

3 Rivers Archery
WORLD'S LARGEST TRADITIONAL-PRIMITIVE ARCHERY SUPPLIER

Quality Products • Fast Service • Reasonable Prices • Over 3000 Items in Stock
Send \$2.00 for Catalog • Overseas Orders Welcome
P.O. Box 517 • Ashley, IN 46705
Phone: 219.587.9501 • www.3riversarchery.com

The image displays a variety of traditional hunting and archery equipment. In the upper left, a red logo features a bow and arrow. Below it, the text '3 Rivers Archery' is prominently displayed in a large, red, serif font, followed by 'WORLD'S LARGEST TRADITIONAL-PRIMITIVE ARCHERY SUPPLIER' in a smaller, red, sans-serif font. Further down, a block of text lists services and contact information: 'Quality Products • Fast Service • Reasonable Prices • Over 3000 Items in Stock', 'Send \$2.00 for Catalog • Overseas Orders Welcome', 'P.O. Box 517 • Ashley, IN 46705', and 'Phone: 219.587.9501 • www.3riversarchery.com'. The background is a white, crumpled fabric surface. Scattered across this surface are various items: a longbow with a wooden handle and a dark, curved blade; a shorter bow with a similar design; several arrows with wooden shafts and metal arrowheads; a set of large, light-colored antlers; a dark, wide-brimmed hat; a small, dark, rectangular object; a book titled 'FRED BEAR' with a yellow cover; a framed certificate or license; a knife with a dark handle and a large blade; a feather; a small, dark, rectangular object; a book titled 'FRED BEAR AMERICA'S NO. 1 BOWHUNTER TELLS HIS SECRETS OF HUNTING TO CURT GOWDY AMERICA'S NO. 1 SPORTSCASTER'; a small, dark, rectangular object; and a small, dark, rectangular object.

INSTINCTIVE ARCHER®



Fall 2001

TABLE OF CONTENTS



Page 6



Page 10



Page 21

- | | | |
|----|---|----------------------|
| 6 | Remembering the Farm:
Cape Buffalo and Cottontails | By Mark Siedschlag |
| 10 | International Horse Archery Festival | By Kaye Koppedrayner |
| 14 | Broken Bow Road | By Victor Smith |
| 17 | Ethical Choices | By Red Chavez |
| 18 | First Elk | By Dan Kukes |
| 21 | Belledonna and Hellebore:
The Poisoned Arrow | By Hugh D.H. Soar |
| 25 | Desert Phantoms | By Mike Schlegel |
| 32 | Hunting for Bow Wood and Pictures | By Terry Jamieson |
| 33 | Video Review:
<i>Backpack Hunting for Hogs</i> | By Doug Chase |
| 34 | Newfoundland Dreams | By Damon Allen |
| 42 | Archery Warriors | By Dan David |
| 49 | A Royal Scot Reborn | By Wolfgang Bartl |
| 52 | Books—Confessions of a
Toxophilic Bibliophile | By Bob Krout |
| 55 | A Quiver to Hunt With | By Scott Toll |
| 60 | The Beech Tree Crossing | By George D. Stout |
| 62 | CAMOUFLAGE—Or Not? | By Jerry Stout |

REGULAR FEATURES

- | | | |
|----|--|---------------|
| 4 | From the Old Oak Desk of the Editor | |
| 5 | Letter to the Editor | |
| 24 | Product Spotlight | |
| 30 | Arrows from the Sherwood Glen | By Bob Wesley |
| 65 | Classified Ads | |
| 66 | Side Trails with Robert V. Martin | |



Page 55

INSTINCTIVE ARCHER® MAGAZINE

www.instinctivearcher.com

Editor
Rik Hinton

Assistant Editor/Chief Illustrator
Robert V. Martin

British Editor
Hugh D. Soar

Regular Contributors
Bob Wesley
Ricardo Longoria
Scott Toll
Gary Sentman

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS:
P.O. Box 400,
Horseshoe Bend, ID 83629-0400
(208) 793-3408

U.S. SUBSCRIPTIONS:
One Year: \$16.00
Two Year: \$30.00
(allow two to four weeks for delivery)

**CANADA AND MEXICO
SUBSCRIPTIONS:**
One year: \$22.00 U.S.
(allow two to four weeks for delivery)

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS:
One year: \$30.00 U.S.
(allow two to four weeks for delivery)

CONTRIBUTIONS:
WE WELCOME YOUR MANUSCRIPTS,
POETRY, ARTWORK, PHOTOS, AND SUGGES-
TIONS, however, you must send them with a stamped,
self-addressed envelope (we assume no responsibility
for unsolicited material). Send your contributions to
Instinctive Archer® Magazine Editorial Office, P.O. Box
400, Horseshoe Bend, ID 83629-0400.

Instinctive Archer® Magazine is published quarterly and
provides a forum for many different views and opin-
ions from around the globe, however, the information,
articles, opinions, and advertising on these pages do not
necessarily reflect the opinions of Instinctive Archer®
Magazine. We reserve the right to refuse any adver-
tisement. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to
Instinctive Archer® Magazine, P.O. Box 400, Horseshoe
Bend, ID 83629-0400. Copyright 2001 by Instinctive
Archer® Magazine. All rights reserved.

Instinctive Archer® is a registered trademark.

Printed in the U.S.A.

From the Old Oak Desk of the Editor



The war between Idaho moose and myself began long ago, on the very first morning of my very first bowhunt for elk. Dad, Leroy, and I had just traversed down a steep, timbered slope and moved quietly across a small meadow toward a bugling bull elk, when a wide-racked bull moose moved in from behind. Huge, black as only a shiras can be, and not in a mood to be trifled with, he came right towards us. He was either trying to run us off, or trying to run the bull elk off. He succeeded in doing both. At the time I thought the experience was one of those once-in-a-lifetime moments that you remember forever but never have to worry about again. After all, lightning never strikes the same place twice, right?

Well, to make a long story short, that was just the opening salvo in an ongoing war that the moose have waged on me ever since. If I am in good elk country in Idaho, chances are fair that the moose will find me. Sometimes they pretend to ignore me, sometimes they go the extra mile trying to outdo their reputation as evil-tempered brutes. A guy never knows. . .

There was the time my dad and I were driving along in his Datsun 4X4 down a narrow dirt track on a steep mountainside to get water for camp. The bull moose charged the small truck from 30 yards uphill, hitting top speed just as I saw him out of the corner of my eye and shouted for my dad to **STOP!** The bull hit the road a yard ahead of us as we skidded to an abrupt stop. Head held low, the big-racked bull glared one-eyed at us for a few seconds, then turned and triumphantly walked back up to his ambush site. If Dad had not slammed his foot on the brake, the bull would have hit us broadside and sent the truck right over the edge.

Then there was that frosty morning during elk season in Eastern Idaho when I was simply in the wrong place at the wrong time. At about the 7,000 foot level, I sidehilled around a bald ridge and walked right into a cow moose and her calf. If you know anything about the protective instincts and lethal front hooves of cow moose, you will understand why I was running full speed by the time she took her second quick step toward me.

I could tell you about the bull moose that charged me four times while I was trying to call in a bull elk, but you have probably already read that one. Suffice it to say that I was stupid enough to go back the next day and somehow managed to kill the elk, but I can assure you that I was watching my back trail the entire time.

And so it has been, year after year, season after season, culminating in last year's little adventure. On the second to the last day of my elk hunt, I had packed my camp out to the truck so that I could hunt the entire last day. I woke up that final morning with plans of hunting two bull elk that I had saved for the final day. I was tying my boot laces in the dark two hours before dawn when I heard the steady "Uuhh" Uuhh" Uuhh" of a nearby bull moose, deep in rut. Before my brain could stop me, I had already answered him with two grunts of my own. Here he came! Normally this would not have been a problem, as I would have just slipped quietly away before he approached, but my brain finally kicked in and I realized that I had three llamas tied up near the truck, and the stories I have heard of bull moose and horse camps convinced me that I had no interest in finding out what a bull might do with three llamas. I grabbed my bow and threw my pack on as I ran uphill in the dark and circled behind the approaching bull. I could hear him grunting below me, still walking toward the truck—and the llamas. I let out the sexiest cow moose call ever heard in the Idaho woods, then another, and after a few moments of silence, I could hear him moving up the mountain towards me. Like the Pied Piper, I led him up the mountain and away from the llamas. I lucked out that time, and even managed to kill an elk later that morning. But at the front of my thoughts all day was the Idaho moose tag that I had once again failed to draw.

Throughout the 1980s I had tried over and over again to draw a once-in-a-lifetime moose tag in North Idaho without success. The drawing odds were usually around 50%, but luck was not with me. In the '90s I started trying to draw in Eastern Idaho near the Wyoming border. Year after year the letter would come back from the Fish and Game Department saying "Sorry." The year 2000 was no different. And then, this spring, like a bolt of lightning from a clear blue sky, I read that simple, wonderful word: "**Congratulations!**" I almost couldn't believe my eyes! In my third decade of trying, I had finally drawn an Idaho shiras moose tag.

For 20 years, those black beasts have waged a one-sided war on me, but with one simple word, the tables have finally been turned. No longer will I have to turn the other cheek. No longer will I have to see a huge bull moose in my binoculars and be able to do nothing.

I am more aware than most that "having a moose tag" and "killing a bull moose with a longbow" are two vastly different things, but, in the understatement of the year, I can tell you that the weight of that once-in-a-lifetime moose tag in my pocket feels mighty good. This may not be quite on the scale of Captain Ahab's quest for his tormentor, the great white whale, but I too seek a great beast, and this one is black as midnight.



COVER: Photo of a wild six-point bull elk in the rut, taken by the man who taught me everything I know about hunting, and the best elk hunter I have ever shared a camp with—Neil Hinton. (Thanks Dad!)



Letters to the Editor:

Dear Mr. Hinton:
I just wanted to let you know, how much I think of Gary Sentman, one of your regular writers.

First off I enjoy all of his writings and look forward to receiving Instinctive Archer because of him. Even though I find Instinctive Archer alone at the top of the list of all other archery magazines, I do look forward to Sentman's words of wisdom.

Just a few days ago I e-mailed Sentman a question concerning one of his articles. Frankly I figured he would be too busy getting ready for his "new adventure" to take the time to answer. Boy, was I in for a shock. In about three days I had the answer to my question and I might add, a very satisfactory answer it was.

Just thought you'd like to know. All my best to you and your staff. Keep "I.A." pure and simple.

—Charles Wendt, Canon City, CO

Hello Rik, and thanks for responding to my reply. As I've mentioned, I had seen a few Instinctive Archer magazines in '98 and had not seen them since. A thoroughly enjoyable read and some informative articles will ensure my subscription for a few years. I've especially enjoyed the articles by Gary Sentman and I actually own bows made by a few of your advertisers.

I live in W.A. Australia, and that is on the west side. Close to home we can hunt rabbits, foxes, and feral pigs, and if you drive further one can hunt wild goats, donkeys, and camels. One can hunt all year 'round. The archery scene is a bit low at the moment because it is our summer, but that will pick up again soon I hope. My dream is to get to Oregon and meet with all of the famous bowmakers who live in that state and I would really love to get to Canada as well. Best wishes for a fantastic and refreshing magazine.

—Angelo Bulgaris, AUS

Thanks for a great magazine. I have enjoyed the articles on shooting form and aiming philosophies. I also appreciate your conservative stand on the issues we face as outdoorsmen, archers, bowhunters and citizens of the United States. Traditional values are increasingly difficult to maintain in today's fast-paced society. I believe that land use is fast becoming one of the most important issues that we face, not only on a local level, but on the state and federal level as well. The decisions made today in regard to land use will ultimately determine what opportunities are available for our children and grandchildren.

Unfortunately, abuse by a few leads to governmental control where we least need or want it. Though we might like to, we cannot afford to ignore these issues and complacently sit by reading archery history and improving our shooting form. At some point we need to be aware. Again, thanks for a balanced approach in your magazine.

—Greg Skinner, Caldwell, ID

Dear Editor:

I would like to find a book (books) or plans available for making your own longbows and recurve bows. If you know of where I might obtain information regarding this subject please at your convenience provide me with means of contacting the source.

Your assistance in this matter is appreciated.

—Robert B. Holton, Midland, TX

Robert—There are several books available from many of our advertisers that deal well with the subject of building longbows and recurves. "The Bowyers Bible" series of books and "Glenn St. Charles' "Billets to Bow" are excellent, as is Jay Massey's book "The Bowyer's Craft." Any of Dean Torges' books and videos will be of great help. Another great source are the bow-building kits, laminations, and instructions from Bingham Archery.

Dear Mr. Hinton,

As a relatively new "stickbow" devotee, I am curious about the static-tip recurve bow. How does it differ in performance and shootability from the standard recurve?

While I have pen in hand, allow me to compliment you and your staff on a well done job of publishing. Keep it coming!

Jim Courtney

Jim—You are inquiring into a deep, but highly interesting subject. Our best suggestion for you is to read Jim Hammi's chapter entitled "Recurves" in the "Traditional Bowyers' Bibles, Volume Two."

A SPECIAL LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS:

Dear Rik,

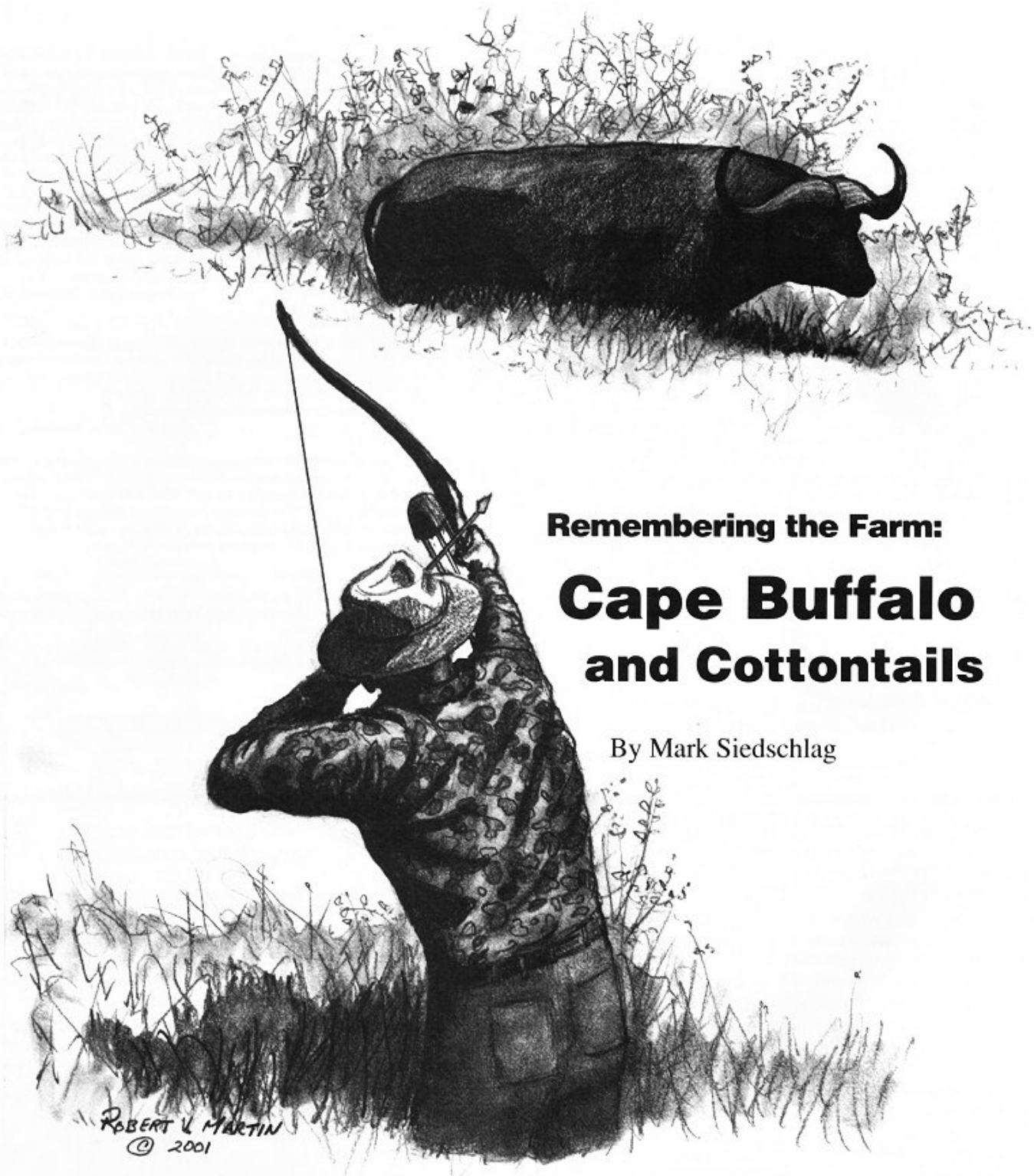
Late one chilly October afternoon, I found out just how important it is to bring a kid along with you when you are out and about. My daughter Alyssa and I were taking the long way home from a friend's house. It was about an hour and a half drive and 90 percent dirt roads. Being just before Idaho's late archery season, I take every opportunity I can for deer watching. We'd only gone a mile or two when I saw a mule deer cross the road a few hundred yards ahead of us. I slowed down to a crawl as I got to the spot where it crossed. There on the embankment, standing in a little thicket, was this pretty little yearling doe. She stood watching as I came to a stop about 30 yards away from her. Alyssa said, "Daddy, I've never seen one this close before." I thought to myself, "I have, but it is usually the other end bouncing away from me."

I told Alyssa to slowly climb out of the truck and walk around to my side. As she came around, the doe became alert but was unusually calm. There were some houses nearby in the woods, and this was obviously not this deer's first human contact, but it was my little daughter's first deer contact of this kind. I told her to slowly climb up the hill and see how close the deer would let her get. I also told her to talk very softly to the deer. When she took the first couple of steps, the doe took a couple of hops away. It then stopped and walked back to look down over the embankment to see this little ponytailed girl climbing up on all fours. I just sat there with the truck running, not believing what I was seeing. As Alyssa topped the small hill, the doe stepped back away and they both stood frozen staring at each other. I softly coaxed my daughter to inch her way to the deer and to slowly reach out and touch it. As her small hand touched the doe's back, I saw its skin shiver and shudder, but it did not move away. Within two or three minutes, Alyssa was petting this deer and, at one point, she actually laid her head on the deer's back. I sat there in absolute awe. Suddenly, I remembered that I had a camera in the glove box. I pulled everything out onto the floor of the pickup and finally found it. I got three shots off when another car came up beside me and four kids got out and scrambled up the hill and...

As my daughter and I were driving toward home, I was thinking about our new appreciation for the world we live in, and for each other. That day, we came about as close to perfection as I have ever been. As we came out of the canyon, and the cell phone was back in service, I dialed my home number and handed the phone to Alyssa. She held it to her ear. "Mommy! Guess what?"

—Joe Zosso, Horseshoe Bend, Idaho





Remembering the Farm:

Cape Buffalo and Cottontails

By Mark Siedschlag

Lazy fall Sundays were my favorite days growing up. They meant a house filled with the smells of home baked pies, dinner rolls, and ham. They meant the Green Bay Packers game on TV, expanded bellies, and hunting in the afternoons. They also meant that Dad and I would be watching our favorite TV show after the game—The American Sportsman. It was through this show that I vicariously lived a dream. I watched with longing as hunters took

lions, elephants, and Cape buffalo, all narrated by the great Curt Gowdy. I knew that one day it would be me that Mr. Gowdy would be talking about in Africa. In fact, it was not unusual for me to announce proudly to Dad, after watching a hunter down another charging elephant, that I would be hunting elephants myself someday, if not lions and Cape buffalo too. At just such occasions, when my boasting got the better of me, Dad would always be quick with some remark

intended to bring me back to earth. "You've been huntin' rabbits all fall now and haven't gotten one yet. Don't you think you should at least shoot one rabbit first before you set sail for Africa?" Dad considered bragging a sin and would spare no effort on his part to make sure I grew up humble.

I remember one particular show that featured my hero, Fred Bear. When Fred was on *The American Sportsman*, it was a red-letter Sunday. I had watched him on previous shows shoot grizzly bear, Kodiak brown bear, polar bear, and mule deer. Nothing made my young eyes pop out in amazement like Fred taking on dangerous game with only a bow and arrow. This particular show featured Fred, along with his professional hunter Wally Johnson, going after Africa's black death, the Cape buffalo. It was Fred's exposure on the old *American Sportsman* show that was the most responsible for my interest in archery at such a young age. I was mesmerized by this particular show, my eyes glued to the set. This was the first time I had seen anything as big and as bad as a Cape buffalo tackled with a bow. As soon as the show finished and the buffalo safely dispatched with a single arrow, I darted upstairs to my room. Returning quickly with my little bow and three hardware-store arrows held tightly in hand, I had ideas of grandeur and thoughts of duplicating Fred's feat in my head.

I got a new fiberglass bow made by Ben Pearson for my ninth birthday. It replaced the year-old hickory bow dad made for me one summer day after I nagged him practically to death for it. My impatience and Dad's desire to shut me up meant the wood was not given sufficient time to cure. The bow had taken a nasty set soon after I started using it and was worn out after just one year. My new bow was the prettiest thing I ever saw and it was store-bought. It could snap an arrow out at a velocity that seemed twice that of my old bow and gave me new hope that I would finally take my first game animal.

With my bow and arrows clenched tightly in my fist, I headed through the kitchen on my way out, donning my coat and hat along the way. "I'm goin' out huntin'," I announced as I

rushed through. "OK bwana Fred," my father chuckled back. "Just be careful; them cape buffalo can be awful mean. Better take your gun bearer with you. Sparky looks like he needs to go out."

Outside the house, I headed for the small woodlot on the far edge of the garden. That was prime buffalo—I mean rabbit country if I ever saw it. Before I even reached the woodlot, Sparky jumped a rabbit out ahead of me and disappeared into a field of standing corn with the rabbit well in the lead. Minutes later he returned to my side, tongue hanging out. As much as I liked my trusty gun bearer, I knew I would not be able to get any game with him spooking everything too far out in front. "There are times when a hunter needs to meet the challenge alone," I thought. I returned my faithful friend, albeit much against his will, to the house.

Mom was making ham sandwiches from leftovers upon my arrival back and I decided I would have one before returning back to the bush. "Biltong," Dad called my sandwich. "All safaris eat biltong until the client shoots some meat. You might as well take two. It could be a long time before your safari sees any fresh meat." This time Mom joined in. "Will we be having buffalo tonight, or should I prepare for elephant?" Enough was enough. Dad's ribbing was

expected, but Mom joining in was a new twist. Two against one were odds I didn't care for and I wasted no time heading back to the bush to continue my safari, still chewing on the sandwich.

Back outside once again, I made an unfruitful swing around the barn and through a weed patch that held promise. Nothing. "Those bloody devils have to be somewhere," I mumbled. Doing my best imitation of Wally Johnson's Afrikaans. I returned for one more drive through the garden woodlot. The afternoon was getting long and spotting any rabbits among the shadows in the low brush would be more difficult. I stalked slowly ahead, arrow nocked, and eyes straining to see any sign of the quarry. The garden woodlot never failed to produce rabbits, which is why I saved it for last. I knew there was game out

Christian Bowhunters of America



Exalting Christ

as
Creator! Saviour! Lord!

For membership information or to inquire about
spiritual matters, write:

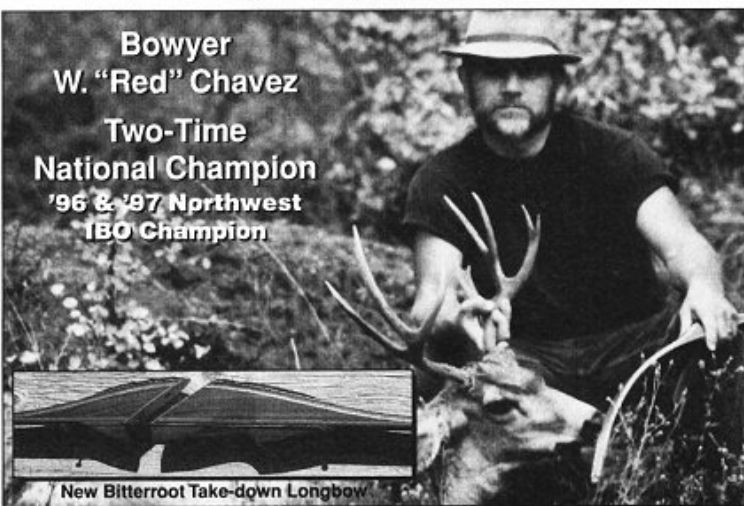
CBA • 3460 W. 13th St. • Cadillac, MI 49601

Genesis 1:1

John 3:16

Matthew 5:16

**Bowyer
W. "Red" Chavez
Two-Time
National Champion
'96 & '97 Northwest
IBO Champion**

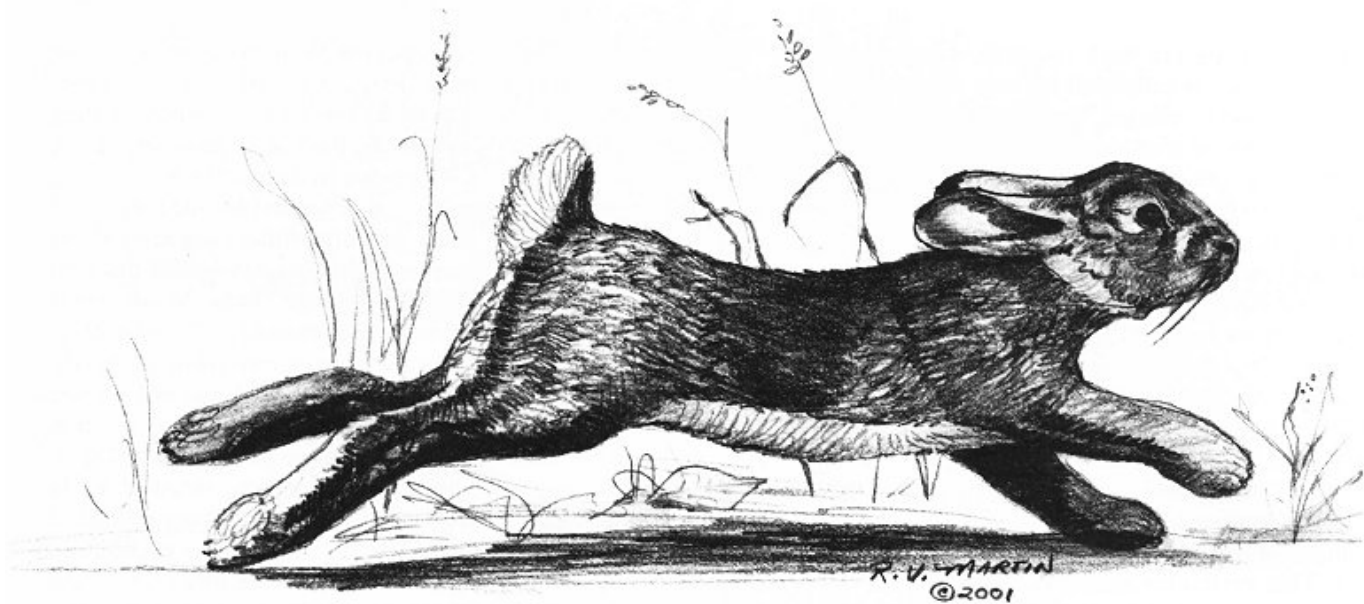


New Bitterroot Take-down Longbow

Bitterroot Bow
Custom Longbows & Static Recurves

PO Box 342
Hamilton MT 59840

(406) 273-0558
red@in-tch.com



ahead of me, my past experience told me as well as the sixth sense that Dad told me all hunters possess. I just had to spot them before they spotted me, if I wanted any chance at all. Inch by inch I crept through the unforgiving brush, trying to be as quiet as possible. Suddenly, a rabbit exploded out of the tangle of wild raspberry and grass to my right. Charging right past me at no more than a couple of feet away, there was no time for even a snap shot. "If that was a murderous cape buffalo," I thought. "I


would be dead now. I have to be more careful." With my nerves settling down, I continued the stalk. I was just about completely through the woodlot when something caught my attention. I froze, studying the downed tree right at the edge of the cover. "There, I saw it again—a slight movement." Another minute of studying and a rabbit's form began to emerge just 15 feet away. I knew he saw me too and I also knew if I drew one step closer, it would charge. I would have to make the shot from here.

I could now make out the entire body, and by leaning slightly to my right, I had a clear opening for a shot. I remember Fred Bear inching closer on a pair of Cape buffalo bulls from the show. You could feel the tension as he slowly and deliberately approached within bow range, all alone. Easing ever-so-slowly to an upright position to clear some brush, he drew back the bow. As I leaned to my right, my bow came slowly and carefully up as I started my draw. The camera was shooting over Fred's shoulder as he released the arrow and you could follow its path right to the target. The two bulls spun in a circle as the arrow connected and then disappeared into the vast African bush. You could see the relief flood over Fred's face as the bulls turned and ran off in the opposite direction. My heart was pounding in my chest as I released the string, following the flight of my arrow as it flashed towards the target.

Despite several close calls in the last month, I had yet to bloody an arrow in my young bowhunting career, but this was the best chance I had yet. I was praying under my breath as I released the bowstring. The mortally hit rabbit did a back flip before crawling out of sight behind the fallen tree.

The tension built once again as Fred and Wally Johnson followed the blood trail of what could be Africa's most dangerous animal, a wounded buffalo. Slowly they crept behind the native tracker, neither knowing if or when an enraged bull would explode out of the cover right into their face with murder in its eyes. I was excited as I charged ahead to find my prize still and lifeless, just like Fred found his buffalo. There would be no need for a follow-up shot. Filled with triumph and maybe a little relieved that I didn't mess it up, that was one buffalo that was taken skillfully and cleanly, just like Fred's.

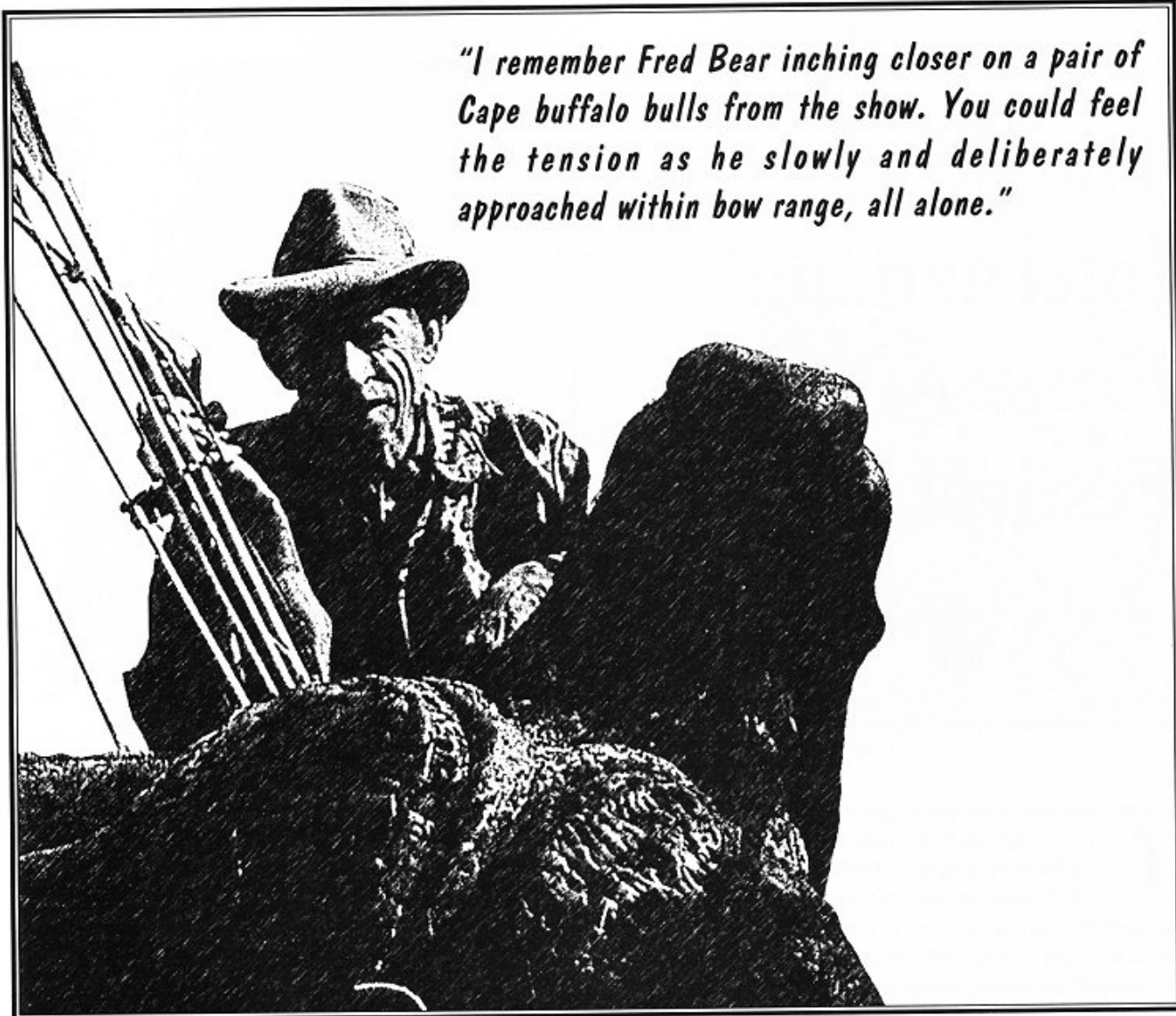
It was a short run to the house, holding my rabbit by the back legs in one hand bouncing as I went, and my bow in the other. I was looking for a Wally Johnson or somebody else to slap me on the back. Bursting into the kitchen, I held my trophy high for Mom and Dad to inspect. "Looks like one for the wall, except we always eat what we kill here. Get my hunting knife. If you're gonna be killin' em, it's time you learn how to clean em. There's no gun bearer



Thunderbird Traditional Archery
1090 "G" Street N.E.
Linton, IN 47441
812-847-1995

e-mail: tbird@custom.net
web: www.archery.at/thunderbird

EXTREME CONDITIONS/ENDURANCE EPOXY



"I remember Fred Bear inching closer on a pair of Cape buffalo bulls from the show. You could feel the tension as he slowly and deliberately approached within bow range, all alone."

here to do the dirty work for you." I felt proud and almost an equal as I followed Dad to the skinning post out back. With knife in hand, I clumsily worked out Dad's directions and set to work on the rabbit. With my pride reaching a new height now, I couldn't contain myself and started boasting once more. "Someday, I'll be watching my gun bearer skin my Cape buffalo," I said, chest out and chin high. There was a slight pause before Dad spoke. This tipped me off that instead of the usual ribbing to humble me, I was going to get another moral. Dad always had a way of pausing for the dramatic effect before delivering a moral.

"I hope someday you do get to chase Cape buffalo in Africa and elephant too, but the odds are stacked

against it. I've lived around here all my life and know a lot of people, but I don't know anybody from around here that's gone to Africa. It seems to me that most people always think the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence. We don't have elephants and antelope around here, but we got deer in our woods. The marsh is full of pheasants, and Africa has got nothing prettier than a rooster pheasant struttin' in the sun on a frosty morning. We got ducks and geese in the fall. The rabbits are overrunning the place. If you want, you can hunt coyote, bobcat, and even bear just a little north of here. Canada's not far and they got moose if you want to shoot something big. Fred Bear shot a moose up there. A person could hunt his entire life here and have nothing to complain about—and it won't

cost a million dollars either. People never seem satisfied with what they got and waste too much of their life longing for what they won't get. I think if you do go to Africa and shoot your cape buffalo, you may just find it's not that much different than shooting this rabbit."

"I know – I know," pausing for a moment now to show I was giving his words some careful thought. "But I think I'm still going to Africa though," I said back, full of my newfound confidence, now that I joined the ranks of successful hunters. Dad smiled and gave out a slight laugh. "I hope you do—I really for sure hope you do, and I hope I'm still young enough to go with you. Come on bwana Fred, lets take this rabbit inside. This is one safari that won't have to live on biltong anymore."



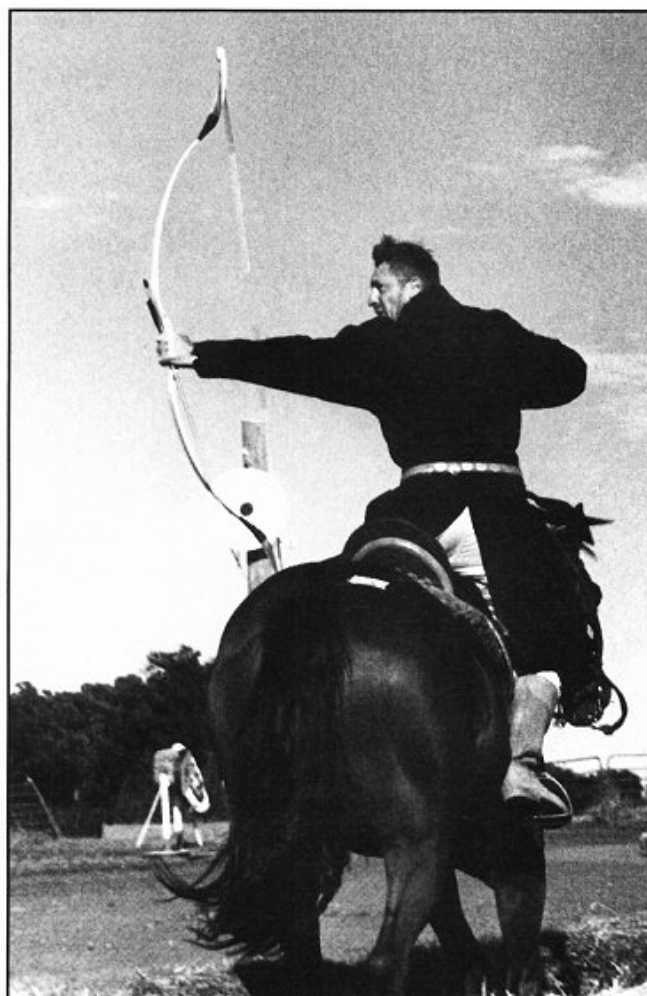
The First International Horse Archery Festival Fort Dodge, Iowa

By Kaye Koppedrayner

Imagine the feeling of the wind in your face as you ride at full gallop. By instinct you move your arrow to your bow, nock it, and then you bring your bow to a perfect arc as you release one arrow, then another and another. You have no time to hesitate, only to see the target as the earth flies by below you. Your ears are filled with the sound of the hooves on the ground, your knees and thighs finding balance as the horse gallops by.

Last September in Fort Dodge, Iowa, a new world of archery was opened up to the participants of the First International Horse Archery Festival. Participants from Europe, Asia, North America, and Native American nations came together for four intense and magical days to share their understanding, practices, and traditions of archery with each other.

Several Asian traditions were present. The form of Japanese archery known as kyudo was one of them. Khanjuro Shibata Sensei, kyudo master, twentieth generation bow-maker and bowmaker to the Imperial Court of Japan, opened and closed the festival with ceremonial shots. The opening ceremony was an elegant and dignified four-directions shot. The closing, a form of shooting that expresses thanksgiving. People attending the festival had a chance to meet and talk with Sensei and with other kyudo instructors—including Sam West and Don Symanski—and practioners came in from Colorado, New York, Illinois, and Ontario. They answered questions, talked about their own practice, and overall passed



Kassai Lajos of Hungary. One in the air, one in the hand.

Photograph by Don Symanski

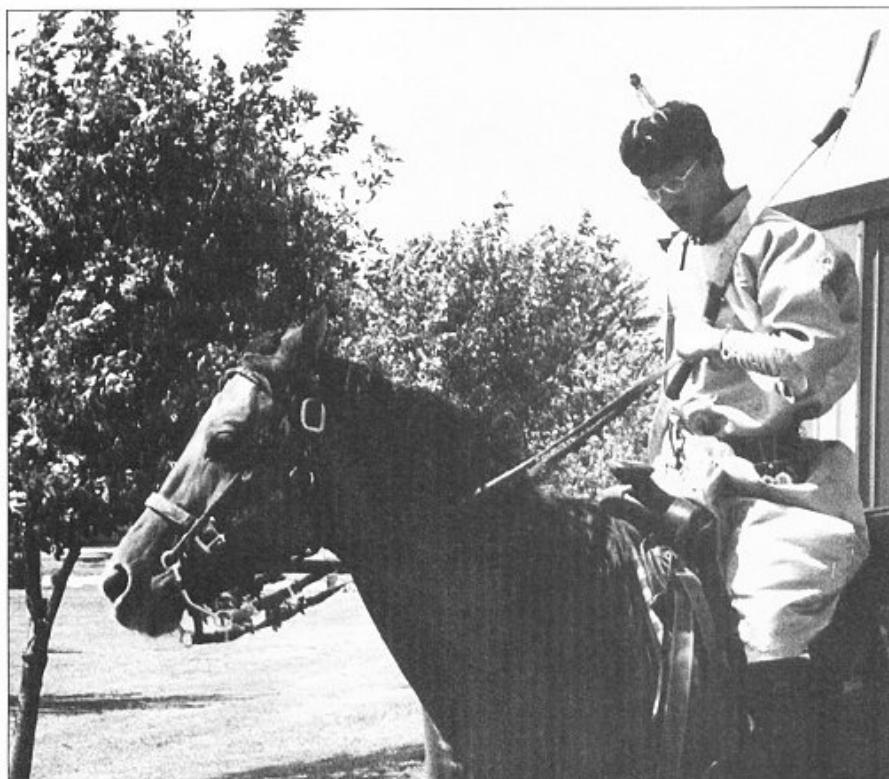
on to others some of their understanding of kyudo. Don Symanski also gave a video presentation about the bamboo that he uses for the yumis, the Japanese bows, that he makes.

As a further reminder that there are different forms of Japanese archery, Gordon Callahan of Denver, Colorado demonstrated a form of rapid-fire shooting developed at the Sanjusangendo temple in Kyoto. This form of shooting is derived from a competition begun in the seventeenth century in which competitors shot from a sitting position down a narrow, low corridor at a target placed over 120 yards away. Archers would shoot continuously over a 24-hour period and would fire up to 16,000 arrows in that period. Gordon demonstrated the technique by shooting a set of 100 arrows, at a rate of maybe one arrow every ten seconds.

Two prominent Mongolian archers, Munkhtsetseg, six-time women's champion of Mongolia and her husband, Inkbataar, also a title-holder, were able to attend to the Festival, thanks in part to the efforts of Stephen Selby of Hong Kong and the help of some generous, but anonymous sponsors. With the help of a translator who also came in from

Mongolia. Munkhtsetseg and Inkbataar were able to give the participants some rare insights into the Khalkha tradition of the central part of Mongolia and Buryat style of the northeastern region. Perhaps one of the most striking aspects of both these forms is not the distance at which the archer shoots—about 80 yards or 75 meters for the Khalkha style—but that the person keeping score stands right next to the target, an arrangement of small woven leather cylinders, each about the size of a hand, as the arrows are fired. For sure the scorer needs good reflexes, but the arrows are tipped with a large blunt head of bone that makes the arrow not only easier to see as it heads towards you, and also somewhat less lethal.

Traditionally the scoring was signaled by song, different melodious songs accompanied by graceful hand gestures to let others know where the arrow hit. Inkbataar and Munkhtsetseg were generous enough to let different people try out their bows, double-curved Mongolian bows made by Munkhtsetseg's father perhaps 20 years ago. And, when an arrow came within the scoring range of the target, Munkhtsetseg graced everyone present



Inkbataar, former Men's Champion of Mongolia.


with her beautiful voice.

Chinese archery was represented by Stephen Selby. He is coordinator of the Asian Traditional Archery Research Network (www.atarn.com) and author of the newly released work, "Chinese Archery," published by the University of Hong Kong Press. He contributed to the festival in many ways. He was part of the behind-the-scenes organization that worked to finalize many of the arrangements. Stephen also brought his vast knowledge of the history of Chinese archery and its traditional forms which he generously shared with others. Sometimes this information came through in the form of hands-on exercises, much to the surprise of the people who showed up at what they thought was going to be a talk.

Europe contributed several archers and writers about archery. Ted Bradford, editor and publisher of the English magazine, "The Glade," came to document the event and a couple of other


archers from France and Austria managed to find their way to Fort Dodge. Probably the most well-known figure from Europe was Kassai Lajos. He is the person who can be credited with almost single-handedly reviving the tradition of horse archery in Europe. He runs a training school in horseback archery in Hungary, and is relentless in his commitment to this form of archery.

At the festival, Kassai offered training in horseback archery to a small number of students. One of the central



Hi. Let me introduce you to the **WOODSHED**.
First, we have one of the best selections of archery woods available for bowyers. We purchase quality woods in quantities to get volume discounts, which means savings to you.
Second, we are able to produce **LAMINATIONS** to your specifications. Our custom lamination forms were milled to precise standards, which mean repeatable high quality laminations for you.
Third, shop around, compare prices and quality, then give us a try. Your satisfaction is guaranteed!

The WOODSHED
4585 N. Columbine St
Boise, ID 83713
(208) 375-2662
FAX (208) 376-7130
woodshed@interplus.net
www.rfd.cc/woodshed



Hummingbird

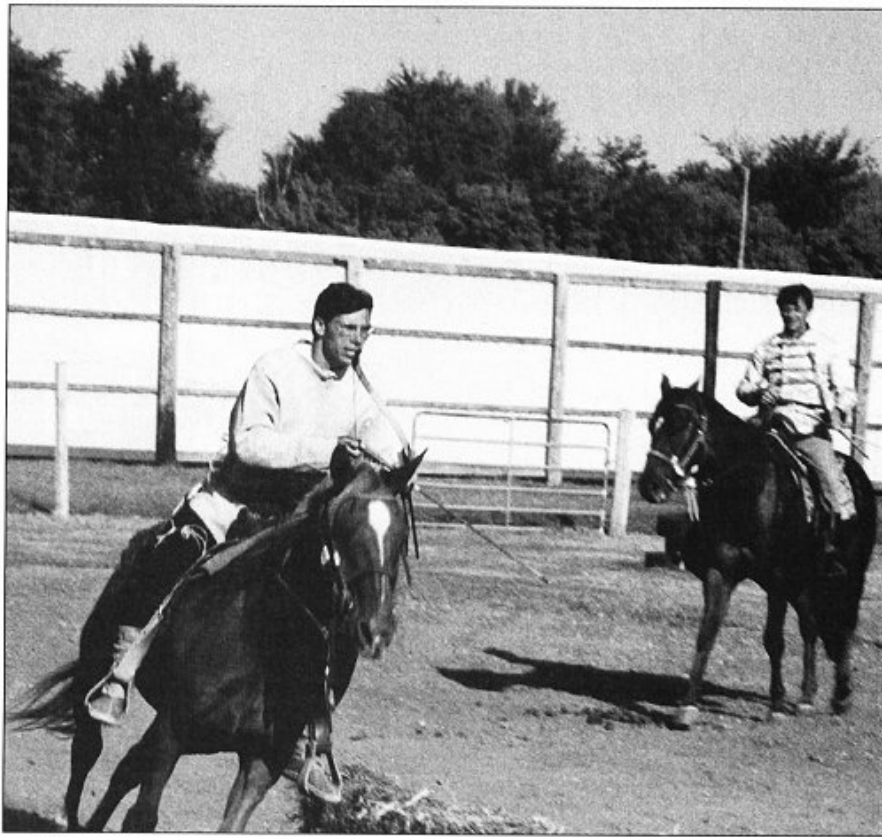
Custom Bows
New Line for 2000



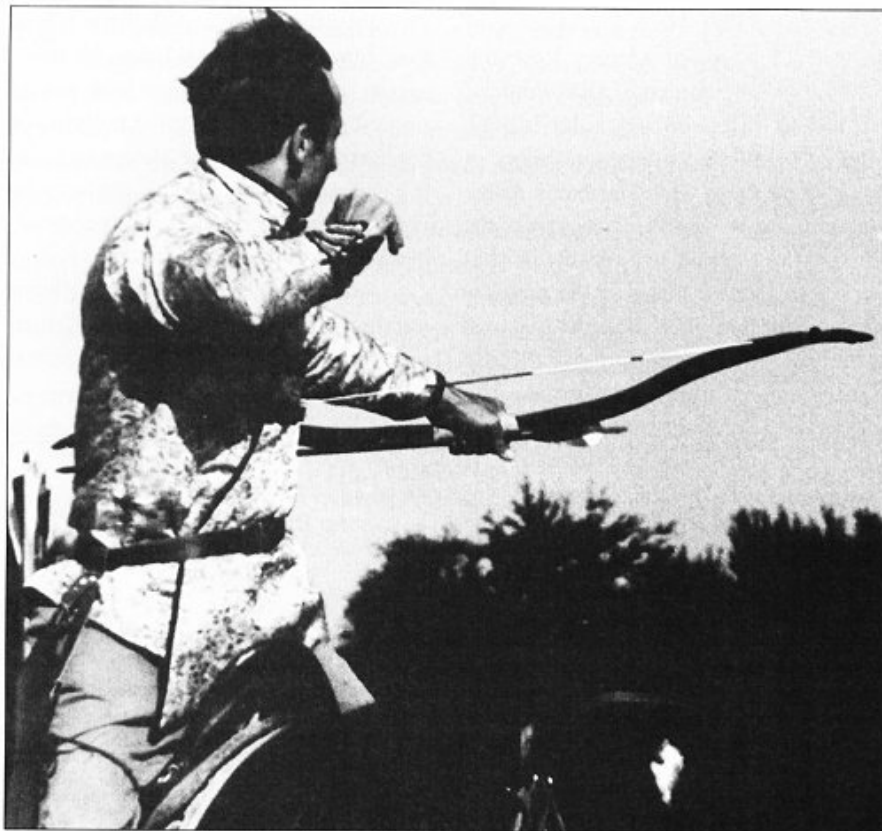
DOMASTICK
Solid Phenolic Risers, Carbon & Bamboo Limb Cores

Send \$1 & SASE for Brochure to:
Ben Graham—Bowler
9631 Vinyard Rd., Dept. IA
Mt. Pleasant, NC 28124
(704) 436-2509

Visa MasterCard



Vinson Minor approaching a target at a gallop, with an arrow ready to fly.



Lucas Novotny shows how it's done. Photograph by Don Symanski

events of this festival were daily demonstrations in horseback archery. In addition to Kassai, there were several other horseback archers demonstrating their skill. Lukas Novotny of Saluki Bows and Vinson Miner of Bow of Wood showed their abilities, as each of them has been practicing horseback archery for the past year or so in preparation for the Festival. Both Lukas and Vinson combine their deep love of archery with their appreciation of the challenges of horseback riding, and both are very interested in seeing the development of horse archery in North America.

Hands down, Kassai was the most expert of any of the participants in this form of archery. Without any doubt, he was the crowd's favorite, though Vinson garnered his own share of attention. On the second day of the festival the horse Vinson was riding veered and then stumbled over one of the hay bales lining the track. Vinson went down and then the horse rolled on top of him, all of this happening in front of some nine hundred school children in the stands. Mercifully, both horse and riders came out unscathed. Some of the kids thought this was part of the show. Later one fourth-grader wrote that the brown horse that jumped over the bales and did the tricks was her favorite.

Participants from two Native American Nations were also an important presence at the festival. The Cherokee Nation sent a good-sized contingent of people, the Deputy Principal Chief, Hastings Shade, Executive Assistant Sandy Houston; traditional story-tellers and blow-gun demonstrators, Sammy Still and Choogie Kingfisher; and Brian Jackson and Pete Vann, archers well-familiar with Cherokee traditions. They brought along a good display of selfbows going back several generations, blowguns, cornstalk arrows, and other traditional pieces, as well as a wealth of stories.

They set up their cornstalk shoot some distance away from the main buildings at the fairgrounds. This is a competition marked out by two cribs of cornstalks set about 80 yards apart, about the same distance used in Mongolian archery. Archers stand near one crib and shoot down the other end of the field in an attempt not only to hit the crib, but also to penetrate as many cornstalks in the crib as possible. Each stalk nicked or penetrated counts as one point. For that reason, arrows used in the cornstalk shots are typically fitted with a spike, maybe three even four inches long, instead of a target point. Archers participating in the shoot move back and forth between the two cribs, shooting first towards the one and then towards the other crib. There's a lot of time for visiting with others as the competition is going on.

Gary Davis of Flint, Michigan, who came in to do a demonstration on sinew backing later commented that the cornstalk shoot was one of the most social events he's ever participated in at an archery event. In fact, he's even thinking about making a short detour over to Fort Dodge this September (as he is heading out to Colorado to do some elk hunting) just for the cornstalk shoot and maybe to do another demonstration in sinew backing.



Summer Medicine Bull and Victoria White Hawk of the Lakota Nation prepare to ride.

The festival also saw two Lakota women showcase their impressive equestrian skills. Victoria White Hawk and Summer Medicine Bull represented the Oglala Lakota Nation. Unlike the other horse archers, they rode bareback, using instinctive balance gained from being on horses since they were very young. As one of them put it, riding bareback allows her to have a much better sense of the rhythm of the horse.

Other talks and demonstrations took place over the four days. Glen Lemming from Oklahoma did a demonstration on brain tanning, there were workshops on stringing and balancing hornbows, on North American archery, and other topics, and several displays including a good-sized collection of old bows from all over.

The festival grew out of a vision of bringing different archery traditions into direct, face-to-face encounters with each other. Many people—myself, my husband Jaap, Meg Beshey of

Fort Dodge, Lukas Novotny and Tony Horvath of Saluki Bows, Stephen Selby, Vinson Miner of Bow of Wood, David Gray of the Krackow Company, Thomas Duvernay of Hwang Bows, and others—spun this vision out over a couple of years of planning and organization. Meg especially put extraordinary effort into getting it off the ground. Without her and a group of dedicated volunteers from Fort Dodge, support from a number of businesses, organizations, foundations, and the city of Fort Dodge itself, and from Neal Greve who provided horses for the archers, the festival could have never taken place.

On September 6th through the 9th, 2001, the Second International Horse Archery Festival will be held. Most of the representatives of traditional and international archery who came last year will be there again. In addition, the organizers are hoping to bring in a traditional bowmaker from Korea and a woman originally from Sudan who will speak about archery traditions in parts of Africa. Information about the Festival can be found at www.horsearchery.org.



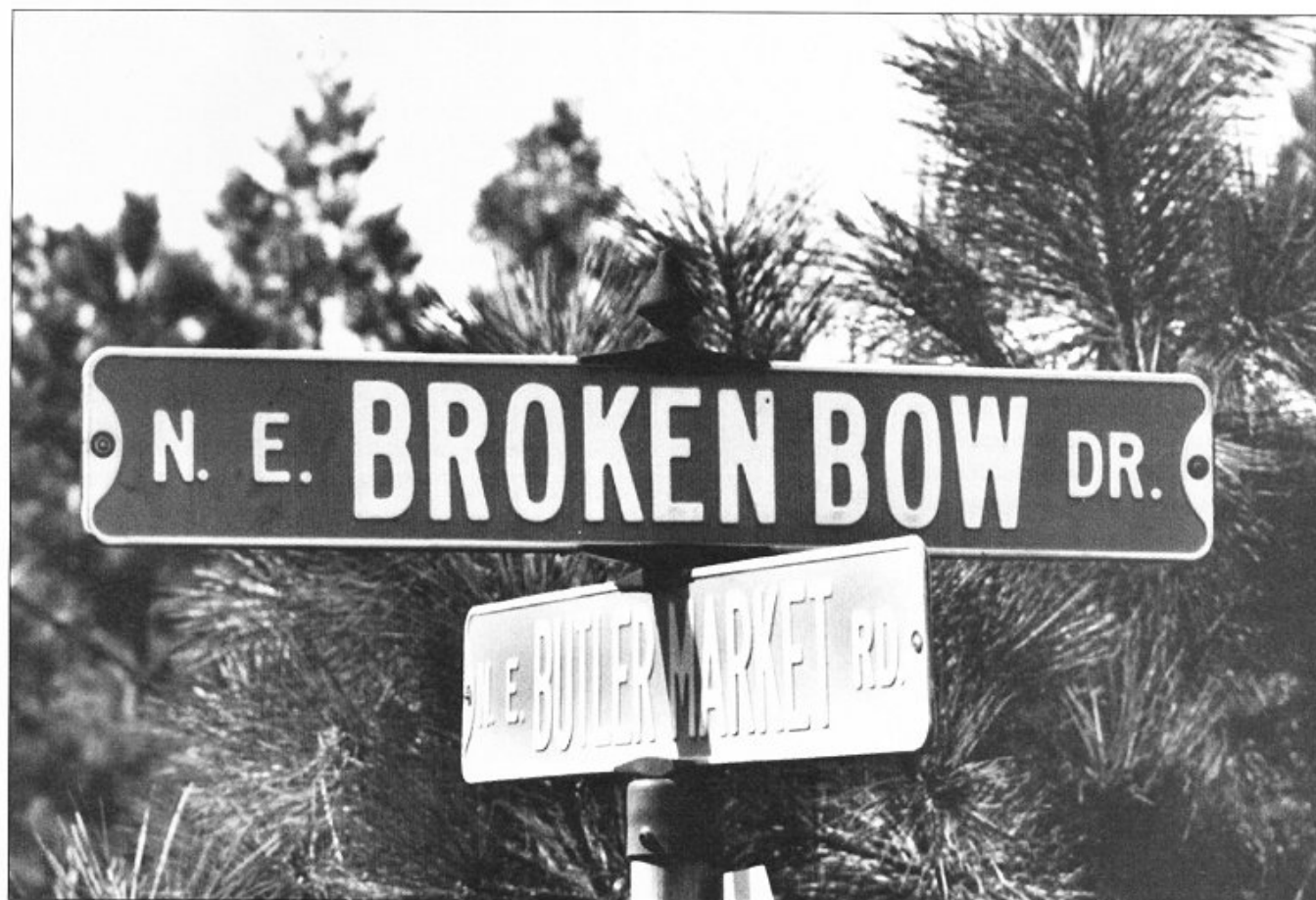
Sensei Shibata, Kyudo master, participating in the opening ceremony. Photograph by Don Symanski



Broken Bow Road

***Why bows break and some
preventative measures
to ensure long life***

By Victor Smith



Maybe you've been down this road before?

What makes a bow break? Oh sure, there is the obvious, like slamming the limb in a car door or falling down a mountain. But why do bows break when there seemingly is no rhyme or reason? One of the primary reasons for bow breakage is generally out of the consumer's hand. Wood may fail from nature's imperfections. Regardless of the bowyer's attempt to pick quality wood, there will be the occasional lamination or riser with an internal defect, undetectable to the naked eye and common instrumentation.

Many discriminating bowyers choose quality wood that has been properly stored and aged. Some bowyers measure the wood's moisture content with precision moisture meters. They also control the wood's environment so that it retains an exact moisture content that agrees with their bow building experience. The theory is that if the wood becomes too dry, the fiber structure will become compromised, causing bow breakage. On the other hand, if there is too much moisture in the wood, the bows performance is greatly affected. Each bowyer has developed his preference for types of wood and their respective performance.

Hoping to bypass the inconsistencies found in wood, several bow makers are using action wood for bow risers and limb cores. Similar in concept to the construction of plywood, action wood is multi-laminated. Additionally, action wood may be subject to injection treatments of dyes for color and resin-like materials for strength. One bow maker told me "By the time I get

through, it isn't wood any more." On occasion glues and glass will also have defects caused by glitches in the manufacturing process.

Heat in my opinion, can be one of the most damaging factors in bow breakage. It certainly is the most preventable. Central and Western states will often exceed temperatures of 100 degrees Fahrenheit. A car sitting in direct sunlight may magnify the internal temperature to over 150 degrees. I have seen and heard of several bows delaminating that were placed in a car on a hot day.

Bows are especially susceptible to breaking when strung. However, permanent heat damage can still easily occur when unstrung. Exposure to excessive heat may cause the initial breakdown of the wood fiber structure or the breakdown of the laminating glue's tensile strength. This of course will lead to a shorter bow life. I have seen many bows that were placed in garages or attics (unprotected by air conditioning systems) causing the bow's finish to deteriorate. This allows heat and moisture to attack the wood's integrity.

Although most bowyers use heat boxes in order to form the modern laminated bow, "reapplied" heat may damage a bow's flexibility. The bow, in essence, becomes brittle. This same principal holds true for a variety of other processes. Knife makers use heat to temper steel to various degrees of hardness. The same intensity of heat reapplied will alter the steel's temper.

I have also seen bows break that were laid to rest in direct sunlight. Once during the course of a tournament, I laid a bow in the shade while taking lunch. A half hour later the sun positioning placed the upper limb in direct sunlight. I picked it up and pulled it to full draw—which was immediately followed by the sounds of cracking wood and a good whack on my forehead from the upper limb. What I should have done is let the bow cool down before pulling it back. Although the heat itself may not cause any damage by itself, it most certainly caused a temporary imbalance between the upper and lower limb.

Nicks and dings that have chipped the bow finish, should be resealed. Particularly vulnerable are the sides of laminations. A little dab of nail polish or polyurethane will protect your bow from moisture.

Another possible preventative measure is to "half- and three-quarter-draw" your bow a few times before coming to full draw. I believe this to be especially true with bows that have been stored for a long time. I have shot a new bow in excess of two hundred arrows in one day with no problems of any sort, only to have the bow crack on the very first pull the following day. Needless to say, I didn't warm up the bow with half- and three-quarter draws first.

If a bow is stored properly, away from heat or other deterring factors, age may not greatly affect a bow's life. I have bows in my own collection that are 30 to 45 years of age and are still performing very well. A visiting Englishman told me that on occasion he shot his 150-year old yew wood bow. I now warm up all my bows with incomplete first draws, but I take extra care in warming up my older bows.

It may also be a possibility that cold weather can cause a bow to crack if not properly warmed up. In Saxton Pope's book, "Hunting with Bow and Arrow, chapter three: Ishi's Method of Hunting," Dr. Pope reports that Ishi heated his bow over a fire before bracing it in cold weather. I have personally cracked a riser of a modern wood recurve upon stringing it in 20-degree temperature. Many hunters of today leave their bows strung for several days at a time during a cold weather hunts. This reduces the initial stress of cold weather bracing.

Don Rabska, Chief Technical Advisor for Easton, goes one step further—before bracing any of his traditional bows, unless the temperature is quite warm, he gently runs his hands up and down each limb to create some heat from friction. He uses his hands or a soft cotton cloth to generate a little heat to warm the wood. Upon bracing, he 1/4 draws and lets down, 1/2 draws and lets down and even 3/4 draws and lets down before coming to full draw.

Ishi promptly unstrung his bow when not in use. My understanding from those who witnessed Howard Hill and from various films and books, is that Hill also followed this practice. In one episode he unstrung his bow immediately after shooting a deer.

One of my favorite bowyers, and a Hill enthusiast, also practiced this custom. At one traditional shoot I asked him why he was so quick to unstring his bow. "Well, it's probably not necessary with today's modern laminated and glass reinforced bows—but I always figured that a bow only had so much life, and while it is strung it is using up some of that life."

Some archers keep their bows permanently strung. One California sports shop has kept strung a 135-pound and 165-pound recurve over 15 years. However, these bows have only been pulled to a full 28-inch draw one time during that period. These bows have rarely been fired, and of course no where near full draw. I personally kept a 100 pound recurve strung for 12 years. Then suddenly the limb tips broke off upon release.

It is also very apparent that draw weights exceeding 70 to 80 pounds have a significantly higher chance of developing a crack or break. I have broken or cracked many bows in the 70 to 100 pound range. It is possible that wood imperfections cause a more dramatic imbalance in the limb structure for the heavier poundages.

I have heard many arguments that certain bow designs are structurally stronger than others. There may be some truth to this. But I would prefer to believe that more importance should be placed on the manufacturer's bow materials and bow-building techniques. In the late 60s and early 70s many companies experimented with risers made from extremely strong substances. One such material was ebonite. This material was also used in bowling balls. Very strong, and very heavy, a riser made of this material had no give. There would be no flex in the riser as the bow was drawn. It is not uncommon to see a bow like this with several vertical limb stress marks, as well as riser cracks. Its extreme rigid-

ity did not allow proper transfer of limb energies.

The advent of super-strong, non-stretching bow string material has placed new demands on some bow designs. These new non-stretching strings may have similar effects as the inflexible bow riser. Reinforced limb tips, stronger glues and improved building methods have cured most of these problems. Because the string is much stronger, fewer strands are needed. Fewer strands mean less weight. Less weight means the arrow speed is increased. However the string diameter is also much smaller, putting more energy into a smaller area.

This is a similar concept as the karate punch. Instead of distributing the power of the punch across the whole hand, all of the energy is transferred into two knuckles creating a more finite point. In many instances this allows the martial artist to break an object. Some archers have added extra string material into the loops to make it thicker. Some claim this procedure has allowed the use of the new string material with older, non beefed-up bow tips. It is the author's opinion it is not worth the risk of breakage on an older bow simply to gain a few feet per second. However there is no doubt as to the many advantages the new string material will offer to the modern-day bow.

From an engineering standpoint, it can easily be argued that a center-shot riser has less strength. However, with today's modern materials this is a factor that should not be considered until purchasing a bow in excess of 70 pounds. Bow makers of the 50s and 60s found the importance of adding a slight curve to the right angle lines of a center shot bow. Early center shot designs with hard right angles had many riser failures. By adding a small radius to the right angle of a center shot bow, strength is tremendously increased.

Some thought should be given to the effect of a bow's brace height and its correlation to bow life. Currently there is not enough data to base any kind of reasonable conclusion. A low brace height means a slightly longer bow string. Mathematically speaking, a longer bow string means that the limb

will not bend back as far. As odd as it sounds, even though your draw length is the same, the bow weight will decrease a very small amount. Although there is less draw tension on the bow, the forward string movement may impart unbalanced energies into the limbs, or cause the limb to work differently than designed. The result may be unwanted stress. The reverse may be also true. A shorter string means a higher brace height. A higher brace height means more stress on the drawn limbs, but less forward energy and less stress on the released bow. As with most things in life, the perfect balance is somewhere in between.

I have seen bows blow up in the 45 to 55 pound range from shooting ultra-light arrows. Again the theory is that not enough energy was transferred into the arrow, causing it to be retained in the bow itself. There are those who suggest that ten grains multiplied by your bow weight should equal your arrow weight. By this formula a 50 pound bow would require a 500 grain arrow. Sounds reasonable until you get to the 70-pound and above category. Finding an 800 grain straight shaft for an 80 pound draw weight is not always an easy task.

Certainly many bowyers agree that a bow's energy deliverance, or efficiency, does not increase at the same percentage after 60 or 65 pound draw weight. It would then be reasonable to assume that since the deliverance energy is less at the higher draw weights, a lesser grain per pound might also be in order for heavier draw weights. No exact figures can be given, as performance varies with bow design. I am sure that arrow-weight-per-pound issue shall be debated for years to come. I have yet to hear of a standard bow breaking due to the string breaking when an arrow is loosed from the bow. On the contrary, it seems as though more energy is delivered to the arrow when a string breaks. Hoping the bowstring will break in order to optimize the distance the arrow travels, flight shooters often use ultra-light bowstrings.

Dry firing (releasing a bow without an arrow) can be very dangerous to a bow's life. Generally this is done by accident, caused by a broken knock or an arrow that was not seated properly onto the string. Upon such a mis-release, the

bow's energy has nowhere to go. However, I have heard of one manufacturer who claims his bows are built so strong, you can dry-fire his bows with no damage.

There is another theory that the limbs can develop a memory from a consistent draw. For instance a bow drawn to an exacting 28 inch draw, a couple thousands times or so, might develop a memory point in the limb (a particular point in the limb's arc). Under this scenario, the bow will live a happy long life until it is drawn past the 28-inch draw. Twice, I have seen someone shoot 50 to 100 arrows with a 28 inch draw and then pass the bow to an interested archer with a 30-inch draw. Upon the archer's very first pull and release at 30 inches, the bows broke. As a general rule, I won't pull other archer's bows past their draw length, especially if the bow has any age to it.

Logically, a longer draw should place more stress on a limb than a shorter draw. And the longer you hold a bow at full draw should also place more stress on a bow limb. However, I have seen little evidence proving a dramatic difference. I certainly would not change a shooting style on such an assumption.

Although no exacting formulas have been stated, I hope some of this information will help you prolong the life of your bows. Protect your bow from excessive heat. Warm your bow up by half- and three-quarter draws upon bracing. Carefully consider not pulling a bow past its normal draw length. Don't shoot ultra-light arrows in correlation to your bow weight. And don't use modern materials, like super non-stretch strings, on older bows.

By the very nature of business and industry, there usually is a three to five percent product failure rate. In the case of products built with wood and it's respective natural defects, I would expect this percentage rate to be much higher.

Beyond all the theories presented, past all the preventative measures to be taken, there always will be the bow that breaks, regardless of care, rhyme or reason—which can only fall into the category of the.....unexplainable.



Ethical Choices

By Red Chavez

Picture this: it is 11:35 a.m., 22 degrees, the sky is clear, and the wind chill is creeping into your bones. You've been in the stand since well before daylight with only a small candy bar for energy. Several times, deer have been within scrutiny, slightly out of range, feeding and moving nervously through the edges of the under brush.

It seems like every time a deer approaches from the feeding area, it detours at just over 20 yards and goes around a large pine, into the brush line and continues past you, out of reach, secure. Each following deer takes the same path, following the preceding deer's scent as if instructed to do so by some unknown source.

Another 45 minutes and two more deer go by. You start to think about that twenty-two yard shot; maybe it is close enough, you've done it many times at 3D shoots. The deer are perfectly broadside when they turn; often their head is concealed behind that large pine.

Another passes and you visualize the shot; you have to twist your body slightly to the left to clear a branch on your tree, but the shot looks "takeable." The more you think of it, the easier the shot seems. "Wouldn't it be nice to take home a nice fat doe?" you think to yourself. You have five tags to fill, why not one today before you have to leave? It's only an arrow and even if you do miss, you have to move your stand anyway; there's something wrong with this tree, the deer keep avoiding it.

Several minutes go by; now when you decide to take the shot, nothing will come by. You've got to get home and shower for a meeting. Just how will you approach your supervisor with the suggestions you've studied on for weeks? It could mean more pay for more responsibility; maybe enough to cover the cost of that turkey hunt in the spring.

Oh yes! Here comes a doe now, almost to the big pine, turning, oh no, it's not stopping, just moving slowly. That's OK, you can nail it as it comes out from behind the big pine tree. Good, the doe is stopping, looking your way, but that's OK, it's only twenty-two yards. You have to lean out a little further to shoot.

Quick, before it's too late—Draw, anchor, the arrow is gone, breathe. Oh no! At the sound of the shot, the deer lurched forward, then ran off through the brush line towards the slough. The last flash of tail was into the next brush line and the deer was still bounding.

For a couple of minutes you watch the area with your binoculars, looking for other signs of movement. You've got to know, so down from the tree you climb. You walk hurriedly to the big pine. Even as you approach, you can see your arrow in the small bush behind where the doe was standing. You reach to grab the arrow and your worst fears come true. As the deer lurched forward, the arrow passed through just ahead of the hindquarters. The arrow is covered with a clear fluid that is slightly greenish in color, with short grass-like bits up and down the shaft; you don't need to smell it to know your future. "Oh why did you take that shot?" Your mind races through all the reasons why you should not have taken the shot.

Now, the rest of the day is a big question mark and where you go from here will determine the type of sportsman

you are. Now, you will know your own weaknesses and you will have to admit them, at least, to yourself and maybe to others.

Of course, this is all a scenario that I dreamed up, making sure, as it progressed, that I broke every rule that I've self-imposed as I have aged in bowhunting. What kind of rules do YOU go by? What rules of conduct guide you through your experiences in the woods? Are they guidelines that you would be glad to talk about to your friends? Do you hunt with individuals with the same type of good sense? When you're all gathered around in the archery shop, does the conversation sound like good sportsmanship or bad conduct?

As we go into this year's bowhunting season, we need to set standards to guide us through difficult times. We need to be reminded of the responsibility on each of us to be good representatives of the bowhunting community. Set reasonable goals for yourself and restrict yourself to your own capabilities. Others will respect you for your ethical standards.

Keep the wind at your side and shoot'em short and straight. . . well, on second thought, maybe I should go through that scenario and let you know what I call the "self-imposed rules of engagement."

Starting with proper nourishment, I try to make sure that before and during my day afield I intake enough food to keep my furnace burning brightly. I use power bars, power gel, and snacks to the max when tree-stand hunting. If your system is working to digest regular food intake, you will stay warmer and more flexible, ready to perform the task at hand.

Don't lengthen your distance limitations. If you only feel comfortable at 15 yards, then don't give in and shoot at 20 yards. I refuse to shoot at whitetail deer more than 18 yards from my stand, and when hunting on the ground, I won't shoot over 15 yards. Walk the distance when you are setting up your stand, so that you won't be deceived by the distance in low light conditions.

The best part of the challenge is to be the hunter. Try to set your stand up so that the deer will pass within your effective range. Study wind direction at the hours of the day you will be in the area. Study the tracks on the trails and determine if it is a morning trail or an evening trail.

Get off to the side of the trail, so the deer will come by within your preferred range. Watch deer movement carefully and you'll see how close they come to you before they catch wind of you.

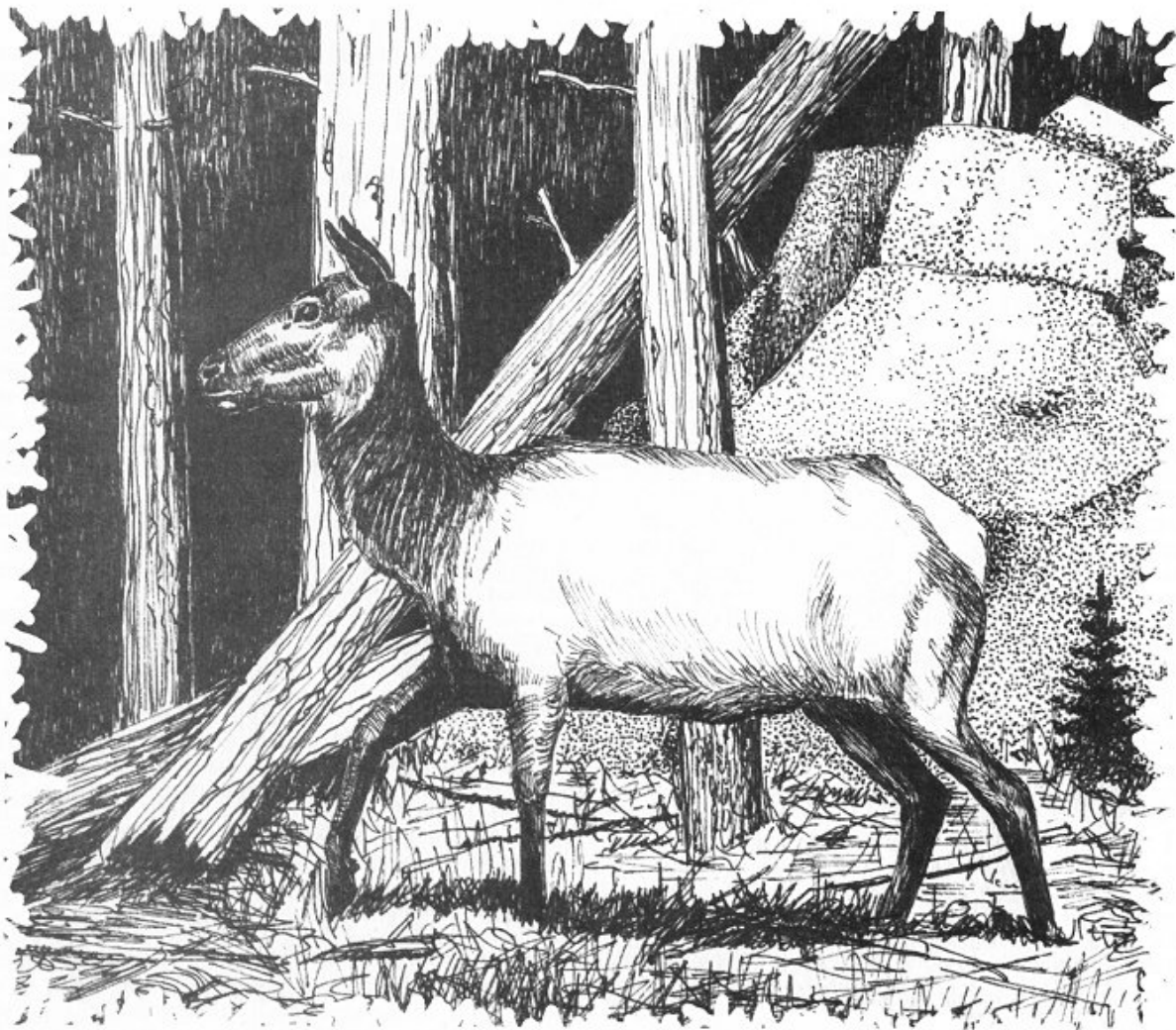
Wear rubber boots to and from your stand, and don't be afraid of "cow-pies" on the way in. If you find that deer are detecting your presence by way of the wind, immediately get your stand moved. You can still be in the same area, just get the wind in your favor, and the rest of the day's hunt could be productive. Many times I have taken my stand down and relocated it and minutes later have filled a tag. The few minutes that it takes to move a stand, when done quietly, will make a big difference, especially when the deer expect to see your stand where it was. Often I will only relocate my stand a few yards, on the other side of the trail, facing a different direction.

Don't take shots that require you to be off balance. You need to be in a comfortable position to get to full draw. Watch your limb tips—they have an uncanny ability to introduce themselves to your stand and tree branches at the worst possible times. Remember—if you let a deer pass undisturbed, it will come by again and so will others.

Don't let your mind wander when you are preparing for a shot. Keep your concentration at a level high. Pick your spot and the word "miss" should not be in your vocabulary.

Finally, know when to take the shot. For me, it is never when the animal is moving and never, ever when the animal is looking at me. Deer are so quick to react to sound and sight that they can easily dodge your arrow at 15 yards, especially if they are looking in your direction.





First Elk

BY DAN KUKES

*I*n the middle of Washington state there is a long and wide valley known as the Kittitas Valley, to the North and West are forest lands and to the east and south is sagebrush country. Deer and elk are fairly plentiful if you know where to look for them. In my teens my Dad took me on my first deer hunt. Since then I have hunted off and on, first with the

rifle then with stick bow, bagging a couple of deer with the rifle. But I never bagged an elk.

In my late late 40s I returned to the bow and have enjoyed the sport immensely. This is the story of my first elk kill. It was not the first year I took up the bow—that first year I missed twice, nice clean misses.

The next year, the plan was for me to hunt for two days and bring back the wife, daughter, and two granddaughters for the weekend. My hunting buddy Brad would come up the second day and go down to bring his son up for the weekend. The first day I took off early in the morning heading into the back country five miles from any open roads, straight up the hills. Hunting as I went, I reached the top around 1 p.m. I decided to walk down a closed logging road, taking my time, looking down over the side every once in a while. This went on for about two or three hours until there was only one hour

left of daylight hunting time. I looked over the side one more time and saw two legal bucks, both spikes. (Drawing the early bow hunt you can hunt both deer and elk.) One gray and one brown, the brown one was closest and downhill at a steep angle. Without giving it any more thought I shot, instinctively I believe. I had been practicing Fred Asbell's instinctive shooting instructions for two years, at least every other day and shooting stumps whenever I could get up into the hills.

The arrow was off, and it looked good. I could tell the deer was hit and got very excited. Because the light was fading fast I took up the trail sooner than I should have. I found my arrow after some searching. The arrow had blood on only one side with the other side clean. I didn't, at the time, understand the reason for this.

I took up the trail of the deer and shortly after found good blood. I was able to find several other blood pools and thought, "the deer's mine." I followed the blood trail approximately two hundred yards and didn't find the deer. By then it was getting dark and I decided I'd find it easier in the morning. Believing I had already pushed the deer too much, I traveled back down to camp.

I had a hard time sleeping that night. My buddy, Brad, showed up early in the morning. We went back to look for the deer, separating to cover more ground. When I got on the blood trail I followed it as far as I could (very easily). The trail stopped in a pool of blood about another hundred yards from where I had stopped the night before. Then no more trail.

I looked and looked but could not find any sign of the wounded deer. By then it was getting late into the day so I crawled to the top of the hill to see more area, hoping to see the deer or my buddy.

I waited a long time looking for the deer and my buddy. Suddenly I saw five elk feeding across the canyon. The road went in a "U" shape right over to those elk. The only problem was I had to run to get over there before dark. I ran as fast as I could and when I got close to the area I stopped to catch my breath and get my bearings as to where exactly the elk were. I raised my binoculars and glassed the area, spotting a gray spike elk and a brown spike deer. The brown deer was the one I had shot at, I could see through the binoculars the hide peeled away from his lower neck, he seemed to be in fine shape. I then realized the arrow had only creased his lower neck. Because he was in a big opening I realized I couldn't stalk him.

I preceded on to the elk that I believed were about 50 yards ahead. When I got to that point I looked over the side and there was a cow elk standing broadside to me. I shot and the arrow went over her back. I shot another arrow that went in front of her which started all five elk running. As they stopped to look back, in the excitement I flung another arrow at them. Thank God I missed. (Very unethical). I looked for my arrows and found two and then headed back to camp in the dark.

Next morning found me in the same place looking for both the deer and elk I missed. I found none and as I had to be back in town to get my family by two o'clock and it was noon, I started running down the trail and ran into a herd of

THE LEGEND LIVES ON!

Howard Hill® Archery

54 North Canyon Drive
Hamilton, Montana 59840

(406) 363-1359
Fax: (406) 375-0228

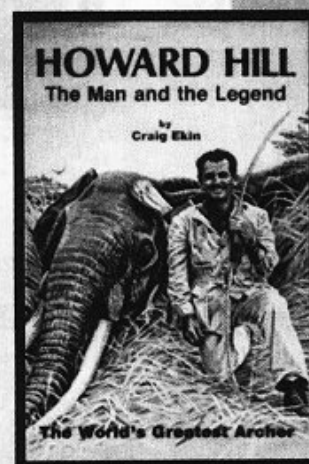
Request your free brochure today!

Shoot with the
Equipment
designed, used,
and passed on to
you for over 40
years by
"The World's
Greatest Archer"

Take a look into the life of the legend :
order your copy of
HOWARD HILL
The Man and the Legend

\$16.00 (+ shipping)

e-mail: hhill@montana.com
web site: www.montanonet.com/hharchery



MasterCard Visa COD

elk. I almost skidded on my butt stopping. Those elk were laying around like they hadn't even heard or seen me. So I put the stalk on them. But I hurried too much and blew it.

Back at camp with my family and Brad with his son we discussed where we would go hunting the next morning. We decided to go back to where I had missed the elk and deer.

The next morning I started thinking that I shouldn't go as far away from camp so I could spend some time with my family. If I went back up to the deer and elk I had missed it would take all day. I talked to Brad and he thought it was a good idea to stay closer to camp too.

Brad took his son hunting behind camp and I walked down the road in the other direction. The road we were camped on was a back road. Since the elk had been spending some time crossing and walking on this road, I thought it would be a good place to hunt and I could be back in camp for breakfast with my family.

When I came to where the elk had been crossing I slowed down to a snail's pace. I'd nocked an arrow (at least I think I did.) It all happened so fast, I took about three more steps and came up over a little rise in the road. I saw blurs of brown going right and left. One brown blur stopped on the edge of the road to look at me just before it was going to jump down the hill. I drew and shot all in one motion and watched the arrow hit the elk behind the shoulder. It dove off the side and disappeared into the trees.

I tried to listen for a crash or noise to let me know about where the elk might be but I couldn't hear anything. I was still listening when a vehicle came driving down the road. It stopped and a guy got out. I put my finger to my lips in a shushing gesture. I didn't want the elk pushed any further away by our talking.

I waited 25 to 30 minutes before starting to look for my arrow and a blood trail. I couldn't find my arrow but I found some splashes of blood going straight down the steep hill. I followed the blood to four or five different spots, it was a good trail. I got excited and headed straight down the hill looking for my elk. When I got to the bottom of the hill where there was a horse trail, I walked up and down the trail looking for blood but couldn't find any. I was panicked and starting to get sick to my stomach. I decided I needed to go back up the hill to the last blood sign. When I got there one of the guys from the vehicle was already on the blood trail. (I



It all happened so fast, I took about three more steps and came up over a little rise

forgot to mention these guys were friends of Brad's.) I was mighty glad to have their help.

One guy went ahead on the blood trail and I stayed on the last drop we had found. We did this for about 80 yards. Looking a little ahead we saw the dead elk.

Apparently my arrow had gone through the elk but stuck out the other side and as the elk had run by a tree the arrow head caught on the tree and pulled the arrow out. There the arrow lay five feet above the elk next to the tree.

I was one happy bow hunter! With my buddy Brad and his son and his three friends I had all the help a guy could ever want to get his elk back to camp. I don't even remember having to lift the elk, but I did gut it where it lay, finding that I had made a liver shot. The guys took over from there.

We got the elk back to camp and you should have seen the look on my wife's face when she saw that I had shot an elk before breakfast. My daughter and grandchildren were excited for me, it was very neat to be able to share that moment with them. I'll never forget it.



NEW Custom Recurves & Longbows by Various Bow Makers.
We also carry Bighorn bows.
Jim & Marcia Rebuck

J & M Traditions



All
Traditional Supplies
Recurves
Longbows
New & Used
Bow List \$1.50

RR2, Box 413
Sunbury, PA 17801
(570) 286-7887

Flemish Strings
Custom Arrows
Aluminum
or
Rose City
Cedar



HorseBows

that prove to the archer's hand and eye that 5,000 years of development should not just rest in old graves. Reproductions in wood, leather, and fiberglass start at \$350.

Dealers wanted

Ed Gilbert 3314 Ridgeway Ave, Madison, WI 53704
608-244-2845 <http://www.horsebows.com>

Belladonna and Hellebore

The Poisoned Arrow

By Hugh D. H. Soar

Not the title of a newly discovered play by William Shakespeare, or the heroines of a seamy Victorian novel, but something equally mysterious perhaps: for these are the names of two plants growing a world apart, each with curious properties—as the botanists of today are aware, and the archers of yesterday knew full well. For belladonna, and hellebore have one thing in common: they symbolize death—and death by poison.

Stone Age hunter-gatherers who used the bow stalked their prey. Ishi, the Yana Indian, taught us that. Not for him the field shot at 80 yards, or even closer at 40 yards. His need to fill his belly was too great to risk such precious magical things. He used his skills in woodcraft to creep close before he loosed his shafts. And to secure success he turned occasionally to the darker side of Mother Nature, her poisons.

Although quite properly we link the poisoned arrow with the techniques of primitive hunters from the rain forests of Brazil, and the Bushmen of the Kalahari Desert, its use was well enough known in Europe during the Medieval period. Whilst there is an as yet unproven myth that the English longbowmen used poison in battle, it is fact that juice derived from the root of helleborus (helleborus foetidus perhaps) was sometimes smeared on English hunting arrow heads to speed matters along.

The advantage of poison must have been as obvious to the medieval peasant forest dweller as it was to early man. The common names of certain English plants are redolent of their properties: "Wolfbane," "Henbane," "Deadly nightshade," are names not to be trifled with. With a dog perhaps to flush prey from cover, a light bow in hand to deliver the arrow whose tip he had smeared with poison, even a scratch would in most cases prove fatal. He had only to follow the beast to its death. That the peasant archer used it we know; what is surprising is that he used it as seldom as he did.

A distillation made from the corm of enaryllis disticha was also well known as an effective hunting poison, as

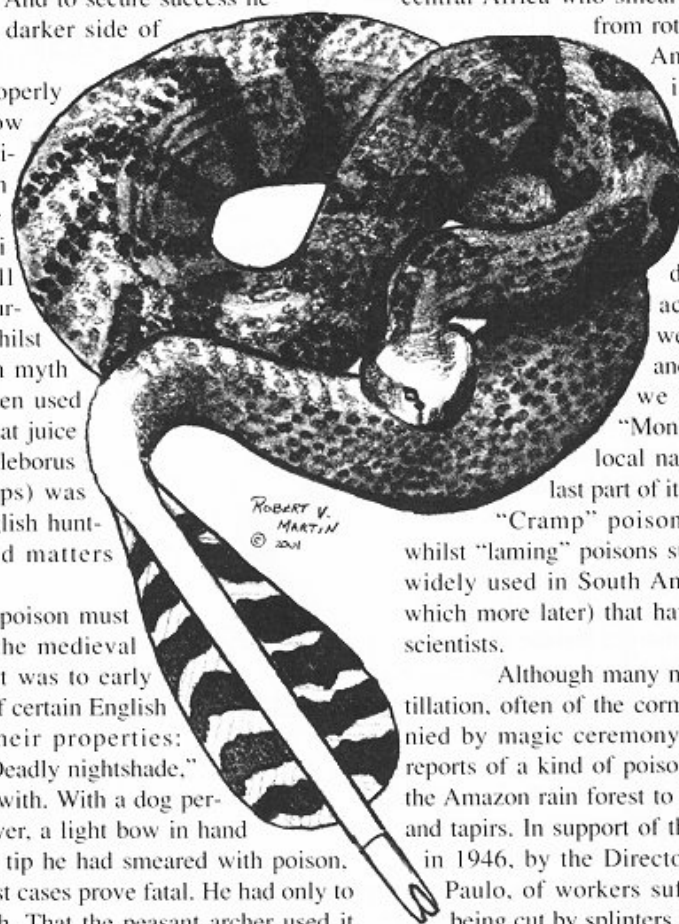
was that made from the native South African plant, amaryllis belladonna (hippeastrum equastre) now a local resident in the parks and herbaceous borders of English gardens. Sharing the name is "atropus belladonna" that most potent of killers. A member of the Solanceae family, English country-folk know it as "deadly nightshade" and learn of its properties at their mothers' knee. Woebetide anyone who mistakes it for a blackberry amongst the brambles. As an aside, all of the genus solanceae are poisonous to some degree and one should also leave "black nightshade," "bitter sweet," and "henbane," especially henbane, very strictly alone.

With few exceptions—notably certain tribes in central Africa who smeared their arrowheads with liquid from rotting carrion, and others in South America whose method it was to induce eventual tetanus—most arrow poisons worked rapidly. Not unrealistic of course, since the hunted animal had to be pursued on foot. Poisons which quickly affected respiration, derived from the corms of aconites (aconitum ranunculeae) were widely used in Asia, Africa, and South America, and once more we turn to English country lore. "Monkshood," and "Wolfbane" are its local names and beware of it, for every last part of it is poisonous!

"Cramp" poisons found a vogue in Malaysia, whilst "laming" poisons such as curare were, and still are, widely used in South America, and it is these latter (of which more later) that have been closely studied by plant scientists.

Although many native poisons are derived by distillation, often of the corm, in lengthy processes accompanied by magic ceremony and ritual, there are persistent reports of a kind of poisonous bamboo used by Indians of the Amazon rain forest to kill animals as large as alligators and tapirs. In support of these reports, cases were recorded in 1946, by the Director of a Botanical Garden at Sao Paulo, of workers suffering severe "toxication" after being cut by splinters from a small, wild bamboo growing in the Garden. Unfortunately the botanical name was not given, and we have no way now of identifying its genus.

As an incidental aside, whilst we know that greenheart and yew produce allergens, it would be interesting to



hear from anyone who has had reaction from bamboo whilst working up a "grass" bow, or preparing shafts from this material.

Curare is well enough known as an arrow poison of course, and anyone with native (ethnic) arrows on which it might have been smeared should keep the points covered permanently. No-one really knows how long this stuff holds its potency, and those whose collecting instincts lie in this direction would be well advised to keep a tight rein on their curiosity.

Nosiness in the course of science has ever been a failing of the English upper class—witness the unhappy Mr. Henry Pert, a sixteenth century gentleman who managed, well against the odds, to commit involuntary suicide with his longbow whilst seeing how far an arrow would go when shot straight up!

The essayist, Walter Michael Moseley, in his 18th century "Essay upon Archery," records experiments made by an inquisitive Mr. Herissant which could also have resulted in a premature meeting with his Maker. Luck rather than judgment prevailed in this mature gent's experiments, but these clearly showed that one shouldn't tinker around with dangerous substances in the name of science.

Having been given some arrow poison by a traveller lately returned from the Amazon, Mr. Herissant first tried to make a distillation in water. The fumes this gave off however "almost deprived him of his senses," and as Moseley records (with some regret perhaps, in view of his later comments) "had he not taken a large quantity of sugar dissolved in wine" (which had been prescribed as an antidote) "he might have fallen suffocated and lifeless to the floor." With foresight, and some luck, he had prepared this restorative in advance.

Not one to give up lightly, and unperturbed by the smell, he then put the liquid into a bottle and corked it tightly. Some time later however, he took the bottle out and, having shaken it, was apparently surprised when the thing blew up in his face and soaked him with the contents. Good fortune, if not good sense again being on his side, and with no wound for the poison to reach his bloodstream, he survived this as well. Had he cut himself shaving that morning things would have ended there and then; but as Moseley (who was evidently fascinated by all this) records, in 1748 the doughty Mr. Herissant put early misfortunes to one side and began experimenting in earnest.

These trials involved rabbits, and pet cats, presumably his own, although Moseley is quiet on the point. Both rabbits and cats expired promptly, one rabbit before he had the chance to bandage the poisoned wound, whilst the cats "lasted three minutes." The bit now so to speak between his teeth, he then tried the poison on fish, reptiles, and insects, although to no avail, since all survived his attempts to terminate them.

Determined to complete his experiments however, and anxious to know the effect if any of poisoned meat on humans, he invited his unwitting friends to supper, and fed them the rabbits, "afterward making several other persons eat them." Although, as Herissant observed, "not one of us perceived the slightest indisposition," it is a fair guess that his friends might have taken a rain check when invited to dine with him in future.

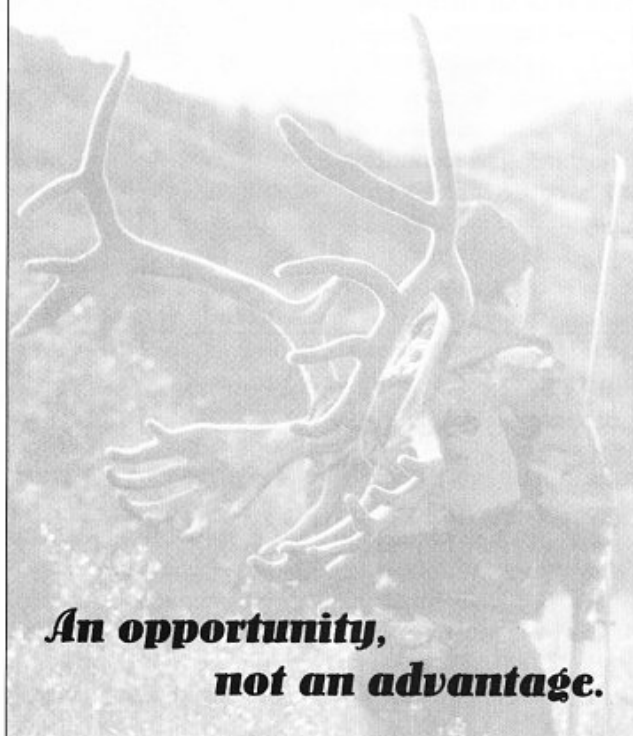
Modern science has shown us that animals killed by poisoned arrows may be safely eaten, at least with some confidence if not with impunity, but to describe Mr. Herissant's experimental

Preserve, Promote and Protect Traditional Archery



Join the
**Association of
Traditional
Hunting Archers**

For more information on ATHA or to become a member visit us on the web at www.athaonline.com or write to ATHA, P.O. Box 36, Hot Springs, SD 57747-0036.



**An opportunity,
not an advantage.**

cuisine as foolhardy seriously understates it.

To his credit, Moseley, who recounts the story, was quite affected by all the carnage and records his sadness that so much suffering should have been inflicted by curiosity posing as science. He actually lists the animals involved in these macabre experiments as "...six horses, one bear, one eagle, one hawk, two wolves, one pig, one lamb, thirteen rabbits, fifteen dogs, nine cats and sundry rats, mice, pole-cats, and a solitary unfortunate.. guinea pig..." One speculates on the sort of welcome St. Francis might have had ready for friend Herissant if he had ever made it to the Golden Gates.

To the forefront of those involved with poison arrows were the Bushmen of the Kalahari desert. They were reliant exclusively on these for their prey, since their weak bows could not kill by penetration. They used both vegetable and animal poisons, getting the former from the well-named "amaryllis toxicaria" and the latter from the poison glands of several snakes. They also used the juices extracted from a large black spider; whilst their most terrible weapon was an infusion made from the body of a grub they called the N'gwa, or K'aa. C.J. Longman, who mentions this in "Badminton Archery" (P.101) records that "...it drives any unfortunate being, whether human or otherwise, raving mad before he dies in agony." Clearly it was unwise to cross a Bushman.

And lastly, curare. At one time a general name for all South American arrow poisons, this came eventually to mean a specific type, the making of which was surrounded by mystery and ritual. Ritual in the most practical of senses, since its preparation was the job of the most expendable members of the tribe, old women and criminals. If they died whilst a batch was bubbling away then a good batch was certain. If they failed to snuff it in the process however, the product was thought inferior, and they were soundly beaten for standard work. Humanities apart, one is impressed by the logic!

Mystery surrounds the ingredients used in the poisonous South

American brew, some of which had a less than obvious purpose. Included "a la carte" were—amongst other things—hairy spiders, wings of bat, toads, bits of snake, and the tops and bottoms of some unpleasant local fish. To anyone familiar with the Witches Scene in Shakespeare's "Macbeth" there is an element of *deja vu* about the ingredients.

Later on, the preparation of curare fell to the "poison master" (amo del curare) One of these, interviewed during the early 19th century, observed drily that his "laboratory" (consisting mainly of banana leaves and a large rock) was producing material that could kill quietly in seconds, and without disturbing the local fauna. He was disposed to contrast this with the loud bang, flame, black smoke, and the inevitable miss of the white man's weapon, resulting in everything for miles around getting its head below the parapet!

In Britain during early times, wounds of all types, including unpoisoned arrow wounds, were a regular feature of life, and inevitably there were potions on hand to deal with them. Some are mundane "...take a nettle, pound it well, boil in unsalted butter and make an ointment for the wound..." others are complex and exotic, "...Take equal quantities of holly bark, mallow, and the middle part of the elder, add thereto lard, and wine in the same proportions, boil well until it becomes thick, then take a cloth, spread the ointment thereon and cover the wound with this. By the help of God it will be healed..." (one feels that God would have had his work cut out with most medieval medications!)

For an arrow head which has entered and cannot be extracted, "...Seek the roots of spear thistle, and the white of an egg, mix together and apply to the wound—it will extract the foreign substance..." There is a certain degree of faith needed here as well, one feels.

Arrow wounds were sufficiently common to enjoy a specific remedy. This was "Inula Helenium" known by its common name of "elecampane" or "alecum-payne." Either drunk as a distilled liquid, or eaten as a candied sweetmeat. An almost universal cure-all, it was particularly potent against the poisoned wound, and references to it abound in those early

medieval "masques" and "mummers" plays performed on Feast Days to entertain the masses.

In the traditional fight between St. George and the Turkish Knight, the Doctor carries a bottle to heal the wounded hero. "...here, take this essence of elecampane.. Rise up, Sir George, and fight again..."

Perhaps the oddest prescription though is that for a snake bite, and comes from a medieval Welsh manuscript. "... hold the anus of a red cock to the wound until the bird be dead.. If it be a woman, let the same be done with a hen..." The last person I saw with a snake bite had sat on one. The mind boggles!

It is a matter of curiosity that Mother Nature, benevolent in her distribution of sweet-scented flora, has hidden both death and life within the bouquet, leaving man in his wisdom to seek it out. We have not too far to look for the moral.



No Catalog



Hunters Rendezvous

**LARGEST SELECTION OF
MUZZLOADING FIREARMS AND
TRADITIONAL ARCHERY
IN NEW ENGLAND**

**Custom-Made Longbows,
Recurves, Custom Cedar Arrows
and Accessories**

**Handcrafted Muzzloading Rifles
and Accessories**

P.O. Box 260,
Pepperell, Massachusetts 01463
(978) 433-9458

Exit 31 off Rte. 495, 11 Miles West
On Rte. 119 — Look for the Log Cabin

PRODUCT SPOTLIGHT

FRED BEAR'S SECRETS of HUNTING

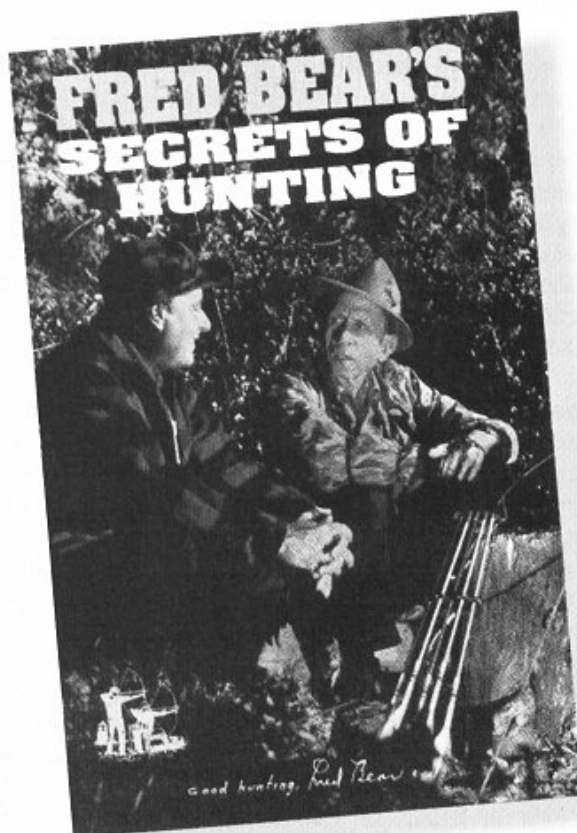
—Audio Cassette—

In the late 60s, two good friends, Curt Gowdy, the unforgettable voice of the American Outdoorsman television show, and Fred Bear, bowhunter extraordinaire, sat down one night around a comfortable campfire, turned on a tape recorder, and talked about archery and bowhunting from A to Z. Fred warmly shared hunting stories, tackle tips, and the hunting wisdom gained over a lifetime spent in the field. As you listen to this tape, it's easy to forget that you are not actually sitting there with them as the fire crackles, the crickets chirp, and the stories draw you in.

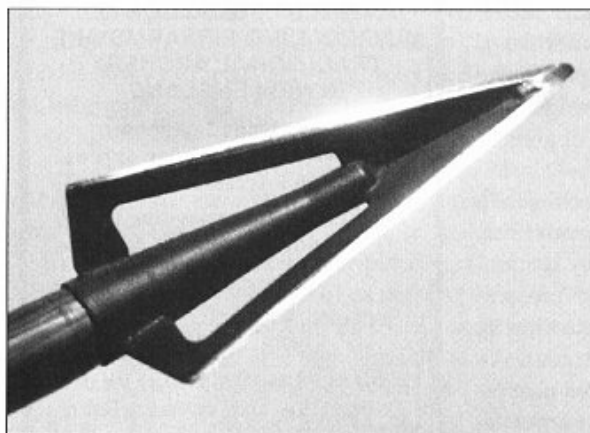
If you love to hunt and can remember Curt Gowdy's voice on the American Sportsman like it was yesterday; if you would have enjoyed sitting around a crackling campfire in hunting camp talking bowhunting and fieldcraft with Fred Bear, then this is the tape for you. If you are like us here at IA, you will value this personal and unique piece of history as much as your most treasured book.

When the leaves start turning and the breeze begins to chill, pop *Fred Bear's Secrets of Hunting* into the cassette player, then sit back and enjoy it with your hunting partners on that long drive to hunting camp this fall.

Available from **Three Rivers Archery Supply, Inc.**
PO Box 517, Ashley, IN 46705
(219) 587-9501 www.3riversarchery.com



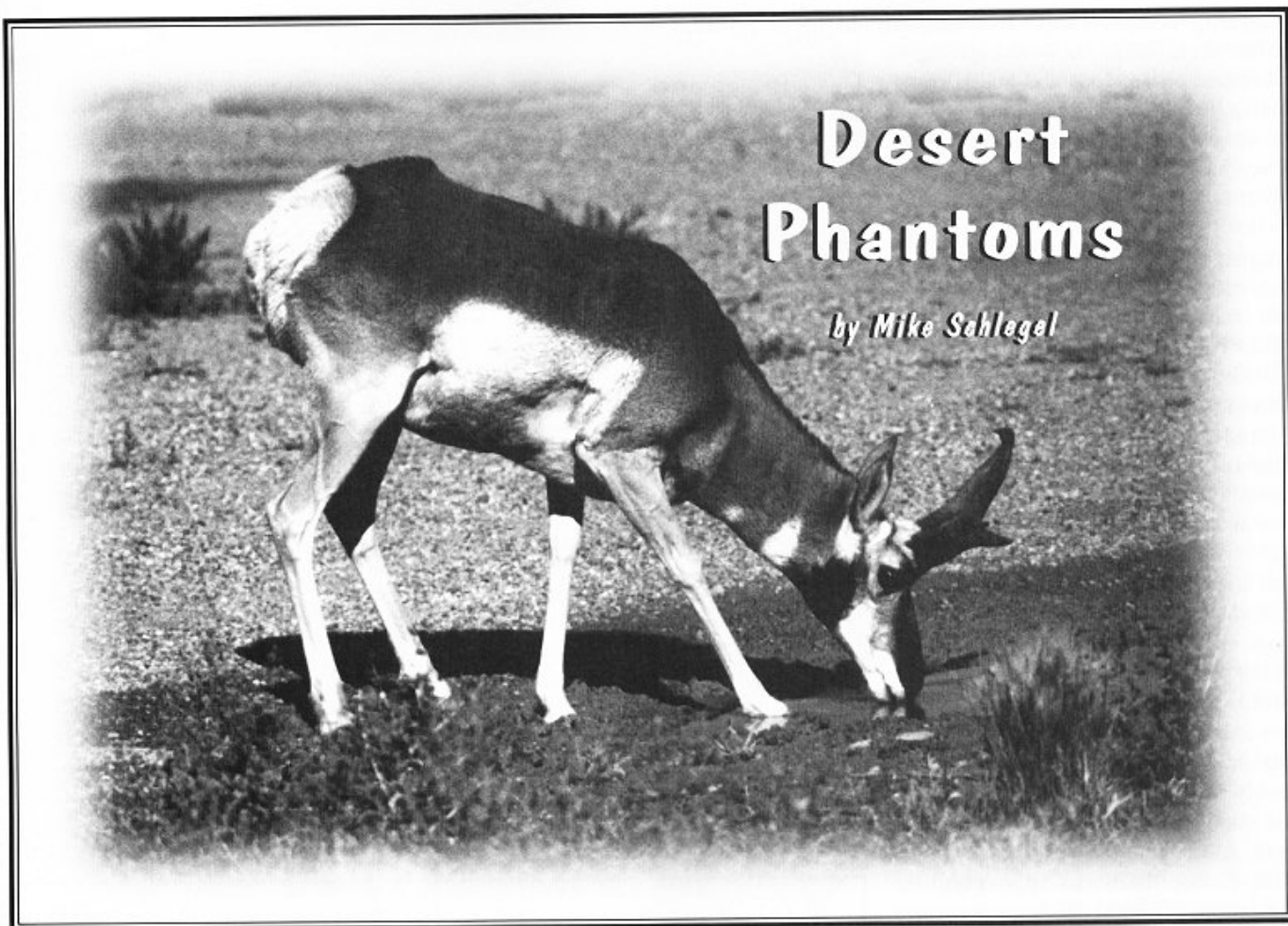
The Woodsman —Three-Blade Broadhead—



The Woodsman is an extremely strong broadhead designed to penetrate like a two-blade, yet cut the hole of a multi-blade head. It has no moving parts and doesn't need expensive replacement blades. The Woodsman is the direct result of over a century of serious bowhunting experience. Resharpenable, top quality, exceptionally strong, and affordable.

Nearly three times as long as it is wide, the length-to-width ratio of the Woodsman has been proven to give maximum penetration. American made of top quality high carbon steel, with almost eight full inches of cutting surface, the Woodsman promises to be one of the strongest broadheads ever made.

For additional information, dealer or distributor prices, contact: **Woodsman Broadheads**, 24176 Monarch Trail, Bloomfield, Iowa 52537 (64) 459-3691 www.wenselwoodsman.com



Desert Phantoms

by Mike Schlegel

Despite hunting antelope for several years I had never killed one. My antelope hunting “karma” was unbelievably bad. Usually I was the only one in camp who did not have shot opportunities during a hunt. Many times I was the only one who never saw an animal. It did not seem to matter which blind I selected, the antelope avoided it!

Two years ago I was convinced my karma was going to change. While removing my longbow from its bow sock I found a stone point. I really thought that was a positive omen. In retrospect, I never had an antelope come in to any of the water holes I hunted! In addition, four bucks were taken within three to four miles of the blinds I used.

The season started out on a sour note. Most antelope hunters construct blinds at water holes prior to the opening day. By doing so they give the antelope time to acclimate to the blind, plus it lets other hunters know someone is planning to hunt that water hole. Unfortunately, someone destroyed virtually all of the pre-set blinds over a large area. Most blinds are made using metal fence posts and burlap. Hunters found the burlap missing and the fence posts neatly piled near the site. By some twist of luck, our party decided to use portable ICE blinds by Double Bull Archery, LLC, thus we were not affected.

I arrived at our antelope camp late in the afternoon of August 14th. The season opened on the 15th. Our group included Ron and Suzy Sherer, Neil and Shannon Forester, plus their two young sons, and Gary Rathbone. When I arrived in camp, Ron, Suzy and Neil were scouting and

checking blinds. They returned just before dark. While they were giving us an update on antelope and hunter distribution, two hunters stopped by to inform us about someone destroying blinds. They had a vehicle description but we never saw the vehicle during our hunt.

August 15th

Just before daylight we all headed out to our respective blinds. Suzy went to the "End of the Road" blind, (aka "The Snake Pit"). Shannon went to "Shannon's" blind, Ron went to the "Pipeline" blind, and I went to the "Little Spring" blind. Neil stayed in camp to baby-sit the boys. Gary wasn't due in camp until later in the day.

I arrived at my blind at 6:30 am and stayed until 8:00 pm. True to form, I did not see an antelope! Ron saw one buck at a distance. Suzy had three nice bucks come to the water hole near her blind. She got a "three-pete," came close, but no cigars. Shannon saw nothing until late in the evening. A group of nearly 50 antelope came in to water at her blind. The bucks in the group stayed back and let the does and fawns water first. Before the bucks approached the waterhole a hunter from another area passed by in a vehicle spooking all the antelope. Shannon was very disappointed as she has taken several bucks from this blind on opening day in previous years.

In addition to getting the "three-pete" Suzy had some other excitement. Upon awakening from a power nap she was face to face with a snake! During her nap the snake entered the blind, crawled up the side of the blind and got wedged between the blind material and a support rod. Apparently while trying to free itself the snake wiggled down the support rod and asphyxiated itself eye level with Suzy. The fact the snake was dead, plus was nonpoisonous did not matter to Suzy. It took a lot of talking to get her back into the blind!

16 August

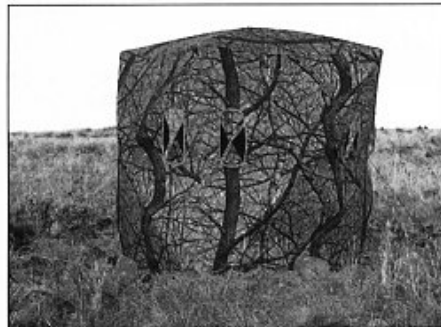
I arrived at the Little Spring blind at daylight. As I was walking into the blind I discovered a buck antelope had been watering at the spring and was making a

hasty exit from the area.

About 9:30 I looked up from the book I was reading and discovered a buck was cautiously approaching the spring. When he was about 100 yards out he stopped, looked around, and began rubbing his horns in a sagebrush plant. He then made a scrape, urinated and defecated in it, and began walking toward the spring again. However, he was very cautious. He approached in a zigzag pattern and began using "whitetail" tactics. Frequently he would lower his head as if to feed and suddenly jerk his head up and stare at the blind. He displayed this behavior several times while making the last 50 yards to the spring.

While he was approaching I nocked an arrow and went on red alert. Initially I had my bow in a vertical position. As the buck lowered his head to drink I extended my bow arm and moved the bow to a cant. The buck apparently detected the movement and spooked off to my right, his rump patch flared in the typical alarm mode.

He stopped about 50 yards from the blind. For several minutes he just



By some twist of luck, our party decided to use portable ICE blinds



Fresh sign indicated that we were in a good area.

Fedora's Bowmaking School

Come and learn the art of bowmaking for fun or business. Training custom bow makers for over nine years. Also **seminars** in instinctive shooting. We do not use heat boxes, masking tape, saran wrap or cut out limbs with bandsaw. Advanced procedures in bow building for the beginner to the experienced, by Mike Fedora, 39 years experience. Info that **cannot** be taught by videos or books. VA approved.

Call today for more information.

Fedora's Archery Shop

115 Wintersville Road, Dept. IA • Richland, PA 17087 • (717) 933-8862 • fedora@nbn.net

Fedora's Custom Bows

The finest in handmade recurve, long and flat bows for over 39 years.

Recently tested by Breck Smith, 59#@27" draw, 2018, 545gr, 212fps, with standard B-50 bowstring!!

Largest selection of exotic and native wood and lams — your choice. Custom made to fit your hand and draw length. Call today and order a true custom bow handcrafted for you.



stood stone still, then began moving away from the blind. When he was about 100 yards from the blind he suddenly stopped and began horning a sagebrush plant. He also made another scrape in which he urinated and defecated.

After a few more minutes of rut posturing the buck began walking back toward the spring. This time he was coming in straight at me. After reaching the spring he began the whitetail tricks again. He lowered his head as if to drink. Prior to putting his muzzle into the water he would quickly jerk his head up and look around. A couple of times he flared his rump patch. Apparently he convinced himself everything was okay as he relaxed and began to drink.

He was just over 15 yards from the blind, however he presented only a frontal shot. Having never killed an antelope, I wanted desperately to shoot, especially since I judged him to be a 15-

inch buck, definitely a "booker." Tempting as it was, I did not shoot.

Upon getting his fill of water, he did a 180 and was facing straight away from me, providing me a "Texas Heart Shot" (no offense to you Texans out there!). He began walking away from the

spring. However, he suddenly stopped and stood broadside, slightly quartering away from me, providing the ideal shot.

Unfortunately during all of this I realized I had made a tactical error. This was my first time in a high tech blind. The demo video that came with the blind demonstrated an hourglass method of arranging the cover over the shooting hole. I soon realized this technique posed two problems for me. Firstly, when I tried to just peek through the opening, I got a split vision. If I moved my face close to the opening the double vision disappeared. However, it reappeared when I got into a shooting position. Secondly, because the opening was so small, the buck looked very small, thus out of my effective range. Therefore, I talked myself out of shooting. I later stepped off the distance at 20 yards!

When the buck disappeared I glanced at my watch. It was 10:15. What an enjoyable 45 minutes!

After the buck left it was back to business as usual, reading, writing, and occasionally looking for antelope. Also, it was beginning to get real hot. It was difficult to get good air currents moving through the blind. By noon I was stripped down to my shorts.

At approximately 2:30 I looked up and discovered two doe antelope standing within 50 yards of the spring. They had approached the spring from my blind side. Even though the ICE blind has shooting windows on all sides, I opted not to open all the windows to

Valley Traditional Archery Supply

3814 Blair Road - Whitewater, Colorado 81527



Visit our website & on-line catalog:
www.valleytradarchery.com

Send \$2 for our traditional supplies catalog (refunded with first order) or order direct with our on-line catalog. MasterCard, Visa, Discover, COD.

"Home of Thunder Mountain Bows"
62" Coyote Flatbow · 66" Coachwhip Longbow

(970) 243-8144 - phone
vtas@gjct.net - e-mail

(970) 243-4366 - fax
1-800-874-3396 - toll free fax

avoid a silhouette situation. Since the antelope were at the extreme edge of my vision I did not know if there were other animals with them. Most often the bucks let the does and fawns approach the water source first. Thus, I again assumed the ready position.

They seemed very nervous and were reluctant to go to the spring. However, soon one of the does went to the spring and began drinking. Shortly thereafter the other doe joined her. Both were providing perfect shots. Antelope meat is not the best in the west. Thus my goal was a trophy class buck. I opted not to shoot, instead, I videoed them. Like the buck, when the does finished watering they departed the spring.

Our hunting area encompasses the bombing range of the Mountain Home Air Force base. A fighter jet breaking the sound barrier right over your blind frequently interrupts the boredom of hunting antelope from a water hole blind. Often one is treated to a "dog fight" in which unarmed missiles are fired. Often times these missiles make it to the ground before the incendiary device has burned out thereby igniting a range fire. The down-side of the fire is that it destroys sagebrush stands and thus antelope habitat.

That episode accounted for all the activity for the day despite staying in the blind until nearly 8:30 p.m.

17 August.

I arrived at the blind at 6:30 a.m., flushing two sage grouse on the walk to the blind. It did not cool off much during the night, thus it was in the nineties by mid morning. Animal activity was nonexistent during the morning and I had a difficult time staying awake.

I was videotaping sage grouse at the spring at 12:30 when I noticed three antelope, a buck and two does, southwest of the spring. Although they were quite a distance away, they seemed very nervous. It appeared they were going to go past the spring. In fact the does were already moving out. The buck however, began angling toward the spring. When the does notice this they returned to the buck. They intercepted the cattle trail leading to the spring and followed it toward the water. It appeared

as if they were going to walk past the spring. Again, the buck turned and went straight to the water.

This time I was prepared. I had eliminated the hourglass opening in the shooting window, plus I knew which objects around the spring were within my effective range. The buck waded into the water and began drinking. He was providing me a slightly forward quartering shot.

I was talking to myself, the usual stuff: "calm down, pick a spot, wait until his head is down, come to full draw," etc. The does had actually walked to a blind spot to my right, thus I did not have to worry about them seeing me draw my bow.

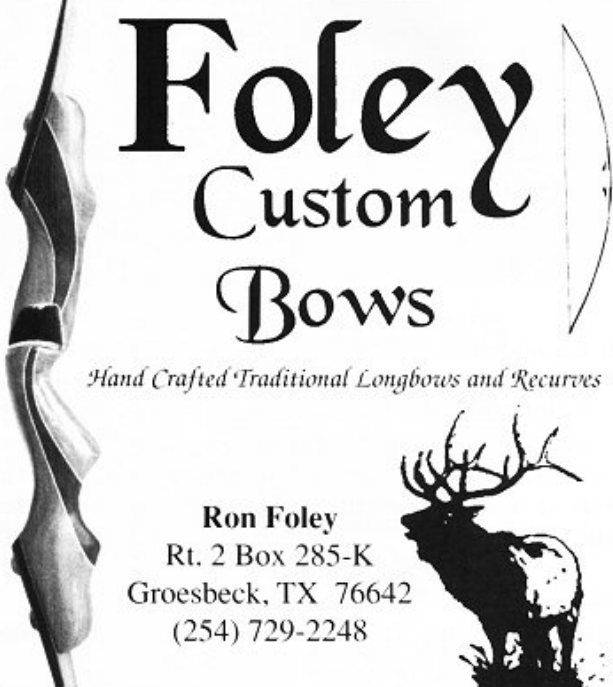
Well, the moment of truth had arrived! I had the perfect set-up for my first shot at a buck antelope. I use the "set-arm" draw technique. Prior to beginning my draw I focused on the "spot." Antelope, due to their color pattern, help you select the "spot." The junction of the tan and white hair runs mid-line, parallel on the body. Just follow the line to the crease of the front leg—it marks the perfect spot.

Although I have been a bowhunter for roughly 45 years, I still struggle with achieving full draw

when shooting under pressure. This time was no exception. I knew the moment I released the arrow I had short drawn it. However, I heard the distinct sound of the arrow hitting the animal. In addition, I saw the arrow kick up and fall to the ground beyond the buck.

The buck bolted from the spring and trotted toward the does, stopping about 50 yards from the blind. I could see blood just ahead of his off-side hip and assumed I had gut shot the buck. I glanced at my watch, it was 12:30.

All three animals stood motionless, alternately staring at the blind and the spring. Soon the buck lay down, facing away from me. The does walked off a few feet, stopped and looked at the buck. After a few minutes the does moved out of sight, behind the blind.



Foley Custom Bows

Hand Crafted Traditional Longbows and Recurves

Ron Foley
Rt. 2 Box 285-K
Groesbeck, TX 76642
(254) 729-2248

AUTUMN LEAVES, a Bowhunter's Life

A book by Mark Siedschlag in a style of writing that's been described as "timeless." Nineteen stories that could be a part of any bowhunter's life.

\$15.95 plus \$3.00 shipping from Adventure Trail Publishing,
P.O. Box 1493, Thoreau, NM 87323-1493, or see your dealer.



The buck made no move to get up when the does left. I continued to watch the buck and assumed the does left the area.

It was really starting to cook inside the blind so I decided to open a window on the side facing away from the buck, trying to generate some air circulation. To my surprise, the does were standing about 50 yards away, watching the buck.

The buck stood up but did not try to move toward the does. In fact, it appeared he was having a difficult time standing. He lay down again, but could not keep his head up. What to do! Let him be or risk the chance of spooking him off by trying to get another arrow in him. Since he appeared quite weak, I decided to stay in the blind. My decision proved to be unnecessary, as he died a few seconds later.

My first antelope and a nice buck at that! I took several photos before returning to camp. Neal and his boys were in camp as was Gary Rathbone. Gary and I returned to retrieve the buck. We took more photos and moved him away from the spring for field dressing.



The author and the culmination of a multi-year quest for one of Idaho's elusive "desert phantoms."

While dressing the buck, I discovered my shot wasn't as bad as it had appeared. The buck was actually quartering toward me more than I realized. The

arrow penetrated the nearside lung, went through the liver, and exited just ahead of the offside hip.

Upon returning to camp, I skinned and caped the buck. Next I washed the carcass down and sacked it. It turned out to be very good eating. I was pleasantly surprised as a few years earlier my wife rifled a buck and it was almost uneatable (when we invited guests for antelope back-strap dinner, no one wanted seconds and no one wanted to take any home! Someone commented that with a case of Heinz 57 and a case of beer it might be eatable!)

No one else in camp got an antelope today although there were some arrows launched.

18 August.

I took Gary to the Snake Pit blind, arriving just before daylight. We could see a good buck to the west of the blind.

I returned to camp, stopping frequently to photograph and admire a beautiful desert sunrise. Rather than go back to bed, I decided to do some exploring north of camp for the remainder of the morning. I saw several groups of antelope and a couple of mule deer.

By noon everyone was back in camp. Ron, Suzy, and I decided to break camp as they had leave for Alaska in a couple of days to get camps set up for grizzly bear hunts during September.



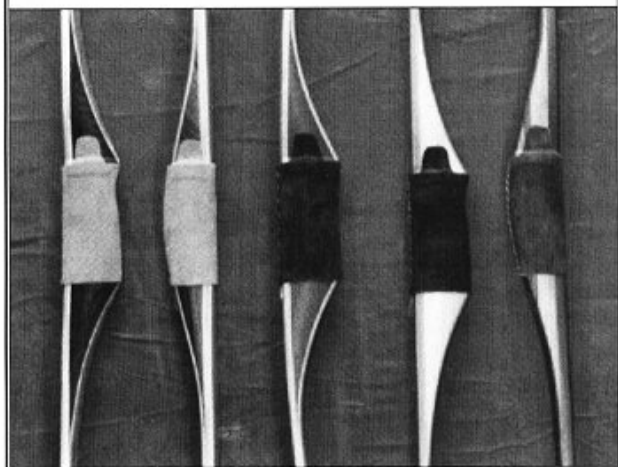
Author's notes: I used a 57-inch Aspen longbow, 57 pounds at 27 inches, and Beeman ICS "Hunter" shafts tipped with a 125-grain Snuffer broadheads. The internal chamber of the arrow shaft was filled to bring the finished arrow weight to 600 grains.

Northern Mist Longbows

Steve Turay
280 Gold Street
Ishpeming, MI 49849
(906) 485-5480



**CUSTOM
LONGBOWS
and FLATBOWS**





**Arrows From
The Sherwood Glen**
by Bob Wesley

Enjoying Traditional Archery

Enjoying 18 holes of archery golf. (left to right: Bob Wesley, Dr. John Payne, and Dr. Reed Bumgarner)

There are many ways to enjoy traditional archery. It is a hunting sport, handicraft sport, competition sport, golfing sport, fishing sport, and on and on. This versatility is one of the aspects of archery that I enjoy so much. Someone once said, "Archery is a sport for all seasons."

How seriously and in what depth the archer pursues his interest is individual and personal. Howard Hill once flew over the bend in a river in a small plane and spotted some hogs down below feeding along the river edge. Landing the small plane in a nearby field he stalked back to the bend in the river and eased into the thick undergrowth. Suddenly he spotted one of the hogs through a small opening. After a few moments had passed the hog slowly backed up allowing a clear shot to the chest. Howard carefully drew his bow and CRACK!—a broadhead to the chest. The hog spun and ran from view. Then another hog appeared and another CRACK! This second hog followed the first. Following a wait, Howard followed the blood trails and recovered both hogs some ten yards apart. To fly the hogs back to camp both seats of the small airplane were removed and Howard and his partner sat on the hogs to fly out. "To my displeasure, Bob, we discovered that both hogs had cockle burrs in their thick hair that played havoc to our derrieres upon our bumpy landing." What a colorful adventure! A very unusual hunt indeed!

Spotting hogs from an airplane may not be for everyone. There are archers who derive most of their enjoyment

from simply making their own archery equipment. The aroma of cedar shafts, the cresting of arrows made with your own hands, burning feathers to a particular shape and then taking pride in the flight of the arrow are all enjoyable parts of this sport.

I have friends who thrive on the excitement of the competition part of the sport. Some simply enjoy the camaraderie and sheer joy of shooting their arrows with friends. As the summer tournament season rolls around, renewing old friendships and making new friends has become an important part of their lives. In traditional archery, all competitors are winners as score is not the important part of the fun but rather just the pure enjoyment that comes from shooting the bow with friends.

Roving is not a lost part of traditional archery in many parts of the country. Striking out through the woodlands and across the hills with a good friend, a dog, and a quiver of arrows, sleek longbow in hand can provide an ethereal feeling. That clump of grass over there on the hillside is a likely target or that limb over there on the other side of the stream is a suitable mark.

From time to time I get a hankering to shoot flight arrows over a golf course and even accept a challenge from

golfers. I usually make special arrangements in advance with the people in charge of the course assuring them that safety rules are carefully followed. It is important to select a time to play when the course is not crowded and I always keep two greens between me and the next players. To keep the contest fair and simple I always give the golfer three strokes

That clump of grass over there on the hillside is a likely target, or that limb over there on the other side of the stream. . .

as handicap for every nine holes since an archer can cut across doglegs and has a definite putting advantage.

One of my most enjoyable archery golf contests took place at Temberton near Hattiesburg, Mississippi. I was playing the Club pro Brad Pitts, and our score was tied.

We were playing the 18th and last hole, and we were preparing for our approach to the green shots. Brad, taking a reading on the flag with his electronic range finder, noticed my interest. Smiling, "Bob, it's 280 yards and there is a sand trap directly in front." This was a very sporting gesture. Knowing the flight range of my bow was 270 yards I was able to draw my arrow an extra inch and land on the green. This feeling of cama-

raderie had been passed on to Brad. "That was beautiful," Brad said softly. I later found out that the golfers enjoyed this experience so much that they placed our pictures with traditional gear on their permanent bulletin board.

Fishing is another sport that adapts to traditional archery very well. One of my most enjoyable traditional outings was bowfishing "big reds" in the Louisiana bayous with Barry Burke. Barry invited my good friend Don Francois to join us in this early spring adventure. We bow-

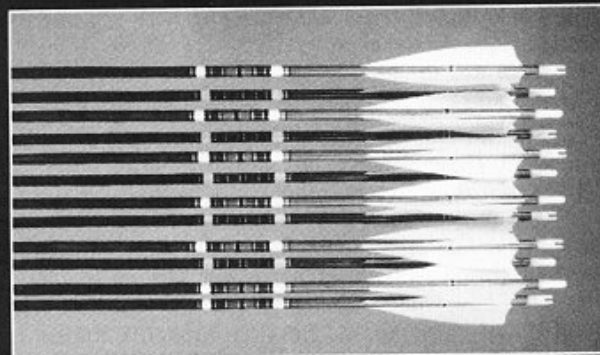
fished at night with a spotlight which allowed us to see several feet down into the water. Even more enjoyable than shooting red fish myself was seeing Don's eyes light up and hearing his excited voice when he hit one.

To get maximum enjoyment from this wonderfully versatile sport, you should strive for correct form, groove into your subconscious a dependable method of aiming, perfect a crisp release, and select a bow that is comfortable to shoot for prolonged practice periods. Regardless of your particular interest in traditional archery, I encourage you to string up that bow and become involved in the most versatile of sports—traditional archery.



Formerly Butler's
*...to meet
all your
traditional
needs*

- Rose City Port Orford Cedar Custom arrows and shafts
- We carry Matlock, Sley, Lightning, Yellowstone, Lone Tree, Dowell & Martin bows
- New Boa constrictor quiver
- Direct "A" Scent bubble blow products



For the Very Best in Custom Arrows
Tapered • Barrel Tapered • Footed • Hollowtails

Wildcat Canyon Traditional Archery
1031 County Road 141 • Durango, CO 81301

(970) 247-2894 • FAX: (888) 495-9159 • E-mail: beens@frontier.net

Send \$2 for a complete catalog

Hunting for Bow wood and Pictures *(the year-round season)*

By Terry Jamieson

When the cooler air of autumn begins an encroachment on the summer I am speeding through countless thoughts of anticipation. The hunting days are just ahead and my mind begins to conjure the fantasies that hold beautiful images of the creatures I will chase and their environment. This is the time of the year that truly brings out the explorer in me.

Not long ago I stated to my wife that I was often disappointed that the seasons did not last long enough, and in fact I wished that I could spend the entire year wandering in the outdoors among the wildlife. With this dialogue came an answer that has blessed my every day since. "What is it that you enjoy so much about the outdoors?" The hunting, regardless of what I am hunting for. The hope and uncertainty that lay hidden around every tree and hill is therapy to my soul.

Moments later I glanced over to where my camera was perched on the work table and a thought came to me. When the seasons were over I would capture animals on film and approach it as though it were a hunt. Perhaps even in the midst of this exercise I would practice the stalks and patience so important to the hunt when a weapon was in hand, and as an added bonus I could seek out the wildlife that could not be shot and placed on a dinner plate.

Almost certainly it would give me an opportunity to feel the spirit of the harvest. Instead of taking life I would capture it forever while awaiting the time in which I could bowhunt.

But there was to be an added bonus this past year. I had developed the love for making bows. The selfbow was close to my heart. I would search for and harvest the woods and then process them into weapons of traditional grace. Indeed, I had two reasons to be in the field and forest when the hunting seasons were closed. My desires to get close to wildlife or locate the ideal bow wood had now reached the same passionate pinnacle as shooting and hunting, though I could never have one without the other.

The days of summer and spring held incredible satisfaction. When I felt the fly rod calling, I placed the camera in my travel bag and took along the desire to find the ultimate bow woods. The outdoors were never so perpetual as this last year. My days afield were packed with activities and most

assuredly the hunting seasons later in the year came up faster than I have ever remembered.

My walks in the forest caused me to see trees in a light like never before and with the camera in hand I was again a hunter trying to be invisible amid the growth of the natural world. Deer, turkey, squirrel, and rabbit had now given way to literally everything.

My film had captured scenes near my deer stands that overlooked oak forests, edge habitat, and waterways. I stalked the same quiet places that had served to hide me when I had taken deer or small game. The pictures became a method to get close to the natural places. I was now a hunter for twelve months, not just four.

The need to take good pictures became as crucial as any aspect of hunting with my bow. It was painstaking at times, while other times were easy and simple. Hunting is often the same way.

Searching for bow wood was without question just as exploratory as searching for game, and one particular day served to unite the camera, wood, and animal in a span of ten minutes.

The Ozarks are full of life and my walks are never without the inclusion of something natural to these places. The deer seasons were over and I had a little time to myself as the setting sun had consumed another day. The mid-winter chill was nipping at my ears as I passed through a

tangled array of cedars in route to an area where I had noticed a fallen hickory earlier in the year. This tree was of course perfect because harvesting a live hickory was not necessary. Perhaps its limbs or heart would provide the recipe for a piece of magic. Armed with a camera and a saw in my backpack, I trudged up and down the steep ridges. The tree was right where I remembered and its limbs perfect for the task at hand.

I relaxed momentarily and observed the beauty of the place. The evening was vanishing and the partly cloudy sky looked like an old blanket. I turned to remove the pack when my eyes picked up movement. It was gliding in and around the trees of the forest. A large barred owl floated past me and silently landed in a cedar a mere 30 feet away. I was stunned and smiling as the camera found my eye. The forest entity had no idea I was nearby and my heart came to full draw as I snapped several shots. Suddenly it looked right at me and the perfect shot had been delivered.

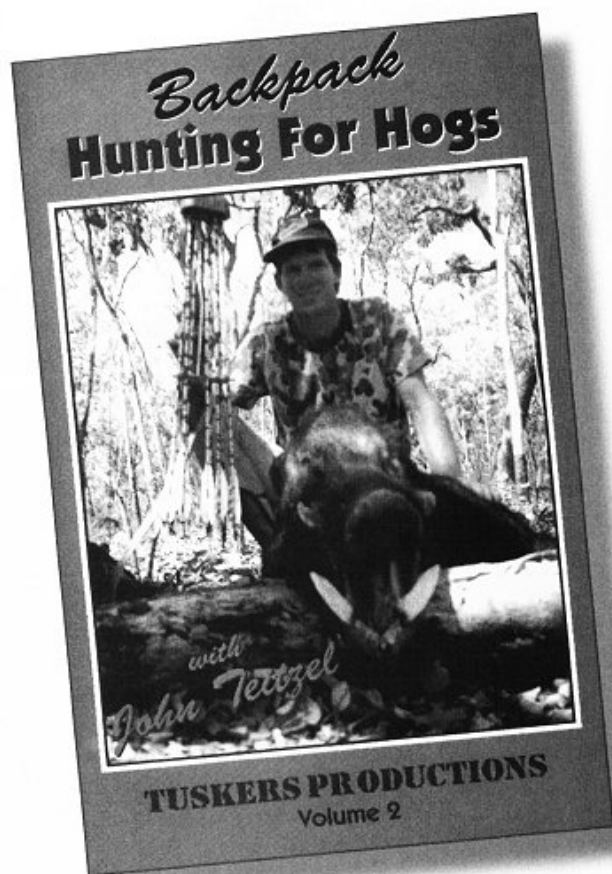
This year when your favorite seasons draw to a close do not be dismayed, but instead find a camera and a saw and go hunting again. Take the pictures as though they will never happen again. Use your skills as a hunter and get close to all of it, but always carry with you the reverence for the hunted that is so vital when the harvest is finally made. And yes, you can hunt all year.



VIDEO REVIEW: **Backpack Hunting For Hogs**

— A review by Doug Chase —

This Video Productions video was shot in the Australian Outback, at Cape York in North Queensland, and features John Teitzel and his "mate" Kim.



One of my most favorite things to do is hunt hogs, so I was anxious to see this video. Hog hunting is tailor made for bowhunting, since wild hogs can be hunted year round, can be found in fairly large concentrations, are approachable to spear throwing range at times, and under the right circumstances are dangerous and exciting.

The video begins with scenic clips of Australia, including some whitewater rafting on a pristine river, that are the result of nearly 12 "feet" of annual precipitation. That kind of precipitation is hard for me to comprehend, since I've always lived on the high desert of Idaho, with a scant few inches of annual rainfall.

John was shown in his archery room, where there were scores of boar tusks hanging on the walls. He described the gear he would be taking along on this backpacking adventure in search of long toothed pigs, which consisted of some very basic and simple items, including his recurve bow and aluminum arrows tipped with two-blade heads. John demonstrated the method he uses for sharpening his arrows, which is

not much different than the methods used by traditional bow shooters anywhere.

This video really caused me to think about all the gear and equipment many of us end up packing to the woods with us on our hunting trips. Fancy, commercial camouflage clothing, scent-masking scents and sprays of every size, shape and description, backpack stoves, lanterns, cook kits, tents, thick sleeping pads, fancy sleeping bags, communication and navigation gear, and on and on and on. The gear John and Kim packed was Spartan, to say the least. I was impressed with the characters in this video from the very beginning.

John and Kim arrived at the hunting area, which consisted of a flat, swampy area along a stream that connected two larger ponds of water. As they were walking along a muddy creek, John mentioned how there were crocodiles about, and they needed to keep a watchful eye for those critters.

The main body of the video included stalk after stalk and shot after shot on big boars. Nearly every stalk involved wading through swamps or mud as they approached the pigs that were out in the water, rooting up the soft, muddy bottom. I was quite interested to know what the pigs were looking for, but the video never did say. Whatever it was, it caused the boars to have their heads under water a large percentage of time, which contributed to close and accurate shots. Sometimes, John or Kim were nearly up to their waist in water on these stalks. I wondered where the crocs were hiding during some of these stalks. I'm sure they were just waiting for me to show up. The thought of having one of those toothy creatures stalking you while you stalked a boar would certainly add some spice to the hunt.

Camp was very simple, and took scant few minutes to set up. A ground cloth, sleeping bag and bug netting was quick and simple. Cooking was done using a fire made of twigs, heating a military style metal cup. Their cooking pot also served as a boiling pot for boar tusks, as John demonstrated later in the video. As he dropped the jaw into the boiling water, he made a comment about how this would add some flavor to the pot.

Even though the shots were accurate and resulted in the pigs going down in short order, John would move in behind the pig, grab the tail and thrust his knife into the pigs chest and heart. On one occasion, the pig took exception to that effort and chased John up a tree, before succumbing to his wounds.

A final, appropriately fitting sequence, had John demonstrating how to make acceptable drinking water from muddy pond water. He filled his metal cup with muddy water and added a handful of leaves that were covered with a mass of green ants. The leaves were pulled out and the liquid strained through the top of his baseball cap, into the canteen. He claimed the ants caused the silt to settle out and gave the water a lemon flavor. He said you could get the same flavor by simply eating the back end of the ants. Only in Australia!

I very much enjoyed this video, and am looking forward to a trip "down under" where the pigs are plentiful and have exceptional tusks. You should watch this video if you get the opportunity.

Editor's Note: I have watched many exciting hog-hunting videos. For pure enjoyment and non-stop action, this one is by far the best.

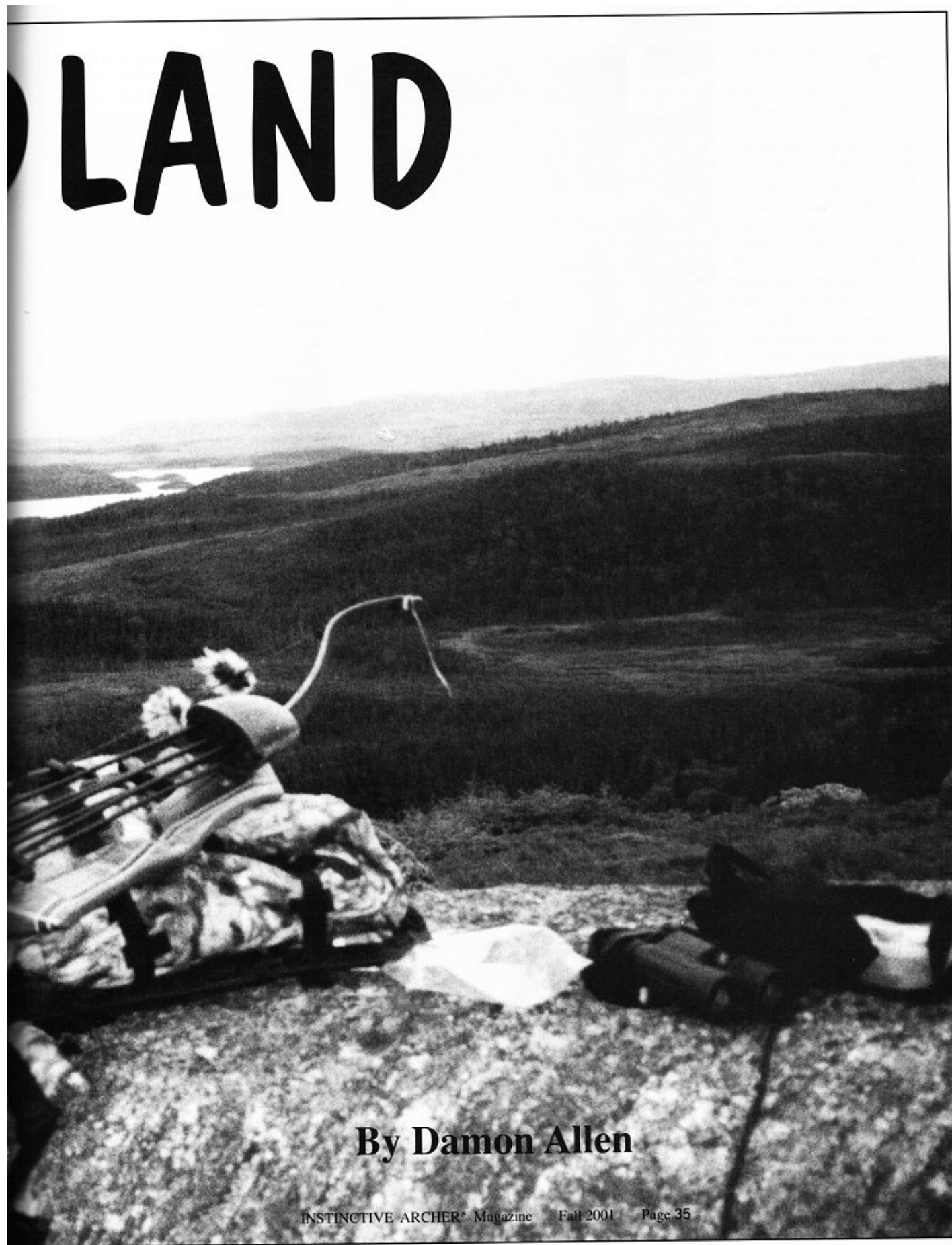
Backpack Hunting For Hogs is available from:

HUNTER DISTRIBUTING
1232 Redman Blvd., St. Louis, MO 63138
(314) 355-8829, ribteker@hotmail.com

NEWFOUND DREAMS



INSTINCTIVE ARCHER® Magazine Fall 2001 Page 34



By Damon Allen

INSTINCTIVE ARCHER® Magazine Fall 2001 Page 35

As I left Idaho in the early morning rain, it felt surreal that I was actually beginning my self-proclaimed "hunt of a lifetime." I had been seeking something different and new with a serious adventure attached, eventually settling on Newfoundland's woodland caribou. Not being a gambler, I didn't want to risk "missing-the-migration," as can happen when chasing the Quebec-Labrador herds. Friends told me of Newfoundland, where the woodland caribou, for the most part, don't migrate. The trade-off being that only a handful of good stags might be seen each day. My conservative nature took over and I figured I would accept a meager sighting rather than risk getting completely skunked by possibly missing a migration. Decision made, I splurged on a black bear tag for good measure.

Four different aircraft and 12 hours later I was staring at a Dehaviland Turbo-Beaver sitting on amphibious floats. This would be my adventure time-machine. Dean, the outfitter, introduced me to the only other hunter in camp this week, Tom, a doctor from Iowa. As Pierre, the pilot, thawed the frost off of the plane, Dean, Tom, and I began loading the gear. Besides our personal gear, we loaded up gas, food, tools, generators, chairs, and a full-size stove for good measure. I felt sure we would have a dandy yard sale upon arriving at Island Pond. The Beaver lifted off easily and we immediately left civilization behind and had a scenic half-hour flight to camp. We flew over Grand Lake which looked more like a river with steep vertical banks. Waterfalls spilled over the sides, down to the black water. The rolling landscape was covered with green fir trees and scrub, dotted with black ponds and lakes.

Dean pointed to Island Pond and Pierre circled into the wind and splashed down, taxied up towards the dock and cut the motor. We drifted about 75 yards and ended up perfectly parallel to the dock. I think he had done this before. I climbed off the pontoon of the Beaver trying to keep my balance on the dock with my mountains of hunting gear. We had landed on Island Pond, which would be our hunting destination for the next week. Once we got off the plane we immediately recognized that



indeed we had traveled many miles. The flight attendants were speaking in English and French on the commercial flights and everything was in metric, including the outside temperature, which kept me guessing. The time change was three and a half-hours to my loss, and it was colder, wetter, windier, and wetter than the high desert of Idaho.

Notice I said "wetter" twice. Intentional! Interior Newfoundland is a wonderfully gorgeous place, a blend of lush jungle mixed with open tundra scattered with ponds, lakes, rivers, bogs, and streams too numerous to count. There is every shade of green imaginable, with fir stands so thick an arrow would never penetrate them. The only hint of civilization since the floatplane took off is now before me in the form of two hand-built log hunting cabins peeking out from the firs just up from the shore.



Interior Newfoundland is a wonderfully gorgeous place, A blend of lush jungle mixed with open tundra scattered with ponds, lakes, rivers, bogs, and streams too numerous to count.

Most of the hunting regulations of Newfoundland are in line with the U.S., however there are some differences. Two that come to mind are that non-residents, or more profoundly, "aliens," are required to be accompanied by licensed guides, and hunting on Sundays is not allowed. Outfitters use Sundays to fly clients in and out and catch up on camp work. I was hunting with Dean MacDonald, owner of Moose Valley Outfitters and his operation was no different. As Tom and I were getting our stuff unloaded and settling in to the cabin, Dean and his family were busy stoking up woodstoves, working on out-board motors, and tinkering with the generator. After getting unpacked, I went out and shot practice arrows on the shoreline. It was hard to control my excitement, but what the hey, it was Sunday, and what else was I going to do? I pulled my GPS out for fun and, after thinking real hard, it told me I was 2,700 miles from home, as the crow flies.

After Dean got settled in he suggested that we load up in the dory, take a spin across the lake, and walk a bit since the weather was unusually pleasant. We hopped aboard an interesting handcrafted dory of traditional



We unloaded on the far shore. The guides shouldered a small outboard and we were off to check on some other boats that had been strategically placed on other bodies of water nearby the previous year.

design powered by a 40-horse outboard. Dean explained that his father-in-law and business partner, Calvin, had built this boat by hand and how the ribs were selected from tree roots that had the proper dimension and curvature. The orange and green color scheme seemed odd as well, but is an old tradition. We glassed a couple of cow moose with calves and one small bull from the lake. Everyone commented that since it was sunny and warm, it was odd that moose were out but we were happy to see it. We unloaded on the far shore. The guides shouldered a small outboard and we were off to check on some other boats that had been strategically placed on other bodies of water nearby the previous year. Dean explained that all the boats and equipment has to be flown in by helicopter or towed out behind snowmobiles during the winter freeze. It was a quick reminder of how far we were from anything.

Hiking across this terrain was fascinating. My boots would sink about six inches and when I picked my foot up the ground would slowly spring back to its original shape like a giant saturated sponge. The other half of the time I was "moon-walking" over waist high scrub and evergreens that would support my weight maybe half of the time. It was as if I was playing "can't touch the ground," by walking across the neighbors landscape shrubs. I quickly learned that one must avoid stepping in the small puddles filled with black water. A six-inch diameter puddle would easily swallow your leg and you would be later emptying your knee high rubber boots like pouring a pitcher of iced tea for houseguests. We were on a biological fieldtrip as Dean explained the different berries we pointed at along the way. Blue blueberries—good to eat, white teaberries—o.k. to eat, red-crackerberries—not so tasty. I

spotted a stand of pitcher plants that capture and ingest insects with their sticky liquid. They have a little flower that hangs over the top of the pitcher opening to lure insects into their doom. Now that's traditional hunting.

Upon arriving back at the cabins, Else had dinner ready for us. It was a traditional Newfoundland setup consisting of cabbage, corned beef, and chicken. After dinner, Dean thought we should climb up the hill behind the cabin and see if he could show us a caribou. We only had about an hour before dark, but glassed five caribou, one being Pope and Young quality at about 300 yards.

I was not surprised since we could not hunt on Sunday. We were so tired but it was hard to get to

sleep that night after so much travel and seeing eight moose and five caribou already today. Dean had a poster of a Mountain Pine Martin in the guest cabin. It is an endangered animal with only about 300 of them left, 30 of which live right here on Island Pond. Dean and his family frequently have them on the porch of the main cabin. The little foxlike critter is being protected and studied. Public use of the area may be shut down in attempts to rebuild their numbers. We were not fortunate enough to spot one during our stay however.

We were up at the sound of the starting generator, stuffing breakfast in our faces at 5:30 a.m. this first day of the hunt. Dean and I planned to hunt up over the top, southeast of camp where we had seen the caribou the night before. It was a cold and cloudy morning as we trudged up the mountain behind camp through the dense foliage. We topped out and it opened up enough for us to glass. We glassed and hiked until afternoon, seeing a few caribou and moose off in the distance. One moose looked to be a good one but was very far away.

After lunch, Dean spotted a caribou bedded high up on a hill against a big rock. No doubt hiding from the cold wind. I pulled my glasses up and immediately said, "I'd take him, if I can get to him!" Dean recommended that I should wait since that stag was too small for the first day. I said, "Not with a recurve he ain't!" We compromised and Dean convinced me to make a stalk on the stag, but only for practice to see how close I could get. He said jokingly, "If I even see you pull an arrow out of your quiver I will scare him off!" I thought to myself, "if I can get to within ten yards of him, I'm taking him." We closed the half-mile and I belly-crawled to within about 30 yards. I was body surfing over some knee high scrub pushing my bow ahead of me. At about 20 yards the stag

heard me and stood up and looked back for a few seconds before trotting off. I learned a lot about these animals from this stalk. It turns out that they are very curious. Since they don't see humans crawling after them with sticks very often, they will sometimes pause for a couple of seconds before blowing out. Also, it is almost impossible to stalk in the high scrub and future stalks would be planned around it.

We hiked and glassed the rest of the afternoon. At about 5:30 p.m. we stopped on a lookout and glassed in the light rain down into the valley 500 feet below us. I spotted a small stag out on the open tundra a long way off but Dean thought we could do better if we waited patiently to see what emerged out of the timber right before dark. An hour later a nice stag materialized with two cows about two miles out in good stalking terrain. Dean was doing "I told you so's" while I loaded my pack. We were down the hill in a flash and making good progress across the flats and bogs when we walked right up on three cow moose!

They stood there staring at us, staring at them, neither of us knowing what do. Dean suggested that if we walked slowly at the moose they would ease off the other direction from the caribou and we might be able to salvage the stalk. I was thinking I should have opted for the moose hunt instead of a caribou hunt. Dean's plan was working well except the moose took off running and made a big, half mile circle coming down right where our caribou were. All the animals cleared the landscape together like a choreographed roundup for Noah's Ark and headed off over the horizon.

It was raining hard now, we were a long way from camp, and it was dusk. We put our heads down and trudged back empty handed. Back at camp, Tom had seen a few caribou and lots of moose. We laughed over dinner that the moose hunters were going to have a field day. We also found it peculiar that the guides all carried full-sized axes with them at all times while hunting. They used them as walking sticks and sometimes to cut a tree limb here or there as we walked. Seemed like a

heavy tool to carry so far, but traditional none the less. Sleep came easy this time as rain pounded the cabin roof.

I slept so hard that I didn't know where I was when the generator fired up at 5:30 a.m. and the lights slowly came alive. After a quick breakfast, Dean and I were climbing aboard the dory for a quick run around the lake to the southeast. It was getting considerably windier and colder as we went. We beached the boat on a rocky shore and the waves banged as we scrambled our way out of the boat with all of our gear. This was to be the day that we would "cover a lot of territory," according to Dean.

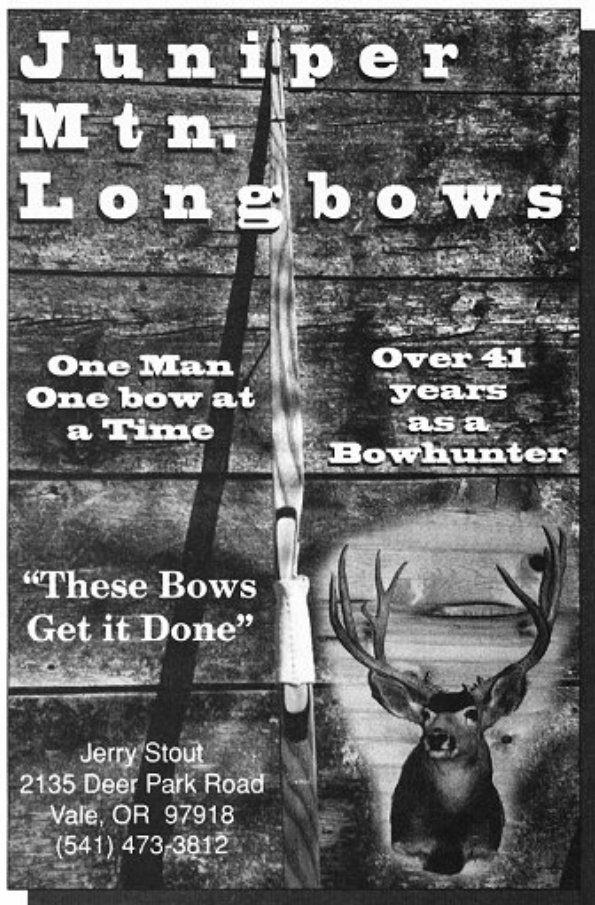
An hour of hiking brought us up and over and back down a small

mountain and looking across another small lake. Dean was looking for the gas can to fill up the small two-horse motor on this second boat. After some searching we found the five-gallon gas can had been carried off and shredded by black bears. I guess we were both surprised. Dean thought we had enough fuel to make the other side and had oars for backup. The little motor strained against the wind and we were just barely moving. By the time we hit the far shore it had begun to rain harder and the wind was reaching 30 miles per hour. Heads down, we started to climb to the top. Half way up we jumped a small stag and followed him all the way to the top. He would just stay about 200 yards ahead, obviously not wanting to be out in the elements either.

We topped out and immediately looked for shelter from the wind to rest and glass. We set up behind a large rock outcropping and Dean broke out the spotting scope. After a bit, he spotted a medium stag with a beautiful white mane at the base of an emerald mountain about three miles away. I immediately wanted to pursue but Dean insisted that we look around a little first. We continued to hike and glass while getting rained on about every half hour.

As we traversed an open bog we happened on a small group of 'bou with only cows and calves. We were watching them at about 70 yards when the weather unleashed. The wind was so strong the rain, sleet, and snow was stinging my face. Dean suggested we hunker down and wait out the squall. We ran for cover to the chest high scrub brush. He chopped out some holes and we climbed down into them and amazingly we were sheltered. The rain stopped and we decided to eat lunch in our burrows since we were there and it was the driest place.

We hiked in a big loop the rest of the afternoon eventually starting back towards the little boat. Again Dean spotted the same stag at the base of the emerald colored mountain. Since the weather was not favorable and we weren't seeing much, I encouraged Dean that we should go check him out. We worked our way around him and moved up behind a small stand of trees about 200 yards from him. He was an old stag, which provided the beautiful white mane



**Juniper
Mtn.
Longbows**

**One Man
One bow at
a Time**

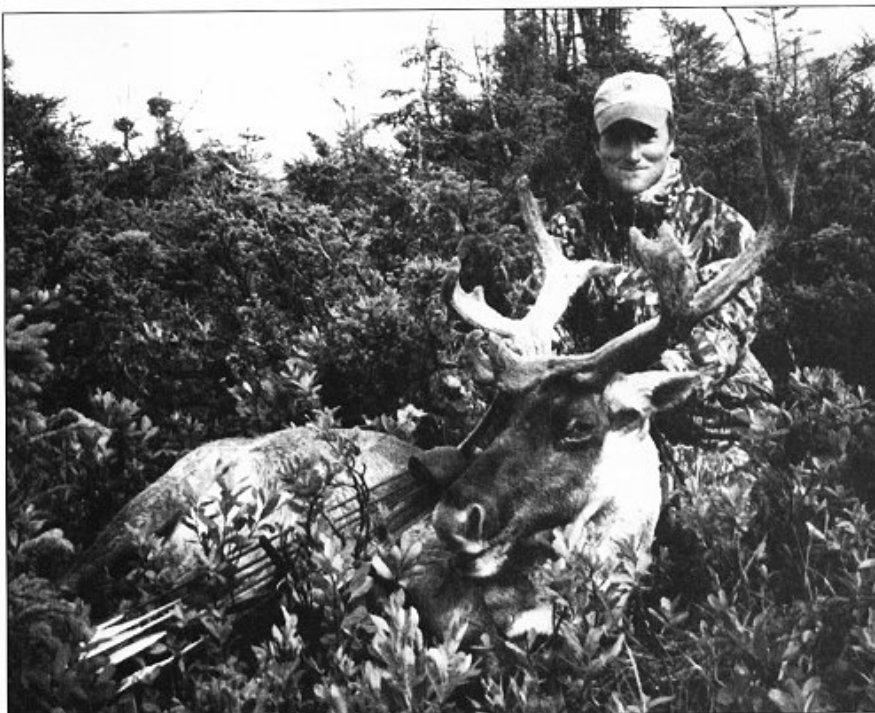
**Over 41
years
as a
Bowhunter**

**"These Bows
Get it Done"**

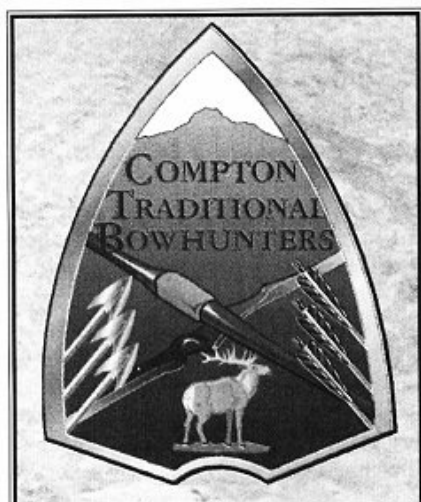
Jerry Stout
2135 Deer Park Road
Vale, OR 97918
(541) 473-3812

but also provided a diminished, medium sized rack. There was virtually no way to get closer without the stag helping us out. There was nothing between him and us but a couple rows of shin-high bushes. Dean displayed patience as we waited for two hours for the old boy to make a move.

Finally the stag began to feed away from us keeping his head down. With the wind as cover I tiptoed up to the first row of bushes and knelt down behind it, now about 100 yards from him. Again I was stuck. The stag was feeding in small circles just behind a second clump of bushes. As he turned away I again went forward, this time belly crawling through the bog. The cold water was penetrating the cuffs and waist of my raingear. I breast stroked my way up to the bushes and was now at 30 yards from the old stag. I thought many times about shooting from there, but with the wind gusting and the rain com-



I finally had my bow in front of me with an arrow on the shelf and the stag at 15 yards. The timber was cutting the gale force of the wind. . .



It's Time

A group of traditionalists from across the country has decided that we can no longer wait. Forces have gradually been sweeping us under the rug. They would like us to go away. The traditional archery community needs to be brought together to once again become a prominent factor. It's time to rise and take back our place in the sun. Those before us numbered in the tens of thousands, and they proved the traditional bows—recurves and longbows—a viable hunting tool. The record is clear. It is now time to insure the identity of the traditional way for future generations. The natural resources departments will once again see our short-range bows as a low impact management tool—this we will encourage and pursue. It is also a great source of hunting enjoyment. Come join us as a member of the Compton Traditional Bowhunters.

—Glen St. Charles, Board Member Emeritus

Compton Traditional Bowhunters
7190 S. Boulder Rd., Boulder CO 80303
(303) 494-0601 www.comptontraditional.com

ing down, it was too risky. I figured the stalk was over.

After about 30 minutes I guess the stag was full and headed for the timber to get out of the wind and rain. I watched as he effortlessly penetrated the fir trees and disappeared from site, leaving me behind laying in the cold water.

As soon as he was out of sight, I tiptoed up to the edge of the timber and started to scan the brush. I could only see about 25 yards in any direction. I moved in a little further until I could see the stag facing directly away from me. I spent the next 15 minutes performing yoga gyrations with my body and bow to move three steps to my right without making any noise for a quartering-away shot. I finally had my bow in front of me with an arrow on the shelf and the stag at 15 yards. The timber was cutting the gale force of the wind but it was also causing my scent to swirl. I felt the air current waft toward the stag and I lifted my bow and drew back. The stag whipped his head around and our eyes met. His eyes bulged out when he finally figured out what was up. I hit full draw and released before he flinched. The arrow went to the good spot, but I heard a loud crack and it

appeared that penetration was not full. The stag turned and busted through the fir trees clearing his own path and out into the open tundra. I was in hot pursuit following the swath of snapped off trees.

I met Dean in the open and he had watched the whole thing. He brought our packs and we kicked back and glassed the stag as he trotted down a gentle slope and lay down in the bottom about 500 yards away. As we rested for a few minutes glassing the stag for movement the rain finally cleared up to a slight drizzle. I was exhausted from the post-adrenaline rush. As we were discussing packing plans, the stag got back up and drunkenly crossed a 100 yard flat bog and entered a small stand of firs. That was disheartening! Dean said that we should give him some more time and then he would stay up here on top and watch for the stag to come out while I stalked in. In the meantime, we found my arrow and it appeared to have penetrated fully which made us feel better. The loud crack I heard must have been the off-side shoulder bone.

I slipped down to the small strip of timber and dropped down into a small creek that ran through the thickest



I pushed the boat out backward through waist high waves as Dean dropped the motor and fired it up. I crawled in over the front and we were off, headed for the cabin.

part. The creek kept me hidden as I worked my way in. About 50 yards in I found my stag. He was a beautiful animal. I was elated and ran out to flag Dean down the hill. The velvet on his rack must have been just ready to shed because most of it fell off from his charge through the trees. He was an old stag with only three or four teeth left. He would not have made it another winter.

Dean arrived on the scene and after pictures and caping I finally got to see the "axe" in action. I tried to borrow it but he said I had to use my small pack saw since I had made fun of him earlier carrying a full-size axe. Now I know why. Caribou legs are thick! We made the pack back to the first boat in about two hours. With the wind at our backs the boat made the crossing much faster this time. It was going to be close to nightfall so we hustled over the last mountain and down to the dory. The wind had the waves crashing in so hard it was difficult to launch the boat, now heavy with gear and caribou. I pushed the boat out backward through waist

high waves as Dean dropped the motor and fired it up. I crawled in over the front and we were off, headed for the cabin. It was a long cold ride with spraying surf and waves, but I had my excitement of the day's hunt keeping me warm.

We arrived back a little late for dinner and literally wolfed down our food. Tom and his guide, Calvin, had spent the day up high and were very cold and wet from the day's weather. We stoked up the wood stove and hung all of our gear to dry. Dean explained that I should remove the rest of the velvet from my Caribou rack and tie a rope on it and soak it in the lake to pull the redness out. It worked pretty well. Dean and the others worked on the caribou, salting the hide and cleaning up. Before turning in for the night I shot my "kill" arrow into the eave of the roof of the hunting cabin to forever remember the experience. There looked to be about five arrows up there all together from other lucky hunters. As I drifted off to sleep I was still relishing the day's hunt in my mind.

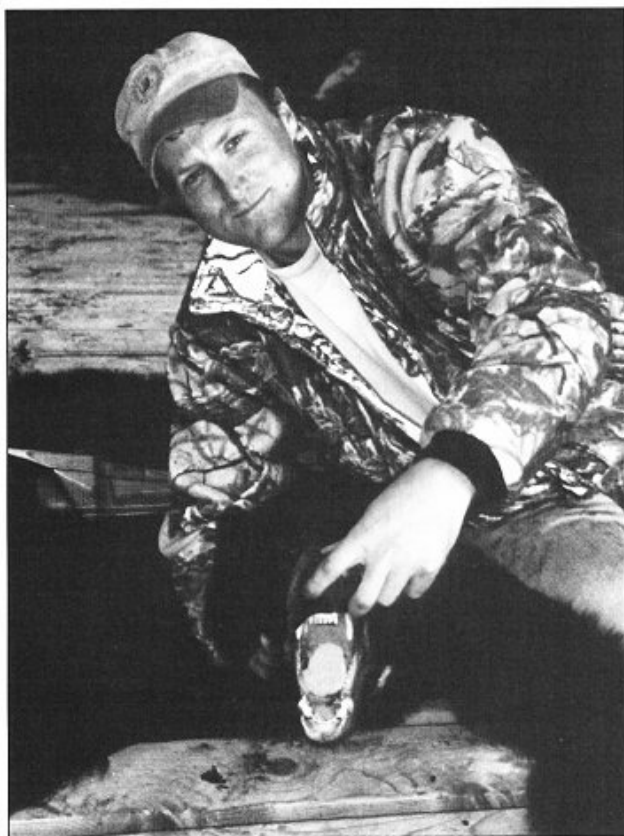
Wednesday I spent the day

around camp working on my gear and getting things ready to head out if we could catch a float plane on Friday. Tom and the guides struck out to the general area that I had taken my caribou from. Mid afternoon I awoke from a nap to hear the hum of the boat motor coming in. I went outside and it was the crew. Tom had taken a nice stag around noon. Spirits were high tonight as Tom and I celebrated while the guides worked on the camp. Dinner was fresh cod that Calvin had

caught and it was delicious. Tom wasted no time shooting his "kill" arrow into the eave of the cabin as well. We stayed up a little later that night telling our own past hunting stories. As I finally went to sleep, I couldn't help but think there were probably some bears hitting the caribou carcasses, which might afford us some hunting.

The goal for Thursday was to sleep in as much as possible and prepare for an early flight out Friday morning. The morning dawned cold but clear. The sun was beaming and we were having the best weather of the trip. I guess I should not be surprised. Such is bowhunting. We stoked up the woodstove and dried the rest of our gear and by 10 a.m. we were packed and ready to leave. Dean and the guides were busy working on the camp and chopping firewood for the next week's group of moose hunters.

After lunch, Tom and I were getting restless so Dean suggested we go for a boat ride and walk a bit. Since my stuff was packed I grabbed my bow and



two arrows and jumped aboard. We motored across the smooth lake and beach on the other side. After a short hike up to a large flat we all spread out and got comfortable to glass the area. Tom bagged two Ptarmigan on the way up but I only had two arrows and couldn't risk dulling the broadheads on small game. Although the weather was glorious not much was happening. I guess it was noon after all.

Suddenly, my eye caught movement through my binoculars and I spotted a cow caribou trotting over the horizon about a mile and half away. I no sooner said how that looked strange when Dean said "there is a bear behind it!" We settled in to see what the bruin would do. He was staying at about the same elevation working the berries ferociously back and forth on top the ridge. Dean and I decided to half the distance and take up another post to see what would transpire. We watched the bear for about an hour without coming up with a good stalk plan. There wasn't much cover and the bear was working the whole mountainside randomly. Any chance for a stalk looked bleak. The

only hope was a thin caribou trail leading down to the bottom. We decided to slip up to the bottom of the trail and hope that the bear decided to come down it. We made a blind, 20-minute stalk to where we thought the caribou trail let out but now the bear was nowhere to be seen. Just as we were about to dismiss the stalk, I spotted the bear about 100 yards to our left cresting over the steep ridge away from us. We immediately dropped down into the brush until the bear went out of sight. We clambered on hands and knees up the nearly vertical face after the bear.

Dean was ahead of me and just

reached the top when I got to my feet behind him. He immediately dropped to all fours and crawled around behind me whispering, "he's coming back this way!" I went to my knees and frantically ripped an arrow from my quiver and jammed it on the bow. There was a round boulder about the size of a Volkswagen Beetle 20 feet in front of me that provided cover. I could see black fur cresting the top of the hill like an eclipse. The bear was on a perfect line to pop out on the left side of the giant boulder giving me a perfect shot. Instead, when he got to the boulder he turned and came right at us around the right side. I was at full draw and finally the bear made us and froze 18 feet away. I immediately shot for the center of his chest. The bear flinched slightly and just stood there staring. Time stopped. Then with a loud huff he turned and bolted back the way he came. I ran and jumped up on the boulder to get a look at where he might have gone. I saw him enter the brush and followed to see where he went in. Dean spotted him and we quickly jumped back to give him some room. He expired in less than 20 seconds.

Emotions were high as I this was my first black bear. Since this was to be a sight seeing trip, no one had any hunting gear except Dean just happen to have his knife. He skinned and quartered the bear and I carried the quarters out with the belt from my jeans. We made it to the boat just before dark and hustled back across the lake at dusk. On the boat ride in we saw a trophy stag caribou sky-lined on the horizon that seemed symbolic of the incredible hunting luck I had on this trip.

Elsie treated us to her grand finale feast on this last night, complete with ham and turkey. Everyone was in extra high spirits and the bear story was told over and over, growing each time. This hunt had proved to be worthy of the title, "hunt of a lifetime" for me, but now I was going to need a few more lives because I am forever hooked on bowhunting adventures.

Finally we headed for bed, but not before I put my second "kill" arrow into the eve of the cabin right next to my first. Truly, a good feeling.





Wilderness Bows

Reflex-Deflex Design
No Hand Shock
Fast Shooting
Excellent Craftsmanship

MODOC Broadheads



Chief



Warrior

<p>For Swaged or Wood Arrows</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 125 gr.1" cut • 140 gr.1 1/8" 	<p>For Aluminum or Carbon Arrows</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 105 gr.1" cut • 125 gr.1" cut • 140 gr.1" cut
---	---

Extremely Strong Spring Steel
Guaranteed Perfect Flight
Excellent Penetration

33 S. Pit lane • Nampa, ID 83687
(208) 466-1827 • www.modocbroadheads.com



ARCHERY WARRIORS

THE GOOD, THE BAD
AND THE UGLY

Informative history of the bow
as a war tool, with humor

By Dan David

The King of France, absent from this fracas, spent much of his time passing flatus in the bathtub then biting at the bubbles, playing with the dust dancing in the sunbeams from the window near his bed where he was often lashed, or any number of the activities of a lunatic. In shorter words, he had gone crazier than the proverbial peach-orchard boar. The French troops who paralleled, for the greater part of two weeks, these brazen Britains were all noblemen. These knights, so proud of their birthright, considered archery bourgeois and clung to the art of cut, thrust, and bludgeon oblivious to the antiquation of such tactics.³⁶

The English forces waited uneasily for dawn in anticipation of imminent conflict. Through the mist of a damp morning they watched the French assemble with repose in numbers at least three times that of their own,³ blocking the route to Calais.⁶

Late in the morning Henry surveyed the open plain of Agincourt, wiped the rainwater from his eyes, bowed his head before God, then beckoned his archers. Three hours later the battlefield reeked of blood and death. The screams of the wounded and dying tormented the spared. Agincourt was strewn with the bodies of 10,000 Frenchman and markedly few Englishmen. In bitter victory, King Henry V of England once again surveyed the plain of Agincourt, bowed his head in reverence, and wiped the wetness from his eyes—it was no longer raining.

The Battle of Agincourt is the most familiar authentic story of archery history. It's one with which I'm sure you are familiar, and it's one I never tire of telling, hearing or reading. It's also a long introduction to a short question, "Did King Henry V see the best archers of the world? Were they the best archers of all time?"

Five thousand of them huddled cold, wet, footsore and weary. They had spent a month thumping the citizens of Harfleur, France into submission. Living on dried fruit and nuts they had rested only one day of the seventeen it took them to march 250 miles from Harfleur. Many suffered from what I call the Colorado quick-step.⁶ Course they knew nothing of the alkaline water of Eastern Colorado since it was October 24, 1415. These grunts, led by King Henry V, a 28-year-old testosterone driven war hawk, had started August 11th on the western shore of the English Channel. They crossed the channel, continued up the western coast of France and were approaching the end of their march to Calais, a French settlement still held by the Brits.⁶

It seems that the French, at the beginning of the Hundred Years War, had granted a large chunk of France, including Paris, to Ol' Henry's pugnacious Great Granddaddy, King Edward III. Somehow the French had forgotten this concession, albeit well preserved on a piece of parchment called the Treaty of Bre'tigny.⁶ Even after French guerillas had won back most of the territory ceded by the treaty, Ol' Henry just couldn't leave it alone.³⁶

To address this question you must recognize a seldom discussed concept. There have been great bow warriors and there have been great archers. They are not the same toxophilite.

Of course in archery there are so many bests we could discuss: the best shots, the best bowyers, the best warriors, the best hunters, the best fletchers, and the list could go on. It is my purpose to discuss the best warriors—nothing else.

As a tool of war we must recognize what the bow did for the world or possibly to the world depending on your point of view. The bow significantly reduced the superiority of numbers. Prior to the bow, battles were a matter of two phalanxes of swordsmen and/or spearmen colliding on the battlefield. Greater numbers meant greater fighting power. With the bow "numerically weak people could defend themselves." * This is all because of a very important concept: Archery Battles are missile warfare. This is the most important point of this article.

But to be great bow warriors a civilization had to be more than great archers. Ancient archers became great via the right combination of:

1. ARCHERY SKILLS
2. MOBILITY
3. TACTICS
4. TROOP DISCIPLINE
5. INTIMIDATION OF THE ENEMY

ARCHERY WARRIORS: In rough chronological order:*

1. Akkadians
2. Chinese
3. Assyrians
4. Persians
5. Greeks
6. Macedonians
7. Romans
8. Carthaginians
9. Parthians
10. Huns
11. Byzantines
12. Turks
13. Mongolians
14. Europeans
15. American Indians

There were certainly other civilizations such as the Egyptians, the Cretans and more who used the bow. This list is obviously an over-simplification of those who used archery in war, but it is a reasonable compromise to make the subject manageable.

AKKADIANS:

Akkadians were probably the first archery warriors, and the first terror of the heartland of humanity, i.e. the area between the Tigris and the Euphrates Rivers, an area sometimes called Mesopotamia. They conquered the Sumerians "round about 2500 B.C. Even though the Akkadians were loosely organized and undisciplined, they ruled Mesopotamia for two centuries." * Still, we can't rank this group with the creme de la creme of bow warriors.

CHINESE:

The first problem in recounting ancient Chinese events is deciphering who the Chinese consider "Chinese." This civilization is the confederation, over thousands years, of countless dissimilar tribes, many nomadic. Maybe someone who reads this article and is of that heritage or interest will enlighten us. I hope, in a simple format. As for me, when I say Chinese I mean any or all of those Far Eastern clans that eventually comprised what we now call the Chinese. This includes Khitan, Ruzhen, Manchus, Mongolians, etc. on to infinitum.

The second problem with early Chinese history is separating fact from fiction. Chinese history was frequently "bent." They are known to have, on occasion, honored historically important people with credit for the invention of historically important devices." Consequently much of their written history is unreliable. For example, Chinese history suggests the bow was invented by the potentates of a couple or three Chinese dynasties when everyone knows it was invented by Howard Hill and perfected by Fred Bear. Well, wasn't it?

The Chinese tribes spent much time and effort warring among themselves. About 1,800 years before Europe's feudal system, the Chinese perfected the attitude of arrogance possibly beyond that of the European royal courts. War among the early Chinese tribes was a highly stylized activity of the gentry" closely resembling the feuds of vainglory among the French and English Lords of Manor. These ancient Chinese rituals brought discipline, and excellent archery skills.

The Chinese clans were also excellent equestrians. Just as the bow has been the single most important

**The
Krackow
Company**

UNIQUE CATALOGUE OF INTERNATIONAL ARCHERY EQUIPMENT

full color catalogue - four dollars

RD #1 Beechwood Road
New Wilmington, Pennsylvania 16142 USA

724.946.8332



Palo Duro Bows
recurves • longbows

Mike Godfrey 1314 Brice
806•259•3008 Free Catalog Memphis, TX 79245

device brought to the battlefield since the beginning of time, the horse was the single most important element brought to archery warfare. With the horse came mobility. This is the second most important concept in this article. This change in archery warfare happened somewhere in Southeast Asia among the warring tribes of the Chinese.

The Chinese have to be ranked as some of the best archery warriors, and

most of ancient Western civilization did not have to contend with these brutal warriors of the Far East.

ASSYRIANS:

The Assyrians were a Near Eastern Civilization that ruled the Euphrates and Tigris from 1200 to 700 B.C. in a area we know as Babylon.¹ They were the first of the great warriors. Their archers were mainly infantry. The

Assyrians were a nasty bunch. Just how nasty? Well the capital was Nineveh. Ring any bells? Let me jog your memory some more. Jonah was afraid just to associate with these guys, and Jonah was no pantywaist. Still don't get it? Read through the wrath in the book of Nahum. It falls about five books to the left of the New Testament.² Then review the historical disaster of Assyrian people. You talk

about one ticked off God. This should put an end to the myth that the malicious are never chastened on earth.

Although I would not classify them as one of the great civilizations of archery warfare, the Assyrians were strong in their knowledge of "intimidation of the enemy."

PERSIANS:

This was another Near Eastern civilization. Their territory was the Persian Gulf. Their era was 'bout 560 to 446 B.C. Their general was Cyrus, and we know them today as the Iranians. They lost their archery wars to Greek spearchuckers, and never really mastered bow warfare.

GREEKS:

During a similar time the Greeks had built a highly intellectual society on the western shores of the Aegean Sea. They did not prefer the bow as a tool of war for reasons we are uncertain, although they used them to guard certain aspects of their communities,³ but the sword, shield and spear were what they preferred for war.⁴

In their art they admired the beauty of the bow, and it appears their craftsmen may have even enhanced its form.⁴

MACEDONIANS:

North of the Greek city states, there rose a great general, Philip of Macedonia, who soon became the ruler of Greece. The so-called intellectuals of Greece made the stupid mistake of assassinating 'ol Phil. His son came to power as one ruthless S-O-B. You may recognize his name, Alexander the Great. He killed the betrayers and became the greatest military genius of the time. He used a good combination of swords, spears, and missiles. Alexander greatly improve the effectiveness of his lance bearers by putting them on horseback. Archers were used as a support group. After over extending himself on the Persians, he was defeated by the Romans in 331 B.C. He died in 323 B.C., and Greek rule began to decline. He cannot be highly ranked as an archery warrior, although as a tactical general his skill should not be underestimated.

ROMANS:

The Romans were great warriors. More importantly they were in the

Whispering Pines Traditional Archery Camp

- Scenic setting
- One-on-one instruction on 3-D archery range.
- Pre- and post-camp video critique.

For free brochure contact:

**Bob Wesley • 348 Holliday Drive, Dept. IA
Poplarville, MS 39470 • (601) 795-8727**

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



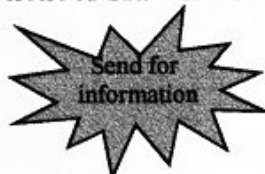
Sentman Enterprises

Longbows & Video Sales

Traditional Archery Instruction

Real World Video Productions

Outdoor Adventures



PO Box 85, Broadbent OR 97414
Phone (541) 572-0938
E-mail sentman@coosnet.com



right place at the right time. They were able to take advantage of Greece (or Macedonia) during poor leadership. Elsewhere they conquered small disorganized tribal civilizations. The Romans were the first on their block to be well organized and to practice the tactics of battle. The Celtic clans and similar civilizations had no desire for such central control. Consequently, the art of cut, thrust, and bludgeon served the Romans well. Because of Rome's wealth, money and men were of little concern.

The Romans came to realize the efficiency of the bow only after the Roman Empire was in great decline. But before their decline the Roman Empire ran along the Mediterranean Sea from the Arabian Desert to the Atlantic Ocean.⁹

CARTHAGINIANS:

During this time there was an empire developing on the north coast of Africa across the Mediterranean directly south of the Rome Empire. These were brilliant merchants and tradesmen that controlled much of the trade in the Mediterranean. Rome considered Carthage's merchandising prowess too imminent. This resulted in the three Punic Wars.

PUNIC WARS.

The first Punic War (264-241 BC), a naval battle, was lost by the Carthaginians. The second Punic War (218-201 BC) ushered in a general of the quality of Alexander the Great who began to fight for the Punic merchants with essentially none of their manpower or financial support. He approached Rome from the west besieging Spain then crossing the Pyrenees Mountains in 15 days through snowstorms, avalanches, and the attacks of hostile forces. This—one of the greatest military feats of all time—was the work of one of the greatest generals of all time, Hannibal. His strength was in his tactic of herding or over running his adversaries with cavalry and mutilating them severely with archers. Another of his "edges" was the elephant, an animal most thought couldn't be mastered.^{1,8,9}

For over 15 years Hannibal turned the Roman Legion every way but loose through superior tactics, a fast moving cavalry and good archers. He moved at will frequently in view of the Romans. In one confrontation Hannibal reduced a Roman army of 50,000 to



3,000. Carthage's losses were less than 7,000. In the finality of the second Punic War, Hannibal with a total force of not more than 150,000, killed over 250,000 of a Roman army that was a half million strong.^{1,8} Through superior wealth and numbers Rome eventually prevailed, but at great expense.

Hannibal, the general so brave and invincible, in the end took the coward's path. In 190 B.C. facing submission to the Romans, Hannibal committed suicide.¹ It seems an affliction common to so many of the great and famous. They seem unable to realize that all of guy's genius at the helm is of little value if he can't ride out the storm. At the end of the third Punic War (149-146 BC) the Romans plowed Carthage into the ground and spread salt over the ruins.

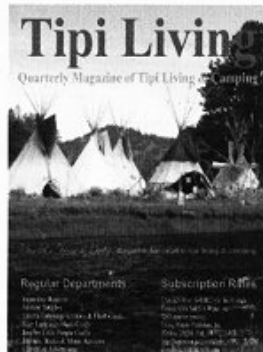
PARTHIANS:

The Romans had become paranoid about the encroaching Parthian territory near the original hearth of humanity between the Tigris and Euphrates. In 53 B.C. Roman General Crassus crossed the Euphrates to meet the first of the great horsebowmen. As children the Parthians learned to shoot in all four directions while riding horses with no saddles or

stirrups. In fact their rearward shooting was the origin of the phrase "a Parthian Shot."⁸

The Parthians had sword and lance bearers that were masters at hit and run. Their archers traveled light and made up the main power of their forces. They stayed on their horses attacking then feigning to attack from another direction or to lure the enemy. This was the first time that distant war showed a decisive superiority to proximal war.

The Parthians would stand at great distances ready to run at anytime and launch showers of arrows the likes of which the Romans had never seen. The arrow supply of the Parthians was supported by camel trains of over 1,000 animals. Each mile of Roman advancement meant the deaths of hundreds if not thousands of Roman soldiers. Only by holding their shields over their heads in an overlapping fashion called a *testudo*, were the Romans able to escape complete annihilation. Although Rome was never defeated by the Parthians, it was never able to expand its territory eastward, and Rome so exhausted its resources on the Parthians that it never regained its strength.⁸ Parthians were some of the best archery warriors.



Tipi Living

Quarterly Magazine
Family Oriented

Worlds 1st & only tipis only magazine

Regular Departments

- From Our Readers
- Feature Articles
- Lakota Language Lessons
- Lakota Flash Cards
- Sign Language Flash Cards
- Just For Little People Crafts
- Movie, Books & Music Reviews
- Classified Advertising

Subscription Rates

USA: \$20/yr \$38/2 yrs
Single Issue: \$6.50 ea.
Foreign Add: \$14/yr

Make Your Own Tipi Book

\$14.95 plus \$3.00 S&H

A "connect the dots" craft book

The American Living History Resource Directory

1500s thru 1800s Over 1,400 listings
\$19.95 plus \$3.00 S&H

Send SASE for brochure

Living History Publishers, Inc.
PO Box 219281
Portland, OR 97225-9281
Phone/FAX: 503-643-1567
Web Page & E-mail
<http://hometown.aol.com/TipiLiving/Index3.html>
www.tipiliving.com

HUNS:

The Huns were a union of tribes probably from the far Southeast. They were small men with little education, but they were hardened to the ways of desert nomads. Their experiences with tribal skirmishes made them ruthless and wayward. Yet under the leadership of Attila they became a tremendous fighting force for about ten to 12 years. Just the mention of their name caused fear in the common man. Rome was so terrified of them that they simply paid the Huns to leave the Roman Empire alone.

They were expert mounted archers. Their bows were uniquely fabricated entirely of horn. Attila's downfall was his adoption of Roman-like weapons and tactics. After Attila's death in 454 the Huns never were again a formidable force. '

BYZANTINES:

The Western Roman Empire broke up sometime in the 5th century, and Constantine the Great became the first Christian Roman Emperor. Historically this began the Byzantine Empire, but actually it was an extension of the Roman Empire. From 500 to 900 the Romans successfully used mounted Hun mercenary archers, but somehow the Romans just didn't seem to get it. Between 900 and 1400 they reverted to the use of cut, thrust, and bludgeon. This return to the doltish was the prelude to the European idea of knights of court, chivalry, and the taking of a man's life at the drop of a hat by the use of various designs of a hand held steel shank.

It's interesting to ponder the Roman Empire. Somehow this culture with a bungling military assembled an expansive empire through superior ability of some kind. It's my opinion that they did it by the expert application of "poli-

tics." After amassing their vast resources they could have ruled the world had they developed superior military tactics and weapons. You have to question the genius of such a civilization seeming so brilliant. But, I guess that's what happens to a society when its "intelligent" elite spends six or eight centuries drinking water from aqueducts plumbed with lead pipes. Hey, it's the only explanation I can conjure. By 500 Rome was a mere shadow of itself.

TURKS:

By 600, the Moslem desert horse archers were slapping the Romans around pretty well. The Seljuk Turks, although not preeminent practitioners of distant war, nevertheless routed the Romans (Byzantine) at the Battle of Manzikert in 1071. They were mainly undisciplined tribes proficient at archery and horsemanship.

The Turks are a great mystery to historians. Their exact origin is unknown. For example, some of the ancient Chinese tribes are also recognized by some as Turks. The original Turks were pagans, but the Seljuk Turks, so famous as horsebowman, can not be separated from the Islam religion.

The Islamic Turks also captured Jerusalem and the Holy Land. Europe, now mainly Christian, was more than just a little miffed with this arrangement, so it became their mission to regain the Holy Land through a series of battles we know as the Crusades. TahTaaaaah! enters the noble feudal system. You know, swords, lances, knights, and all that swagger. There was one ray of hope for us archers that lay lethal and silent in the feudal backdrop—the longbow.

The First Crusade (1095-1099) won Jerusalem from the Turks. The sec-



Raven Arrows

*Specializing in Genuine,
Natural Grey-Barred Feathers*

**Also, Grey Goose • Full-Length Die-Cut Feathers
Now Specializing in PREMIUM PORT ORFORD CEDAR.**

Call or Write for Information and Price List

Raven Arrows, 993 Grays Creek Rd., Indian Valley, Idaho 83632

Phone: (208) 256-4341



ond (1147-1149) and third (1189-1192) showed the superiority of the mobile Turk horsebowman. The Moslems held much of the Holy Land 'til 1917.⁸

After being overrun by the Mongolians (discussed in the next section) the Ottoman Empire later developed. This was a formidable Turk empire. As this empire began to resemble a nation, it decided upon a paid professional army as opposed to a force of Turkomen loyal to the sultans. The gentry created a special force called Janissaries. The Islamic leaders recruited the commandos for this highly trained force by indoctrinating young Christian

men. These flesh cloaked machines could not marry and were devoted to the discipline of war. They became a thorn in the side of Europe. Their composite bow was second to none of their time and many of their distance records remain the envy of modern archers. These bows averaged a pull weight of 100 pounds, were lethal at 250 yards and could cast over 800 yards. They were made of sinew, wood, and horn by a guild of the finest craftsmen who received great honors. The Janissaries were some of the best of the archery warriors. It is my opinion they were second only to one other military force.

The Moslems were definitely a salty bunch of archery warriors. One of my friends is a descendant of this society and is of the persuasion of Islam. I sometimes try to imagine him on a horse with a bow at his side. Somehow the picture never works. He doesn't know which end of the bow to upright, or which end of an arrow to nock. Besides, he's just too nice a guy.

MONGOLIANS:

It is thought that the Mongolians began refining their mounted archery skills as early as 700 B.C. These skills were surpassed by none at that time and very few throughout history.

Their ruthlessness surpassed that of the Assyrians. The terror they instilled started the Great Wall of China. Intimidation was a science. Espionage was well refined. Light armor was made from leather. Each soldier carried at least two bows and fifty arrows. They were also equipped with close-combat weapons, but these savvy warriors avoided their use. Each packed dried meat and milk. A spent horse was quickly eaten. If their was no other food, a vein in the horses neck was opened. In pursuit they averaged 50 miles a day.

"Subotai, the great general of the Khan, was once called from the field for an urgent conference. This remarkable soldier, then in his 50s, bandaged himself and rode 1,200 miles in less than eight days; he returned to his army to resume field operations."⁸

They took no prisoners. These guys would make a U.S. Marine look like a recreant. They were androids on horseback, and the atrocities of Genghis Khan and the Mongolians pale those of Adolph Hitler and The Third Reich. In the wake of their movement lay 60 million Chinese and over 20 million European corpses.^{1,8}

Their horses were an advantage little recognized. These weren't the well muscled drayhorses of the English knights, nor were they the hot blooded horses of the Arabs. These were little horses at which most of us would laugh. They were about the size of a Welch pony. They had a rough coat, an unruly mane, and no forelock. Although the original tarpan is said to no longer exist, I had a pony of that breeding once. It wasn't as fast as a quarter horse, but it could give one a chase. It wasn't as quick as a Morgan, but it wasn't bad as a

J. B. Harrison Longbows

EXCLUSIVE LIMITED-EDITION LONGBOWS

Black Wolf (Take-Down)
El Lobo (Take Down)
American Wolf (One-Piece)
HHC (One-Piece)

<http://www.harrisonlongbows.com>

All bows made exclusively from selected American hardwoods, laminated with carbon fiber, and finished with exotic materials.

Ricardo Longoria with his Black Wolf Take-down and the WORLD RECORD SOUTHERN ROAN ANTELOPE.

cattle horse. It wasn't as strong as a Percheron, but pound for pound it could pull twice as much. It ate next to nothing, and needed little water. I rode it bareback on High Plains cattle drives, and when the well-bred cattle horses were exhausted it still had energy for a pleasure ride.

The Mongolians never pampered the tarpan so they evolved into a beast that could stand desert heat and wind-swept mountain conditions of thirty below. Each soldier had three of these woolly robots. Genghis Khan came to control most of Eastern Civilization except for Southern China. Later his grandson, Kublai Khan, went on to capture all of China and established the Yuan dynasty.¹¹

Genghis, having most of the East, began to move west. After 30,000 of his warriors crossed snow and glaciers at 13,000 feet, they immediately engaged 70,000 Russians and killed them all. They moved on and destroyed the Seljuk Turks. They then controlled all of civilization from China to the Danube River. There were no forces that could stop these horsebowmen. Because of the death of one of the khans, the army turned back at the Danube and returned to the Gobi Desert. The Mongolians never returned to the west.¹² Had that not happened I'm sure our dress, tableware, and demeanor would be a little more oriental.

These were the greatest archery warriors of all time. Pound for pound they were possibly the greatest warriors of any kind of all time. I feel only the Janissaries could have given the Mongolians a challenging battle. Yet, the Mongolians are the perfect illustration of how every strength has its weakness. Their decline came when they were not fighting. Idleness caused them to feud, and they turned their fury on themselves.

FRENCH:

The French really never took to the use of the bow. However, after seeing the success of the English archers, a division of the French forces was trained as archers. They became so proficient that the nobility saw them as a threat and ordered their dissolution.¹³

The French warring class were gentry comprising the most haughty of the imperious. They would make Hillary Clinton look like Mother Teresa. Yet their attitude was not necessarily inappropriate. You see, to them war was a personal matter to be settled between individuals—not a societal problem to be arbitrated at 100 to 200 yards. Long-range battle provided no fulfillment to the French. Certainly if all civilizations would have taken this attitude we could have saved a mint in money, men, and misery by electing as presidents John Sullivan, Joe Lewis, Rocky Marciano, Mohammed Ali, George Foreman, and others of a similar inclination. The rest of us could have gotten on with our lives.

ENGLISH:

In battles with the Welch, Scots, and other clans, the English came to understand the practicality of the bow. Consequently they began to perfect the longbow. The essence of the Hundred Years war is discussed in the opening. It should be understood that the English ultimately lost the Hundred Years War, although they won many if not most of its main battles.

If King Henry V had confronted Genghis Khan, the Janissaries, or even the Chinese, he would have had his hands full. Not that the longbow was inferior to the composite bow of the East, but the superior "grit," horsemanship and tactics of these eastern cultures would have put England at a great disadvantage.

AMERICAN INDIAN:

To the American Indian, the bow was a tool that produced food. It was used for battle only out of necessity. Like the clans of Europe, the tribes of American Indians had no desire to be centrally controlled and to spend time conquering large numbers of kindred. Although some of their methods of fabri-

cation were of merit, they were a far cry from the technical methods of the Europeans and Asians.

CLOSING COMMENTS:

Twenty, or wait—maybe it was thirty years ago, I saw a TV special that was a tribute to the Old West. It was narrated, I believe, by Gary Cooper. Being from a long line of gunslingers and horse thieves, the origin of which cannot be traced, the telecast naturally appealed to me. Now the older I get the foggier my memories become, but at the end of the program Cooper said, in his best western drawl, something like this:

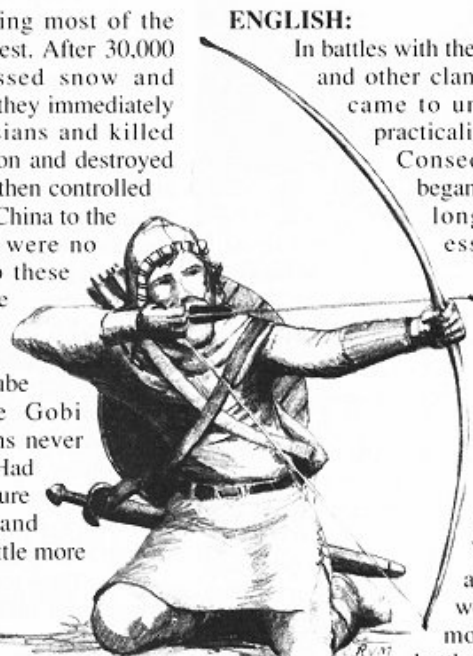
"Ya know, the west sure is a big beautiful place now, but by damn wouldn't it be fun to tear it down and start all over again."

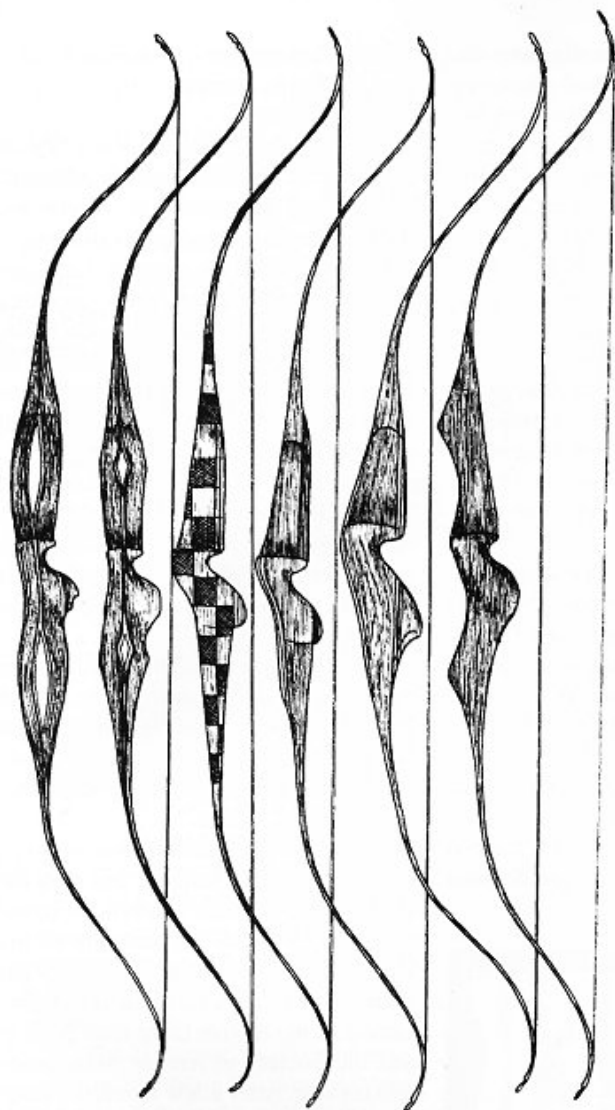
As out of place as this quote may seem, it expresses my sentiments about those lands conquered by the bow better than anything I've ever read in Roger Ascham's *Toxophilus*.



Bibliography

1. "Alexander the Great," "Assyria," "Carthage," "Crusades," "Genghis Kahn," "Greece," "Hannibal," "Hundred Years War," "Kublai Khan," "Macedonia," "Mesopotamia," "Parthia," "Persia," "Sumer," Infopedia, SoftKey International Inc. Funk and Wagnalls New Encyclopedia, 1996.
2. Ascham, Roger. *Toxophilus: The School of Shooting*, in *Two Books*, Lyon, Mississippi: Derrydale Press, 1992.
3. Churchill, Winston S. *A History of the English Speaking Peoples / Volume One: The Birth of Britain*, New York, NY: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1956.
4. Elmer, Robert P. *Archery*, Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company, 1926.
5. Gillelan, G. Howard. *Complete Book of the Bow and Arrow*, Harrisburg, PA: Stackpole Books, 1977.
6. Hardy, Robert. *Longbow, A social and military history*, n.p.: Bois d'Arc Press, 1992.
7. The Holy Bible. The New King James Version, n.p.: National Publishing Co., 1983.
8. Hurley, Vic. *Arrows Against Steel, The History of the Bow*, New York: Mason / Charter, 1975.
9. Perry, Marvin, and others. *Western Civilization / Ideas, Politics & Society*, Third ed. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1989.
10. Schuyler, Keith C. *Archery, From Golds to Big Game*, South Brunswick and New York: A. S. Barnes and Co., Inc., 1970.
11. Selby, Stephen. *Chinese Archery*, Hong Kong: Hong Kong University Press, 2000.





A Royal Scot REBORN

By. Wolfgang Bartl



Whilst up in my attic one day, some years ago, having a big clear-up, sorting rubbish from usable stuff as one does, I came across the 1966 Edition of a German Weapons Magazine. Flicking through the pages I found an article about bows—interesting bows of uncommon, but very pleasing shapes.

My clearing up for the day was finished! I was entranced by the pictures of the bows I saw, and what I read, for the article told that the winner of the Ladies Class in an Open Competition for bowshooting in New York, was a young “native American” housewife and mother named Betty Gribbs.

She won against around 1,000 other competitors, but she didn’t shoot with the “primitive” bow that her ancestors would have used, she won with a modern bow—a bow built on the other side of the big pond, in the “old world,” at a factory in the tiny town of Galashiels, Scotland.

Curious to know where this was, I turned to my map and found it, located nearly 20 miles southwest of the Scottish capital city, Edinburgh.

There, in Galashiels, was the largest manufacturer of bows in Europe at the time, Royal Scots Bows. The owner of this company, I read, was a man whose life was devoted to building and shooting the weapons he made. His name: George Birnie.

Aged fifteen, young George began to learn the craft of bow-making in the town of Melrose, at the workshop of master bowmaker Richard Galloway. Richard (or “Dick” as he was known) taught him to make the traditional English yew longbow, the weapon which had brought fear to Scottish hearts in battles many years before.

Within the English longbow circles at this time, the opinion which predominated was that their kind of bow was the ultimate in efficiency. George Birnie did not agree with them. He had studied the bows shot by Asian archers of antiquity, and particularly those of Syria, and the ones he found most fascinating were those composed of several different

BOWS IN DRAWING (left to right): Royal Stuart, Queen of Scot’s, Tartan, Prince Charles, Scot’s Guard, and Claymore.

materials. By rummaging through antique shops he had found and brought back pieces to Melrose. Studying these, he realized that these Syrian, Persian, and Indian bows, with their laminations and highly recurved construction, possessed properties which were missing in the classic English longbow.

Their sturdy handle sections absorbed, to a great extent, the shock of initial release, whilst the springiness of their recurved limbs gave great power and arrow speed. He made several attempts to recreate these weapons with modern laminated materials, and by experiment proved their superiority over both the wooden and the steel bows of the time.

In 1950, George joined the Royal Air Force, and the Melrose shop was closed. After two years however he finished his term of service, and on release founded his own firm. He still retained his obsession for building composite bows with new materials but found it difficult to obtain suitable stuff.

Two more years passed, and then George heard of a man in the

United States, Frank Eicholtz, who had developed a special sort of fiberglass having a strength approaching 18,000 kg/cm². Here was a man who was dealing with a similar problem to George. This new material was the obvious solution for the problem of laminated bows, and the beginning of a new bow-building era. But—this fiberglass was not available in England or Scotland.

Birnie sold everything he owned and moved to America, where he obtained employment as a Head of Department in a large bow-making workshop in Iowa, and for four years he supervised the making of the new style composite recurved bow.

These new bows conquered the North American market very fast, and their immense success motivated George to set up his own business once again. The first workshop was founded in Houston, Texas, followed later by a move to Dallas.

In 1963 his firm was taken over by the Americans and shortly afterwards he returned to Scotland. There were two reasons for this. First, he missed his own

country; but secondly, he wanted to open up a market in Europe for this new generation of bows.

He named his Company "Royal Scots Bows" and, although his compatriots watched the newcomers sceptically, the composite weapons prevailed more and more against the contemporary conventional opposition. Many shooting events were won with Royal Scots bows, they were recognized by the Council of Industrial Design, and George was rewarded by their regular exhibition at each "British Week."

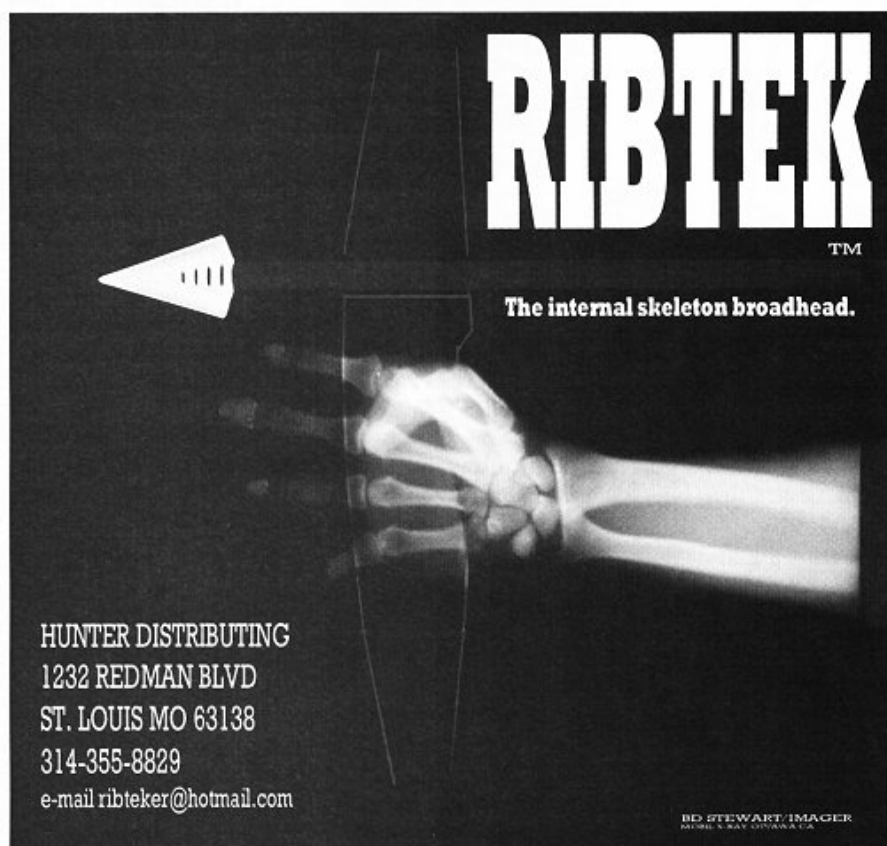
His great success encouraged George Birnie to establish links in all countries of the British Commonwealth and Western Europe, and a large number of his weapons were shipped to America.

Being a true Scotsman, George named his bows accordingly. "Rob Roy," "Claymore," "McTavish," "Royal Stuart," "Queen of Scots," "Scots Guard," "Prince Charles," "Laddie," "Lassie," and "Tartan."

Having read about George Birnie and his endeavours, and seen the photographs of these marvellous bows, my wish to obtain an example of his work was now overwhelming. So, I put a small advertisement in the News Letters of the British Long-Bow Society and the Society of Archer Antiquaries seeking one. After a few months, a letter arrived from a gentleman named Robert Halpin, living in Dunbar, Scotland. He wrote that he had seen my advert: he had such a bow: a Royal Stuart, and that he would part with it!

Mr. Halpin did not mention what price he wanted; but as I had just bought a new car, and a new washing machine, money was tight and our budget was exhausted. I thought "Good bye fine bow." It could not be mine! I wrote back to thank him for the offer, but saying that at the moment I was unable to pay for it.

And that, I thought was that. However, about two weeks later the mail van brought me a long parcel, sent by Robert Halpin. I unpacked it and my eyes nearly pushed the glasses off my nose! In front of me I saw the flagship of the Royal Scots series in all its beauty. This stranger Scot had really sent me his



RIBTEKTM

The internal skeleton broadhead.

HUNTER DISTRIBUTING
1232 REDMAN BLVD
ST. LOUIS MO 63138
314-355-8829
e-mail ribteker@hotmail.com

BO STEWART/IMAGER
MORE X-RAY COUNTRY, CA

I replaced it with hazel leaves—and nearly every time hit those too. Darkness had descended before I put this superb weapon down.



fine old bow, and he had given it me for nothing, as a present. My eyes were wet with emotion, I'm not ashamed to say. I had never seen this man before and yet he had done this thing; I was overwhelmed by his act of generosity.

The bow took its place of honour within my little "armoury," and often I take it from the wall to feel its beautiful body and to delight in it. This generous act has developed a sincere friendship between Bob and I, and he knows that if I can do anything for him, then I will. Equally, if I need help or advice from him, he will just as willingly give it.

I have now had the bow for some time, and have often wondered whether, after nearly 30 years, it would still be shootable. In an earlier letter Bob had told me perhaps to try, but to take things very carefully. I examined the bow centimeter by centimeter, sanded down several spots on the edges of the limbs, and concluded that its condition was good. So, why should I not attempt to shoot it?

To begin I made up a new bow-string, taking the original as a pattern. To brace the bow I used a stringer as a mat-

ter of course, to avoid twisting the limbs. Then I drew the string gently back, a little at first, then a bit more, repeating several times with each inch of draw as in the tillering process of bow construction.

I listened attentively to hear the slightest noise, ready to let it down instantly. I heard nothing, but felt the subdued strength of the weapon under my hands. After a nerve-racking hour or so, I was quite sure this bow would survive a test shooting.

For this special occasion I made up a set of six 28" arrows. Barrelled pine shafts, "V" spliced (footed) with red/brown foreshafts, and fletched with five-inch turkey feathers.

I thought that for the test I would shoot at 18 metres (20 yards) and at first draw just 24 to 26 inches. My nerves were on edge now, and to be honest, I was a very nervous archer.

From several of my different types of arrow I selected three for this shooting test. For, besides the first set, I had made three arrows using aluminum shafts, fletched with five-inch plastic vanes; three with five-inch turkey feathers; a set of 23/64 cedar arrows with five-inch feathers; a set of 11/32" shafts with four-inch feathers; and three 5/16 shafts, also of cedar fletched with lower cut, four-inch feathers. Two layers of Ethafoam acted as an arrow-stop, and a small round beer mat served as a target.

At 20 yards I first shot the aluminum/plastic vane arrows using a draw-length of about 24 to 25 inches. The arrows left the bow sluggishly but, no wonder, the bow's draw-weight is marked as 35 pounds at 28 inches (although to my mind it seems a little heavier than that) During their flight the arrows wagged a little sideways and impacted left and low.

The next to be shot were the aluminum/feathered shafts. Their deviation was less because of their different weight and stiffer spine, but they too went below the beer mat target.

The next set I put to one side because they were too heavy and stiff, not matched to this bow, then, although I assumed they would not work well, I shot the 23/64 diameter shafts. They drifted to the left and low, as I expected.

The bow was quite stable in my hand. There was not the slightest vibration transmitted from the limbs, all was absorbed by the massive mid-section.

I noticed better results when I shot the 11/32" arrows. Shooting several times, the arrows always grouped closely, but still a little low, I increased the drawlength first to 26 inches, and then 27" when I hit the beer mat regularly. The best results were obtained using 5/16 diameter arrows with low-profile fletchings, they left the bow true and fast, the small feathers stabilized the shafts quickly, and they flew as if on a line, absolutely perfect.

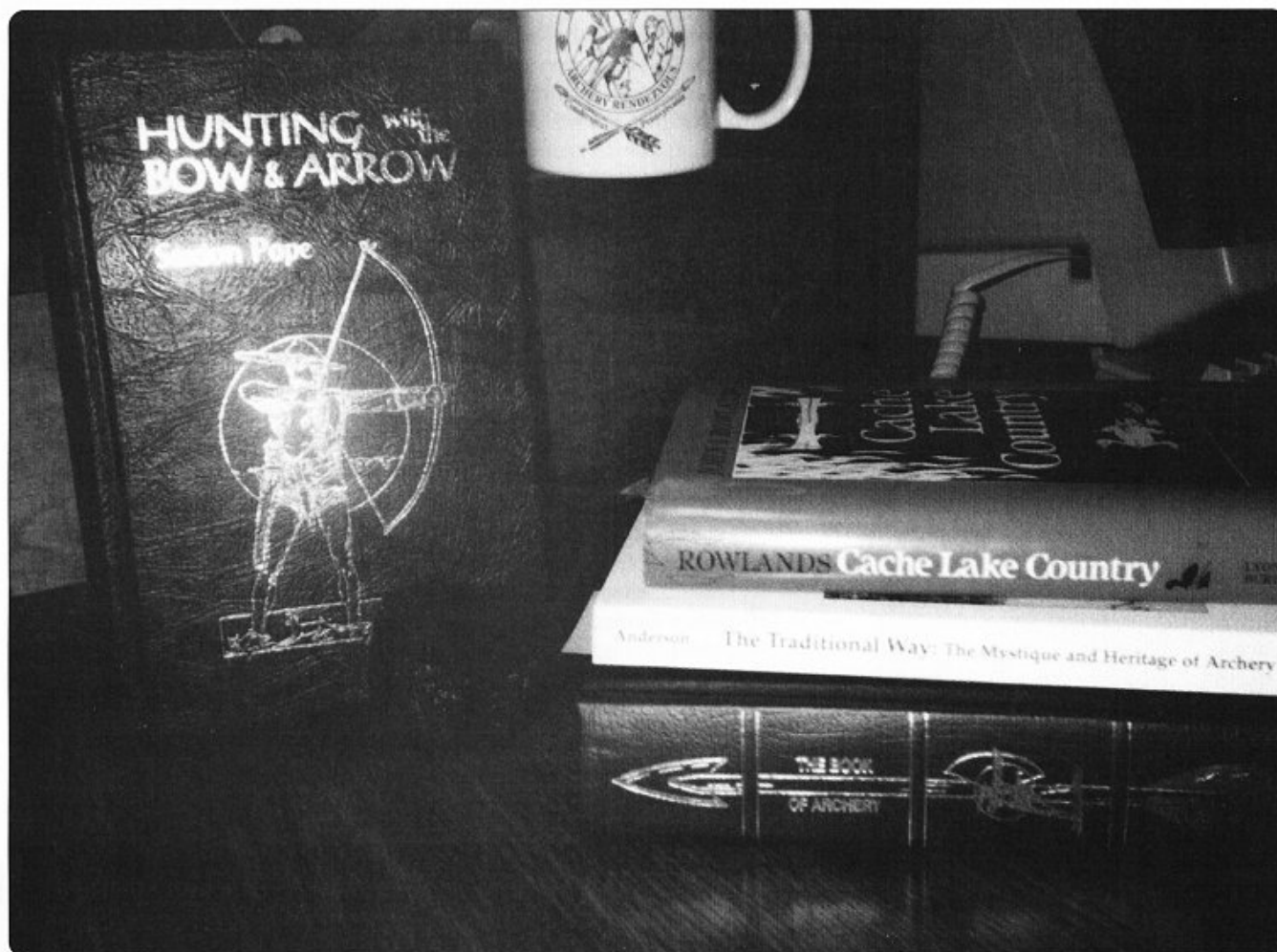
By now, with no suspicious noise coming from the bow, I plucked up courage and drew to the full 28 inches. Now this oldtimer showed me what he was still able to do. This 35-year-old weapon would not fear comparison with a modern bow. It's recurved limbs threw the shafts with speed and power, whilst its unusually large but well-formed handle made shooting a comfortable and pleasing task.

I have forgotten how often I shot that afternoon, running to the target and back to shoot again, time simply stood still for me. Having shot the beer mat into little pieces, I replaced it with hazel leaves—and nearly every time hit those too. Darkness had descended before I put this superb weapon down.

When reluctantly I had finished my shooting, how thankful I felt to this Scottish gentleman who had given me such a princely present. The bow is a glorious thing, and to call it mine, and to shoot it, is simply great.

With this article I want to thank Robert Halpin once again for his generosity. I also add a further hearty thank you to the Deutsches Waffen Journal (6/1966, S 31 ff) by whose kind permission I was able to include the references to George Birnie.





Books

Confessions of a Toxophilitic Bibliophile

By Bob Krout

All right, I confess. I am a Toxophilitic Bibliophile! Take pity on me for it appears to be incurable! "What the heck is that?" some may ask. My Webster's American Standard dictionary defines Toxophilitic as "of or pertaining to archers and archery." Bibliophile is defined as "a lover of books and manuscripts." Hence a toxophilitic bibliophile is a "lover of books about archers and archery."

There are few things in this world that give me more comfort and enjoyment than sitting down on a dreary, snow-filled day with a good book, a hot cup of coffee, and a warm fire. It might not be heaven but it sure must come close! For a few hours I can share my world with Howard Hill, Fred Bear, Bob Swinehart, Ed Pitchkites, and Lon Emerick. I can share a hunt with Don Thomas or Glenn St. Charles. I can camp with Chester Stevenson or examine the history of archery with E. G. Heath and George Hansard. I can learn to make my own gear from such experts as Saxton Pope, Adrian Eliot Hodgkin, Jim Hamm, or Jay Massey. I can walk forest floors with some of the most legendary archers or ordinary guys whose love of our sport fills them as much as it does me.

Archery books are not all that common. While there are literally thousands of titles relating to such sports as fly fishing, there are probably not more than a hundred, that I am aware of, on the subject of archery. Most of the available archery books can be purchased through one of the main traditional archery mail order catalogs, others may be found online from one of the many online book retailers. Unfortunately many of the older titles are out of print and, it seems, only the most popular attract the kind of investment dollars that it takes to bring out a quality reprint. As I write this I have just heard that there is a new paperback reprint of Saxton Popes "Hunting With the Bow and Arrow," truly a must have for any serious archer's library.

Another, often overlooked, source of archery books is your local library. My experience has not been good in finding most of the better-known archery books at libraries, but I have been able to find quite a few obscure "little" books, most from the 40s and 50s. Usually these are in the form of "how-to" manuals and booklets. Many times they are small publications that were produced by archery companies attempting to enhance their sales. Others were put out by archery-related organizations to encourage greater participation in our sport. Wherever they are found, each is a gem in its own way.

If you should happen to be a member of the Professional Bowhunters Society, you are well aware of the excellent free lending library available to all members whether, regular or associate. They have many excellent books pertaining to archery and bowhunting, many of them rare and out-of-print. I never tire of reading how or why someone did something in a particular way. What were the circumstances that led someone to come up with a new broadhead? Why did someone like a certain bow length above all others? What was it like to hunt or camp in an era when hunting was still considered to be an honorable undertaking and the best hunters were accorded the respect they deserved? When was it that some people became so divorced from the land and reality that they started to perceive hunting as something bad?

I recently saw some criticism of Maurice Thompson's classic "The Witchery of Archery." Apparently the critics were horrified to think that anyone might actually kill a bird! And for profit! They took shots that were too long! They weren't "ethical." The arrogance of some people never ceases to amaze me!

To begin with, Thompson's book was written way back in 1879. It seems incredibly stupid to me, to try to judge what was common practice 121 years ago with what some politically correct people think today. If you wish to avail yourself of the knowledge and wisdom of some of the older books, you must approach them with an open mind! Yes it is true that many archers and bowhunters of today limit themselves to close shots. Indeed many of them, myself included, should. It would be the height of folly for me to suggest that archer's should attempt to take shots that are beyond their abilities. However, we must remember that customs and attitudes were much different in times past. Even as recently as the 50s and 60s, most bowhunters considered 50 yards to be within point-blank range. So lighten up! Maybe they were not the wrong ones. Maybe we are the ones who do not know everything!

One of my favorite places to acquire new books is at the larger shoots such as the Eastern Traditional Archery Rendezvous (ETAR) at Denton Hill near Coudersport, Pennsylvania. Another is at the Great American Traditional Archery Rendezvous (GATAR) at Warrior's Mark near Tyrone, Pennsylvania. Of course, the ETAR is the largest shoot by far and attracts the most dealers and bowyers. Many times I have been able to purchase books directly from the authors and have them personally inscribed on the spot. Just last year you could purchase books from, and have them autographed by, Glenn St. Charles

and G. Fred Asbell. Dean Torges was there to sell you autographed copies of his wonderful book "Hunting the Osage Bow." It was at Denton Hill that I was lucky enough to meet Fred Anderson and acquire a personalized copy of his excellent "The Traditional Way." Ditto for Jack Brobst and his well written and informative book "Bowhunting for Turkeys."

The swap meets at both the ETAR and GATAR are potential treasure troves of books and other goodies. Just last year I was finally able to locate and buy a new, unread copy of Adrian Eliot Hodgkin's "The Archer's Craft." It was an unwrapped copy of the Legends of the Longbow series reprint. It was lying on a blanket, still in the box, at the swap meet at Denton Hill. As I waited to catch the fellow's attention to buy the book, Glenn St. Charles wandered over and poked at the books lying there with his cane.

"Are these books any good?" he asked.

"Yea," the fellow answered without looking. "They are valuable. Signed by some big shot named St. Charles."

Glenn looked a bit taken aback, then amused as he walked away. Meanwhile, friends of the fellow who was selling the books were poking at him and saying, "Do you know who that was?"

Yes, books are my downfall. Every year I make a few back quivers and try to sell them at the various swap

"PULLING BIG BOWS"

—The first in a series of videos on "Archery Fitness." Train at home with your bow and simple exercise equipment. Increase your bow poundage by as much as 25 lbs. in six weeks.

"I personally have never seen a really great archer who did not have a rock-solid bow arm. This video definitely helps give you better bow control, which equals better accuracy." **Paul Sparks, 1996 World Recurve Champion (left-handed)**

"I've seen a tremendous gain! I mean incredible! I now pull and finally anchor with ease my 60# bow. Such a sweet release now. When I ordered, I didn't know what to expect—but your video exercise program works!" **Craig Wallin, 1997 World Champion?**

\$19.95 + \$3.00 S & H. VISA/MC (915) 737-2343. Checks or MO to: Price Ebert, P.O. Box 1128, Dept. 1A, Sweetwater, TX 79556-1128.

meets. As soon as I do, I head for the dealers' tents to find some more goodies. Last year I managed to spend over \$200 just on books. And that was just at the ETAR! But I figure it was money well spent. Those books will give me many, many hours of enjoyment. Some I will read just once or twice. Others will be read over and over until I have them practically memorized. Just last night I was browsing through my small library, refreshing my memory in preparation for writing this. As I looked over Dr. Robert Elmer's "Target Archery" it occurred to me that I had not read it for a while so I set it aside to be read on one of those long winter evenings. I ended up adding "The Archer's Craft" by Hodgkin, "Sagittarius" by Bob Swinehart, and Glenn St. Charles's "Bows on the Little Delta" to my "must reread" stack.

A few years ago I was devouring the latest issue of "Traditional Bowhunter Magazine." As is my habit, I read everything including the ads and the classifieds. One small classified ad caught my attention. It was for a book entitled "Adventures with Stick and String," and cost something like \$7.95 postpaid. I sent for it that same week. Before long I had the book in the mail and sat down to read it. Well, let me tell you, I have reread that little gem of a book at least five times since then. It was written by a fellow named Lon Emerick and, apparently, was one of those self-published books that are so common in archery. The kick was that it

was originally written back in 1976 and was reissued in 1998. Mr. Emerick's writing style reflects the time in which he was writing. He shoots Bear bows in the 45 pound range and talks of not taking shots much over 35-40 yards, as he does not believe that longer shots are "ethical." Even then we can see the trend starting towards closer shots! I found it especially interesting because I was shooting back then myself and I remember that, at the time, Bear was producing some of the most gorgeous and efficient bows on the market. If you were shooting a Bear Super Kodiak back in the 70s, you were hot stuff!

Another thing that caught my eye was his tale of a weekend "siwash" thru the woods. He uses an Army surplus wool blanket to construct a makeshift shelter and to wrap in overnight. I well remember through the 50s and 60s when the ubiquitous surplus OD army blanket could be found in almost every household and every vehicle. The government sold off millions of them for almost nothing after the war (WWII) and everybody had a few for "emergencies."

Another book of personal reminiscences is "60 Years with the Feathered Shaft" by Ed Pitchkites. It too appears to be a self-published book and chronicles the bow shooting life of Ed as he relates the joys and triumphs of a bowhunter's life. I especially appreciate the accounts of the early archery clubs and archery seasons in which he was involved. It seems to me we owe an awful lot to people like Ed and Lon. It was through the efforts of many of these "common" men that our sport has evolved into all that it is today.

Archers wishing to start a library of their own have a great variety of material available today. It could be one of the best investments you ever make! Start out with some of the standard books available on the market. Books like "Hunting The Hard Way" by Howard Hill and "Howard Hill: The Man and the Legend" by Craig Ekin. "The Biography of Fred Bear" by Chuck Kroll is another must read.

While you are looking around, be especially watchful for any of the volumes of the "Legends of the Longbow" series. They were commissioned by Glenn St. Charles in the mid 90s and are now out of print, but they sometimes turn up in out-of-the-way places! Some of the must-have books, in my opinion are "Target Archery" by Robert P. Elmer, "The Book of Archery" by George A. Hansard, and "The Grey Goose Shaft" by E.G. Heath. "Sagittarius" by Howard Hill's protege Bob Swinehart is another excellent book for the hunting archer.

If you are into selfbows and making your own gear, you will want to look into "The Archer's Craft" by A.E. Hodgkin, "Primitive Archery" by Jay Massey, and "The Traditional Bowyer's Bible," all three volumes, edited by Jim Hamm. Indeed, anything by either Jay Massey or Jim Hamm makes good reading.

While you are looking around for things to read, don't overlook the wonderful magazines now available. I have all of the copies of "Traditional Bowhunter Magazine," "Instinctive Archer Magazine," "Primitive Archer Magazine" and all seven issues of the now defunct "Longbows and Recurves." I keep all of these magazines in hard three-ring binders, separated by title and in chronological order. Your local Walmart or bookstore sells inexpensive magazine holders that do a fine job of keeping each issue separate and in good condition. I just love to take down one of these binders on a long winter evening and browse through, remembering some of those who are no longer with us and rereading some of the adventures that still hold the power to thrill us.

Books and magazines—what wonderful things they are. Read something today, you owe it to yourself as a traditional archer to learn all you can about our sport. Believe me, the value you receive will far outweigh the initial cost you pay.



Horseback Archery Training

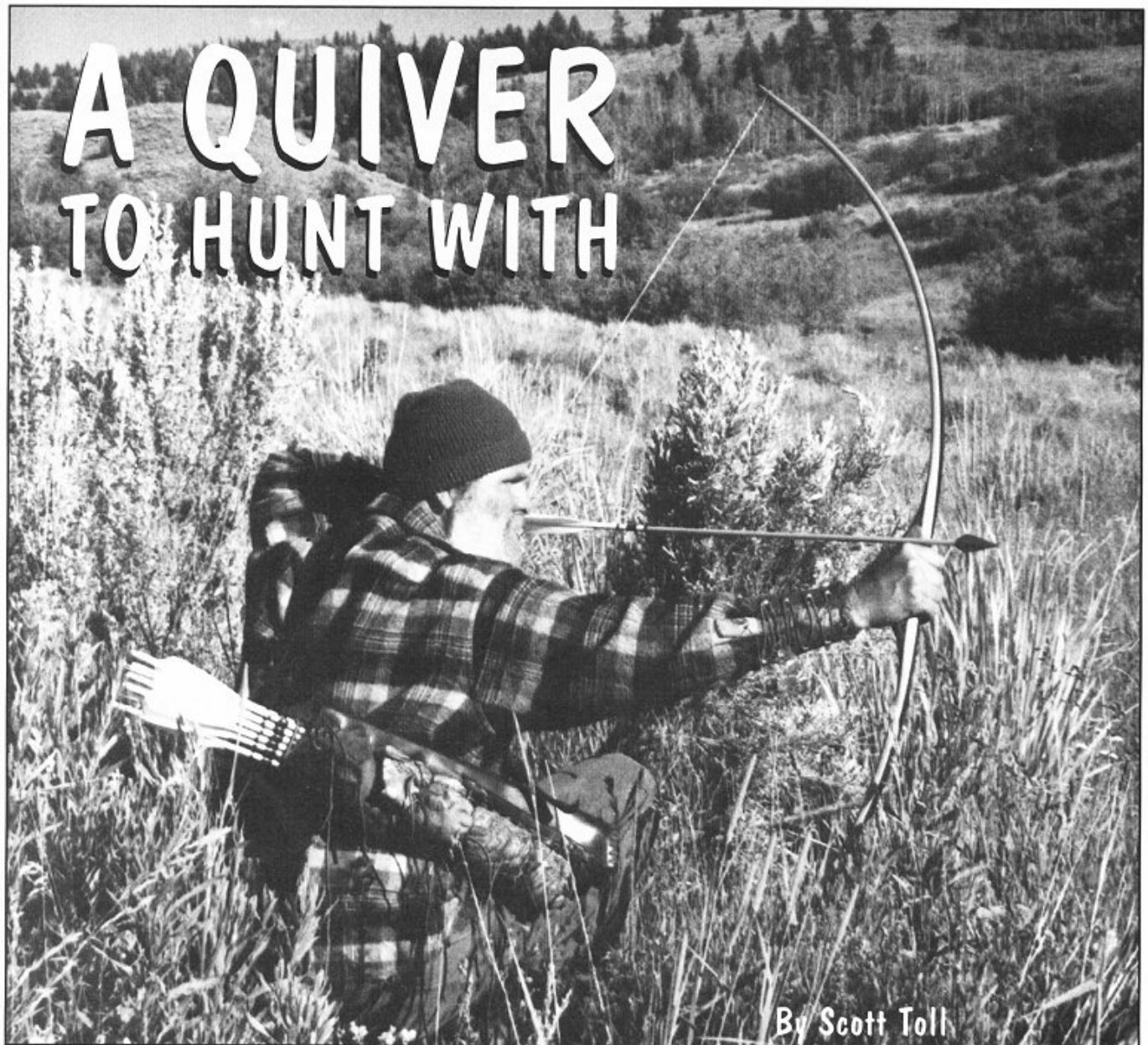
at the

**International
Archery Festival**
Sept 6-9, 2001
Fort Dodge, Iowa



With Kassai Lajos from Hungary

Registration ends June 30. For info contact-
Krackow Company
R.D. 1, Beechwood Rd.
New Wilmington, Pa 16142
Phone: 724-946-8332
Fax: 724-946-8831
gray@pathway.net



T There is nothing more traditional than leather backquivers filled with wooden arrows. They remind us of past times when only longbows and recurves were used in archery. It seems that with backquivers, you either love them or hate them. For the most part however, our feelings about them depend upon where we hunt, and how we use them.

I started out hunting with a backquiver at an early age and learned most things about archery and bowhunting from my father. He used a backquiver and a bowquiver together as his method for carrying arrows. We lived and hunted the coastal mountains of Oregon where it rains a lot, and kept our arrows dry by covering the arrows in our backquivers with plastic bread sacks. The arrows on the bow were replaced, as needed, with dry ones from the backquiver. We used three-arrow bowquivers because

they were light and hardly affected the handling of our bow.

That was many years ago. I live in Eastern Oregon, now, where the climate is generally hot and dry and it only rains or snows occasionally at the higher elevations during archery season. For the most part, keeping my arrows dry is of little concern. I still use a backquiver for all of my hunting, and for the most part, I keep the bow quiver at home.

In traditional archery, there are as many ways to carry arrows as there are individuals. Most traditional archers make their own quivers, with their handiwork melding art, function, and personality into the quiver. While they often look great, the best features of true "hunting" backquivers are that they have enough arrow capacity to get you through a long hunt, are quiet when stalking, provide for a fast second shot, and carry more than just arrows.

THE BASICS

A hunting quiver should hold at least ten arrows and in some cases more. If you hunt within thirty minutes of your camp, where you can restock your arrow supply if necessary, then fewer arrows will do. I've had more than my fair share of one-shot, pack-the-meat-home, success, but I have also had plenty of hunts where I needed more arrows. In addition to harvesting animals when I hunt, I like shooting other things as well, like stumps and grouse, and often just for fun.

Having enough arrows means we can practice and stay fluid in our shooting. A practice shot, first-thing in the morning, will warn you of loose clothing that can catch your bowstring. Shooting in the woods is far different from shooting at home. Targets come in all different sizes and at varying and challenging distances. A ricochet is the kiss of death, and those little brown dirt clods can turn out to be rocks. Arrows are less precious in the woods than they ever were at home.

Have you ever heard one of those stories about the guy who comes dragging back to camp with an empty quiver but a good hunting story? Well, that happened to me when I was thirteen years old. I did get my deer however, but



When hunting, I carry my backquiver sideways, underneath my bow-arm, with the feather end of the arrows facing backward. This is the best way to keep arrows quiet and to sneak through brush.

only by pinning it down and finishing it off with my knife as it kicked and fought me like only a deer can.

I am far more experienced now, and that experience has taught me to wait for at least an hour before approaching an animal that has been hit. What that really means is to sit down right where you shot from and don't look for arrows. It is certainly an ugly experience to spook an animal that is laying down nearby, or to spook any other animals that are still hanging around. It only takes one lost animal to teach us well, that looking for arrows can wait until after the animal is dressed out.

Most backquivers will hold over two dozen arrows but that is not the reason for their larger size. They must be big enough to withdraw an arrow without having to pull arrows straight up for most of their length. A long, straight pull is more of a wave than the quick salute that is afforded by a much wider, shorter quiver. An average backquiver designed for hunting is about eighteen inches in circumference at the top and between 20

and 22 inches in length. The feathers of your arrows should never touch your quiver. The quiver should be oval in shape because it's the width that makes it so easy to pull your arrows out. The bottom of the quiver can be smaller than the top, because this hardly affects arrow removal. A tapered backquiver is lighter, and is much cooler in hot weather, but if you want to carry other items like a take-down bow, or a three-cell flashlight, then a larger diameter at the bottom will be needed.

A backquiver can certainly carry more than just arrows—as long as it doesn't affect handling or get too heavy. A small pouch, a broadhead file, and some extra leather lacing can go a long way out in the woods. I depend on my pockets and a small belt pack for carrying most of the other items needed for hunting, but a belt pack has to be small to work with a backquiver.

CARRYING POSITION

There are two ways to carry a backquiver depending on the hunting sit-

uation. The normal way is to carry a backquiver in the upright position, where the nocks are close to your ear. This keeps arrows where they can be felt for, and where your wrist is least cocked when grasping the nock of an arrow.

The other way, and the way I prefer when hunting, is to carry my backquiver sideways, underneath my bow-arm, with the feather end of the arrows facing backward. This is the best way to keep arrows quiet and for getting through brush. I change the position of my quiver by grasping the bottom of the quiver with my bow hand.

Strap length and placement varies with the physical build of each archer and how they intend to use the quiver. In the upright position, the nocks of your arrows should rest within six inches of your right ear, for a right handed shooter. When carrying the quiver sideways however, the placement of the strap becomes more critical because the bottom of the strap can get in the way of shooting. A quiver will not cause a shooting problem in either position if we pay attention to where the bottom of the strap is located, the distance between strap placements, and the length of the strap.

The bottom of the strap should be connected to the quiver in such a way that the nocks of the arrows rest at the level of your ear. It should also be placed on the quiver at the top of your hip bone, or approximately three inches above your belt. The amount of quiver that extends below this is determined by the length of your arrows. A "hunting" quiver should extend another inch to allow for the extra length of broadheads.

The distance between the strap placements is best determined when your quiver is held in the sideways position. When held this way, the strap should not spread so far out on the quiver that it gets in the way of your hand when holding an arrow on the bowstring. To check for proper adjustment, hold your bow in your bow hand near your hip as you would before drawing, with your string hand holding an arrow on the bowstring. If the strap of the quiver is keeping your string hand away from the chest, then the distance between the strap placements are too

great. When the placements are too close, the straps will not hang down freely to the quiver. When the straps are correct, balancing the quiver in the sideways position while shooting will be much easier.

The strap length should be adjusted with the amount of clothing you are wearing, and most quivers have an easy method for doing this. If you want to shoot your bow with the quiver held sideways however, then you must make this adjustment when the quiver is in this position. There needs to be approximately three to four inches of clearance between your arm pit and your quiver so that it will ride well in either the upright or the sideways-held positions.

LEATHER

The thickness of leather used in building a quiver will affect how much arrow-rattle noise it creates. The leather has to be thick enough to hold a shape—but supple enough to quiet your arrows and hold them in the quiver. The quiver should eventually form to the shape of

your body. A top-grade, eight to ten-ounce, oil tanned, leather is the best to use for a hunting quiver, and leather bootlaces are the easiest for stitching it together. Unless you enjoy getting shot at during hunting season, you shouldn't use a fur pelt as a quiver.

ELIMINATING ARROW RATTLE

The easiest way to quiet the rustling sound of feathers in a backquiver is to tie all but two of your arrows tightly to the top of the quiver. I tie all but two arrows to the high-side of my quiver, to keep the main bunch of arrows from rattling or from touching the two loose ones. The two loose arrows ride on the bottom side of the quiver, ready for action. Two loose arrows are quiet when compared to ten, and if am making a stalk or calling an animal to me, one arrow will be on the string, which means the other arrow has nothing to rattle against.

I tie the arrows in with leather bootlaces because they hold them tight with only a loose knot. My practice

A HUNTING QUIVER:

- Two arrows free, with the rest tied in—that is the best combination to use for stalking.
- Fletching Protected From Rain and Snow
- Multi-Purpose String Pouch
- File/Chisel
- Heavy-Duty Meat Pack



arrows are tied in a separate bundle, with tight knots, to keep me from accidentally blunting an elk.

Two arrows free, with the rest tied in—that is the best combination to use for stalking. When the first arrow is removed from the quiver, the second arrow is left by itself so it stays quiet. If another arrow is needed, the second arrow is free in the backquiver, which provides a faster second shot than with any other quiver design. If you doubt that last sentence, watch a speed shoot or two and see who wins.

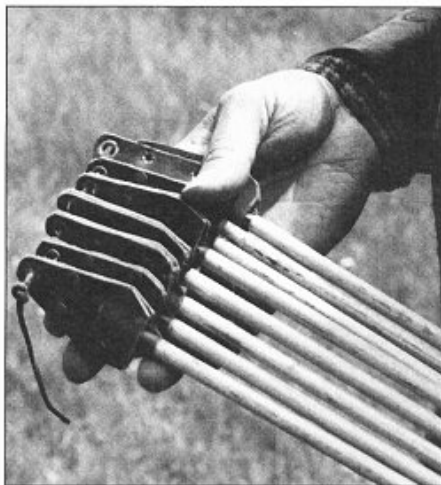
My main supply of arrows is tied with a simple slip-knot that unties with the same motion as pulling an arrow out of the quiver. I figured this one out right after learning what it feels like not being able to get a third arrow out of the quiver.

BROADHEAD BOOTIES

Broadheads need to be protected when riding inside of a quiver, otherwise they will get dull by rattling against each other. The best way to protect broadheads is to use a leather sheath to protect them, these sheathes are often called "booties." One per arrow is all that is needed to keep your broadheads razor-sharp and perfectly quiet. My own quiver is just large enough at the bottom to hold ten booties, side by side. If I'd only known about booties when I started hunting, I probably wouldn't have put so many holes in the bottom of my buckskin quiver.

Booties can be purchased from different suppliers, but only a custom built bootie will fit a particular broadhead correctly. They must fit the same as a knife sheath. It is better to make your own because they will probably fit your broadheads better.

The first step when making a bootie is to lay the broadhead you plan to hunt with on a piece of leather to get its shape. Cut it oversize to allow for the rivets along the sides and nearly a half-inch longer at the tip for installing a boot eyelet. When the halves are roughed out, use barge cement near the edges to hold the two halves together. Use two rivets per side and one eyelet at the tip. When this is done properly, the edges outside of the rivets can be trimmed further to



To put the arrows in your quiver, first make sure all of the booties are on, then slide all of the arrows into the quiver at once. Arrows can then be withdrawn from the quiver one at a time, scalpel sharp!

reduce their bulk. Once you have a basic pattern, one bootie design should fit all of that particular style of broadheads you are using.

The eyelet at the tip of each bootie is used to keep the bootie inside your quiver when you remove an arrow.

Pass a short piece of bootlace through all of the eyelets at once and then tie a knot at each end of the bootlace (See photo). This way the booties are free to move along the bootlace, but are inseparable when a single arrow is withdrawn. To put the arrows in your quiver, first make sure all of the booties are on, then slide all of the arrows into the quiver at once.

FILE-CHISEL

A simple leather sheath is all that is needed to carry a broadhead file on a backquiver. Tie it along the stitching on the backside of your quiver. The file is used for sharpening broadheads, but it can also be used as a chisel for removing broadheads that are buried in trees. I call this my file-chisel. To get the most out of it, I use a chunk of tree limb as a hammer.

All that is necessary to make a file-chisel is to grind the tang of the file into the shape of a chisel. I tested my file first to see if it would shatter by putting it in a bench vice and bending it back and forth. I finally had to use a hammer to straighten it back out. I am happy to say my file tang bent easily (but I still wore safety glasses and gloves before



A file-chisel does not work as well as a heavy duty chisel, but beats the heck out of digging a broadhead out of a tree with a knife.

testing it). Most files are not tempered in the tang.

Your file will need a handle to protect your hand while filing, and because the sharpened tang of the file can cut your string or gouge your bow. My file handle fits tightly and must be pounded off with a limb before it can be used as a chisel. A file-chisel does not work as well as a heavy-duty chisel, but sure beats the heck out of digging a broadhead out of a tree with a knife.

MULTI-PURPOSE STRING POUCH

A string pouch can do more than just carry a spare bowstring. I made my bowstring pouch with a piece of four-ounce leather and stitched it together with one of those sewing awls with the spool in the handle. It measures six inches tall by three inches wide and holds everything I need (see photo). It has a simple flap that laces shut with the same piece of bootlace that secures it to the quiver.

I carry two broadheads (housed in protective booties) in my pouch for replacement and to convert blunts if I need more arrows. I've included a butane lighter, hot melt glue, and tiny channel locks for this purpose. A sharpening stone and small tube of oil fit easily when wrapped inside a zip lock baggie. I use a soft, Arkansas stone for dressing up broadheads and sharpening my knife. I also carry a few baby bottle liners and rubber bands to protect my feathers in case it rains.

Another zip-lock baggie contains a dozen or so wind-indicators. These are nothing more than a piece of thread with a down feather tied on one end. It is tied to the bowstring, near the top of the bow, with the feather hanging about four inches from the string. A feather works better than dust because it is always visible and no extra movements are needed when you least want to make them. Extras are needed because light thread works best and breaks easily.

EXTRA CLOTHES

When it warms up in the afternoon I tie unneeded clothing onto my backquiver. The extra weight of the clothing is not so bad when the quiver is



My string pouch (6" X 3") carries much more than just a bowstring. From left to right: zip-Lock baggies, baby-bottle liners, wind detectors, sharpening stone and oil, channel-lock pliers, extra string, hot-melt glue, lighter, extra broadheads in protective booties.

carried in a level position. It beats tying it around my waist or not having it when it cools down in the evening. As you've probably guessed by now, I use leather bootlaces tied into the lacing of my backquiver.

ULTRA-LIGHT, HEAVY-DUTY MEAT PACK

It is most practical for me to remove the meat from the front half of an elk and pack it out in a meat sack on my first trip back to camp. I usually hunt by myself which means I pack out all of the meat myself. I keep a long sleeved, camouflaged T-shirt tied to my backquiver for this purpose. It weighs very little and doesn't use space in my belt-pack. It saves me hours of time by allowing me to take a heavy load of meat out without having to go back to get a pack frame on the first trip. In hot weather every hour counts for keeping meat in its best condition.

To use a camouflaged T-shirt as a meat bag is very simple if leather bootlaces are used. Once you have filled it with boned-out meat, simply tie off the neck and waist. The sleeves can be tied into knots by themselves. Bootlaces stay in place and will hold a knot so well they have to be cut off to open the bag. Over one-hundred pounds of meat can be loaded into a single shirt, if you are so inclined. I hoist the bag on top of my shoulders and let it straddle my neck.

With a smaller bull, I carry the hams of an elk on the bone as one load, then leapfrog loads to keep from having to get a pack frame at all.

WHY A BACKQUIVER?

For extensive hunting, I think a backquiver will beat all other quiver styles in very simple and subtle ways. They work in all sorts of hunting conditions and stay out of the way more than any other quiver that will hold as many arrows. If there were no concern for how many arrows we needed, then we could all just carry one arrow, right?

A backquiver simplifies the handling of arrows by forcing us to grab an arrow by only its nock to load it on the bowstring. There is no "double handling" of arrows by grabbing the shaft of the arrow first. This alone makes them the fastest of all quivers for shooting arrows.

Despite what many archers would have us believe, they are as quiet as any other quiver when used correctly. A backquiver will carry a broadhead file, a string pouch with all sorts of items in it, and even hold clothing if we want it to. Therefore, if there is such a thing as a perfect hunting quiver, it might have to be a soft, well-setup backquiver. They carry more arrows, provide a faster second shot, they're quiet, and do far more than just carry arrows.



The Beech Tree Crossing

By George D. Stout

It was an unusually cool August day here in southern Pennsylvania when I pulled the truck into the grassy lot. I shut off the engine and just sat and listened to the woods for a bit. I do this quite often before scouting or stump shooting. Sometimes if the sounds don't suit me, I will drive up the road a piece until I find a suitable spot. Often it will be the call of the wood thrush that lures me to the woods—another time it may be the soft percussion offerings of the downy woodpecker, it depends on my mood of the day I suppose. On this day it was the raucous calling of a local band of crows that prompted me to grab my bow and head for the beech trees. The thought of a bow/crow encounter was too much of a temptation.

I slipped into my back quiver, grabbed my longbow and fanny pack and headed up the old tram road that led to some food plots about a quarter-mile up the mountain. These fields were cleared years before to supply additional sustenance for the deer, turkeys, bears, and small game critters that inhabit this area of Bedford county. And, although not always planted on a yearly basis, they still offer an area for grazing on succulent spring grasses or, for the wild turkey, chasing grasshoppers or consuming fox tail seeds in the late summer. In addition, the thorny confines of many multi-flora rose thickets offer great places to raise turkey chicks.

As I approached the first food plot I noticed the reason for the crows' concern, a red-tailed hawk perched openly on a red oak branch. He was taking a lot of verbal abuse from the dozen or so that sat about him at varying distances. The hawk seemed to take it all in stride as he preened his breast feathers, giving a casual glance at back into the woods.

This area of the mountain contained some older second growth hardwoods so, although there was adequate food and cover for whitetails, the undergrowth was not all that thick. This leads the deer to follow selected funnel areas between the fields and bedding areas. To the novice hunter the signs may not be that obvious, but to the seasoned archer the evidence is waiting to be analyzed. The little creek that cuts through this particular spot, east to west, is intersected with these funnels at several locations. The beech tree crossing is one of my favorites.

There is something enigmatic about the little spring fed mountain creek where it makes the turn by the beech trees. It probably doesn't really fit the definition of a creek, so to speak, many summers it barely carries enough water to keep its rocky bottom covered; nevertheless it is an attractive spot as it offers a cool, shady spot during a hot summer afternoon where one can sit and relax, away from the trials of everyday things. It also offers a cool drink of water for the local animal population.

I named the crossing for a fairly obvious reason, there's an ample concentration of beech trees growing there. The biggest difference between this crossing and the others along the creek is the way the hollows come together to form the funnel that lends itself so well to the travels of the deer. On the north side of the creek the land sinks into a gentle slope that ends right at the creek's edge, making an excellent place to cross for several reasons. One is the slope itself, gently leaning to the water. Another is the lay of the incline that actually makes the deer's approach unnoticeable from the southwest side of the creek, making a great place for them to see but not be seen. A third attraction is the water itself that runs most of the year from the springs higher up the mountain side, providing a cool, secluded place from which to drink. Once in the beech trees on the south side of the creek, the funnel leads on toward the fields that were mentioned earlier.

To me, the biggest attraction of the beech tree crossing is the feeling it evokes, one that enchants by just being there. The sight of the big beech, red oak, and maple trees alone is enough to stir one's imagination to thoughts of time's past and of others who may have stopped to pause



ORIENTAL HORSEMEN'S BOWS
by Csaba Grózer
Magyar • Hun • Asszir • Szkíta • Török • Mongól • Avar
Shipping on easy terms worldwide — www.traditional-archery-scandinavia.com

at the crossing. Indian Will, namesake of this mountain, may have sat in this very spot. The big trees entice you to sit and watch, to remove your pack and quiver and just take in the scenery—to become a part of the crossing itself, if only for a moment in time.

I removed my water bottle and a fig bar from my pack and settled in for a few minutes to see what the crossing had to offer today. As I sat there taking in the surroundings, I noticed something white lying next to the water just above the crossing. It was the remains of a fawn. The bleached bones had obviously been there awhile among the limestone rocks, possibly drug there by a coyote or fox. Or, maybe it just succumbed to natural causes. The Pennsylvania winter is not always kind to those who are not hardy enough to endure its cold breath and damp disposition. Nature provides for its own, but woe be to the ones who are not up to the task, the ones

who have not learned their lessons well. Only the beech trees know the answer.

I walked back to where I had been sitting and glanced up over the north bank of the crossing. About 60 yards away was a small meadow consisting mostly of blackberry briars and multi-flora bushes. Closer inspection indicated trails weaving through these thorny confines from the woods toward the little creek. The briar patch was virtually impenetrable to humans, however, the deer would have little trouble navigating the thorn-clad brush to bed down under its protective armor, and all within sight of the beech trees.

As I finished the fig bar and took a good drink from my water bottle, I noticed some movement toward the far side of the crossing. It was a juvenile whitetail buck, moseying along the far side of the creek. His head was adorned with a small, velvet-covered six point rack that bobbed back and forth as he casually strolled toward the township road that lay several hundred yards to the west. The buck stopped occasionally to snuffle the fallen beech nut hulls for edible remains. He would lip several into his mouth then casually look around as if to see if anyone was watching. The youngster nibbled his way on down the creek until he was out of my sight. By the next season, if he made it that long, he would offer a good challenge for some bowhunter. The youngster never detected my presence as he passed at 25 steps. His mind was on other things.

Once again I shouldered my quiver and pack, and crossed the creek. Up ahead lay an old blow-down that has long since fallen into a state of decay. Pulling a steel tipped blunt from the back quiver I imagine a bedded buck in its place. In less time than it takes to tell, the arrow covers the 40 or so yards and suddenly appears in the log, just a few inches low of my aim. A second shot, just for the heck of it, hits the top of the log and sails into the leaves beyond, reminding me of my inconsistency at these long ranges. Yes, the first shot at 40 yards was right on the mark; but, the target was inanimate

NEW from the Bowyer's Edge™

HUNTING THE BAMBOO BACKED BOW

with
DEAN TORGES

70 mins.

VHS

\$29.95
+ \$4.50 S&H

PAL

\$32.95
+ Int'l S&H

to ORDER call
740/666-2861, or
write: Dean Torges,
7425 Fontanelle Rd.,
Ostrander, OH 43061
Visa/MC accepted
Ask for our free catalog
of bowyer's supplies.
www.stickbow.com/torges/

Also available from
the author:

Hunting the Osage Bow

Paperback, 160 pp. illus.

\$19.95 + \$4.00 S&H



and there was no breath, no heart, no soul, no hair-trigger reaction to the sound of string or feathers. Part of the traditional experience is understanding and accepting limitations. The real archer accepts these challenges and prerequisites as an appropriate and necessary part of the game.

I retrieved the errant shaft and tucked the steel-tipped cedar into in my back quiver, then took another look back at the beech tree crossing. Even at a distance it looked inviting. I walked back once more and looked for a good place to stand this October. "Perhaps just below the northern edge of the crossing," I say to myself. "It's down wind and the deer would be shielded by the bank until they walked into my shooting lane." Or maybe I'll just let the beech trees alone in hunting season. They serve as my comfort during a leafless February outing, offering up decaying stumps to keep my eyes sharp and my bow arm limber. They offer a respite from everyday life, a life already filled to the brim with technology and too fast paced for anyone's good. I guess I shouldn't ask for more than that.



Traditional and Primitive Archery since 1984

Medicine Stick Selfbows,
Welchman Longbows, Aspen,
Robertson Stykbow,
Howard Hill Archery and others.

Custom Body & Back Quivers
Custom Cedar Arrows
and Accessories

DISTRIBUTOR OF
Rose City Cedar Shafts

Try Silver Arrow Archery
**Copolymer Wood
Arrow Finish**
the most durable finish
system available.

Visa and Mastercard accepted
Send \$2 for catalog

**SILVER ARROW
ARCHERY**

www.silverarrowarchery.com
106 Fordway Ext. Dept. IA
Derry, NH 03038
(603) 434-0569

Worldwide
mailorder

CAMOUFLAGE —OR NOT?



by Jerry Stout

When I was a young boy, after the big war, it wasn't long before Army surplus stores began popping up all around the country. They were full of the ugliest clothes known to man, and you know what? They are still ugly. Sure, they have changed colors and patterns, but to me they are still ugly clothes!

At first, even the hunters wouldn't buy or wear this stuff, but finally it worked its way into our way of life and now even those who aren't hunters wear it, and they look ugly too! Nowadays, it's everywhere we go out here in the West, and I'll bet it's even worse in the Midwest or Eastern states.

I picked up a catalog the other day and counted over 100 pages of nothing but camouflage clothes. They even have camouflage underwear! Now my question is this: "If you already have your pants off, why are you still trying to hide?" I have even seen camouflage blankets and bed spreads.

I have a hard enough time trying to find and catch my cute little wife in that bed without her hiding under a camouflage bed spread! If that stuff works as well as YOU think it works, I may as well move in the spare bedroom.

Right about now I am probably going to receive the wrath of thousands of whitetail hunters who think that you have to wear camouflage clothes or you can't kill a whitetail. That is one of the biggest myths known to bowhunters! I don't live in whitetail country and I don't hunt them, but I have friends who do and they hunt and kill whitetails from the ground without camouflage.

Something that I personally hate to see is a bunch of hunters coming into a cafe with all that gear on. The next time you see this in a cafe, look around at the faces of the other customers. I think that will tell the whole story. They think you are ugly too.

The next time you are at a 3-D shoot, look around at all the cool people there with camouflage on. What are they trying to hide from? I think it might be a better idea to make sure you CAN be seen while you are on an archery range!

I bought myself a new sleeping bag the other day. I had to settle for another model than the one I really wanted because my first pick was—you guessed it—camouflaged. I don't need to hide from something or someone while I am in a sleeping bag.

What is the reason for all this camouflage stuff anyway? I guess it is to hide, to disappear from the animals we hunt that are all colorblind and just see shadows of grey in the first place. In my opinion, it is all about money. Period!

I remember when the arrow companies started putting camouflage on their shafts. That was a million-dollar trick if I ever saw one. If you think they made those shafts camouflage so deer and elk couldn't see them in flight while coming straight at them, then it is no wonder you spend all of your hard-earned money on that stuff. I'll tell you one reason they did it—because you can't find them when they bury under leaves and grass, and you have to buy more of them, and more, and more.

The next time all of you who wear camouflage dig it out and put it on, stop and ask yourself "do I really need this stuff?" I know several guys who have more money tied up in camouflage clothes and gear than my Alaskan moose hunt cost me in 1999 (see *Instinctive Archer*, Spring 1999), and that is a fact.

I know of one young fellow who placed an order last August, and the bill was \$830. It wasn't all clothes, but most of it was, and I promise you that all of it, clothes or gear, was camouflage in some way. I remember him crying and complaining the year before when I went moose hunting, because he never has the money to go on a hunt like that. But he is my wife's second cousin and he does shoot a compound bow, so I will leave that one alone.

Six or seven years ago I was buck hunting in southern Idaho. I was going down a dirt road on my Trail 90 toward the area that I wanted to hunt that day. I met a pickup coming up the road. Now think about this one. . . These guys were road hunting (Editor's note: hunting from a vehicle is illegal in Idaho). There were three guys standing in the back of the pickup in full camouflage battle gear—face masks, painted hands, and all. The deer couldn't possibly see them, right? These guys must have forgotten that they were standing in the back of a big, white 4X4 Ford pickup that burned diesel and rattles and stinks to no end. Please, give me a break!

We stopped and talked for a few minutes, and they asked me where my bow was. It was in a cloth case inside a PVC pipe tied lengthwise to my bike. One of them asked me "How would you shoot a buck standing by the road if your bow is in that case?" My answer was that I had no intention of shooting a buck standing by the road.

The next question was "Where is your camo, is it in that tube too?" My reply was "You're looking at it." Then they got onto my longbow, and it went something like this: "You can't do this, and you can't do that, and why would you possibly want to hinder yourself with a bow like that?" Well, I finally got out of there and went on to my hunt.

Two days later I was breaking camp at first light with a dandy mule

deer buck hanging in a tree. Here came the same group of guys standing in the back of that rattling, stinking diesel pickup. They started to slow down to pull into my camp, and then they spotted that big buck hanging in the tree, and you know what? They picked up speed and went right on by. I've been there twice since and haven't seen them again.

I have been hunting with a bow for 43 years now, and I'll tell you that I wear street clothes when I hunt. Talk about saving money! I get my hunting clothes from the Good Will type stores. I buy soft, quiet pants. I pick thin, cool ones for warm weather and heavy ones for cold weather. The same for shirts—cotton short-sleeved for hot weather and heavy, long-sleeved for colder weather. I can get a complete outfit for \$5 to \$7 most of the time that will last me for three or four years. If I tear up a pair of pants on a fence, it's no big deal.

Most bowhunters camouflage their bow in some way, I guess so the game can't see it. You know what I put on my bow? Furniture polish. When I build one of these bows, I spray it with a high-gloss finish, which I want to take care of, so I polish three or four times a year. I like pretty wood and pretty bows.

Here are some facts you might be interested in. Back in the mid-seventies, they used to have a national deer hunt in Wyoming. It was set up in teams of three hunters each, plus a guide. There were teams sponsored by most of the major bow and archery companies of the time. All of the teams were comprised of compound shooters—except for one. These guys were shooting longbows and wearing street clothes. They won that National Deer Hunt three out of four years. One of the members is a long-time friend of mine, John Schultz, of American Longbow fame.

A few years later, John built a longbow and put all white glass on it. He



With over 43 years of bowhunting experience, shooting bulls and big bucks nearly every year at under ten yards—without the aid of camouflage clothes—has become the norm.

made up some arrows and dipped them full length in white, and fletched them with all-white fletching. He hunted and killed a buck on the ground with that outfit—no treestand, no camouflage, no problem.

I hunt mostly in the high sagebrush desert country of eastern Oregon and some in Idaho. I think there is less cover here than in any place a guy could hunt. I shoot a longbow and I think I take my fair share of game (Editor's note: Jerry is as dedicated and successful a hunter as you are ever likely to meet). I get close to my game, and I mean real close. I honestly don't know of anyone who gets closer than I do, so if I can do it without camouflage, you can too.

The only people who tell you that you need camouflage are the same people who make and sell it. That is a bunch of malarkey, you don't need it to be a better bowhunter, and you don't need it to kill game. So keep your money and save it up to go on that hunt you've been dreaming about.



My longbow is the corridor to the past.

—Jerry Stout

P.S. Don't let your wife read this and find out about all the money you've been wasting on camouflage, or YOU may be the one in the spare bedroom hiding under that camo bed sheet!

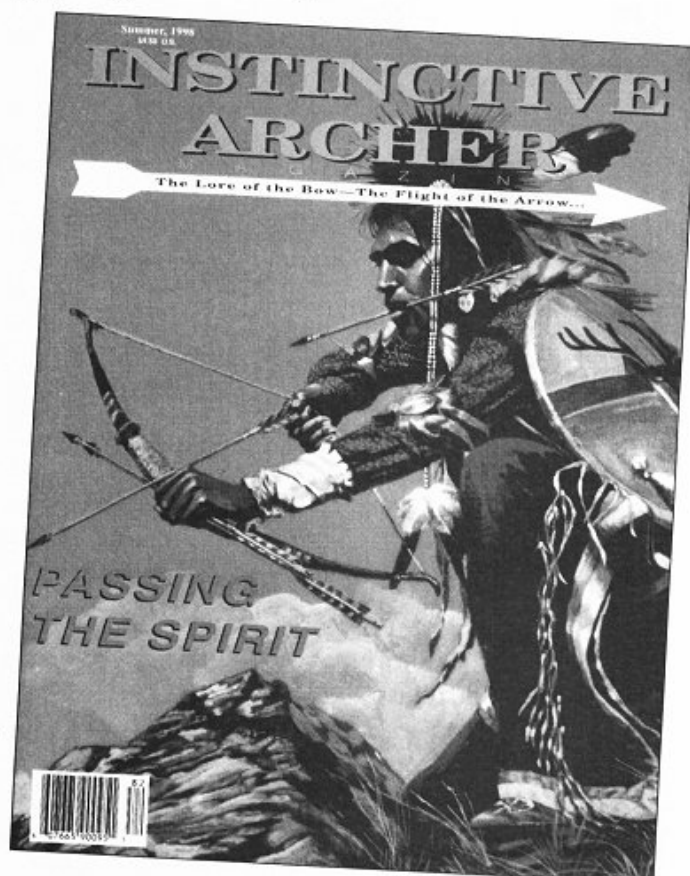
The Lore of the Bow—The Flight of the Arrow...

Subscribe Today

Experience a Refreshingly Different Perspective.

The Hearty Magazine
For
Rugged Individualists

We Don't
Run with the Pack!



3-01

INSTINCTIVE ARCHER

The Lore of the Bow—The Flight of the Arrow...

Please select a subscription category (four issues per year):

- ☐ One-Year U.S. (\$16.00) ☐ Two-Years U.S. (\$30.00)
☐ One-Year Canada (\$22.00 U.S.) ☐ One-Year Foreign (\$30.00 U.S.)

Name: _____ Phone: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

VISA/MC: _____ Exp. Date: _____

Signature: _____

Please make your check or money order payable to:
INSTINCTIVE ARCHER™ Magazine
PO BOX 400, Horseshoe Bend, ID 83629-0400 (208) 793-3408

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

Begin your collection today!
Order the BACK ISSUES of
Instinctive Archer™ Magazine.

AVAILABLE ISSUES:

Premier Issue '96	Summer/Fall '96	Spring '97
Summer '97	Fall '97	Summer '98
Fall '98	Winter '98	Spring '99
Summer '99	Spring '00	Summer '00
Fall '00	Winter '00	Spring '01
Summer '01		

(price includes shipping and handling)

U.S.\$6.50 each
Canada / Mexico:\$7.00 each
Other Countries:\$8.50 each

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

CLASSIFIED ADS

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

HICKORY BACKED WOOD LONGBOWS \$89.50.

Takedown Recurves \$79.50 up. Cedar Arrows. Catalog \$2.00. **DICK PALMER ARCHERY**, PO Box 1632-I Fayetteville, AR 72702 1632.

SPINE TESTER - CANADA'S FINEST. By *Agincourt Archery of B.C.* For the Fletcher looking for high quality and accuracy. Red oak base, precision-machined components. 100 only Limited Edition units. \$150.00 U.S. plus shipping. Immediate delivery. Phone or send for details. Roy Day 26471 126th Ave. Maple Ridge B.C. Canada V2W 1C9. (604)462-1170 fax (604)462-1174.

ROVING HANDBOOK - by Errett Callahan (Editor). 1999. A delightful field manual of reprints on the fascinating medieval sport of traditional archery roving. A challenging and fun alternative to hunting, field, and target archery, with a long and all-but forgotten history. 128 pages, 44 photos, 5-1/2" x 8-1/2", wire bound, soft cover. \$18 + \$2 S&H. Overseas and Canada \$30 USD (includes shipping). Dealers inquire. Order from: Piltown Productions, 2 Fredonia Ave., Lynchburg VA 24503. (804)528-3444.

Alaska Brooks Range Bowhunts. Caribou, Moose, Blackbear. Eight days \$2,000.00. Discounts available. IBEP required, ned@gci.net, 907-243-5322.

LIGHTNING LONGBOWS "Fast-as-Glass." Beautiful custom osage + bamboo or hickory. Quiet, consistent, durable. No hand shock. Many options. Free brochure. David Murray: P.O. Box 67491, Los Angeles, CA 90067. Website: www.lightninglongbows.com (310) 659-1424.

ARE YOU READY TO SHOOT?

Need arrows at a decent price? Look no further, just go to www.wholesalearrowshomestead.com and see for yourself.

LEARN WOODEN BOW MAKING with ERRETT CALLAHAN. 50 years experience. Workshops in May (archery), June (flintknapping), and October (primitive technology). Write for details. Cliffside Workshops, 2 Fredonia Ave., Lynchburg, VA 24503 Ph: (804) 528-3444.

Primitive Bows / Evenly Tillered. Flatbows: Vinemaple \$65.00, Hickory \$100.00, Osage \$195.00. Sinew / Rawhide Backing Available. Sinew Backed Recurves: Vinemaple \$175.00, Hickory \$210.00, Osage \$320.00. Add \$10.00 for Shipping & Handling. Send check or money order to: Jim Boswell, 8120 Parke Creek Rd, Ellensburg WA 98926 or call 509-968-3051.

HOW TO MAKE A DOUBLE-LOOPED FLEMISH TWIST BOWSTRING by Martin Maynard. **USING THE RIGHT BOWSTRING MATERIAL** by Dan Quillian. Get this illustrated booklet with Dan's recommendations for just \$9.50 which includes postage. Contact **BCY, Inc.** at 50 McDermott Rd, North haven, CT 06473 or call (203) 787-7970 now.

TWIG ARCHERY. Raw shafting, pre-finished shafts, finished arrows. Cedar, pine, maple, "pass-through" hardwoods, and all new CHUNDOO. Parallel, custom tapered, barreled shafts. Arrow-building supplies. Tanned snakeskins, only \$12 - \$15, very nice!! Beautiful, hand-laced, leather quivers and accessories. Free brochure. **TWIG ARCHERY**, 45194 TR 432, Conesville, OH 43811. (740) 829-2847, Monday-Friday 4-8:30 p.m., Saturday 9-5 p.m.

WOODEN BOWS From Ash to Zebrawood. Ancient, Traditional, and Current Designs. Smooth, Fast, and Durable. Quick Delivery. **PAUL RODGERS** (925) 634-1835 www.woodbow.com.

OIE BUFF ARCHERY, Custom tooled leather products. Books: Arrow Smithing: A workable knowledge from Primitive to Traditional, The Osage Orange Static Recurve; A Workable Knowledge from Live Tree to Finished Bow. \$8.50 each plus \$2.50 S/H, 3790 Pecan Drive, St. George, KS 66535, TEL/FAX (785) 494-2797.

BOW STAVES, IMPORTED WOODS, HANDLE RISERS, SHAFTS, GLASS, LAMINATIONS, BOOKS, TOOLS, GLUE and BOW KITS, CUSTOM LONGBOWS. Catalog \$1.25. **WOODS UNUSUAL**, P.O. Box 1722, Hawaiian Gardens, California 90716-0722, (562)421-2171.

TRADITIONAL ARCHERY CREATIONS - SALE, English-type longbows with matched arrows our specialty. Take-down bows available, also indian bows and introducing the MONGOOSE RECURVE. (716) 699-2876. 6869 Plato Rd., East Otto, NY 14729.



*With
Bob Martin*

Tell me a tale of long ago, from the shrouded mists of time,
When men were men and hearts were strong, and mountains not yet climbed.

Talk to me of former days when the world was wild and big,
When few men left their tracks on where her wilderness was hid.

Off the beaten path, the trails less traveled by,
The routes seldom taken, where unknown secrets lie.

From the Kispiox to the Prophet, from the Salmon to St. Joe,
The Muskawa, the Lochsa, to the vistas of Lolo.

Found a cabin lost and small, listing leeward in the stream of time,
Saw an ancient gold pan leaning 'neath a big old yellow pine.

I've trod a fair piece of ground and found a trace or two,
Slept upon the piney floors, 'neath Aurora's greenish hue.

A charcoal burner's cartridge case upon a granite peak,
T'is a signature left behind by the sourdough known as Pete.

Old tales, old trails, I admire their grit and pluck,
They made a living by their sweat and Providence and luck.

I've traced a thousand tracks across the centuries of time,
I've heard a thousand notes that harmonize with mine.

I've found an arrowhead of stone and one of rusty steel,
I've lost a couple of my own, and with some I got my meal.

Have you seen the steelhead leap the falls and listened to the wren?
Have you heard the grumbling of the bear as it forages the glen?

The artistry in nature, the mystery in time,
The bull elk on the ridge top, whose heart beats just like mine.

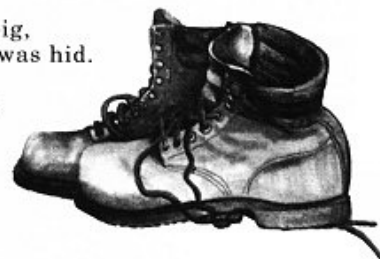
If I have to tell you why, you'll never understand,
Out in the woods, the quiet place, I see the Master's hand.

Old ways are not yet past, a hunter still tracks with skill,
An arrow still leaps with sudden wings towards a swift and certain kill.

Tell me a tale of long ago, from the shrouded mists of time,
When men were men and hearts were strong, and mountains not yet climbed.

Talk to me of former days when the world was wild and big,
When few men left their tracks on where her wilderness was hid.

These are the good old days my friend, hold them close and dear,
Someday farther down the trail, we'll wish that they were here.



Cabela's *Berber Fleece*
Outfitter's® Series
 WORLD'S FOREMOST OUTFITTER
 HUNTING • FISHING • OUTDOOR GEAR

BERBER
 BY GLENDA
 THE ORIGINAL

FREE CATALOG!

Cabela's
 ARCHERY
 2001

Call Toll-Free
1-800-967-6100
www.cabelas.com

Outfitter Camo
 Camp Coat

Outfitter Camo
 Camp Vest

Cabela's
EXCLUSIVE

WIND STOPPER

- Nothing is as quiet as thick Berber Fleece
- Available with or without W.L. Gore WindStopper
- Great for layering or worn alone

BAM-109



» Palouse »
 Traditional Archery Mfg.

**WHERE CUSTOM
 TRULY MEANS CUSTOM**

- **"MILLENNIUM"** A full static-tip recurve. Smooth to over 30" draw and very fast.
- **"APOLLO"** A reflex-deflex-reflex longbow. Smooth, fast, and very little handshock.

Call, e-mail, or look us up on the web:
 PO Box 44 • 945 Pine St. • Potlatch, ID 83855
 (208) 875-2301 • dkenyon@potlatch.com
www.palousetraditional.com

RAPTOR ARCHERY®

*A Hunt Of A Lifetime, A Memory Forever,
Rely On Experience.*

RAPTOR ARCHERY®, INC.

"Archery by Trade, Traditional by Choice"



PaL

RAPTOR ARCHERY® • 541-386-4503 • 923 11th Street, Hood River, OR 97031 • www.raptorarchery.com