the insomnia on jet-lag now. All night I have been thinking about Africa and bowhunting here.

"Sometime ago, I read an article in Traditional Bowhunter Magazine by E. Donnell Thomas, Jr. where he described what I seem to recall was his first trip to Africa. If it wasn't his first trip, it might have been his second. It doesn't matter. What matters is that his article had some title like, 'Impala, The Bread and Butter of Africa.' I gathered from reading it that bowhunting impala was the main staple for many first-time bowhunters who venture here. When I read it, I actually remember snickering about hunting impala.

"Also, it seems that Don began shooting a recurve about this time, instead of his longbow! At first, it made me wonder if a longbow would perform well enough after noticing that he had switched. His bag limit seemed to strike me as low and contrary to the numbers most hunters collect while on safari here. I have probably mixed up the rifle hunters too much with the bowhunters. So, I need to be a little more realistic on any body count. Regardless, the subtle message I

seemed to get out of his article left me wondering. It seems like there was some question whether or not a longbow would work in Africa. Well, for the record, it will, but you wouldn't know by me.

"Now, my first safari here doesn't make me an authority on the subject, but Chuck and Bert (Chuck Webster & Dr. Bert Grayson) did okay on this trip. I also know Paul Brunner killed dozens of African animals with longbows and heavy arrows weighing more than 600 grains. The arrow velocity out of his bows was around 160 feet/second. I remember checking his gear out when he did a clinic for my traditional club in Alaska. Paul had no problem whatsoever with his longbows because they were quiet and his arrows were quiet as well. Hilton, my professional hunter, has taken dozens of impala and one waterbuck with a longbow. His longbow seemed to work fine for him too. So, why would Don switch? Well, I don't know, and I probably have my facts wrong, along with the interpretation of his article. It was probably after his first hunt in Africa that Don started shooting a recurve instead of a longbow, because it seems like most of his latest articles show him shooting a recurve instead of his old standby Stykbow from Dick. So, what difference does it make? Frankly, it

doesn't matter, longbow or recurve, they are equally as effective and traditional.

The only reason I bring it up now is because before I got here there was a question in my own mind. So, I am almost certain someone else will wonder about the same thing. However, as I have learned, neither the bow nor the arrows can be noisy or the animals will jump the string! When I checked out Paul's bows, the first thing I noticed was how well he had dampened them and how quiet they were. His arrows didn't even whisper. On the other hand, my arrows shot completely through everything I shot at, even if my shots were poor. The arrows with the 'balloon,' 5.5-inch parabolic fletching, were noisy and the impala ram I captured on video jumped the arrow. It is obvious to anyone viewing the video that it heard the arrow approaching. I realized my arrows were a bit noisy, long before I shot with them here, but I dismissed it, thinking that they didn't sound any louder than the doves that land at the waterholes. I was wrong. The impala ram recognized the difference, even if I didn't. He bolted long before the arrow reached him. Amazingly enough, speed and penetration did not make up for poor shot placement caused by my noisy arrow.

"Rest assured, if Don's first trip to Africa served up impala as the main staple for his bowhunting experience, my safari served me up a huge piece of humble pie. Before I come back, I need to learn how to shoot my longbow silently and to use quiet arrows. I also realize that just because there are so many more animals to see and hunt here, it does not necessarily mean that I am going to collect a bunch. If I had been able to arrow just one impala without a follow-up shot from a rifle, I would have been as proud and satisfied as Don was on any one of his first few trips here, when he wrote about hunting them. Somehow, I appreciate Don more now that I have had a similar experience to his. Isn't it funny how empathy works? I am grateful that I have been able to follow in his footsteps. Maybe I will get a second chance.

"By the way, Don, those Cabela's Thermax Blister Free socks also worked extremely well. Thanks for the tip. I never had any problem at all with my feet in the blistering heat that we experienced here."

* * *

Perhaps, if I had had a better idea then of how to prepare for an African safari my first experience bowhunting in Zimbabwe would have been a bit different. As it turned out, I spent almost five weeks in both Zimbabwe and South Africa trying to bag just one animal, even an impala, with my longbow. Anyone interested in reading my 71-page diary, entitled *Salvage Safari*, is welcome to it. I offer it to anyone in the hope that it, in some small way, might help others avoid the same frustrations I experienced.

Now, I realize that my situation may be characterized as extreme, but the fact remains, no matter how much I personally prepared before I left to go to Africa, I seemed to have missed out. The upshot to this entire experience was for me to begin planning and organizing a safari school in Africa for bowhunters. This idea evolved out of the need that I recognized for both myself and other bowhunters who have also been there. As my good friend and hunting partner, Chuck Webster stated, "hunting success is a learned skill." Leaning on luck is very questionable and costly in Africa. What better way to enhance personal opportunity than to convene a safari school on location in Africa?

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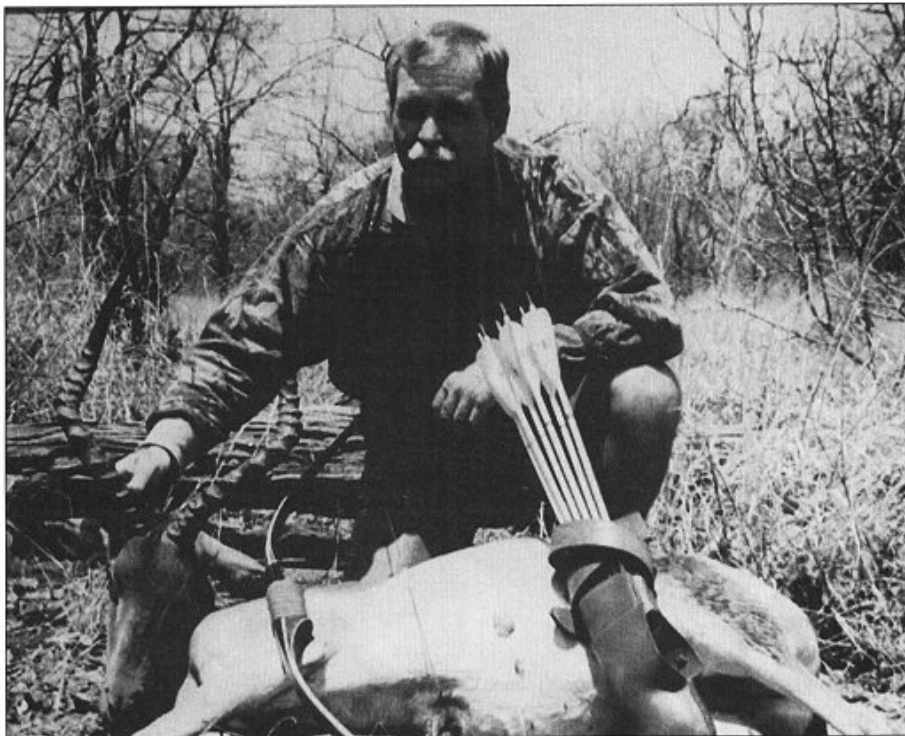
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When you have completed the Mokore School, you will feel like a well-trained African naturalist. African flora and fauna is different than North American. Being able to identify the amazing number of different species encountered each day will dramatically enhance your ability to hunt more successfully, and your enjoyment of the safari experience.

are no fences to obstruct one's sense of a true safari adventure. Indigenous kudu are there in excess, along with 13 to 14 other plains game species that are available to hunt under the skill of Barrie Duckworth and his two sons, including:

- impala,
- giraffe,
- bushbuck,
- zebra,
- wildebeest,
- bushpig,
- warthog,
- springbok,
- duiker,
- sable,
- eland,
- and even baboons.

The Duckworths have cultivated a quarter of a million acres of wild land into prime bowhunting habitat and opportunity. Of the Big Five trophies, leopard,

buffalo, and elephant roam the property freely with hippo in and near the Tergwe River, which flows between Humani and Mokore. Humani is owned by Roger Whittall. Don Thomas and his buddies have spent many a safari with Mush Nichols there, next door to Mokore. (Don T. even swam across the Tergwe River once, i.e., through a croc-pool, in pursuit of game on the other side. He had forgotten about the crocs. When he came to his senses later, he decided he wouldn't do that again (*The Double Helix*, by E. Donnall Thomas, Jr.) Only lion is missing from this area, most of the time. They follow their own paths, and once in a while one hears about a lion kill in the area.

In view of the fact that a trip to Africa is always expensive, a safari school with group discounts offers an outstanding value. Mokore Bowhunting Safaris with Barrie Duckworth is the only one of its kind in Zimbabwe. Barrie's sons Neal and Gary are both accomplished bowhunters. Each are highly educated professional hunters/conservationists who are dedicated to keep Mokore the bowhunting opportunity of a life-time. They are young and energetic. This family of professional hunters knows what traditional bowhunters are looking for, and have gone to great lengths to accommodate them. It doesn't get any better.

Sensory overload is my best description for all the new and wonderful sights and sounds that I experienced in Africa on my first trip. Perhaps, I failed to focus because everything about Africa was a major distraction for me, even the people. Nothing in North America compares to it—not even my home state of Alaska! From what I gathered, in general, even the professional hunters in most countries of Africa are unaccustomed to hosting traditional bowhunters, with few exceptions. Mokore Bowhunting Safaris in Zimbabwe is one of the exceptions. In preparing Mokore for bowhunters, specifically traditional bowhunters, the various blinds and stands have been positioned to provide shots of no more than 19 yards. Believe me, when you have a huge Kudu bull standing only 15 or so yards away, you will never forget the experience.

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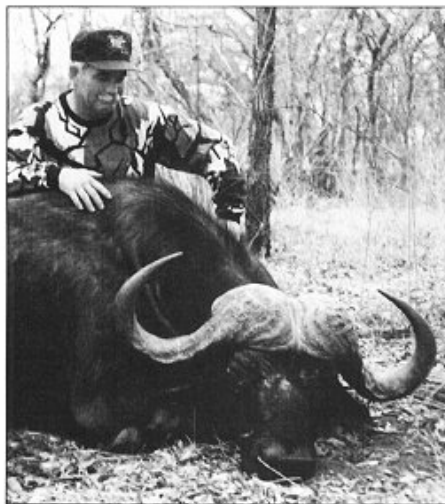
If it had not been for help from Paul Brunner and his input, I would have been completely lost. Paul's operation at Greater Kudu land with Howard Knott is the only one of its kind in the Republic of South Africa. The years of experience that Paul has had there got me started in the right direction—Zimbabwe. Talk to Paul about bowhunting in South Africa; he has a lot of valuable expertise there!

After I had been at home in Alaska for a few months, I had the chance to read *The Double Helix*, by E. Donnall Thomas. His new book should be required reading for anyone planning a safari to Africa. After bowhunting for more than 30 years, I discovered there was room for personal growth and reflection, during and after my first safari to Africa. While I was in Africa, however, I could have done very well without the need for all the adjustments. It was too expensive and my time was too precious. The cost of my African safari education came at a great price. It doesn't have to be the same for you. The African bowhunting school was my resolve. Yours should be to attend the Mokore Bowhunting School with us in the year 2000.

Successful bowhunting is a learned skill, and Africa will test your bowhunting skills to the limit! The Mokore Bowhunting School in Zimbabwe can provide you with the right learning environment to quickly acquire the successful hunting skills and techniques that you will need to bowhunt Africa. These skills will prove invaluable on North American game as well.

A limited number of students (16) will participate in two, separate two-week bowhunting schools/safaris. In each period, the first four days will start with a morning hunt, and the remainder of the day will be devoted to field-training activities. The following ten days will be spent enjoying the adventure of a lifetime: safari hunting in Africa.

This is a 2-week safari in which lodging, transportation in Zimbabwe, food, and trophy fees are included. Airfare to and from the US is not included in the package price. Travel to Africa from the US can be arranged by our travel agent. (Group discounts apply to students booking with us, and will make quite a difference in the cost of



Knowing how to judge the wide variety of species in Africa is a must in order to collect a mature representation of the species/trophy—you literally never know what will be around the next corner.

this hunt compared to booking a hunt on your own.) It is the lowest price and best value offered in the safari industry to any bowhunter for bowhunting Africa. Any bowhunter, regardless of equipment, may apply for either class, but we expect that the classes will consist primarily of Instinctive Archer™ readers (Who better to share a few weeks hunting deepest, darkest Africa with?) Guests and non-hunters are also welcome.

CLASS DATES

Class 1: October 1st - 15th, 2000 (8 students)

Class 2: October 16th - 31st, 2000 (8 students)

The cost for each two-week school is \$5,000 U.S. per student. As a special bonus, this fee includes three trophy animals: a kudu bull, an impala ram, and a bushbuck ram. Other animals taken will be charged at the standard rate for trophy fees. Non-hunters are charged at the daily rate of \$100 per day, per person. Activities, sight-seeing, game-viewing, shopping, and day trips are available for the non-hunter.

SCHOOL PROGRAM

NOTE:

- Classes related to African game, hunting, and species identification in Zimbabwe will be taught by highly qualified Professional Hunters (PHs).
- Bowhunting equipment is covered by Dr. Bert Grayson, Chuck Webster, Larry Hardwig, and Jack Harrison.
- Tracking skills will be taught by a PH and Mokore's best native trackers.

1. Basic Hunter Education (Safety and Security). This seminar is designed to teach bowhunters about getting around safely with the snakes, crocs, big cats, insects, and pachyderms. Note: nobody swims the Turgwe River!

Orientation to the hunting areas is provided to prevent people from getting lost. Heat stroke, the ABCs, basic field medical aid, proper hydration, and clothing are covered in detail. Firearms for back-up and Coup de Grâce is also covered. You will also learn and practice how to shoot safely and well from pit and tree blinds (this is one class worth it's weight in gold).

2. Field Judging Trophies (Little/Big Horns). There is nothing more disquieting than unknowingly shooting an immature species when you could have easily held out for a larger one. Knowing how to judge male and female trophies of a wide variety of species in Africa is a must in order to collect a mature representation of the species/trophy—you literally never know what will be around the next corner. This class will teach you exactly what to look for in judging the size of the horns and sex of the many species that you will be hunting.

3. Understanding and Identifying Mokore's Habitat and Non-Game Species (Flora, Fauna, Topography, Maps, Compass, and GPS). When you have completed this course, you will feel like a well-trained African naturalist. African flora and fauna is different than North American. Being able to identify the amazing number of different species encountered each day will dramatically

enhance your ability to hunt more successfully, and your enjoyment of the safari experience.

Knowing which species eats which plants makes all the difference in the world when stalking and blind hunting. Getting around in different areas is also important so you spend less time being temporarily disoriented or lost. Upon completing the four-day class, you will be allowed to hunt on your own in Mokore, which has over 250,000 fence-free acres of widely varied topography. A compass and/or a GPS goes a long way to support peace of mind and enjoyment while exploring wild, unfamiliar ground, especially in Africa. Knowing the area, the animals, the plants, and the terrain that supports the animals is a step in the right direction while hunting them.

4. Equipment, Photography, and Keeping a Diary (From Boots and Socks to Broadheads and Books).

There is nothing more upsetting than an impala that jumps a noisy arrow. There is nothing that will slow a bowhunter down faster than blisters on his/her feet. There is nothing more discouraging than sitting in a pit blind and being unable to shoot because of a loss of depth perception caused by the small opening in the blind.

Can you sharpen a knife well, really? This class will improve your knife and broadhead sharpening abilities, discuss proper boots for Africa, as well as teach you how to quiet your bows and arrows, and shoot well from a blind.

Chuck Webster and Dr. Bert Grayson pride themselves in their abilities to take excellent photographs. They will teach you how to perfect your own abilities with the camera as well, they will also make sure that you take enough

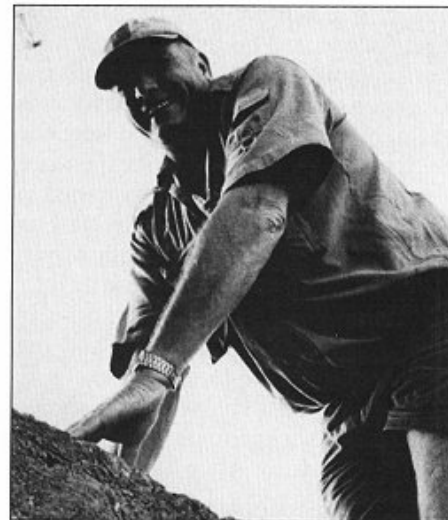
pictures of your African Adventure. A PH will orchestrate the ultimate poses for the different species (what looks well with one may not work as well with another). The skills that you learn in this course will all be put to good use as you take success photos and update your diary each day.

Keeping a daily diary is a "snapshot," reflecting your thoughts day by day. These reflections will provide enjoyable reading years into the future, and also serve as a "yard stick" which measures personal growth later on. Each class will be taught by a noted outdoor bowhunting writer. Note: Every traditional bowhunter should know who Dr. Bert Grayson is. His amazing archery collection at the University of Missouri's Archery Museum is a monument to his personal dedication to archery and his life as the world's leading expert on archery antiquity. Dr. Grayson will be celebrating his 90th year with us in 2000. Wouldn't it be memorable to celebrate with him at the Mokore Bowhunting School?

A list of everything the students will need on their trip to Africa and the Mokore Bowhunting School will be provided well in advance of the day they board the plane. What to bring, i.e., everything from clothing to cameras, will be gone over in detail. The outline for the course will be covered in more depth with each student long before they leave for Africa.

Every student will be encouraged to take Bob Wesley's shooting seminar at his Whispering Pines camp in Mississippi to hone their shooting skills and prevent the "pit-blind" blues."

Larry Hardwig is a retired Navy pilot-navigator and an expert bowhunter. His father-in-law is Vern Struble (Vern hunted extensively in the past with the

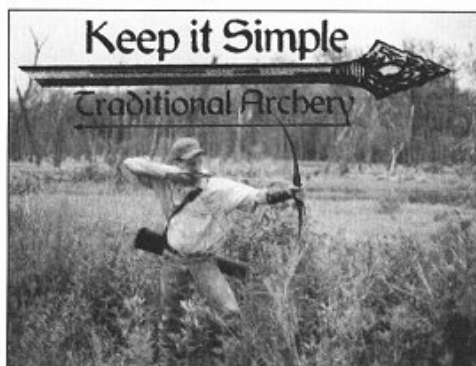


Barrie Duckworth (shown above) and his sons Neal and Gary (both accomplished bowhunters) are highly educated professional hunters/conservationists who are dedicated to keep Mokore the bowhunting opportunity of a life-time.

late Jay Massey here in Alaska). Larry will use his training as a navy navigator to teach you how to improve your use of a compass, a GPS, and a map.

5. Hunting Strategies (Tree blind, Pit blind, Stalking, Decoys, Calling, and Camouflage). Hunting on stalking paths is not a new concept. I attended an elk seminar featuring Vern Struble and Larry D. Jones in Oregon about 20 years ago. They taught me how to build them and hunt on them for elk in Oregon. However, it is a new concept to most bowhunters today. This is an extremely effective way to hunt anywhere in the world for any species.

Mokore students will learn how to effectively build and use them to stalk successfully. Also, whether it is a pit, a blind, or stand in a tree, there are effec-



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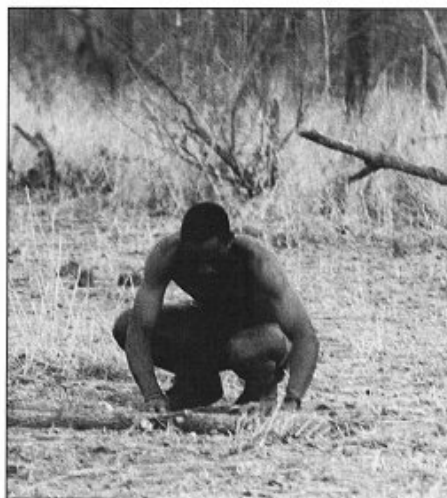
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tive techniques that can be used to increase your effectiveness. These will be taught to each student as well. Decoying, calling, and camouflage is also pretty ordinary—until you get to Africa. You will learn what it is like to use uniquely African techniques to get in tight with the animals, especially herd animals that run away using any other methods. Does calling work in Africa? Find out.

7. Tracking. By now every bowhunter has heard how well the Native African trackers can follow an animal's sign through the brush and across the savannahs. Their skills, taught to them by their fathers and grandfathers, are legendary and absolutely amazing. Mokore's best native trackers and a PH will help you to learn how to do some of it yourself. They have the tools of the trade!

The intent of this course is to teach you observational skills and to give you new vision. Believe it or not, there is a different way to look at things in the wild. Tracks and spoor must be viewed using techniques that perhaps only the native Africans know. The course is designed to pass on some of these visual aids/tools to the student. Dedication, perseverance, and focus will take on new meaning when you learn to track and focus like a native African



Mokore's best trackers will teach you skills that will help you follow game not only in Africa, but anywhere in the world.

tracker. This course will dramatically improve your tracking abilities on North American game as well.

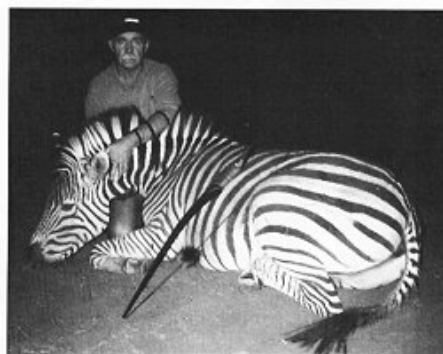
8. African Bowhunting History (Then, Now, and the Future). The future of hunting in Africa is bowhunting. Barrie Duckworth and his sons will teach us about Africa and how much of what we enjoy there today came to be. This course is designed to restore the enthusiasm for safari hunting the way it was once when only riflemen trekked across its wide-open plains.

Unlike rifle hunting, bowhunting is a sport highly conducive to continued hunting in the conservancies, parks, and concessions that have sprung up all over the African continent. Barrie will cover this in detail and give us a forecast of future hunting adventures there. Anyone interested in bowhunting Cape Buffalo, waterbuck, or sable? Have we got a deal for you, but only if you are a Mokore Bowhunting School student!



Join us for an adventure you will never forget. Contact:

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"I've been an avid bowhunter and outfitter for thirty years. If I had to do it over again, I'd hunt Africa first and not wait until later in my bowhunting career. You will learn more, get more hunting experience and have more shots at game on this 14-day African bowhunting school/safari than most bowhunters get in their first ten years of bowhunting. Many experienced bowhunters return from their first African hunt disappointed, they *'didn't expect it to be that way.'* In essence, their expectations were realistic—they simply hadn't been taught the skills necessary to hunt Africa successfully. The Mokore Bowhunting School is designed to teach you what you need to know about African game in order to make your first safari a successful one filled with the joy, exotic sights, and sense of adventure that is Africa. 1999 is my 5th year bowhunting with Barrie Duckworth at Mokore. I enthusiastically recommend his operation to anyone wanting the very best in an African bowhunting adventure—without the high cost."

—Chuck Webster

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Bob is a former president of the Mississippi Archery Association and was inducted into the Mississippi Bowhunters Hall of Fame in 1989.

Arrows From The Sherwood Glen

by Bob Wesley

Indirect Instinctive Aiming, Part III



"Tusker" had backed into a ten foot wide dish formed by a clay embankment surrounded by thick swamp vines and underbrush. It was obvious that he had defended himself in a like manner many times before.

"Put an arrow in 'im Bob, he's killin' my dogs!" Ben Wheat yelled. On this occasion Ben and I were hunting a certain very large and tough boar on his sixteenth section lease which ran parallel to the Pearl River.

Ben raised hog dogs and literally lived for the sport of baying up wild swamp hogs. Usually he would bay up the hog, bind it securely and release it in another part of the swamp. From time to time he would run across a particularly bad boar that had to be killed. "Old Tusker" was such a boar. I had convinced Ben that this boar deserved a fighting chance and at least deserved a go with the bow rather than his trusted 30-30.

The dye was cast and shortly after first light Ben and I released three of his favorite hog dogs at a site where "Old Tusker" was known to hang out. "Wahoooooooo Wahoooooooo!" Ben's strike dog Wheeler let it be known that he had cut "Old Tuskers" trail. Sing and Trail Boy joined in the chase and I could see from the expression on Ben's face that the following music of his hounds warmed the cockles of his heart.

After about thirty minutes of this melodious symphony the "Wahoooooooo" rhythm became short and choppy. This signaled that "Old Tusker" had decided to make a stand.

Ben looked at me and said, "Let's go Bob, they've got him bayed up." We took off on a dead run crashing through brush and vines. I hit a creek at full speed and sank up to my chest while holding my longbow overhead. Ben was about five foot six and as I looked over to see how he was coming I saw that the water was up to his chin.

Suddenly we were on the scene and all hell was breaking loose. "Old Tusker" knew his trade. He had led the three dogs down into a ravine and backed into a small cut-out which forced the dogs to attack head on. We could see Sing lying on her side some ten feet from the hog seriously injured and also noticed blood on Wheeler's hip. Trail Boy was maneuvering from side to side but still confronting the large boar head on.

"Put an arrow in 'im Bob 'fore he kills my whole pack." From the top of the ravine I could not get a clear chest shot so I circle around through the thick brush approaching the ravine from the front. Pushing through the vines and brush I still could find no opening. In a desperate attempt to find an opening I dropped to both knees and crawled forward. As I pushed back some vines I suddenly found myself only ten yards from "Old Tusker" and looking him squarely in the eyes. His hackles were up and he was clacking his tusks together preparing for a charge.

As I looked death in the face I felt a calm come over me and I remembered Howard Hill once saying to me, "Bob, you need to make indirect aiming part of your shooting. Someday you may

find yourself in a situation in which you have time for only one shot. This one shot may be all that stands between you and eternity."

I drew the 700 grain battleshaft to my cheek, focused on the boar's chest and let fly. The arrow sank into the center of "Old Tusker's" chest. Taking several steps forward it collapsed in front of me. What a magnificent animal! What a fine sport! What a great weapon!

Could I have made this same shot shooting purely instinctively? No, I don't think so. Do I remember placing the point of my arrow on a secondary spot prior to release? No, absolutely not. That's not the way it works. Indirect instinctive aiming must be grooved into one's shooting until it takes place without giving conscious thought to it.

How is this accomplished? Prior to beginning to incorporate indirect instinctive aiming into one's shooting it is essential that correct form be somewhat established to the point that arrows are grouping well. My two prior articles addressed correct form alignment and the executed shot with the bow being held primarily by the rhomboid muscles of the back.

The three basics of indirect instinctive aiming are :

1. Always keep your primary vision on the exact spot you wish to hit (never allow your vision to bounce back and forth between the primary and secondary aim point,
2. Condition yourself to hold the point of your arrow on a secondary aim point with your peripheral or secondary vision (this distance will vary with different archers),
3. Practice applying steps one and two until they can be carried out without consciously thinking about it.

Several years ago I was privileged to pass on the steps of indirect instinctive aiming to Jason Ekin of Montana. We were concentrating on a particular tricky target on our range which featured a lion in a tree. I taught Jason to first estimate distance to the base of the tree. Then to recall the dis-

tance from the center of an average lion's chest (part of the process of learning this system) to the limb he was standing on (about 17 inches). Finally to know the distance between his primary aim spot and secondary aiming spot (varies with different people). Knowing these three factors, Jason lifted his bow while being careful to bend back at the waist rather than lifting his bow arm to shoot upwards into the tree. Placing the point of his arrow on his secondary aim spot using secondary vision he shot the 3-D lion squarely in the ten ring.

Several months later I received a phone call, "Bob, I shot a nice lion that was up in a tree yesterday. Thanks for your instruction." I asked, "Jason, how far below your primary aim spot was your secondary spot?" After a pause, Jason replied, "I can't remember." I smiled, "Great, that's the way its supposed to be."

This is a structured method of instinctive aiming which is carried out without conscious thought when shooting—ONCE IT IS GROOVED IN.

There is variation in the aiming charts of different archers. The primary factor that determines this is the variation of the distance from the shooting eye to the exact point of anchor. Facial structure enters into this determination. On an average archer this distance is about two and a half inches. This archer may have to hold two feet below his primary aim spot from a distance of fifteen yards.

An archer with a longer facial structure may measure two and three quarters of an inch and have to hold three feet below from the same distance. With patience one can establish his aiming chart back to his "point on" distance. Then through practice and application on a 3-D range this data can be grooved in until it becomes part of the archer's mental make-up.

More "how to" on this process in my next article. Until then I wish you well-shot arrows from the shady glen of Sherwood.



Bowhunting the DARK CONTINENT

By Ricardo Longoria

The Dark Continent is home to some of the most beautiful and harshest places on Earth. There are countries like Namibia and the Congo where violence and political unrest are a way of life, then places in South Africa like Cape Town and Sun City where one feels as if in Sydney, Australia or Las Vegas, Nevada. From the gorgeous and bountiful wine regions of Paarl and Stellenbosh, in the Jonkershoek Valley of Southern Africa, to the arid and inhospitable Sahara and Kalahari deserts, Africa is truly a continent of innumerable contrasts. The cultural and historical aspects of the area make it an exciting destination for any international adventurer. From a bowhunter's perspective, it is nothing short of amazing.

Hunting Africa has long been regarded as the ultimate experience by most big game hunters. The writings of gentlemen like Peter H. Capstick and Theodore Roosevelt have served as the inspiration for several generations of outdoorsman, leading them to venture to Africa in search of the adventure of a lifetime. One of the greatest novels ever written about big game hunting and human nature in general is Hemingway's Masterpiece *Green Hills of Africa*. The thoughts and feelings that Africa provoked in "Papa Hemingway" are similar to what can be expected by any modern-day hunter. Though the "Old Africa" that some of these books portray is no more, the Dark Continent is still home to the most diverse and fulfilling hunting opportunities in the world, especially when being pursued with a stick and string.



Beginning in the early '50s, archers such as William Negley, Fred Bear, Howard Hill, and Bob Swinehart began venturing to Africa in search of the "Big Five" as well as the plains game. These gentlemen pursued the most dangerous and resilient game on earth, with longbows and recurves, succeeding in harvesting many different species. This was done at a time when bowhunting in general was only just beginning to gain recognition in the United States. William Negley's well-publicized and triumphant wager, centered on whether he could harvest an Elephant with a recurve, served to further the international community's acceptance of the bow and arrow as an effective hunting weapon. His book, "Archer in Africa," as well as Fred Bear's "Field Notes" and Swinehart's "In Africa" are books that any bowhunter interested in the Dark Continent should make an effort to read. The dangers, failures, and ultimate successes that these pioneers experienced are an inspiration for us all.

In more modern times, many articles have been printed about hunting Africa with traditional archery tackle. The recent publication of E. Donnal Thomas, Jr.'s book, "The Double Helix," now gives traditional bowhunting enthusiasts who are interested in venturing to the African Continent an up-to-date source of valuable information. These published materials, combined with the great efforts of booking agents such as Neil Summers and Ron Oliver, now make an African Safari a relatively simple hunt to plan. There are currently a fair number of outfitters in South Africa, Zimbabwe, and Namibia that are experienced in catering to traditionalists. Bowhunting Africa is now possible without the hassles and bureaucratic nightmare, which once were commonplace. Traveling without firearms makes any minor customs-related inconveniences disappear almost completely, as there are no restrictions on archery tackle.

The logistics involved in getting to Africa are quite complex. Most flights, if hunting in Namibia, South Africa, or Zimbabwe, will take one through the modern cities of Johannesburg and Cape Town. Furthermore, several different routes can

be taken when traveling to Southern Africa: one is flying through London or Paris and then on to Johannesburg; the other is flying on South African Airways from Miami or New York. Taking a direct flight from New York or Miami to Johannesburg on South African Airways is what I would consider to be the best option. Direct, non-stop flights will take approximately 14 hours and each person may check in two suitcases, weighing as much as 70 lbs. each. If traveling with a stopover through the European countries, the weight limitations are one bag weighing no more than 20 kg. (44 lbs.). Any baggage above this limit will cost you in the neighborhood of \$40 USD per additional kg. of weight.

Choosing the country to hunt and the outfitter with which to book the hunt is not a simple matter and should be done with great care. For a first time bowhunter, going to Africa, Zimbabwe, or South Africa most probably provide the best overall experience, if seeking plains game. South Africa also has some additional tourist destinations, if one decides to take his spouse or family along and show them something else besides the hunting. Neil Summers of Bowhunting Safari Consultants represents many of the reputable outfitters that have experience guiding traditionalists. Neil recommended Howard Knott's Greater Kudu Land Safaris for my first African Adventure. Plains game is abundant and the accommodations are wonderful. As an added note, both the bow and rifle may be used on Howard's different properties. I was to be hunting with a group of rifle hunters, therefore wanting to be in an area where I could hunt with a bow and they could hunt with a rifle.

The optimal time of the year for hunting plains game with a bow is during the dry winter months. During this time of the year, the lack of rainfall encourages game to visit waterholes often, in order to replenish their fluids. Setting up in a ground blind or a tree stand close to one of these waterholes gives a bowhunter the best opportunity at seeing numerous animals and being able to choose those that fill his desires. During the months of June, July, and August one can expect the temperatures to be around 35 degrees in the early morning and rising to 80 degrees in the middle of the

day. In September, the temperatures will begin to increase in anticipation of the coming Spring, with the possibility of reaching 100 degrees at midday. Experienced African hunters are often keen on hunting during September and early October, when the conditions are the driest.

Packing one's clothing for this type of hunt is actually quite simple. Most safari operators have daily laundry service, eliminating the need to take a great amount of clothes. While hunting, two changes of clothing are all that is needed. If hunting during the cool winter months of June or July, and using camouflage, King of the Mountain's Omni-Lite wool clothing is an excellent choice, as it is comfortable in most of the temperature range that will be experienced. If hunting exclusively out of ground blinds, camouflage is not needed and any dark clothing will suffice. Using a dark running suit would probably be one of the most comfortable alternatives. I personally had great results using my Omni-Lite in July, but if hunting during September would possibly use the pants available from Cabela's, that have the zippers on the legs for easy removal during the warmer midday.

Another option is the use of a Scent-Lok suit, as the winds can sometimes be unpredictable and shifting. African game have very sensitive noses and, upon winding you, will make such a chorus of alarm barks and snorts that nothing will come into the stand for a long time. On several occasions I used one of these suits and experienced a notable difference in the game's ability to pick up my scent. Hidden Wolf Woolens has a suit made from "wolf skin," a type of fleece, lined with Scent-Lok that I would consider to be the best option for using in Southern Africa. Morning and midday showers with scent-free soap are mandatory.

Footwear is not as critical when hunting plains game out of ground blinds, as it might be when stalking or hunting other species. Many experienced bowhunters use light jogging shoes while stalking. I chose to use a comfortable, ankle-high, leather boot with rubber soles. When hunting at waterholes, the truth is that almost any footwear will be adequate. I like using thick, well-cushioned socks like those



The amount of knowledge and experience that one gains in Africa, in such a short time, would take several years of diligent hunting at home to acquire.

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Putting a great deal of thought into what archery tackle to take on your Safari will make the entire experience much more enjoyable. First of all, tak-

ing plenty of arrows is of vital importance. If hunting for 10 days, a minimum of two or three dozen arrows with broadheads are necessary. I was using 625-grain arrows with Magnus I, 135 grain broadheads. In my experience, I have

found that the Magnus heads are not only extremely tough, but are also among the easiest to sharpen. The wide blade on the Magnus I provides excellent blood trails. While at a waterhole, guinea fowl present an interesting distraction and are usually on the receiving end of quite a number of broadheads. A large part of the two dozen broadhead-tipped arrows that I took ended up being spent on guinea fowl and sand grouse. One dozen arrows with field points are enough to practice with, taking about the same number of blunts would be wise as well. It is important to consider that any type of archery tackle is almost impossible to come by in South Africa, so you must bring everything you might need.

Bow choice is really a matter of personal preference. For most plains game, a 60# bow with arrows in the 600-grain range will be plenty. The only exception would be Eland, where using a narrower broadhead such as a Magnus II and 65 – 70# bow would be optimal. My personal choice for hunting plains game was a 60# Harrison Black Wolf longbow. For Eland, I had a 66# Black Wolf.

The final piece of essential equipment is a good quality, well-stocked daypack. The pack itself is obviously not as important as its contents. Items commonly found in day packs at home like gloves, a hat, rain gear, binoculars, a flashlight, a knife, a sharpening file, water and first aid supplies, are all good to have in Africa as well. However, it is also of great importance to take some reading material and a good camera. The boredom of a long "dry period," where no game seems to be around for miles, can be soothed with a good novel or some interesting magazines. I would also encourage hunters to have books that describe the native species. Chris and Tilde Stuart's "Field Guide to the Mammals of Southern Africa" is a wonderful book that describes all of the game that one will be encountering, including useful information on judging the sexes and trophy size or maturity of an animal. Safari Club International's "World Bowhunting Record Book" is another valuable source of documentation. This book will help one get a "feel" of what is a trophy-class animal and what is just an average specimen. The book contains many pho-

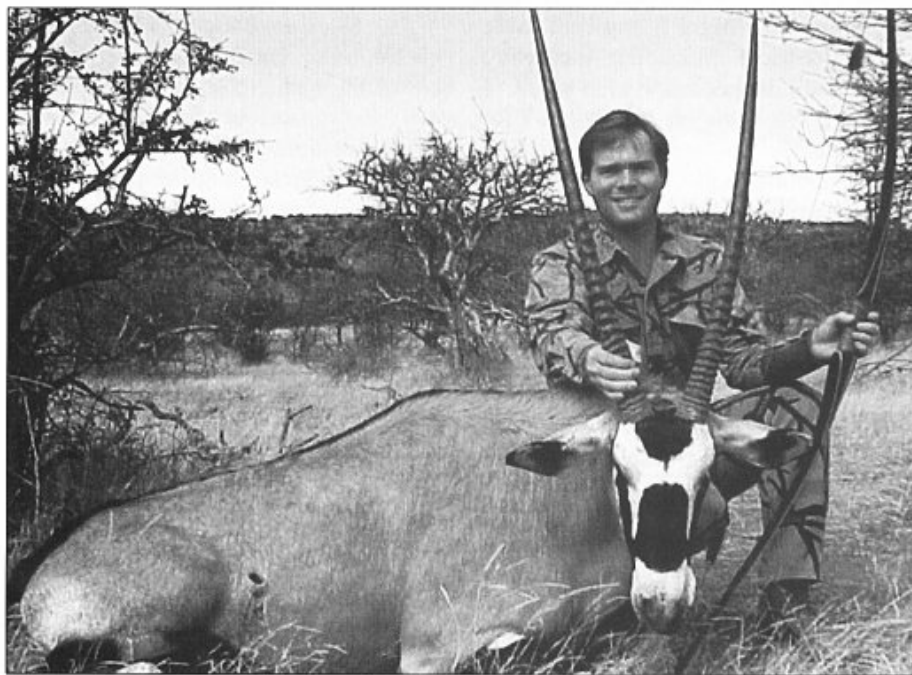


tographs and statistical information that will make evaluating trophy quality much easier

Most first-time bowhunters will pursue some of the more common plains game which include Impala, Warthog, Wildebeest, Kudu, Eland, and Gemsbok. Impala are especially plentiful, providing a good opportunity to cut one's teeth on. These beautiful antelope present themselves almost every time one is in a stand. However, the ability of these animals to jump the string is fantastic. For this reason, it is important that one's bow be well tuned and quiet

Greater Kuduland Safaris' Tshipise property is blessed with a great number of different species in healthy numbers. Cape Buffalo, White Rhino, Elephant, Cheetah, and Leopard are present as well as most of the species of plains game found in Southern Africa. Initially, I was interested in taking any mature male of the different species that I had a permit to hunt. At that moment, I was not prepared for the amount of game that I would be seeing and the diversity of the species

Once finally arriving at Greater Kuduland in late July, I could do nothing else but think about hunting the next morning. The first night in camp, I slept less than three hours and was up at 1:00 a.m., preparing my gear and getting things in order. By the time Spider, the cook, came knocking at the door around 5:30 a.m., I had probably checked and re-checked everything two or three times, working myself into a frenzy of excitement. After taking a quick shower with non-scented soap and eating a light breakfast, I was off for my first morning



While glassing in the distance, the distinct black and white pattern of a Gemsbok materialized out of nowhere. . .

of hunting with Professional Hunter (PH) Robbie Guthrie.

That first morning, we went to a waterhole that was less than four miles from the main camp. Upon arriving at the blind, we quickly unloaded all of our gear from the Land Rover and within minutes were inside of the blind with all things situated. I had my bow resting against the side of the blind, with an arrow knocked and ready. We had been there for less than thirty minutes when a Jackal showed up. A simple nod from Robbie meant that this animal was okay to shoot. I picked up my bow, drew back, aimed carefully and released. I watched in amazement as the arrow

sailed right over the Jackal's back. I could not believe it! I missed at only twelve yards! I had done everything just as I had practiced and used my indirect aiming exactly as I should have for that distance. I wondered to myself what had happened, but at that point could come up with no explanation

Fortunately, it was not long before I had an opportunity to redeem myself. About forty-five minutes after having missed the Jackal, a herd of Impala came in to water. The herd bull was a nice, mature male and he gave me a slightly quartering away shot. I drew back slowly, anchored, made sure everything was just right and released. Again

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my arrow went high, flying right over the Ram's back! Something was really wrong and I did not know what it was. I had been practicing on a daily basis for months and now, when it really counted, I was shooting high. With no explanation, I simply decided to aim lower than where I thought I should be and see what would happen.

I sat quietly, embarrassed, contemplating what might be the cause of my shots being high. Confusion and bewilderment would best describe what I was feeling at this moment. Suddenly, another group of Impalas came in. One stood broadside from me, at thirteen yards. I pulled back, consciously aiming low, and released. The arrow slammed through his vitals and the ram sped away. I was ecstatic. I had arrowed my first African animal. I wanted to immediately go and recover my prize. Robbie insisted that we wait and simply keep hunting. He said that even a good hit on an Impala needed some time.

The minutes felt like hours as I waited in anticipation of the moment we could go after the impala. Suddenly, a big male warthog scuttled up to the waterhole. Robbie whispered to me, "take him, now!" I drew back, picked my "adjusted" spot, and released. The shot was perfect and the boar charged off to our right. We could hear the old boar making false charges at different brush piles. He was furious! After giving him some time, we got out of the blind and found the boar piled up less than seventy-five yards away. He was really old with thick and worn tusks. Deep scars on his back showed the results of fighting with other warthogs and possibly tangling with leopards.

This was incredible! Four hours of hunting and I had more shot opportunities than one might expect in a normal year of hunting in North America. We called Eddie, the tracker, on the radio to come and pick us up and then went on to look for the impala. We found it close to half a mile away, piled up on a small hilltop. I was overwhelmed by the endurance that it had shown. Most of the whitetails I have taken have piled up in less than one hundred yards! Robbie said that this was actually not uncommon with the different plains game, even if hit well.

We went back to camp with my two trophies. Once we finished taking care of the game, I sat down to ponder why I had missed such easy shots. I use the indirect aiming method taught by Bob Wesley in which using the point of the arrow as reference is the key. After applying some of my engineering skills and drawing out the vectors of my vision and arrow flight in reference to the ground level, I realized that the fact that I was shooting from a position where my feet were four to five feet below ground level was throwing my aiming off completely. Putting my arrow in the accustomed position, six to ten inches below the quarry's front leg, would lead me to shoot right over its back. Once I had this determined, I took some practice shots, making the necessary adjustments, and was relieved instantly. I was now back on track and ready to continue hunting. I would highly recommend for any hunter to practice shooting from a pit blind, before going to Africa, and to feel comfortable shooting out of a small opening that might only be twelve by twelve inches.

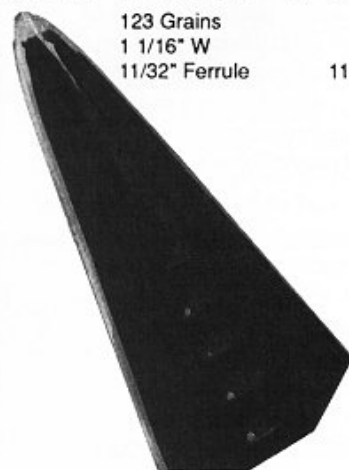
That afternoon was uneventful and I also did not feel like taking any shots. I was still relishing the excitement from that morning. The next day we went to a blind on the opposite end of Howard's property. Animals began to come in almost immediately and before I knew it, there was a very nice Impala ram giving me a perfect shot angle. Robbie gave me the okay, and I put an arrow tight behind its shoulder. A perfect double lung pass-through, even though with African game, that is only the beginning. The ram still managed to go four hundred yards before expiring! He was a beautiful and majestic old bull. The horns were long and had great mass, making him a spectacular trophy.

That afternoon was quiet, giving me the opportunity to spend some time writing in my journal and trying to catch up on the overload of emotions. My course in Africa 101 was off to a great, but humbling start. My immediate success was much more than I had ever imagined. The amount of knowledge and experience that one gains in Africa, in such a short time, would take several

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Marcus Detring used a 125-grain Ribtek Broadhead to bag this huge black bear on Prince of Wales Island during his 1999 Alaskan adventure.



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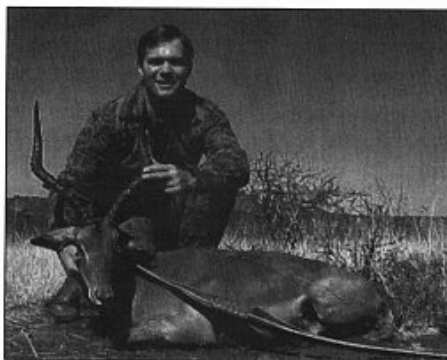
years of diligent hunting at home to acquire. It is not that the game is any easier to harvest, it is just that the number of species and the density of the populations are incomparable to any other place.

Day three brought a great surprise. We had a beautiful Springbok ram along with some ewes come in to lick on a salt block that was slightly out of my effective range. The ewes came in to drink several times, but the ram kept his distance. Finally, after nearly an hour of waiting for a shot, he came in and drank perfectly broadside to me. I drew back slowly, picked a spot close to his shoulder and released. The shot could not have felt better. When the arrow hit him, he leaped and bounded away from the blind. I was able to get a glimpse of him running several hundred yards away through the open brush country. I was extremely fortunate! Springbok are very shy and getting a shot opportunity at a mature ram like this one is uncommon. We sat still for about half an hour, then went after the ram. We followed the generous blood trail for about three hundred and fifty yards, before finally seeing the small ram piled up under a large bush. As I walked upon him, I was mesmerized by the beauty of this small-bodied antelope. The tan, black, and white coloring, along with its heart-shaped horns, make what I would consider one of the most beautiful of the South African game species.

On the fifth day of my hunt, the weather took a turn for the bad. We had more than one inch of rain, making hunting at a waterhole non-productive. With water everywhere, the only option left was to stalk game. With most of the plains game having a herd structure, there are many sets of eyes, ears and noses to detect you. Taking an animal in Africa, from the ground with a bow, is something that only the very best of stalkers can accomplish. Needless to say, I am not very proficient at this activity. After trying countless times to get within bow range, only to be smelled, heard, or seen by one of the many animals in a herd, I decided to go back to the waterholes.

With so much moisture and puddles of water everywhere, I saw less game in three days, than I did my first morning of hunting. However, a few

animals were still coming to lick the salt blocks. I figured that if I were patient, I might have an opportunity at something coming in for salt. I had the blocks positioned within bow range and I waited many long hours seeing almost nothing. My first African hunt was turning out to be a very complete experience. I was able to witness the plentitude of game



This was incredible! . . . I had more shot opportunities than one might expect in a normal year of hunting in North America.

when conditions are dry, as well as becoming acquainted with what happens when it rains. In Don Thomas's "Double Helix," one of his first chapters describes the results and the frustrations he and his group felt when hunting Zimbabwe after a big rainfall. Though I was saddened at having had my hunt "rained on," I considered that it was all part of the experience and that it would only serve to make my whole adventure richer.

On the second to the last day of the hunt, I was sitting in a ground blind with Eddie, one of the trackers. We sat quietly and hopelessly waited for some animal to come to water, even if it were only a female, just to have the pleasure of admiring it from a short distance. I stood up and began to study the brush with my binoculars. While glassing in the distance, the distinct black and white pattern of a Gemsbok materialized out of nowhere. It was clearly coming in our direction! I pointed him out to Eddie and he studied him for a moment, before confirming that he was a mature bull.

The bull's progress was slow and he took his time in approaching. Once he was within thirty-five yards of the blind, he stopped on the far side of some brush, staring directly at us. This continued for more than forty minutes.

As the bull stood there motionless, I waited anxiously praying that the wind would not shift on us. Finally he worked his way in and began to lick on the salt block, facing us directly. When he finished with the salt, he turned to where he was broadside, getting ready to leave. Seeing a small window of opportunity, I picked a single spot of red dirt on his shoulder and released my arrow. It flew true and hit its mark. The bull galloped away as I sat there, shaking in excitement. After giving him ample time, Eddie and I went to claim him where he had piled up, less than two hundred yards away.

My patience had been rewarded. When faced with the adversity of the rain, perseverance had paid off and Africa had given me a prize for my efforts. I was now at peace to return home, after having had one of the most memorable hunts in my life.

Africa had taught me many lessons as a person and as a bowhunter that I would not soon forget. Returning to hunt Africa was not in question. As many before me have said, once you have experienced Africa, it is only a matter of time before you return.



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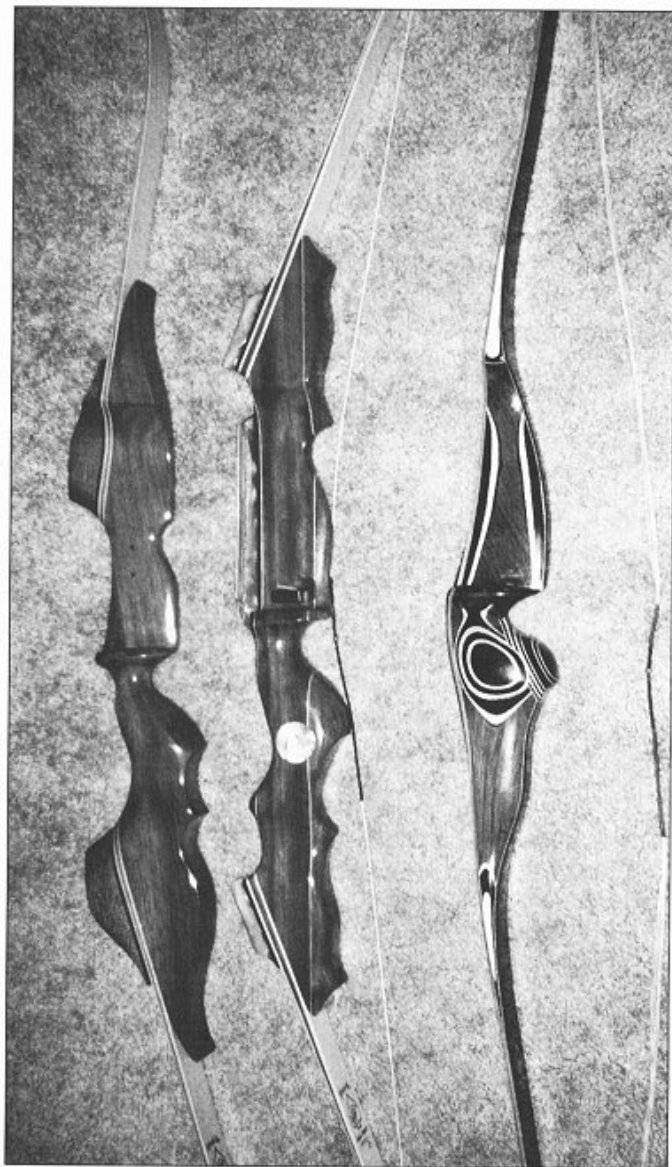
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HIT ARCHERY

An Ohio Tradition

by Gary Altstatter

wait. I just had to shoot that bow! The bow was a Hit Black Ace. Over the next 15 years, it evolved into one of the most unusual and beautiful-handled bows of its time.

Hit Archery was started in the fifties by Bud Hit. The original building still sits at the intersection of routes two and sixty six at the north edge of Archbold, Ohio. Bud and his wife Gertrude had built the building in 1950 and opened a drive-in restaurant. One evening a couple of his customers jokingly ask Bud if he would like to go deer hunting with them. He was an avid gun hunter and knew there was no gun season open, but he went along with the joke. Finally they told him they were going after deer with a bow. Bud thought they were crazy. The next day he began to think about the previous evening's conversation. He called his uncle to see if he still had his lemonwood bow. Bud borrowed the bow and drove out to a house that he was building to try it out. The only thing he could find for a target was a cardboard box in the living room of the house. Bud slowly drew the bow back and released the arrow. Much to his surprise, the arrow not only passed through both sides of the box, but also the coated sheeting on the unfinished house walls. Convinced that a bow could kill a deer, he contacted his buddies and told them he would go if they could get him a bow and teach him to shoot. That first year he didn't shoot a deer, but he was hooked on archery.

I saw my first Hit bow forty years ago this summer. I had hitched a ride to the county fair with a friend and his parents. After spending the tidy sum of seventy-five cents to get in, we headed for the food stands to get a corn dog on a stick and a soda before we tried our hand at the arcade games. We had decided to spend a dollar each at the arcade in the hopes of winning a stuffed animal. That would leave us with a couple of dollars each to spend on rides, and hopefully a stuffed animal to troll for girls! As we walked down the midway, I noticed a group of people standing between the merchant and youth buildings. We walked over, stood on our tip toes, and stretched our necks to see what was so interesting. The Shawnee Bowmen had a shooting range set up between the buildings. We watched the people taking their turns for the modest price of six shots for a quarter. We started to turn away, when I saw man at the far end of the shooting line pick up the most beautiful bow I had ever laid eyes on. It had a walnut handle that was overlaid with black and white phenolic. I told my friend the girls would have to

It wasn't long before Bud was using the slow hours at the restaurant to slip into the store room to make lemonwood bows. That was about the time that laminated bows were taking over from the solid wood bows. Bud bought a Bear Cub to shoot, and was impressed with the bow's performance. He decided to stop making lemonwood bows and try his hand at making laminated bows. Soon, word of his bows got around, and he spent the next three or four years making bows for his friends. Then in 1957 a sporting-goods dealer from Montpelier, Ohio, approached Bud about making bows for them to sell. Bud moved his operation from the restaurant storeroom to his garage. The business began to grow and it wasn't long before the garage was too small to handle the business. They purchased land behind the restaurant and constructed a building that was used until they closed up in 1975.

In 1958 Bud and Gertrude took their line of bows to the National Sporting Goods Show in Chicago. Bud had to return to Archbold early. But before he left, he told Gertrude to look around for something they could make that would give them some additional revenue. Through conversations with

other dealers she learned that archery trophies were hard to find. As Bud said, "We were already set up to do wood-working, so it was a natural for us." The trophy business was so successful that Bud eventually closed the archery division in 1975 and put all his efforts into the trophy business rather than start making compound bows.

Most inventions are 10 percent inspiration and 90 percent perspiration. But Bud's best innovation, the dual-power recurve, was an accident! Bud was busy at the band saw making a bow form when one of his employees approached him with a problem. He spent a few minutes in discussion with the employee and went back to work on the form. Fortunately, his hands were in gear but his mind was not. He continued to saw, but his mind was still on the problem. When his mind began to focus on the bow form, he realized he ran the blade off of the pattern. Disgusted, he was about to throw the form away when he realized he had solved the problem of the tricky recurve. By dividing the recurve into two semi-recurses he was able to increase not only the speed of the bow, but he could also increase the stability of the bow. This dual power was used on his premium bows from 1960 to 1966 when he incorporated the feature in all his bows. I have a friend who has run a number of these dual-power recurve bows through a chronograph. He tells me that pound for pound, they are seven to ten feet per second faster than any recurve that he has tested.

In 1966, Hit introduced another innovation. The limbs were made separate and attached to the bow handle with epoxy glue and wood screws. This feature was used on all Hit bows until the bow line was discontinued in 1975. Because of this innovation, Bud was approached by Allen and Jennings to see if he would like to make limbs for the new compound bow. He purchased an Allen compound bow and put it through a number of tests. After much soul searching, he decided to turn them down. Bud told me it was one of the best business decisions he ever made. "There was a lot of limb breakage in the early laminated compound bows, and I would have been stuck with replacing all of those limbs. Financially,



Gertrude and Bud Hit. Gertrude's skill with a bow won her 11 state titles in the '60s. She also competed at the NFAA National Championships in California

I don't think we could have stood the loss."

In the late '60s, Bud could see that the compound bow was taking a big bite of the bow market and he needed a new idea to help Hit compete. In 1970, he introduced the Royal Black Ace and the 60-inch Crusader models with Quadro-Power. These bows had the regular dual power limb mounted to back of the handle and a short limb mounted on the belly side. The helper limb extended up to the area where the dual recurve started and rested on a nylon bumper. When the bow was drawn, this limb acted much like a leaf spring on a car. It gave the main limb an extra kick! In 1973, these Quadro-Power limbs were both mounted on the back

side of the bow. Bud has even patented a three-limbed bow called a Thruster that was never put into production. These Quadro-Power bows are a very rare archery collectible. Don't pass them up!

There was no better testimonial to the quality of Hit bows than Bud's wife Gertrude. She won 11 state titles in the '60s. She competed at the NFAA National Championships in California. The first day of the event she didn't do very well. She was accustomed to shooting on level ground and the Nationals course was anything but level. Bud noticed that a number of the contestants had small level bubble taped to their bows. He inquired about this and was told it was used to keep the bow plumb when shooting. That night he bought a small level, removed the bubble, and taped it to her bow. The next day she was back in the groove. If she had used the bubble the first day, she might have won the national championship that year.

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The 1957 Hit line had two bows: the Special and the Supreme. In 1958, they introduced the Eagle bows to accompany his regular line. These bows had walnut handles with overlays of simulated pearl. These bows were in the catalog as late as 1961. I don't think there were too many of these bows made because I have never seen one or talked to anyone that has ever come across one. In 1959, Hit totally revamped their regular line of bows. This was the year that they introduced the Black Ace and the 52-inch Pygmy huntsman. The Pygmy was one of the shortest hunting bows available that year. That same year Hit began to weight the handles on the Black Ace with lead, and you could go

to the Hit factory to have Bud custom fit the handle to your hand. For this reason, it is hard to find any two Black Aces that have handles alike.

The Hit line was totally revised in 1964. The Black Ace had the handle set forward from the plane of the limbs, the phenolic overlays were dropped, and the walnut gave way to rosewood. They dropped the 52-inch Pygmy, but the regular Huntsman was still available in 56- and 60-inch. The Pygmy appears again in the 1968 catalog. In 1965 Hit introduced the Shooting Star with "detorqualizing action." This was accomplished by precisely positioning the weights from the pivoting point. The handle shape was different from the Black Ace and was a light

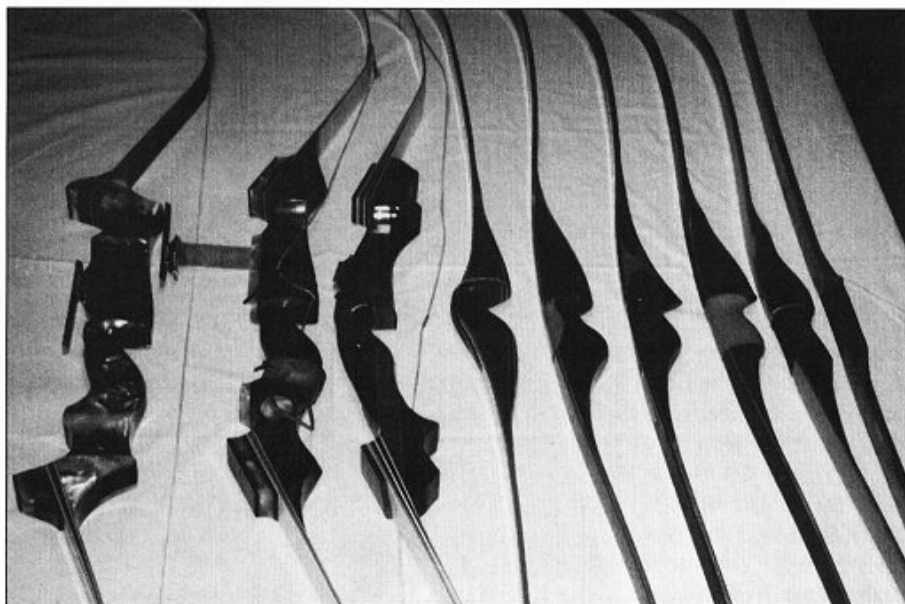
colored tropical wood. The Shooting Star appears in the 1968 catalog, but it is not in the 1970-1971 catalog.

So how do you tell when a Hit bow was made? In 1957 and 1958 the bows had a silver label with red printing and a red border. You can see this label in the photo of his early bows. In 1959, Hit began silk screening their logo. Between 1959 and 1963 the models didn't change much and there is no way to use the serial number to date these bows. Bud tells me these were just numbered numerically. In 1964, they began a serial system that was used until the line was discontinued. The serial number starts off with one or two letters that designate the model. This is followed by a set of numbers that denotes the sequence in which the bow was made. Lastly, there is a dash with the year that the bow was made. Example: BA-2063-67. This is a Black Ace made in 1967.

Starting in 1967 Bud began to use simulated pearl on his better bows. I had always thought that this simulated pearl was a by-product of the trophy business. I was wrong! This was purchased out of New York for the express purpose of adding beauty and weight to the bow handle.

Today Bud and Gertrude spend the summer months in Archbold, and the winters in Hilton Head. While in Archbold they divide their time between playing golf and ministering to the inmates at the area prison. They have always been deeply religious people committed to sharing their Christian beliefs through word and song. As the "Gospel Hits" in the early '70s they recorded two albums with their three daughters. For a period of five years, they averaged about ninety singing engagements a year on top of running the archery and trophy business.

As I was photographing Bud's bows, he told me he had decided to make a Quadro Powered Royal Black Ace and a Crusader hunting bow on a very limited basis. If anyone would be interested in purchasing one of these bows, they can call Bud in Archbold at 419-445-8250 or at Hilton Head at 843-705-5469. I have already ordered the Black Ace model, so you will have to get in line behind me.



(Left to right) Deluxe target bow (only five in existence), the bow that Gertrude won the Ohio State Championships with in the 1960s, 1973 Quadro Power Black Ace, 1960 Supreme, 1958 Special, 1958 Supreme, Hit's very first production bow, the very first laminated bow made by Bud, and the first lemonwood bow that he made.



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Keep it Simple

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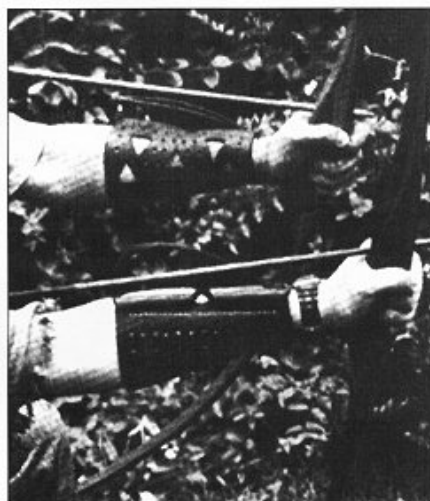
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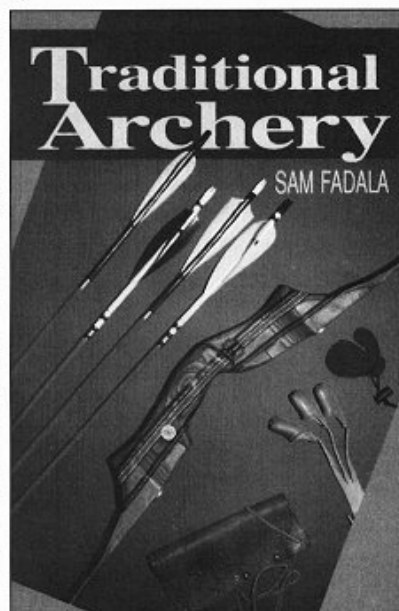
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Sam Fadala has authored a new book titled **TRADITIONAL ARCHERY**. It is a thoughtful, fully illustrated guide, providing a detailed examination of traditional archery. It includes sections on:

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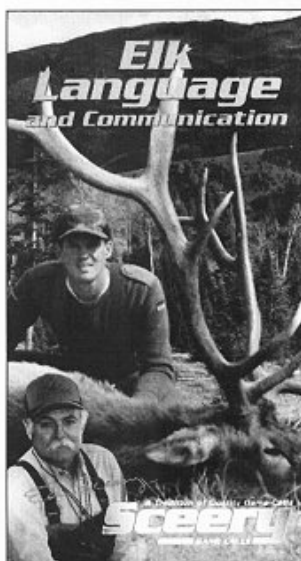
- Arrow construction
- Instinctive shooting techniques
- Use of gloves and armguards
- History of traditional archery
- Bow and shooting safety
- Resource list of custom bowyers, arrow makers, and equipment manufacturers

Sam Fadala is an expert in traditional weapons, and is the author of numerous books and articles on archery and the outdoors. **Traditional Archery** contains 256 pages and 170 black-and-white photos. It is available in bookstores or for \$17.95 plus shipping and handling from:



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with the elk, you can obtain the informative video by calling (800) 327-4322.

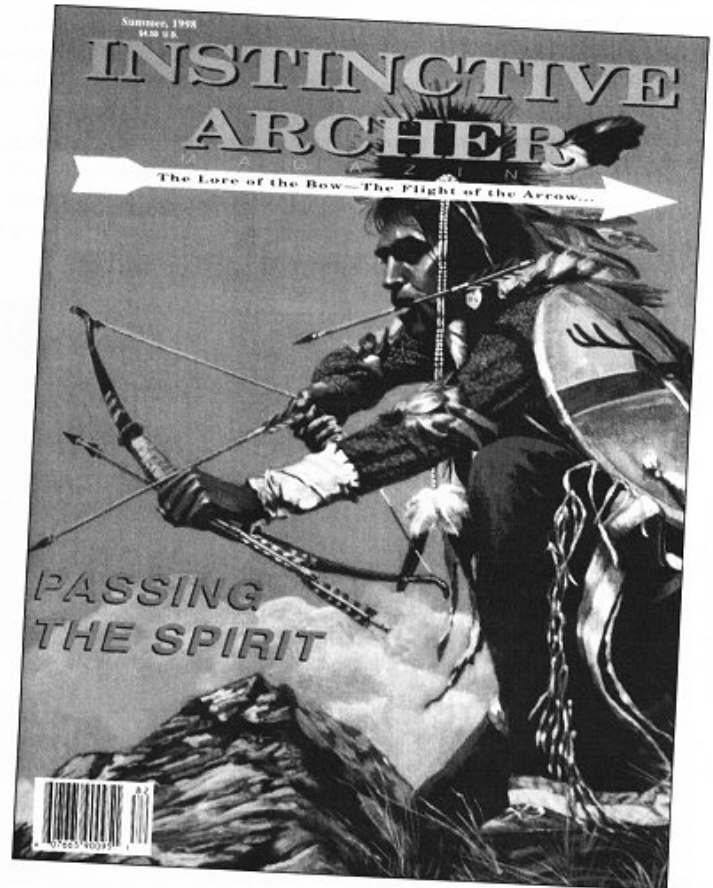
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LORE: A BODY OF WISDOM OR KNOWLEDGE . . . ESPECIALLY WHEN IT IS OF A TRADITIONAL NATURE.

Bow Profiles

By Hugh Soar

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

Since the magazine has a bit of a "European" flavor this time, it was thought that profiling the traditional English long-bow would be a good idea and, as I was closer to the action than Bob, it fell to me, your British Editor, to do the necessary. Thus it was, that with glint in eye, sharpened pencil, and notebook at the ready I wound up the Astramax and drove the ten miles to Melksham where Richard Head, a professional bowyer who specializes in their making, lives and works.

I've known and shot Target and Field with Richard and his son, Phillip, now for over 20 years. Evidence of his output lies in the numbering of his quality bows. One self-yew weapon analyzed is stamped "1000," and this speaks for itself. Each has its own page in his record book.

Richard makes bows for members of the Royal Toxophile Society, and the Royal Company of Archers (the Sovereign's Bodyguard for Scotland), amongst others. The 55-pound d/w bow I tested is a commission from a member of the Royal Company who will shoot in it for distance. He is, with other top-flight British bowyers and fletchers and son, Phillip, a (founder) member of the prestigious British Guild of Traditional Bowyers and Fletchers.

But, enough about the bowyer. His house and workshop are equally interesting. Melksham was a "Spa" town. During the early 19th century it was noted (like nearby Bath) for the healing properties of the "waters." Naturally, the local gentry made for the place to relax; and again, not unnaturally they formed an archery Society. This was named the "Melksham Foresters" and was based at the Spa. So, you say, "what's this got to do with bowyer Richard?" Well, it has this relevance,

GENT'S TRADITIONAL ENGLISH LONGBOW

Bowyer:
**Richard Head,
Melksham, England**



Richard's workshop is actually in the Spa grounds where over 150 years ago archery was practiced, and his house was once the pumping station. In fact, he tells me that his bedroom is actually over the 300 foot deep well that fed the spa! For me, learning this would involve an immediate rearrangement of the furniture, but some are happy to live dangerously!

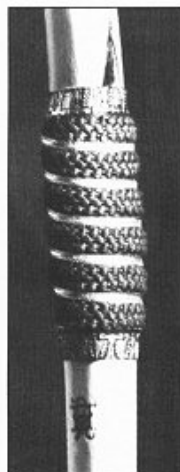
Melksham (alternatively Blackmoor) Foresters Archery Society was formed in July, 1831 with the splendidly named Lady Theodosia Hale as patroness, and a Committee that read like a page from Debrett. Prizes were commensurate with the quality of the membership—no tin medals here—silver bracelets for the ladies and crested rings for the gentlemen were the norm.

As was usual then, the meeting ended with a Ball and dancing; although curiously for a generation accustomed to dancing the night away, it was decreed by the committee that this should end by 10 o'clock; probably acknowledging the need to have the Spa ready for business the following day. Although it got off to an enthusiastic start, the Society seems to have been short-lived, however, and records of their meetings are lacking from 1835.

Back to 1999. Despite the unaccustomed heat which may have affected the bows (it certainly affected me), I enjoyed the time I spent with Richard and Phillip at their workshops. True, the chronograph threw a wobbler once or twice, and we dripped sweat over the book of words for a time, but I felt that I was in the presence of dedication.

BOW SPECIFICATIONS

Bow:	Gent's Traditional English Longbow 62" longbow
Bowyers:	Richard Head Richard Head Longbows 405 The Spa, Melksham Wiltshire, SN12 6QL, U. K.
Material:	Three laminations: Back - Hickory Core - Osage Belly - Lemonwood
Finish:	Polyurethane hard-glaze varnish
Length:	72-1/2" nock to nock
Poundage:	55 pounds @ 27"
Brace Height:	6-3/4" belly to string
Nocks:	Black buffalo horn
Handle:	Green leather and trim, embossed with gold-leaf to original Victorian pattern.
Arrow Plate:	Mother of Pearl (left from the "fit- ting-out" of the transatlantic liner "QUEEN MARY")
Price:	£230 to £260 (U. K.)

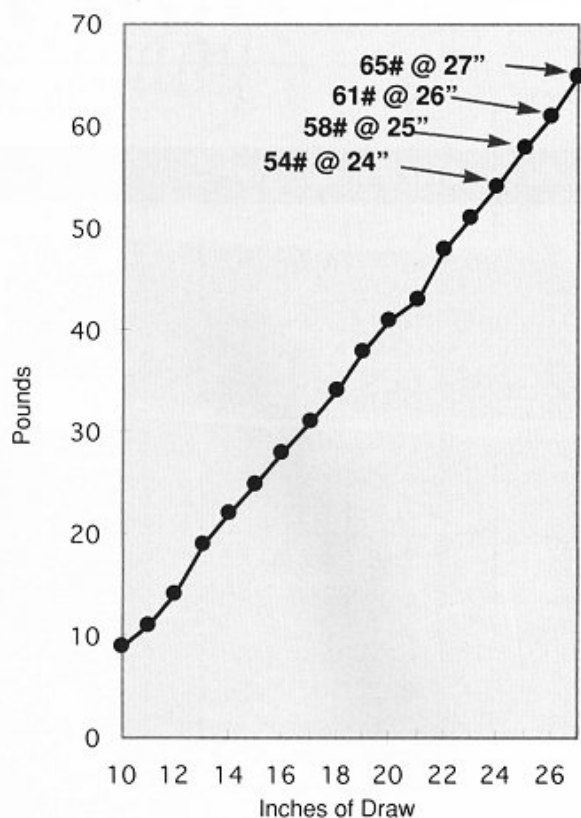


NOTE:

For a complete explanation of our bow-testing methodology, please refer to the Spring, 1999 issue of *Instinctive Archer™ Magazine*.

FORCE-DRAW DATA

(Poundage gained per each inch of draw)



Average Arrow Velocity and Kinetic Energy

(10 shot average measured 4 ft. from chronograph)

Arrow Weight	Arrow Speed	Kinetic Energy
350-grains	165 fps	21

FORCE DRAW

INCHES	POUNDS
10"	9 lbs.
11	11
12	14
13	19
14	22
15	25
16	28
17	31
18	34
19	38
20	41
21	43
22	48
23	51
24	54
25	58
26	61
27	65

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*With
Bob Martin*

Well, September's elk season is now a fond memory. The events and dramas are still clear and sharp and bruises, blisters, and a few minor flesh wounds have not yet completely healed. But, ahhh, the splendor of September in the high haunts of the Wapiti.

I am happy to report the aspen groves on the big ridge are flourishing. This year was also a banner year for choke-cherries. The bears were diligently gorging themselves on the bitter fruit, and try as I might I just couldn't find any redeeming value in their flavor. The calling cards left along the trails to the bitter cherry thickets indicated the bear's palate was obviously not as delicate as mine (watch where you step). One bear had some choice words for me when I startled him up a tree one evening, I left him there muttering about something.

The mud in the elk wallows this year was of exquisite texture and consistency and no doubt will long be remembered as a vintage year. Sometimes all the right ingredients just come together: humidity, barometric pressure, ambient temperature, precipitation, and etc. Then what more can be said, it's just perfection.

Notation was made that the bulls were tending to the business at hand and had rubbed the bark from the appropriate number of saplings per square mile, in accordance with their contract and indeed several days of overtime may have been expended in this endeavor judging from the appearance of things.

Speaking of bulls, the five-point on the north slope is minus one of his "nine lives" and has a good chance at being a six point next year, provided he didn't find a better shot than me. And it is with mixed emotions I note the passing of the young spike bull who had a fondness for "Boulder Wallow." He will fondly be remembered in prayer around our dinner table this winter.

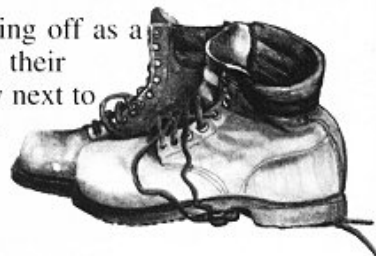
The big blue grouse were particularly spooky this season, but the Franklins were steady and unperturbed (as usual). One particularly uninhibited Franklin wandered into camp one afternoon and stayed for supper.

The llamas performed flawlessly (as usual) and earned their keep in packing camp and game. Mostly they lazed about, unconcerned at the chance I might put them to work packing game. Their constant humming was cheery for the most part but the tune was a little vague (I'm not sure they'll ever learn the words).

Once again I failed in my efforts to convince Evets that his "rice casserole" would be better used as a tanning paste for deer hides.

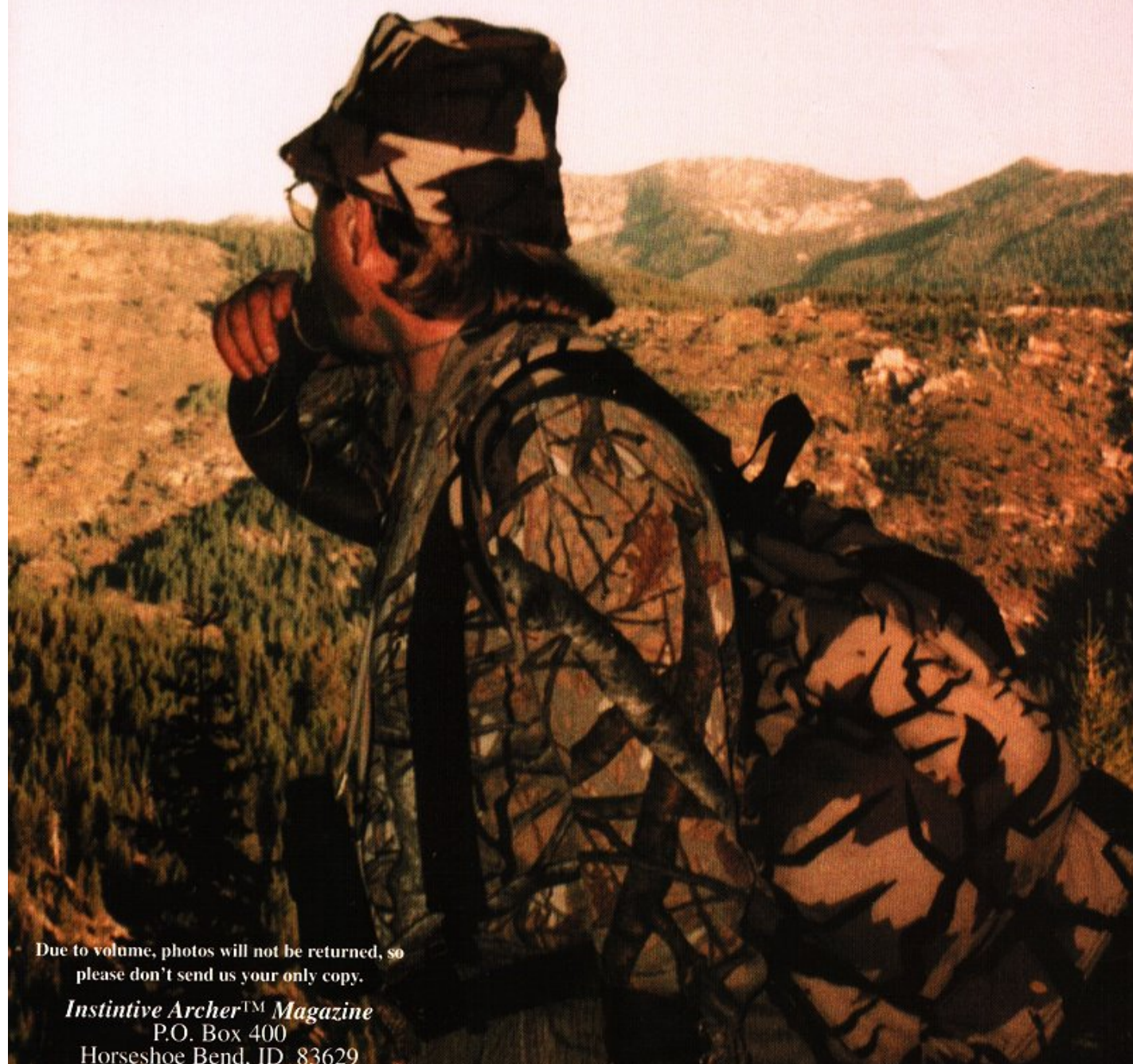
The trout in the stream near camp tolerated me sharing their pool, although I can't speak for those unfortunates downstream who no doubt bore the brunt of my essence. At least for an instant I knew how it felt to dart along the bottom of the pool like a trout, just prior to my imitation of a missile being launched from a submarine as I recoiled at the liquid-nitrogen quality of the water.

A highlight of note was lying snugly in my sleeping bag, dozing off as a concert of bulls moved close by in the darkness. They bugled their hearts out to the starry sky all night long in the moonlit meadow next to camp. And with that picture I bid you farewell, may your trails lead you to memories as rich as these....ahhh, do you hear them?



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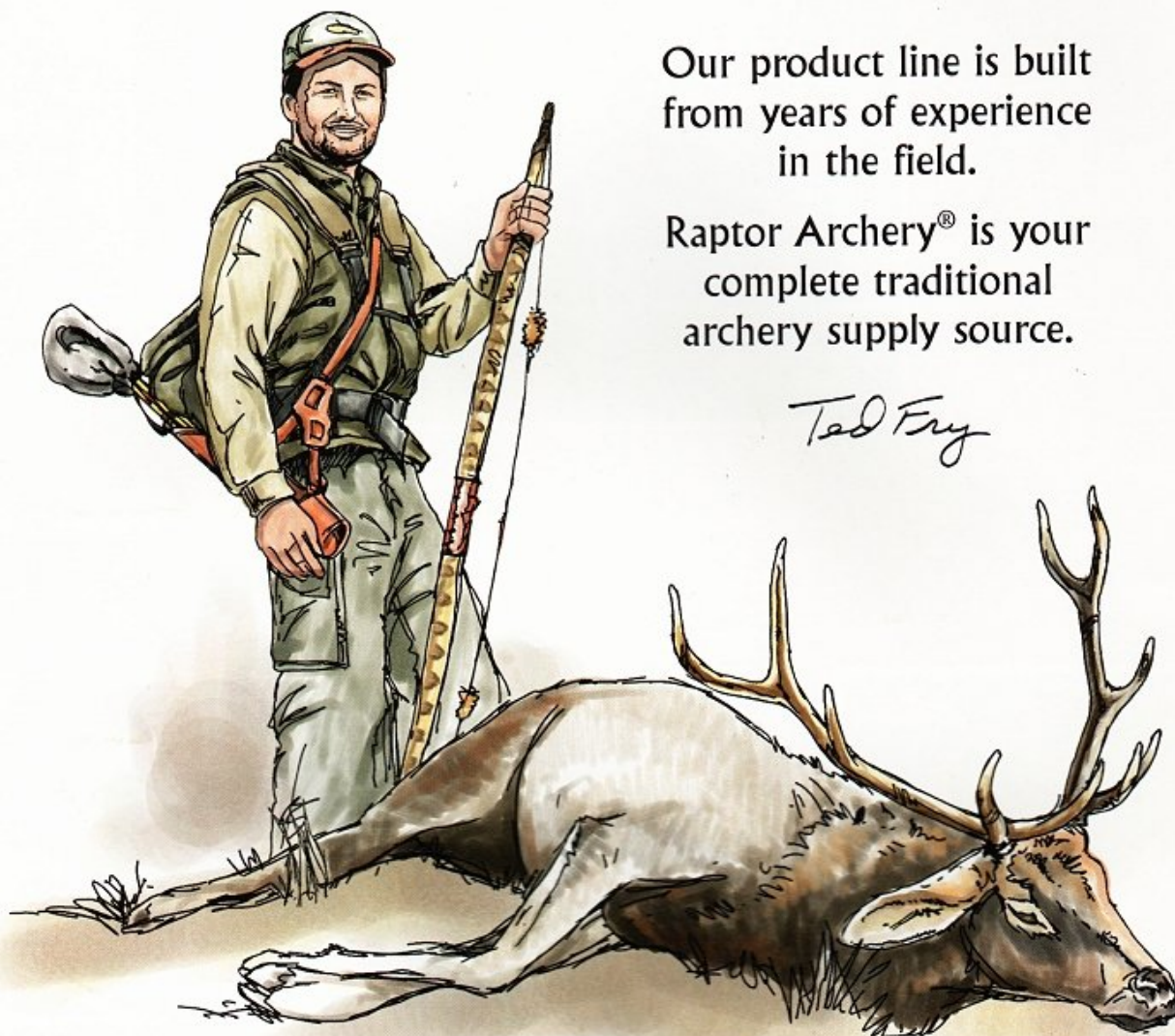


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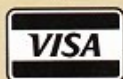


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