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Spring 2000

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INSTINCTIVE ARCHER® MAGAZINE

Editor
Rik Hinton

Assistant Editor/Chief Illustrator
Robert V. Martin

British Editor
Hugh D. Soar

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From the old oak desk of the Editor



Rik Hinton, Editor
(Pssst...don't tell the llamas)

A Milestone— With this issue, Spring 2000, we begin our fifth year of publication. Several years ago *Instinctive Archer® Magazine* was just a dream kicked around by myself and a few good friends while hunting jackrabbits on a snowy day in the high deserts of Southern Idaho.

As the snow fell amongst the bitterbrush and the fletching in our backquivers, we discussed the complete lack of information being provided about the "sport" of archery. We discussed the wealth of archery knowledge and skill that was being ignored by the hunting magazines. We discussed the need for a publication that could fill the void between what was available and what was needed. And we discussed a total lack of money to undertake such a grand adventure. Because we were just common folk with eight-to-five jobs, the idea seemed to be nothing more than a pipe dream, and so we continued hunting rabbits that day, sharing the camaraderie and kinship so common among traditional archers. It was a fun

day afield. Amongst all the hiking, laughing and joking, many of our arrows somehow found their mark in streaking grey fur, but as I drove home, something about our conversation began working on my subconscious, something that wouldn't go away.

My wife Tracy is the one who deserves the credit for seeing that the dream wasn't totally impossible, in fact, according to her, it wasn't impossible at all. She had trained for something like this for most of her adult life, and had the tools for the job. Yes friends, we financed the birth of an entire international archery magazine on a woman's best friend—a credit card! Several of them in fact. In retrospect, it seems like a foolhardy thing to do. But I can assure you—it looked even more foolish then.

Were we crazy? Didn't we know that Tracy and I could put ourselves into debt for the rest of our adult lives? Didn't anyone tell us that we would surely fail? Didn't "the anointed" tell us that there was only room for one traditional archery magazine on this tiny planet? The answer to all the above is "Yes." But I have a stubborn streak a mile long and far more than my share of adventurelust, so we did it anyway, and it worked. Now here we are, beginning our fifth year of publication with a bright future, the wind in our face, and the scent of game ahead.

From that very first issue, writers from around the globe have filled our pages with their wisdom, wit, research, and tales of adventure. They have taken us from the steamy jungles of South America to the fields of Agincourt, from the granite crags of the Rockies to the seaside campsites of Viking warriors, from the horseback archers on the steppes of Asia to the workbenches of master bowyers, and from the great adventures of Art Young and Howard Hill to the backyard archery range of the neighbor next door.

If you have opened each issue with an open mind and an interest in the wide world of archery, you have surely enjoyed sharing the thoughts and adventures of our writers. You may have also read things with which you do not agree, but I will bet my last arrow that you've learned a few things from our writers over the years. And that, fellow archers, is the entire reason for this magazine to begin with.

Granted, I still find myself driving over the mountain every day to a full-time day job, and I still spend most of my nights and weekends on the computer creating the next issue instead of hunting or making arrows and quivers the way I used to, but if you have learned to make one item of your own equipment that you otherwise wouldn't have, if you have learned just one thing from our magazine that makes you a better or more-informed archer, then I have succeeded beyond all expectations. Sometimes being stubborn (like the horse in the photo above) can be a real advantage.

But enough about us, please allow me to welcome you to yet another year of "The lore of the bow—the flight of the arrow. . ." May our arrows fill the air, and our aim be true.



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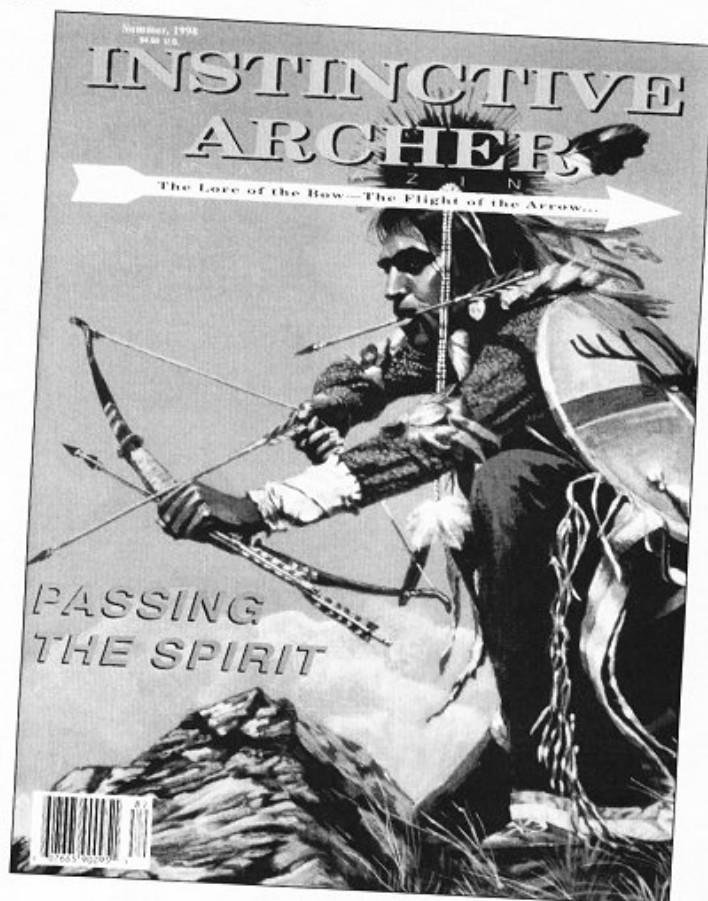
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LORE: A BODY OF WISDOM OR KNOWLEDGE . . . ESPECIALLY WHEN IT IS OF A TRADITIONAL NATURE.

FRED ANDERSON

Contemporary bowyer with a penchant for the past

A profile by Bill Miller





Fred Anderson in his den, amid a lifetime's assortment of arrows, broadheads, bows, quivers, and cherished memories.

A visit with Fred Anderson is like a trip down the memory lane of North America's rich heritage of traditional archery. Anderson has been a keen student of the sport since the 1940s. As hunter, bowyer, and author, he has known many of the legends of archery and his stories tumble forth with such wit, wisdom, and insight as to make Maurice Thompson sound alien, humorless and Greek.

Anderson lives in Grapeview, Washington, where he has been a full-time teacher and school administrator for 30 years. His home is on the Olympic Peninsula, a forest hinterland noted for healthy populations of black bear, Roosevelt Elk, and Columbia Blacktail deer. The area is also rich in stumps from logging. An archer can go roving for days on end and never shoot the same stump twice.

When not teaching school or flinging arrows, Anderson builds custom longbows under the company name of Cascade Mountain Archery. During the 1980s, Anderson became the first bowyer to use snakeskin backing commercially. His latest innovations feature a "flared core" that bonds a variety of woods under clear glass. On one recent model, for example, edge-grain laminations fan out above and below the grip like the tail feathers of a peacock. Each is unique, and Anderson's bows were ranked number one recently in the "to die for" category on an internet website.

Anderson has written articles for the popular archery magazines, and in 1997 he published his first book *The Traditional Way: The Mystique and Heritage of Archery*, a nostalgic account of his experiences, shooting techniques, and archery lore. It has a special section on people Anderson has known or studied as a hunter and competitive archer, and some of the stories behind the stories.

Anderson spins an interesting yarn about the great Howard Hill and his controversial friendship with Errol Flynn. A devotee of the Batista government in Cuba, Flynn hatched a plot in 1958 to get Hill and Castro together on a bear hunt, during which Hill would dispatch Castro and claim it was an accident. Hill, apparently, was never told of this bizarre scheme.

Another tale pits Hill and Fred Bear in a pronghorn antelope hunting contest in Wyoming. The rules allowed only one arrow and Hill was eliminated early because his bow tip struck the blind and spoiled his shot. He decided to fill his tag anyway, so he killed a pronghorn and drove his jeep over to Bear's blind to do some good-natured bragging. What he didn't know was that Bear had been waiting patiently for two pronghorn to line up so he could kill them with one arrow. A couple had finally moved into position and Bear was drawing his bow when Hill skidded to a stop and sent them scamper-



Members of the Sylvan Archers sounding the call—if you listen closely, you may still hear it echoing through the woods. (Photo circa 1940s)

rogue elephant in Tembo at a Saturday matinee. A few days later he stood on a knoll with a hickory bow and a full quiver when a rabbit nibbled its way into his field of vision in the rapidly fading twilight. He dropped it with a single shot. "Boy, was I hooked!" Anderson recalled. "I felt like the prehistoric hunter I always wanted to be."

Around that time Anderson learned of a group of archers that would go adventuring in the California desert. Hill was one, as was Earl Stanley Gardner, author of the Perry Mason series, one-legged bowman Nubble Pate and others, including Ken and Walt Wilhelm. To Anderson, these men epitomized traditional archery. He notes with nostalgia that their generation was passing as his was beginning, but he gathered research on them. The Wilhelm brothers stand at the forefront.

In their heyday during the 1930s, the Wilhelms were probably as well-known as Hill. Ken was a championship flight shooter and Walt wrote archery stories, and together they entered exhibitions and trick events throughout North America and even in Europe. They also starred in four short-subject films for Paramount. But Anderson's favorite Wilhelm story was when Ken and Walt went searching for the "Lost Mexican Mine" in Mono County, California, in 1932. It was late September, and they camped at 8,000 feet. After several leisurely weeks exploring and hunting, they spied a mag-

ing. Bear was furious. Hill tried to apologize, but Bear wouldn't listen until Hill put his big hands on Bear's shoulders and convinced him to calm down. "Hill admitted in later years that he was totally wrong," Anderson said. "But Bear steamed about the episode for a long time."

Anderson sees 1952 as a pivotal year for him as an archer. Then in his teens, he had been hunting rabbits with a slingshot at a golf course near his home in San Diego when he saw Hill dispatch a

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nificent buck late one afternoon. They had left their bows in camp, so they decided to pursue him the next morning.

The day dawned bitterly cold and windy. The boys each donned two pairs of jeans and all the shirts they had, and stuffed jerky and cheese in their pockets. Ken had a 70-pound, silk-backed yew flatbow made by Fred Bear and Walt carried a 65-pound, sinew-backed osage bow by Ben Pearson. Each took six arrows, wrapped the broadheads with canvas, and stuffed them down the backs of their trousers.

Then they searched for the buck through the timbered hills, wind and snow driving into their faces. After trudging up a long incline, Ken dropped to the snow and motioned frantically for Walt to get down. There was something over the ridge. Walt looked and saw a huge cougar 30 yards away. The cat had cornered a porcupine under a ledge and was preoccupied with trying to force it out. The boys rose simultaneously and shot through the fierce wind and driving snow. Ken's arrow struck behind the ribs, Walt's just forward of the left hip. The cat turned and snapped at the arrows, then fell and rolled to the gully below.

The cougar was nine feet stretched out, and in prime condition. But they couldn't skin him because of the weather. Two days later the storm subsided, but by then their trophy had been eaten and destroyed, possibly by another cougar.

"This is why I say these men epitomize traditional archery," Anderson said. "They didn't mind losing the trophy because they didn't take themselves too seriously. They learned their sport. They made their own tackle. Most of them said in later years the most important



Living in Northwest Washington is a stump-shooter's dream. Fred, shown here in his early 30s, can go roving for days on end near his home and never shoot the same stump twice.

part of archery was not the great shooting or the game bagged or the fine equipment acquired, but the friendships made and cherished."

Relaxing in his den, Anderson is surrounded by relics from the past. There are arrows made by old timers from the self-wood bow area, arrows from customers, and a personal hunting arrow from his late friend Hugh Rich, the great

archer and bowyer of the 1930s and 1940s. There are bows and quivers and broadheads acquired from other collectors, and a bow and several arrows made by a primitive tribe from New Guinea. Anderson found the latter quite by accident in an electrical supply store.

"The store owner told me his missionary friend, who served some time over there, was in terrible financial

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shape and wanted to sell the artifacts," he said. "The next thing I knew, I was walking out of the store with the bow and arrows instead of electrical components. The workmanship actually exceeds what I see on many bows on today's market."

A strong tribute from a man who certainly knows his subject. Anderson graduated from that home-made hickory bow to a laminated longbow from Frank Eicholtz's shop in San Diego. His accuracy soared and he began to take part in field archery and tournaments. Then one day his brother returned from Oregon with several yew billets. He stopped shooting long enough to work, finish, and tune those staves, and Fred Anderson became a bowyer.

In 1959, after a three-year stint flying 18-hour missions with the Strategic Air Command at Travis Air Force Base, Anderson joined Fasco Bows in El Cajon, California, where he worked with craftsmen Harry Drake, Eicholtz, and Wilson White. (Anderson considers Eicholtz, the father of the laminated bow, to be "the most inventive

bowyer of modern times.") He recalls building "literally thousands" of Fasco and Drake bows, among the most highly regarded during the late 1950s and early 1960s.

When Fasco was relocated to Seattle in 1964, owner Bob Williams made Anderson an offer he couldn't refuse—a raise, books, and tuition at the University of Washington. So for six years he built bows and studied part time, majoring in sociology with the intent to become an elementary school teacher. On graduation, he moved with his family across Puget Sound to Grapeview, where he still teaches fourth grade and is now the school's administrative assistant.

During evenings, weekends, and summer vacations, Anderson went right on building bows. He built and shot recurves exclusively from 1958 to 1975. With the advent of compounds, he turned to the longbow as a gesture of protest. Like many traditional archers, he became a recluse, steering away from the gadget-oriented archery shops and magazines. By the early 1980s, compounds dominated the market. Then Harvey and Carol

Anne Overshiner launched Traditional Archery Digest, and Anderson and others began to emerge from the shadows. When the magazine folded in the late 1980s, traditional archery was the fastest growing segment of the industry and Anderson had to scramble to meet demand for his Diamondback, Skookum, and Chinook longbows.

Today he builds 40 to 60 longbows a year, versus 100 ten years ago. All are special order, sold primarily by word of mouth and to regular customers. He spends two or three nights a week and eight or ten hours on Saturdays crafting bows. He devotes a bit more time during holidays and in summer. His goal is to make just 30 longbows a year to keep his life more in balance.

To Anderson, there is a sharp distinction between bowmakers, bowyers, and master bowyers. He sees the bowmaker as one who makes the occasional bow or is apprenticing in a professional shop. A bowyer, on the other hand, is a professional who has crafted several styles and is also an archer with knowledge and appreciation

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

of the sport and its history. The master bowyer excels to where his bows are works of art. Of the latter, he pointed to Harry Drake, Tim Meigs, Larry Hatfield, Bill Stewart, Harold Groves, and Jack Howard, saying "these people have paid their dues."

The bowyer in a large shop, like a journeyman in any profession, works on an assembly line. The work is repetitive—shaping and aligning limbs, gluing laminations, finishing risers—and he never builds a bow from start to finish. Anderson says the goal is "getting out a record number of bows in the shortest possible time while maintaining quality."

Anderson believes the small-shop bowyer like himself derives the greatest satisfaction. He not only builds a complete bow but also enjoys greater latitude in design. Anderson devised the flared core while sitting in church, daydreaming of ways wood could be laminated to form an unusual pattern. The next day he was working on the idea. Today, those familiar with Anderson's work can easily identify his distinctive creations.

"The bow is both aesthetic and functional," Anderson said. "Some bows are made for function only and boy, can they get ugly. Conversely, some are so pretty it's a shame to take them out to shoot. A master bowyer can marry form and function in marvelous ways. Function is the easiest to get right. I would recommend an aspiring bow-maker take a basic art course."

Anderson has resisted the trend toward short bows because they require the limbs to travel further and involve more finger pinch, magnifying errors and diminishing accuracy. He believes the average archer with a 27-inch draw should shoot 64-inch or longer bows for greatest accuracy, with 66 inches and 68 inches preferable. He says most people today are "overbowed."

"The broadhead does the killing," he remarked. "Any bow between 45 and 55 pounds with well-matched arrows can produce enough energy to get the point deep enough to do the job. I like a bow about 55 pounds. The biggest problem I have is finding the arrow after it flies right through the deer."



With a practiced eye and great attention to detail, Fred Anderson examines a longbow that will soon rove the fields and forests with a happy archer.

Anderson has an affinity for quivers, and strong opinions on their style and utility. He likes the Hill-style back quiver and concedes they are the best when you have to carry lots of arrows. He likes the way "Cat" and "St. Charles" back quivers protect fletching in rainy weather. He says a leather hip quiver called the Ranger is "about as slick a quiver as I've ever run across," but he doesn't like a bow quiver because it throws the bow out of balance and tends to rattle after the shot. His recommendation: Be open minded, try them all, and never try to make one style do all things.

"There is a certain joy in acquiring quivers," Anderson said, "go ahead and treat yourself to a new one every now and then."

He takes up his bow in spring, after the heavy rains subside. By summer, he will be shooting every day, half an hour in the morning, 45 minutes or so in evening. At least once a year, usually during summer, Anderson travels the logging roads solo in his truck for two or three days, stopping at likely spots to slaughter stumps, glass for game, or call predators. In fall, he combines stump shooting with deer hunting.

On one such outing a few years ago, Anderson was sneaking along a snow-dusted hilltop when he heard a noise to his right. Barely 20 yards away, four deer were bounding away. He pulled on the last one, a fat buck, and released. The shaft went straight for the old boy's ribs but, to Anderson's surprise, buried its head in a small, hard stump. The deer

disappeared, and as Anderson went to retrieve his arrow he was astonished to find another arrow in the same stump, imbedded at the same angle!

"The mystery arrow was a fiberglass shaft tipped with a Bear Razorhead," Anderson said. "I still have it in my den. I really wondered about the possibility of another hunter getting the same shot with identical results. Did he shoot at a nice buck? Did he feel the same frustration? Was he as lucky as I was and bag a deer later in the season?"

As a teacher, Anderson can't take time off in fall, so a hunt rarely lasts more than three days. In keeping with his traditional outlook, his attire is simple—wool for wet weather, jeans and a fringed-leather shirt when it's mild. He likes plaids, both wool and flannel. He does not like camouflage. In short, his clothing is reminiscent of the self-bow era.

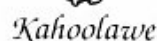
Anderson talks in loops without end about traditional archery; about longbows, strings, and knocking points; about shafting, fletching, and broadheads; about quivers and knocks, old timers, and Agincourt. And as his talk curves through its long ellipses it inevitably turns and returns to the self-bow era, a golden time before commercialism invaded his sport. Archery was low-maintenance then. Friends wandered the hills, chased game for the sheer joy of the hunt, and held tournaments.

The tradition continues, but in different forms. People are drifting away from compounds but many are still indoctrinated by commercial propaganda. They size others up by their tackle. Anderson tells of meeting an old timer from Michigan a couple of years ago. He makes his own self-wood longbows and arrows, and still hunts deer each fall. He evaluates people by their conduct, not their equipment.

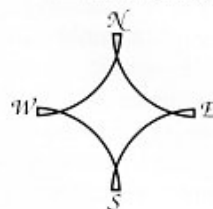
"When a gentleman like this looks at a bow he looks at its beauty," Anderson said. "New archers often look at a bow and ask how fast it is. I have one of his handmade hunting arrows. I look at it on the wall and I remember him."



Bowhunting the Jungles



There be sea monsters beyond this point



of Hawaii



RTM

by Mark C. Lafita

I hung up the phone after having made arrangements with Melani to have access to their property the following morning to hunt pigs. I hadn't hunted for several months and was anxious to get out. Hoping to get an early start, I set the alarm for 4 a.m. But as we all know, good intentions don't automatically morph into great results.

When the alarm rang the first time I turned it off, promising myself that I would get up in ten minutes. I awoke to my watch face glaring 5 a.m. at me. I bolted out of bed, running as I went. I would have kicked myself if I had the time. Luckily I had packed my Scout the night before and was able to leave in ten minutes. As I drove out, I visualized the area I would be in today, trying to anticipate the possible scenarios I could be facing. The area I traveled to was a long, 40-acre parcel that allowed me to track game as they ventured down from the mountain to feed in the early hours and again as they made their way back before nightfall. I planned to invite Peter's 12-year old son along for the day's adventure, hoping to further encourage his interest in bow hunting.

David was young, but he was always good company.

knew the area well, and realistically, an extra pair of eyes could only improve our chances. When I arrived an hour later, apologizing profusely to David and Peter for the delay, I had resigned myself to the possibility that I had ruined my chances for a good hunt. With nothing but the likelihood that we'd be stump shooting, I accepted an invitation for breakfast from Peter.

After some coffee and toast, we checked our gear and headed out on foot with the partially hidden sun slowly rising behind us. We trekked through the pasture, gradually making our way toward a rise where the groves were heavy with fruit. Dull, red waiawi filled the trees as those that had already fallen carpeted the ground, resembling a mismatched Christmas quilt, fermenting in the sun. As we walked, a group of turkeys ran across our path. Unfortunately, the fates were just taunting us since it was not turkey season and we were not allowed to shoot. We continued as I thought to myself, "I hope there's some pigs around here feeding off the rotten fruit." I guess I still clung to the remote hope that our luck would change.



Dull, red waiawi fruit littered the ground in the area we were hunting. The waiawi fruit's tart taste is a magnet for wild hogs

We continued to hike over a steep grassy hill to get to an adjacent paddock when I inadvertently broke the morning silence by surprising a pheasant, sending it squawking for safety. I caught my breath, pausing to take stock of my surroundings. The day had become slightly overcast. There was very little wind and the ground was still damp from last night's rain. I walked several hundred yards before I came across a herd of cattle. We changed directions slightly so as not to spook them and soon noticed a group of pigs rooting along side the herd as they drifted.

We dropped to the ground, surprised to see the pigs out so late in the morning and in the middle of the paddock away from thick brush. Quickly glassing for the largest male, I did a double take when I finally located him. He was sitting back on his hind legs like a dog! I had a brief flashback of Arnold Ziffel watching television at Oliver's farm. I shook that quirky notion and focused on how best to take advantage of this opportunity. It was unusual to see him sitting next to a bedded cow, and as I watched him, I was amazed at how often he checked the wind. It dawned on me that this boar was incredibly intelligent. Aside from the fact that he frequently sniffed the air for any scent that would indicate a potential threat, the cows would also alert him to any danger. If that happened, I could say goodbye to the hunt. My next move was to look for another boar that offered me a better shot. I located a slightly smaller one about 35 yards away. His back was toward me and he was busy plowing. We

belly-crawled for 15 yards and I nocked an arrow. Before I was able to rise to my knee, the alpha male gave a loud snort!

Quicker than I could have ever imagined, the entire herd disappeared in the bordering vegetation. That left me on my stomach, in the mud, almost smack dab in the middle of 50 cattle, praying they didn't get excited and stampede in

my direction. I hastily stowed my arrow back into my strap-on quiver and dashed through the field, covering several hundred yards and cutting across the pasture in a semi circle to head them off. Let me tell you, I won't be qualifying for the Olympics this year! I was out of breath as I slowed my pace, having pushed myself to the limit. I decided to walk up



Association of Traditional Hunting Archers

We are pleased to announce the formation of the **Association of Traditional Hunting Archers**, a new national organization developed for the traditional archer. Its purpose is to provide a home where we can hang our hats, a home from which we can gain strength and grow. Though ATHA's focus is upon the hunting archer, its foundation rests upon the love of the same traditional archery tackle that unites hunter with rover, rover with recreational archer, and all of us with our past. ATHA aims to reinforce that foundation, to be a positive voice for archery, both within the community of archers and with state wildlife agencies, to present its true form and identity to the public, and to build its future.

For a copy of our mission statement, a list of our goals and a membership application, please mail to: Craig Oberle, C/O American State Bank, P. O. Box 197, Mellette, SD 57461

Please visit us at our website <http://tmuss.tripod.com/TA>, where this same information and a membership application are available, as well as a copy of our charter.

Signed, ATHA Steering Committee, Doug Borland, Cory Mattson, Tom Mussatto, Craig Oberle, John Rook, Dale Sharp, Lon Sharp, Dean Torges, Mark Viehweg, Larry Yien, Jim Dahlberg, Chairman.



The jungles of Hawaii offer far more than scenery and for those adventurous enough to seek it out.

the next hill as David followed.

We hopped a barbed wire fence and reached the forest line before deciding to take a short break. I calmed my breathing—adrenaline and the sound of my heartbeat echoed through my ears. The smell of rotting waiawi filled the air when we finally entered the forest. Mingled with the oppressive stench was the musty smell of earth that had been covered and recovered over time by miscellaneous debris. Red leaves lay scattered on the woodland floor, imitating flecks of blood. Wading further into the grove, the overhanging branches dimmed the morning light as fruit flies and mosquitoes buzzed irritatingly around me. That definitely discouraged me from inhaling too deeply.

Arriving at the edge of the trees, we realized that we had reached the top of the paddock ahead of the herd. Trees framed both sides of the pasture, except for sporadic breaks where the growth wasn't as dense. I had a clear view, as if

looking down a long hallway. I spotted two pigs feeding on the fallen waiawi. I slid behind a stump, looked at David behind me and nocked an arrow.

After having glanced at David again, who was now smiling, I came to full draw and tilted my body to the right at a 45 degree angle. It must have seen me move the first time because the angle changed from a broadside shot to a frontal shot, the animal now facing me. Normally I do not take frontal shots nor recommend them, but since the animal was less than five yards away and I was using a 70-pound Fedora longbow with a heavy wood shaft, I made a split-second decision and released. My arrow struck hard, burying itself deep between the right shoulder and the neck.

After my arrow hit, the pig bolted into the thick forest, breaking off about four inches of the protruding shaft on a nearby branch. I listened for thrashing or squealing noises but heard nothing, so I waited 20 minutes before we started

looking for it. The initial area where the pig was hit produced a lot of blood, but as we entered the thicket the trail became scarce. It was hard to distinguish the blood specks from the red colored leaves littering the ground.

I then started tracking by looking for turned-up soil. I backtracked to the last area where we spotted blood and studied the ground. The tracks lead straight to a ravine, just 30 yards away. Unfortunately, the pig took a 50-foot drop down the ravine, fulfilling its dying wish to make me earn this hunt. Nobody ever said life was easy.

David and I climbed down the embankment, using the vegetation to brace our descent. After reaching the bottom, we looked up and wondered how we were going to get this pig back to the top ledge. With five feet of rope and only our belts between us...well, that's another story in itself.



Tapered Arrows *—as easy as 1-2-3*

By David Mitchell



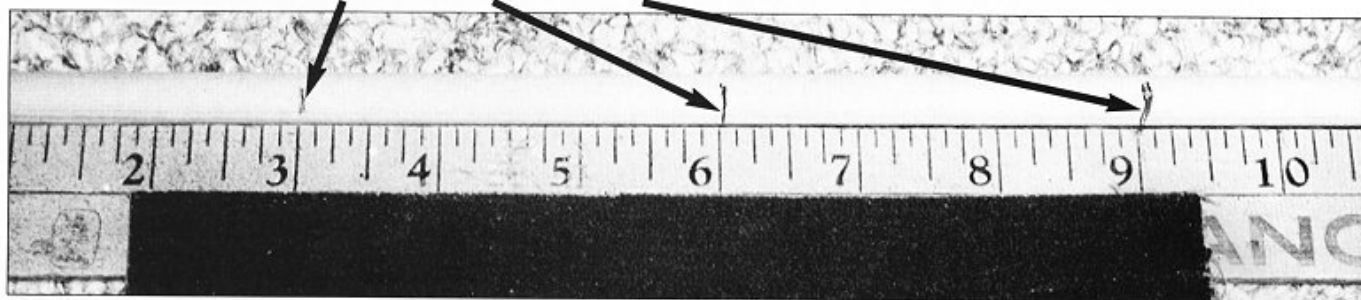
Arrow shafts that are tapered on the nock end are thought to be a bit more forgiving and to clear the bow better than parallel arrows. I guess the added cost of tapered shafts was the main reason I had not tried them. Tapering increases the cost of bare shafts substantially. Recently however, while visiting with my friend Dave Paxton of Talon Longbows in Fraziers Bottom, West Virginia, I learned a simple way to make my own tapered shafts.

I am certainly no craftsman with any kind of tools, but after Dave showed me how to do a simple taper job, I went home to experiment and found that my very first set of tapered arrows turned out great. It's as simple as 1-2-3 (or in this case 3-6-9). Here is what you need and what you do with it. Your required supplies are extremely basic. You will need:

- A supply of parallel shafts
- A ruler
- A pencil
- A small hand plane
- A gauge to measure the diameter of your finished shaft at the nock end (i.e. drill-bit stand)
- Some sand paper

That's it!

Mark each shaft three inches, six inches, and nine inches from what will be the nock-end of the arrow.



My little Stanley plane is only 3.5 inches long and was purchased for \$8.95 at my local hardware store. I use a drill bit stand to measure the shaft size when finished.

Begin by marking the shaft at three places on the nock end. Place one mark at three inches, one at six inches, and another nine inches from the end.

Set your plane to remove a very fine shaving of wood. Start at the three-inch mark and plane to the end of the shaft. Rotate the shaft only slightly and make another pass. Do this until you go completely around the shaft one time (usually about 20 strokes).

Now go to the six-inch mark and plane from it all the way to the end just as you did on the first go-around. You are now planing the last three inches a second time.

After working your way around the entire shaft, move to the nine-inch mark and repeat the process. The last three inches of shaft are now receiving a third planing and the middle three inches are receiving a second planing.

I found that it helped immensely to rub a little stain on the shaft for the full nine inches before beginning. As you plane it off, it is very easy to see where you have been and you will not plane the same spot over or miss spots.

Once you are finished planing, you can measure the shaft diameter. I insert the shaft into my 5/16 inch drill bit holder slot and mark where the shaft is exactly 5/16 inch in diameter. I cut it off at that point (usually only around 1/2 inch of shaft needs to be cut), and my 23/64 shafts are tapered to 5/16 inch at the nock.

You will find that there are tiny flat spots around the shaft from the planing, which will disappear with a touch of sanding. Your shafts are now tapered and ready to stain and finish as you wish.

The job is really not time consuming at all and is very pleasant for the do-it-yourselfer who enjoys making arrows in the home workshop. Believe me, if I can do it, anyone can, and the total cost of supplies needed will be less than the added cost of one dozen dealer-tapered shafts. It really is as easy as 3-6-9.



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What are you waiting for?

Jim Ploen and Buddy Stampler of 21st Century Longbows

By Scott Toll



Buddy Stampler putting a few arrows through 21st Century's new longbow, the "EDGE."

I always wanted to try out a 21st Century Longbow, but didn't want to buy one before knowing what one shot like. Having too many longbows and recurves already, I was afraid of just collecting another bow for the wall. I've learned the hard way that a person can own too many bows. The problem is, I love to try out new ones, especially when the best archers in the country are using them.

Brian Bishop won the 1997 IBO World Longbow Championship with a 21st Century Longbow. He is an exceptional archer, tough competitor, and a bowhunter. Like myself, he is left-handed, taller than average, and likes to shoot different bows. I highly respect his opinions about bows and pay close attention to the ones he competes with.

I met Brian at the 1995 IBO World Championships where we both shot in competition. Brian was one of the five top competitors to qualify for the final round. I met Brian's brother, who video taped Brian and the others on this final day of competition. The other qualifying archers were Dan McMahon, Keith Bain, Mike Prince, and Bill Trego.

Naturally, I asked for a copy of this video tape as a reference for later on. Brian's brother did a great job of taping and sent me a copy of it that fall. Brian called a short time after this, telling me that they had accidentally destroyed their video tape and was hoping I could help him out. I sent him a another copy and we became friends after that. Now, we send each other different longbows for the other to try out.

Last winter Brian sent me his 66-inch, 21st Century Nova II. He wanted to know how fast it shot through my chronograph and what I thought of it. It was the fastest 60-pound longbow I'd ever shot, blasting 575-grain arrows out at 197 feet per second. I kept it long enough to build a few different strings for it and tune it up with matching arrows. Brian told me to work with it like it was my own. I had a very good feel for this bow before sending it back.

The next bow Brian sent me a was 66-inch, 21st Century Eclipse. They are more radically designed, having heavily reflexed limbs with a Holmgaard shape to them. I went through the same procedures of tuning as with the Nova II but kept it much longer. I even asked him to send it back one more time.

As traditional archers, we should pay attention to what other archers are using. Top-flight archers use equipment that works best with their own shooting style.

When I was at the 1995 IBO World competition, three of the top five competitors were shooting 21st Century longbows. Dan McMahon won this event with a 21st Century longbow. 21st Century longbows have also been used by top archers to win five Great Northern Longbow Championships, seven Howard Hill World Championships, three Muzzy Stump Shoots, the IBO National Triple Crown, the Danish and New Zealand Longbow Championships, and the European Longbow Championship.

21st Century longbows have been used to take grizzly and black bears, moose, mountain lion, elk, deer, and caribou. There are far more of these bows used for hunting than in archery competition.

My wife has been shooting one since 1994. She is right handed and the vendor we bought it from had all sorts of bows for her to try out. She chose a 21st Century New Moon over the rest and has never wanted to shoot any other.

This spring Brian Bishop called me. He had just received a 21st Century "Edge" and seemed pretty excited about it. He described it as having "nearly straight limbs and a Howard Hill-ish type handle." He liked the way it shot and thought I would be interested.

That's when I finally called B&J Archery to see about getting a 21st Century of my own. Jim Ploen answered the phone. He is the "J" in B & J Archery. His partner is Buddy Stamper. They are located in the rolling hills of Jacksonville, Texas. I wanted to know more about the bows they built and how B&J Archery started out. This was the first of several phone conversations with Jim.

Jim started shooting a bow in 1952 when he was in his late twenties. In 1957 he moved his family to Bloomington, Minnesota to work as a lineman for the local utility outfit. That is where he discovered field and target archery.

One day, when he was at the local archery range, he saw some guys shooting at a faraway target. When he went over to investigate, Jim told me, "I

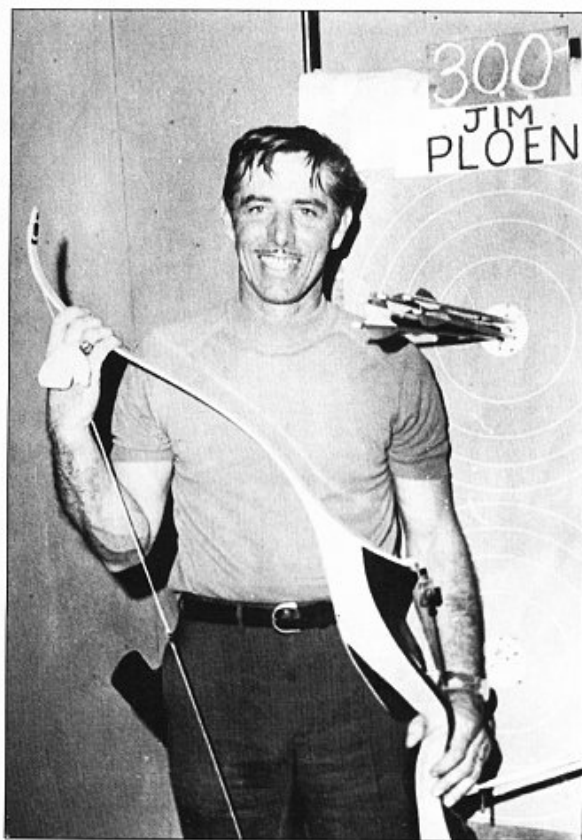
used sights for competing in the "free-style class."

The big-money tournaments were held indoors where archers shot five arrows per target, at a distance of twenty yards, for twelve targets. The scoring rings were 5-4-3-2-1, with a perfect score being 300 points. Jim was the first archer to shoot a perfect 300 score on the East Coast in a major tournament. He won the Ben Pearson Open

Tournament in 1965 and won \$1,000.00. That was a lot of money back then and Ben Pearson himself awarded Jim the prize. Jim won the International Indoor Championship for the big money again in 1968. These tournaments were both held at Cobo Hall in Detroit, Michigan, and were the most prestigious archery events in the country at that time. The biggest thrill of his archery career however, was when Russ Hoogerhyde, a famous archer of past years, congratulated him for his win in 1968.

Jim joined his first archery club in 1957 at Bloomington, Minnesota, where he became president of the club. Later, he served the same duty at the Minneapolis Archery Club. He joined the PAA (Professional Archer's Association) in 1963 and was appointed to the board of directors for the next six years. During this time he attended the PAA School and became a certified, professional instructor. At Minneapolis, he taught archery three nights a week at the Archery Center.

In 1968, he met Jim Phillips, a Professor from the University of Minnesota. Between 1968 and 1970 they did electromyographic studies and other archery related research. This is a science where they connect sensor wires to the body to measure muscle movements. They recorded Jim's movements when he was shooting his best to help other archers. As they gathered this information, they gave clinics in the surrounding



Jim Ploen in the 1960s with a happy smile and a perfect "300." He was the first archer to shoot a perfect 300 score on the East Coast in a major tournament.

couldn't believe that they could actually hit something out there at 100 yards." One of the archers was Ernie Hinkle, a renowned Minnesota archer, and National Field Archery Champion. They became friends after that and Ernie started coaching Jim.

Within a few years, Jim became a proficient archer. He started shooting instinctively in competition, but later

areas and in Canada. At the same time, the Canadian Government hired Jim to instruct their Olympic archery coaches in several cities across Canada.

In 1973, Jim and his family moved to Jacksonville, Texas, where he became district sales manager for Wing Archery. That is where he met Buddy Stampler (Buddy is the "B" in B & J Archery).

Buddy also started shooting bows at an early age. He was more of the bowhunter type, but was active in field archery and flight shooting as well. In 1958 he went to work for the Wing Archery Company which was located in Houston at that time. Wing Archery was started in 1951 and was a giant in the archery industry before compounds became popular. In 1965, Wing expanded its operation and moved their entire operation to Jacksonville, Texas. In 1968, Wing became a division of Head Ski Company. Buddy was plant production manager when they were producing over 300 bows per day. He stayed with the company to its end.

During the early 70s, Wing Archery Company went out of business. Buddy and Jim were left out in the cold and both went to work elsewhere.

A number of years passed before Buddy and Jim got back into the bow business. They had always wanted to get back, but nothing really worked out.

In the mid 80s, a guy from New Jersey contacted Buddy about building some compound limbs. He also wanted some old Red Wing Hunters. Buddy and Jim had talked about going into business together before so they made their move. Their timing was excellent because traditional archery was making its comeback.

They bought some large sanders and bandsaws together, then purchased some of the old equipment out of the Wing Archery plant. The Wing Archery equipment had been sitting idle for many years.

Jim thought they should build their own line of longbows and approached Buddy with the idea. Buddy agreed to build them if Jim would handle the design work. It was a perfect

combination of Jim's shooting skill and Buddy's talent for producing bows.

When Jim started working on their bow design, he read everything about longbows he could find. He knew how a good bow would shoot and didn't understand why others were building longbows the way they did. He didn't agree with the idea that a proper longbow should bend into a perfect circle at full draw. He liked the idea of using a circle however, but wanted his limbs to bend differently. That's when he came up with the idea of using the three parts of a circle in the 21st Century Longbow.

He went back to the University of Minnesota and looked up his friend, Jim Phillips, to get mathematical calculations for his limb design. He wanted the working area of his limbs to be near the fadeouts, yet taper gradually in width to one-half inch at the tips. This would make them linear by mass (progressively lighter toward the tips). It was a sound principle for building fast limbs but needed more stiffness toward the tips than a conventional longbow. He found that his limb design would work by reversing the tapered laminations of his corewoods so that they were thickest at the tips of the limbs.

Jim traced the shapes of their first 66-inch, 21st Century Longbow using the arcs of a 66-inch circle. The riser was one-third of that arc and so was each limb. Together, they added up to the parts of a perfect circle. This initial bow design was a success right from the beginning, with a win at the IBO World Championships shortly thereafter. Since then, he has developed new limbs with different shapes. He uses a light box and tracing paper to outline the shapes of his limbs throughout the draw cycle to analyze their "bending moments."

Jim described to me what he looks for in the action of his limbs by observing the movement of the working section of his limb. As the string of the bow is pulled back, the working section of the limb will pop forward at the working section when the tip of the limb and handle are barely moving. This place is near the fadeout of his riser. He experiments with the placement of this "popping forward" area with various combi-

nations of tapered laminations.

I tested Jim's theory on the 21st Century Edge by working with it on my wall-mounted bow scale. The Edge jumped forward at the fadeouts when the string was drawn to about twelve or thirteen inches while the limb tips and handle hardly moved. I compared this movement of the 21st Century Edge with several other longbows and recurves. The others had more working area in their limbs and no comparable "popping forward" like the 21st Century Edge.

After studying the shape of the 21st Century Eclipse and thinking about what Jim was describing to me, a thought came to mind. Knowing that Buddy was into flight shooting, he was probably feeding Jim some of his own ideas.

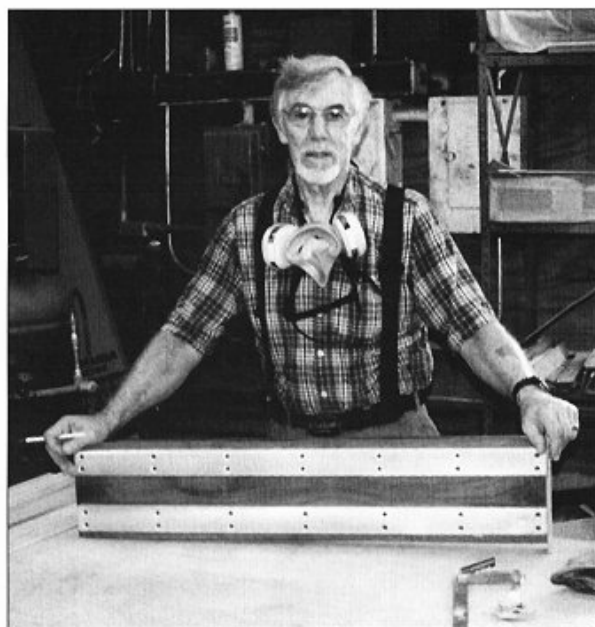
I think the most significant part of the 21st Century Longbow is the riser. It is the foundation of this bow and its most distinguishing feature.

Jim told me, "I wanted to lengthen the riser and move the working section of the limb as close to the riser as possible. I knew that this was the secret to taking out handshock and increasing leverage."

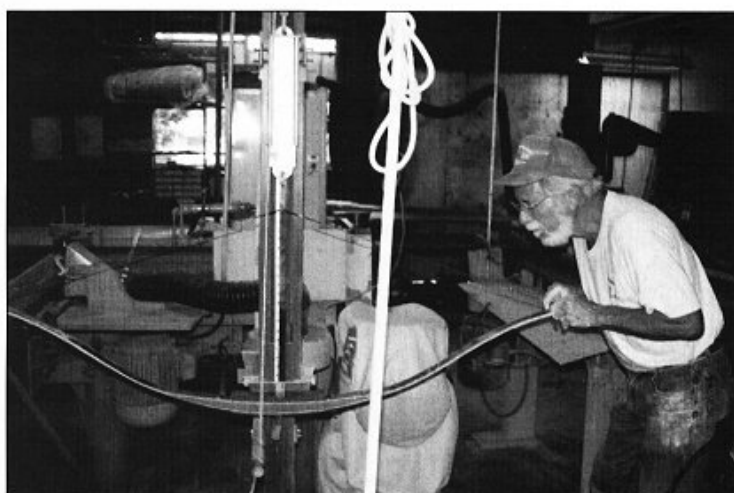
The riser section of the 21st Century longbow is a very long indeed. The riser of the 66-inch Edge is nearly 25 inches between the fadeouts. The riser is very stiff because of the single pieces of fiberglass which run the full length of the bow. The handle is formed by adding wood overlays onto the outside of the fiberglass, the same way as tip overlays are added on later. This type of riser construction enhances the consistency in performance from one bow to the next.

They make their own laminations at B & J Archery and prefer to use good, clear, northern hardrock maple as a corewood for their limbs. It is very durable and works best in their limb design.

They have two stainless steel heat-strip-type bow presses that were built using heavy I-Beam construction. They can interchange any of their five basic bow forms to accommodate the different model bows that they produce.



Jim shows one of the precision-milled taper boards used to grind 21st Century's custom laminations.



To produce bows that win many of the world's top local and international archery competitions, the limbs must be perfectly balanced. Here, Buddy assures that the limbs are bending properly and that the string is centered.

When the bows come out of the presses, the limbs are laid out in a special way to prevent twisting. This is done by locating the true center of the riser before ever cutting out the shapes of the limbs. To do this, clamps are placed on the ends of each limb with a tillering string stretched between. The bow is held at half draw because this is where the most critical bending action takes place. By moving these clamps back and forth on the ends of each limb, tips locations can be marked when the cable crosses the true center of the riser at the pivot of the handle. After the clamps are removed, a template is positioned onto these marks and a predetermined shape of the bow is traced onto the limbs for cutting out later. Buddy and Jim feel that this is the best way to lay out their bows.

Jim also makes laminations, determines which laminations to use, and glues-up the bows. After he removes them from the bow presses, Buddy takes over. Jim does most of the sanding later on and usually answers the phone.

Buddy builds the forms for the presses and other critical jigs for production. He lays the bows out, does all of the handle cut-outs, nocks, tillering, and final shaping. After they are sanded he

sprays a finish on them.

By working together, the two of them produce about a bow and a half per day. They build them in batches of six or more to speed up production. To date, B&J Archery has produced over 4,500 bows.

In my conversations with Brian Bishop, I could sense his uneasiness about competing with the Eclipse. Some archers believe 21st Century longbows should be classified as recurves. The IBO (International Bowhunting Organization) classifies the 21st Century Longbow as a longbow because its bowstring does not touch the backside of its limbs at brace height. The backside tip overlays on the Eclipse do touch the string. These overlays are called "brush nocks" and are used to keep grass and leaves from getting caught between the tip and the string. They also help to dampen string noise. These brush nocks bothered Brian because he was challenged at the 1997 World Championships by another contestant questioning whether or not his bow was legal because of centershot. He did not want a similar occurrence with the brush nocks.

The rules of competition and specifications for a longbow are stringent at the IBO World Competition. In the last few years, several longbows have been

challenged and even disqualified. Usually it is a second- or third-place contestant who pays the \$50.00 fee to have a panel of judges settle the dispute. This keeps everyone honest, but can be very embarrassing for an unknowing archer who is disqualified.

Brian's bow was inspected by the rules committee and was legal. It was a nerve-racking experience for him because he wasn't sure how things would turn out until they had made a decision.

The Texas Longbow Association, and several other groups, classify the 21st Century longbow as a recurve because of the way its limbs are shaped. The limbs of a 21st Century do not follow the bowstring the same way as a typical longbow does when braced; instead, they curve in the same direction as the tips of a recurve. According to them, the limbs of a longbow must be straight or curved toward the bowstring when the bow is at brace height.

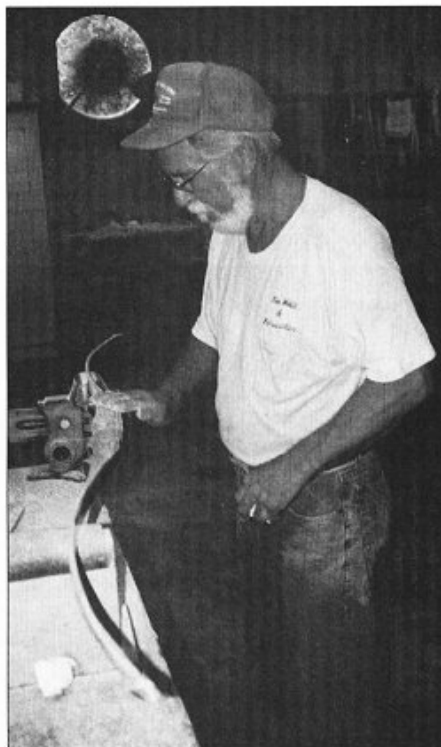
I know how it feels to compete against a target recurve and aluminum arrows with a straight-limbed longbow and wood arrows. I do it all the time. But the 21st Century longbow is not a recurve and shooting wooden arrows is still the biggest challenge of all. It is nothing more than a radical, deflex-

reflex design. Having a visible curvature in the opposite direction of the string simply makes this whole issue "one of aesthetics."

After many discussions with Brian Bishop and Jim Ploen, I decided to give B&J Archery's latest bow a trial. It is called the 21st Century Edge. It is slightly different than their other models because of the aesthetics involved in competition. The limbs are nearly straight when braced, to conform to the rules of European competition.

The 21st Century Edge is a "no-frills" model, offered in black glass and a purple-heart riser only. This is to keep the cost down. They have a full length piece of graphite placed under the backside glass for enhanced performance and three laminations of hardrock maple. The overall thickness of the limbs taper down from the fadeout for nearly eight inches, then stay the same for the remainder of the limb. The tips are reinforced with Micarta for use with Fast Flight bowstrings.

The first thing I do with a new longbow is shoot aluminum arrows through it. I have a wide variety of different spined groups for the purpose of matching arrows to bows. Aluminum arrows are inexpensive, low maintenance, and the most consistent in spine weight for this purpose. After I have found the best spine weight for a longbow with the aid of the aluminum



Buddy Stemplar lays the bows out, does all of the handle cut-outs, nocks, tillering, and final shaping. After they are sanded he sprays several coats of finish on them, lightly sanding the bows between each coat of finish.

arrows, I then match up the corresponding spine weight in premium wood arrows, which is what I prefer to shoot. This process usually saves me time, but not with the 21st Century longbows.

They handle a wide range of spine so well that I just started to shoot Port Orford Cedar arrows right from the beginning. Both the Eclipse and Edge shoot wood arrows better than average.

The first thing I did was find the nocking point position for both bows. They worked best for me when the arrow was positioned one-eighth of an inch above the level of the arrows rest, which is normal for most bows. For the Edge, I varied the brace height between 6.5 and 7.5 inches and settled at seven inches, which is the lowest recommended distance. The Eclipse shot best with an eight-inch brace height.

B&J Archery measures their brace height between the "bow side" of the string and the fiberglass which runs though the handle, nearest the string. I measured the same way. This is different from the standard way where brace height is normally measured from the close side of the string to the low point or pivot of the handle. B&J Archery measures the brace height of all their bows their own way because of the different thicknesses of handle overlays they add onto the fiberglass.

I experimented with the offset of the Edge to further tune this bow. The offset is changed by adding different thicknesses of leather to the side of the riser, at the arrow shelf. Offset must sometimes be adjusted for the individual to allow for differing arrow shaft diameters, brace height, or various types of shooting gloves or tabs. This is also a way to fine tune the spine of an arrow. I like to shoot with a glove and the thickness of the original hair plate of the Edge was perfect for me. I used a little more thickness of leather on the Eclipse. The offset for the Edge is more than enough to make it legal in longbow competition, but the offset of the Eclipse is barely enough for IBO rules.

I tied up several different kinds of bowstrings for the Edge and the Eclipse to see if they might shoot better. The original Fast Flight string is more audible on the Eclipse than I am comfortable with for hunting, but the Edge is very quiet with this type of bowstring.

B-75 Dacron is a relatively new type string, made by Brownell, to answer the needs of a traditional bowhunter. It is

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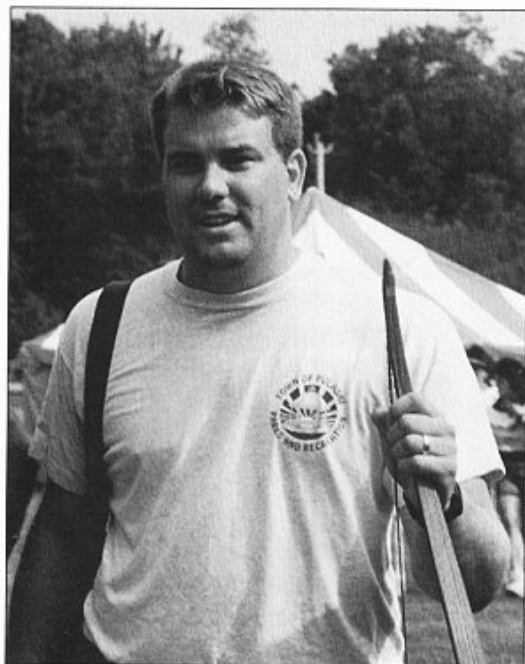
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Brian Bishop won the 1997 IBO World Longbow Championship with a 21st Century Longbow. He is an exceptional archer, tough competitor, and a bowhunter.

not as fast as other string materials but is considerably faster than B-50. B-75 makes a very quiet bowstring and is much easier on a bow than other non-stretch, stronger, materials. I found that a 14-strand, B-75 bowstring was best for me with the Eclipse. The B-75 was exceptionally quiet and, despite the reduced speed, produced tighter groups for me at all distances. I also liked the B-75 with the Edge but would be as satisfied with Fast Flight for shooting accuracy.

It is a better idea to tune a bow for accuracy before ever shooting it through a chronograph. Speed has a way of creeping in to influence our best judgement sometimes. My very last test for this bow would be shooting it through a chronograph. Then I could see how it actually compared with my other longbows.

I was impressed with the 21st Century Edge's speed. It is as fast or faster than other longbows I have that are ten pounds heavier in pull-weight. When using a chronograph, I never tune in speed for the sake of the bow test. This can be done by dropping brace height, snap shooting, or decreasing arrow weight. Some bows are marked at

a lower poundage than they really are. I prefer to test a bow for consistent arrow speed for shooting accuracy. This is a good check of bow control which enhances long-range accuracy.

I shot with a deliberate aim and held at anchor for at least two seconds. I checked out differences in consistency by using a tab, soft glove, and nylon-inserted glove for comparison. I was most consistent with the nylon inserted gloves because of their comfort.

I set up my chronograph in front of practice bales at home and shot four, five-shot groups with 565-grain Port Orford Cedar arrows. I performed these tests on a second day with the same results.

The 21st Century Edge for this test was 57 pounds at 29 inches, as marked on the bow. This was the same as my own bow scale.

This is measured from the bottom of the arrow's nock groove to the back side of the bow. The depth of the handle is 1-3/4"

which makes this an accurate way to make this measurement, according to the AMO (Archery Manufacturers Organization) standards.

Using the 565-grain arrows mentioned earlier, and the original Fast Flight bowstring, the arrows left the Edge at an average of 183.6 fps (feet per second), with a variance of 1.2 fps. With a B-75 bowstring and the same setup, arrow speed averaged 177.6 fps. The faster bowstring seemed a bit more sensitive but did not affect my shooting accuracy.

The Eclipse is 59 pounds at 29 inches and also 66 inches in length. I kept the brace height at eight inches,

used the same arrows, and followed the same shooting sequence.

With Fast Flight string, the average arrow speed was 181.9 fps, with a deviation of 1.9 fps. Using B75, I shot an average of 179 fps. The B-75 was much quieter, with only a minimal loss in velocity. I would use the B-75 bowstring for hunting.

Both bows are exceptional shooters and I'd recommend either one for competition and hunting. They are pleasant to shoot, faster than average, and deadly accurate. They're bows to be reckoned with in archery competition, too, because of the archers who choose them.

If you are hesitant to buy a 21st Century Longbow, then at least try shooting one. They may not look like an ordinary longbow, but don't let their looks dissuade you. You can call B&J Archery about a trial bow, or meet with a vender who sells them. If luck is with you, borrow one from a friend. I like my 21st Century Longbow because its not ordinary. It is a good shooting longbow that won't just hang on the wall either.

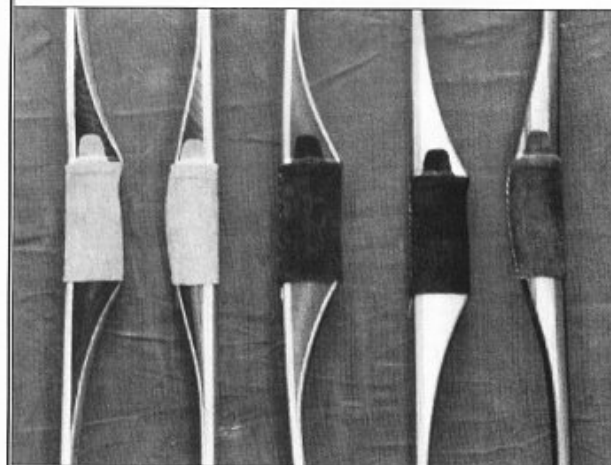


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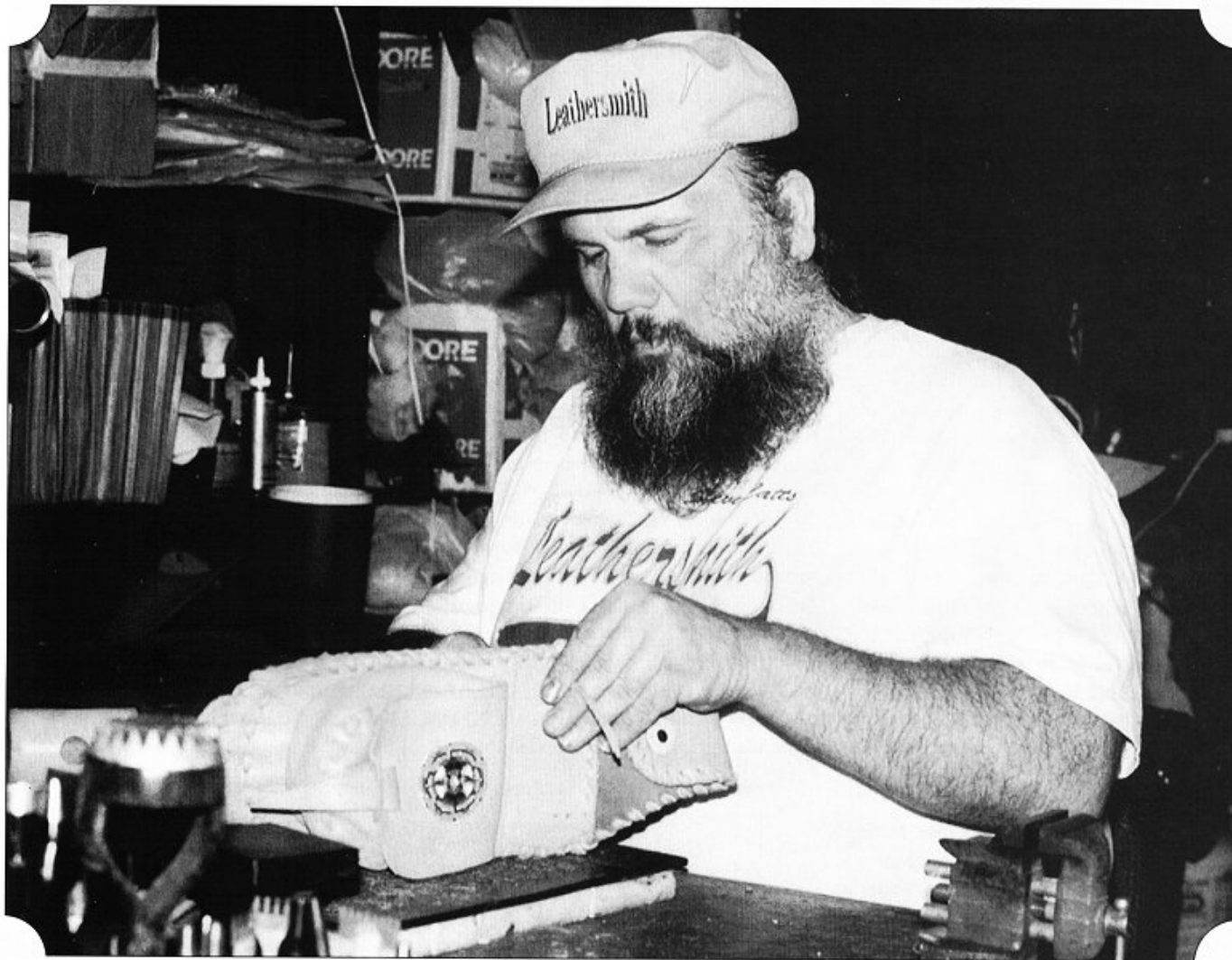
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CUSTOM
LONGBOWS
and FLATBOWS



Steven Catts—Leathersmith

by David Mitchell



The long awaited day finally came—the day you had begun to think would never arrive. At last you held in your hands that coveted custom bow you had your eye on for so long. You carefully selected your wood combinations and other artistic touches that would make it a one-of-a-kind bow. You not only sought function, you wanted beauty as well. Then it soon became apparent that not just any arrow would do for that bow—you wanted something striking in a beautifully crested and artfully fletched arrow.

Perhaps you even purchased the arrows from a custom arrowsmith. Now, where do you carry them? If you are into the traditional mode seriously, you cannot bring yourself to stuff those custom beauties into some vinyl tube at your side. Now your thoughts turn to a quiver as unique as your

bow and arrows. If anything says “tradition” it has to be a beautiful leather quiver. For many of us, the smell of leather and Port Orford cedar is archery as it used to be. There are craftsmen who will help you make that just as much a part of archery as it still is.

In 1994, Steve Catts migrated from Delaware to his present home in the mountains of West Virginia to find a place where he and his family could get away from it all and he could pursue his craft as a leathersmith. As a full-time leather crafter, Steve stands ready to help you with that same custom touch in leather goods as your bowyer put into your bow. Steve’s business card read “Steven C. Catts, Leathersmith, custom-made leather products and repairs.” When you enter his shop, the smell of fine leather and the beautiful and varied

items he produces tell you that he is a man in his element.

Steve has worked with leather and hides all of his life. He began making quivers and other leather goods as a youngster while trapping and tanning hides as related interests. "I always wanted to learn how to carve leather so one winter about six or seven years ago it was real rainy and I went over to Tandy and bought a beginner's kit to learn how to carve leather. I worked on it all winter and finally I had to sell something so I could afford to keep doing it." Business began to develop and for the past four years Steve has been plying his trade full time. Actually Steve produces all types of leather sporting gear, such as holsters, belts, gun straps, and a variety of leather hats, but it was archery that was his chief interest in getting his leather business going. Beginning at age five with a Robin Hood bow, Steve has been involved in shooting ever since—about 40 years now.

Like many of us who have been around long enough to see the changes that have taken place in archery, Steve has seen the demand grow for quality leather goods. The development has gone hand in hand with the return to recurves and longbows. The wood arrow industry was reborn, and along with that came the desire to return to the leather quivers and armguards of the past.

As Steve sees it, a nice leather quiver "creates a mood." He observes different moods. "The guy who wants a fur quiver wants to create a different

mood than the one who wants a classic leather quiver. Some longbow shooters are Howard Hill oriented or more medieval oriented and you get longbow shooters that are more into Native American influence. That influences the type of quiver they like."

How customized can you go on a quiver or other leather work? "If they have an idea, I'll do whatever they want in fur or leather—any kind of tooling, carving, fur, hide, whatever. Price is usually the limiting factor. A guy called wanting a traditional Apache quiver, and he wanted it made out of a cougar hide. I told him, well, the cougar hide will be about 700 dollars before we get started." Of course a lot of customers do send their own hides to Steve for him to work into a special quiver—he has done mountain goat, bear, beaver, and others. Some customers send the back portion of a hide after the front is used in a trophy mount. His customers can send a sketch or describe what they want over the phone and Steve will make it.

One of Steve's better-known clients is Byron Ferguson. Byron has three of Steve's quivers—a hunting style of his own design—and the day before this interview took place Steve had shipped Byron a new show quiver for use in his many public exhibitions. This quiver is partially tooled, has a Native American print tooled around the edges,

is laced with bleached rawhide, has bead work all around the top and on the strap, and has a feather hand painted to resemble an eagle feather. Steve mentioned that he will be selling this type of quiver and is working with Byron on a whole line of archery-related leather goods.

Something new in Steve's quiver line is a strikingly beautiful Lakota-style quiver. He researched this style for two years and talked to a lot of archers who used them as to what they like about them and what they didn't. "I factored that in with my own ideas. I try never to copy something somebody else does, I try to do my own thing".

When asked about the appeal of the Lakota quiver Steve responded, "Well, what I have noticed is guys that wear them look totally comfortable in them. It looks like the quiver just flows with their body and it is part of them. They're not constantly pulling on a strap and going through all sorts of changes. And it seems that there are a variety of ways to wear them. You can wear them over your shoulder, on either side, along your back, and mine can actually be cinched up to make it more of a back quiver if you want to do that. But guys who wear them swear by them."

As with any quality product, leather quivers need some basic care. I asked Steve how he would suggest caring for a new quiver. "Well, it depends

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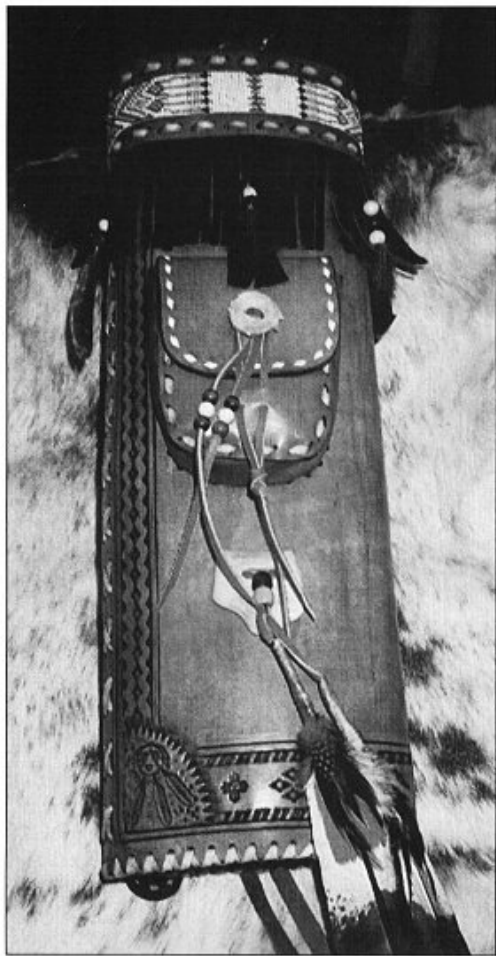


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on what you have. If you have oil-tanned or chrome-tanned leather, you are alright with oil dressings like Neetsfoot or Lexol. The deer-hide quivers you might want to treat with silicon to make them more water repellent. The fur quivers you don't have to do anything to, if they eventually get dirty you can clean them, but they are relatively maintenance free. Most of my quivers really are, they're built to work in the real world."

Are custom quivers expensive? Not nearly as much as you may think. Steve's prices are very competitive—even reasonable by comparison to what I see on the market. Personal requests within the scope of his normal designs are done at no extra charge. Highly customized quivers will be priced based on cost of materials plus an hourly labor charge for such things as engraving,

bead work, or other labor-intensive requirements. Fur quivers must factor in the cost of the particular fur used.

Steve tries hard to keep his cost within reach of the average archer. His personal business philosophy is best spelled out in his own words: "I try to be unique. I try to give people a quality

product at a reasonable price. I would rather shaft myself than somebody else."

So dream up that unique quiver you would like to have, then give Steve a call. He can do it for you. Contact him at HC60 Box 9A, Maysel, WV 25133, or by phone at 304-587-4578.



SHORT SHAFT by SPENCE!



Nordic Archery

by Ulv Ardlund
Sweden

Editor's Note: *The following is an interesting letter from Ulv Ardlund to our British Editor Hugh Soar*

The 6th of September 1999

My dear friend,

I am writing a book called "The medieval Nordic Longbow – its history in war and peace." Earlier this year I promised to tell you a little about the Nordic Longbow, how it is used and about the different arrowheads, their shape and use.

This subject is enormous. I will try to make it as short as possible. As part of my research I wrote to 72 museums in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland. From all these museums I have received a lot of material—drawings, photos etc. of arrowheads. I am not an expert, but I have since I was six years old used the bow and crossbow, and through the years I have collected quite a collection of books about the subject.

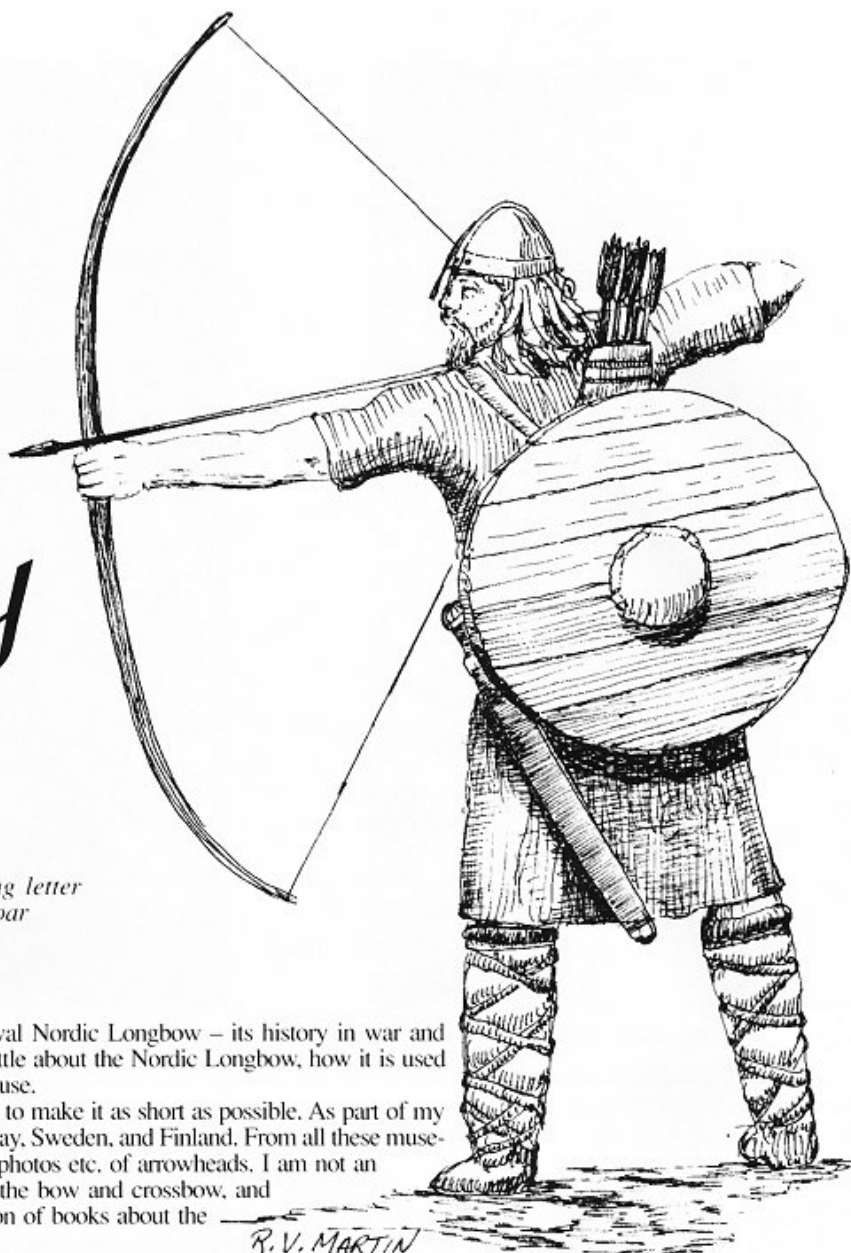
As you know, Hugh, I am educated as an architect in Denmark, but I have moved to Sweden. Here I have for several years worked as stuntman in Medieval films and as a writer. Of all countries in Europe, Sweden has the greatest area of woodland. Unspoiled nature with a lot of lakes, rivers, mountains. Here I have bought a house surrounded by woods, meadows, and a lake. I will shortly describe the tradition of Nordic archery. This is necessary for the comprehension. Very little has been written about that compared to the Anglo-Saxon tradition. A Swedish Bishop, Olaus Magnus, wrote about 1500 a book called *The History of the Nordic People*. Here he described how the Nordic people trained their sons (and daughters) from the age of six in using the bow from different distances, shooting at different sizes of sliding and standing targets. Sometimes they were running as they were shooting. Fast shooting from ambush.

Before I tell you about the arrowheads—and the bows that shoot them, I will for better comprehension have to tell you a little about the country – its climate and topography Animal life – in various forms, the people – their life under difficult conditions, quite different from today.

The Nordic countries were, 15,000 years ago, covered with ice. As it slowly melted, plants started to spread. First heather, Dryas octopetala, half-grass, moss, lichen, and juniper (*Juniperus communis*), birch, later on Scotch pine, and then came the reindeer. And the reindeer hunters. Later more wood, more animals.

The land is highland with continental climate. Last winter the temperature went 56 degrees below zero. This summer we have had 33 degrees above zero for 5-6 weeks. There are mountains, valleys, and plains, huge woods, lakes, and moors. There is a great variety of animals. Plenty of moose (I saw one this morning only 25 meters from the house). Reindeer, deer, wild boar, hares, rabbits, plenty of wild fowl, capercaillie, ducks, geese, cranes, bear, wolf, bobcat, wolverine, badger, fox and a lot of small furred animals like squirrel, marten, zobel. All these animals are still here.

The people we know from old burial places. They were of middle stature, strongly built. They made very clever traps, which show they were very intelligent. I know that the English have a very old bow tradition, but it is young compared to the Nordic tradition. I don't want to offend anybody, but that is a fact! The Nordic bow tradition did not start in the early Middle Ages. It started with the reindeer hunters eight to ten thousand years ago. It continued, as we can see from grave finds, through the Bronze age, the Viking period, through the Middle



R.V. MARTIN
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Ages, until about the year 1800. A finding in a snow drift at Oppdalsfjell in Norway shows more than 100 arrowheads from the period of 300 to 1700, and a lot of complete arrows from longbows. The finding also included crossbow bolts from the period of 1100 to 1700.

Bow and arrow played a very important part in the Nordic countries, and in Sweden and Finland people paid a bow-tax. Every man should pay a certain amount of fur (tax) every year. A boy more than 14 years old could use the bow and therefore he had to pay the bowtax. The state took it for granted that any man used a bow.

The people were hunters as well as farmers and fishermen in the lakes and rivers. The bowtax is known from about 1100 to about 1500. In old Nordic language an arrow was called ARF, later on ARV. Before dying, the father gave the arrows (ARV) to his son. Today we are still using the word "arv," it means inheritance. When the farmers were called out to war, which happened very often, they had to bring a bag made of cloth or leather containing 96 arrows, his bow, and his long axe or the bear-spear.

The shape of the landscape, the animal life, the people, the time of the year, all these things determine the hunting way and the weapon. A pygmy in the forest of Inturi has adapted his hunting method to another kind of conditions than those of the Liangulu-hunter hunting "the big five." In the North the conditions asked for quite another way of hunting.

I have to mention that from the about 1050 to about 1520 there were 81 big battles and 103 big wars in Sweden, with bows and crossbows as primary weapons. The archers were extremely skilful and could use the weapons as defense as well as in attack. How many battles fought about hunting rights in the woods are unknown.

As I mentioned earlier, the material about this subject is enormous. I would like to tell you more later if you want to know more. [Editor's note: Look for more Nordic archery from Ulf Ardlund in future issues.] From this point I will write about hunting arrows and war arrows. Arrow and bow are two parts of the same weapon. They have to fit together. The length of the arrow has to correspond with the length of the bow, as well as the weight of the arrow. Seeing an arrow can tell you a lot about the bow. Heavy points demand thick and short shafts. In that sense a small piece of an arrow becomes a small part of a puzzle. The hunting methods were determined by (A) the hunting object,

(B) the landscape, (C) the time of year, and (D) the number of hunters—and again, the bow and arrow had to match.

By analyses and investigation the arrows give a lot of information concerning the development of archery, hunting and catching methods. A lot of details in the shape of both heads and shafts show what type they belong to and the changes of the types.

HUNTING METHODS.

There were different methods according to the time of year. In winter time they hunted wearing snow-shoes or skiing. Often they followed tracks in the snow, and after finding the animal, they sneaked up to it, and killed it with the bow and arrow.

Sometimes they followed the animal on skis and tried to exhaust it, so that they could get close enough to use the bow. Often several people took turns, making the animal run in a circle. This method was specially used in hunting for wolf, bobcat, and wolverine.

Bear hunting took place at the winter lair very early in spring, using the very broad arrowheads. Sometimes they hunted moose on skis, but that could be very risky as the moose, like the African buffalo, often jumped out of its own track, went back in a track parallel to the first one, hid, and then jumped the hunter from behind and trampled him to death.

The reindeer hunting could be either a pürch-hunt or hunting by their tracking line, waiting in hidden shooting places. When the herd of reindeer passed they could fire a lot of arrows into the herd, which could give quite a catch. Another method of hunting reindeer was to set up a lot of small flags in the form of a fishing trap. The herd was driven into the trap and the archers waiting at the bottom could easily kill the animals with volleys of arrows. Sometimes the herd turned round and went back, and then the hunters at the other end started shooting. The shooting could be from both long and short distance, and very fast too. It was a matter of shooting as many deer as possible before the herd disappeared again.

At the bird hunt they used forked arrowheads. When they hunted fur animals they used arrowheads with a lump of wood at the point. First of all not to damage the fur and secondly it would be very awkward to pin a squirrel to a tree 25 meters above the ground.

WAR METHODS.

All the types of hunting arrows could be used in wartime too, but very early they learned to make armor-piercing arrowheads like the English bodkin-point for use against armored soldiers. Very early they used iron for the arrowheads. Bone and stone was also used until about 1500.

In Stockholm there is a house built in the beginning of 1500. Around one of the windows are found several arrowheads and bolts, most of them made of bone. They seem to have used another kind of a crossbow in the North than the ones used in the rest of Europe. A lot of the old bolt shafts are about 60 cm or more. That indicates that they used a very heavy ordinary longbow



*There are nine skills known to me -
At tables I play ably;
Rarely I run out of runes;
Reading, Smith-craft, both come ready;
I can skin the ground on skis,
Wield a bow, do well in rowing;
To both arts I can bend my mind:
Poet's lay and harper's playing.*

—Earl Rognvald of the Orkneys -
(1135-58)

Robert Martin
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fitted to the stock of a crossbow. A crossbow of this type was used for whale hunting in Norway until about 1900.

The farmers, being both hunters and soldiers at the same time, could be an advantage as well as a disadvantage for the ruling king. Several times a clever farmer-leader has given the Nordic kings a heavy fight. The last time it happened in Sweden was the so-called "Dacke-feud" in the middle of the 1500s. Nils Dacke was a very bold leader of the farmers, who several times beat the king's mercenaries, who were dressed in full armor. From ancient times the farmers in the North have used the so-called "Bratecnic."

This tactic was done like this: along the road they almost cut through a lot

of small groups of two to three trees, connected the treetops in each group to each other and finally tied the rope to the bottom of a tree at the back of the group. When the enemy had advanced into this trap, they cut the ropes and the trees fell to the ground with the tops toward the middle of the road, crushing the enemy as well as locking them up. Now the farmer-soldiers could easily kill the surviving mercenaries, with the bow, the axe, and the bear spear, attacking now here now there.

BOWS AND ARROWS.

The Lap people lived at the top of the Nordic countries. They hunted reindeer, using a type of a bow made of two pieces of wood. The back is usually made of birch and the belly is made of pine or juniper. This bow is normally as high as a man. It changed a lot through time, but was known as a very strong and long-ranging weapon.

Throughout the North they also used another type of bow, usually made of a single piece of juniper or pine. Studying the arrows you will find that

from about 1100 to 1200 they become more heavy and with a much heavier head than before. These very heavy arrow types are used throughout the Middle ages

Before I told you about the arrowheads I had to tell you about the background of their making and use and shape. You cannot in a few pages tell everything about the arrows, their heads, the fletching, and the nocking. I have chosen a few types

of arrowheads to show you this time. About Christmastime I will have examined the whole material and I will send you a summary as a small Christmas gift. Yours sincerely,
Ulf Andlund



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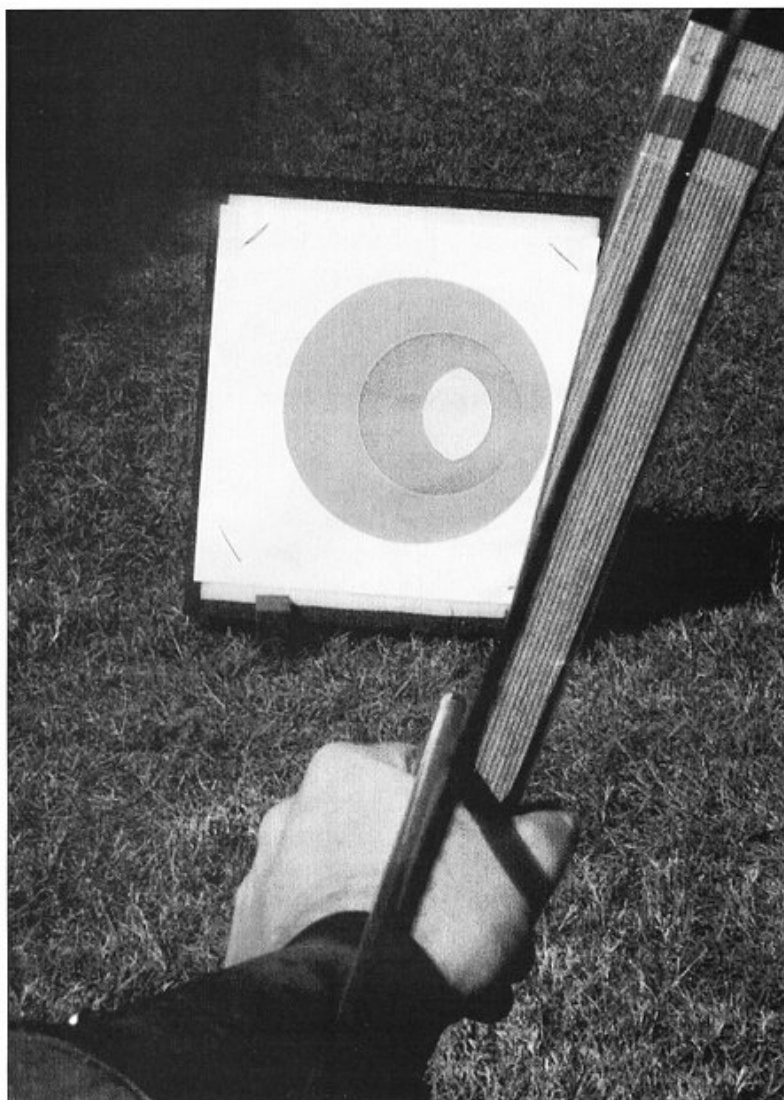
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Aiming the Arrow

by Jim Ploen

Aiming the arrow is the most important aspect in shooting a bow. The arrow must be aligned from the string, to its tip, to the target, and have a trajectory to match the distance. This is regardless of the shooting style, be it with a sight, bare bow, string walking, shooting three fingers under the nock, or from any anchor location. The arrow must be aimed at its intended target. If the arrow missed its mark and the next arrow was a match to the first, an adjustment in the aim must be made for the arrow to hit its mark.

To support accurate aiming, an archer needs the following basics:

- a solid stance
- a comfortable grip that allows the archer to hold the bow with the proper string
- arrow alignment to match the amount of build out in the sight window
- solid bow arms with a steady draw
- a solid anchor from which to align the arrow
- proper trajectory-based on the distance to the target
- an efficient in-line release that does not disturb the alignment of the aimed arrow.

There are many ways to aim an arrow, but there are set basics that are the same for every shooting style—the pointing of the arrow with vertical and horizontal alignment combined with a trajectory to match the distance. This includes the use of a fixed or moveable sight, snap shooting, trick shooting, bare bow, or shooting by feel. Each method has a learning curve that takes practice to develop the tech-

nique of aiming the arrow to match the shooting style. Shooting style refers to the location of the anchor that is used, the stance, snap shooting, trick shooting, gap shooting, etc.

Once an aiming technique is learned, very little conscious thought or awareness is needed when shooting bare bow (that is without the aid of a fixed or movable sight). This class of shooter is often referred to as the Instinctive Class. A definition for the term “instinctive” in many archery circles is almost like a religion, in that shooting the arrow by feel is a natural phenomena that ignores the basic physics of aiming. That has come to mean, when shooting “instinctive” you do not see or use the arrow as part of your conscious effort in the act of shooting the arrow. To many archers, any use of the arrow is frowned upon as cheating and not very macho. Therefore, the idea that if you are conscious of the arrow, you are not a true “instinctive shooter,” has become a belief.

To some, it's ok to miss the target if the arrow was said to be shot instinctively. When a good score is turned in that was better than the true “instinctive” score it was because the archer

aimed his or her arrow, he or she used the point in setting a gap for a trajectory, or shot three fingers under so the arrow was easier to see and aim, or multiple anchors were used to set a trajectory as opposed to raising or lowering the bow hand.

I see no difference as to which end of the arrow is moved in elevating it for a trajectory. It seems as though a lack of understanding the basic principles of the physics that are needed to align the arrow to hit where we are looking, is an excuse for writing rules. This type of thinking just confuses the common-sense approach that makes the best use of all of our senses when aiming the arrow, either in a hunting situation or playing a target game. I feel it would be more appropriate to rank archers by their ability to score, rather than trying to create so many classes based on variations in shooting styles.

Archery is a shooting sport, and in all shooting sports aiming is of prime importance. Most archers are familiar with the shooting of a rifle. The rifle has a front sight and a rear sight, which are used for alignment and for a trajectory. In archery, the arrow is like the rifle barrel, the point is like a front sight, and the nock and string is like the rear sight. If the rifle barrel is canted, the shot will hit wide of its mark because the sights are mounted above the barrel.

In archery if you cant the bow from a pivot point using the center of the grip as a fulcrum or axis, the arrow will go wide of its mark. But if you cant the bow using the arrow as an axis point, it will be less likely to cause the arrow to go wide of its intended mark. So when you cant your bow from the grip's pivot

point, remember the arrow is about 3/4" to 1" above the pivot point of the grip, and that results in an arc that moves the arrow out of alignment.

It is felt by some that canting is a solution to shooting arrows to the left, and the cant to the right will move the arrow to the right for a right-handed shooter. This is true only if the string/arrow alignment places the arrow more in line under the dominant eye when canted, or moves the arrow tip to the right of the spot, adjusting for the misaligned arrows that went left.

This article is about using the arrow to aim in bare-bow shooting, and not about an instinct that is generally referred to as an animal behavior, whereas human behavior is mostly a product of learning. The fact that you can shoot the flame off a candle in a dark room is a learned behavior. It's the same for being aware of your surroundings, closing your eyes and then picking an object from your memory to point at. If you had the right feel, you were able to point right at the object. Shooting that hat out of the air or a rolling disk on the ground is felt by some to be an instinctive gift. I wonder how many who have learned this technique hit the first four out of five moving objects they tried to hit. If they did, I have to admit that their hand/eye coordination is remarkable. It does not take the brain very long to recognize the need to lead a moving object—and that is a learned behavior.

When shooting bare bow, there are two basic methods which all other aiming techniques are based upon. The eye is the window to

the brain and we can use all or only part of the information from the picture seen with the eyes. When we focus on the target and pick a spot, we can learn to move the bow, draw the string, anchor, and release with little conscious awareness of the bow or the arrow. That is one of the basic techniques and is referred to as shooting pure instinctive, but it is really just a learned behavior and not a great gift such as being a descendant of Robin Hood. With a lot of practice it may become like an instinct. Think of it as learning to ride a bicycle. When we start, we are aware of the handle bar, the front wheel, and the street. As our balance and muscle memory goes through its learning curve, we become less aware of each component until we can actually look over our shoulder and hold a fairly straight course, like an instinct to a learned behavior.

Archers who like to be conscious of where their arrow is being aimed do the same thing. They look at the target, but are also conscious of the bow, the arrow, and the arrow alignment. That is the only difference between the two basic techniques. You can expand your awareness of the arrow and use it as a reference point to match the distance if known, or be aware of the arrow's full length when anchoring below your dominant eye (the eye the brain pays the most attention to).

How you use the arrow will vary regarding the anchor point or the game being played. If you have marked

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Pick your spot or target, and align the arrow so that you can see the full length of the arrow aligned to hit the spot, then set the trajectory. . . being aware of the arrow in your peripheral view.

yardage and known distances it's only natural to develop a gap system. This is simply being aware of all of your senses and making use of them, rather than relying on nothing but feel to direct the hand/eye coordination while you focus, being only conscious of the spot. Another way to compare the two styles would be to look at the target, close your eyes, then by feel, draw, hold, and release. Or look at the target, draw, anchor, and pause (being conscious of the alignment and trajectory), then close your eyes and release. Which basic technique do you think will be the most accurate? Or the easiest to learn? I personally would like to know where the arrow is pointing with some degree of accuracy before I close my eyes and release.

There are many techniques that can be used for aiming when you are conscious of the arrow, and I will describe one that is being used by a lot of archers who are shooting very well. It is also a very good way to pre-aim in hunting situations that require very little movement of the bow that could alarm the game being hunted.

- Start with a comfortable stance and with the bow in a pre-draw position, arms at shoulder height with a slight draw. You will be able to hold this

position for a long time in a hunting situation.

- Pick your spot or target, and align the arrow so that you can see the full length of the arrow aligned to hit the spot, then set the trajectory so that you can see the arrow pointing at the target, being aware of the arrow in your peripheral view.
- Draw the bow string to a solid anchor and tip your head over the arrow so that your dominant eye can align the full length of the arrow with a trajectory that is aimed at the target or game.
- Maintain the feel of drawing in line with the shoulders and back.
- Concentrate on the target but also be conscious of aiming the arrow.
- When it feels right, relax your fingers to release the arrow. The tension of the draw that is felt in your back muscles will be your in-line follow through.

You can use a mirror to help you to visualize arrow alignment. Pick up an arrow (you don't need your bow for this exercise) and place the shaft in the V of your thumb and index finger of your bow hand. Hold the arrow nock between your index and middle finger of your drawing hand and simulate the

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... set a trajectory, and release the string without disturbing the alignment or the trajectory. That becomes the challenge of aiming—getting the picture right and then executing the release so that it does not disturb the aim.

draw. Hold the arrow at full draw and point at a spot on the mirror. Does the image in the mirror and the actual arrow converge into one straight line? Or do you see the point only in line with the spot, and the arrow pointing to the left? That is exactly where the arrow will go for a right-handed archer, to the left, unless some compensation in the aim is made that places the tip of the arrow to the right of the spot. But this requires the

brain to make two calculations—one for vertical placement to set alignment, and one for trajectory.

Look at the arrow in the mirror and adjust the nock at anchor so that you can see the arrow in the mirror converge in line with the arrow in hand. You will also be able to adjust your shoulder alignment to help with the arrow alignment and this is the alignment you should be looking for at full draw with your bow.


Hold the bow so that you can point the full length of the arrow at the spot using an anchor that places the arrow under your dominant eye, and not to the outside of the eye, using only the tip of the arrow and shooting more by association and feel, and calling it "instinctive."

A good aim is a very precise learned behavior from which we can learn, and a mistake in alignment or the execution of the shot is readily made aware to us with the conscious execution of the act of aiming and releasing. There is nothing wrong with making a mistake, but it's nice to know the cause and how to correct for it with the next arrow. This is easier to do with a conscious awareness of where the arrow is pointing. How often I have witnessed archers miss when shooting by feel, and try to correct on the next shot—only to have the second arrow go almost in the same spot as the first! This happens because it felt the same, and they have no other reference with which to correct their aim.

What you focus on with the most awareness should be clear or correctable to 20/20 vision. Your peripheral vision will only be about 20/45, but with practice you can become very acute at using both, and with patience and practice, aiming can be very rewarding. This not only increases your enjoyment of shooting the bow and arrow but helps with target panic and "gold fever." That's for another article.

If you choose to use the conscious awareness of the arrow as seen in your scenic view, and you judge the distance correctly, you will have to set a trajectory, and release the string without disturbing the alignment or the trajectory. That becomes the challenge of aiming—getting the picture right and then executing the release so that it does not disturb the aim.

You will find that the challenge of shooting by feel has its own problems when you are only aware of the target with little or no conscious awareness of the arrow. If the feel that the shot is right comes while you are still drawing, you will not draw to anchor and will shoot low, or try to help with the bow arm on release and shoot high, or as the draw



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stopped an inch or two short of the anchor the string was plucked so the arrow went wide of its mark, or the bow arm softened in its alignment sending the arrow left for the right-hand shooter.

The above errors will also create the additional problem of not pulling your full draw weight, which could now be three to seven pounds less than what your arrow is spined for. The arrow spine will now be too stiff for the bow and send the arrow left for the right-hand archer. But if the string and arrow happen to be in line when you release, you could still get a good hit, but would have poor penetration.

All styles have the same problem—executing the shot. Just because someone else is using a different style of aiming or shooting from a different anchor is not the basis for creating a rule or another class. It simply means this archer has practiced more and is in control of his or her executing the shot. How long they can keep on winning will be based on their executing the act of aiming and releasing with control.

So don't be a sore loser to a person who wins or consistently fills their deer and elk tags using different shooting style or "aiming awareness." Practice "your" style, understand it, and perfect its execution. Remember, every arrow must be aimed with the correct

and focus on the spot. Be conscious of the arrow in your peripheral vision, and with your mind draw a straight line with the arrow to the spot that you want to hit and a straight line with your eye to that same spot so that the two lines intersect at the target. This is referred to as the "dead gun principle."

Draw to your anchor using your shoulder muscles and align your drawing hand with the arrow (you should be able to feel this alignment). With your focus on the spot, be

Practice your style, understand it, and perfect its execution.

conscious of the arrow alignment and reference to the target. Envision a vertical line through the spot you are focusing on and somewhere along this line you will see the tip of your arrow in your peripheral view.

With practice, you will develop a feel for the distance and set a trajectory for the arrow. As you move back from the target, at some distance the point of the arrow will converge with your focal point. This is your "point-on distance." If you missed the spot, you will have a reference to refer to on the next shot. It's called aiming the arrow.

Being so concerned about marks on the bow, or the use of one-color serving, or center-shot is just another excuse for a lack of practice or poor execution on the loser's part and not because the winner has a better system—just better execution of the shot.

Start your shooting sequence by holding your bow so that the arrow and your drawing hand are in a straight line with your anchor. Pick your spot to hit,



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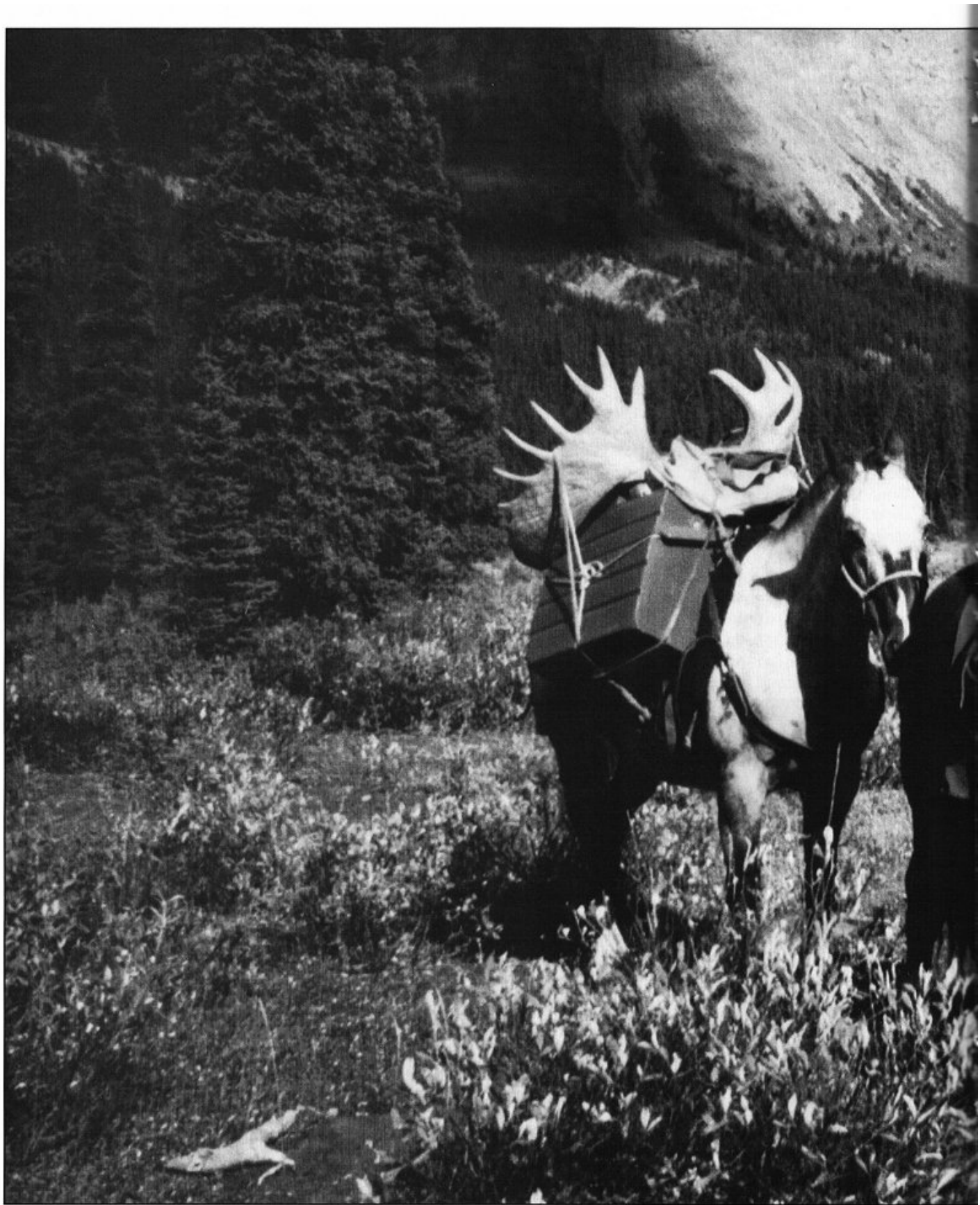
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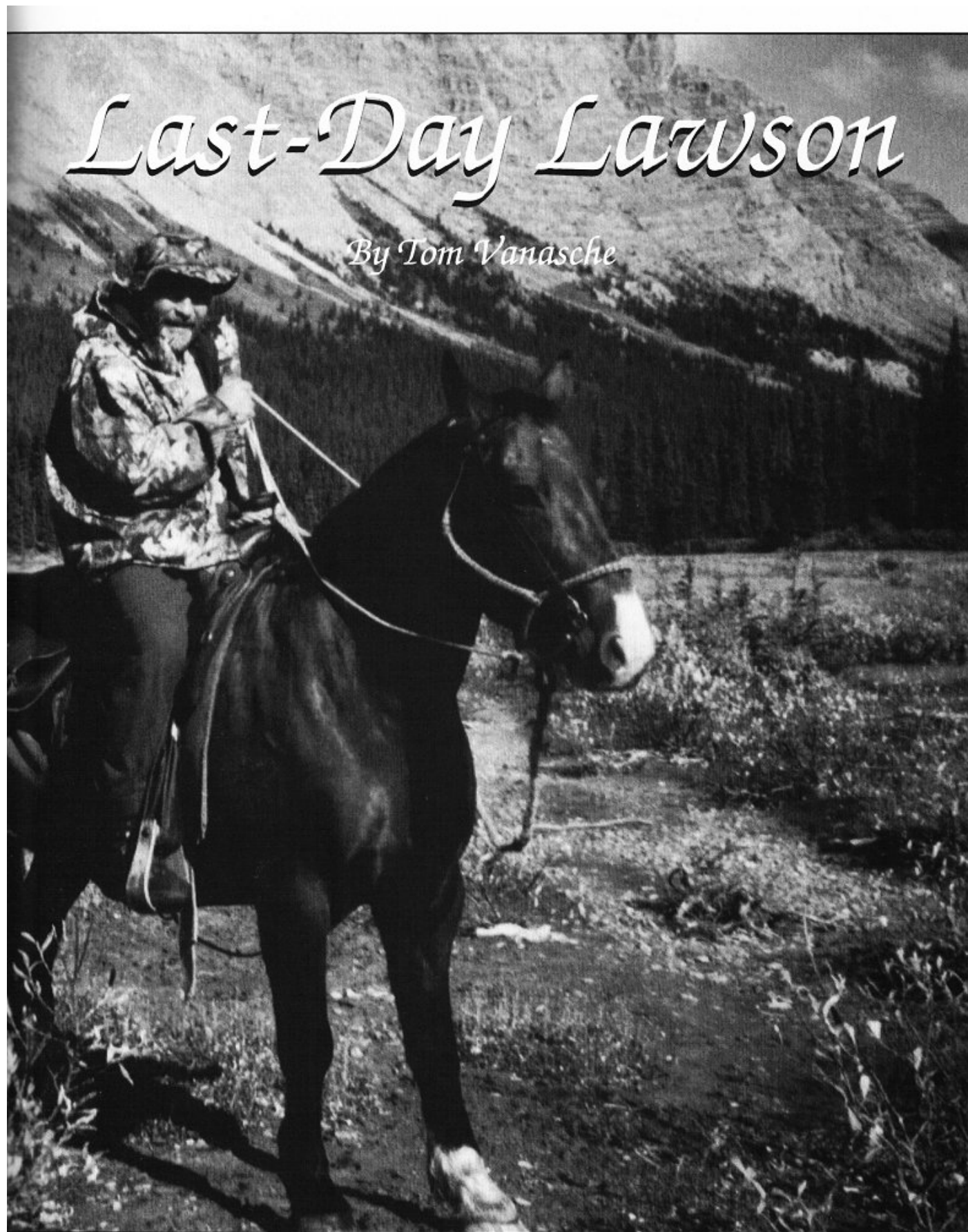
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*F*or several years my mind had wandered back to moose hunting. To be able to drop one of these massive beasts with a stick of yew and dacron string would be a fair accomplishment for this archer. Perhaps not in the same league as a mastodon with a spear, but probably as close as I could hope to come.

I had floated Jay Massey's Moose John River on a self-guided hunt in 1991. Although I saw several moose and had some calling success, no arrows were loosed. In the interim, I had several other great fall hunts, and managed to take an exceptional Dall sheep with Greg Williams, an outfitter in Canada. Greg notified me that he had sold his sheep concession in the Northwest Territories, and was working an area in Northern B.C. that had significant potential for moose, elk, goat, and stone sheep. It didn't take long for that moose memory to rise to the surface again.

Although Canadian moose are somewhat smaller than their Alaska-Yukon cousins, they can still weigh 1,500 pounds and present a great bow hunting challenge. Greg advised me that if I wanted to try for a herd bull, I should consider going pre-rut. At this time it is a spot-and-stalk situation (my favorite kind of hunting), as they are not responding to calling. Later in the rut, calling may be effective, but typically for satellite bulls, as the herd bull will tend to his harem,

which will now have many sets of eyes and noses to foil a hunter.

Plans were made and I arrived on Ft. St. John, B.C. on August 28, 1998. As happens about 50% of the time with me, my hunting luggage was missing. Fortunately, it arrived on a later plane that night. As with most long-distance wilderness adventures, it is a game of hurry up and wait until you actually get into your camp, and this trip was no exception.

We drove 100 miles up the Alaskan highway and pulled into a remote airstrip where Greg keeps his Cessna 172. Accompanying Greg and I were his lovely wife Fay and two rifle elk hunters from Portland, Oregon. Greg would now begin ferrying hunters, gear, food, and supplies into his base camp 50 miles from the closest road.

Finally, near dark, he was ready to take me an additional 15 miles to the west via Super Cub, where my guide, Lawson Peterson, had been setting up camp and bringing horses in for the season's use. Lawson met us at a gravel bar



... we hunted the farthest basin to the northeast, here we would see several moose, stone sheep, and goats.



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on Keily Creek which served as the landing strip, though our camp was still probably 3 miles away by horse trail. The weather had been great all day and we quickly threw my gear on the pack horse and headed off just as darkness fell.

Suddenly, a terrific rain and lightening storm erupted. The horses decided we were in a rodeo and took off rearing and running. I've been in several electrical storms but none on horseback. The horses were extremely spooky, but whenever lightening flashed, they completely froze for about 2 seconds before resuming their agitated behavior. During this time it was a constant downpour and everything was soaked. We arrived at our wall tent around 10 p.m. and took inventory. My sleeping bag had apparently fallen from my pack when the horses bolted and was somewhere on the muddy trail, back towards the airstrip. Lawson volunteered to track it down, for which I will be forever grateful, and despite not being in a dry bag, it was only mildly wet. However, almost all my clothes, either worn or duffed, were soaked, and we stayed up until 1:30 a.m. drying gear over a wood stove.

Keily Creek was the main body of water flowing through this valley. On each side of the Keily, there were three or four hanging basins separated by jagged granite peaks. Dark spruce filled the valley and the mouth of each of these basins. Above the spruce, willow brush and various grasses comprised the vegetation, until it became nothing but rock and glaciers, which produced a stream in each basin. Surprisingly, this is where we would hunt.

One would have assumed the moose would be in the lower flats and swamp along the main river, but only an occasional cow and calf would be spot-

ted here. They definitely preferred the high country even through the winter, evidenced by the many shed antlers littering these basins. I have hunted in many beautiful places but none as majestic and wild as this. To stalk moose at the foot of glaciers accompanied by goats and stone sheep was a mountain-hunters dream.

This was Greg's second year in this concession and he felt the moose population was doing well. The particular drainage that I was hunting had not been moose hunted for 10 years. The prior outfitter did not have Super Cub access to remove the potential heavy loads of meat, other than by horseback, which may have resulted in spoilage.

We would not be alone, however. The moose, elk, and sheep supported a large and active wolf population. Although we never saw any kills, we frequently passed fresh wolf tracks and occasional grizzly paw prints on the sand bars.

We got a late start due to our long night, but soon the horses were saddled and we were off. On a typical day we would ride along the creek to the incoming stream from one of the high basins. Here we would tie up our horses and attempt to find a moose trail to lead us through the incredibly thick vegeta-

tion. When we did, the walking was easier but still steep. When we didn't, it was ugly. Once above tree line, the going became quite tolerable, and now we were surrounded by majestic scenery and frequently God's great and beautiful beasts.

I have read many moose-hunting tales. Of course few stories are written or published that do not have an animal down in the end, and this may prejudice us. The impression one gets is that moose are relatively stupid in the hierarchy of big game. They would not seem to have the eyes of a sheep, the nose of an elk, or the cleverness of a whitetail deer. Perhaps their IQ does drop significantly during the rut, but on this hunt, I have never been after a keener quarry. Their hearing is legendary, but I was very impressed with all aspects of their senses and ability to escape any plan that I would attempt to put in place. Perhaps it was the constant wolf harassment, but this was not to be an "easy hunt."

A legal bull in this region must have at least three brow tines on one antler, with the spread being meaningless. (In many parts of Alaska, the spread must be 50 inches). That first morning we spotted a nice 3x4 brow-tined bull with large daggers and six to eight extra points. Many people will say not to shoot the first thing you see on an extended hunt. My philosophy has been to attempt to tag a mature representative of the species I am pursuing. When you are using primitive equipment your shot opportunities begin to rapidly shrink as soon as you step out of camp.

I managed to sneak within 40 yards of the bedded beast, and despite having the wind, and him looking the other way, he blew out as if I was a locomotive. "Odd," I thought, but I still had eight more hunting days.

Each day would be repetitive of the first. Nice bulls would be spotted—we would bed them down and attempt a stalk—all to fail. The second day we were within 40 yards of a bedded bull and attempting to climb a rock that would give us a close and silent approach, when a small willow stick slapped Lawson's pant leg. While it was barely audible, it may as well have been

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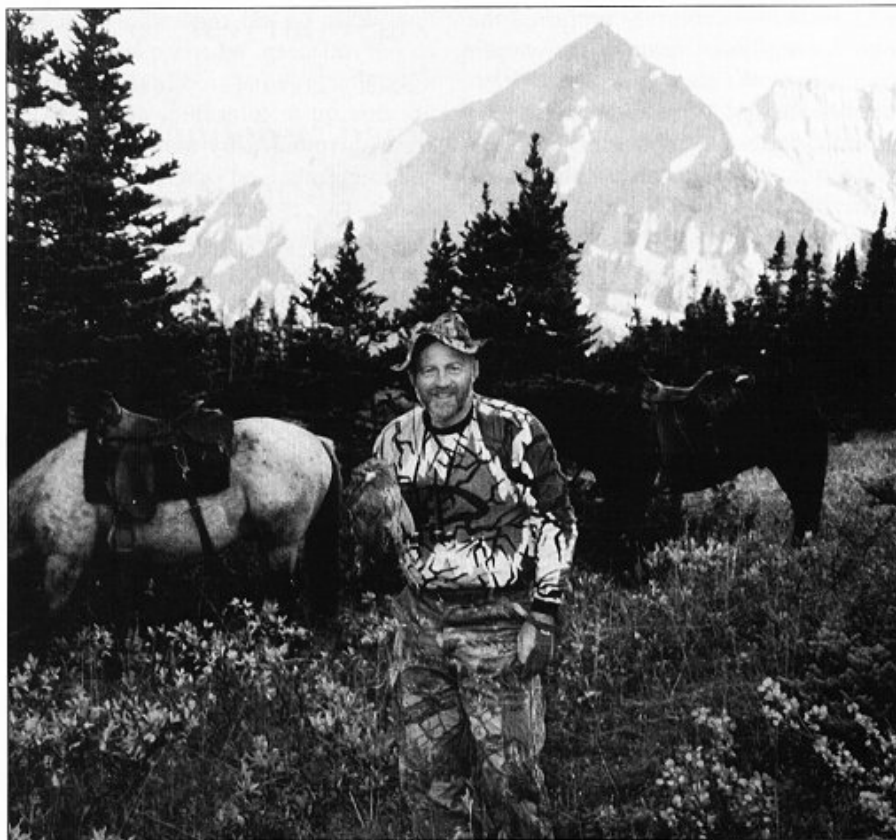
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a rifleshot, as the moose quickly vacated the meadow. Although that would be the end of the stalking that day, I later got to see a wolverine working its way through marmot mounds further up the valley. This was certainly a rare and possibly once in a lifetime sighting for a lower-48 archer.

On day three we hunted the farthest basin to the northeast, here we would see several moose, stone sheep, and goats. However, none would venture close enough to loose an arrow at; though I did bag supper with a judo point, dropping a spruce grouse.

The weather was variable. Up to this point, it had been relatively pleasant and rainy, though freezing, in the morning, with an occasional snow shower or lightening storm. Day four was a typical November type day for this western Oregon hunter: blustery, rainy, with no let up in sight. There was no trail into this basin either, but once we had made it to the tree line we began to see moose. We had apparently

spooked them as we thrashed through the brush, and now they were scattering on the far side of the basin.

At one point five bulls (three legal and three cows) were scattered among the spruce in one visual field. A sixth bull was behind us grunting, but again I could not get close and he didn't respond to our calls. Eventually I stalked two of the large bulls, but they winded me at one hundred yards when a swirl gave me away.

This was beginning to get frustrating. Obviously there were lots of legal game, but they were not the "stupid moose" that one hears so much about. These were truly wild and cunning beasts. I live in elk country and chase these "cousins to the moose" about two weeks each year. My elk could learn something from these moose.

Lawson, my guide, was relentless. We would be gone from camp up to 15 hours each day, spotting and stalking. If we blew a stalk in one basin or it was empty, we would push it hard to get in a

second hunt before dark. Usually with our spotting scopes, we could pick out the white moose antlers miles away and plan the next day's hunt in that respective basin. We frequently would finish our day with a bone-jarring horse jog back to camp in the dark.

With days like these, sleeping at night was not a problem. I truly love the physical aspect of hunting—long hikes and climbs, pitting one's own body against your prey and hopefully being clever and strong enough to prevail. At 46, I try to keep in shape by running and lifting weights, but there is no substitute for youth, and as the days wore on, it was beginning to show. This would be the hardest physical hunt I have endured, and I relished the challenge.

Day six was to be an interesting day, in which our basin for the morning hunt had only a sub-legal bull and cow present, but three goats higher in the rocks beckoned. Two of the goats quickly spotted us and began climbing, while the third remained on a stair-stepped ledge at the head of the basin. After performing the greatest stalk of my life over distance and time, and coming out 20 yards above the goat, I simply missed by not taking the time to pick a spot. I will forever remember this. It would be the psychological low of the trip. Not only had I let myself down, but also Lawson who was working so hard for me. Dejected, we raced down the mountain and across the valley to the neighboring basin for one more chance before dark. Again I got on a legal moose but could not close within shooting range.

Day seven was disappointing as well. We were unable to close the gap on a nice bull in the first basin and climbed up and down into two more without a chance. On day eight the weather changed to steady rain. We were able to spot a giant bull bedded on a spruce hillside miles away. The stalk was on. Finally after climbing through the dense brush and stunted forest, we came out on a moose trail one-hundred-and-twenty yards above our prey. Lawson and I discussed strategy for perhaps a minute, as the rain poured and the wind blew to our right.

Suddenly the moose got up and disappeared. Despite our favorable condition, destiny did not seem to be on our side and hard work certainly was not being rewarded with opportunity. Tomorrow would be my last hunting day.

We elected to go back to "Bull Basin," where we had seen six bulls earlier in the week, and had spotted two bulls last night as we headed back to camp. Previously, we had gone up the right side of the creek and found it almost impenetrable; today we would try the left.

We did find a moose trail for about one half of our climb and then bushwhacked our way to treeline. There across the basin, perhaps a mile away, was the finest trophy we had seen. Certainly, through the scope, he appeared to be Boone and Crockett material. Probably 60" across with 3x4 brow tines and then ten additional points on each huge palm. Two cows were cavorting around him plying for his affection. They would stand on their hind legs and paw at each other and chase themselves about their meadow. The king of their domain merely observed their antics and grazed.

The sun was shining and it was a magnificent sight. Although this was fascinating, I had no delusions, due to our previous experience, that we would be able to have a legitimate chance at this animal.

Suddenly, a flash of antlers appeared through the trees 60 yards ahead of us. Yes, it was a moose, but was it legal? It proceeded to continue walking on a course that would bring it 20 yards below me. Through the brush we could see two brow tines on the left



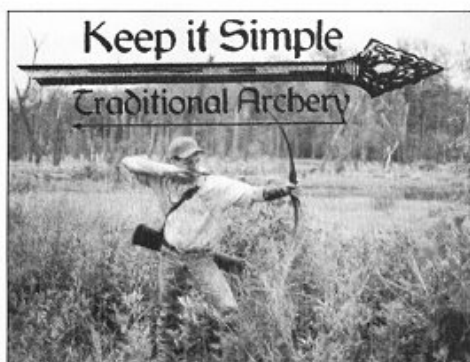
The bull was wedged firmly in the brush. The two of us were unable to budge him. . .

but what was on the right? This was a significantly smaller bull, but I had immediately made my mind up to try for it if it was legal, as the other bull presented the same set of difficulties we had experienced previously.

Benjamin Franklin's wise old bowhunting advice came to mind; a bull in the hand is worth two in the brush, or something like that. Lawson and I had separated about 20 feet, he to have a better visual angle for brow tines, and I to have a better shot, should it be legal. It all came together quite suddenly. A thumbs up from Lawson, the bull walking through an opening 20 yards below me,

and now a feathered shaft speeding toward his right chest as he continued on his unassuming path.

Due to the steepness of the slope, I had aimed somewhat high and it now appeared to have gone through his right shoulder blade and delivered only limited penetration. The bull immediately ran out to sixty yards, stopped for a second, and then jogged off into the brush, as if uninjured. Thoughts of an all-day tracking job in this tangled mess of vegetation were coming to mind when I looked back at Lawson. He was concentrating on the spot where the bull had disappeared.



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Amazingly, the brush came alive with violent shaking of limbs and leaves, then up came hooves, horns, and hide as my quarry rolled down the seventy degree slope. He was down. Despite only 11 inches of broken shaft resting inside his chest, this massive creature had painlessly expired within 30 seconds: once again demonstrating the awesome power of a simple machine, the recurve bow.

As we sat and pondered over what had transpired, it seemed odd that for all the hard work, daily vigorous climbs, and hours in the saddle, that this magnificent beast would just blunder out in front of us. Lawson felt that the Lord had provided this bull, and I was in no position to argue with him.

After the high fives and war whoops, the work began. I have read many a story about the difficulty of packing a moose out once it is down. On the Moose John, Jay had warned us not to shoot unless we were within a mile of the river, and now I was about to find out why. Although we had horses, they were two miles away through the forest. We were on a very steep slope and the bull was wedged firmly in the brush. The two of us were unable to budge him and so we began the arduous task of dissecting this three-quarter ton beast, piece by piece where he lay, until we had reduced enough weight to manipulate the rest of the carcass.



On the Moose John, Jay had warned us not to shoot unless we were within a mile of the river, and now I was about to find out why.

Six hours later the moose was caped and cut up in packable pieces. I would estimate that one of the rear legs weighed 120 pounds. This would have been a multiple-day pack if not for the horses. The following day we found an old moose trail as a start, and eventually bushwhacked with ax and handsaw to the meat. By the time we led the horses back to the river, Greg was waiting in the Super Cub at the strip. His timing was impeccable.

Lawson was an amazing guide. A true man on the north. At age 21 he possessed the grit and outdoor wisdom of a man many years his senior. Amazingly, throughout all of our climbs, I never saw him breathe hard or sweat. For me, it was quite the contrary. Lawson had started his season in July guiding sheep hunters, and I suspect this will get you in shape quickly. He confessed that this was only his second bowhunt ever, and that last year his first client had tagged a goat in the last hours of the last day. I thereby christened him, "Last Day Lawson." A finer, more hard-working guide will never be found.

As to Greg's original thought of the pre-rut hunt, if I should go again; I would go later. I had never suspected these moose would be so cautious and flighty, but that's why they call it hunting. Obviously a rifle hunter could have taken about any of these bulls without much difficulty. With our primitive equipment, however, I think the rut perhaps would tip the odds a little more in the archer's favor. Once my legs recover, I may give this some more thought, or perhaps just hunt the last day with Lawson.

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The Battle of Flodden

By Colin Gilbert

The Parish Church of Middleton, near Manchester, is one of the oldest in Lancashire, dating back more than 800 years.

Prominent amongst the historic treasures of this ancient church, dedicated to St. Leonard, is a unique and moving memorial to the battle of Flodden, in which, on September 9, 1513, a large and well-equipped Scottish army was defeated by a smaller, hastily-summoned English force.

The memorial takes the form of a two-light stained-glass window measuring some eight feet in height and three feet in width depicting Richard Assheton, Lord of the Manor of Middleton, who played an important part in the defeat of the Scottish invaders, and his seventeen archers.

The window, originally of three-light design, was installed in the north wall in 1515 as a thanksgiving for the victory, and the safe return of the Middleton contingent. It shows the archers and their leader kneeling in

prayer before the battle. The archers have shoulder-length hair and are wearing blue court mantles. Each man carries a bow-stave with his name above it. Richard Assheton and his wife are wearing scarlet cloaks. Assheton was later knighted for valour on the battlefield. Unfortunately the window was neglected during the following centuries and allowed to fall into disrepair, with much of the glass broken and missing.

However, its importance as an historic treasure was recognized by Richard Durnford, a 19th century rector, who



Photo: Richard Assheton's battle helmet with crest. The crest was not worn during the battle of Flodden.

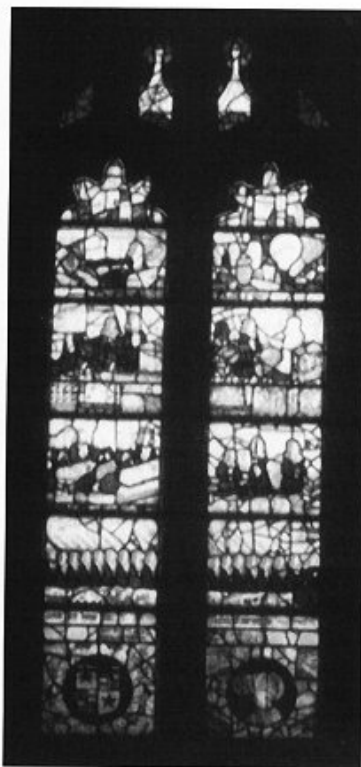
had the complete window removed and the undamaged portions reassembled to make the present two-light design. This was then installed in its existing position in the Chancel. Durnford's far-sighted action has ensured that the remnants of the Flodden window have been saved for posterity.

Whilst the window is composed of original fragments there is no indication of the first design, for the window has been disassembled several times, and reassembled in a haphazard manner. Traces of a mitred Prelate are clearly visible, probably Thomas Langley, a local man who became Prince Bishop of Durham and also Lord Chancellor of England under King Henry V. St. Leonard, to whom the Church is dedicated, would undoubtedly have appeared, as would the Celtic Saint, Cuthbert, whose remains are believed to have briefly rested at Middleton about the year 880 AD.

Sadly, the window now gives cause for concern, as the delicate images of the archers are slowly fading. Expert advice recommends that the complete window be installed in a specially designed bronze frame. Whilst this costly measure would halt the deterioration, ongoing maintenance costs make considerable inroads into the Church funds and priorities have to be very carefully balanced. One solution may lie in the setting-up of a "Flodden Window Appeal," administered by a small committee, but whatever the outcome it is essential that early measures are put in hand to save this priceless treasure. The Flodden window is believed to be the only stained glass war memorial window of its kind in Europe, and is venerated as a local heirloom from the turbulent history of England, in which the longbow played such a decisive part.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN 1513.

The circumstances leading to the Battle of Flodden were complicated, and had their origins in the shifting quick-sands of Medieval European politics and intrigue. James IV of Scotland was enthroned, aged 15 in 1488 following the murder of his father. During his



The Flodden window, installed in 1515, commemorating the great battle. The window is eight feet tall by three feet wide.

25 year reign he won the affection of his countrymen and raised Scotland to a position of eminence in Europe. In 1502 he had married Margaret Tudor, daughter of King Henry VII of England, thus forging a temporary and fragile friendship between the two countries.

And then in 1512 he made a move which was to bring a cataract of misfortune upon Scotland and which, to this day, has left an impression upon the Scottish national consciousness.

Many years previously the Scots and the French, who had both suffered at the hands of the English, had agreed a pact of mutual support should England attack either. In 1512, James had renewed the "Auld Alliance" and, in so doing, signed his own death warrant.

In June, 1513, his brother-in-law, now Henry VIII of England, invaded France in support of the Holy League. In July, James asked Henry to call off his campaign; Henry refused and James, a man of honour, would not abandon his ally. The die was cast and war was inevitable.

THE ARMY OF KING JAMES

At the end of July, James began assembling an army on the outskirts of Edinburgh, the exact number is unknown, but estimates number it between 50,000 and 100,000 including camp-followers, and containing the flower of Scottish aristocracy: 15 Earls, 20 Barons, many Bishops and hundreds of knights, each with their own retinue. A French contingent under Count d'Aussi was also present there to teach Scots the use of the 18 foot long Continental pike. Artillery was a comparatively new arm, and James was proud of his large cannons, which left Edinburgh pulled by 400 oxen.

On August 22nd this huge, slow-moving army crossed the river Tweed, at Coldstream, and captured the English stronghold castles of Norham, Wark, Etal, and Ford, the latter occupied by Lady Heron, whose husband had been taken hostage by the Scots. It is said that she allowed herself to be seduced by the lascivious James, in an attempt to delay the Scottish advance, but there appears to be little truth in the story. In any case, James took his leave of her after two days and burned her castle down!

THE ENGLISH RESPONSE

Henry had anticipated the Scottish move, and had appointed Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, as Lieutenant General of the North.

"My Lord, I trust not the Scots, therefore I pray you, be not negligent" were his parting words to Surrey. When news of the Scottish preparations reached Surrey he sent out a call-to arms throughout the North and on the 1st of August set up a recruiting headquarters at Pontefract in Yorkshire.

Richard Assheton was in charge of the Military School at Middleton Hall, where the sons of Lancashire gentry received their military and equestrian training, and agricultural workers developed their skills as longbowmen. They were amongst the first to answer the call, making their way direct to Hornby Castle, near Lancaster, the ancestral home of Sir Edward Stanley,



The "Archer's Panel," showing the archers of Middleton and their leader in prayer before the battle. Each bow has the archer's name written above it.

Commander of the Lancashire and Cheshire contingent.

Middleton Hall was renowned as an archery school. Great emphasis was placed upon the use, and constant practice of the six-foot English longbow and its cloth-yard shaft. In the hands of a competent archer it was the most devastating weapon in medieval warfare. Some archers were capable of shooting over 18 arrows a minute. So great was the firepower of this fearsome weapon that at Agincourt, in 1415, a vast cloud of arrows cast a shadow on the ground when 5,000 English and Welsh archers defeated a French army many times its size. For over 200 years the bowmen of England were feared and cursed on the continent of Europe.

Constant archery practice took place at Middleton and there are place names which indicate this. The spot is still points out between the "Olde Boar's Head" Inn and the Church, where butts were placed for practice, whilst in Archer Park now stands the "Middleton Archer" Public House. Butts were placed at nearby Stannycliffe Hall, home of the Crusading Knights Templars, in which incidentally, Middleton archers also took part.

PREPARATIONS FOR BATTLE

On September 3rd, Surrey arrived at Alnwick, in Northumberland, leading an army of some 26,000 men strong in archers and billmen. Although he possessed more cannon than the Scots, they were of smaller calibre, and of limited range. A cavalry unit of 1,500 men under Lord Dacre arrived that day, along with Surrey's eldest son, The Lord Admiral Thomas Howard, who brought with him 1,000 armed sailors. Surrey's force consisted of a cross-section of Northern society, with local Lords, gentry, yeomen, and peasants forming the backbone of his hastily summoned army.

The English had serious problems. Even at that early date food was short, due to the extended communications. During the next few days rations failed, and men were compelled to sustain themselves by drinking water. Indeed many had not eaten for four days when the battle commenced. But morale was high, and Surrey had the loyalty of his men. On September 4th, the English Commander sent a messenger to the Scottish King, offering to do battle on September 9th, on Millfield Plain. James accepted, saying that he would "give the sayde Kyng batayle by Frydaye next at the furtherste." On the

following day Surrey marshaled his army in battle formation.

The English were to fight in two divisions, a vanguard under the Admiral, and a rearguard under Surrey himself. Each consisted of a large central body flanked by smaller wings; the right wing of the vanguard was given to Edmund Howard, the Admiral's younger brother, who had under him about 3,000 men including a Stanley contingent from Macclesfield in Cheshire, lead by Christopher Savage. His left wing was under the veteran knight, Sir Marmaduke Constable. The main body of the rearguard was centered on the banners of the Earl of Surrey. On his right was the Yorkshire company of Sir George Darcey.

Bringing up the rear was Sir Edward Stanley's Lancashire and Cheshire contingent of archers and billmen. Whilst many of his force had been posted to other units, Stanley retained his Lancashire archers to a man, amongst whom were the Middleton men.

On September 7th, Surrey was alarmed to see that James had occupied Flodden edge, an unassailable position. He reminded James of his agreement to fight on level ground, but James refused to abandon his position. Surrey was too experienced to attempt a frontal attack, and decided to march north-east across the river Till, after several miles turning due west and, recrossing the river Till, to take up a position to the north of James. This would cut off supplies, prevent James from retreating into Scotland and, hopefully tempt him off Flodden Edge. The following day the English marched out of Scottish view, to camp that night in Barnoor Wood.

James was worried by the English move and, suspecting trickery, ordered his army to take up position on Branxton Edge, another key position about 1-1/2 miles further north. On the extreme left was the Earl of Home and his pike columns. To their right were the men of the Earls of Crawford, Errol, and Montrose. In the centre were the King's Columns, with the Earls of Cassilis, and Glencarin. In reserve were the Highlanders of the Earls of Lennox and Argyll.

THE BATTLE

At dawn on September 9th, the English, leaving their horses and supplies, and carrying only their weapons, marched out of Barmoor Wood. The Lord Admiral taking the vanguard, and cannons over the Till at Twizel Bridge, Surrey following with the main body, crossing by the ford at castle Heaton, about a mile downstream.

It was shortly after mid-day when a breathless scout galloped into the Scottish camp and reported to James that the English, with trumpets sounding and banners flying, were bearing down on him from the North. In disbelief, James mounted his horse and rode to see for himself.

Meanwhile, the weather had broken, rain reducing visibility as the English marched southwards. When the advance scouts topped the Pallinsburn rise they were dismayed to see the entire Scottish army lined up less than half a mile away.

After some re-marshalling the English formed up on Pallinsburn. The two armies were now face to face, separated by a small valley; the Scots on the higher ground. A deep silence fell. The time was a quarter past four. A deafening roar from the Scottish cannons broke the silence, the missiles passing over the English as the barrels could not be depressed sufficiently. The English cannons responded, making large gaps in Home's Borderers on the skyline, who, with Huntley's Highlanders, were the first to descend the hill.

The English right flank took the full impact, being driven back 200 yards. Men were trampled underfoot as the Scots, with their huge pikes slashed, maimed, and mutilated. They continued to pour down the hill until the English, now outnumbered ten to one, turned and fled. Edmund Howard was unhorsed three times before managing to fight his way to the relative safety of his brother's division. The situation was finally restored when Surrey ordered Dacre's cavalry into action, killing many Scottish noblemen, and routing their pikemen.

When Edmund Howard's men were seen to flee, King James dismounted, and seizing a pike, led his household to the front rank. His commanders were horrified, begging him not to put himself in danger, but to no avail. The Scottish army was now effectively leaderless, with no-one in overall command; but, the English had little time to recover before both central Scottish divisions advanced.

However, between the two armies was a deep bog and a gully, unseen from the Scottish position. These two natural obstacles slowed the Scottish advance. As the enemy emerged from the gully the English archers loosed off an arrow storm, throwing the tightly packed columns into disorder. The initial momentum fell and,

As the enemy emerged from the gully the English archers loosed an arrow storm...

once forced to fight at a standstill, the English billhooks chopped the long Scottish pike shafts into useless pieces.

The outnumbered English took no prisoners, being determined to "be rid of all that came to hand." The disordered columns of Errol, Crawford, and Montrose were savagely repulsed with heavy losses, including the three Earls.

King James' column, some 15,000 strong now, crashed into Surrey's Division of 7,000 Yorkshiremen. But, they held their own, taking terrible toll of the Scottish nobles in the front rank. Lords Maxwell and Herries were amongst the first to fall. Help soon came from the Admiral's sailors, and together they set upon the Scots with renewed ferocity, as bodies piled up in the hollow near the English position.

The fighting in the centre of the battlefield went uninterrupted for at least two hours, when it gradually became clear that the Scots were losing the fight. Gathering together his household once again, and all others that he could muster, James led them in a last furious charge towards Surrey's personal banners. Although his desperate onslaught broke through the English front ranks, his men fell in increasing numbers, until finally his Standard-bearer was cut down by his side. Single-handed the King fought his way to within 20 feet of

Surrey but was beaten down and slain.

Shortly before this, however, 5,000 Highlanders held in reserve under Lennox and Argyle, were preparing to descend from Banxton Edge to join the fray. This intended move had been observed by Sir Edward Stanley, who decided to climb the hill and attack the enemy from the rear with all speed. Leading his men up the almost vertical eastern slope, they arrived unnoticed by the Scots. At a signal from Stanley, the Lancashire bowmen, amongst them the Middleton men, loosed off volley upon volley of arrows, taking terrible toll of the Highlanders.

Stanley then formed up his billmen and, as the Scots fled, they pursued them, hacking and slashing in all directions, the Earls of Argyle, Lennox, and Caithness were killed, doing all they could to stay their troops.

Stanley and his men had routed the Highlanders, and contributed greatly to the English victory for, had these men not been defeated, their reinforcement of the King's division would have turned the tide of battle. The end was assured when the Lancashire men assailed the flank of the King's Division.

Richard Assheton mounted and armoured, was in the thick of the fighting around the King, taking prisoner Sir John Forman, Knight and Sergeant-porter to the King, and Alexander Barrett, the High Sheriff of Aberdeen. On his return from the battle he dedicated his banner and armour to St. Leonard and placed them in the family Chapel.

Assheton was knighted for valour, and received privileges for his Manor.

And what of the Scots? Their losses were appalling: 10,000 dead is now generally believed, against English losses of around 3,000 men. It is said that every family or town of note lost someone at Flodden. Typical was Seldkirk. Three weeks before the battle, 70 men had marched out to the cheers of townspeople. Four days after the battle, one distressed youth, the sole survivor, entered the town square with the terrible news. Truly, Friday, September 9, 1513, is regarded as the saddest day in Scottish history.



The Competitive Edge

by Gary Sentman

Bows for Defense?

With the dawn of a new millenium will come more and more gun-ownership laws. George Bush stated in a campaign speech that if he were to win the election in 2000 he would try to get a law passed that prevents a juvenile who commits a felony from ever being able to own a firearm. I don't know about you, but I have known good men who admitted they had fought the law as juveniles, but had become straight shooters as an adult and who now enjoy hunting and have a love for firearms.

My opinion is that in the future the only legal ownership of a firearm will be allotted to members of certain shooting clubs who agree to keep the weapons under lock and key when not competing. There is more than one way to "skin a cat" and I believe the government will continue to impose "gun laws" until they have complete control over law-abiding citizen's, and the only people who possess a firearm will be law enforcement, the military, and the "bad guys." Law-abiding citizens will not be able to defend themselves or their families and property against armed criminals.

In this scenario, how would you defend yourself against an armed assailant? Let me say here that it would not be easy. My years in the Alaska bush taught me to make the best of what I had and make it do. In this article I will outline



my thoughts and suggestions on using the bow for a combat weapon. I will also share some action-shooting scenarios with you which are fun to practice, but that will also improve your shooting ability under unorthodox conditions.

DURABILITY

The bow must be durable. One reason that the English Longbows were made longer in length was for durability. The longer bows were less apt to break in battle, which would have left the shooter without his weapon. In close quarters, the longbow could also be used to "jab" an assailant, parry blows or knife thrusts, or to choke an enemy from behind.

SHOOTING EXERCISES

I worked for the sheriff's department for seven years. During this time I had to qualify with my handgun every quarter. This required me to go to the shooting range where I would shoot six shots from the twenty-yard line, reload my weapon while running to the fifteen yard line, etc.

At the five-yard line I had to shoot six shots from the hip. I'm sure I could do the same exercise with the longbow and hit the man-sized silhouette almost as well as I did with my handgun. The disadvantage with the bow would be maintaining the distance and having enough room to maneuver the bow. It would be very important to be able to shoot from

unorthodox positions, such as sitting, kneeling, lying on your back or belly etc. It would also be important to be able to shoot from your hip or chest area, as you may not have time to come to full draw—we're talking about shooting from thirty feet or less. Keep in mind, I'm talking about defense here, not attack.

A mannequin-type target shooter with a lightweight bow and pin sites would be disadvantaged in combat shooting. For me, the ideal bow would be a longbow of no less than 40 pounds pull weight. Hung by the bed or where it could be readily accessed, it could be strung quickly without using a bow stringer. A bow that must be strung with a bow stringer would be a handicap. Unstrung, a longbow could be used to thrust like a spear at an approaching assailant.

QUIVER

I prefer the simple back quiver over all the others I have tried. One that is no less than eight or nine inches in diameter and approximately 22 inches in length, made with 10 to 12 ounce latigo leather with a single strap. A single strap allows the quiver to be maneuvered more readily, such as pulling it down under the arm to hold the arrows while running then pushing it up with the bow hand and be ready to draw an arrow. An arrow can be drawn and shot in less than three seconds using this technique.

Best of all, a back quiver the size I mentioned would easily hold fourteen to twenty arrows. Any soldier or police officer knows you don't want to run out of ammo in a fire fight.

ARROWS

The best arrows for combat would probably be the old Micro-Flight fiberglass arrows. You could sit on them, or roll on them and they still remained straight. However, as far as I know there are no fiberglass arrows on the market at this time. My next choice might be graphite, because they have a lot of bending strength. But for now I use aluminum arrows with a heavy wall thickness such as 2018, 2216, or 2219 for a heavy bow. In close combat an arrow could be used to stick an assailant, as

you would use a knife. Wood arrows would be my last choice as they break or bend too easily. And likely this would happen when you needed it most.

If your life is at stake forget about tradition. I'm talking about defending yourself or your family. While on the subject of arrows, remember to shoot an arrow or two bare fingered now and then, just to know you could do it if need be.

AIMING

Before I get into aiming the arrow I must mention movement. The technique for action shooting is summed up in one word, "fluidity." You should be able to pivot almost 180 degrees without moving your feet. Your bow arm should have a slight bend, as should your knees. Your movements should be as in martial arts, Karate, etc. Movement with balance at all times.

My method for aiming the arrow is difficult to explain. However I feel it is the only method other than purely instinctive for action shooting. On the pistol range in combat courses one is very limited when it comes to shooting without sights of any kind. One needs to look at the target and bring the front site into view in his secondary vision or more often than not he will miss the target.

I feel point of aim shooting with a bow in a combat situation would be hopeless. There wouldn't be enough time to calculate the gap needed at a given distance. Also the possibility of being in unorthodox positions, from horizontal to vertical while shooting is another factor. The method I plan to teach here at my Wilderness School of Archery is as follows. First you must get the eyes accustomed to looking at one object and aiming at another, without allowing your eyes to shift from one spot to another. The tip of the arrow would be in your vision but so would the whole arrow, all the way back to the fletching.

One exercise I use is to place three paper plates in a triangle pattern about two feet apart. This makes point-of-aim shooting difficult because all three plates are in your vision. I tell the student to look at any one of the plates directly, but indirectly aim at one of the other two plates. I have the student go right to left, left to right, clockwise, and counter

clockwise. I will stand off to the side, slightly in front of them to watch their eyes. If I see their eyes glancing from plate to plate or from arrow to plate I correct them. As they improve their concentration on this I increase the distance between plates or targets.

With this exercise a person with good peripheral vision should have no problem looking at one 12-inch target and hitting another 12-inch target with an arrow without directly looking at it. I have always thought the late Howard Hill aimed the arrow this way. In his book "Hunting the Hard Way," chapter 7, page 89, he stated that when using his old laminated longbow pulling 90 pounds that it was hard to hit accurately past 50 yards. If he had been shooting point-of-aim his arrow should have been accurate to much greater distances. Archers at that time were shooting to distances of 80 yards with 40-pound bows, using the point-of-aim method and basically the same type bow as Howard.

Using the method of aiming I have mentioned will allow you to hit flying birds or running game with great efficiency. You can look at a flying bird and indirectly aim at an imaginary spot in front of the bird and pluck it from the sky.

One disadvantage to this type of aiming is that you must use a stiffer bow to cast a heavy arrow with a flat trajectory. With a bow of say 50 pounds and a real hunting arrow of 500 grains, the average person will find the indirect aiming point to be about one foot above the bull's eye at 50 yards. However the point of the arrow may still be below the bull's eye if one is looking right off the point to the target.

Although you may laugh at the idea of using the bow for a defensive weapon, if you practice the basics I have outlined here in your shooting, you will find it to be challenging and quite a lot of fun. To be able to shoot an arrow in place of a gun in combat-shooting practice scenarios requires "unorthodox" or unconventional methods. Try it and have fun! Good Shooting.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Support your right to keep and bear arms—join the N.R.A.



Instinctive Harvest



Wendy Decker, Montana Lion



Dennis Kamstra, Zimbabwe Sable



Jack Harrison, Texas Javelina



Ben Brezin, Colorado Mule Deer



Ricardo Longoria, Mexican Whitetail



Neil Russell, Idaho Bull Elk



Mike Lafita, Hawaii,
Exotic Pheasant



Robert Martin, Idaho Spike Elk



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Let's Build a Yucca Quiver

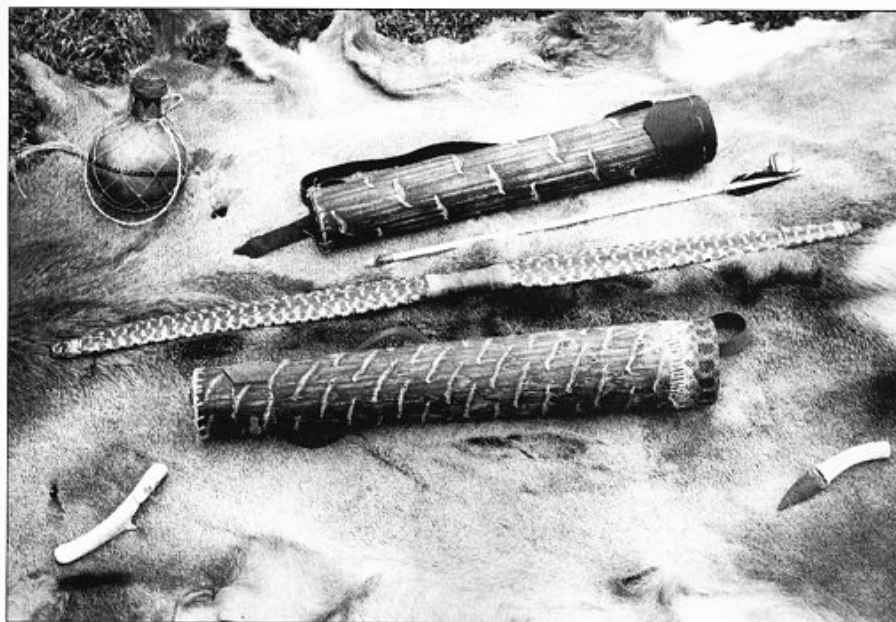
by Victor Smith & Tom Mills

Many readers may already be familiar with the Yucca plant's fine attributes. Southwestern tribes used the yucca leaf for soap, weaving, and rope making. When ripe, the young flowering stalk makes an excellent meal with a sweet and refreshing taste. Several other plant parts are edible as well. The Southwest Indians also believed that the plant held medicinal benefits, which included treatments for skin disorders and slow healing ulcerations.

In a moment of primitive madness, Thomas Mills has discovered a new use for this plant. A Yucca stalk quiver!

Questions of origin are often debated among anthropologists. How was fire-making discovered? When was the first bow and arrow invented? Could it be that, at the end of the twentieth century, the story of Thomas Mills' invention may just answer the question of discovery. . . as he tells us how this quiver came to be:

Photo from left to right: Joe Dabill and his daughter Kestrell, Tom Mills, Alton "Longbow" Safford.



Items in photo all made by Tom Mills. Yucca quivers, snake-skin backed selfbow, water gourd (Tom carries it at traditional tournaments for drinking water), antler knife.

"I had just completed a beautiful set of arrows. Feeling a great sense of accomplishment I decided to enjoy a summer sunset. Lying beside me was a dead yucca stalk. With my trusty pocket knife I began to whittle away at the insides.. Suddenly my mate shouted at me. "Are you going to stay out there all night? Get in here! Supper is ready!"

"Thinking only of my growling stomach, I jumped up, threw my new arrows inside the hollowed stalk and ran to my lodge. Thus, the creation of yucca quiver."

Not! While the questions of origin can never be proved or disproved, Tom's discovery comes solely from his creative nature. Nor did Tom ever believe that he had invented anything new. As he put it "knowing the Indian reverence for the yucca, it's only natural to assume that they would have used the stalk for such purposes. We recently learned of Mexican Indian tribe living on the baja peninsula who are still using the Yucca stalk quiver."

The yucca quiver is relatively easy to make and inexpensive too. The only real costs are the leather shoulder straps and trim. This should run you between ten and fifteen dollars. A side benefit to this quiver of much character is that it doubles as a drum. Its low vol-

ume and soft pitched tone makes for a soothing rhythm to a warm campfire. Because of its circular form and weight distribution it is best worn down the center of the back. Center back quivers are excellent in thick brush as the arrows are protected by the head and neck of the archer.



Before harvesting yucca plants, dead or alive, please check with your local Forestry or B.L.M. division as laws vary from state to state and county to county.

Tom's yucca quiver was well received at the Fifteenth Annual Flintknapping Rendezvous in Wrightwood, California. Enthralled by its design, several participants harvested dead stalks to make their own quivers. Famed flintknappers and self bowyers Joe Dabill and Alton "Longbow" Safford also joined in on the fun.

There are several species of the yucca plant. Their range includes Arizona, California, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, Texas, Utah, and much of Mexico. However most of these species' stalks are too small in diameter for a quiver. The species that is the subject of this article is commonly known as "Our Lord's Candle" or "Spanish Bayonet" (*yucca whipplei*). is only found in Southern California and in Mexico's Baja California. As many of you will eventually vacation in Southern California (visiting Mickey perhaps), a yucca quiver may not be out of reach. While other yucca species can be used for quiver material, their stalks are generally too small in size. Other plant species growing in your area may be suitable for quiver designs, or instance, the Century plant, introduced throughout the United States, has a very similar stalk.

The yucca plant is protected by several environmental restrictions. It is rumored that in the 40s and 50s, it was customary for vacationing motorists to use the blooming stalks as makeshift hood ornaments. As the rumor goes, this led to some of the first governmental restrictions regarding this plant. In many Ranger Districts it is permissible to take one dead plant per person. To harvest any live plants, a botanical permit is required. These botanical permits are generally issued to researchers. Before harvesting any plant, dead or alive, please check with your local Forestry or B.L.M. division as laws vary from state to state and county to county.

And now Tom will tell us his method for building the yucca quiver.

For quiver making, a yucca stalk should be harvested after the plant dies, but generally while it is still standing. Beautiful specimens may be found, ranging from tan/white to nearly egg-

plant black in color. It appears that the darker colored stalks are older individuals whose exterior surface has been discolored by mold and weathering.

Once a stalk is selected, cut it to length. I cut the stalk so that the fletching of my arrows will lay partially inside the quiver. This eliminates most arrow noise. You may find that cutting a yucca stalk is a little more difficult than it appears. The fibrous interior tends to grab and bind a saw blade. Suitable stalk diameters range from four to eight inches. The larger of which will comfortably hold a dozen arrows. Each stalk should yield two quivers, and several smaller containers for other uses.

Now we begin the task of removing the fibrous core of the stalk. This is the most difficult part of the job. Native Americans most likely utilized hot coals to burn out the stalk's center. If you want to try it this way, a few barbecue briquettes will do the trick. It is imperative that you keep a sopping-wet towel wrapped around the entire stalk as this material is extremely flammable. This is a messy, and time consuming procedure, however.

I have found the easiest method is to ream the center out using a long thin steel bar, which can be purchased at your local hardware store. The dimensions of the one I use are: 4-feet long by one-inch wide by 1/8-inch thick.



...punch an equal number of holes in the leather and secure it to the quiver using strong leather lacing. If you don't have a leather punch, a large nail will suffice.

The idea is to use the bar as a piercing tool to cut a circle in the core. It may be helpful (although not absolutely necessary) to sharpen one end of the steel bar using a metal file or bench grinder.

Stand the stalk upright, position the cutting-end of the bar about one inch from the outside edge. Push the bar through the stalk until its cutting edge emerges from the other side. Retract the bar, and reposition it along side the initial

cut, and push it through again. Continue in this fashion until you have succeeded in cutting a complete circle in the interior of stalk. If done correctly, you will be able to push a long tube of core material out in one piece.

With tougher stalks, you may have to use a small sledge hammer to drive the steel bar through. You may also find that it difficult to pull the bar free. If you encounter this problem, try jimmying the bar from side to side until it loosens. You can also use your feet for extra leverage in retracting the bar. Sit on the ground and use your feet to push the stalk away from you while pulling the bar toward you. Be patient, once you succeed in completely penetrating the stalk it becomes easier to pass the bar through on successive tries.

Save the material that you remove from the stalk. It can be used as a form-fitting knife sheath, padding for bow handles, or as an excellent fire starter.

With the initial clearing of the stalk accomplished, the interior can be further enlarged and smoothed with a combination of the steel bar, knives, or other cutting tools. A sandpaper-wrapped dowel works very well for final interior finishing. Try to obtain a finished wall thickness of 1/2 inch.

The carrying straps, leather bottom, and trim can now be attached. Put the leather straps on first. I use two carrying straps of equal length—one over each shoulder, like a backpack. Attach them with leather lacing to the

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Because of the quiver's circular form and weight distribution, it is best worn down the center of the back. Center back quivers are excellent in thick brush as the arrows are protected by the head and neck of the archer.

top of the quiver first. Using a small-diameter drill bit, make four holes for each strap about 4 inches from the top of the quiver. The location of the upper strap attachment is a matter of personal preference, for it will determine the height of your arrows. It is very important to secure the carrying straps before you put the bottom on the quiver. It is also a wise idea to make the straps adjustable. The addition of belt buckles is a good way to provide this adjustability.

The carrying straps can then be attached to the bottom of the quiver in same fashion. Attached them about two inches from the bottom of the quiver.

Once the carrying straps are in place, cut a round piece of leather to fit the bottom of the quiver. Drill small holes at regular intervals around the bottom of the quiver. For strength, place these holes about 1/2 of an inch from the bottom. Using the same spacing, punch an equal number of holes in the leather

bottom and secure it to the quiver using strong leather lacing. If you don't have a leather punch, a large nail will suffice.

If you would like your quiver to double as a drum, secure a tightly stretched, wet piece of rawhide to the bottom in the same fashion. As it dries, the rawhide will tighten and act as a drum head.

For decoration and protection, fold a strip of leather around the rim of the quiver. As with the bottom, drill holes in the stalk first and secure the leather strip with lacing.

To complete the project, and enhance the natural beauty of the stalk, sand, polish, and oil it. Further decorations are a matter of personal taste. I've added bird feathers, beads, polished bones, etc.

You will be pleasantly surprised how functional, lightweight, and comfortable a Yucca quiver can be. Like our ancestors, it gives me great pleasure to make use of the gifts nature provides.



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Wing-Bone Turkey Call

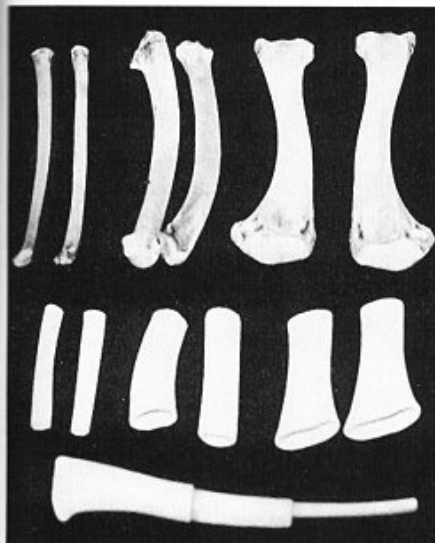
by Red Chavez

Well, which one did come first, the wing bone or the turkey? Simple question in my house. Naturally, the turkey came first, in the form of a turkey dinner. It was a good dinner and a fitting beginning to this article, as I needed to have a few wing bones and what better way to get them than by way of a full stomach. So, while I snack on turkey leftovers, I also start on this project: that is, bringing to you a fully functional turkey call with all the nostalgia of the early days of civilization, when the Indians, native to this continent, first connected together a couple bones and made the sounds to call in the "great bird of dinner."

I came into ownership of my first wing-bone turkey call while on a hunting trip in central Alabama, in the early 80s. One of the lodge guides made one for me and personalized it with some scrimshaw. I was amazed at the tones generated after a little practice, and over the years I have made a number of the calls for friends and hunting companions. The following simple instructions will get you through the long cold days of winter that follow the turkey-eating season. Your reward will be a conversation piece that will be the talk of your hunting camp.

At dinner time, say "Please pass the turkey wing." Don't let those three bones slip away into the trash can. If at all possible, get both sets of bones, two calls are better than one. Clean all the meat (that won't be hard to do at the table) from the bones and separate as much of the gristle from the larger bone as possible. I like to set the bones aside to dry out before working with them, even though the next step is to put them back into water. When the bones are dry, cut them into pieces as you see in the pictures and put them into a sauce pan half full of water. Add a couple of tablespoons of common household bleach (laundry bleach works just fine) and light a fire under the pot until you have boiling turkey-bone soup. Turn off the fire and let the pot sit for a few hours. Of course, if "She Who Must Be Obeyed" is around, you should put the pot in the porch or in the garage. I once tried to convince wife number one that I had just cleaned the kitchen, hence the smell of bleach all over the house. She was not to be fooled and I was demoted to pot scrubber.

After a little sitting in the bleach, your bones should be quite white. Set them aside to dry on something that doesn't mind a little bleach. I remember very well the time I set those bones on the washer to dry not even thinking about



The smaller bone is the mouth piece, the medium one the center, and the larger bone is the end piece.

the shirt under them. "She" never did find out what happened to the shirt she gave me for Christmas. Unless you like the taste of bleach, you should rinse off the bones after they have attained the whiteness you desire. Several times I have made the call without the bleaching process and the call turns out quite well with the exception of being a little greasy from the oils in the bones. The bleach and boiling takes care of that.

The next step is to clean out the center of the bones, making them hollow. The best tool for this is a small screwdriver. The larger bone is the hardest to clean out, but with a little patience and steady hand, you can do it. It is OK to leave some of the coarse bone structure, as, I think, some of the nooks and crannies add to the tonal qualities of the finished product. It is a good idea to rinse the bones often as you clean them out, as the repeated rinsing helps to take all the bleach taste out of the whitened bones.

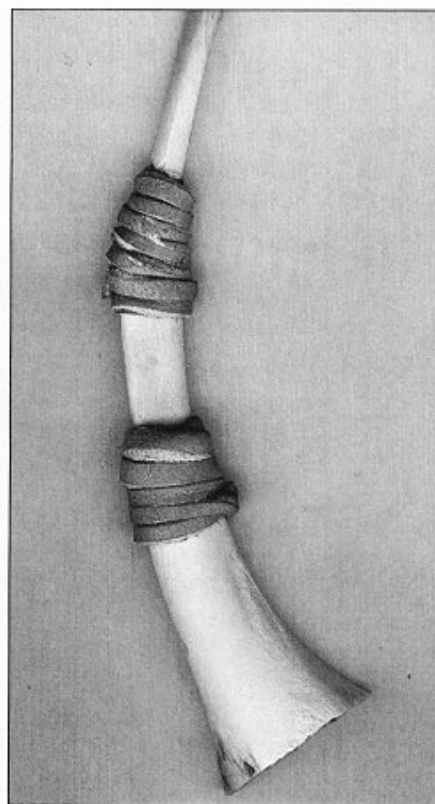
Now we arrive at the fitting stage of the process. Take the assorted bones and fit three of them together. The smaller one is the mouth piece, the medium one the center, and the larger one the end piece. The connecting pieces should fit just inside each other

and form a slight curve. Try to use pieces that fit tightly and produce a gradual widening of the tone chamber (see photos). Once you are satisfied with the way the pieces fit together, it is time to glue them together. Contact cement or barge cement work well here, as does the quicker drying super glue. As always, use care when using super glue, although, it is a good way to keep from misplacing your turkey call. Being a bowyer, I seem to always have something stuck to my fingers, so I keep a bottle of super glue anti-venom handy at all times.

Now that you have the pieces secure, it is time to plug up the holes, so that the tones can escape properly. I prefer to use the contact cement to do this as follows. Take a strip of leather lacing and apply the contact cement to one side of it and wrap the lacing over the joint. Start by tucking the end under the first wrap on the smaller side of the joint then wrap the lacing two or three times around, side by side, tightly up against each other, over the joint and one wrap past the joint.

Make one loose wrap and slide the end back under the last wrap and pull it tight. When the contact cement dries, it will securely hold the pieces together and prevent air loss. As always, a picture is worth a thousand words, so look at the picture of the finished product and you will understand. Yeah, I know. . . if I had just taken a large picture there would have been no need for all these words.

When your buddy comes to visit, hand him the call and ask him to blow a few turkey sounds from your new call. I grin just thinking about it, 'cause most guys will blow themselves blue in the face trying to get a noise from the call, then they will throw it at you. Take the call in hand and place it up against your lips and suck on it. Your lips should be slightly moist. Without the call, it sounds like giving yourself a serious kiss. With the call, the tone chamber turns the mushy sound into sweet turkey music. Yes, it takes practice, but what else do you have to when the cold winds blow



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Arrows From The Sherwood Glen

by Bob Wesley

Indirect Instinctive Aiming, Part IV

"The young archer looked me straight in the eyes and with a ring of sincerity asked, "Mr. Bob, how do you groove in indirect aiming to a point that you do it without thinking about it?"

The question was a good one. I recalled the first time that I met Howard Hill in person. I had practiced with my bow religiously for weeks preparing for this meeting. Howard Hill and his fluid method of shooting the bow had held me in absolute awe for many years. Now, I was actually going to have an opportunity to shoot with him.

"So you've come from Mississippi to shoot with me?"

"Yes sir, and I've come to give you a run for your money. . ."

A smile came upon Howard's face and with a twinkle in his eyes, he said, "Well, we'll have to see about that. . ."

Howard knew even before he saw me draw an arrow that he was going to shoot rings around me. How did he know this?

As I look back, I understand exactly how. He had a method of aiming his arrows built into his over-all shooting which would never let him down. This application of "split vision aiming" or "indirect instinctive aiming," once grooved into one's psyche is always there. It's important to note that I'm not being critical of those who prefer "hand-eye coordinated instinctive shooting." This type of shooting is a lot of fun and certainly has a role in just enjoying traditional archery. If one is, however, determined to make his first shot count a very high percentage of the time—and one is ready to do some concentrated work—then, perhaps he should consider grooving in indirect aiming into his instinctive shooting.

Correct shooting form which leads to consistent shooting patterns must precede a program to develop indirect aiming into one's instinctive shooting. Correct alignment is essential; proper bow-hand placement (the large knuckle at the base of the thumb is almost in the center of the handle), the slightly bent and rotated bow-arm elbow, the low and back bow shoulder, the anchor placement with checkpoints on the face placing the nock of the drawn arrow directly under the dominant eye, the string drawing arm in line with the drawn arrow, and the back muscles carrying most of the load. The anchor must be definite which eliminates "snap shooting." I like an anchor of at least one second. Correct form and shot execution become evident when arrows begin to group consistently.

"Grooving in" indirect instinctive aiming can be achieved using several methods. The one I favor involves "psychological imprinting," a technique used in several disciplines. Here one uses two actual objects; one object to represent the primary aim focus and the other to represent the secondary aim focus (the one that the peripheral or secondary vision places the point of the drawn arrow on).

I use a four-inch bright colored Styrofoam ball for the primary aim point and a ten inch balloon for the secondary. For most archers, these objects are about 2.5 feet apart from 15 yards. As the archer progresses, the balloon is blown up smaller and smaller and the target distance is increased. The time required for individuals to begin establishing this method varies from person to person. One archer will find that he has to hold three feet below his primary aim point from 25 yards, whereas another has to hold 3.5 feet below. The primary factor determining this variation is the distance between the dominant aiming eye of the archer and the exact point of anchor on the face. Once the archer has the "feel" for this he can eliminate the secondary aim object and replace it with an "instinctive" one.

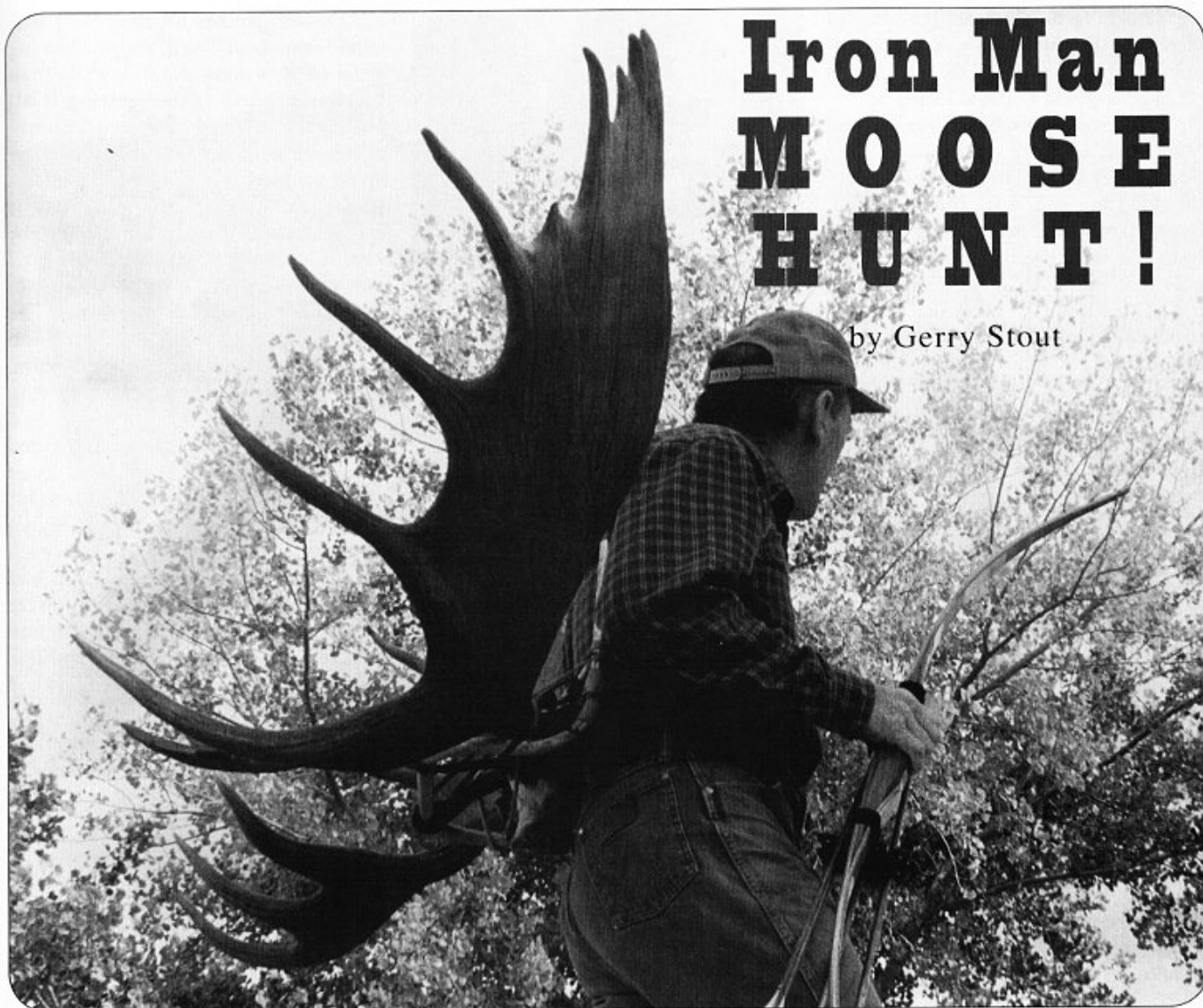
This process requires a bit of work and patience but the rewards are immeasurable. The archer must not let his vision bounce back and forth between objects but rather train himself to "pick up" the secondary aim point with his peripheral vision. This process requires a bit of time and cannot be rushed.

In the end, correct shooting form and indirect instinctive aiming must blend together becoming grooved in or established within the archer's muscle memory so that shot execution takes place without conscious thought. This method of aiming comes into its own at distances greater than 15 or 20 yards.

Once the archer has grooved in indirect instinctive aiming and is using it without consciously thinking about it he can then apply certain fundamentals of judgment to his shooting. Knowing the relative sizes of animals being hunted in the field or in 3-D competition becomes significant. An average white-tail deer measures from 24 to 28 inches from ground level to the center of the ten ring or center of the chest. An average black bear or boar measures approximately 19 inches, and a javelina measures 14 inches. If the archer's secondary aim point is located 2.5 feet below his primary aim point, then he will place the point of his arrow on the ground several feet in front of the foot line of a deer using peripheral vision and carrying this out smoothly without consciously thinking about it.

In our next article we will suggest techniques for conducting a pleasurable perfect practice round. Practice does not generally make perfect. Only perfect practice makes perfect. A practice session must be planned, structured, and carried out on a regular basis in order to build correct shooting techniques into the archer's muscle memory. Until we meet again I send you my best shot arrow from the shady glens of Sherwood.





Iron Man MOOSE HUNT!

by Gerry Stout

Alaska is a big, wild place. When you realize that it dwarfs the huge state of Texas, you know that you are talking about a state that is big!

Myself, I really don't care for Alaska. I've been there several times and it just doesn't appeal to me. Sure, it's pretty in a few places, but I can show you places in Idaho, Oregon, and Montana that have it over Alaska, hands down. "To each his own" I guess.

But there is a class of people up there that I want to tell you about. Many events there are so challenging that they include the phrase "Iron Man," in their names, such as snowmobile races, dog races, etc. Judging by the way Alaskans hunt, their hunting adventures would fit into this "Iron Man" class as well.

This story all started a couple of years ago when my oldest son, B.J. (the "B" stands for "really big") who lives in Anchorage, started trying to buy a big jet boat. One day my phone rang and B.J. said, "Dad, be here September 1999, I am talking you on the moose hunt you have talked about as long as I can remember."

He had just bought a 22-foot jet boat with a 454 Chevy engine and all the goodies you can put in or on one. The date for the moose hunt was set and my mind ran away with me for about ten months until blast-off time. The first thing I did was get my airline ticket right then to save a lot of money.

When spring came and the snow finally melted around the house, I started shooting. I tried to imagine shooting a bull moose with every arrow I shot all summer. I even made me a big moose target from cardboard to get my mind set on the size of these huge animals. I also went to several 3-D shoots to get all the practice I could.

Everyone told me to make the target seven feet high at the shoulders, so I did. I put it up and took a couple of shots, when my wife came out she took one look at it and started to laugh. She said there is no way a bull can be that tall and I agreed with her so I cut it down to six feet and tried to wear it out during the last part of summer before blast off.

I left home on September 4th and when I got to B.J.'s we finished getting ready and visiting family. Sure, we

were ready to hit the road, but after all there is a daughter-in-law and a pair of granddaughters to visit, the oldest was off to college and I missed seeing her.

Like a gunshot starting the Iron Man itself, we were off. It was 4 a.m., September 8th. The hunting party included my son B.J., Todd Graham, Lynn Harris, and myself. We had two boats, the other one belongs to Lynn, it's a 24 foot with a 460 Ford engine. For a trip of this length, it takes one boat per two men to carry the load. We pulled the boat trailers 550 miles northwest and put in on the Yukon River at the pipeline haul-road bridge. This haul road is 460 miles of gravel. It dead ends at Prudhoe Bay. Thank God we only had to travel over 125 miles on the gravel.

We started down river at 8 p.m. and ran for about an hour, made beds in the boats on top of all the gear and went to sleep. September 9th we hit the river at first light and then stopped at the Indian village of Tanana for gas (\$2.25 per gallon). On and on we went and the next gas stop was at Galena, price \$2.65 per gallon. This time we had to fill every barrel and container we had because we needed enough gas to get to camp, do all our running around, and then get back to Galena, on our way home. The gas bill was \$822 and the other boat was about the same. We left there with 360 gallons on board of our boat. Now that's over a ton of gas alone, besides wall tent, stove, groceries, camp gear, and everything else.

We ran all day and spent another night in the boats. The next day we were up at first light and gone, this day "should" put us to camp on some no-name creek, and finally a real bed to sleep in. "Yeah, right."

That afternoon as the GPS in the boat read 462 miles from the bridge and starting point, we broke down in no man's land. Well, I shouldn't say that because the native Indians still live there. We had lost the bearing on the drive-line shaft between the engine and pump. Now, this doesn't look good to an old guy from the lower 48 with sagebrush all over him. I can't see a way out of this one.

Well, to the "Iron Men" it didn't seem to be a big deal. B.J. said "We'll pull the engine and fix it." I said there was no way we could do that out



Broke down—462 miles from the road!

here without a shop, hoist, etc. His reply was, "I don't believe you said that, all my life you wouldn't even let me say the word 'can't!'" Out here we have no choice, we will fix it, O.K.?"

There was one other option—every two or three weeks a tugboat and barge go up the river and will stop and tow you back to a road and bridge where you could pick your boat up. You would pay big time for this, it happened to one boat this year and his bill was \$1,900.

Todd knew of a camp of guys from Anchorage not too many miles from us, so he and Lynn went for some help or something. B. J. and I slept in the boat again and waited and waited. The next afternoon they returned with some good news. There was a group of guys from Anchorage about ten miles down river from us and one of them had the shaft & parts we needed. Come to find out the same thing had happened to him the year before so he brought the parts with him. We got word to them and then went to "work."

First we had to unload the boat so we could turn it around and get it up on the bank high and dry all but the very front because when you pull the pump and shaft it leaves a very large hole in the hull of the boat would take on water and sink.

Remember all that gas I was telling you about? Well, the smallest jug weighed 96 pounds, and they go up from there in a hurry. After getting it all unloaded we used two small come-alongs and logs and pulled the boat way up on the bank. I ran those come-alongs all day until I was worn out. That boat is big and heavy! We use them here in the west to stretch wire fence and I'll bet I ran those darn things long enough to fence a vast ranch all in one day. The other guys put on rubber boots and worked in the mud and river with poles, etc., getting logs under the boat for it to slide on.


We finally got it up and started pulling the engine. We had it all loose but didn't have enough manpower to lift it out when we heard the roar of big jet boats. Three boats with two guys in each one came 'round the bend. Help had arrived! Three or four of these guys were big, raw-boned beard-faced Alaskan iron men. We cut a long green pole and fastened it across the top of the engine and

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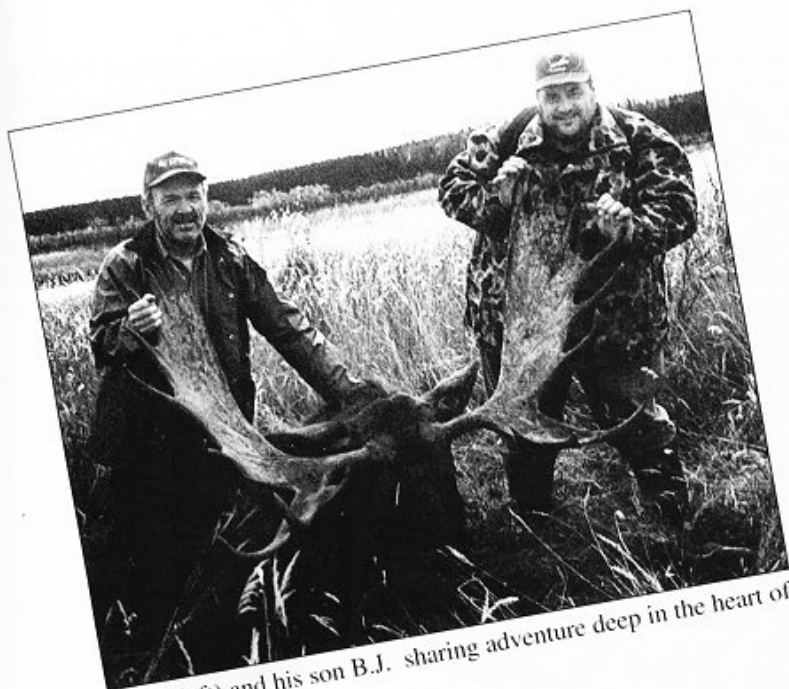
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Jerry (left) and his son B.J. sharing adventure deep in the heart of Alaska.

with three guys under each end of the pole and a couple in the boat, and we picked it up and sat it out of the way. By the end of a long day, we had the boat fixed and running again.

Oh, have I mentioned the bugs? Alaska has bugs like no one can explain. While we were trying to work we were getting eaten alive by gnats, no see-ums, white socks, and yes, even a few mosquitoes. We had to use duct tape at times on the hip waders and to tape our shirt sleeves tight to help keep them out of our clothes. They will get in your ears, nose, and mouth, and they drive you nuts!

We finally got to our camp site and made part of our camp and got to bed in a tent and cot at 1 a.m. The next couple of days were spent setting up camp, preparing meat poles, etc.

Finally, after so many days of travelling, fixing the boat, and setting up camp deep in the heart of Alaska, we started hunting and having a little fun.

Todd called a real nice bull in for me but all I could see was horns, due to the thick brush. As the bull got away and went to the river Lynn shot twice at him but missed. We had a lot of fun kidding him with lines like "How could you miss a target seven feet tall with a rifle and scope?"

A couple days later Todd and I were located another bull, but he would-

n't come in to us. About that time we heard a cow call and Todd said that he probably wouldn't come in to our calling because he had cows with him. We started towards him and soon found him with three cows.

They had just left the heavy brush and were feeding out in a huge open area. The bull was still close to the brush, only about ten yards out in the open. Just about then he laid down looking away from us at about 50 yards. The grass was three or four feet tall, and all I could see was his head and those horns from the back side. I am telling you, that rack looked six feet wide!

I got on my hands and knees and started toward him, Todd stayed put. I got to about 30-35 yards and motioned for Todd to come up and he did. Then the bull got up and turned to face us. He was looking straight down at me. Damn, I should have left that target at seven feet tall! I told Todd I needed to get closer, and he said "I don't think I'd get much closer!"

All I could see between me and that bull was grass, damn where are all those big rocks like back home anyway! (Read "Big Rocks and Mule Bucks," in Instinctive Archer, summer 1999.)

At about 25 yards the bull started raising his head and tipping his horns just like a rodeo bull does just before he freight trains you. I told myself that maybe this was close enough! I looked around and motioned for Todd to move up and he just shook

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No-Name Creek, Alaska, 1999.

his head no. He was carrying a .300 Weatherby and I thought it might be kind of nice to have him real close.

Now, you have to think about this one! I am looking up—way up—at a 60-inch bull moose out in the open grass with nothing behind his head and horns except blue sky, and I am thinking “Hell, he’s not six feet wide, he’s seven!” I am on my knees with longbow canted and down as low as I can get it.

About then he turned and started walking towards his cows. Whoops, he just made a big mistake! In one quick motion I hit full draw and the arrow was gone. I had changed my

fletching this year to white and red and could see the arrow perfect all the way. It found that spot. The bull died about 50 yards from there and I was one really happy camper, bugs or no bugs. Being owner and bowyer of Juniper Mountain Longbows, I was shooting one of my own bows. It’s a dandy bow, 58 pounds, and it’s name is “Old Trusty II.” I love it!

We only had to pack the bull about 250 yards to the boat, but that Alaska ground is a killer. The next few days were spent getting two more bulls for the other guys.

B.J. shoots a .270 and he got a 54” bull. Todd got one a little smaller with his .300 while Lynn didn’t get another chance. In a day or two we started breaking camp and the real work started. Due to lack of rain, the water level on the river had gone down a long way. Our camp and meat poles were now a long ways from the boat, and there was a foot or more of mud everywhere we looked.

Remember, all that gas I was telling you about? It all had to be moved down river about 80 yards where we could build a walking path out of small logs and spruce limbs to get it to the boat.

The entire camp was now about 125 yards away from the river’s edge, and had to be carried to the boat—and don’t forget the moose meat! So, a lot of trips and hours later we were about to head home.

Now, I want to tell you that these Alaskan “Iron Man” moose hunters ranged from 37 to 49 years of age. I’m 63 years old and have survived a heart attack and a five-way bypass (read, Chief Weak Heart, *Instinctive Archer*, Spring 1998). I gave it my best and tried for all I was worth to hold up my end with all the work, but it was really hard.

Three days and more gas stops later we made it home. The boat’s GPS tracked our entire trip, and without including the 1,100 miles of driving to get to and from our put-in spot on the river, we had travelled a total of 1,180 miles in the jet boats. That’s a long way to ride in a jet boat even if it does have air ride seats!

That’s just the way they do things in Alaska. These are the same kind of guys who race snow machines or dog teams through the frozen wilderness for days on end, and when they go on the frozen Yukon River they turn the throttle wide open and hang on. I asked Todd if he ever hit any of those ice ridges on the river and he just said “Yes.” I asked him what he does then and he replied “I just told you, I hang on!”

Oh, by the way, don’t go to the bars and drink with these Alaskan Iron Men either, because the bars stay open until 5 a.m. That’s just they way they do things in Alaska!



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RUSSIAN SNOW BOARS

By Doug Chase

The heavy, wet snow was being driven sideways by the 30 to 40 mile an hour winds as I limped and stumbled my way quickly down the slick, grassy slope. The Russian Boar had picked up his pace, and seemed intent on reaching the cover of the overhanging oak foliage just 30 yards down the slope from my starting position. He had first been spotted just minutes earlier, nosing around under a live-oak tree at the bottom of the slope. If I could just make it to the edge of the trees, I would have a great spot for an ambush. I reached my destination, just inside some willows, as the boar appeared, still headed in my direction. I turned and pulled an arrow from the quiver and managed to guide it to the string and on the arrow shelf, in spite of my nearly numb fingers. My wool gloves were thoroughly soaked, but still provided some much-needed warmth. Turning to face the boar exposed my face to the full force of the horizontal snowstorm, and my eyes were watering as I tried to focus on the task at hand.

The pounding of my excited heart must have sent some warm blood shooting through my system, because I suddenly felt warm, and focused. The boar was still wandering in my direction, and now was only about 25 yards away. This is great, all I have to do now is wait. Just then, as happens so often, the boar made a course correction and was now headed off to my left, and slightly up the hill. I had promised myself to only take an absolutely perfect and very close shot on a tough Russian Boar, and I wasn't about to lower my standards in this situation.

The boar was moving across the hill, now directly above me, when he abruptly stopped, his long snout shot up, made a couple wiggles, and off he went, straight away from me as fast as his short, stocky legs could carry him. I jammed the arrow back in the quiver and took off after him as fast as my gimpy leg could carry me. I knew better than to try to run after spooked game, but I couldn't help myself, hoping he would stop once he got out of sight just over the crest of the hill. Of course, he was no where in sight when I stumbled to the top.

I worked my way gingerly back down the slope and over to where Jace was waiting with my pack. According to Jace, the boar took off when the wind swirled momentarily and sent a snout full of man scent drifting down the hill. The boar wasted no time in using his fantastic sense of smell to figure out he shouldn't loiter in the area. Apparently, even waterlogged hunters still stink.

This hunt was taking place in northern California, not far from the Pacific Ocean. My hunting buddy, Rik Hinton, had been obsessed with boar hunting for quite some time now, and through his extensive research, found a private ranch that had big boars. Numerous phone calls, e-mails, and letters back and forth with the ranch owners led to this great adventure.

The planning was complete. Piles of gear were reduced to large but manageable bundles as we readied for the trip. The Pacific storms continued to pound the California coast and just prior to our departure day we learned that the

Sacramento airport was either under water or expected to be that way soon. The main highways leading north from there were also closed from mudslides and washouts. Plan B called for a quick change to our airline reservations, and of course, the extra charges that accompanies ticket changes. We were now booked to fly into San Francisco.

The long awaited day finally arrived and off we went. The initial leg of the journey took us to Reno, and a short layover, and finally on to San Fran. All our mountains of gear arrived as planned and our rental car was even ready for the adventure. I didn't think the Oldsmobile Cutlass was designed as a safari car, but was just barely big enough for the two of us and all our gear, none the less. The trip through San Francisco during evening rush hour was quite an event. Quick lane changes at the last minute and a couple of trips around the block as we blazed our way, and we were finally out of town and rushing toward pig country. Of course, it was raining. A couple of stops along the way in search of non-resident hunting licenses proved fruitless. We were running out of options. Looks like we might have to spend the night in town and pick up the necessary paperwork in the morning. We managed to convince the owner to open back up for us just minutes after he had closed and locked the doors for the night at the last convenience store in the last little town along the way. A few minutes later two excited bowhunters were once again on the road.

The clock hanging on the wall just inches from the toothy boar sounded all twelve chimes as we stood in awe at the size of the teeth protruding from the boar mount. "We've got more just like him. You've just got to find them," was the comment from Red Hawk, the owner and our guide for the great Russian Boar adventure. We quickly transferred our gear from the car to Red Hawk's pickup, and an hour later were pulling into hunting camp, high above the Eel River. The time was closer to three than two by the time we had assembled our bows and readied for the hunt. Red Hawk had hosted a few bowhunters before, but never anyone with the simple sticks and strings like our longbows. You could still see the doubt in his eyes as he examined our equipment. Stories of downing huge Alaskan moose and mighty elk with our

simple equipment did little to reassure his concerns.

His story of the most recent rifle hunt on the ranch had us wondering a little ourselves. Two high-speed bullets from a .30-06 rifle had failed to penetrate the tough shield surrounding the vital area on a big boar. A shot through the ear was required to end the hunt. Needless to say, the night was short.

The rain had stopped and visibility was quite good under a low overcast sky, but our spirits were full of sunshine. This day was intended as a get-acquainted day. Red Hawk had planned to show us around the ranch and let us get oriented before cutting us loose. We began the day high on a ridge overlooking the entire ranch. What a beautiful place! Anticipation was high as we walked the ridge, examining tracks and droppings and acres upon acres of rooted-up grassy slopes.

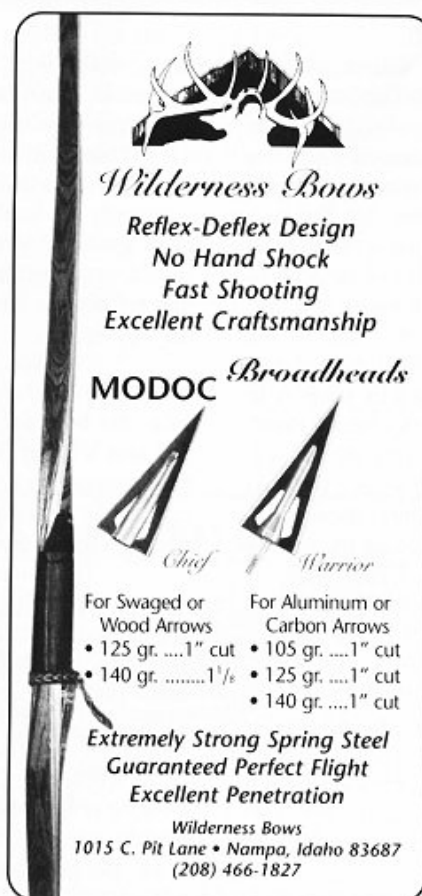
El Nino rains had inundated the northern California coast for weeks, and water was standing everywhere. I've never seen water standing on a 20-degree slope before, even in Alaska, but there it was. We were making our way across a

steep slope when my feet began sliding down the hill. My left foot managed to find a good grip but the rest of me kept sliding, and just as I was nearing a full leg split I managed to come to a halt, but not before I felt a pop on the inside of my left knee. I gathered myself back together and continued on, but I knew something was seriously wrong with my knee. Each step was tentative and painful, as I tried to work through the discomfort, hoping it would warm up, stretch out and function normally. Not to be. A doctor's examination later back in Boise would reveal a 2nd degree tear of the medial collateral ligament. I didn't tell my companions of the severity of my injury as I continued to hope it would go away.

They must have wondered, though, as I got quiet and kept falling behind the pace. The sight of three large pigs out feeding across the valley helped lift my spirits, but the pain and tightness would not go away. Crossing the raging stream on slippery logs and rocks proved incredibly difficult. I could normally scamper across such an obstacle without hardly a glance.

We only saw those three pigs that first day, but managed to scout our way to the far end of the ranch, and discover more pig sign than I thought imaginable. The grove of rub trees was most interesting. It looked like the pigs had used those trees as scratching posts for decades. The thought that any second now we would round a bend and run into a group of pigs kept me going. Constant, intermittent rain showers kept us busy changing in and out of our rain gear. Those efforts proved to be most difficult with my injured knee. Darkness was settling in over the lush green hills and we were about a mile from camp and I was about worn out. My leg was lodging a serious protest. I finally confessed to my injury. Red Hawk graciously traded packs with me, which lightened my load considerably.

The old ranch house had an equally old refrigerator, but the ice cube trays were empty. I needed ice on my knee, and improvisation was in order. An ice cold can of beer wrapped to the side of my leg was the best I could do. Numerous aspirin tablets washed down with liberal amounts of beer, and the knee was feeling a little better. Sleeping was another story. Every movement



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brought intense pain. I finally discovered that a pillow between my knees served as a cushion against bumps and provided some support.

The following morning proved interesting. Nothing was going to prevent me from continuing on with the hunt. Just getting dressed caused a lot of wincing as well as a thorough sweat from the exertion of putting on long johns, pants, socks, and boots combined with a very straight and sore knee. Off we went. The going was slow, but my knee continued to limber up with each gimping step. I spent the day not far from main trails as Rik and Red Hawk explored the country down toward the river. I longed to be with them, but my knee wouldn't allow it. We both saw the same number of pigs though. The day ended on a high note as we spotted a group of 13 pigs feeding high up on the hillside just before dark. We'll be back tomorrow!

Jace, who is Red Hawk's brother-in-law, showed up as we were scoping out the group of feeding pigs. He came up to join the search for pigs for a couple days. The next morning we jumped on the two 4-wheelers and rode five or six miles on an old logging road to the north east corner of the ranch to begin the days hunt. The wind was out of the West at about 15 knots and the low clouds looked like they were full of precipitation.

Rik and Red Hawk split off and headed south west and Jace and I went in a more westerly direction. We had planned to meet up after two or three hours, and discuss a game plan. My knee was feeling much better today, but was still very stiff and required careful going. The clouds were indeed filled with water, which needed to be shed before drifting up and over the mountain range. The resulting rain soon turned into sleet and then into a driving snow storm. Rik and I were wearing our poly-pro long underwear and polar fleece pants and jackets, as well as full rain suits. Jace and Red Hawk had on only Levi jeans, light shirts and Levi jackets. Needless to say, they were getting drenched and cold.

Rik and Red Hawk had discovered some bedded pigs, and Red Hawk nearly froze solid while he watched Rik make a stalk, before deciding the pigs



The piglets were about the size of a coffee cup, but full of energy. They were playing king of the hill, using their mom as the hill.

consisted of only a sow with piglets and giving up the chase. Jace and I ended up in the situation described at the beginning of the story. I gimped back over to Jace for a short conference. The snowstorm was still raging, and we were both wet and cold. Time to hunt our way back to camp. No more prey were seen on the trip back to the ranch house. Rik and Red Hawk were there when we arrived and a roaring fire was stoked in the fireplace. Wet hunting clothes were soon hanging from every rafter and draped on chairs surrounding the heat source. The storm lasted all day, and we spent the time catching a few cat naps and preparing for our remaining days.

The Monday morning dawn found us slowly working our way along the myriad of cow and game trails that crisscrossed the property. I was out in front and spotted a large group of pigs bedded under a couple of very large live-oak trees. I motioned for Rik to circle around above the pigs as I inched my way closer. The pigs had made quite a pile, as they all fought for a spot in the middle, and the warmest location. They were constantly jockeying for position. I was about 20 yards away when a couple of medium sized porkers got up to stretch. Soon the entire group was up and feeding off to my left. They must have sensed my presence, because they lined out in single file and headed west, stopping every couple hundred yards to feed momentarily. I used those opportunities to gain precious ground, but finally decided my only chance was to make an end run and try to get ahead of the herd. I dropped down below the trail and slipped and slid as fast as my leg would allow. I circled back up to the trail after about 400 yards, only to discover the trail covered with smoking hot tracks from the recently passed

herd. The group had also turned and headed downhill, and were no where in sight.

I headed back to where I had first spotted the pigs and parted company with my companions. Rik and I decided to head up the main draw, toward where we had seen the large group of pigs feeding a couple of nights before, and where Rik and Red Hawk had seen the pigs yesterday. We split up when the draw made a split, but not before spotting a group of at least 30 pigs, bedded near some rotting logs. The swirling wind gave us away to the group of mostly 40-pound juvenile porkers. The going was slow, as we carefully checked under every rock, overhanging tree, and rotting log. My efforts led to an amazing discovery. Near the bottom of a large ravine and dwarfed by three large, overhanging live oak trees, nestled a house-sized boulder, or, more accurately, a group of boulders. A perfect bedroom for a group of pigs. Deeply rooted beds were scattered everywhere. Pig droppings, hair, and tracks littered the ground. The musky smell of wild pigs was thick. They had been here often and recently. I spent considerable time just marveling at the place. A hunter could walk by, just yards from this find, without realizing it's importance, it was hidden so well.

I continued on with the search, heading further up the draw. The snow line was soon reached, and fresh tracks revealed. I followed, carefully glassing ahead. The tracks wandered. Feeding. Rooting for worms and grubs. Nipping at clumps of grass. Doing what pigs do. I eventually found myself on a bluff, overlooking the deep draw. Time to stop and glass. The second sweep of the Zeiss 10 by 40s revealed a pig.

The blood was quickly rushing through my body, pumped by a wildly beating heart. A quick check of the wind and I was working down the slope and up the opposite side, keeping the steady breeze in my face. As I neared the crest of the rise, I stopped to nock an arrow and calm myself. Three more cautious steps and I was a mere eight yards from the sleeping pig. What a set-up! The pig's head was engulfed fully in a pile of oak leaves. This couldn't be better! I eased my bow into position and was nearing full draw when it happened. A

tiny brown head suddenly appeared from behind the sleeping sow, followed closely by two identical brown heads and a smaller black baby-pig head. The bowstring was quickly returned to its resting position, and the arrow returned to the quiver. I just stood and watched for a few moments, before realizing the photo opportunity at hand. I quickly returned to my pack and fished out my camera. I was stalking the pigs a second time, as I glanced up to where I had noticed movement high on the ridge. Rik was coming into view, and had spotted me making the stalk. A few minutes later, and Rik was at my side as we snapped photo after photo.

The sow had buried her head in the pile of leaves for a very obvious reason. To get some much needed rest from her ever-playful offspring. The piglets were as cute as anything I have ever seen in the wild, and were no more than a few days old. They were about the size of a coffee cup, but full of energy. They were playing king of the hill, and using their mom as the hill. They were wrestling, pushing, shoving, and biting as they raced around and on top of poor momma pig. They even discovered a natural slide, as they climbed to the top and slid down the front. Not just once, but over and over. Rik and I could hardly contain our laughter as we recorded the events on film. Oh, for a video camera at this moment! A couple rolls of photos later, and we were on our way, but not before noticing the twin sets of coyote tracks that wandered by within just a few yards of the family group. Easy pickings for a crafty canine. We wondered why there was no evidence of a snatch and run. We concluded that even a hungry coyote must respect the maternal instincts of a mother wild pig.

The remainder of the morning and most of the afternoon were largely uneventful, with numerous blacktail deer sightings and lots of pig sign, but no pigs. I had just put my rain gear on for about the tenth time that day when I heard a four-wheeler headed up the ridge. Wonder what this was all about? The machine stopped and I heard whistling, so thought I'd better investigate. It was Red Hawk and was he excited! He and Jace had spent the day on a far ridge, and had just spotted a

very large boar feeding on the slopes below. They had also seen me across the valley, wandering through the trees, looking for pigs. Red Hawk had literally raced around the top end of the valley and up to my last position at break-neck speed. He was nearly speechless with excitement as he related their discovery. We coasted back down the hill on the 4-wheeler, trying to be as quiet as possible, before beginning a stalk.

Jace had remained across the valley, to keep track of the feeding boar, and provide hand signal directions as necessary. Jace was wearing a pair of white gloves, which made the signals clearly visible as we traded signals. Red Hawk and I quickly moved down the hill, and I noticed an unusual nervousness from Red Hawk as we went. We were unable to see the feeding pig, but knew we were getting close. We needed to cross a shallow but steep ravine and climb a rain-slickened slope in order to peek over into a large, sloping meadow. I glanced around to see where Red Hawk was, just in time to see him climb onto a tall rock outcrop, about a hundred yards to my left, clutching his rifle. He would later admit that he didn't want to spoil the stalk, but more importantly, didn't want to share in the attack, if I shot and only managed to infuriate the toothy boar.

I peeked over the top, and spotted the boar out in the meadow, about 50 yards away. He was wandering aimlessly, rooting under rocks and old cow pies and munching on tufts of grass along the way. He appeared to be headed for the slope off to my right and I thought about moving to that location, but chose to wait patiently, to see what happened. I was perched atop a six-foot-wide natural berm, which was about ten feet higher than the surrounding meadow. There was also a trail that crossed the berm, about five yards to my left.

No wonder Red Hawk was so excited. This was a truly big pig. His tusks protruded from his upper lips what looked like at least 4 inches. I noticed his right upper tusk was broken off at about 2 inches, which allowed his lower whet tusk to grow to enormous size. His right ear was also flopping at the side of his head, in tatters. This guy was a fighter!

I was growing more excited with each step as the boar got closer. I

contemplated a shot at 15 yards, when the boar turned broadside, but quickly let down when he turned in my direction. He was walking right into my lap! The trail just to my left was drawing him closer. I came to full draw as he reached the bottom of the slope and focused on a spot behind his left front leg as he turned broadside on the trail below. The next thing I knew, the yellow fletching from my arrow was protruding from that spot. The boar let out a loud roar, spun in two circles, and ran out about 20 yards, and spun around again. My second arrow was on its way but missed just left in all the excitement. The pig raced up and over the hill, disappearing from sight about 50 yards away. Just then I heard Jace screaming at the top of his lungs high atop the far ridge. He was at least a half mile away, dancing around on the hill, screaming loudly. Red Hawk was still perched on top of the rock pile, and approached cautiously as I waved him over.

I related my story and suggested we follow the blood trail, as I descended the trail to the spot of the hit. Red Hawk reluctantly followed. I retrieved my second arrow and was approaching the crest of the hill, following a very liberal blood trail, when Red Hawk suggested we wait for a while, maybe even over night for the pig to expire. I pointed to the blood trail, and related the excellent location of the hit as I stepped to the top, excitedly pointing to the dead pig about 30 yards distant. Red Hawk was still tentative as I approached the downed boar. The blood evidence indicated that the pig had just cleared the crest of the hill when he went down, breaking the fletching end of the shaft, which was stuck in the grassy slope. He rolled on down to his final resting place.

We quickly examined the large boar before climbing back up to the four-wheeler to retrieve our packs and cameras. Just as we reached the machine, Jace came careening around the corner and slid sideways to a stop, leaping to the ground with an excited story of watching the whole episode unfold through the eyepiece of this spotting scope. He said it was one of the most exciting things he's ever seen. I'd have to agree. We worked our way back down to the pig and were taking photos

when Rik wandered around the corner. He was quite excited to see my success. He had passed up several shots during the day, settling for shots with his camera instead of his longbow. Rik was holding out for a big one.

We finished with photos, but not until I had tweaked my knee by trying to kneel for a photo. The pig was dressed and loaded on one of the mechanical mules, and we were soon back at the ranch hoisting the pig on a block and tackle for the night. We were an excited bunch.

Jace had to leave for work the next day and I was left to skin and butcher the pig as Red Hawk and Rik spent our final day in search of a twin to my pig. Red Hawk, who has guided for hundreds of pig hunters, estimated the live weight of my pig at 280 pounds. The skinning process went quite slowly, due to the difficulty of skinning past the protective shield. I know why Red Hawk was so skeptical of our equipment, when I discovered that my arrow had to penetrate a wall of solid cartilage nearly an

inch and a half thick, in order to enter the chest cavity. I reconfirmed my strong belief in the penetrating qualities of single blade broadheads. My arrow had gone through the thick shield on entry, out the opposite side behind the right front leg. Only the seven inches of my arrow containing the fletching was sticking out the entry hole. My longbow was only shooting at 58 pounds. I also confirmed the fact that the boar was a fighter, as I counted 18 puncture wounds in the cape, none of which penetrated the

tough shield. These pigs wouldn't live long without their shield. They would end up killing each other in their frequent fights.

I had tried to hurry through the process, as I wanted to quickly hike over to the creek and through the area where we had walked through Indian camp sites on the first day of the hunt. Obsidian chips were scattered everywhere, as were several grinding rocks and other evidence of numerous Indian camps. I was just finishing up butchering the boar in mid-afternoon when Rik and Red Hawk came rolling into camp, sporting wide grins and an equally large pig tied to the front of the 4 wheeler. An excited story would reveal that Rik had located a "pig pile" and had stalked to within just a few feet, before backing off and approaching at a better angle before sending a sharp broadhead through the largest pig in the group. Unsure of what had taken place, the pig had jumped up and run just a few yards, before stiffly walking back and tipping over at Rik's feet. His pig was at least as large as mine. Our hunt had been a huge success, and resulted in two very happy longbow hunters and a couple of rifle hunters with a great respect for the lethality of a simple stick and string.

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Rik finally got his chance on the last afternoon of the last day with a three-yard shot at the largest of a group of soundly sleeping pigs. What he thought was a large boar (its head was hidden in the pig pile) turned out to be a large sow. Tasty, but he would have to return again to fulfill his ongoing quest for a huge tusker.

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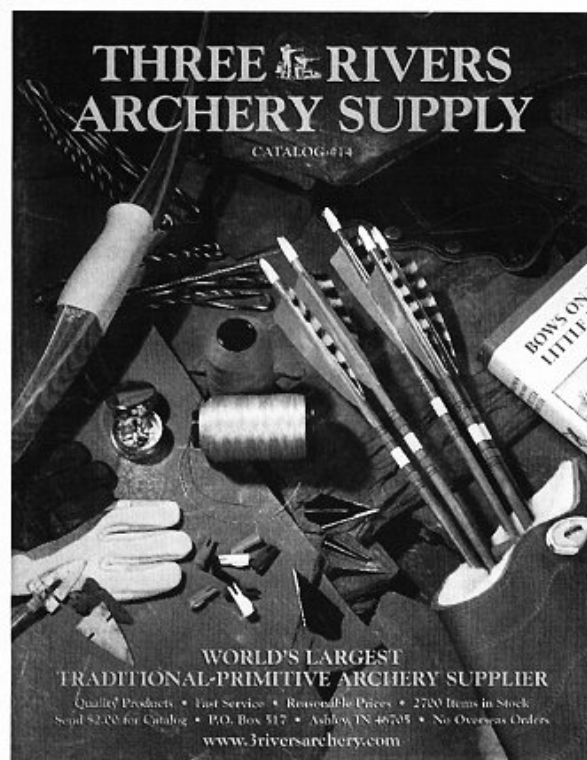
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KEEP IT SIMPLE TRADITIONAL ARCHERY—Phone Number Correction. In the Winter 1999 issue we printed the incorrect phone number for **Keep it Simple Traditional Archery**. The correct number is (662)-846-6698.

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*With
Bob Martin*

The Great Outdoors contain all the necessary ingredients, mysteries, and circumstance for adventure, save one. I have always found the prime ingredient to my most memorable trips afield to be the company of good-natured fellows and eccentric friends; without whom my trips into wood and stream are as lacking as a meal without salt. To be sure I exhilarate to the breathtaking beauty and awe the silent splendor of stalking alone the object of my intentions. However, sharing my camp with stalwart companions adds geometrically to the experience beyond the sum total of it's parts.

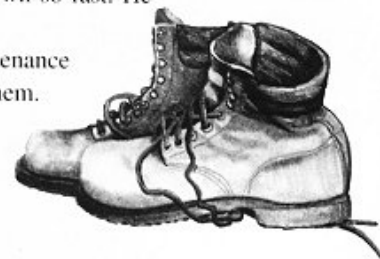
No trip is so memorable without the antics of my cohorts, who though seemingly a bit "off-center," are no more so than the average fellow. Setting up camp can be a chore but when interjected with the howls of my friend Darrell who suddenly discovers a rope caught around one of his legs and mistakes it for a snake, as it coils and bends in the flickering of the lantern light, excitement fills the air! Darrell quickly deducts the "snake" is about to put an end to his days and goes into an award-winning original interpretation of "River Dance." This results in such a contagious hysteria and aching laugh muscles that I have to beg him to stop as tears roll down my face. Darrell doesn't like snakes.

One hot summer day Darrell and I had hiked many miles and found a comfortable spot to rest our weary feet and reconnoiter our surroundings. Sitting there, we passed our time in casual conversation as we relaxed without care or burden. Not long after reaching a blissful state of relaxation and soaking in the calm serenity of our vantage point, I noticed something moving on the ground between us. Calmly (knowing what was about to happen), I advised my friend that perhaps he should move as I pointed to the twisting and writhing of the last few inches of a small rattle snake that was protruding out from under that part of his anatomy designed for sitting. The look of horror that washed across my friend's face was only surpassed by what was officially determined to be a new world record for the high jump from the sitting position. A feat of no ordinary effort and the highlight of our day. Darrell doesn't like snakes.

Lon is one of my compadres who always has a sense of humor. One day Lon and Darrell were fishing. Lon was carrying his black-powder revolver (in case of snakes). Getting bored with fishing, Lon decided to do a little pyrotechnic experimentation. He took a snoose can and filled it with black powder. He then made a trail of black powder with which to light his little fireworks display. Unfortunately 12 inches of "fuse" was entirely a miscalculation on his part. When the fuse was lit my friend was engulfed in a flash and a large cloud of white smoke. He burned the heck out of his face, instantly removed his eye brows and moved his hair line back a few inches! He wasn't laughing at the time because it hurt! But he loves to laugh about it now and tell about the day he blew himself up! Levity is the ambrosia that sweetens unfortunate circumstances.

Nick's forte is his imagination and quick witted story telling. Conversation soon turns to rambling whoppers that never fail to entertain. A typical Nickism goes like this: "Well I sure can't wait to get out and do some arrow-head hunting, what with this fresh snow on the ground, those big obsidian arrowheads will be sitting ducks! Now that they've lost their protective background camouflage and can't turn white like a ptarmigan, they stick out like sore thumbs!" He goes on to relate how he prefers a good .22 Hornet rifle with double set triggers for arrowhead hunting but concedes that any accurate small bore rifle should do the trick. He says he tried a "clam gun" for a while but darned if he wasn't losing too many, the way they can burrow down so fast. He now prefers the spot and stalk method.

Proverbs 27:17 says "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." I have to agree, hunting camp would be a dull place without them.



The advertisement features a central image of a deer head with large antlers, positioned between two bows. The bow on the left is a full static-tip recurve, and the bow on the right is a reflex-deflex-reflex longbow. The background is dark, and the bows are illuminated, showing their wooden grain. The deer head is also illuminated, showing its brown fur and white throat. The text is arranged around these central images.

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