

Summer 2001
\$4.95 U.S. \$5.95 Canada

INSTINCTIVE ARCHER[®]

M A G A Z I N E

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



Washington
Eik

MIKE GRELL'S
GREEN ARROW

THE BIG BULLS
OF SUMMER





3Rivers Archery

WORLD'S LARGEST TRADITIONAL-PRIMITIVE ARCHERY SUPPLIER

presents
a limited run of 100:

Bear "A" Handle Super Kodiak T/D's!

We are offering an exclusive run of special 3Rivers Archery
"A" Handle Fred Bear Custom Kodiak Takedowns.

For more information:

Call 219.587.9501 or see us online at 3RiversArchery.com

New Bear Videos Released!



3Rivers Archery,
in conjunction
with Bear Archery,
announces the
release of many of
the old films that
have not been
available for years.

Set number one includes:

- The Good Earth
- Rural Route One (expanded)
- Kaibab Bucks-Grubstake Bowhunt
- Fins, Feathers and Fur
- St. Vincent Island

(Available only as a set)

More sets to follow, call for availability.

3Rivers Archery • P.O. Box 517 • Department IA • Ashley, IN 46705 • 219.587.9501 • 3RiversArchery.com

Send \$2.00 for catalog, refunded on first order.

INSTINCTIVE ARCHER®

Summer 2001

TABLE OF CONTENTS



Page 34



Page 26

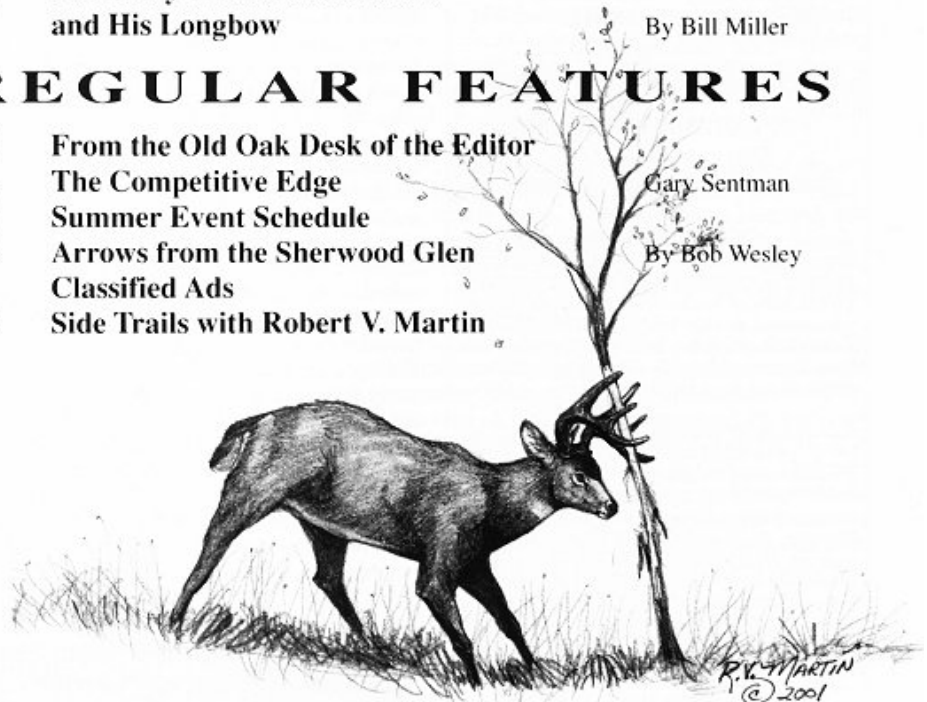


Page 8

- 5 Book Review:
The Battle of Agincourt By Hugh Soar
- 6 The Miracle Deer By Rick Yonker
- 8 Bowhunting the Southern Roan By Ricardo Longoria
- 12 Mad Squirrel Disease By B.E. Carty
- 16 Tents By Paul Comstock
- 22 Remembering the Farm:
Gray November Days By Mark Siedschlag
- 26 Predator vs. Prey By Rob Patuto
- 28 Interview with the Cavemen of Art By Dan Simmons
- 34 Selbow Challenge—Washington Elk By David Netherland
- 38 Video Review: *Dean Torges'*
Hunting the Bamboo-Backed Bow By Ian Priestnall
- 40 Bows and Knives By Wolfgang Bartl
- 44 Maintaining Your Level of Accuracy By Red W. Chavez
- 48 The Art of Drawing the Bow By K. Koppedrayner
- 52 The Big Bulls of Summer By Terry Jamieson
- 54 Primieval Pig Hunt By Rick Williamson
- 60 The Story of *GREEN ARROW*
and His Longbow By Bill Miller

REGULAR FEATURES

- 4 From the Old Oak Desk of the Editor Gary Sentman
- 51 The Competitive Edge By Bob Wesley
- 58 Summer Event Schedule
- 59 Arrows from the Sherwood Glen
- 65 Classified Ads
- 66 Side Trails with Robert V. Martin



Page 22

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



I saw a bright-yellow bumper sticker this morning that made me smile. In big, red letters it said "FISH TREMBLE at the sound of my name." I need a bumper sticker like that, but to be accurate for me, it should say something more like "STORE-BOUGHT GEAR TREMBLES at the sound of my name." Those who know me well know there is more than a bit of truth in that statement.

The problem seems to arise from the fact that store-bought gear is made for normal people, and I am, apparently, far from normal. Normal people can get by with standard-issue, store-bought gear just fine. I can only envy them. From hunting hats to tents to knives to backpacks, seldom if ever will anything bought in a store meet my needs, nor will it withstand more than one or

two of my typically untypical adventures in the rugged Idaho mountains.

A normal person is content driving to a tame campground and either parking a motor home or pitching a run-of-the mill tent right where the last person camped. They don't pack into the middle of nowhere to pitch a lightweight tent on a steep ridge where on seven out of the next 15 mornings the wet snow will be doing it's level best to flatten the tent and soak everything inside.

A normal person can buy an exquisitely crafted German hunting knife and never even begin to think about how the knife sheath could be improved with a nip and a tuck here and there. By the time I was finished with my most recent and treasured hunting knife, I had made three new sheaths, the last of which finally turned out just right. The well-sewn, attractive store-bought sheath? Garbage can.

Daypacks? Most of the daypacks on the market today aren't designed for the kind of abuse or heavy loads that I heap upon them. For at least the last 15 years, I have had to design what I need and send it out to be custom made. Would my one-of-a-kind oversized, super-reinforced custom Gortex-lined daypacks sell on the open market? Nope. There aren't enough crazy people out there who would even need such a thing. One or two of my hunting partners have been known to giggle out loud at the sight of my Austrian-Army-inspired daypack, but their grins and antics don't bother me a bit, because I know my pack is perfect for me and holds everything I need. The comfort of that thought is worth its weight in gold when I am far from the nearest trail wondering if I will have to spend the night sleeping under a tree on the side of a snow-covered mountain.

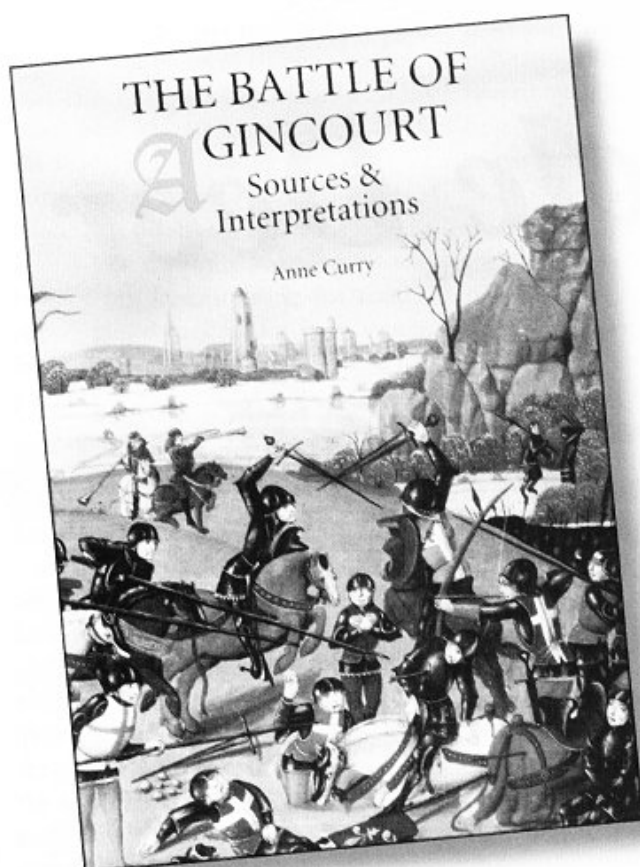
The perfect tent has eluded me as effectively as the 400-class bull elk I have sought for so many years. In a September snowstorm near the Montana border with my father, I once saw a bull that would score well over 400. The raging snowstorm soon obscured him from view, as it did the entire mountain he was crossing. I think I once saw the perfect tent too, it was but a fleeting glance in a dream, just enough to taunt me into believing it was out there somewhere, waiting to be discovered. Well, my hunt for the perfect light but indestructible tent has led me down many a rocky path over the years, most leading to collapsed, snow-covered walls, and horror of horrors, a crabby wife having to sleep in a cold, wet sleeping bag.

But take heart, there is hope! Paul Comstock has an article in this issue that may be the salvation of myself and others like me. He solved his personal tent dilemma by learning how to make his own tent, and he shares his experience and tent-making knowledge with us. It is much simpler than I would have thought, and the weight savings are dramatic. There is also hope for those of you who, like me, have a love for fine knives. Wolfgang Bartl's article about making knives and custom knife sheaths is just what the doctor ordered. His instructions are easily followed, and they lead you down the path to a fine knife or a knife sheath that is as suited to your individual needs and tastes as it is well made.

Sadly, I do not have an article to share with you about the making of the perfect hunting hat or the ultimate back quiver, you will just have to wait for the next issue for those. Until then, I wish you luck with your gear as the fall seasons approach. Scrounge through your boxes and gear drawers, tinker and refashion and cut and sharpen, but heed my warning—don't take too long, antelope season is but a few short weeks away, and by then the bulls will be raking off the velvet. Yep, its time to start getting ready.



COVER: Artwork from the cover of **GREEN ARROW, The Longbow Hunters, Book 1**, by Mike Grell (see article on page 60).



— FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF —
HUGH'S REVIEW

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT Sources and Interpretations

(HB pp474), edited by Dr. Anne Curry, Boydell & Brewer. Normally costing £40/\$70, by special arrangement for readers of "Instinctive Archer," £29/\$49 cash with order (Visa and MasterCard accepted).

Anne Curry is the Senior Lecturer in History, and currently head of that department, at the University of Reading in England. This present book is her second on the general subject of the battle, and joins *Agincourt, 1415* recently issued by Tempus Publishing Ltd, and dealing specifically with Sir Thomas Erpingham and the archers he commanded. Each is complemented by an earlier work, *Arms, Armies, and Fortifications in the Hundred Years War* published by Boydell & Brewer, and edited by her in partnership with archaeologist Dr. Michael Hughes.

The present work is fully explicit of the subject. Following her general introduction Dr. Curry has gathered together and sympathetically edited and presented all significant source material relating to the battle in coherent, chronological fashion. Thus, relevant extracts from ten separate and disparate fifteenth-century English chronicles are accompanied by sixteen chronicles written in France. Of these collective works, the virtually contemporary "Gesta Henrici Quinti" (Exploits of Henry V) is considered by historians to give the most reliable account of the overall campaign, and the relevant chapters are quoted extensively.

History, it is said, is written by the victors, and we are not lacking in English records of the affair. However, amongst the French accounts, particularly revealing are those of Enguerran Monstrelet, Jean Waurin, and Jean le Fevre. The latter two were pre-

sent at the battle, and in a most intriguing analysis, Dr. Curry carefully contrasts their sometimes variant accounts.

Whilst retaining the sense and flavour of the original wording, each source is presented in modern style, and modern spelling, and is fully annotated. French accounts are translated into modern English.

Here are the origins of those legendary events beloved of film producer and re-enactor alike. Although one seeks in vain for proof of the "archers salute," the threatened loss of three fingers from the right hand is validated. Mud also there was in plenty, although the lightly clad archers found it less a problem than did their foes.

We learn of Sir Clignet de Brabant, whose terms of reference included charging the right flank archers with 400 cavalry. When push came to shove however, Sir Clignet found only 120 men prepared to join him, and these were summarily dealt with by the archers. Matters were little better on the left flank. Sir Guillaume de Saveuses chose to lead a charge of 300 mounted men at arms from the front with an escort of just two. He was immediately shot from his horse and killed. Most of the others doubled back to crash into the vanguard, causing great disarray. "...their horses had been so troubled by arrow shot that they could not hold or control them..."

The part played by archers is more prominently expressed in the French accounts; understandably perhaps since a substantial number of French casualties were due to their activities. Their arrows gone, they fought like men possessed, with stake, sword, and knife; whilst their dreadful leaden "mauls" are specifically mentioned as "new weapons."

By Thomas Basin *Histoire de Charles VII*. "...it was a pitiful sight to see once their ranks had been broken, confusion spread amongst the French army and how many of them tried to save their skins by fleeing. Ten Englishmen pursued one hundred Frenchmen, and one Englishman ten French. When they were caught they allowed themselves to be killed or led off as captives..."

Whilst the twenty-six individual fifteenth century Chronicles, both English and French, provide the substance of the book, what follows is of equal appeal, for Anne Curry now presents us with lucid interpretations by sixteenth century historians both of the capture of Harfleur in the earlier stage of the campaign, and its concluding battle, drawing our attention to the early development of legend. This chapter includes amongst much other relevant material eight plans, considered interpretations of French, and English army dispositions prior to the battle (three by eminent military gentlemen) each differing from the next to some degree. Of special interest is the simplistic plan of Sir John Woodward, in 1818, the first modern quasi-archaeologist to dig at the site.

In her final chapter, concerned with administrative records, Dr. Curry concludes with excerpts taken from eighteen sources relating to the armies of both nations. A subject heading with less than obvious immediate appeal perhaps, but one masking the complex arrangements for recruitment necessary as England made ready for the siege of Harfleur, and France prepared for her subsequent challenge to Henry's right of passage to Calais.

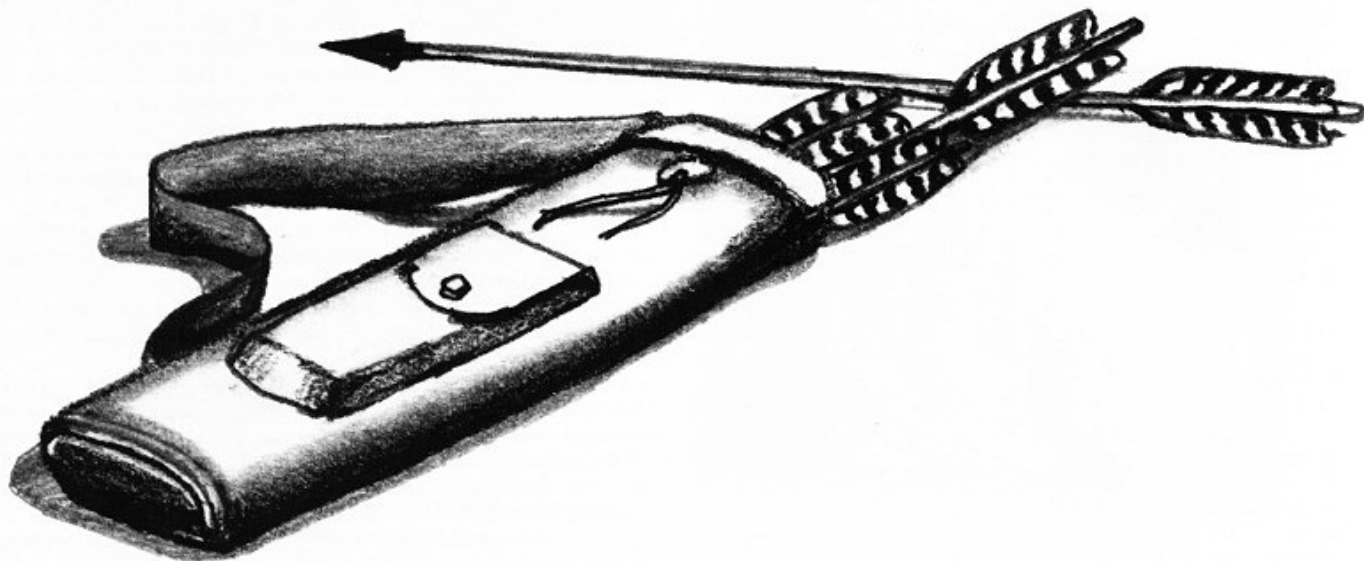
We are replete with "modern" military commentary on the battle. Sir Harris Nicolas, Ramsey, and Sir John Woodward in the 19th Century; Christopher Hibberd, Lt. Col. Alfred Burne, Prof. Jim Bradbury in the 20th have all written in fulsome detail. Each account is their subjective interpretation of source material however. Here, in this book we have these sources displayed before us. Gathered together for the first time, and here for our browsing and study are all the chronicles and narratives of note. For this cornucopia of collected knowledge we have the dedication of Anne Curry to thank. And, through the generosity of Boydell & Brewer, an offer that surely cannot be refused.

Send your order, which for the price listed here must mention *Instinctive Archer Magazine*, to Boydell & Brewer: PO Box 9, Woodbridge, Suffolk IP12 3DF, or in North America, PO Box 41026, Rochester NY 14604-4126.



The Miracle Deer

By Rick Yonker



If you don't believe in miracles, read on. I have bowhunted deer for over 20 years. There's nothing quite like getting out in the quiet of the woods, feeling the cool breeze of the fall settling in while walking around or sitting in a tree stand. I love watching the woods come alive—the chickadees flitting overhead, the chipmunks chattering as they forage, the pesky red squirrels fighting off the greys for food. Whether a trophy buck comes along or not, I feel relaxed and refreshed when I'm out there, away from the phone and the daily responsibilities I carry as a pastor.

In the last few years I have gone from hunting with a compound bow and a gun, to hunting with a recurve, to hunting exclusively with primitive longbows I have made myself. It's been a wonderful transition. This past year I have made about seven bows out of various woods. I made one special Osage bow that was going to be my hunting bow. At 60 inches long, and 62 pounds at my short 26-inch draw, it has almost no string follow. It really rips the arrows out there.

This was to be my first year hunting whitetails with a primitive bow. I could hardly wait to walk the woods with this handcrafted beauty (not that I'm biased!).

Every fall, my best friend Ken and I hunt in Price County, Wisconsin, which is home to literally thousands of deer and hundred of big bucks. "Shining" up there (a northern Wisconsin pre-season pastime) makes us salivate—20 deer on one field, 50 on the next, everywhere we go. So last November Ken and I and Ken's son, Chad, went up there to hunt on our friend Don's land. I was ready to loose an arrow from my Osage beauty nicknamed "Thumper." Ken and Chad use compounds with all the bells and whistles, but I like them anyway.

Don told us that he wanted us only to take one deer apiece on his land. We had other options, so this wasn't a problem. For the next few days we scouted and placed some stands in Don's woods.

We sat evenings, enjoying the transitioning northern wilderness of Wisconsin. Brilliant golden and red leaves surrounded us. Snowshoes displayed a mottled brown with patches of white. Ermin, weasels, and squirrels gathered their winter forage, all surrounded by lots of deer. Ken shot a doe and Chad a button buck in the first few days. I was not so fortunate.

On the last night of the hunt, my luck was going to change—sort of. I was sitting in the tree stand with my osage bow, Magnus-tipped cedar shaft at the ready. It was getting near nightfall, with maybe 20 minutes left of legal hunting. A doe came quietly into sight, gently and carefully working its way toward my tree, looking for food. I slowly pulled back on my bow, waiting for the doe to be broadside for the best possible shot.

I let the arrow fly. The deer bolted. I thought I had hit her pretty well. It had been a kill shot, I thought. It looked high and in the lung area.

After waiting three hours, Ken and I began tracking. First we found a broken-off arrow shaft. About six inches of arrow had penetrated, the broadhead was still in the deer. Drop by drop, we trailed it for 100, 200, 300 yards. Then the trail ended. It wasn't looking good. We began making ever-widening circles around that last few drops to find the deer. It was nowhere to be found.

Discouraged and exhausted (and covered with deer ticks) we finally gave up at 1:30 am. We still had to drive four hours home, and Ken had to work the next day.

In my 20-plus years of hunting, I have never lost a deer. I have been extremely careful about my shots so as not to leave a wounded deer in the woods. And so this experience really depressed me. Was it wounded somewhere? Had the deer died, and we just didn't find it? I was especially sad since

it would have been my first deer with a primitive bow I built myself. I had prayed that I might get one deer with my homemade bow. Our drive home was somewhat depressing.

But miracles can happen. Two weeks later, Ken and Chad were again hunting in the same area. I couldn't go this time. Since they had taken two deer from the earlier hunt on Don's land, they had set up stands on someone else's property. One evening they went over to have coffee with Don and his wife, Susi. Don wasn't home yet.

After they chatted awhile, Susi asked, "Are you going to hunt here tomorrow?"

"Well, no," Ken said. "Don told us one deer apiece, and we already have two."

Susi didn't say anything. Early the next morning, Don showed up at Ken and Chad's motel room door.

"You guys can hunt over on our land tonight, if you want," he said kind of sheepishly. Susi must have talked to him. So they packed up their gear and went over there for their final hunt on the last day of the early bow season. In the evening, again toward nightfall, Ken was in his tree stand when a doe came by. He waited patiently, finally drawing back the arrow, aiming his sights at the deer's vitals. Fling. It was a perfect shot. She went down just yards away from the tree stand.

The next morning Ken called to see if I would butcher this last deer for him. The other two had been processed in Wisconsin, but they had brought this doe home in one piece. Ken also offered me some of the meat since I had not taken a deer yet and they now had three. He still had meat left over from the previous year that he could give us also. But as we talked, Ken decided to give me the deer he had just shot, a very generous offer.

That afternoon I left work early and strung up the deer in my

garage. I skinned it out, then began to slice off the backstraps. While half-way down one backstrap, my knife ran into something hard. I pulled back the flesh to see what was in the way.

It was my broadhead. This was my deer, the one I had shot over three weeks ago!

The remaining arrow portion was a perfect match to the broken arrow I had at home. The Magnus-I broadhead was lodged in the upper part of the spine. I ran in and told my wife, "I've just experienced a miracle from God."

Ken hadn't even been planning to hunt on Don's land, then he happens to shoot the same deer, even with the hundreds that live in the area. Then he wants to give me some meat, either from last year or from the two other deer he shot. Instead, he decides to give me the deer he just shot, which happens to have been mine anyway. It was a miracle!

So my record still holds: I haven't lost a deer—it just took about three weeks and a second hunter to find this one. Thank you Lord, for my first primitive deer, even if it did come from another hunter.



Hummingbird
Custom Bows
New Line for 2000

DYNASTICK
Solid Phenolic Risers, Carbon & Bamboo Limb Cores

DYNABOW

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

Visa MasterCard

The WOODSHED

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.rld.cc/woodshed

BOWHUNTING THE SOUTHERN ROAN

By Ricardo Longoria



The roan antelope (*Hippotragus equinus*) is a close relative of the more often seen Sable (*Hippotragus niger*). After the eland, the roan is the second-largest antelope species occurring in Africa. While a mature eland bull might weigh 700 kg., a roan will likely weigh close to 300 kg., substantially larger than any of the other plains game.

Roan antelope have somewhat of a horse-like appearance and a generally greyish-brown coloring, often with a reddish tinge or "roan" coloration. The face is distinctly marked with black and white, giving it a slightly clown-like appearance and the long, narrow ears have distinct tassels of hair at the tip. A prominent light-colored but darker-tipped mane runs from between the ears to just beyond the shoulders. The tail is long and tufted. Though both sexes carry the swept-back, heavily ridged and curving horns, the cow's are lighter and shorter than the bull's.

Being principally grazers, the roan are found inhabiting open or lightly wooded grassland where water is available. They are distributed through much of southern, central, west, and east Africa, but are considered to be rare throughout much of their range. They usually live in groups of five to 12, but are also seen in groups of as large as 30 to 80. Young, adult males will usually be driven out of a nursery herd by a dominant bull. They form small bachelor herds and, until taking over their own nursery herd, travel in groups. Older, non-breeding bulls that have been driven out of a breeding herd by a more dominant and aggressive rival will sometimes re-group with the bachelor herds.

The large, mature bulls are considered to be one of the most aggressive animals in Africa. Their confrontations with each other can be among the most violent of any of the African species and are said to rival those of the cape buffalo.

Four different sub-species, based on their geographic location, exist of roan antelope. They are the Western, Sudan, East African, and Southern roan antelopes. I would be hunting the Southern roan species that occurs principally in South Africa.

Howard Knott, of Greater KuduLand Safaris in South Africa, has one of the largest populations of southern roan in the country. Having hunted with Howard on a previous trip, I was eager to attempt to harvest a roan. The challenge of hunting for only a large, mature animal, appealed to me. In a property as large as Howard's Alldays Ranch, it would take a lot of determination and patience to find what we were looking for.

In the middle of September of 1999, my wife and I arrived at Alldays for what would be a ten-day hunt. My previous hunt with Howard had been at his Tshipise property, which has somewhat of a different terrain. The camp at Alldays is nestled on top of a kopje and provides a panoramic view of the open plains in all directions. A waterhole that lies just below the lodge is host to a constant procession of many different species of game. Sitting on the terrace and watching the game coming to drink for hours at a time is one of the most thrilling experiences a hunter or even non-hunter can have.

Though the roan have inhabited Howard's properties for several decades, and he has hosted dozens of bowhunters, this would be the first attempt to try and harvest a roan with a bow. Robbie Guthrie, Howard's excellent professional hunter, would be my guide once again. I was thrilled to be hunting with him for the second time. Having spent so much time together on a previous trip, I felt like I was hunting with a long-time hunt-

ing partner. We were anxious to get out and try to tackle the roan.

Our first afternoon in a blind began as a fairly inactive one. A female ostrich came to water, but with the wind at our backs, little else would come in. An occasional snort or bark in the distance made it very clear that our presence was well established. I made myself comfortable with the idea that it was a nice afternoon to advance in my reading of Ortega's "Meditations on Hunting" and maybe get a shot at a guinea fowl or sand grouse.

Suddenly, the wind changed in our favor and the game began materializ-

. . . I noticed something moving and then it was there. A leopard! It sat at only 11 yards from us, lapping water. I couldn't believe it. . . It was there for several minutes and we just watched in awe. My whole body ached for the leopard permit I did not have.

ing from the brush. We had multiple warthogs come to water as well as three Tsessebe bulls. A medium-sized roan came in, but not what we were looking for. I was enjoying the "African Parade" immensely.

A jackal came in and was standing at less than ten yards, just before circling around behind us. Suddenly, the jackal began to make a tremendous fuss. It was yelping and barking like mad. I thought that maybe it had caught our scent, but Robbie said that it was just calling. Shortly thereafter, behind the waterhole, I noticed something moving and then it was there. A leopard! It sat at only 11 yards from us, lapping water. I couldn't believe it! It was probably a fully mature male or a huge female. It was there for several minutes and we just watched in awe. My whole body ached for the leopard permit I did not have. The beautiful cat delicately drank water and then turned to face us. It stared directly at us for at least 90 seconds and then, as quickly as it had appeared, it was gone.

The next afternoon was cold and the wind was howling. The only animal that came in during most of the afternoon was a female gemsbok. Shortly before

dark, a big bachelor group of roans came in to drink. One very nice, older bull was broadside, drinking water. I had an arrow nocked and was ready to take the shot. He was the type of bull we were looking for, but something did not feel right. Though the situation was perfect, I decided to pass on the shot.

For me, shooting a longbow is a spiritual experience that comes from within. Though an animal might be in a good position and the arrow knocked, if my soul is not ready to wish the arrow on its course, then I have learned from previous experience that it is best to pass on the given shot. This was one of those moments and I did not regret the decision in the least.

Two more days passed and we did not see any more roan. The first days of hunting led me to believe that seeing them was not that difficult, nevertheless, the cold and overcast weather was working against us. As we were getting ready to go out and hunt on the fourth evening, I wondered if we would get another opportunity. I felt that maybe I had made a mistake in letting that one go. However, on our way to one of the blinds, we saw a lone bull roan leaving the waterhole we would be hunting. Immediately I knew then and there that this was the bull I wanted to take. We had almost a week left, and from now on that was the waterhole where we would be spending most of our time hunting.

Two more days passed, but there was no sign of our roan. Some animals came and went, but not the one bull we were after. Each day we would arrive earlier at the blind thinking that maybe he was drinking before we would arrive. After having had a brief period of warm weather, the wind was once again howling and cold. Nothing was coming in to the waterhole.

Sitting in the blind on the sixth afternoon, I thought that it was going to be another miserable evening in which little or no game would come to drink. I had a copy of a great book by Fred Webb, "Home from the Hill," that I was enjoying. Entertained with Fred's sto-

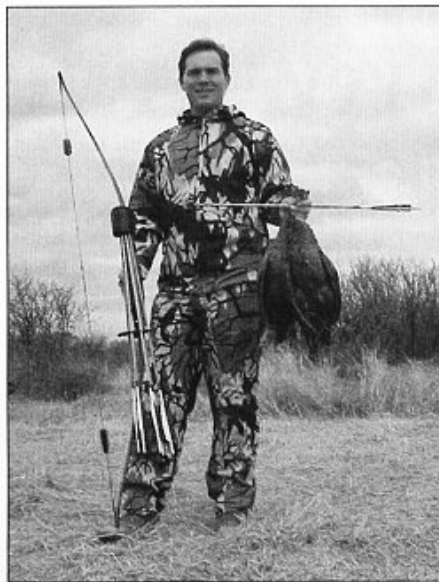
ries, I sat back and read about his humorous adventures in the far North. Robbie was taking a short break and napping on the floor. The long, uneventful days were taking their toll on both of us.

Once in a while, I would cautiously look out of the small openings in the blind and then around behind us, checking to see if anything was coming in. At 16:45, I caught a fading glimpse of the large roan bull about 200 yards behind us. I looked closer and observed him trotting briskly in our direction. There was no doubt in my mind that he was coming into water! I quietly woke Robbie up while getting myself ready for the shot. Though it seemed a bit strange that the first animal I saw was our roan, the bull was not by himself. He was in a large group, so I would have to be careful to take the right one. There were 13 bulls in all, but I knew which one I wanted. My arrow was knocked and I was ready for the shot; physically and spiritually.

First, one of the smaller bulls came to water. He put his head down to drink, a mere 12 yards in front of us. Then, without warning, the large roan materialized broadside at eight yards. I did as I had practiced many times in the past. Picking the smallest spot I could, I pulled back and let my arrow fly. Everything felt in place as I watched the Magnus-tipped Forgewood shaft disappear into the bull's vitals before exiting completely out of the opposite side. The entrance was a little bit back from where it should have been, but with the roan quartering away, the hit was good.

Emotions overcame me and I was, for a moment, oblivious to my surroundings. I closed my eyes and relished the moment. The spirits that look over those who choose to hunt with a stick and string were all smiling upon us at this moment. We had done well.

Upon impact, the bull bucked and galloped away for a short distance, before slowing to a walk. The crimson-stained arrow was laying on the sand ten yards beyond where the bull had been standing. My 66# Harrison Back Wolf and 850 grain "Battleshaft" arrow had been more than adequate to achieve full penetration on the large bull.



I made myself comfortable with the idea that it was a nice afternoon to advance in my reading of Ortega's "Meditations on Hunting" and maybe get a shot at a guinea fowl or sand grouse.

Focusing our attention on the old bull, we watched him walking slowly out in front of us, finally stopping about 60 yards away. He was clearly suffering the effects of the broadhead. I was somewhat surprised that he had not dropped sooner, but I felt confident that it would only be moments before he would expire. With his neck held low, he stood in the same place, shifting his weight from one side to the other and finally bedding down. It was clear that he was having problems breathing. The end was ever so near.

Suddenly, however, another roan bull, taking notice of the injured one, came over and began charging him and butting him with his horns. I watched in horror as he forced the fallen bull up and sent him running over to the water, immediately bedding down once again directly in front of us. I wanted to take another shot, but it was not possible because some branches were covering the vitals and the other bull was standing just behind him. Less than 20 yards away, on the far side of the waterhole, this second roan was hooking and pushing hard on the one I had arrowed.

Standing in the blind spell-bound, I could not believe what I was witnessing. I know very little about roan behavior, but it appeared to me that this younger, less-dominant bull was trying to show the older one that now he was the leader and not the old, now injured bull. It was a tremendous display of force.

Without warning, the second roan forced mine up and chased after him into the thick brush not far from the blind. I didn't know how long this could last. Earlier he had bedded down peacefully to die, and now his adrenaline was at full force and he was being forced to defend himself from his aggressor. It did not seem possible that he could have lasted that long with the arrow wound, but those that have hunted Africa can attest to the almost supernatural endurance that African game possess. I have witnessed perfectly double-lunged Impala travel more than a half mile before finally expiring, sometimes an hour or more later. I concluded that the roan's tolerance was no different from that of the other Plains Game.

From a distance, a throaty sound could be heard, almost as if my bull were choking. Soon after, the aggressor, pranced out of the brush with blood covering his right horn. The smaller bulls gathered around him and they trotted off to the north, their new leader out far in front. I was experiencing one of the most awesome displays of animal behavior I had ever seen.

At this point, Robbie and I were both sure that the roan was dead. We got out of the blind and started tracking. The farther we went, the more apprehensive I became. I had been positive that the bull had gone down immediately, but this was not so. We kept on tracking for what seemed like an eternity. Finally, Robbie decided to go and get the help of Howard and the native trackers.

With the additional help of the expert trackers and Howard, it was not long before we found the roan. He was bedded down, but not yet dead. I approached the bull carefully, hoping to put a quick end to his suffering, but I was unable to get a shot before jumping him from his bed. Darkness was settling

in making it difficult for us to continue tracking. Besides that, it would be better to leave the roan alone and let the broad-head finish its job. Attempting to approach him once again would only send his adrenaline level through the roof, making him go farther than he would otherwise. We would have to call it a night and continue the search in the morning.

For me, the feeling of leaving a wounded animal overnight in the field is heart-wrenching. For this reason, I always try to avoid shooting animals in the afternoon and on my previous trip to Africa I had not taken a single animal while hunting in the afternoon. When hunting in South Texas or Mexico, if you take a whitetail with less than ample daylight left, you can consider the meat and cape lost as the coyotes will usually find the downed animal and leave little. In Africa, leaving an animal overnight is even more risky. Between jackals, hyenas, leopards, cheetahs, and bushpigs there is not much left after they find a carcass. Animals like the eland that are often taken right at dark are usually found with much of their carcasses eaten the following morning.

During dinner, I could think of little else but the roan bull. Would we be able to find it in the morning? I was hardly able to sleep and by the time the first hints of sunlight began to filter through the trees outside of our window, I knew it was time to get up and start looking for my roan.

Robbie and Howard were already awake and having breakfast when I walked into the dining area. We spoke for a short time and shortly thereafter Johan, the ranch manager, came up to the camp with the rest of the crew. The plan was that we would spread out and crisscross the area where we had last seen the bull.

Upon arriving at our intended destination, we began to comb it in a methodical fashion. The high grass and relatively good natural camouflage of the roan made this task more difficult than one might think. We were making good progress in covering the areas where we thought the bull might be, but no roan.



This rarest of all of the southern African antelope species had finally fallen to a simple longbow and wood shaft.

After searching for more than two hours, we had covered most of it and only had one place left to check. If we found nothing, then we would have to broaden our scope and start looking farther out. Up until now, we had only looked at a distance of about 1,000 meters from where we had last seen the roan. However, the heavy brush closest to where we had last seen the bull was, as of yet, untouched.

We took a tea break and had casual conversation. We were busy eating slices of ham and biscuits, thinking about what we were doing, what we were searching for. Finally, after much conversation and little action, we jumped in the Land Cruiser and drove in the direction of the last place where we might find the roan. If he were not there, then we would probably not be able to find him. Had the hit been farther back than I thought? That and many other thoughts were crossing my mind at that moment. Once at our destination I jumped out of the Cruiser, initially leaving my bow behind. Robbie urged me to grab my bow saying that it might be necessary. Grabbing it, I formed part of the line and once again we continued our search for the animal. We fanned out and began to go over each and every bush, carefully sweeping across the

bushveld in our long line, all of us searching earnestly for roan.

A few minutes later, one of the trackers began to yell. Had he found the roan? Yes, it was clear, he had found our prize! I went as fast as I could in the direction of the shouts, my heart pounding with excitement. Running up to the roan, I saw that he was dead. We had finally found him, less than 300 yards from where we had jumped him the evening before. Though he had been eaten on slightly by predators, his meat and cape were almost completely intact. I studied the gouges around his neck; the ones that were caused by the other attacking bull. I was awestruck!

Running my fingers along the heavy, ridged and swept-back horns I gave thanks for the successful recovery of this magnificent animal. This rarest of all of the southern African antelope species had finally fallen to a simple longbow and wood shaft. My moments of reflection began to transform themselves into feelings of effervescence and excitement. I was beginning to feel the need for a celebration. It was now time to celebrate the harvesting of the first southern roan antelope with archery equipment.



Mad Squirrel Disease

BY B.E. CARTY

Before I begin to tell you this tale of woe, I must warn you dear readers that to delve into this odyssey will expose you to unspeakable horrors.

Therefore, I must urge you to find a simple tale of whitetail hunting or shark stalking, for to explore any further you must be willing to accept exposure to this obsessive disease.

As you may recall, our British cousins have been inundated with mad cow disease for the past several years, a term that brings mental images of pretty colored heifers with wild eyes, quarts of slobber, and the attitude of a rutting rhino. Well, I must say, that disease is here and the eastern tree rat, commonly known as the gray squirrel, is its insidious carrier. Like all things in traditional archery, this journey started out with "THE BOW." You know what "THE BOW" is don't you? That's the one that you want eight months after you bought your last one. You know how it starts—your current favorite is up and running, well matched with arrows, brace-height and superior speed to all others. Then you start getting your latest issues of *Traditional Bowhunter*™, *Instinctive Archer*® and *Traditional Bowhunter of Georgia Magazine* and those little thoughts start stalking your sanity and soon you are pouring over fancy colored brochures, staring at ads, and scheming to find the money to order your next perfect bow, the one that will be the ultimate union of archer and wood, that will shoot without thought, guidance, or direction. That will slay the mighty beast and be the envy of every 3-d tournament you attend.

Well, my latest version was scheduled to arrive this August and I was waiting with a combination of serenity and total mental collapse. I am firmly convinced that suave, smooth-talking bowyers and evil UPS drivers have joined forces to create the modern day version of the Chinese water torture. They are masters, and the last seven days are their specialty. You are on the verge of total mental insanity because THE BOW was supposed to be here last week. You place a frantic call to the bowyer, trying to sound mature and nonchalant. Have you shipped my bow yet? "Sure I have," he replies, with just a hint of superiority in his voice. "Haven't you got it yet?" he asks, all sweetness and light, knowing full well that if you had, you wouldn't be calling in the first place. "No," I want to scream, "I haven't!" But, being mature, I just



mumble some unintelligible word and silently beg for mercy. "Call UPS," he says, a laugh in his tone, "they will do a trace to locate it and," (here is where

the most evil statement in the bowyer's language is uttered) "If they have lost it, I will make you another one, later in the year after my extended hunting trip to 13 countries." You feel that comment all the way to your soul and your heart is under-going savage seizures.

Taking a shallow breath, you remark that you will call ups and wage all-out war to save THE BOW. "Sure," he replies, "let me know if I can help in any way." "Thanks," you mumble, knowing in your heart that if you could, you would crawl through the phone and rip his heart out for that cruel and unusual statement. You slam down the phone and look for some object to kick and beat out your rage. But the gods of the bow are tricky and I was actually home when the Darth Vader of the UPS world arrived.

You wait on the front porch as he backs up the driveway and jumps from his vehicle with the grace of an impala

and starts throwing around packages with the intensity of a mad ferret. Finally, he emerges with that golden brown box and your heart does a flip as you notice the wrinkles and dents. "Did you run over that with a forklift?" you scream? He bounds up the steps with a evil grin plastered to his face and looking innocent, says, "Must be another one of those bows you are always buying, haven't you got enough by now?" You mentally pick a spot on his chest, murder in your heart, and reach out a grab THE BOW from his evil clutches. "Well, I hope you like this one," he says in a smooth, oily voice. You spit out a mumbled thanks through clinched teeth and slam the door in his face, curses flowing through your mind.

Now comes a dramatic moment as you stare at the box, wanting so bad to have your prize but scared to death that UPS has crushed your new baby. You carefully cut the tape and take a peek inside, "looks okay," you think, and feel the relief flood your very soul. There she is, THE BOW, you grasp her to your chest and give silent thanks that you have survived to hold her. You quickly give THE BOW a measured glance and stare at your trophy. "My," I thought, "this is it!" Palmer custom carbon recurve, 63 pounds at 29 inches, 62 inches of beauty. Graceful, sleek, smooth, and fast as a politicians smile. This was THE BOW and I would never want another one. With the hallowed ritual of tuning out of the way, I was in my back yard flinging arrows from THE BOW into my homemade target butt. God, how sweet she was, I couldn't go wrong and there was nothing I couldn't hit. Byron Ferguson would have walked off in shame. But evil stepped in and I haven't been the same since.

Retrieving my deadly accurate arrows, I noticed a gray squirrel hovering from a low-hanging branch. What a way to break in THE BOW. I thought, snatching a judo-tipped arrow from my quiver. Smooth as ice cream, I hit full draw and released that fatal arrow. What followed was one of the most amazing journeys I have ever seen an arrow take. The tree-rat, seeing that he was the object of my desire, quickly leaped from the branch with a loud curse and headed to higher regions. My arrow struck where he should have been, glanced left and then traveled through 50 yards of thick pines and entered the side window of my neighbors storage shed, costing me 35 dollars and a large piece of humble pie. I know now, that this was the defining moment of my infection; mad squirrel disease was in my blood stream with a vengeance.

During the next several days it rained hard enough to choke Neptune, so I spent the time practicing with the bow in my basement. I was deadly, with every arrow going straight to the mark with unfailing accuracy, even if the range was only five feet. The opening day of deer season was just a week away and I could already taste those backstraps, who could miss with this bow?

The rain slowed to a steady deluge, so I headed off to my favorite woodlot to hang a couple of stands. Along the way I noticed several squirrels trying to escape the constant downpour, but the more I stared, the more I saw a \$35 sign branded into their hairy hindquarters. I should have paid more attention to my slight rise in body temperature, the mildly aching head, and the quivering bow hand. The next day dawned clear and cool. With the Palmer now tuned and pruned, I was once again slinging arrows with gusto and grit. Walking up to the target butt, I noticed a squirrel playing ping-pong with a hickory nut. All right, I thought, time for that time-honored tradition of catch-up, this squirrel was going to pay for my earlier disgrace. Slipping between the

THE LEGEND LIVES ON!

Howard Hill Archery



54 North Canyon Drive
Hamilton, Montana 59840

(406) 363-1359

Fax: (406) 375-0228

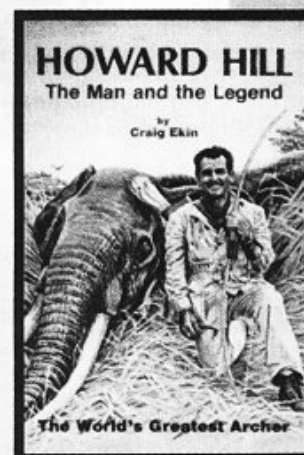
Request your free brochure today!

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.montanahill.com/hbarchery



MasterCard Visa COD

butt and a large poplar. I nocked a fresh judo and began the stealthy stalk that has made me famous. Kneeling down behind the tree, I could see the demon gnawing on the nut. "Its time for the great nut bed in sky," I thought, as the bow bent into a beautiful arc and sent that shaft of death speeding to its destiny.

I watched in horror as that tree-rat's eyes widened with sudden comprehension of his demise. The rat executed a perfect double back flip that only a gymnast could admire. The arrow passed harmlessly under his belly and smashed into the tree, spewing bark into the air and destroying my judo. Cursing with the skill of an ancient sailor, he sprang for the higher branches with more ability than Spiderman. "Damn," I screamed, "what is going on?" I walked over and got my bedraggled arrow and tried to calm my shattered soul. "Okay, its just that you are not used to the bow," I thought, "nobody shoots good with a new bow in the first couple of weeks. If I were carrying old faithful that squirrel would have been picking nuts in heaven."

Feeling better I headed back to the range and tried to resume practice, only to realize that the harder I tried, the more I saw that tree rat smirking at me, laughing up there in the canopy, telling all his buddies about my miss. Giving in to the disease, all thoughts of deer riding in my subconscious, I walked back to the house to prepare myself for a serious foray against the tree rats. Replacing jeans with camo, I quickly filled both my bow-quiver and side quiver with a fresh supply of judo and blunt points. "This time will be different," I thought, the rats were going to lose, and I was going to be victorious. Feeling supreme, I headed for the hardwood ridge behind my house. Arriving about one hour before dark, I new that the little devils would be frantically trying to stuff their

worthless bellies before bedtime. Glancing down the long ridge, I caught a flicker of movement out of my left eye. Spinning with the grace of a dancer, I bought the Palmer to full draw and followed the bounding rat as he tried to make his escape running down a rotten log. Releasing the arrow, I watched it fly with all my soul, using my will to guide it to my enemy. The running squirrel and speeding arrow met in perfect harmony, the judo catching him squarely behind the foreleg and knocking him helter-skelter into the air. "Did you see that shot?" I screamed to the gods of the hunt. "My God," I shouted, "Howard Hill couldn't have made that shot. Fred Asbell would have cried out with wonder and Paul Brunner was too short to even have SEEN that rat."

Grinning like the devil, I ran down the hill to collect my prize. Leaping the log, I scanned the ground, and froze in absolute horror. My prize, my trophy, my redemption, was rising from the ground like the fabled phoenix. Shaking his hairy head, he leaped between my legs and sped toward the open woods, screaming curses and showering me with dirt. Yelling like an Apache, I grabbed another arrow and sent on its way with pure malice in my heart, only to watch it sail harmlessly into the darkening sky, never to be seen again. Dejected, filled with anger, I bent down and got the first arrow and slammed it against my boot to rid it of the offending dirt. Of course I missed and flayed a beautiful, bright red blister across the inside of my leg.... "My God," I thought, "what is going on?"

Working at night, I often finish off the morning with a cup of coffee, watching the tree-rats gorge themselves at my wife's bird feeder. It's during these times that I often debate the thorny issue of baiting. Is it ethical or not? Is it fair?

Having hunted the King Ranch in Texas for javelina, I had the opportunity to observe young deer come to the feeders with the passion of the starved. "Not for me," I thought, smug in my superiority, "leave that to these Texas dudes." I could hunt with the best of them, and the best didn't need any stinking feeders. However this morning was different, for I was sinking into a funk so blue that only a good dose of squirrel stew would save me.

As I watched the rats converge on the feeder with the precision of Patton's tanks, I felt the beginnings of a sinister plan. Why not debate this ethical issue while staking out this bird feeder? I grinned an evil smile and began formulating a strategy. This was going to be a winner, I thought, nothing would be left to chance, for victory was going to be mine. Rising from my perch, I went to the basement with total commitment. Digging through tons of gear, I finally found a 20-foot section of camo netting, a small amount of rope, and some lead weights. Lugging all this up the steps, I raced up the hall stairs and into the upstairs bathroom. Peeking out the window, I saw that I was about 15 feet above the forging rat pack. Throwing open the window, I screamed a battle cry and watched with satisfaction as the pack ran for the tree cover. Piling all the gear out on the roof, I climbed out the window and began constructing my blind. Tying the netting off on each side of the eaves, I stretched out the camo cloth and used the weights to hold the bottoms down. Grinning with delight, I crawled back through the window and decided to wait until the next day, giving the tree-rats time to adjust to the new house decorations.

That morning when I got home the weather was perfect, clear and cool. I checked through the kitchen window

NEW Custom Recurves & Longbows by Various Bow Makers.

We also carry Bighorn bows.

Jim & Marcia Rebus

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>

and sure enough, the rats were feeding with the intensity of a pack of wolves. "Your hides are mine now," I thought, because during the night I had decided to change equipment and boy were they going to be dead meat now. Racing up the stairs, I went into the spare bedroom where I keep my bows. Sweeping the room, my gaze fell on my number-one game getter. A Dale Dye custom recurve, 71 pounds at 29 inches. It shot a heavy arrow with authority. This was my favorite, the one that sent its arrows through swamp hogs and deer, black bear and monster carp. I picked it up, noticing with quiet pleasure that the GN quiver was full of 670-grain birch arrows topped off with Magnus broad heads. "Ha," I thought, "these rats might as well throw themselves on the fire and cover themselves with bar-b-que sauce."

Going into the bathroom, I eased open the window, and slipped into my blind of death. Checking for limb clearance, I made a few practice draws and settled down with the sun at my back. Perfect, perfect, and more perfect. It didn't long for their greedy nature to take over and start slinking back for more sunflower seeds. "Okay," I thought, "this is going to be too easy—ha!"

I watched as one agile rat hooked his slimy legs around the bottom of the feeder and pull himself up onto the top of the feed pan. Proud of his feat, he quickly grabbed a handful of seeds and stuffed them into his fat cheeks. Rising into a predator crouch, I drew back the heavy recurve and placed the arrow under my right eye, seeing both the deadly shaft and the chewing rat. I knew in my heart that this was the shot, this arrow was perfect, I could feel it with all my being, and this rat was toast. But something was wrong. I didn't know what was wrong, but I couldn't take the shot. "Oh, damn," I thought, "I am getting that ethical feeling again, and for a tree rat!" Grunting with frustration, I stood up and hurled the arrow like a spear, actually striking the feeder with a clang of despair. Defeated again, I thought, "What is wrong with me? Why can't I just forget about this squirrel vendetta and go deer hunting?" This disease was causing a severe case of mental anguish.

The opening day of the Georgia archery season dawned hot and muggy, more suited for wading and stalking rooting carp, than being perched in an

oak. Daylight found me hidden in the lower branches of a giant beech tree overlooking a well-worn trail leading into a thick bedding area. The area had proved itself productive in the past and the thought of placing a well-shot arrow through the mighty stag was just what I needed to recover from this tree-rat malady.

As a flock of jays looked for something to steal, I heard a tiny gnawing sound, coming from a small hickory tree that was leaning into my beech. Like hearing someone eat popcorn behind you in the movies, I tried to concentrate on anything else but the inaccessible chewing. "Good grief, its just a lousy squirrel," I thought. "This is a deer hunt on OPENING DAY! How can you even think of going after that rat?" Finally the level of noise began to sound like a beaver on steroids and I knew that rat was trying to cut the hickory tree to fall into my stand.

Glancing over to my left, I stared into the cold, beady eyes of a monster gray squirrel, sitting level with me on the young hickory's outer branch. Its muzzle was white with age and its ponderous stomach was evidence of its thieving summer. Shaking a fist in the air, I threw my camo glove and watched in satisfaction as the rat leaped from the tree, scattering the seasons' first yellow leaves into the air. He ran about 30 feet from my stand and leaped upon a rotten stump, cursing me in rat language. "Ok bud," I thought, "its just you and me, fight or flight time." Sliding down from my

perch, I dropped down into a small ravine and made way slowly up the hill, hoping to circle around and cut him off before he made it to the giant oaks on the ridge. As I slowly made my way to the head of the draw, I saw him leap from a small poplar and run toward a massive oak. The recurve came up and swung with the bounding squirrel, the arrow felt good all the way and I watched with supreme satisfaction as the Magnus took him cleanly behind the shoulder. "There it is," I said in a silent scream! "I did it! Victory!" Walking over to my trophy, I began to ponder my actions over the last several weeks and began to feel a sadness that I had not felt since I killed my first bird with a BB-gun. I realized that I killed this squirrel for all the wrong reasons, not wanting to admit that the war I raged on the squirrels had begun because of my lousy shooting, that at every turn the squirrels had been faster and smarter, that the real reason was a case of damaged ego. Kneeling down to retrieve my arrow, I carefully cleaned the blood and placed a small drop on my back quiver, to honor the squirrel's spirit. The walk home was a time for quiet thought and soul searching. I decided that mad squirrel disease was a fever that I would always have, and that traditional archery was the antidote, plus I would take just a little pleasure in eating a hearty plate of squirrel stew, while watching the rats raid my wife's bird feeder!



Sentman Enterprises

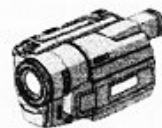


Longbows & Video Sales

Traditional Archery Instruction

Real World Video Productions

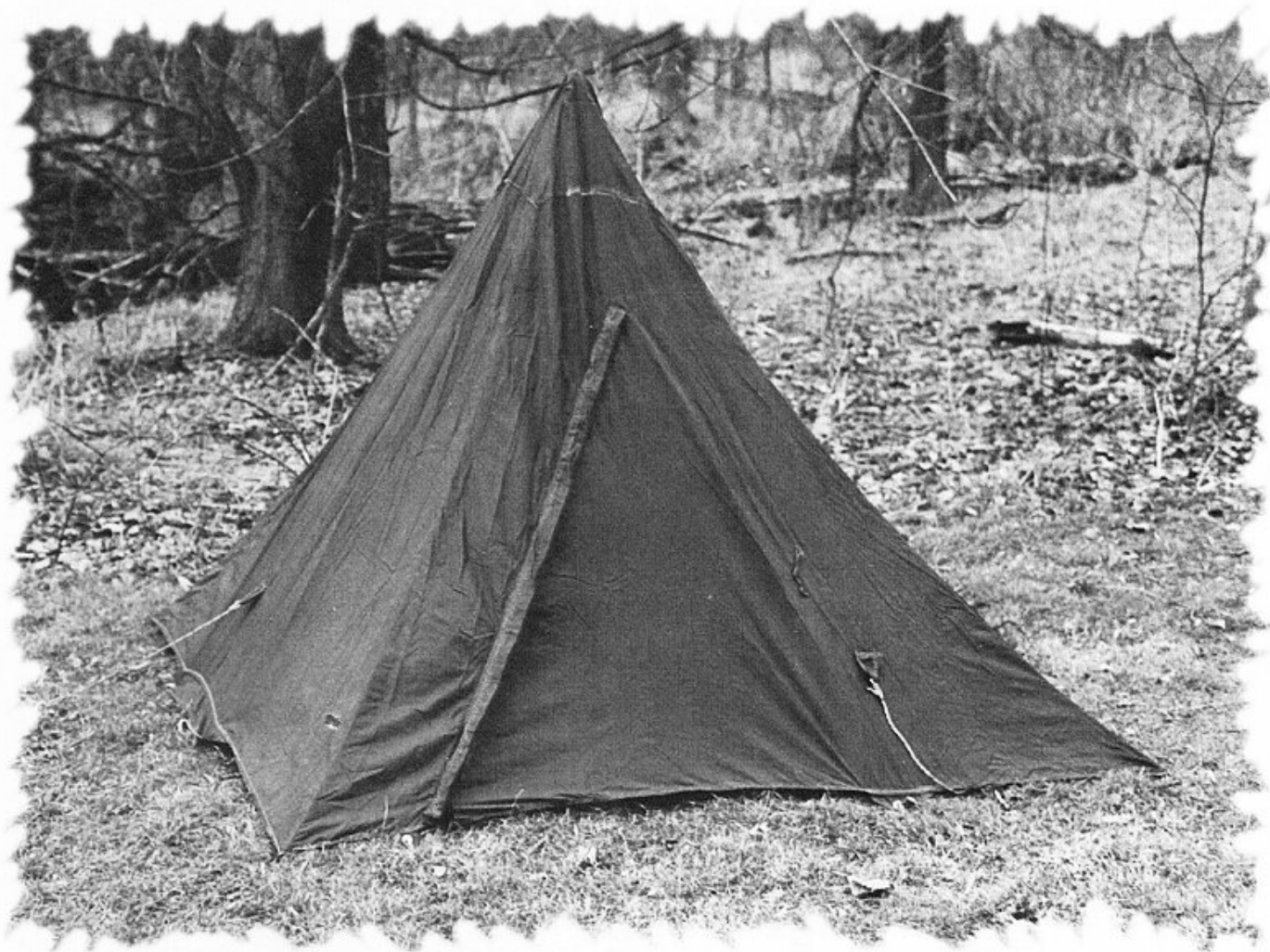
Outdoor Adventures



PO Box 85, Broadbent OR 97414

Phone (541) 572-0938

E-mail sentman@coosnet.com



Tents

By Paul Comstock

*T*he last weekend of Ohio's long deer archery season found me at 7:30 a.m. sitting on my sleeping bag, lacing up my boots and finishing a cup of coffee. I was camped in a national forest about dead center between two parallel roads, at the foot of a hill more than two miles long that is bordered by dozens of ridges serrated by canyon-like ravines up to 200 feet deep. On the map it resembles a huge amoeba; on the ground it is a tree-covered maze of hills and gullies. I had spent about a year learning the terrain, which was one of the reasons I was there. But there was a bigger reason for my presence. Because of its relative isolation, virtually nobody is on that hill but me during bow season.

I checked a thermometer hanging in the tent: 60 degrees. As I unzipped the door to toss my bow and quiver outside onto the snow, a frigid gust poured in and the warm air in the tent escaped as a cloud of steam into the dawn. Outside, it was 25 degrees.

The fact that I was there at all that day had a lot to do with the tent I had just exited. It is quite different from the hundreds of tents I had inspected in stores, catalogs, and on the internet. And to obtain it, I had to make it myself.

When I started bowhunting, I lived in a rural county. I knew plenty of people and plenty of other

Photo: My homemade 60-inch olive-drab tent.

bowhunters. I hunted like most of my peers—I drove to a friend's land, walked five or ten minutes to a stand or blind and had a great time. But later I moved to just outside Columbus, the state capital. At first it was a rural environment, but in the following ten years my home has turned into Ohio's census-certified fastest growing county and I have seen thousands of acres bulldozed and turned into subdivisions or shopping centers. Charming places I could hunt earlier are now gone. Where I used to hunt, well-heeled yuppies now swerve their BMWs to avoid hitting the descendants of deer I used to watch tip-toeing warily through the brush. So I headed south, to public hunting areas.

Fairly quickly I decided I wanted to be as far off the roads as I could get, and I wanted to stay there until it was time to go home. The only way to get there is to walk. So I evolved into an unusual creature: a backpacking Eastern bowhunter.

At first, I spent some uncomfortable November nights in the woods. But I soon learned I could procure the kinds of gear that made things much easier, with the exception of tents. I ended up with a collection of about eight, and I basically hated all of them. Not that they weren't intelligently designed, of quality material and well-made. To me, they were too small or too heavy or both for my hunting trips. I prowled stores, catalogs and websites searching for what I wanted. Some models came close, but I still thought all were too heavy or too expensive for my tastes.

Finally I saw a photo of European mountain climbers in the 1970s using pyramid tents, and immediately my mind filled with possibilities. This design wouldn't be too hard to construct, after all, it's just four triangles. Weight could be drastically reduced by using a single wall and no floor. With no floor, it basically would be a large vestibule, and I should be able to heat it somehow. And if I vented it only with the door, it would be a four season model. I did some more reading and learned that about 90 years ago—when pyramids were



The 56-inch green tent. The 56-inch tents are more taut than the 60-inch because of design modifications. The small box at the peak keeps the pole from moving, adjustments to the corners of the walls and the bases (see text) also prevent the tents from drooping.

called miner's tents—they had a reputation for withstanding high winds that would flatten other designs.

And so—despite the fact I knew nothing about sewing—I went to a local discount store and bought a \$40 straight-stitch hemming machine.


After consulting with some sewing-savvy females, and several nights of fussing with my machine, I got the hang of threading the needle, winding bobbins, and getting the thread tension under control.

I went to a fabric store, and amid the grannies and young moms I searched until I found olive drab ripstop nylon (the same sort of stuff my storebought tents are made from) and white cotton so thick it resembles canvas. With the cotton, I figured I could duplicate a facsimile of an old time miner's tent.

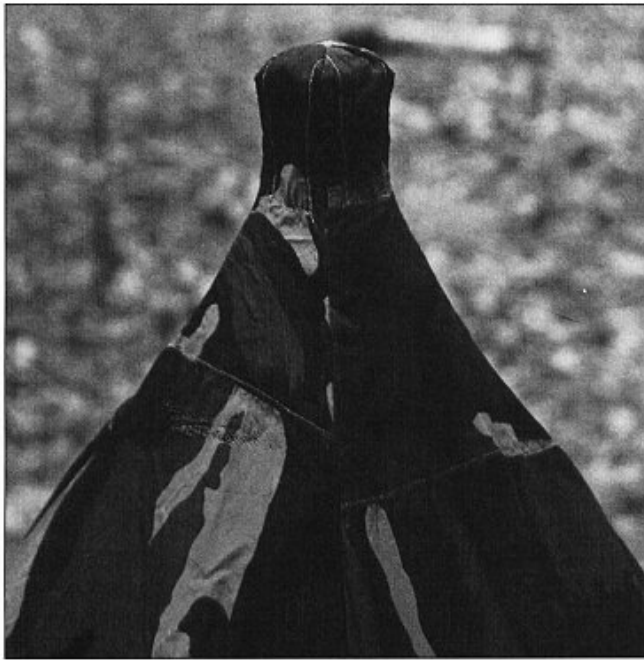
But in repeated attempts, my little machine stalled and balked on the cotton. Two

thicknesses barely fit under its presser foot. The machine apparently is good only for light work, so I proceeded with the ripstop. About three weeks later, I carried my new creation into the yard and staked down the corners.

I had planned to use an adjustable trekking pole (weight 8 ounces, cost \$20) for the center pole, an idea I got from some commercial models. The pole is about 56 inches long. Sadly, I flunked trigonometry and my on paper calculations were wrong. My tent was about four inches too tall for the pole. I went inside, grabbed some big dowels I had, sawed up a hollow aluminum broom handle for pole sleeves and soon had a 60-inch three section wooden pole. At the



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



Detail of the box at the peak of the tent.



The box on the camouflage tent, inside-out, showing plastic tarp to protect the fabric from the pole.

base, the tent is 88 by 72 inches. Inside it's tall and roomy. And—minus stakes and the pole—it weighs a featherlight 1.5 pounds. This was a tent I could love.

My second success is 56 inches tall with a base of 84 by 72 inches, made of camouflage ripstop nylon. It weighs about 1.25 pounds. My third is green taffeta ripstop nylon, 56 inches tall with a base of 96 by 84 inches, and weighs about 1.75 pounds.

USING THE TENTS

These tents have their disadvantages. But for me, the advantages—mainly weight and size—are so overwhelming that the trade offs are a no-brainer. They help me get to places I might not otherwise get to, and endure conditions I might not otherwise endure.

A floorless tent is not for everybody. A friend told me he wasn't sure he'd want a tent like this because, "Well, a spider might get inside." The tent I used most frequently before making my own is a discount store pup tent, 78 by 48 inches. It had a floor, which I chopped out with a

hunting knife after a heavy rain flooded it early on. I've slept in it for 16 years as far north as Ontario and as far west as Wyoming. I long ago made peace with floorless tents.

The only way to guarantee (I don't consider seam sealer a 100 percent guarantee) a floored tent won't flood is to cover it with a fly. A floor and a fly basically triple the weight. In my decades of camping, I have never seen water pool under a floorless tent. If I have to carry it, I don't want a tent with a floor. At least not outside a jungle or swamp.

I used to carry a plastic tarp, about 5 by 8 feet, to huddle under each night before I crawled inside my cramped storebought tents. Now I sit in a big tent. I cut the tarp down to 3 by 7 feet and use it as a ground sheet under my sleeping bag.

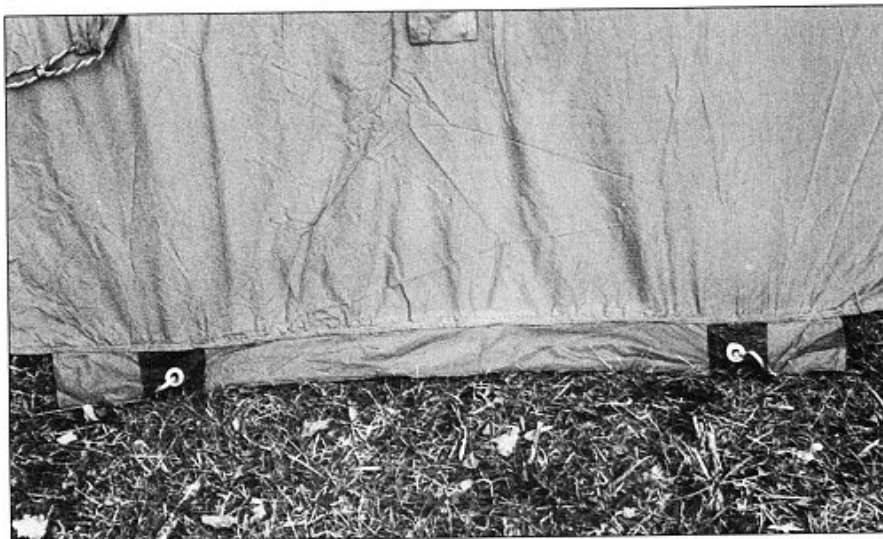
These tents could each hold two people. I use the side next to the door to store all my gear.

I soaked all three tents with silicone water-repelling spray. I don't consider this mandatory, even considering rain, but after 16 years my untreated pup tent started to look a little ratty. Silicone protects the fabric

and beads water, making it run off the tent walls and into the ground faster. If I thought I'd have to endure considerable rain, I'd give each tent two soakings with silicone, one outside and one inside (pyramids can be pitched inside-out for this).

I added loops to the walls of all three so I could attach guy lines to pull out the walls slightly at the head, foot and side of my sleeping bag. This is to reduce the chance of rubbing the walls when condensation forms on the inside. In this regard, the 96 by 84 is obviously the best of the three. In cold weather, you face two choices regarding condensation: You can use a vented tent that won't gather condensation, but if you do the tent will be the same temperature inside as outside because warm interior air will immediately escape. An unvented four-season tent will be warmer, but will collect condensation. In freezing weather you will either be colder or collect condensation. I choose to be warmer. If condensation bothers me, I just wipe it off with a camp towel in the morning.

If the tent door is closed and a candle lantern is burning inside, the temperature in a 56-inch tent will



Detail of the windflap at the base of a wall.

average about 5 degrees warmer than the outside. It's a little less in the 60-inch tent, because it's taller.

I own a couple of camp stoves whose instructions warn never to use them in campers or tents, and I would never disobey those instructions. Some propane and white gas stoves burn furiously hot, and can generate dangerous levels of carbon monoxide. A little carbon monoxide will make you sick. A lot will kill you. The risk increases as the parts per million of CO and as the duration of exposure increases.

Every fire—a cigarette, a candle, the gas range in my kitchen—produces some level of CO. The danger varies depending on the fire. Burning charcoal produces huge amounts of CO and is guaranteed fatal without ventilation. Burning Sterno produces tiny amounts. I have a small butane-propane canister stove (which does not burn as hot as white gas or pure propane) requiring a ventilation rate of five cubic meters of air an hour, which is relatively modest. By opening the tent door 6-10 inches and positioning a flame a few feet from the door, I've burned both Sterno and the butane-propane canister stove in my tents. Even with the vented door and the open spaces under the walls, the temperature inside the 56-inch tents, 30 inches off the ground, has

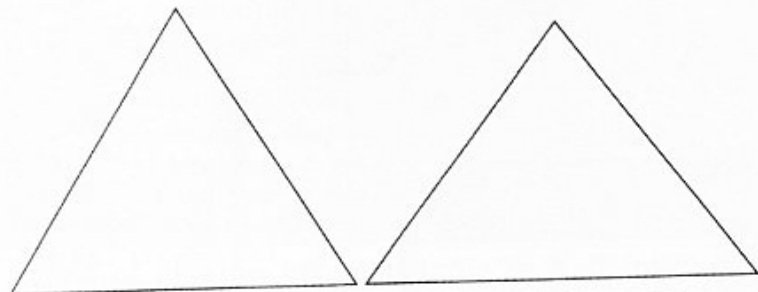
increased as much as 40 degrees above the outside temperature, depending on the wind. I burn the stove to heat water only as needed and open the door wider because I'm making steam if I'm heating water. If burning Sterno, I open the door completely for a few minutes every hour. While I take precautions regarding ventilation, my behavior contains an element of other risk that cannot be denied: If I ever accidentally knock the burning butane canister stove over, I'll immediately be surrounded by a large pool of burning liquid. I remind myself of that every time I light the thing.

Nylon will stretch when damp, which can make the whole tent sag a little. In the 56-inch tents, I just extend the trekking pole about 3/4 inch (while still in place) and the damp tent once

again is taut. I once thought trekking poles were a silly idea, until I started using one while carrying a pack. I found it a valuable aid, particularly on uneven ground. If I make another tent, I will use polyester, which I have read does not stretch when wet. If the corners aren't staked perfectly square, the tent will look a little oblong when the pole goes in. This is easily corrected by moving the stakes on one side.

MAKING A PYRAMID TENT

I am on fairly good terms with several women who are experienced seamstresses, but I knew trying to persuade one to make me a tent would require more nerve than I possess. Besides, I figured if I could make a wooden bow, I could make a tent. But each tent was more time-consuming than most bows I have made. Many times I had to snip away a hopeless tangle of thread under the machine's presser foot, or pull a long seam I had somehow screwed up. I was surprised to see that nylon, rayon, and polyester come in so many different weaves they hardly look like the same material. I made one attempt with nylon that looked like it had somehow been knitted. The resulting tent was a disastrous mess that I threw away. The taffeta material of my third tent is stiffer and shinier than other ripstop, and probably made the tent 1/4-pound heavier. But the dense material also repels water better than normal ripstop. Ripstop nylon is easily identified by the grid of heavier thread visible in the fabric.



A pyramid tent with a 96x84-inch base, 56 inches tall, began with four panels. Two were like the one at left, 7.5 feet wide and five feet tall. Two were like the one at right, 8.5 feet wide and 68 inches tall. The edges that will create the tent's corners are all the same length: seven feet three inches.

Probably the easiest design would be a perfectly square floor. That way, the walls will be of identical dimensions, and the corners will match up perfectly. If making a pyramid longer than wide, keep in mind the edges of all walls must be the same length so the corners will match. I pin everything before sewing, to make sure the dimensions match.

To correctly calculate the tent's height, I went outside and put a stake into the ground with a long piece of cord tied to it. Next, I measured off half the distance of the tent's wall's base, and put the center pole in the ground there. Then I stretched the cord from the stake to the top of the upright pole, and measured the distance. That total is how tall the wall panel has to be to make the tent the correct height.

For a longer-than-wide tent, two measurements are needed, since the wall panels will be of two sizes.



The 56-inch camouflage tent.

*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**

Fabric usually comes in bolts 60 inches wide, and sold by yard of length. Seven yards made my camo tent and 7.5 yards made each of the others. A tent height of 56 inches requires that each wall be two pieces sewn together: The bottom of the panel is 60 inches tall with a smaller triangle sewn on top.

Every exposed edge of nylon was run next to a candle, melting the very edge of the material so it won't fray. I used heavy 100 percent nylon upholstery thread, so strong it's almost impossible to break by hand.

Each seam I sewed was at least two separate passes with the machine, sewn virtually on top of each other. To close the corners and top, I used at least three passes of the machine. Each stake loop had at least four. Each finished seam was coated on both sides with liquid sealer, to hold the stitching tight if nothing else.

The corners and top were sewn with the tent inside-out, so the finished seams are concealed inside the tent.

Every time I hemmed a wall's base, the length shrank. For example,

7.5 feet shrank to 7. (Why? Probably because I don't know what I'm doing.) So I cut walls extra long to compensate. As the base of my big triangles shrank, the once-straight upper edges would balloon out in a curve. So I laid them flat, drew new straight edges with a yardstick and marker, and trimmed off the excess. I also found it an advantage to make the middle of each wall corner lean toward the wall's center about an inch, making each edge a long shallow V. That helps keep the corners taut when pitched.

The corner of each wall's base is about a half-inch higher than the middle of the base, to help prevent each wall's base from pulling up in a curve when pitched.

I debated how many stakes to use, wondering how many were optimum. Since aluminum wire stakes are fairly light, I decided to sew on plenty of stake attachments to make the tent as wind-resistant as possible. Each tent can take up to 16, but will work with as few as seven in fair weather.

The corner stake loops are nylon cord. On long walls, I sewed a



Tents in stuff sacks (left to right) 1.25 pound homemade tent, four-pound commercial backpacking tent, six-pound commercial two-man tent.

long rectangle of material at each base, and each has a grommet on each end for a stake. These are to minimize draft in windy conditions.

Another grommet holds down one side of the zippered door, for easier one-handed door opening.

The peak of each tent has plastic tarp sewed on the inside of each panel, to keep the pole from fraying the fabric. (The top of the wooden pole is covered with duct tape.) Plastic tarp also reinforces each stake grommet.

My second and third tents have a short four-sided fabric "box" at the peak, a couple of inches long.

Such a box—my only possible claim at a tent-making innovation—keeps the pole in place on my 56-inch tents, which are shorter than traditional pyramid designs. These boxes have an X seam visible on top; the stitching is on the inside.

I bought 100-inch sleeping bag zippers, and shortened each to about 48 inches by moving the stops (a pair of nocking pliers comes in handy here) and cutting off the excess. I sewed each on before cutting the fabric beneath to create a door that opens from bottom to top. Each zipper is covered by a rain flap. Pieces of cord sewed to the wall tie the door when open.

I had enough surplus material to make stuff sacks. This was accomplished by buying some grip-lock cord fasteners and turning a store-bought sack inside out to see how it was made. At first the tents had to be tightly stuffed, but after trying to pack one ice-covered tent, I made new sacks that have a looser fit. It also was fairly easy to make a silicone covered rip-stop nylon tarp with grommets along the edge, in case I feel like taking it along.

The result weighs a fraction of the plastic tarp I used earlier.

BACKPACKING TIPS

For most of the 20th century, it was common for backcountry campers to do things like cut saplings for tent poles, dig drainage trenches around the base of a tent, build large fires, and

bury cans and other garbage. Today's outdoor ethics rule such practices are unacceptable. Instead, the goal is to leave no trace of your presence. And that's the best plan if you intend to invade whitetail habitat and camp there. I prefer not to make fires and avoid any cooking that requires more than boiling water. Deer often will walk within a few yards of the tent at night; the more natural the scene the better.

Newcomers to off-road trekking would be well advised to take a course or read some books on map reading and compass use. Learn to note and remember terrain features; writing them in a notebook is not a dumb idea. In some areas, bears and a high danger of forest fires must be considered. They require careful handling of food and flame. Carry a small plastic spade and dig a mini-latrine when you need one.

Do your homework: check out many of the excellent books available on trekking and backpacking; be a connoisseur of modern outdoor gear and techniques; study local conditions; frequent your areas in the off season. You'll be glad you did.



The labor of making my own tents is just one part of a larger problem solving process that has allowed me to adapt to new circumstances, and exploit new opportunities. Thanks in part to my homemade tents, I can more easily point to a spot on a topographic map—far from a road—and say, "I can go there."

Remembering the Farm

—Gray November Days

By
Mark Siedschlag



I was just a novice bowhunter with not yet one full season under my belt, when I had one of the most glorious days afield ever. In the next 30 years of tramping forest and glen with bow in hand, I regret that I would not have but a few days as grand as that one. It was a memorable day, not just because I got my first shot ever at a deer, but because it represented a place in time that would never again be. I only wish I had known it then.

On a cloudy, drizzly, windy, November Sunday afternoon, I stumbled through the big marsh located in the back of our southern Wisconsin farm. It was the last day of the early Wisconsin bow season, and it had rained all morning and threatened to do the same all afternoon. My pants were wet from the knees down and I was soon chilled after leaving the warm farmhouse, but none of that mattered. I was hunting, and even back then I felt a great freedom when I was out exploring with my bow in hand. The marsh grass was tall if you were an average size 13-year-old boy such as I. It came up to about the middle of my chest. Crossing it could be an ordeal, but it was made easier by a well-worn path leading straight to a small woodlot on the far side.

Dad was content to let me strike out alone on that day. He opted to forgo the threatening weather and stayed in the warm farmhouse, watching the post Lombardi Packers struggle through another game. Although I was free for now, I knew I had to be back quickly after dark. Milking time required an entire family effort and I didn't even want to imagine what awaited me if I failed to be back in time to com-

plete my portion of it. With this in mind, I kept my adventure short and settled on the woodlot. I had seen a set of deer tracks there a few days ago while rabbit hunting, and more importantly, it was a quick 15 minutes from the milking barn, and that proximity would allow me to stay out right till dark.

I'm almost embarrassed now when I think about how green I was back then. Arriving at the woodlot, I immediately noticed that the ground was torn up into a huge scrape more than 15 feet across and many of the sapling trees had been rubbed naked of much of their bark. I didn't even know what a scrape was back then. The common theory of the day had nothing to do with rutting behavior, but more to do with feeding behavior. Occasionally, according to the latest, whitetails tore up the ground so new succulent vegetation could grow there. This theory was further backed up at the time by a feature article in *Bow and Arrow Magazine*, explaining this whitetail behavior in very scientific sounding terms. The significance of the entire two-acre woodlot being almost one huge scrape never entered my young mind. It just seemed odd.

The woodlot was not really much of an adventure to me anymore, having long since conquered all of its mysteries. Because it was close, I often played there when I was just a kid and it was still in range of my mother's call at dinnertime. Remnants of old "forts" could still be found among the tree trunks and stood as a testimony to my early engineering skills. I had spent many a day during my tender youth in pursuit of imaginary lions and elephants in that little patch of trees and I

knew it as well as I knew my own bedroom. The trees were not yet fully grown. Few of the box elders that comprised the majority of the trees were not much taller than 15 feet and the biggest cedar wouldn't make much more than ten feet. Even though this new idea of hunting out of trees was all the rage in the magazines, I still hadn't figured it out yet and decided to sit on the ground in the fence line that separated the marsh from the woodlot. There I would lay my ambush.

Unlike today, when southern Wisconsin seems virtually overrun with deer (antlered rats as one newspaper recently referred to them), deer were very rare. So rare that the sighting of a single doe on the farm was usually cause for a major announcement among the neighbors. There is something about youth and endless hope though. If there was one deer on the farm, I felt I had a chance. Taking a deer there, when Dad and my older brothers were unable to accomplish the feat, would surely raise my status to that of hero in our small farming community. I had a strong desire to be a hero back then, as well as show up my older brothers who never considered me anything more than just a kid. The desire to prove them wrong can be a strong force. Strong enough at least to cause a 13-year-old Wisconsinite to forsake his beloved Green Bay Packers and the comfort of a warm house to brave the harsh elements, striking out against overwhelming odds.

Even though I had recently seen a few tracks in the woodlot, the amount of deer sign I had just stumbled into was probably more than I had seen in my entire young life. I was more than a little surprised with the discovery and my excitement jumped up a few notches as well as my anticipation. Quickly I paced around looking for the best location to hide, finally situating myself in the long marsh grass with my back to the fence, facing the woodlot. Tucked neatly under the spreading arms of a bushy cedar tree I felt secure and properly concealed. I cleared a shooting lane to the edge of the woodlot, 15 yards away, breaking off a few branches from the cedar in the process. I wouldn't have to wait long before the action started, which was a good thing. I wasn't known for my patience back then.

I was still clearing away some grass, making my nest just right, when I spotted a set of antlers bobbing up and down above the grass, coming down the fence line straight to me. It was the first time I had ever seen a buck while actually hunting on the farm. Instincts took over and I dove into the makeshift blind, fumbling an arrow loose from my bow quiver and nocking it. Armed now (although a long way from dangerous), I slowly peered above the grass. At first my frantic searching revealed no sign of him, but in just moments, his little six-point rack reappeared above the grass. He was passing behind me at no more than five yards, but a shot was impossible through the wall of cedar branches and long grass to my rear. With the wind whipping the grass and tree limbs, he never noticed a slightly shaking 13-year-old boy under the cedar tree, desperately looking for a shooting lane.

I lost him as soon as he passed. Not wanting to give up without at least a fight on my first real encounter with a buck, I crawled towards the woodlot hoping he was heading in the same direction. It was empty when I arrived, still crawling on my hands and knees. Standing when I was sure there was no sign of the buck, I crept to the east side of the rectangular patch of trees still hoping to find the deer. There was an empty stretch of recently cut

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.***

marsh grass starting at the edge of the trees and stretching about 50 yards across. Beyond the grass was my neighbor's field of still-standing corn and coming out of the corn at that very moment were four doe and a spike buck. The most deer I had ever seen together at one time on the farm were six, feeding in a hay field just last summer. I now had almost that many walking right towards me. Once again I fumbled for an arrow and this commotion didn't go unnoticed by the lead doe. The jig was up and with the nearest doe acting very nervous, I knew they were going to bolt at any moment. I rushed the shot out of fear of the deer leaving and because I was in a panic myself with five pairs of eyes burning a hole right through me. I took my first shot ever at a deer and watched the arrow sail a foot over the doe's back at about thirty yards. They turned and disappeared back into the corn while my heart continued to pound away in my throat for another five minutes.

Lost arrows were a real significant problem to a 13-year-old on a fixed

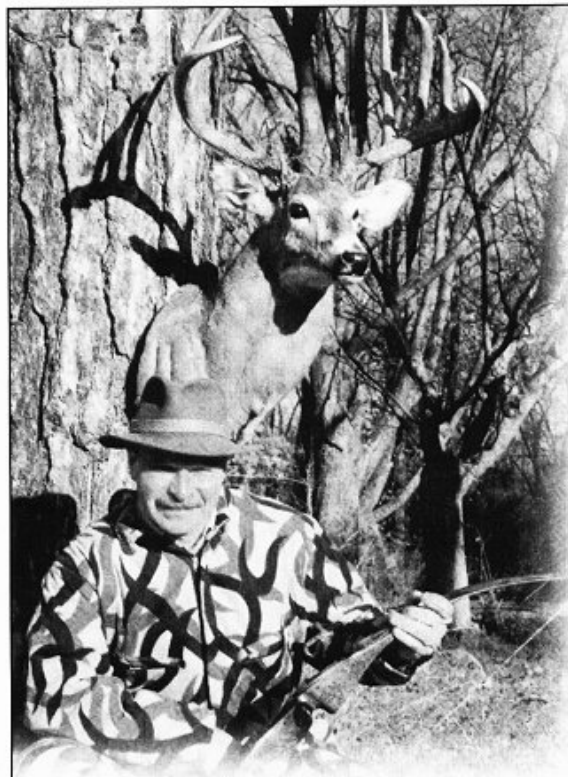
budget. My budget was fixed at zero and I existed with unwanted hand-me-downs from older siblings. I lost interest in hunting for deer at the moment, replacing it instead with a keen interest in hunting for my lost arrow. The task at hand seemed hopeless, as marsh grass has a way of swallowing lost arrows (and everything else). About the same time I'd given up the arrow for dead, there came a crash of antlers from the woodlot behind me. The sound jerked my attention away from the missing arrow and brought me back to being a hunter. I could hear the thumping of hooves along with antlers rattling and even a greenhorn as myself, knew what that meant. Crawling towards the sound, I stopped every few yards to peek over the grass, trying in vain to spot one of the participants. I had just about made it out of the grass to the more open woodlot when the thumping hooves began to increase in volume. Something was heading in my direction. A buck exploded past my right side at a mere ten feet, never knowing I was there. I could hear the other buck as it passed out of sight on my left. I stood up and turned, too late to do

anything about the passing deer except watch their antlers bob up and down as they loped away, finally disappearing into the cornfield. I was stunned by the unexpected amount of deer activity and wasn't sure what to do next.

There was a deer trail, complete with fresh tracks, worn deep into the grass between the woodlot and the cornfield. Realizing something very unusual was happening here, I positioned myself under a cedar tree at the edge of the woodlot, well within range of the trail. The spike buck appeared again as soon as I was settled, coming from the corn and heading down the trail without any hesitation to the woodlot. I could feel my heart beating in my chest, pounding harder against my sternum with each step of the advancing deer. The sudden rush of blood could be heard pulsing through my head. My breathing likewise accelerated. I could easily monitor it as each shallow exhale squeezed out a little wheezing sound as it escaped out my nose. I was having my first experience with just how slow time can drag by when you're waiting for a deer to come into range. Broadside at 15 yards, I missed the second deer I ever shot at when the top limb of my Bear recurve hit a low branch coming off the cedar tree. I was down by two arrows now, half of my original supply.

Darkness came early on that gray day and with the miss of the spike, I felt the day's hunt was probably over. Things seemed to quiet down quickly with all the deer apparently heading back to some secret place. I couldn't have been more wrong. After an unsuccessful search for my second arrow, I decided it was time to head back to our old farmhouse while there was still good light. A part of me was busting with excitement and I couldn't wait to tell somebody, especially Dad, about my hunt.

I had just rounded the corner of the woodlot, heading back to the fence line and the path back to the house, when I spotted a dark form under the very cedar tree I was first hiding under. It took a moment before my brain realized it was a buck. If just the sighting of a single doe was a rare occurrence on the farm, then the sighting of a buck would be the equivalent of winning the lottery.



Brownell & Company, Inc.
tel 860 873-8625 fax 860 873-1944
www.brownellco.com

Choose the Best!

When that once in a lifetime shot comes, I wanted to be ready, so I chose the best, a Fedora Custom Bow equipped with a B-50 string. I could have put any string on my Fedora, but most new strings send out a high pitch noise. The B-50 sends out a low pitch noise, which does not startle the game.

Will McQueen
P & Y 183



Go with your instinct!

In my whole life of 13 years tramping through the marshes and woodlots, I've seen but a handful of them. I'd just about equaled my total accumulation of sightings that night alone. This buck was different than the others I had seen earlier. His body looked a third bigger and his rack was the biggest I had ever seen. We would always hear stories of a monster buck that supposedly roamed the area. Other farmers occasionally caught a glimpse of him and kept his legend alive. Dad usually dismissed the stories knowing our neighbors, but I listened intently, always wanting to believe them. As the years flew by for me and I gained experience in what a big buck really was; I still stand firm in my original impression that this was one of the biggest whitetails to ever walk southern Wisconsin. He was busy stripping the defenseless cedar tree of its bark and lower branches and never noticed the 13-year-old boy standing there gawking in unbelief only 30 yards away.

When I finally came to my senses, I dropped straight down into the sanctuary of the grass. Chest pounding, trembling, and breathing hard again, I clawed an arrow loose from my quiver and placed it in my teeth as I started to advance on the buck, crawling on my hands and knees. At 25 yards, the wet grass laid flat and I was out of cover. The moment of truth had arrived. The buck, still busy debarking the cedar tree, had no idea of my presence. I couldn't believe my luck. Nocking the arrow, I was trembling almost uncontrollably as I drew the bow. In the excitement, it seemed my body was just taking over and I was watching the entire scene as if a spectator. There was no conscious thought by me—I was just pulling the bow back and taking the shot.

The arrow hit with a loud whack, sinking deep into the wooden fencepost just under his chest. The startled deer turned and ran straight away from the sound and directly at me. I managed to get the last arrow left in my quiver nocked and the string back to full draw just as the buck spotted me. He was less than ten yards away when he slammed on the breaks, his front feet skidding as he tried to dig into the wet earth and turn. It was too late for him—I was locked at full draw and had his chest

at point-blank range. The string slipped from my fingers and the arrow was gone faster than I could follow it over that short distance, but I knew it was true. The buck dropped low as he tried to stop and turn, at the same time bringing his head almost down to the ground—his huge rack momentarily blocking his chest just as the arrow reached it. There was a sharp crack as the deadly arrow deflected off the antlers, straight into the ground. All that was left to prove he ever existed was the deeply cut tracks where he dug in to turn and my old white cedar arrow, sticking straight up from the ground.

My heart rate never slowed as I returned all the way home on a run, bursting through the back door of the house, looking for somebody to tell. Although I was disappointed with the end results of my first bowhunting shots at deer, the fact that I got them at all counted as a success in my book. It was still the most exciting afternoon I had ever had. I told every detail to Dad who listened intently with a knowing smile, never showing any signs of doubt over my most unbelievable story. When I finished, he wiped imaginary sweat from his brow with his flannel shirtsleeve and shook his head. "You had quite an afternoon." I explained everything again, slower now that I was calming down, and filled in a couple of missed details that I forgot to mention the first time through. We continued to talk about it, as we got ready to head out to the barn for milking. Just as we arrived at the barn door, the clouds opened up and it began to rain. Ducking into the barn, Dad looked straight at me and got serious for a moment. "Just remember what it was like today, cause things are always changing and days like today don't grow on trees."

The next hunting season would find the woodlot gone. Sacrificed to the wood stove in the name of creature comforts. The next season would also mark a milestone in my young bowhunting career. I would finally become my father's pride, my brother's envy, and the neighborhood's hero, when I took my first deer with a bow off the farm. Times became harder for family dairy farmers soon after and we sold the farm three years later. Most of the neighbors would

follow suit, selling them to people from places like Chicago or Milwaukee. Many of the marshes would be drained and most of the fence lines removed to increase tillable acreage. Fields that once grew rows of some of the best corn in the nation now grow rows of houses. A large hunting club presently leases most of the farms in the area. They covered the landscape with large orange no trespassing signs to keep 13-year-old hunters on a fixed budget out.

Even though I no longer live in southern Wisconsin anymore, I do manage to spend a few months there every year visiting family and friends. Things have really changed. Deer now seem to be everywhere, even in the city limits of large metropolitan areas. The hunter success rate, which was in the single digits in my time, is now soaring. Shooting a deer there now doesn't make you much of a hero. If my pocketbook could stand the strain of the trespass fees, I could hunt some of the same acreage I did in my youth—but now I wouldn't have to be concerned with seeing a buck, it would be guaranteed. If Dad were still alive, he would be amazed to see the number of deer there now.

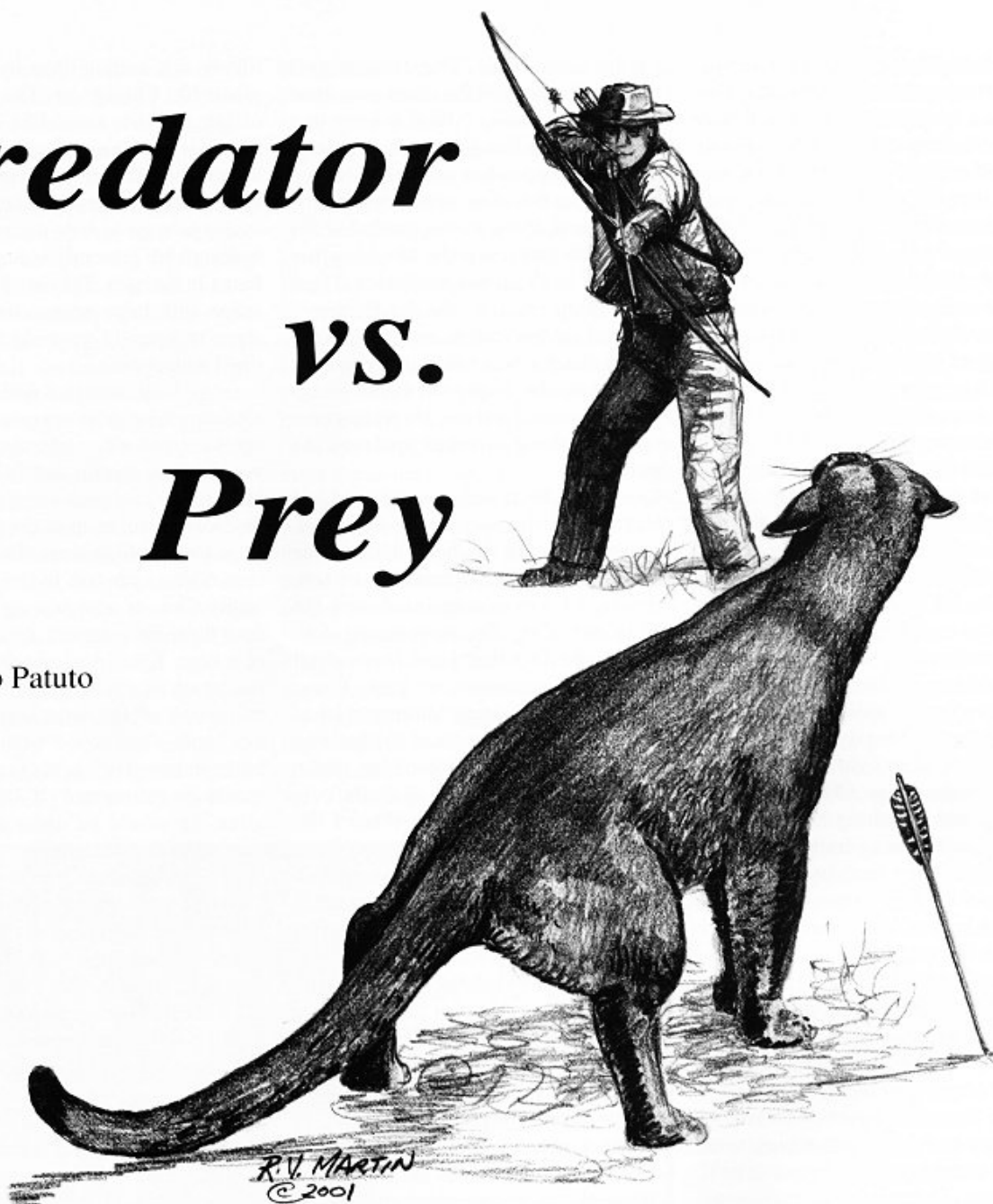
As great as everything is today, I would trade it all, all of it, without hesitation, for everything to be like it was when we owned the farm. Permission to hunt was granted with a handshake and not a check. Hunters were not viewed as a cash crop by landowners and deer were not managed just for the size of their rack. Hunting was hard and the deer were few, but the modest rewards were great, and successful hunters became local heroes.

Much of Dad's wisdom always seemed to get lost somewhere in my youth, only to resurface again when I became older. Driving slowly by our old farm last summer, remembering gray, November days past, I finally realized what he was trying to say that night when he prophetically advised me about enjoying the moment. As I looked at neat rows of crops and split-level homes where marshes and woodlots once held game and adventure for a 13-year old boy, it was very clear, nothing lasts forever.



Predator *vs.* *Prey*

By Rob Patuto



September 9, 1997, I found myself high upon the Idaho Montana border, the tenth day of Idaho's archery season. My good friend Steve Martin and I were bound for a ridge that ran east to west. The stiff north wind would keep our scent from several bulls that had been bugling the night before.

As we walked through the darkness, my mind kept running through the events of opening day. A 25-yard shot, quartering away, the dream shot at a respectable six-point bull. After nearly being run over, my shot wasn't even close. I was hunting with "Old Blind Pete Weatherford" at the time who, as so often happens in a great sport as ours, has gone from mentor to dear friend, to family. He told me to "Quit shootin' to the left and pick a spot!" The bull would have been my first with a bow after many years, and it would have meant a lot to Pete.

Steve and I couldn't believe our luck. As the sun rose over the jagged peaks of Montana, the cool breeze out of the north held steady. The bulls we had heard sounding off the night before were in the basin below us, the wind was perfect. Though the rut was not in full swing, I was sure that one of those bulls had enough testosterone penned up inside that I could sweet talk him into stick and string range.

We set up at first light, the magnificent pink shadows growing along the peaks gave little clue what laid in store. Some time had passed and I decided take advantage of the wind and move down the ridge, but my partner would stay.

It was an overgrown Forest Service trail, on top of a ridge, perfect for moving quietly. Cow calling softly I joked to myself, "How could any of God's creatures resist my calls?" Some of them couldn't as I was about to find out. I had gone down the ridge about a quarter mile, when from the basin

came a crisp bugle. No chuckles, no growls, exactly what you would expect from a bull in early rut. I quickly got out some surveyor's tape to mark where I was leaving the trail—a predetermined plan so Steve would know where I had left the trail.

I was about to slip over the edge of the ridge when I heard them, climbing the ridge with all the grace of a Sumo wrestler. It is truly amazing how noisy elk can be when they are relaxed. Pushing her way through the Northern Idaho alder a cow appeared. Coming towards me she turned at 35 yards. The brute trailing her was was impressive.

Now I am not exactly a greenhorn, after four years of guiding elk hunts and seven with a bow, I have seen my share of bulls, good bulls too. This guy was big—mass at the base that carried through to deep forks—some real headgear. He followed the cow turning, at 35 yards. I cow called softly turning my head to re-direct the sound. He bugled again but my shot opportunity did not change. Thirty-five yards in

heavy timber, moving, not a chance. I slipped up the trail paralleling them, mewing softly. I tried to turn him.

An invisible gremlin had a hold of my leg, shaking it, making my knees weak. I can laugh about it now, but at the time I was cussing. I struggled through some deadfall, losing sight of them. He bugled again and I was sure they were bedding there. Scanning every inch with my binoculars, I was unable to pick them out. Slowly I made my way along the trail. "Where did they go? This can't happen again!" Then I heard it, a twig snapped downwind of me. "How did he cross in front of me?" Brush rustled. Why hasn't he spooked, has he got my wind?"

Hoping to infuriate him I crouched down and snatched a stick. Looking in the other direction I began raking a tree. After about 15 seconds I put the stick down and turned slowly. To my surprise I was not "the best predator" in the woods that day. A mountain lion crouched 20 paces away. Yes he came to a cow call, but I smelled like three days of hard hunting I was sure he had smelled me.

I experienced a strange calm as I rose. This time that pesky gremlin was no where to be found. I was confident that when the cat realized that I was a human, and not an elk, he would run off. I could not envision this cat coming at me, it was not an option, "just stay calm" I told myself.

Arms out to my side I hollered "Go on, get outta of here." His response was to bring his haunches beneath him in a pumping action, as his ears went flat to his head. I can tell you I did not need a National Geographic special to know what was on his mind. In the blink of an eye, he could be on me. I had seen lions before, if not in a tree, then heading away from me. Not this one, his eyes were absolutely riveting, almost hollow, he was looking right through me.

My shot was meant for his nose, since his head was the only target I had in that stance. I missed—an inch from his right eye—which was not good for my health.

His demeanor did not change. As I looked down to nock a second arrow, the thought entered my mind that this would be his best chance, but as I looked up the situation had not changed. We both held our ground. One step back-

wards would surely trigger his drive chain.

Once again, I heard Pete say "Stop shootin' to the left and pick a spot." The bow came up in a fluid motion, like a thousand shots before it. This time, as the limbs of my recurve spoke, the lion listened. Not in the sniffer as I intended, but a half inch from his left eye, shaving hair but no flesh. He came un-corked, swatting at the Magnus tipped Cedar shaft as it hissed passed him.

His speed was astonishing. A third arrow nocked, he stood broadside, offering the shot I would have wanted had the season been open. As he stepped from the trail I knew I had accomplished the task at hand, his eyes had a new look in them. As I backed out, verbally abusing the lion, I was thinking how pathetic my shooting had been in such a crucial situation. At the same time I was pleased with the overall outcome, somehow glad I did not kill him.

Minutes later I met up with Steve who had heard the shouting, after a quick briefing we returned to area. There were my arrows, both in a dead log. The small amount of Vaseline I use on my broadheads had collected the evidence. Fine hair, but no blood. We made ever widening circles along his exiting route, but found nothing. I knelt down and said a prayer, as I always do when I harvest an animal. This time I thanked the Lord for the experience as well as the outcome.

Three hours later I was back at camp, peppering my target butt with dismay. Shooting well, I asked myself, "How could I have missed such an important shot?" Then it hit me, it was the eyes. Deep, black, and emotionless. I was completely mesmerized by them. I was thinking snout... but focusing on the eyes.

That was an awesome experience. The lion's senses told him there was prey nearby, there had been. For a brief moment in time, I got to see what countless prey animals have seen for thousands of years. The crouch, the intensity of the stare, the tables had been turned on me so fast. He was hunting as was I—only better. Neither was successful, but we both survived to hunt again.





No Catalog

Hunters Rendezvous

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

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

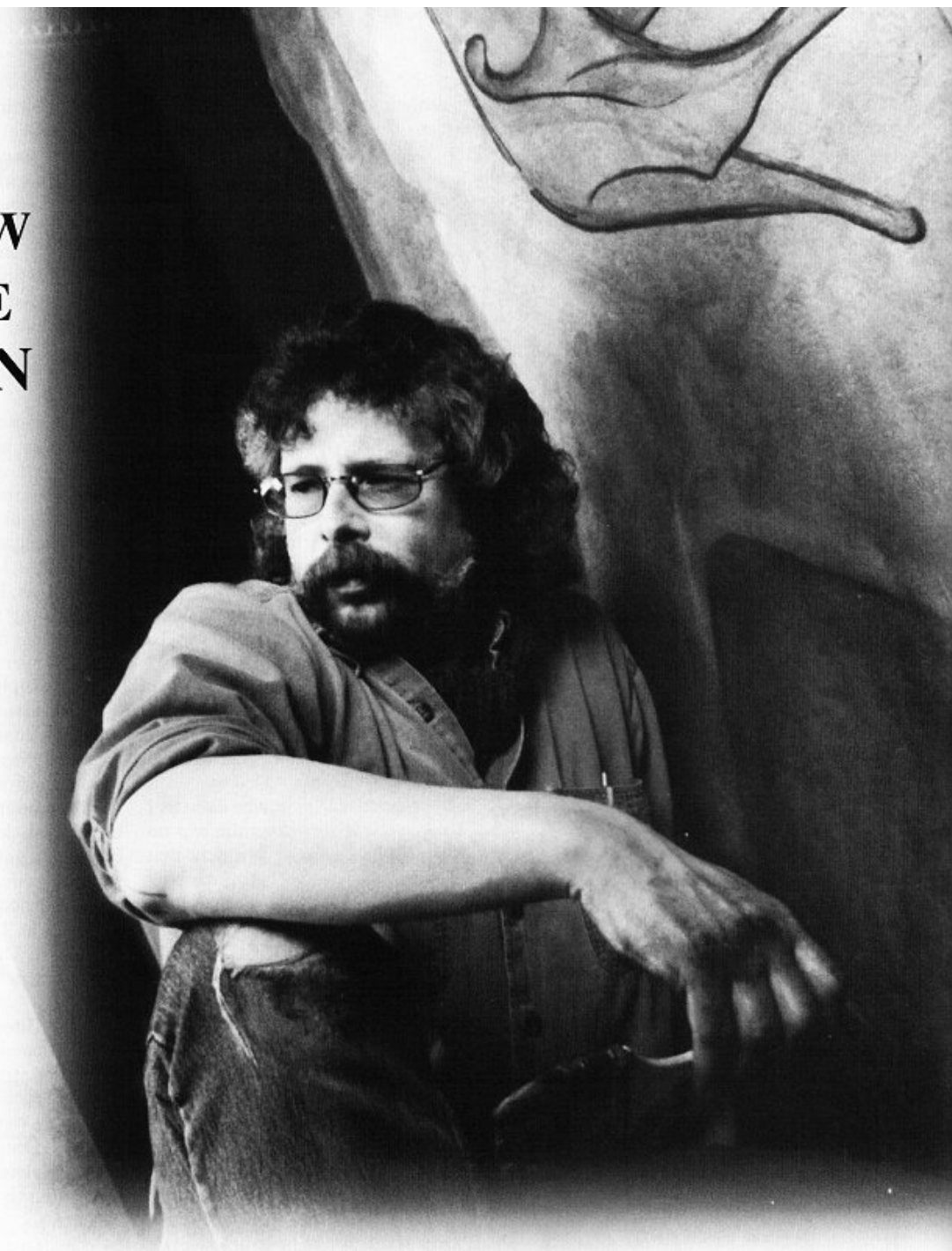
**Handcrafted Muzzloading Rifles
and Accessories**

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

INTERVIEW WITH THE CAVEMAN OF ART

BY
DAN SIMMONS



Bruce Stewart is an emerging artist of considerable talent. His blending of archery and bowhunting into the theme of his paintings is unique in this time of the Bambi syndrome of thinking.

It takes a considerable amount of verve and self confidence for a master to go against what is normally accepted. For a relative unknown to take on these odds, well, that is just the maverick type attitude that will get you to the top, or the bottom. With Bruce, I'm betting on over the top.

I have been fortunate enough to have several conversations with Bruce and found his wit and sense of purpose as intriguing as his artwork. Here is an introduction to this Ottawa native that may very well become known as the first modern traditional artist.

Bruce, why don't you introduce yourself? Then give us a little background on you and your company, IMAGER.

"To introduce myself: I am a displaced Scot who happens to live in Canada—no, seriously I am first and foremost a fine artist by training, an award winning exhibit designer by accident, and a professional illustrator/photographer by choice.

I was always an artist—never had a choice there as far as profession was concerned. When I was five, I would quit playing with my friends and skulk off to do drawings or paintings—I still have a few of those and they were really none too great. After high school, I went to the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, got a degree, and had every intention of 'making' it as a fine artist. I wandered off to Scotland and lived there for a while doing the art thing. Eventually, reality caught up and I spent far too much time working for the National Museums Corporation in Ottawa. First as a painter where I learned to run industrial spray equipment and then in the design shop designing exhibits. We were a good team. We did the National Aviation Museum from the ground up, but, politics eventually caught up and the guys in charge decided I was too much of an individualist. I left in 1994 and formed IMAGER, my company.

I am a member of ATHA and PBS, married, one son and pushing 45...That sums it up pretty well."

OK. You have been an artist for a while, but how long have you been involved in archery and bowhunting?

"Actually I am a fairly recent archer, save for the usual small male child stuff. I gunned for years, target .22s and, naturally, I hunted with both shotgun and rifle. In early 1998, a friend started jabbering on about Y2K and all that. Not being in the least bit paranoid, I figured that a bow, which did not need manufactured ammunition, would be a fairly good insurance policy. I got a Martin ML-14 and taught myself to use it. I think that coming to traditional archery from a rifle-shooting standpoint was a bonus; the learning curve was not too drastic. It is all about putting a projectile on target."

What type of bow do you shoot now?

"I currently alternate between two bows

for my shooting—a 58# at 27.25" Bitterroot bow by Red Chavez and a 60# at 28" Jack Harrison Black Wolf. (I semi-retired the Martin very early in the game.) I figure if I can't kill it with those hunting weights, I should not be out there after it anyway."

How about your arrows?

"Larry Maggard, of Gray Ghost Archery, makes all my arrows. Actually, I wanted to do a painting for him as an advertising piece and he sent me a dozen

examples of his work. I was so blown away by his colour schemes and craftsmanship that every serious arrow I now shoot is of Gray Ghost manufacture! For hunting these are usually equipped with Ribtek broadheads, but I have a few with Zwickey Eskimo points...

I cut my teeth on a bunch of carbons and have a few plain wood shafts, but the heavy work always goes the Gray Ghost arrows. They come off the bow like greased butter, if I can mix metaphors."

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

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.

Mounted Archer on Canvas

by Bruce Stewart



It's amazing how what started out as an insurance policy can become a fixation. I currently own five bows and I have a feeling that the number will continue to expand...It is getting embarrassing really. Right now I am in need of something lighter, for turkeys. The bow-buying thing never seems to truly end."

Ain't that the truth! How often do you get to shoot?

"I shoot as often as I can. As a solitary sort of archer, I do not belong to any 'clubs,' but I get out on my own at least every two days. I find that if I do not, I get twitchy...If the weather is too horrid, I stand in my office or studio and simply pull the bow. It makes me feel 'right' somehow."

How is it that you became involved with traditional equipment, verses the more popular compound equipment?

"Actually, compounds never really interested me very much. I mean, they can be beautiful in a 'machine' way, but I have always tended toward natural materials, wood and stone and stuff like that. Mayhap it's a heritage

thing, but I was drawn to longbows right from the start. Recurves are nice, but somehow they are just not me. The longbow was always my personal choice.

The whole history of man and archery is tied up in traditional bows. Compounds are a fairly modern advancement designed to make things easier. Then too I seem to have always followed a harder path. I make things tough on myself...

I do not like gadgets. I can live without arrow rests, sights, stabilizers, vibration dampening systems, overdraws and release aids. I mean, why go hunting with all that gear when you can pick up a

string and a couple of specialized sticks and go for a purposeful walk.

But the idea of shooting gloves, bracers, and traditional hip quivers—that really appeals to me. I get a connection to times long past when I pick up traditional gear."

Canada has recently experienced some significant changes to its hunting laws. Would you give us your opinions, or thoughts?

"Oh, do not get me started on the politics of this damned benighted country! It all comes down to special self interest groups and their agendas, along

AUTUMN LEAVES, a Bowhunter's Life

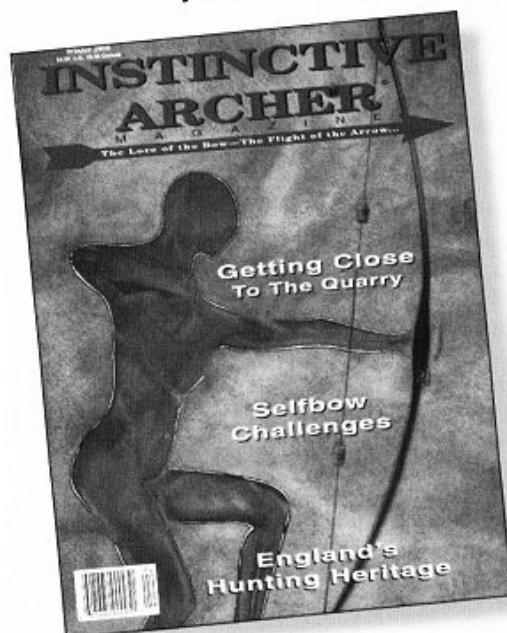
A book by Mark Siedschlag in a style of writing that's been described as "timeless." Nineteen stories that could be a part of any bowhunter's life.

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



Winter 2000 Cover Art

by Bruce Stewart



with a central government too gutless to take the right course of action. Then the provincial governments step in trying to raise their own authority levels and the system all goes into a tailspin. I mean, figure it out. The new gun-licensing system in Canada is a blatant ploy on the government's part to know exactly who has what. Then it becomes so much easier to outlaw a given firearm by an 'Order in Council.' After that, the law (which has nothing to do with justice) will then be pounding on your door...

Legitimate gun owners have always been law-abiding citizens. They will remain so. But at this point, I feel that our personal responsibilities are being destroyed in the service of a benevolent totalitarian state. After all, an unarmed populace is a docile populace. Maybe this stems from the 1970 October Crises, but I would say that our gun politics are truly misguided at present. Canadian gun laws, and to a lesser extent, the hunting regulations, are a fashion statement. They do not reflect the truth of the Canadian situation. (Go to Banff—get eaten by a large cat...)

As a final thought on this issue, I am going after Caribou in Alaska this August. I will carry a high-powered

handgun for bear protection. I could not even dream of doing that in Canada... Sorry. The oil of vitriol tends to flow at this question."

On a lighter note my son, who is nine at present, now wants to become a professional bowhunter. He has a couple of bows (one good one) and more arrows than I have! He is pretty good too. My long-suffering wife does not hunt, but will plink away with a target-weight recurve every once in awhile. Actually, she's a natural and I wish I could convince her to go kill something at some point. She would fill our freezer faster than I can I think. She does just fine with a 40-pound longbow."

Are there many traditional archery/bowhunting organizations in your part of Canada?

"I think there are a few, but I really have not been in contact with them. I tend to be too much of a loner sometimes. The idea of clubs does not really appeal to me. I would rather go off to a Traditional Bowhunter Expo in Michigan or Oregon twice a year to get my fix of decent similar minded humanity. Mind you it gets lonely at times being the only guy you know with a longbow. E-mails and telephone calls help."

What aspect of bowhunting do you enjoy most?


"Oh, those crisp, cold, mornings when you get out of your truck at your hunting area and walk in under the cover of darkness. Then the world slowly wakes up around you. That is beautiful. I never get tired of that moment. The heart-stopping final stalk,

too. That is the time you sort of forget everything, except focus, and the whole world narrows down to a very small but completely 'aware' tunnel. That is a very special piece of reality. People who do not hunt will never understand those very special times. It is a time of being very close to and part of the natural world. I once had a weasel stand on my boot and peer up at me simply because I was so quiet and still. Then there was the time a fairly large doe tried to blow my rather marginal cover by wandering up to me, blowing, snorting and pawing the ground. I stayed perfectly still and got covered with deer snot! She eventually went back to feeding and the bloody buck behind her never did get into bow range."

Do you try to transfer those feelings and beliefs to your art?

"Ah, now we get to the tough stuff. Yeah, I do try to get those feelings into the paintings. The work—any work—comes from experience. It is the raw material for the process. If I come at something from simply reading about it or watching someone else do it, I can't get at the core of the thing. You have to live it to know it. If I want to communicate the experience as a piece of art, I have to have been there first, otherwise, by default, it remains a lie.

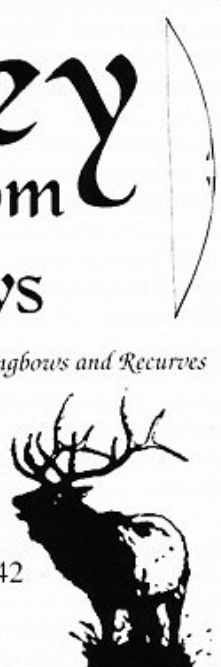
And lets face it; my archery paintings



Foley

Custom Bows

Hand Crafted Traditional Longbows and Recurves



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

are basically commercial art. However this does not change the fact that these are my pieces, my concepts, my filtration and judgment systems. No one else's. My pieces are not paint by number for the client things."

There seems to be a subtle, almost sly, sense of humor along with the emotional energy in your work. Where do you derive your inspiration?

"Once upon a time, long long ago and far far away, I said the most profound thing in the shower one morning: 'If you can't laugh and say the hell with it, then you're screwed.' This broke my wife up completely and she almost drowned with a mouthful of water.

But really, I believe that. That humour is very necessary—hey, we are made up the same way as those things we hunt, and, damn it, we are going to go the same way in the end. Without humour, amongst other things, we could not survive the totally pathetic (but really funny nonetheless) situation in which we all exist. Sly humour. Yes. Because we are the predators . . . and because at times life tends to hurt.

And thanks for picking that humour up—I would guess that none to many viewers do. I get more feminist political comments . . . from people who just do not understand. The inspiration comes from God Knows where. I just look at an object, be it a bow, quiver or whatever, and eventually an image spits out in my mind. The trick is whether or not to believe that it is the right image, i.e., right for the object."

The construct of your work is interesting, what medium do you favor when painting?

"Mediums. Well, for some stupid reason about 13 years back, I decided to try to paint with shellac and earth pigments. I wanted to get back to an 'ur' pallet and liquid mediums. I think some sort of Neolithic sensibility had my head enthralled at that point. Neolithic to Medieval, I guess. Figuring out that witches once flew, and mayhap still can.

I got a mess of dry shellac flakes and a three-liter jug of methanol. It took me three years to figure out what I was doing with the stuff. Then discovered that methanol fumes ate optic nerves. I very quickly switched to

ethanol at that point. Painting with this stuff is rather like painting in water-colour, but worse. I use rabbit-skin glue sizing on my canvas, but no primer. If I make a mistake in a painting, or dribble colour off the brush, it is done. I can't really repair the surface. Then again, the paintings are reductive too. I usually scrub at surfaces with sandpaper, alcohol soaked rags and scouring pads! I have worn holes in more than one canvas!"

The inclusion of real items into some of your creations is an interesting concept. How did it originate?

"Some time after I bought the Martin longbow, I was sitting in the studio one day trying to figure out where my (personal) work would go next. For some reason, the thought of the 'Neolithic Archer' construct popped into my head along with the thought that Martin Archery would be interested in the piece. (They were not—but that is another story.) Placing the actual bow on the painting was a way of bringing the past and the present together. You can do that with broadheads, quivers, basically, anything that lends itself to the finished image and the flow of history.

From there, that painting had the fortune to grace the cover of *Traditional Bowhunter Magazine*. And everything seemed to fit together in seamless knit. If bows and arrows had been in human hands since prehistory, why not take the image of the neolithic hunter and provide him with the updated version of his weapon? Everything has changed, but there are things that remain the same. The two great passions of my life in one package, it could not get any better than that!"

Do you employ the use of a model when painting?

"When working out a painting, I always use a model and photograph her (It is always a her. I really do not like working with male models) until I get the concept right. That photograph becomes the base point for the painting. This way the final image is a meeting of the reality of the model and mine. The dynamics, I think, infuses the finished piece. I usually have to go through a familiarization course with them. Not too many people seem to know the belly of a bow from the back!"

Are all of your creations archery and/or bowhunting related?

"No. I try to find time to do personal work. That remains important to me. Right now I am working on a series of drawings: quadrupedal females with greatly elongated legs.

I have plans to do a series of paintings around these drawings and maybe a performance piece as well."

Generally, how long does it take to complete one of your pieces?

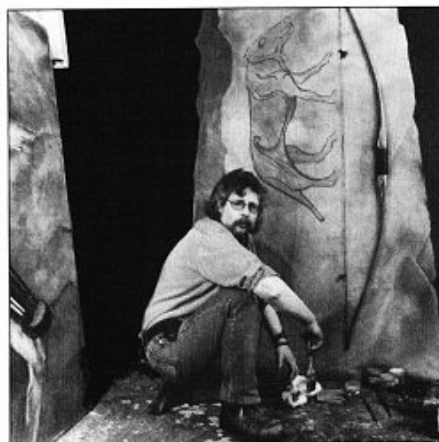
"The archery pieces can take anywhere from three weeks to a couple of months. They are life-sized, after all. Personal paintings can and have taken six months or more to complete. Then again one never finishes a painting—you abandon it!"

Your work visually fills a primal niche in a person's psyche. I know I can envision grabbing my reed arrows with their stone points, my bent limb bow, and jumping into battle with the great hairy mammoth. Is that the aura you strive to create?

"Can I go with you? Always wanted one of those . . . But I am going to need a heavier bow . . .

Yeah. This great long history of archery and humanity - it is primal. The image of the neolithic hunter, the mounted Mongol warrior, Robin Hood, those things are ingrained in the human psyche. They are archetypal concepts. If I can maybe update the archetype but remain true to it, then I have done my job.

But, It must not remain static. Everybody, including myself, is going to get real tired of yet another IMAGER rock drawing. I can only go so far with the neolithic imagery. There is a lot more that I can do. For instance, the Ribtek™ advertisement was really different. It was a photograph after all. But, what else are you going to use except an X-ray image when dealing with an internal skeleton broadhead? I reckon that each person I work for makes a different product. And I have to see those products in a unique and individual light. I can see a few more neolithic pieces, for flint knives or back quivers, maybe a self-bow or two. But I have some pieces on the drawing board that simply should not be done in the limited array of earth pigments and shellac.



Deep in the heart of the artist's studio. . .

I am doing a bit of trial stuff at present with oil paints, made in a fairly medieval process. And yes, I am making those myself.

Then too, it might just fall to acrylics for some concepts. But my point is that you have to fit the materials to the product and the image. Really in thinking it over, I can't see myself skulking about in the prehistoric forever."

So we may be seeing your interpretation of Agincourt, or Robin Hood caught in the act of slaying the king's deer?

"Great images: Agincourt, Poitiers, Crécy—is it proper to cast the modern traditional hunter in the guise of an English longbow man? We are after game not human enemies. But I would love to do something like that. The classic yeoman with a radical, modern, hybrid, reflex-deflex, reverse-handled, Fast-Flight bowstring-equipped stick. Now, that would be an image. Yeah, that would be incredible to do.

Robin of the Hood is too perfect to ignore, except that he would have to be the dirty and unkempt pagan rebel that he truly was, all tied up in the mists of European Shamanism as well as legend and history. I think my Robin would be a very different individual from the usual sanitized version. There should be room for him with some bow or other. But you see you got a hint of this when I started talking about traditional oil paint recipes."

You have created a cover for Instinctive Archer Magazine. Are there plans for any other magazine covers in the near future.

"Actually, 'Traditionell Bogenscheissen' has approached me to do a cover. I am thinking over concepts at present on that score. Another one for Traditional Bowhunter would be nice. And naturally all Rik Hinton has to do is yell at me . . .

The IA cover was a joy to work on and my thanks go out to Dean Torges, Steve Cushing, and Rik who orchestrated the whole thing. I have hopes of doing a cover for Primitive Archer Magazine too. With that one, I could complete my own 'grand slam' of North American traditional publications. The off-shore traditional magazines will certainly be approached.

The Australian one is of interest. I could work in an Aboriginal image, probably with a 'modified' Ribtek broadhead, considering that they come from Australia, and there we go again back into a prehistory that remains today.

I am always open to any bowyer, leather smith, or broadhead company. I can work images for them. As long as the stuff works and is founded in quality. Book illustrations, as well. I can and have handled work like that. My wife is getting more involved in the business too. She edited one bowyer's book with me, taking care of the printing and illustrations (printing is cheaper in Canada). There are, I think, a few more manuscripts on the way."

How would someone get in touch with you for a commission of your work?

"I am fairly easy to get hold of.

B. D. Stewart / IMAGER

221 Knox Cres.,
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada
K1G 0K6
Tel: (613) 733 9229
Fax (613) 733 2816
E-mail: bruce.stewart2@sympatico.ca

Dan, this has been a really interesting experience. It has been a pleasure talking with you. Usually you get through life knowing what you know and not talking about it much. This has been a good way to focus things for me. I can only hope that I managed to be even slightly entertaining.

And I want to leave with one thought on traditional hunting politics. We have a problem convincing legislators of the killing power of our chosen bows. Mayhap that is because in every television or motion picture concerned with medieval archery, Robin Hood or the 'wild west', the arrows shot into people end up sticking three inches into the soft target. Visuals seem to always include lots of quivering feathered shaft. We all know how arrows blow right through the usual game animals. It is about time that the entertainment industry did us all a favour and showed it like it is. Then again, how many of us write the studio after the release of any given film?"



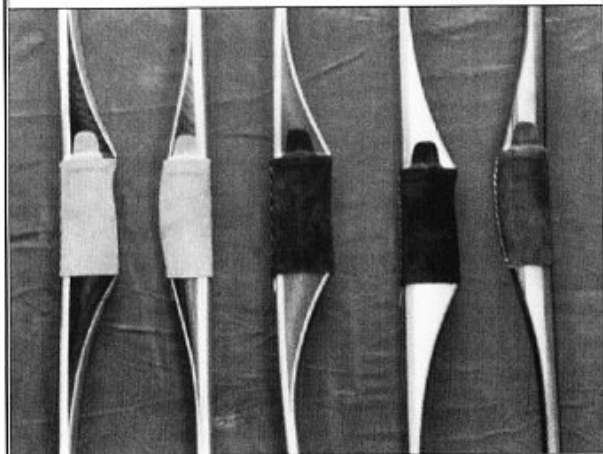
Photos of Bruce Stewart
provided courtesy of:
Albert Camicioli Photography

Northern Mist Longbows

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

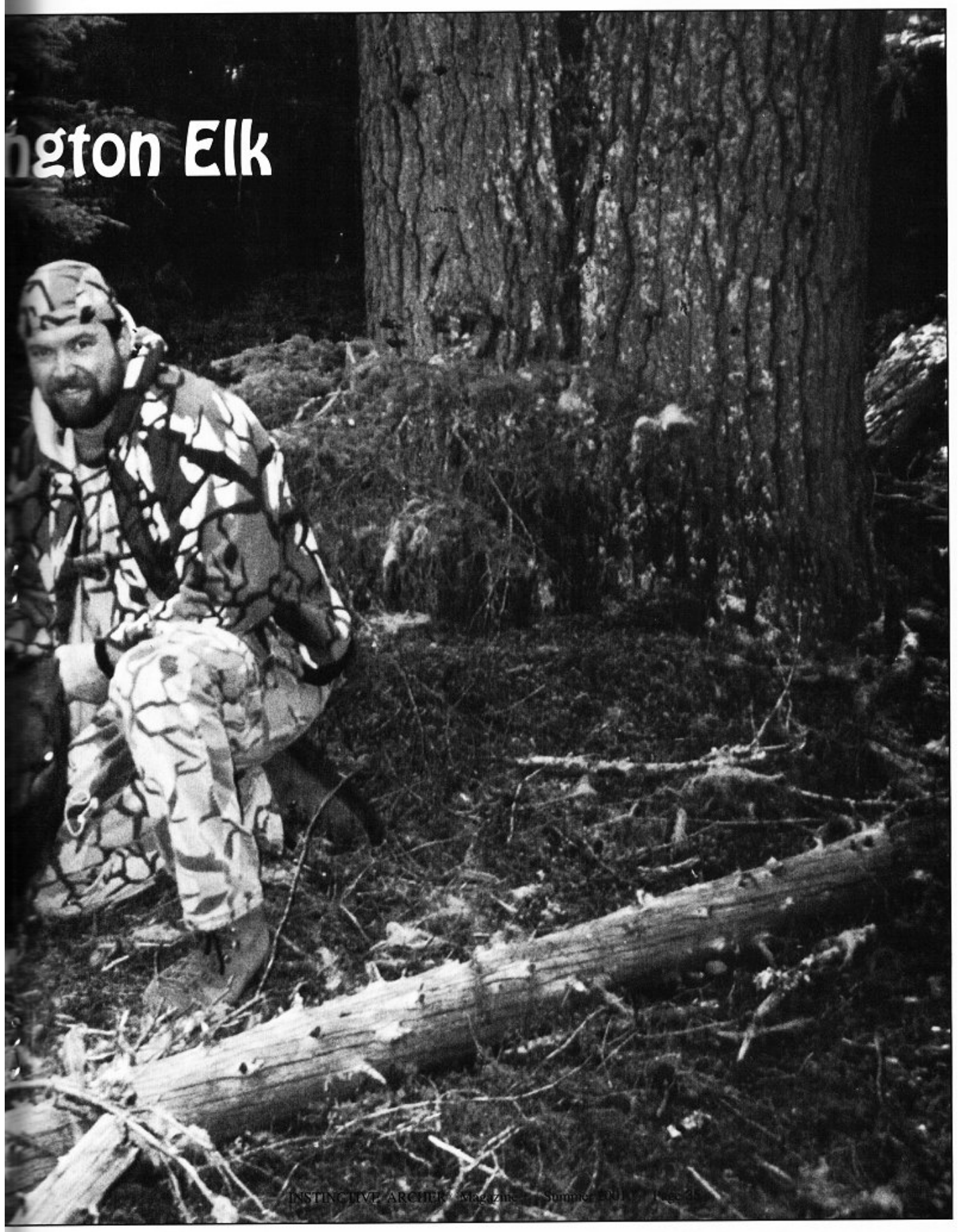


**CUSTOM
LONGBOWS
and FLATBOWS**



Self Bow Challenge — Washin

By David Netherland



SELFBOW CHALLENGE—Washington Elk

In March of 1999, Scott and I found ourselves at the annual Columbia Basin Archery Club's Traditional 3-D Archery Shoot. This is where the challenges of the self bow caught our attention one year earlier while checking out some of Ted Fry's selfbows he was displaying for his traditional archery shop, Raptor Archery. Since we rarely got to visit with Ted at his shop in Hood River, Oregon, we always made it a point to look him up at the traditional shoot to catch up and have a laugh or two, at his expense of course. After our onset into the continuous line of challenges inherent to the selfbow challenge it just seemed natural for Ted to throw out yet another one, since his scores on the shooting range were at such a slim lead over mine and Scott's, and since the hog hunt he took us on was met with such success.

It had only been three months since the hog hunt, but it seemed to be the natural progression of things to take on Ted's next challenge. Plans for the 1999 elk season? After all, it was only a short five months away. Yes Ted, absolutely! An elk hunt with our selfbows? Why not?

Scott, my best friend/hunting partner extraordinaire, and I both shook our heads in agreement as we looked at each other with big grins plastered across our faces. We were both pretty happy with the success of our recent hog hunt and the fact that our bows were still in one piece after at least a thousand arrows being passed through them at the shooting range. An elk hunt was definitely the next challenge.

As the mountains slowly thawed Scott and I continued to practice, plan, gather information, discuss hunting strategies, and in our spare time went to work like everyone else to pay our bills. We waited for the spring thaw. It would be mid July before the snow would thaw enough for us to reach our hunting area.

We were like two kids waiting for Christmas. Our first trip up to the mountains was on July 12th. We were only six weeks away from the opening day of elk season. There were still some pockets of snow on the road in, but each curve in the road brought us closer to our camp location and elk. I could feel

the anticipation building. Scott got his camera ready. We saw several elk on the way in, but were unable to get any good photographs.

It was close to nine o'clock in the morning when we finally made it to our camp site. Scott and I quickly snaked our way into the mountain draws where the elk were waiting. It is amazing that as few as a dozen elk can sound like a herd of eighty when running up a mountain. My heart almost stopped when Scott told me he was again unable to get a photo. I hoped our luck would be better when hunting season opened. We made several more trips as the opening day of the early season approached. Each time we learned more about the elk in our area. Each time our confidence grew in our stand locations and our abilities to put a tag on an elk. My wife Sheila was becoming a little concerned about where we would put all that meat. I was so confident that I went out and did some shopping for another freezer, just in case there wasn't enough room in the old one.

Two days before the season opened Scott and I loaded up the truck with ten days provisions, camp, and high expectations of tagging not one, but two elk. This was the self-bow challenge—IT WAS ON! As we rolled into camp both of us were still chattering about the three elk we had seen cross the road in front of our truck not even a quarter of a mile from where we would camp.

As quietly as we could, camp was set and ready for the worst weather a high-mountain September could muster. We made sure all talk at camp was done in a whisper. We could hear the elk coming down the mountain late that afternoon. The big bull seen the year before was already bugling his challenges to other nearby bulls, and we still had nearly thirty hours left before the season opened. Even though neither of us had drawn a branch-antlered bull permit, the prospect of taking a cow or spike bull looked good to both of us.

Opening morning neither of us needed to hear an alarm clock to wake us up at 4:30 a.m. We had plenty of time for a meager breakfast and plans for early success. After about six hours of hiking and hard hunting we returned to camp for lunch and a few practice shots before

going back up the mountain to hunt our tree stands that evening. A once-over the check list for gear: Flash light—check; bows—check, arrows—check. Okay, we're ready!

Like clock work, the movement of the elk was right on time. At 3 p.m. a few tumbling rocks and some heavy breathing (that was my breathing) caught my attention. Dang squirrels! All was quiet again. Then a nice mature cow elk came cautiously strolling into my shooting lane. Behind her were four more cows. I was already standing from the excitement of the squirrel earlier so I was ready. My blood pressure was at about 90 psi, she was really close. The lead cow was now at ten yards and still had not turned for that perfect broadside shot. Finally, after just a couple more steps she turned to look over her shoulder at the other cows. I came to full draw while burning a spot on her front shoulder. My release was good, BUT, I could swear I had it on her. At seven yards, come on! No way I could have missed that animal. The elk jumped back and stood looking at my arrow, stuck in the ground just beyond where she was standing. Nice bright white fletching glaring at me in what was becoming dark evening shade very quickly.

The elk walked back up the trail it had come in on and was swinging toward Scott. It stopped at about 30 yards again offering a broadside shot. Being frustrated from the very close shot I had obviously just blown, and being one of those unbelievably considerate hunting partners, I waited for the cow to continue towards Scott. Hopefully he would do better than I did. The cow did leave on the trail to Scott as predicted. Scott watched the other elk scatter on the side hill across from him. As the lead cow came closer Scott began to draw his bow for a 20-yard shot but noticed the cow stumble. Then she stumbled again. Then in one last surge of adrenaline she ran down the hill, stopped against a tree, then tumbled to the ground within ten steps of Scott's stand.

PHOTO ON PREVIOUS PAGE:
The Author, David Netherland, in a proud moment with his first elk and the selfbow that made it possible. Two challenges well met.

Not knowing what Scott had just seen, and thinking that I had shot low, I decided to get down to check out my arrow for a clean miss. My arrow was still stuck ten inches into the ground where it had landed after the shot. Examination of the arrow showed only a three inch smear of blood between two of the fletching. The cow didn't act hit at all as she walked away. Well, at least it was a close clean miss.

The other elk had left the area and it was getting dark so I ventured down the trail to Scott's stand. I was welcomed with a jubilant cry. I naturally thought that Scott had taken his first elk with his self bow. I was as equally happy for him as I was upset at myself for missing such an "easy" shot. Then as he stepped up the hill from his stand he gave me the whole story. I couldn't believe it. After some hand shakes, congratulations, and photographs we took a close examination of the cow. My arrow had passed completely through just in front of the shoulder. We back-tracked the cow's movements easily. The blood trail was unimaginable and obvious that the carotid artery had been severed by my sharper than razor-sharp Zwicky broadhead. This hunt was enough to prove once again the importance of following up all shots for evidence of a hit. The 700-grain arrow had done it's job. Now it was time for the work to begin. At close to 2 a.m. we hauled out the last of my elk.

The next morning we loaded up the meat and camp. Since the weather was still fairly warm during the day I took no chances in any of that meat spoiling in the heat. We headed for home for the remainder of the week end with plans to return on Monday for Scott to fill his tag.

The return trip to camp was just as full of excitement and anticipation as the first but with the bonus of having my wife Sheila along. We arrived late in the morning and worked quickly to set camp. With camp set and our second half of the challenge yet to be met, Scott set out for an afternoon hunt. I returned to my stand as well, hoping to get a couple of pictures. Nothing. Not even that stupid squirrel came around.

Scott had a little different luck however. The whole show, a herd of

about two dozen cows and a nice six-by-six bull was on his side of the hill that evening. The bull kind of took old Scott by surprise with a full-blown, 100-decibel bugle directly behind Scott's stand, less than ten feet away. It was amazing that no shot could be made with that much action around him. I was surprised that Scott was even able to stand up to watch those elk after having the beezers scared out of him by that bull. For a while it looked like a tranquilizer gun may be needed to slow him down to hyper when we arrived back at camp.

It was so late that evening before we all went to sleep, sleeping late the next morning was easy. A late breakfast, an early lunch, and Scott was ready to go tag an elk. This time I at least heard the elk coming down the mountain. The time continued to tick by with no shot taken by Scott. Then, in the last ten minutes of shooting light I heard a stampede of elk heading for the high timber and Scott blasting away on a cow call to slow them down. The cow call worked, but the elk walked out of sight.

I waited for Scott to come by my stand and give a full account of events. He appeared at my stand within minutes of the action carrying a broken arrow shaft partially cover with blood and hair, but no smile. The elk had spun around in reaction to the bull just as Scott released his arrow. The hit was low and back a bit. I assured Scott that the color and location he described sounded like a liver hit. We could wait until the next morning to take up the trail just to be on the safe side. The last thing we wanted to do was push that elk out of the state. Scott's hopes and spirits were improving. I'll bet you can guess how much sleep we got THAT night. Sheila had prepared a



Scott's homemade bow brought big smiles and a freezer load of delicious elk meat.

huge hot meal for us. After a great meal and a shower the camp was quiet enough to hear a tick crawl.

Early morning frost was a welcomed sign at daylight the next morning. The blood trail was a challenge even to mine and Scott's experience levels in tracking, but that's another story. The use of hydrogen peroxide and a stride stick were two tricks we used that would keep us on the trail, but by 8 a.m. we were standing on the last of the fresh blood and listening to a raven further up the mountain. Scott and I both agreed looking that direction may pay off.

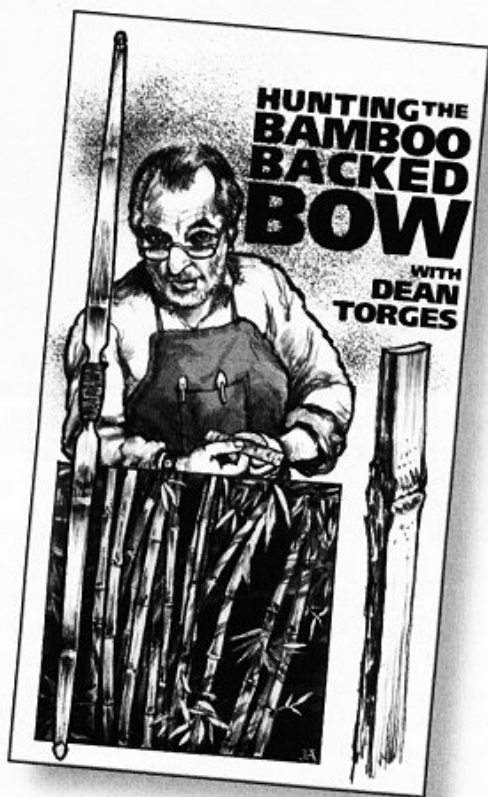
The young cow's hide was shining like new money only another fifty yards up the trail. A definite liver hit with a low exit wound plugged by the elk's body fat had produced the sparse blood trail. A few pictures and three hours later, we were back in camp with the last of Scott's elk. The challenge had been meet.

We stayed one more night only because of pure exhaustion. The next morning we all slept late, took longer than ever to break camp, and savored the moments.



VIDEO REVIEW: *Hunting the Bamboo Backed Bow,* By Dean Torges

— A review by Ian Priestnall —



VHS videorecording with Dean Torges, A Traditional Vision Quest Production, © The Apprehensive Dinosaur Press, 2001. Approx. 72 minutes. US \$ 29.95 + \$ 4.50 priority shipping. PAL (European) format \$ 32.95 + \$ 9 shipping to most countries. Available from Dean Torges, 7425 Fontanelle Rd, Ostrander, OH 43061. <http://www.stickbow.com/torges/>

Bows made of a reed . . .

(Roger Ascham, Toxophilus, 1545)

Regular readers of this magazine may recall that when, a year or more ago, I reviewed Dean Torges' book, *Hunting the Osage Bow*, I asked whether there were any plans for a successor. If so, I wanted a copy. Well, there is a successor and what's more, I have a copy. Just goes to show the power of the press.

The successor is not a book but a video. Dean is becoming quite the multimedia master: I first came across him on the Internet, via the Grumpy Old Bowyers column at stickbow.com. I read his book with delight and benefitted from it immensely. Now I get the chance to see and hear the man in his own video. If he were to give away a packet of

osage orange shavings with every cassette, you could add the smell of bowbuilding to the sights and sounds – perfect for the urban wannabe.

Dean's video venture lets us meet him in a variety of roles. Dean the bowyer takes us through the stages of making bamboo-backed bows. Dean the craftsman shows us how to use tools, demonstrating a fine, secure touch with marking pencil, Bowyer's Edge®, rasp, scraper, and toothing plane. Dean the archer takes a just-made bow out back and, with no particular regard for arrow spine, shoots a target bale stone dead. First arrow out of the bow slaps a little, but the flight is good. Others get better. Dean the Avuncular cooperates with young Kyle Nappi in showing us how to make a rattan kid's bow. The bow appears as if by magic. It's a good bow, and ten-year-old Kyle shoots it good, too! In all these characters we see Dean in various guises: lecturer / teacher (who can't bring himself to pronounce the word aluminum), craftsman (who forgets where he lays down tools, now and then), communicator (who mixes up eighths and sixteenths a little), archer (who just shoots good), neighbor. (Wasn't it Dean, on the stickbow website, who wanted to arm all the neighborhood kids with bows and arrows?) But it's when we see Dean the Hunter that we realize what the man's all about. No eye-glasses, now. No hesitation. No quizzicality. Just a huge grin – that of a man in his element, even half way up a tree in pouring rain. When I saw him in the woods I gained the impression that Dean is a bowhunter who much prefers wooden bows but who maybe couldn't find one he really liked so decided to make them for himself. I may be wrong, of course, but whatever made Dean one of the leading natural materials bowyers of our time, we should be grateful, and doubly grateful that he wants to share his craft with us – something that he does extremely well.

So much for the star. What of his video? What's it about, and who wants to watch it? The book, *Hunting the Osage Bow*, was about the osage bow – Dean's concept of a hunting bow made of a single piece of unbacked osage orange. The video, by contrast, is about bamboo-backed bows: many of them, in all styles and types, from straight sticks through reflex-deflex to working recurve bows, in hunting and target styles, made from staves and slats. This is reasonable, of course. The video medium lends itself to a broader focus than a book, and tillering a composite is easier than getting a good self bow out of an awkward stave, making for a better film scene. If there is a drawback, it is that the medium does not lend itself to patient explanation. Dean and his producers seem to share an unspoken assumption that the viewer will have read the *Hunting the Osage Bow* book. As such, a few things in the video mean that it is not really for the first-time bowyer: the sheer amount of information, the great variety of bows that can be made, some points where I would dearly have liked to ask a question, and the way a video telescopes time so that it looks as if the whole business can be accomplished between breakfast and dinner. Dean also has a joinery shop and uses the tools there deftly and with precision. Not everyone has access to that sort of gear and it would be a mistake if the viewer were to think that they needed it.

To be fair, at every stage Dean tells us that we can do this with hand tools. And he uses hand tools, too. The tooththing plane is the second star of the show, as Dean takes time out to tell us how to build our own, and shows us just how useful it can be. If you never believed that it was worth buying a \$40 rasp, just watch Dean's Nicholson #50 do its job. For those of us still using Stanley spokeshaves, the Bowyer's Edge is a revelation. Furthermore, if you have ever shrunk from building a recurve, you will want to see the bow frame and the way Dean uses it as a gluing and shaping jig. Like all great techniques, it's in essence so simple yet in practice so versatile.

There are many closeups in this video, showing us exactly how the tools work, how the bandsaw follows a line, how to cut a Z splice with an easy-to-make jig, how to cut great slats from marginal or poor stave splits. You even get to criticize Dean's archery style, his hold at full draw and loose being filmed from a point seemingly just about six

inches from his right ear. The bows shown are all beautifully crafted and look so elegant. About the only thing that looks at all rough is the drying box in which Dean keeps his wood and bamboo slats – busted thermometer and all. All in all, the whole process leading to a bamboo backed bow is explained clearly and well. Stringing different bows and talking about them allows Dean to pass on the ideas of correct tiller, even though there is no shot of a tillering tree. There are archery scenes, too. "These," says Dean in one, "are heavy hardwood arrows." The experienced viewer will already have seen that. They look like fireside poker. "The hunting bow casts them with some authority," he says, contrasting the bow he has in his hand with the "flip of the wrist" action of a target bow casting cedar shafts. There is one scene where Dean is shooting the bow he has just made. It is photographed from below, with the entire length of the bow in view. On the draw we get the breathtaking flash of a good bow drawn in a perfect arc, twice. Look for that shot and treasure it.

Imprint it in your mind. It's almost worth the price of the entire video.

While we're on the subject of the actual production values, it's worth mentioning that this is not just Dean rattling on in a workshop. For one thing, Denny Sturgis Jr. provides a voiceover. This may falter just a tiny bit once or twice, but it provides a pleasant audio contrast that retains your atten-

tion, allowing you to concentrate on the action, rather than listening to the Master (and not hearing what he says). And then there's the music. Jack Bowers provides vocals, with instrumental music by Todd Sams and Bud Hall. The songs are all about bowhunting, which I guess means that the sport is mature, if the spin-off industries have gotten as far as entertainment. It's a kind of country-style music that's not overstated, mixes well with the video scenes and never, ever intrudes. Just perfect in making this video so very much more than a mere "How to..." tape.

Hunting the Bamboo Backed

Bow is a fine piece of work, giving us so much more than dry instruction or facile entertainment. It may not be for the first-time bowyers, but buy it for them anyway, just to let them see what they can aspire to. Buy it for yourself. Buy it for the family. Buy it if (like me) you are the only bowyer in an otherwise fiberglass, aluminum and carbon fiber, wheelie-dominated club. Play it during a winter club evening. You may gain some converts. At the very least, you will gain more understanding for the wood bowyer and the all natural-materials archer.

Buy it if for no other reason than to be able to say: "Honey, I thought we might stay home this weekend. I've bought a nice bottle of wine—and a video!"

* Ian Priestnall is a freelance technical editor and translator based in the Netherlands. He first watched this video in the company of several of his own bamboo backed, bamboo faced, and split bamboo bows. He has made all of the mistakes the video warns against, and then some.

**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

**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

BOWS and KNIVES

By Wolfgang Bartl

I think that you will agree with me that a bow and a knife are two things which belong together. Stone Age man carried his bent stick and with it a flint-blade, modern bowhunters and field archers carry a knife also, and for this there are practical reasons.

A hunter has to skin and cut up his prey, whilst a sturdy knife can be his saving in the case of close combat with a dangerous animal; a man who is doubly armed with knife and bow has the better defense.

Besides this, a robust knife is an important tool. It is, of course, designed for cutting and/or stabbing, but it has other uses. It can double as an axe, hammer, lever, spear-point, or even a firestarter in combination with a flint. Target archers, field-shooters and "rovers" need their knives primarily for digging arrows out of target frames, rotten logs, or trees when that elusive target has been missed.

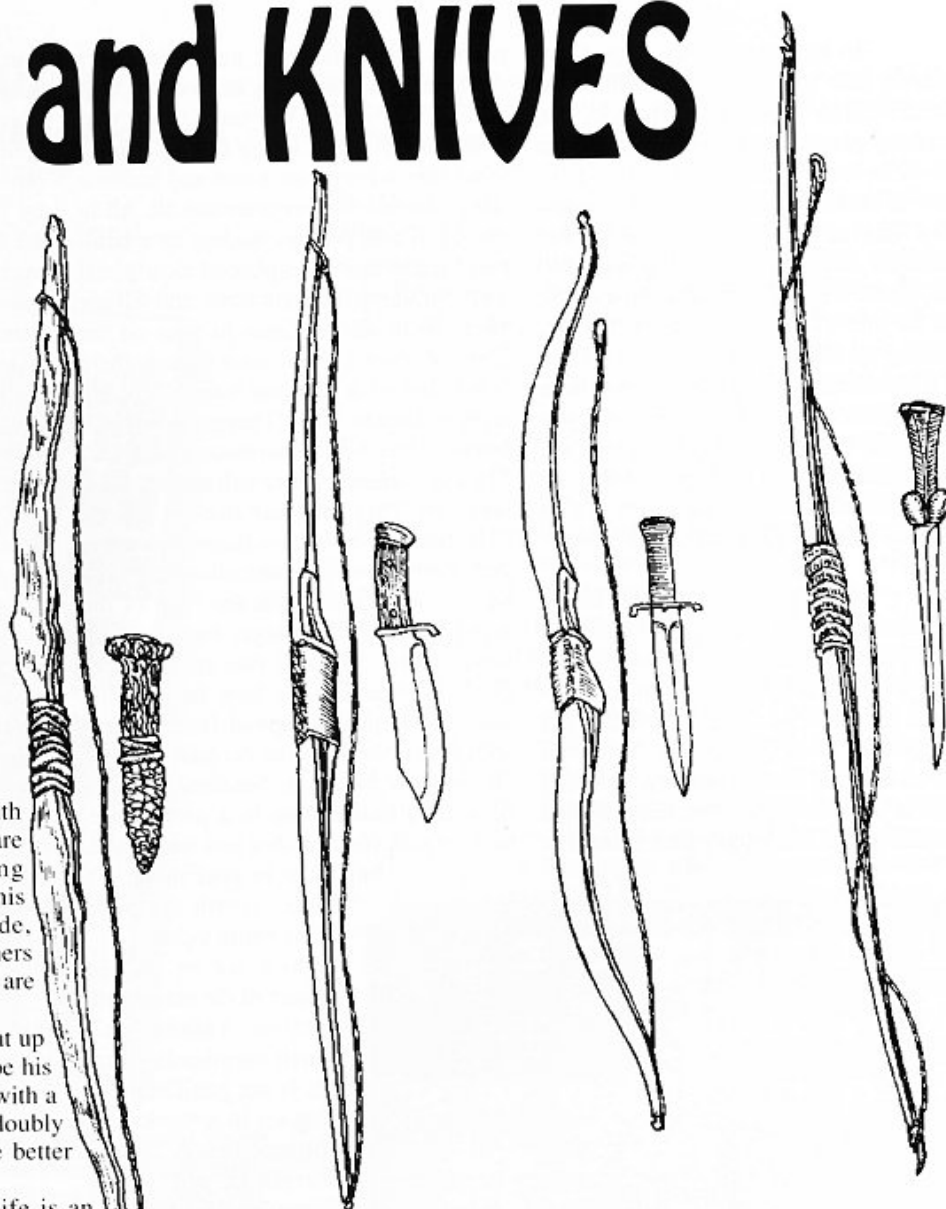
In the wilderness, it can be advantageous to carry two knives: a big one for rough or heavy work, and a smaller one, of a more normal size for general use (see Fig.1). Most of the time, one good knife will be enough for most situations.

When I go to our shooting ground (an overgrown former quarry) I mostly carry a sharpened Swedish Mauser bayonet on my belt. You need a knife there, it is like a spot of wilderness in our densely populated Ruhr County. The price of these Mausers is quite low, and the steel is good for cutting and for digging out arrows. It has a tube-like handle and, to close this up, a fellow archer has turned a plug in brass for me, and fitted it with a rubber ring. Thus, I can stow away small things inside it. The handle is tightly wound with thin

twine, which makes a good grip; and if I should need some string it is always at hand for use (see Fig: 2).

Although the knife is primarily a survival tool, or in an extreme case for killing, it can also be used to save lives and I will give a personal example of this. In Germany, bowhunting is strictly prohibited. (They are even tighter there than here in England—British Ed.) Nevertheless, one day, a member of our club took aim at a buzzard who nested in the quarry. The bird was circling slowly at a height of about 100 feet (30m) and was known to all of us as a good old friend.

Just before this chap came to full draw, I told him to stop; but he just grinned and said "Will you take a bet on this shot?" I placed the blade of my knife on his bowstring and replied, "Sure, I'll take a bet. I'll bet you'll need a new bow !" (See picture.) He didn't shoot, and was quite shocked, asking me if I really would have cut his bowstring. I said I would have. To shoot at this proud and touselled old "air-hunter" just for fun? No. Apart from the prohibition it is a matter of respect for life.





Because I am interested in both bows and knives I have studied the sorts of knife preferred by archers with different types of bow. I have noticed that shooters of "primitive" bows mostly use Bowie, or "Green River" style blades, often self-made; whilst modern longbow and simple recurve bowmen prefer Bowie types, or daggers. On the other hand, many high-tech enthusiasts such as compound archers tend towards so-called "survival" style knives.

I notice only two categories of bowmen who never, or seldom, carry a knife: the serious "white uniformed" target archers (it may be that they are so accurate they never need to dig an arrow out), and "yumi" archers (but maybe they have a "tanto" concealed in the pleats of their robes)

Most interesting to me is self-made gear: be it armguards, quivers, bows and arrows (naturally)—or knives. You can see quite simple and roughly made ones, such as a ground-down machine saw-blade with a grip of leather strips, or you can find really fine pieces of art indistinguishable from professionally made weapons—and sometimes even better—because a "hobbyist" can put his soul into his work. There can be many loving little details which show with what fervor a knife is made. (I can verify this. I have two of Wolfgang's replica knives—a 12" single bladed medieval "bollock" knife and a 12" medieval dagger designed to penetrate mail. Each is a perfect example of modern German craftsmanship—British Ed.)

Even if one is not skilled, and the result looks crude, it doesn't really matter. What counts is that it is self-made. One of my favorite knives looks quite crude—some might say ugly even. Its blade is forged from a piece of spring steel with the rough surface still showing. The wooden grip pieces are fastened with strong glue and in addition are riveted with 4mm brass pins (Fig 3). A major problem I found was to drill holes through the handle because of the hardness of the steel. To solve the problem I

changed the cutting angle of an ordinary diamond-tipped masonry drill on a grinding wheel; this was done carefully, cooling and watching that it didn't overheat (see fig 4). Later I was able to get several drills for use with hard metal, although in Germany these are not easily obtained.

The most important part of a knife is of course the blade, and the way I would suggest that a beginner start would be to buy a blank, in semi-finished condition. This will be already cut to shape with a drilled tang, and a pre-ground edge. Better still if you know a blacksmith who can forge a blade from spring steel, because this can be ground and filed to the shape you want. Holes for rivets can be drilled at this stage, and then the blade hardened to around 57° or 58° Rockwell.

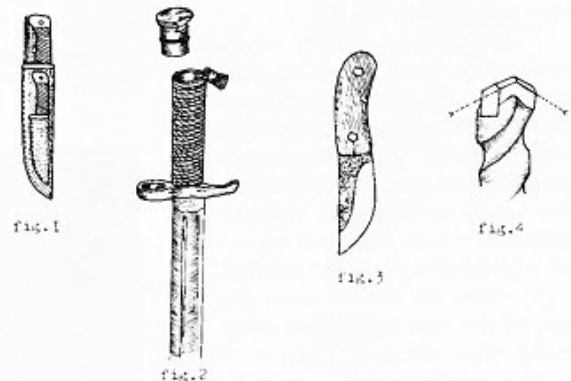
An old and worn-out file can be given a new identity when forged into a knife-blade since it too is good steel. On a back-quiver I use, I wear a "striker knife" in a laced on sheath set on the shoulder strap. The

blade is forged from an old round file and although it looks mighty "rustic" it is a good knife. It cuts well, and by striking a flint with it, I can start a fire (see fig: 5).

I would advise against grinding down machine-saw blades. They are too hard, have no elasticity and are brittle. You will be unable to drill through them, and the risk of breakage is too high.

A real stroke of fortune would be if you could get a blank of Damascus steel, or even a strip. After grinding and filing to shape it will need to be sanded down very finely, and then polished smooth. Finally, it should be etched in acid to emphasize the beauty of its structure. For the handle use hardwood, horn, bone, antler, whatever comes your way, it all looks good. A combination of horn and bone, or brass with a dark hardwood or horn looks very well (see fig 6).

Now, I will try to describe the way in which my last knife was made. I found the blade-blank cheaply at a flea market, slightly rusty but in good condition. After sanding its sides on a bandsander, it was smoothed down with 400 and 600 wet and dry glass paper. At this point I sharpened it a little (but not too

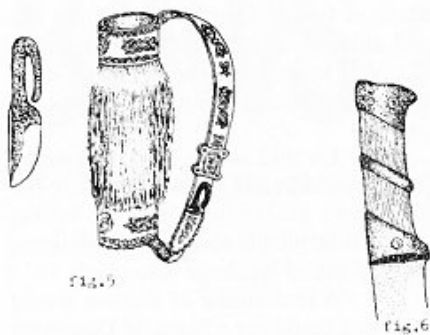


Palo Duro Bows
recurves • longbows

Mike Godfrey
806•259•3008

Free Catalog

1314 Brice
Memphis, TX 79245



much, as it would be too dangerous when working it further).

Almost every hobbyist, or anyone who likes to make his own gear or repair or alter it has his own "sacred boxes" of bits—all mighty valuable and important stuff. My wife may say it is rubbish, and what do I want with all that junk (some females, my own included, have no idea what things are important to men). Sorting through my boxes I found several bits of 8mm brass strip from which I made end pieces, above and below the handle. I soldered these four pieces on to the tang as a pommel and a hilt, and drilled holes for 4mm brass pins. After riveting these, I drilled a 6mm hole through the end, in which I inserted a short 6mm brass tube for a leather lanyard (see Fig B).

Now, all the outer edges and corners of the brass were filed, rounded, and then sanded, and the wooden pieces were fitted exactly between them using a good "two-part" glue. For decoration, and additional security, I drilled eight 3mm holes, in two rows through the handle into which I inserted eight brass pins, which I also glued in. (see fig C)

Now the excess wood and the heads of the pins were filed away, the handle was shaped, corners were rounded, sanded, and smoothed. The result was an attractive hunting knife which when finally polished could be honed to razor sharpness.

OK. The knife is now finished, but how to carry such a sharp weapon? All knives with fixed blades should be carried in scabbards. So, now is the time to make one. But first, the knife must be protected. The blade is slightly oiled and a thin plastic strip is wrapped around it and secured by adhesive tape. This will protect against rusting. Then a final lengthwise strip of tape along the cutting edge, for added security. Better safe than sorry.

For the sheath, vegetable tanned 4mm cowhide is the very best material. It can be easily formed and sewn when moist, and it dries hard and stiff.

At first a pattern has to be made, the outline not too close to the knife's contours. Allowance should be made for a "safety strip," placed internally between the edges of the sheath to avoid the blade cutting the stitching.

The knife is placed on a sheet of card and its contour drawn. The knife is then turned over, and the contour repeated to give a mirror image. To this outline I add 15mm and draw a second line around it, adding the extra piece for the belt loop, and a little for the front to cover part of the handle (see Fig D).

Cut the card and fold it. Bend it around the knife and check for size and shape. There should be about 1cm extra on the open side, where the safety strip will go. Ensure the belt loop is correctly angled for ease of removal and is long enough.

If all is well, transfer the pattern to the leather, smooth or hair side outward. (It might help to draw a bisecting line on the rough side for guidance.) Lay the knife on the leather and wrap it around to check the fit. It will be tighter than the pattern as the leather is thicker than the card. Do not bend this kind of leather sharply when dry, or it will crack; best to wet it prior to bending.

Time now for the safety strip. This is cut 8mm in width, and the length and shape of the blade's edge. With the knife in the folded leather, check there is room for the strip, if it protrudes a little this does not matter. Check that the knife moves easily.

While the leather is drying, sew the belt loop to the back of the sheath. Before doing so, thin its end (see Fig E). Mark its position, roughen the surface a little, and using a contact adhesive, glue into place prior to sewing (see Fig F). After about ten to 15 minutes of pressure, I then prick the holes for sewing with a medium sized awl. A sanding block of cork makes an excellent padding base for this, pricking the holes "freehand" is a dangerous game, and besides, the holes are made more evenly using a block (See Fig G). It is also helpful to have some beeswax nearby, and to stick the awl into it regularly. This makes for good clean holes, and easy work. The quality of your work is best when the holes are even and at a constant angle (see Fig H).

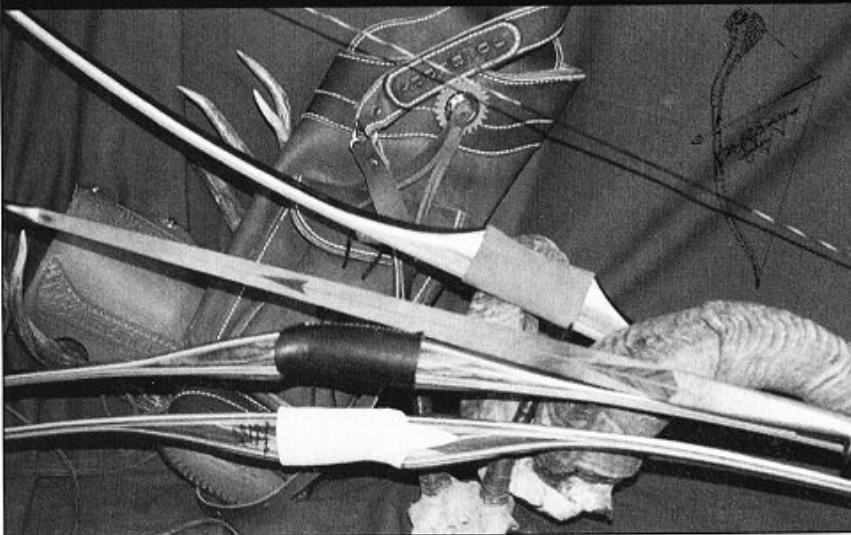
To insert the safety strip, all four contact points must be roughened by scraping with a blade or coarse sanding paper (see Fig M) 10 to 15 minutes after applying the contact glue, the strip can be laid in position, and the leather folded, then pressed together. The duration of pressure is not so important as

J.D. Berry Archery Handcrafting Fine Longbows Since 1980

S. 303 Hallett, Medical Lake, WA 99022

(509) 299-3029

Send \$1.00 for brochure



the strength. Lay it aside to dry and prepare the sewing items.

The strong saddler's or shoemaker's thread must be about five times longer than the length of the seam, and well waxed. (Well-waxed artificial sinew works well, too, holds very tightly, and looks excellent) Then two medium saddler's needles with rounded points are prepared as follows. One needle is fastened on each end of the thread. About 5cm of thread is put through the eye, and the needle is stitched twice through the thread, giving an "S" shaped loop. This is repeated with the other needle (see Fig J).

The glue should now have dried, and the knife fit can again be tested. It may still be a little tight because the sheath is still too rounded and not yet flat enough (see Fig N). For easier stitching and better forming, the sheath can be wet again, and then dried a little. Dripping wet leather is not good to work, I let it dry until its surface is about the same as slightly moist cardboard. The sheath can be flattened now, the blade area becomes wider, and the knife (still wrapped in foil) will slide into it. With the knife removed, I draw a line with my thumb-nail where I shall be sewing, about 4/5mm from the rim.

Along this line, using the cork block, I prick with the awl the holes for the seam, every 4mm, and all at the same angle (See Fig O). The beeswax rests nearby, and the waxed awl drives through the three layers of leather (12mm) like a hot knife through butter.

I start the sewing at the opening of the sheath by stitching the first two holes four times for extra strength, then proceed as follows. Insert the first needle into a hole, and draw it fully through with half the length of the thread. Insert the second needle into the next hole, and push its full length through. The first needle is then also pushed through this hole, each thread thus making a loop on opposite sides (see Fig K).

With my left hand I then loop the left thread once around the projecting needle point and pull both needles through slowly and steadily, until the thread is tight. (see Fig L) The effect is to knot each stitch inside the leather. The principle of this classic saddle stitching is that because the thread has a tied knot at every stitch, such sewing is much stronger than any machine-made seam. I continue in this way until all stitching is complete, then I make a tight knot, sew a few stitches back, and cut the thread. The last few stitches can be secured by a drop of superglue, but this is not essential.

With the stitching completed, the knife is pushed into the moist leather sheath which is pressed firmly with my thumbs on to the blade. The contours of the handle are then reproduced on the leather, again by pressing. When this is finished, your thumbs will be pancake sized. Work with care though, for fingernails will leave a permanent mark.

The belt loop is now bent closer and the sheath left to dry; still with the knife in it. To finish I smooth the sewn edge of the three layers of leather I have stitched, on a bandsander, and finally I rub the sheath with dubbin (don't use oil).

A knife with a blade of carbon, or Damascus steel should not be stored for too long in a sheath of vegetable tanned leather. This material draws moisture from the air and will combine with the residue of tannic acid to cause staining. To maintain its appearance keep the blade slightly oiled. Good hunting!



fig. A



fig. B



fig. C



fig. D

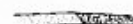


fig. E



fig. F



fig. G



fig. H



fig. K



fig. J



fig. L

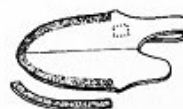


fig. M



fig. N

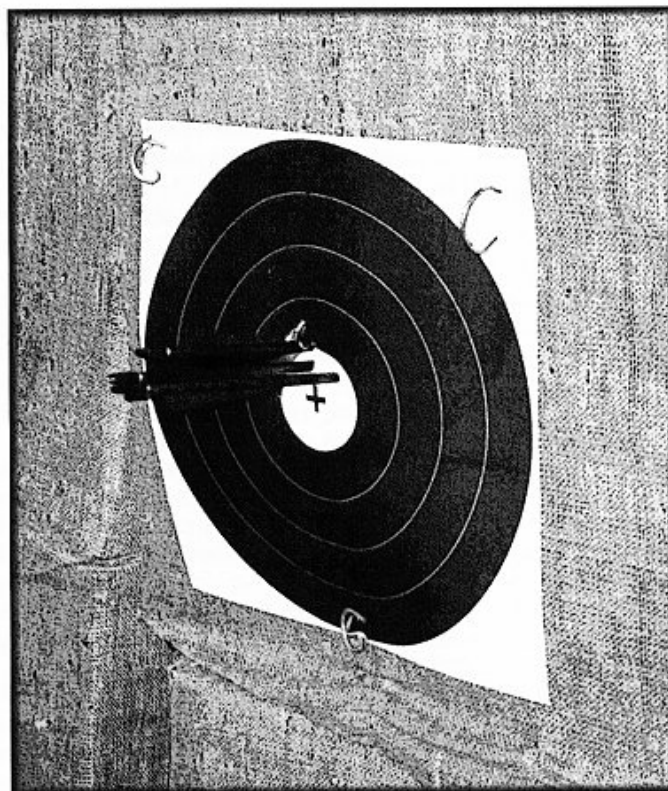


fig. O



Maintaining Your Level of Accuracy

By Red W. Chavez



Again, the old mailbox shakes, rattles, and rolls as questions come in regarding accuracy and shooting improvement. A lot of you out there are concerned about the lack of accuracy improvement, or stalemate after a period of time. It would seem that if you continue to practice, you would also continue to improve. But, alas, each of us, according to our individual abilities, will eventually peak out. Most of us will not be satisfied with that level of accuracy and indeed that is an admirable trait of good instinctive shooters. It drives us to more practice and hence more familiarity with our equipment.

While it is good to recognize our limitations in shooting, it is not necessarily acceptable to accept those limitations as permanent. Sometimes improvements are occurring that we don't readily appreciate. An example of that might be the practicing of shooting under hunting-like situations—that is, stump shooting or setting up your tree stand and shooting at a 3D target. While you may not see a great improvement in accuracy over a period of time (because each scenario is different), you will definitely see great improvement in the time required to complete the shot process, and that computes into increased accuracy and success. You will assuredly see the results of that practice the first time a deer comes into shooting range, stops for three or four seconds, and you are able to react and complete the shot process before the animal moves on. Chances are good that you will be successful if the animal is within your shooting range.

Because of our chosen shooting media, we are thrown into the pit of constant practice sessions to keep our senses sharp and our hand-eye coordination up to snuff. This being the "off season" does not help to generate the ambition to do the time at the practice range or indoor range. For me, this is an exciting time of year, as it is the beginning stage of the renewal of my form, stance, and hand-eye coordination. This time of year brings back renewed interest and challenge in the pursuit of accuracy. It is a chance to shoot with others of my persuasion and to gauge the degree of regression I've fallen into because of the lack of shooting associated with the season. I also rely heavily upon the scores and achievements of the past to drive me to the highest level I can reach as my age and physical deficiencies increase.

To start this yearly event, I register for the Traditional League at the nearest archery shop, and at the same time I make plans to visit the target league sporadically. My reasoning for shooting leagues is the posting of regular scores, under the stressful condition of people watching, that indicate to me any improvements in accuracy. Usually by the end of spring leagues, I have peaked out a level of accuracy and only have to carry that over to shooting outdoors. During this time, I mainly equate success with score—my primary goal being to shoot as high a score as possible each night of the league.

I have been doing this for a long time and am quite comfortable with the self-induced pressure. I can still joke around and have a good time while being serious about my shooting.

Tipi Living

Quarterly Magazine of Tipi Living - Camping



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

Learning to be relaxed under pressure is another good trait valuable to instinctive shooters. I treat each league night as an event and I practice for that event. League shooting is not about just going to shoot one night a week, it is about practicing during available times during the week, culminating with a well-shot league night.

It is also a good idea to shoot this rejuvenation with a bow other than your primary hunting bow. For me, if I have done the majority of my hunting with a longbow, I switch to a recurve for the league shooting. Why? It is easier to refresh my shooting form with "new" equipment. I am more aware of each step in the shot sequence and my form will improve quicker with the "new" feel (although it is a good idea to use a bow of near the same poundage as my regular hunting bow, so as to achieve the same arrow cast as my main stick). I find that a couple of months working with my recurve makes my longbow shooting flow like fine silk on a summer breeze.

Also, at this time of year begins the muscle-toning process. I have a multi-station piece of exercise equipment that gets used two or three nights a week, not for muscle building, but for muscle toning. I use mediocre weights and multiple repetition to achieve maximum tone and endurance. All this training and practice is prerequisite to the upcoming 3-D tournaments. The best mental and physical conditioning leads to more self-satisfaction with the results, and the final goal attained is self-confidence, another trait for good instinctive shooting.

Now, for those who don't have the time or inclination to put themselves

through these yearly routines, there is another way to revitalize your shooting prowess and improve your accuracy. This method relies upon regimented practice sessions that precisely reflect your ability and improvement as it happens. Sometimes these signs of improvement are quite evident during a session and at other times you have to look at the results of several sessions to see improvement. A typical practice session would go as follows: assuming that you've been lax and have not practiced your shooting since the end of hunting season and it's already the 4th of July, you must begin with a basic assessment of where you stand in the stream of accuracy. Start by shooting four or five arrows at your target from no more than ten yards. It is best to use a clean paper target here, because you will be looking at arrow groups, not only per group as you shoot, but as a whole when you're done for the day. Slowly and methodically shoot your arrows, concentrating on the individual steps of the shot process (pre-draw, draw, anchor, and release). Focus on the spot you wish to hit and shoot each arrow the same, make no sighting adjustments.

Those necessary adjustments should happen by themselves as your hand-eye coordination kicks in. Don't be fooled by your first several groups of arrows. If they happen to be good, don't believe it, because only time will prove them. Sometimes after a lay off in shooting you will be able to pick up your bow and shoot several arrows perfectly as your mind performs, instinctively, the tasks it remembers. Then, the mind starts to question itself as it strives to duplicate



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

- **Perform each shot the same, with no sighting adjustments.**
- **Concentrate on “the spot” and methodically perform the steps in the shot process.**
- **When you can hear the arrows slapping against each other, you know you’re doing the right thing.**

or improve the shot, and all accuracy goes to pot.

Once you have refreshed your mind and body as to the steps in the shot process, you can begin to pay close attention to the placement of your arrows. It is a good idea to number your arrows and record where they strike the target. Any arrows that consistently spend time outside the main group should be set aside for inspection or kindling. What you are looking for here is where does your first arrow consistently

go, your second, etc. Each time you shoot a group, record the arrow placements. Following your practice session, you should study your target face first to see where your total grouping is and then use a sheet of paper to map out the placements of your first arrow of each group, the second arrow, etc. You only need to do this a few times for you to realize the importance of that first arrow.

You will be “psyching” yourself out to being more careful and deliberate on that first shot, hence your shooting

will improve. Two months of practicing this way two days a week should have you back to maximum self confidence come September hunting season. And, it never hurts to throw in a couple of 3D tournaments, where one arrow per target really gives you an idea how you’re progressing.

After all this, I find that I best maintain my degree of accuracy and form by shooting regularly throughout the year. I admit that I don’t see an increase in actual accuracy from season to season and it does take a little more practice to maintain my standards each year. That is mostly because of my aging eyesight. If I could learn to shoot with glasses or find a perfect combination of contacts, I am sure that I could return to the “days of yester-year.” Yeah, sure!



J. B. Harrison Longbows

EXCLUSIVE LIMITED-EDITION LONGBOWS

All bows made exclusively from tempered, laminated, carbon composites. Carbon fiber risers and exotic hardwoods.

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

<http://www.harrisonlongbows.com>

Richard Longbow with his Black Wolf Take-Down and the WORLD RECORD SOUTHERN ROAN ANTELOPE



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

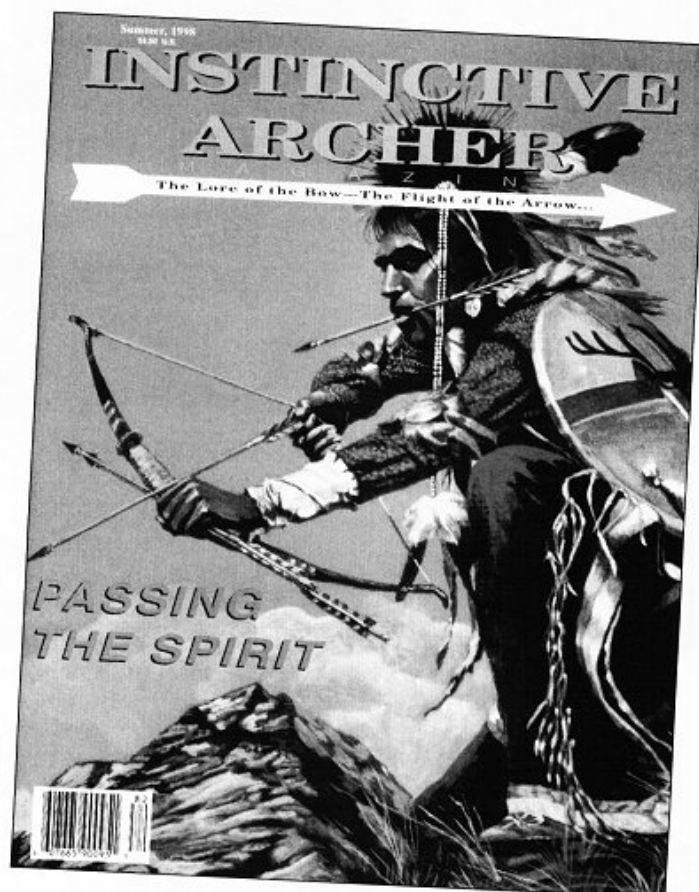
The Lore of the Bow—The Flight of the Arrow...

Subscribe Today

Experience a Refreshingly Different Perspective.

*The Hearty Magazine
For
Rugged Individualists*

*We Don't
Run with the Pack!*



2-01

INSTINCTIVE ARCHER

M A G A Z I N E
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.**

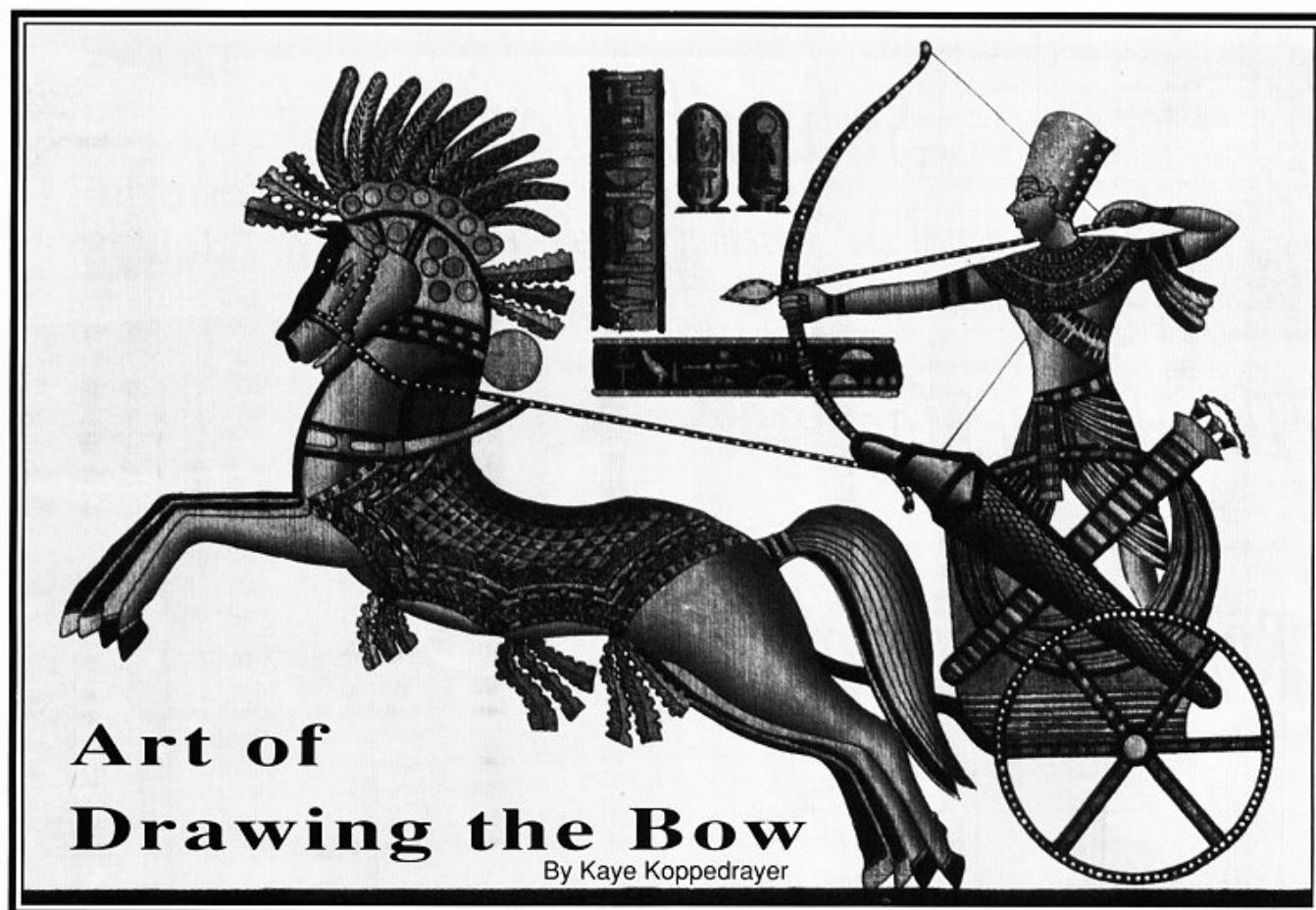
AVAILABLE ISSUES:

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

(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.



Art of Drawing the Bow

By Kaye Koppedraye

Photo of Egyptian print.

Some time ago, I came across two Egyptian women selling some prints done on papyrus at a large outdoor market. The prints, computer-generated, were based upon actual and quite ancient art. The colours were vivid and most of the prints depicted readily recognizable scenes from different pyramids and other monuments. As I leafed through the stack, I came across a print showing an archer holding a bow at full draw while standing in the back of a chariot. The stance of the archer was what drew my attention to the work. His feet were a good distance apart; his body straight and his shoulders lined up with the arrow. The overall balance of the piece was quite pleasing, so I bought it.

It was only after I got it home and took a really good look that I noticed just how extraordinary this archer's stance was. Here was a left-handed archer. That, however, wasn't the only unusual feature. He was drawing the bow in such a way that the bowstring was behind his head instead of in front of it. That sounds impossible, nonetheless in the print, the arrow was decidedly on the back side of the archer's neck, and the bowstring behind his back. This is a hard draw to imagine if one visualizes an archer starting with the bow out in front of him, or pointing toward the ground. However, if an archer

starts drawing a bow while it is raised above his head, he might just be able to bring it down at full draw with the arrow behind him.

Some other features of the draw are also worth noting. The position of the hand drawing the bow—thumb down, fingers up, with the palm of the hand tipped toward the arrow and flush with the wrist—suggests the archer was using a thumb release. The arrow resting on the thumb of the bow hand seems to verify this, as archers using a thumb release often shoot off the thumb. And, as is the case in some forms of Japanese archery, the archer has drawn the arrow way back.

For someone of average height, the arrow would have been at least 40 inches in length. No anchor point by the chin for this archer, instead his arrow is way past his head, in what seemed to be a floating anchor.

The stance gave me pause, and although I was just a little tempted, the old adage I remember from TV crossed my mind, "Now kids, don't try this at home." I thought about the stance, but for the time being, I put the piece aside. I just couldn't figure out how one would keep from getting mangled by the bowstring on its return. I figured the print-maker was just exercising a little artistic license.

On more than just a few occasions I've come across artistic works showing composite bows held backwards, or bows strung the wrong way, or held with completely impossible draws, or shown in other fanciful ways. One set of Persian miniatures I've seen shows an inordinate number of left-handed archers on horseback. At second glance it was apparent that the formal composition of the pieces demanded that some of the horseback archers be shown moving from right to left. Here, one way to avoid showing just the back of a horse archer was to depict him as left-handed.

A different piece from Iran shows another kind of error. The piece, done maybe a decade ago, depicts a hunting scene chiseled on a metal plate. In it, the artist shows some knowledge of a kind of bow that was once used in Persia, as the hunter is holding what resembles a double-curve bow. But, for this artist, archery was nothing more than a cultural memory, and a distant one at that. The bow the hunter is holding is strung backwards, and though at full draw, it looks more like a slingshot than a bow. The end result is a little comical, but telling of how tradition is lost.

Even museums are guilty of such mishandling, as one finds bows strung backwards or upside down in their displays. A recent catalogue of a prominent exposition of Japanese martial traditions contains enough errors to reveal that the curators, notwithstanding



Illustration from 15th Century Turkish manuscript. (Date of de Bertier's book is 1900)

their expertise in other areas of art history, didn't really understand how many of the pieces of equipment on exhibit were actually used.

What I've seen in a lot of this material is a reminder of what happens when archery becomes nothing more than recall. In places where once vibrant archery traditions have more or less died out, artists and artisans often try to keep a memory of these old traditions alive by using hunting and other archery scenes as common decorative motifs. Sometimes it is the result of a tourist trade which places high demand on certain genres of representation, sometimes it is because rustic images appeal to a nostalgia for the past. Whatever, like the game of telephone that children play, the further one moves away from an engaged and participatory form of knowledge, the more distorted the representations of it can become.

So, with a couple of other engagements demanding my attention elsewhere, I forgot about this Egyptian print and its fantastic way of drawing a bow. That is, I forgot about it until I came across

another print showing a very similar draw. I was staying with some folks over in Colorado. There, in the bathroom was another Egyptian print, and though not exactly the same as the one I had, it also showed an archer drawing the bow behind his head. That, along with an enigmatic response I'd gotten from someone when I asked about the possibility of such a draw, got me to puzzling about whether such a draw was ever used.

I found an answer to that question at the University of Oklahoma library, in Norman, Oklahoma. Some years ago, Paul Klopsteg's extensive collection of books, articles, and other miscellaneous materials was donated to this library, and now it is housed among the History of Science Collections. Since not many people use this collection, staff were both surprised and pleased at the request to retrieve some of the materials. In a work by Albert Count de Bertier, *Le Tir a l'Arc*, published 1900, I found descriptions and illustrations of the same behind-the head draw. Set in the middle of a chapter outlining the different ways

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



Wilderness Bows

Reflex-Deflex Design

No Hand Shock

Fast Shooting

Excellent Craftsmanship

MODOC Broadheads



For Swaged or
Wood Arrows

• 125 gr.1" cut
• 140 gr.1 1/8"

For Aluminum or
Carbon Arrows

• 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



Photo of Munkhtsetseg, current female archery champion of Mongolia.

people in places as disparate as Japan and the Amazon drew bows, Count de Bertier offers a couple of pages on this draw. Describing it as demanding a thumb release—echoing what the Egyptian print was showing—Count de Bertier observes that this form allowed the archer to use quite heavy bows, while not having to relinquish size or scale. He cites an illustration from an Arab manuscript of the fifteenth century which shows this kind of draw.

Even more interesting is his mention of an eye-witness account from a traveler who had been in Turkestan, in Central Asia, north of what is now Afghanistan. The traveler, unnamed by Count de Bertier, had been provided with an armed escort and on more than one occasion had seen the horseback archers practice this method of shooting. According to the traveler de Bertier

quotes, the mounted archers showed considerable dexterity with their bows, being able to shoot with either the left or right hand. Of all shots, the behind-the-head draw was one particularly suited for horseback. Moreover, it was the easiest to execute when the mounted archer needed to shoot at something behind him. Without having to turn around, the archer could get an arrow off the bow quickly and efficiently.

Recently I had a chance to gain a little more information about this kind of shot. Two Mongolian archers were special guests at the International Horseback Archery Festival in Fort Dodge, Iowa, held September 7th through the 10th, 2000. One, Munkhtsetseg, is the current female champion of Mongolia, and has held that title for six years. She comes from a archery family, as her father was both a noted archer and bowmaker. Through the aid of an interpreter, I queried Munkhtsetseg about this draw. She told me that though she has never seen it herself, her father described it to her. She had also heard about a 74-year-old woman who knows this form.

However, there were occasions when works of art took liberties when they depicted this draw. Count de Bertier notes that sometimes the artistic representations showing this draw were done for stylistic or religious reasons, a view collaborated by Douglas Frayne of the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. In a portrait of a king, for example, it would be disrespectful or worse, a bad omen, to cut the subject's face or neck with the line of bowstring. It simply would be inappropriate to offer any hint or suggestion of decapitation by showing a line drawn across a person's neck. Count de Bertier

shows an Assyrian bas-relief now housed in the Louvre museum in Paris which simply erases the bowstring where it would obscure part of the face of the king being portrayed. This stance is fanciful, as the archer is holding the arrow in front of him, while the string appears to be behind his head. A shot like that would be impossible to execute. But de Bertier shows another illustration, this one from a bas-relief at a pyramid in the Egyptian city of Luxor, which, judging from the position of the hands, arms, and the arrow, suggests a genuine stance. That piece of sculpture is likely the original, with my print based upon it.

In the end, I don't recommend that any archers try this method at home. I think much more training than initially meets the eye is required to manage this shot without injury to body or limb. Something in this stance speaks of a certain dexterity that we, long schooled in maybe one or two stances, have lost. Whether it will be easy to regain such knowledge without the aid of good and knowledgeable teachers is something I don't know. What I do know, however, is that these little tidbits of archery tradition do have their appeal. It has taken a lot of persuasion on my part to convince my husband not to experiment with this particular draw.



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.

The Competitive Edge

by Gary Sentman



Preparing for ADVENTURE!

T've been preparing for adventure of one kind or another all my life. Those who have followed my columns in this magazine for the past few years have read about my adventures in Alaska, South America, Australia, and of course the northwestern states. I decided at a young age that a fellow with my limited education would be able to get a job working in the woods, driving a truck, or the worse case scenario, working in a sawmill. I felt I would become a vegetable if I had to do any of this to insure financial security and be able to partially retire in 15 or 20 years. I remembered a story I heard as a boy about the guy who went to the doctor's office and asked the doctor, "Doc, I don't drink alcohol, smoke, or chase wild women, will I then live to be 100?" The doctor answered, "Probably not, but you will think so!" I have always believed in "The Great Spirit," but I also believe that our time here on earth belongs to the individual and it is to be used for as much adventure and prosperity as one is willing to work for.

In most of my adventures, the thing that always remained the same was that I was packing a bow and a quiver full of arrows or in some cases a rifle. It wasn't because I was always out to kill something, but rather because I felt with either bow or rifle, a pair of good boots, blue jeans, a good sheath knife hooked in my back pocket and strapped on my belt, and a good sleeping bag, I was self dependant and ready for anything. It was with this mind frame that I have been able to enjoy champagne adventures on a beer budget.

I informed Rik Hinton, Editor of this magazine, that this would be my last article until after the New Year, 2002. I explained that adventure was calling and that after writing for Instinctive Archer Magazine for several years, I needed time to gather new material. As you read this article I will already be somewhere in Alaska or perhaps Canada or the northwestern U.S.

My theme in archery equipment as well as in real life has always been to "Keep it Simple" and in the perspective of the real-world. My life has been, for the most part, lived in real world conditions. I've never liked Hollywood scripts or commercial set-ups. In the six to eight months that I will be on a full-time adventure, I intend to produce two videos, "Advanced Longbow Shooting" and "Longbow Adventures," as well as gather material to write about.

You may be wondering how I am preparing for this adventure. I have many friends and contacts all over Alaska and the northwest. This opens up a wealth of information and a wealth of opportunity. I have boats, ATVs, and places to stay which will help make this adventure possible. I purchased a four wheel-drive pickup that will be loaded with the equipment and

supplies that I will need: an Alaskan two-man domed tent, a "Quallofil" sleeping bag for wet northwest weather, boots of leather and rubber, light wool trousers, two light wool coats, and a heavy down parka. I will be packing several cameras and equipment, four longbows, all 68 inches long, one 55-pound pull, two 60-pound pull and a 65-pound bow to work out with. And of course more arrows than Carter has pills of both wood and aluminum.

The bows will be used more for entertainment than for hunting. I hope to put on exhibitions at some Alaskan outdoor events and promote traditional archery. I may do a little deer hunting on Kodiak Island and possibly take in a moose hunt in August or early September.

I have learned to avoid bear encounters by some simple rules such as watching the birds. They will tell you if there is a kill close by or a large predator such as a brown bear is near, by their squawking and flight pattern. The natives of Alaska have lived for generations in bear country and generally carry small firearms for protection and hunting. I intend to spend a lot of time with the Alaskan natives because I believe they have inherent in their culture more wisdom of the "real world" than the "weekend warrior" dressed in camo gear. I would like to get into some of the native villages and film some of the culture that still remains.

As a survivor and one who believes in taking care of myself in the woods I have given special care to the caliber of the handgun I will carry. When armed with only a bow and arrow in the Alaskan wilderness, the handgun will be my mainstay, because carrying a rifle or shotgun would not be practical. Although there are several high-quality, double-action revolvers available, the single-action design is renowned for its ruggedness and reliability, especially when processing the super-heavy magnum loads in times of dire consequences. The negative of slow reloading time is probably not going to be a factor in extreme encounters, which are usually over very quickly. Of the revolvers suitable for serious confrontations, I feel none can equal the Freedom Arms line. These folks became famous for the original .454 Casull revolver, and have expanded to produce guns in most other calibers. The extremes to which they go to produce a high-quality handgun are unparalleled in the industry. The unquestioned champion of serious handgun cartridges is the .454 Casull, but few shooters are up to the task of absorbing its tremendous recoil. I have chosen to carry the Freedom Arms 44 Magnum. I will be using a 300 grain "LBT" bullet which features a wide, flat "Meplat" or frontal area of the nose. It has been researched by my friend and fellow archer Frances Moore of Black Tail Pistolsmithing here in Myrtle Point, Oregon. The "LBT" bullet is a favorite of Alaskan guides.

I do not plan to video a lot of kill scenes. There are numerous commercial videos on the market that cover horns and trophy animals. I'm more interested in capturing the adventure and excitement of being in a real wilderness area armed with a bow, handgun, and knife, filming nature.

My objective is to film real people and real adventure in the real world. So if it is out there I will find it, video it, and write about it in future stories in Instinctive Archer®. Watch for my column and my videos when I return.

—Take Care.



THE BIG BULLS OF SUMMER

By Terry Jamieson



When deer season ends and I am looking for ways to maintain some sense of crispness to my shooting skills I do not have to look far. When the warmth arrives here in Missouri, so does the booming sound of bullfrogs, and rest assured—they are an absolute riot to hunt with traditional equipment and at night.

As a boy growing up in northern Arkansas, bullfrogs were for hunting and eating, and it seemed every kid in my neighborhood indulged in this fantastic sport. It was not uncommon for us to gig up to a dozen or so each night during the season, and some were as long as our little arms when stretched head to webbed feet. Mom would fry them up and the smell was incredible, and the taste, well let me just inform you that the taste is still something I crave during the summer sides of life.

By the time I reached high school I had decided that gigging was much too easy and I needed something else in the way of weaponry to add a degree of difficulty to the chase. Enter my longbow. It just made perfect sense. With a head

lamp and a few flu-flu arrows tipped with target points I was ready to try it out as an alternative, yet more difficult method to take one of my favorite game animals.

Bull frogs are unique game animals indeed. They have a voracious appetite and will eat about anything that moves and fits in their mouths. They are wary and will explode from the scene in a flash if you are loud and unprepared. They are also plentiful and I'll bet if you check your state regulations and locate a pond or two, you will be surprised at how much action will follow.

When at first I tried this sport for real. It was profoundly hard to do with any success. It was several nights before I nailed my first frog, and many weeks before I was able to bring home as many as ten in an evening. Even on the nights when I was doing well I still amassed a multitude of misses. I was amazed, but I was hooked for life. Now it is something I look forward to each year around the middle of June as another way to use my bow and instinctive desires to better myself as a shooter.

Try to picture this: I am walking through field and brush in route to a seclude pond. In the distance I can hear the calls of the croaking monsters in the soft air of an early summer night. I approach the pond with the same stealth I use when hunting any other creature. Bullfrogs will be airborne and in the deep water in a split second if you are not prepared to stalk them just as you would a fur bearer.

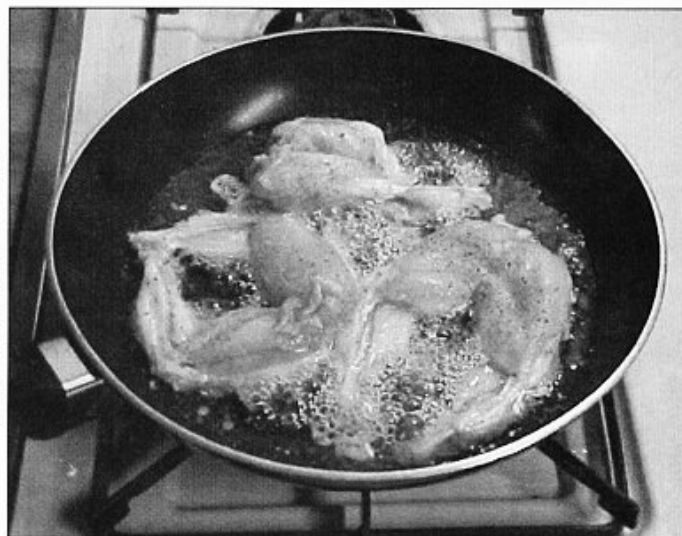
I ease up over the high side of the pond in an effort to mask my approach. I switch on the head lamp and narrow the beam to pick up any shining eyes in the shallows. There they are, more than I expected, isn't this great?

I ease toward them careful not to make sounds or cause the water to be disturbed. Bear in mind that when I gig I have to be about eight feet from them to make a stab. Shooting my bow is no different, the eight-foot rule applies for me. I am casting my arrows at a target about the size of a soda pop can and I need to make a hit that will impale the hearty critter in such a way that it is more than likely pinned to the ground. The shot needs to be at an excellent angle. I pass up anything that is not.

Target tips work best for me because they stick well in the bottom of shallow pond shores and are easy to find. Other tips and heads would suffice I suppose, but target points have been a staple for me because of the efficiency and accuracy needed. Broadheads of even small size will be damaged badly from all of the missed shots, and believe me, you will miss a whole bunch of shots!

I have a big bull at eight feet and I begin to draw my Pearson recurve that pulls 45 pounds at 28 inches. Its perfect for this sport and its relatively easy draw and light weight make hours of shooting seem like a snap. I have to focus on the frog's eyes and head. If I hit

It combines the excitement of hunting wary game with the anticipation of tasty meat sizzling to a golden brown in the skillet.



back an inch or so I will still be able to anchor the big fellow.

It is frozen in my light. Utilizing the narrow and bright beam I pull, anchor, and release in a quick motion. A close miss, and the frog leaps clear out of sight. The arrow is embedded in the shallow water and easy to retrieve. There are countless more eyes in my light and I have plenty of time and arrows, and when I exhaust this pond I have several more I can head to this night. I enter the water in my rubber boots, equipment is simple in the frog hunting business. I pull the arrow and the quest continues.

Here it is in a nutshell: if your looking for serious fun in the warm

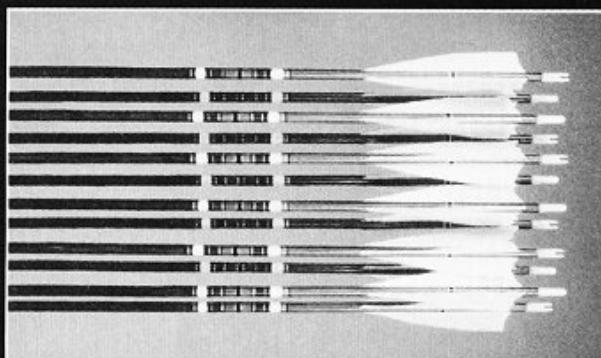
months that will also improve your instinctive shooting ability, then this is for you. The sounds of the night and the excitement of locating these wonderful animals has always given me a powerful rush of fun that really does well in taking the place of my bowhunting months spent chasing deer and other game.

I consider frog hunting my summer practice. Small targets in a narrow light beam, coupled with plenty of shooting can only mean that I will improve as an instinctive shooter. You have got to try this.



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

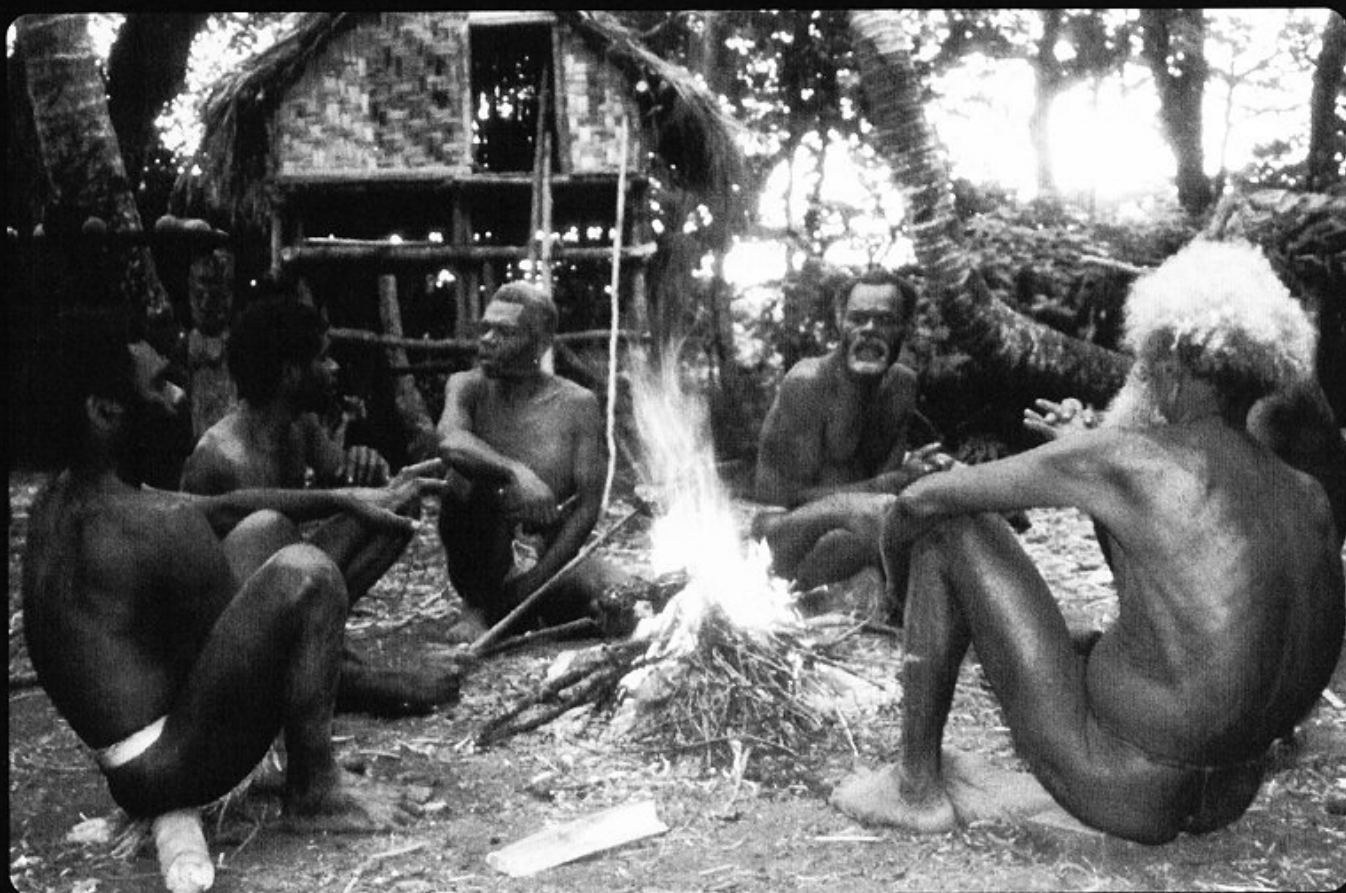


For the Very Best in Custom Arrows
Tapered • Barrel Tapered • Footed • Hollowtails

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



Primieval Pig Hunt

By Rick Williamson

Noaka turned the goat meat which spat and sizzled as it roasted in the dancing flames of the cooking fire. Clad only in penis sheaths, men sitting on their haunches circled around the fire with their arms stretched towards the flames as they relished the warmth it offered from the cool subtropical evening. Laughter rang out as they gossiped and waited for their evening meal to cook while the village boys chewed their kava for them. A year had passed since I'd last visited Yakel Village. Noaka had greeted me back to this last traditional stronghold with a deep frown and a look of concern. Although I'd beaten the fever, malaria had ravaged my system and emaciated my normally athletic physic.

Mortified by the change in my appearance, Noaka had immediately ventured into the nearby jungle and captured a goat. Ever since Captain Cook and other early explorers introduced the goat to Vanuatu, its superstitious villagers have believed the animals flesh is a remedy for malaria.

As he cut me off a piece of charred goat meat Noaka's cheeks bulged from the slices of kava root which he noisily chewed. The dry analgesic root forced him to draw phlegm from his throat till he'd chewed a wet pulpy wad, which he spat onto a plate of lap lap leaves. With a carefully measured amount of water he sieved the masticated kava through the natural mat which grows at the base of coconut leaves into a cup formed from a coconut shell. A smile spread across my face as he handed me the shell. To refuse a drink of kava on Tanna Island is to refuse friendship, as it is in the rest of Vanuatu. The greasy, acrid, coppery-tasting brew helped wash the succulent goat meat down my throat. As it coursed through my veins the effects of the mind numbing concoction were immediate, and enveloped my system with a mellowing glow.

A hush of hallowed ritual ensued as once again Noaka chewed a cud of kava. For only he can prepare the drink to call upon the divine guidance of his forefathers spirits and ancestral gods. Saving the last mouthful, he spat a fine spray of the brew onto the bare earth at his feet. Looking towards the heavens, he spoke aloud in his native tongue, calling for guidance as he told the supreme supernatural beings he was going to the jungle in the morning to hunt puka (pig) with his bow. Like most primitive people's, Yakel's world isn't a divided one. Flesh and all of creation are entwined with powers which transcend their own

limited capabilities. Despite my obvious lack of fitness, when I offered to accompany Noaka on the hunt there was no protest.

"This will make your body stronger" he reassured as he handed me another piece of steaming goat meat. I wrapped the meat in lap lap leaves and ventured back down to the village to rejuvenate my system with a good nights sleep.

The village roosters yawned and rubbed the sleep from their eyes under a shroud of dark eerie volcanic cloud. Violent tremors accompanied by a cannonade of booming sound stirred me from my deep kava induced slumber. Nearby, Mount Yasur was in full eruption as it drew deep breath through its vents then spewed blood-red lava and rocks from its hellish cauldron with what I imagined to be a terrifying chaos of sight and sound. A fine dust of acidic volcanic ash coated the ground as it rained down from an angry looking sky. Several weeks earlier a few terrified villagers had headed down to the coast when mother nature had unleashed her wrath by emptying her bowels with a powerful grade-four eruption.

A normally fiery rising sun was reduced to a dull glowing orb as it vainly tried to burn its way through the darkening ash clouds. Noaka was going through the daily ritual of feeding his pigs which freely roam the village. Every morning the animals place their heads on the sill of the elevated doorway (to keep the pigs from entering the hut) and wait for Noaka to give them a good scratch behind the ears before he feeds them breakfast. The animals play an important part in primitive Melanesian society. Men achieve elevated status amongst their peers through the ritualistic rearing and then slaughter of hogs which have had their top grinders removed, allowing them to

grow long circular highly prized tusks. During primordial rites such as circumcisions, initiations and funerals, the blood of a pig is spilled on a sacrificial altar. Tusks adorn masks, ceremonial bows, and other fetishes which are the focal point of rituals. So precious are pigs that they are even used as a

dowry for bride price to purchase a wife.

Noaka was empowering his bow by rubbing it with sacred manem leaves when I returned to the hut. He tightly coiled a vine around a leaf and tied it to his bow in the belief it would deliver his arrows with divine guidance. The villagers enjoy a free simple existence by using the most basic of implements fashioned from the goldmine of the jungles natural resources. These primitive artisans carve their bows from a carefully selected limb from the namal tree. Made from dried wild cane, arrows are also tipped with hardwood from the namal tree. The cumbersome-looking arrowhead he'd carved especially for the hunt looked as though it would better suit the shaft of a spear than an arrow. When cannibalism was rife throughout Vanuatu the arrow would've been tipped with poison. The venomous recipe has been lost with time due to early propounding missionaries attempts to erode these people's unique culture.

Wild pigs live in close proximity to the village but a strict tribal law forbids hunting them unless the animals are going to be used for ritualistic purposes. A three-hour walk lay ahead of us before we reached our hunting ground. Following the hard packed earth of a well worn trail which centuries of tribal traffic had formed would lead us to a wide expanse of undulating jungle which the villagers call Yelgoin. Home to both types of feral hogs which inhabit the island. A large captain cooker domestic cross and a more stunted relative.

For 15 uneventful minutes we followed the track till we reached Niben, the tree of death. Its charred insides and the cowry shells imbedded in its limbs are a grim reminder of its gruesome past. The relaxed atmosphere of nirvana didn't always permeate from Yakel's laid-back villagers. Cannibalism was once rampant throughout the island. After warring with neighboring tribes, slain victims were cooked and hung from the tree. Corpses sometimes swung from its branches for three days before they were completely eaten. After that time the meat was considered to ripe to eat and the remains were placed in another sacred banyon tree and left to rot for scavenging animals. The distant roar of Mount Yasur belching rocks from its volcanic throat reverberated through the trees and spread a smile across Noaka's face.

"That's a good luck sign, or at least you'd better hope so, long pork" he said as he gave my arm a squeeze and

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





Fashioned from the hardwood of a namal tree the night before the hunt, Nokoa's arrowhead looks as though it's better suited for the shaft of a spear.

licked his lips as if testing a side of beef. His features took on the look of a demented, half starved cannibal. While he fondled the end of his arrowhead his gaze shifted to the tree of death.

"I'm not much of a mouthful since malaria's hammered me. There's probably just enough meat left for a bad tasting sandwich" I replied as we both burst out laughing. No matter how many times we walked past the tree we'd go through the same routine. Bouncing our excuse for cannibal jokes off of each other with our warped sense of humor.

A steady rain of ash stung our eyes and made our teeth rough with grit as we wound our way towards Yelgoin. Throwing all caution to the ash-filled wind, all hunting was forgotten as we made quick time. Pigeons and wild fowl exploded into flight in a flurry of feathers as we noisily pushed towards our hunting ground. The matted weave of jungle looked anything but a pristine rainforest as it became coated with a dull grey blanket of ash. As we entered Yelgoin's fringe, Nokoa climbed a coconut palm. Sweet coconut juice quenched our thirst and washed down the grit in our mouths. After eating the flesh from the nuts we filled them with dirt before throwing away the shells. Villagers believe the lizards which inhabit the jungle are devils and if the reptiles eat any discarded food the lizard's evil spirit will strike them down with some form of sickness.

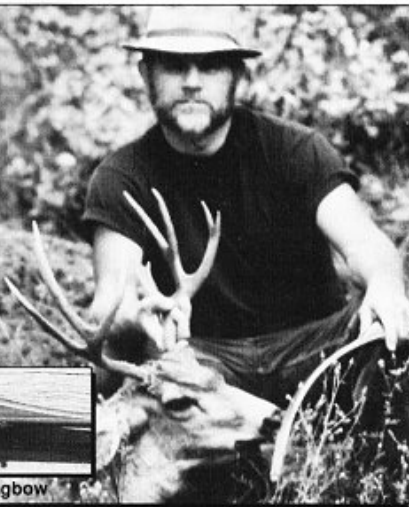
Refuelled and refreshed, Nokoa led the way as we left the track and twisted and turned through the weave of jungle. A fog of ash dust flicked off of the vegetation as we pushed our way down into a flat area of open jungle. From the look of the marks Nokoa was running his hands over, a sow and her litter were in the area. Watching him blend with his surroundings was sheer joy as he trailed and read sign as easily as we would read and gather information from a newspaper. Rather than trying to con-


quer nature as we seemed to have done in our industrial civilization, Noaka's people's have become an integral part of, and have an affinity with what we consider an alien environment.

The sharp-edged prints followed a well-used pig run through a maize of trees. With astounding ease Noaka expertly closed the gap to within ten metres of the sow and piglets which were laid up in the buttress roots of a gigantic banyon tree. To arrow an animal from that distance would've been a formality. We left the next generation of breeding stock undisturbed and dropped down into a creek which ran out into a messy gully.

Thirty sweat-filled minutes later we climbed to the top of a ridge into reasonably clear open jungle. Within minutes Noaka put his knowledge of the area and our quarry's habits to good use as he led us to a patch of freshly nosed soil. It looked as if a medium sized captain-cooker-cross boar had recently churned the earth in search of worms and grubs before moving on. I fell into silent step behind Noaka as he read the ground with the tracking skills of a bloodhound. Several times the game trail led into a matted weave of tight-knit vegetation which was more suited to hogs than two six-foot-tall hunters. For nearly an hour we took the quiet and easy option through the jungle, then picked up the mark of the boar again till Noaka came to a halt and nocked an arrow as the sound of rustling vegetation and muffled grunting sent our senses into overdrive.

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



Nokoa with the average-sized boar he killed on our hunt together. We ate like kings. . .

Noaka's fluid movements were painstakingly slow as we drew closer to our quarry along the pig run which cut a path through open jungle carpeted with waist-high fern. I could clearly hear the pig rubbing himself against a tree in an effort to relieve himself of the huge lice which Vanuatu's pigs are lousy with, till apart from the wind rustling through the trees it fell silent. We stood stock still, with our heads cocked for what seemed like an eternity but was probably no longer than a minute. A cloud of ash rose from the shaking fern no more than fifteen metres in front of us as the animal tilled the earth in search of a midday meal. The unmistakable rank odour of boar filled our nostrils as the breeze wafted into our faces. Hunched over like a question mark, Noaka painstakingly moved to within ten metres of the feeding animal. The muscles flexed and danced beneath his ebony skin as the bent limbs of his bow stretched to full draw. The arrow hissed through the air and punched its way through the animal's thick hide and into its flesh as the manem leaf tied to the bow worked its magic.

Pandemonium erupted as the pig squealed and scoffed in annoyance then crashed off as it was swallowed up by the sanctuary of the jungle. For thirty minutes we tracked the animal which had used the pig run as an escape route

as it twisted around trees, through wind-falls and thick fern till the marks disappeared into a patch of wild cane.

I made sure I had a firm grip on the bamboo spear I'd cut myself while Noaka peered into the thicket of cane. I could tell from his body language he'd spotted the wounded pig as he slowly squatted down and reached into the base of the cane. A piercing squeal assaulted our eardrums as Noaka dragged the boar from the cane by a back leg. It was unbelievable, incredibly the arrow was still intact. With lightning speed Noaka grabbed the

shaft and thrust it deep into the hapless pig to end the hunt.

I was buzzing. Taking a pig in the midst of the jungle is a big call for any hunter. Yet alone one armed with a primitive bow. The boar swung from a sturdy sapling across our shoulders, till drenched in sweat we slumped the animal to the ground back at the village. Absolutely nothing was wasted from the pig. The intestines and every other body part the villagers hardened systems could digest was equally divvied out.

Once the adrenaline of the hunt had burned off I realized just how jaded my recovering system was as a villager handed me a slice of goat meat. Shadows danced across the men's naked torsos from the flickering flames of the cooking fire as we roasted taro and pork in the red hot coals.

We ate like kings and washed our meal down with a freshly chewed shell of kava. I felt so alive as I stretched out on my woven mat on the mud floor of our leaf hut to succumb to the sleep of the dead. Another priceless experience had been gifted to me by the friendly selfless people of Yakel village.



RIBTEK

TM

The internal skeleton broadhead.

HUNTER DISTRIBUTING

1232 REDMAN BLVD

ST. LOUIS MO 63138

314-355-8829

e-mail ribteker@hotmail.com

RD STEWART/IMAGER

MORRIS & RAY OTTAWA CA

Summer 2001 ARCHERY EVENTS

ELKHORN ARCHERS' 4TH ANNUAL TRADITIONAL GATHERING

June 2 & 3 2001, Pilcher Creek Elk Feeding Station,
North Powder OR. For more information call Chuck
Buchanan at (541) 877-2348 or e mail
elfive@eoni.com or Terry Everson at (541) 523-
5712, or e-mail severson@oregontrail.net.

ITB NORTHERN EXPOSURE 3D SHOOT
July 21 and 22, 2001, near Potlatch, Idaho. Contact Doug
Kenyon at (208) 875-2301 or dkenyon@potlatch.com.

NORTH AMERICA CHAPTER

BRITISH LONGBOW SOCIETY



June 23 and 24: Albany, NY
July 21 Philadelphia, PA

Contact John W. Treadwell, Jr.
PO Box 159, Upperco, MD 21155
(410) 239-7222 • retread02@aol.com

19th ANNUAL NORTH AMERICAN LONGBOW SAFARI



JUNE 30 AND JULY 1, 2001
AT COMOX LAKE, BC

Come share the sweet smell of Port Orford cedar, the
song of the bowstring and the camaraderie of like-
minded souls. Celebrate this king of sports with us.

60 targets, 30 each day
Novelty Events
Beef and Salmon BBQ

Vendors welcome
Participants must pre-register by May 31, 2001

For information contact:
Kirk Joyal: 250 338-0119 clj@telus.net
Gord Eason: 250 286-1138 gord.eason@weyerhaeuser.com

Visit our website at: www.geocities.com/nals2001



FITA STAR FLIGHT CHAMPIONSHIPS THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL ARCHERY ASSOCIATION REGULAR FLIGHT CHAMPIONSHIPS BONNEVILLE FLIGHT RANGE, WENDOVER, UTAH AUGUST 3, 4, 2001



Contact Rulon Hancock, United States National Archery Association
2782 McClelland St.
Salt Lake City, UT 84106-2238
(801) 467-3084 • rhancock@uswest.net

Arrows From The Sherwood Glen

by Bob Wesley



Bob Wesley (left) and Dan Shelton on a recent trip to North Carolina. Note Bob's portable target which he takes along to shoot his daily perfect practice round.

Perfect Practice for Stress Relief

"Bob, when I'm lining up on an animal my thoughts are concentrated on the animal and aiming the arrow.... nothing else."

The year was 1969 and I sat looking into the eyes of one of the greatest bowmen of all time, Howard Hill. We had just finished shooting a few arrows in his front yard and while taking a rest break I had asked him how he conducted his regular practice.

There is a special magic that comes from shooting a bow the traditional way that seems to calm the spirit and brings a warm inner glow of gratification to the Bowman. Perhaps this return to the basics is an inner revolt against this modern age of plastics, computerized agendas and the overall push of a pressurized society. On the other hand, this feeling of relaxed pleasure does not mean that one simply goes out and flings arrow after arrow while being completely oblivious

to correct form alignment, aiming, and a rhythmic execution of the shot.

Our archery program at Whispering Pines consists of three parts: (1) Correct Form Alignment, (2) Indirect Instinctive Aiming and (3) The Perfect Practice Session. Each part of this program is directly related and absolutely essential to the other two parts.

A correct positioning of the bow hand in alignment with the bow arm and shoulder is essential. The drawn arrow held predominantly by the muscles of the back prior to a crisp release and follow-through is a must. Aiming, of course, is paramount. I firmly believe that a visit to a professional instructor is one of the best investment an archer will ever make.

The above now leads to the area that I would like us to focus on today—that being the importance of the perfect practice session. We've all heard it said that practice makes perfect. Perhaps we should say, "Only perfect practice makes perfect." How does one conduct a perfect practice session?

It has also been said that an archer becomes a Bowman when that special feeling of confidence and inner gratification begins to enhance his shooting style. Understanding correct shooting form and the fundamentals of aiming is important. Executing the two together is most gratifying. However, being able to carry out the above without consciously thinking about it remains the primary objective.

This is accomplished by conducting the daily perfect-practice round. This is the playing field where correct muscle memory erases and replaces incorrect shooting form and sloppy aiming. A perfect practice round is (1) regular, (2) planned, (3) structured, (4) scored, (5) progressive, and (6) enjoyed.

I usually suggest that this session begin with a distance of 30 feet and a circle target of eight inches in diameter. Five arrows are shot per end and four ends make up the session. Let each arrow count five points each for scoring purposes.

After five arrows are shot write down your score. Each end is therefore worth 25 points if shot perfectly.

After shooting four ends a perfect score would be 100. It is important that an archer shoot each and every arrow as perfectly as possible. Attention should focus upon form alignment, aiming, and shot execution. At the end of the session the archer should critique his performance by actually writing down areas for improvement.

Once an archer gets into the regular groove of these sessions, enjoyment will follow. Correct muscle memory will replace incorrect shooting patterns, aiming will become more focused and a feeling of relaxation will prevail.

As an archer improves he should begin to increase his distance to the target in measured increments beginning with two yard increases. In time he will accomplish his shooting goals and when that big buck steps out he will then understand Howard Hill's comments, "... my thoughts are on the animal and aiming—nothing else."



The Story of GREEN ARROW

and his Longbow

By
Bill Miller



Green Arrow author and artist Mike Grell, in full battle gear.

When I was a boy, many of my heroes sprang from the pages of comics—Natty Bumppo, a little-known frontiersman named Dan Brand, and Zane Grey's King of the Royal Mounted. One of the most intriguing was a Robin Hood-like adventurer known as Green Arrow, who stalked mythical Star City, trapped as I was, in modern times. He wasn't immortal or able to fly from danger like other pulp heroes of the day. He waged his own private war for justice armed only with a stick and a string.

The Green Arrow comics of the early 1950s helped to ignite my passion for archery, along with films like *The Flame and the Arrow*, Errol Flynn's *Adventures of Robin Hood* and *Tembo*. But too many gimmicks—boomerang arrows, exploding broadheads, bows you could fold up and put in your hip pocket—caused my interest to evaporate. Green Arrow joined forces with Green Lantern in the 1970s and the series underwent a popular revival, but for me the magic was gone.

Then in the mid-1980s, while researching a newspaper article on the comics industry, I heard Green Arrow was

going to be revived yet again, this time in a graphic novel entitled *The Longbow Hunters*. The title suggested a departure from the high tech trickery that had turned me off before, but I was sceptical—until I saw the first issue.

Longbow Hunters hit the shelves in mid-1987, the cover featuring a hooded archer with a traditional longbow and a full backquiver of arrows. Oliver Queen, the protagonist a.k.a. Green Arrow, has moved to Seattle on the lush and compelling Pacific Northwest coast, and is having a mid-life crisis. To cope, he is going back to basics by forsaking gadgetry for the longbow, trick arrows for cedar shafts. And his mentor is the legendary Howard Hill!

The writer and artist was Mike Grell, creator of the highly successful *Warlord* and *Jon Sable*, Freelance series. I had met Grell about 18 months earlier at a convention in Victoria, B.C., before I had learned that a new Green Arrow was in the works. I knew from my research Grell had been the principle Green Arrow artist in the 1970s, when gadget mania was at its peak. *Longbow Hunters*, however, suggested Grell had a strong view of Oliver Queen as a traditional archer.



The bow hanging in Ollie's den, for instance, was clearly drawn by someone familiar with the classic Hill-style longbow. In one scene he was huddled in his basement building wood arrows, the trash basket beside him containing the broken and discarded trick arrows of the past. He also practiced there, sending arrow after arrow into a straw-bale target beyond a wood-burning furnace.

And the realism of the Seattle street scenes, especially in the Pike Place Market and Pioneer Square neighborhoods, was almost palpable. The artist clearly knew his stuff. My curiosity was piqued. I felt like I had met a long-lost childhood friend and we had discovered, in a swirl of nostalgia and reverie, that we still had much in common. I wanted to know the story behind the story and I resolved to track Grell down. We met again early this year.

Since 1985, Mike Grell and his wife, Laurie, have lived in a fortress-like home nestled against a forested mountain side in northwest Washington, not far from the Canadian border. The house, "barnlike" is Grell's description, is on seven acres and is one of only three homes in the surrounding 20-acre valley. It has wood-beam supports, redwood ceilings, oak floors, and looks and feels solid. Seven very friendly dogs, including a Rhodesian Ridgeback, two German Shepherds and an Irish Wolfhound, lend an atmosphere of rambunctious camaraderie while greeting a visitor or parading through the house.

Outside is a pond filled with goldfish and Koi—at least until the kingfishers and a Great Blue Heron make their annual pilgrimage—several turkeys, four Emus, and nine Friesian

horses, which Grell and Laurie use in performances with the Seattle Knights, a medieval action troupe that does jousting and choreographed battle scenes. Laurie, a sculptress, and Grell also perform in *Murder Mystery* Weekend shows at nearby hotels.

Grell is affable, high-spirited and burly, poised at the threshold of what promises to be a bold and vigorous middle age. His gregarious manner suggests

momentum, and he struck me as a formidable foe in a jousting contest and a sturdy companion in the woods. He is a natural raconteur, a talent reinforced by the fact he does his writing with a tape recorder rather than a typewriter or word processor.

And he has a very special interest in *Oliver Queen*. In fact, he was drawn to comics as an adult because of the *Green Arrow/Green Lantern* series. A buddy showed him an issue in 1970, when he was an Air Force illustrator in Saigon. Until then Grell had wanted to be the next Al Capp and do funny stuff; now he wanted to do something more serious.

"I especially liked Ollie because he was basically an ordinary man with an extraordinary skill, which he learned through hours and years of practice," Grell told me. "Other than the silly costume and trick arrows of the time, there was nothing that set him apart except that he chose to live this Robin Hood-kind of lifestyle."

"What I liked about the *Green Arrow/Green Lantern* team was that it gave two sides of the coin. *Green Lantern* saw everything in shades of black and white, good or evil. Then you had Ollie, who saw all the nuances of gray, who realized that the spirit of justice was more important than the letter of the law. That's a

philosophy that blends well with mine."

As I had suspected, Grell is also an avid archer. His interest took flight as a lad growing up in Wisconsin, when he and his brothers would make bows and arrows from sticks and reeds. A favorite game was to set up a cardboard box and run around shooting arrows at it, like Indians circling a wagon train. They would stuff arrows down the backs of their shirts like a quiver. A very young Ollie does this in *Longbow Hunters*. "That was me," said Grell. "We played just like that when I was a kid."

After his eldest brother got a Howard Hill lemonwood longbow, the boys learned to string it by standing on a chair and putting all their weight on the tip. Grell acquired a Bear Kodiak Magnum in 1971, but it snapped at full draw the day before hunting season opened, almost breaking his rib. He bought a compound and took several deer. Then in 1984 he answered an ad in the newspaper for a longbow.

"Just knowing it was a longbow was enough to get me interested," Grell recalled. "I went over and what I found was two Howard Hill longbows, a Hill backquiver, about two dozen arrows, an armguard and a glove. I bought the whole nine yards." Grell no longer has one of the bows, a 46-pound Big Five. But the other became not only Grell's favorite but also the model for *Oliver Queen's* bow in *Longbow Hunters*. It's a 57-pound Tembo, designed after Hill's world-famous bow which was used to dispatch three African elephants. But whereas Ollie's bow has bamboo limbs under clear glass, Grell's are under black glass.

"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, 1992 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.



ing cavalry on horseback and he had to shoot a guy out of the saddle. Both horses were at full gallop. He had to hit the target plate, a foot square layer of balsa backed by steel and covered by leather.

"I don't know if you have ever tried archery on horseback, but I have and it's not as easy as you might think. Hill needed a bow that would snap that arrow out so fast it would take a minimum of time from release until the target changed position. So he used a 100-pound bow. The stunt men used to say they got paid an extra \$250 for being shot by Howard Hill and there was never any question about when to fall off your horse. It was like being hit in the spine with a ballpeen hammer."

Grell said his own experience shooting from horseback was "ignominious at best." Performing with the Seattle Knights about six years ago, he was circling at an easy canter with a

Grell is a font of Hill trivia, and he spills bits and pieces of his knowledge into Ollie's story. Additional bits spiced our discussions. When I questioned him about a reference to Ollie shooting a 100-pound bow he replied "Hey, that's what Howard Hill shot. It's what he used for the stunt shots he did for Robin Hood and the scenes where he had to shoot very fast and very flat.

"Hill said the best shot he ever made was in *They Died With Their Boots On*, where he played an Indian chas-

backquiver and a lemonwood longbow, shooting at a target in the centre of the arena. He was also carrying a short sword in his quiver. On the fourth or fifth pass, right in front of the audience, his sword cut through the bottom of the quiver from all the bouncing and jabbed his horse in the butt. In about two jumps, the otherwise gentle nag bolted from an easy rocking-chair motion to a flatout, scalded-cat run.

"It threw me half out of the saddle with my feet caught in the stirrups. I was hanging down, contemplating horse hooves from an entirely new perspective. It was rather like being ridden out of town on a rail; but for the honor of the thing, you'd just as soon pass."

Grell still owns a compound, but no longer shoots it. In his view, "the compound is an interesting machine for shooting arrows." His joy is in the simple act of nocking, looking at the target and driving the arrow in "reasonably closely." He has a cousin who's an avid hunter and has a compound, very nicely set up with sight pins, etc. They were shooting together one day, and Grell reported that his cousin shot a very tight group at 30 yards, all his arrows within about three inches.

"I had a back quiver with a dozen arrows," Grell recalled. "I shot my first arrow at the same time he did, and then proceeded to empty my quiver while he nocked his second arrow, set up his release and got everything just so. His group was tighter than mine, but I think I had more fun."

Starting with the bow at his side and arrows in his backquiver, Grell can shoot 10 arrows in 30 seconds into a target 20-yards away. He does this in speed trials with the Seattle Knights. If archers are allowed to begin with arrows on the string, Grell likes to stack two. The bottom arrow is nocked normally, but the top shaft has the cock feather in to stack them close together. Both are below the nocking point, fingers are spread wider. Depending on spin and rotation, the two arrows generally hit the target about six inches apart.

"While that might not be centered in the bullseye, when you start with an arrow on the string and your first shot gets you two arrows in the target and you follow with 10 more in quick succession from your back quiver, it kind of freaks out your competition and gives you a little bit of an edge."

Grell uses speed nocks, a 40-pound lemonwood bow and a smaller-diameter string than he would take hunt-

ing. He does not use four-fletch arrows like some archers. Drawing from his backquiver, he spins the arrow between thumb and index finger to find the nock indicator as he brings it over his shoulder and onto the bowstring. As the arrow hits the string, Grell's middle fingers curl into position, he nocks the arrow and his thumb pushes it up to the nocking point. He shoots with a glove and the standard three-grip release.

"All of this happens while the bow is coming up into position," he said. "I shoot instinctively, so the minute I reach my anchor point, I release. At that moment, my hand is actually close to my shoulder and I only have to reach back about eight inches for the next arrow. By the time the first arrow strikes the target, I usually have the next arrow out of the quiver."

Grell has coached a number of people in instinctive shooting over the years, frequently getting them to hit their first bullseye within a half-hour. He believes anyone can be an accomplished archer if they have passion for the bow and are willing to practice.

"Archery is one of the great sports," he said. "My brother has been a rifle hunter for many years, but he has said if he had to give up all other forms of hunting, he would still want to keep his bow."

At that point, I asked Grell if he thought archers should be concerned about the rising tide of gun-control initiatives sweeping North America and especially Canada, where all firearms owners are now required to be licensed and all rifles and shotguns must be registered by Dec. 31, 2002.

"I think if they legislate one out, they'll legislate the other out," he replied. "There's more than just guns involved in the legislation. If they can find a way to eliminate guns, the next thing they will come after is the stick and the string."

"I find it interesting and amusing that there were three reasons the Japanese never had plans to invade the U.S. mainland: population centers were too widely separated; individuals were too well-armed; and the people wouldn't necessarily obey their government."

Grell's return to Green Arrow happened when his close friend and editor, Mike Gold, telephoned to ask if there were any projects at DC Comics that interested him. Grell had worked on Batman, and they kicked that around awhile. Gold said he was actually thinking more of Green Arrow and Grell

replied: "Yeah, he's always been my favorite." Then Gold made the comment that set the tone for Ollie's rebirth in *Longbow Hunters*, and the issues that followed. "Well, think about this: Green Arrow as an urban hunter."

Until then Green Arrow had just been Batman with a bow and arrow, a wealthy playboy looking after his little kingdom. He had begun, cautiously, to take on more intriguing shades after he lost his fortune during the Green Arrow/Green Lantern series, becoming more accessible, more of a man of the people. Grell carried that theme into *Longbow Hunters*.

To do so he reinvented Ollie's origins. When Green Arrow first appeared in the 1940s, Ollie was shipwrecked on a tropical island. He eventually wound up battling pirates, but in the meantime he had made a mask, Robin Hood-style hat, tights, boots, and a bagful of trick arrows. By the 1970s, he could whip a bow from his backquiver, flick his wrist and it would spring open, strung. A fire-guided missile arrow could be attached to the bow that would activate a jet pack in his quiver so he could fly.

In Grell's version, Ollie is on an ocean cruise with his friend Howard Hill. Ollie asks Hill why he shoots an old longbow instead of a recurve or modern compound and Hill says he "simply wasn't a good enough archer to shoot them well." That night, Ollie falls overboard and gets washed up on an island (not-unlike Catalina) with lots of feral sheep. It's a tough slog, but Ollie builds a rudimentary bow and some arrows, learns to hunt and manages to survive. Instead of pirates, he captures a couple of stoned pot growers and becomes a hero. The significance for Ollie is that he realizes relying on gadgetry has cast him adrift; and to become anchored again he must return to the longbow.

Ollie's rebirth also involved a change of clothing. On the eve of his 43rd birthday, his girlfriend Dinah presents him with a new outfit. The sleeveless top, stretch tights, heavy black boots and funny hat of the old Green Arrow are swapped for heavier, looser fitting garments and moccasin-like footwear that goes over the calf and ties below the knee. Dinah says the outfit was more "practical" for the Seattle climate, and modeled after the Robin Hood painting in his den. Instead of the hat, he now wears a hood.

"The change in costume was significant to all the other changes in Ollie's life and lifestyle, like the longbow and bringing him to Seattle," said Grell. "All this was to root him more firmly in the real world. I wanted to get Ollie as far away from superhero stuff as possible and make him closer to Robin Hood."

"And I did away with the hat and gave him a hood because it rains, oh, I don't know, 375 days of the year in the Seattle area."

Grell's crowning touch in bringing Ollie back to earth was his creation of Shado, the willowy, raven-haired beauty who became the female counterpart of Oliver Queen and one of the most interesting characters in the Green Arrow series. Inspiration came from Zen In the Art of Archery by Eugen Herrigel, a German philosopher who traveled to Japan and took up archery toward an understanding of Zen. In Herrigel's now-classic work, *kujutsu* is the simple act of shooting the arrow and *shado* is the spiritual essence of the art of kudo, or archery.

Orphaned as a child, Shado was rescued by the yakuza, or Japanese mafia, and given years of intensive archery training so she could avenge the murder of her parents. She and Ollie are pursuing the same bad guys, but before they realize it Shado severs his bowstring with an arrow as he's taking aim at her during a confrontation, then knocks him sprawling as he lunges at her with his longbow.

Later, soaking in his tub, Ollie grumbles about how old and slow he's getting, and then sums up his disgraceful encounter with penetrating perspicacity. "Half my size and she laid me out like yesterday's laundry," he says. "I wonder if Robin Hood had days like this?"

With Shado, there is never again any question as to Ollie's real-life vulnerability. Said Grell: "I invented Shado so there would be someone who, no matter how good an archer Ollie was, would always be better."

The three-part *Longbow Hunters* raised the curtain on the monthly Green Arrow series, which ran for eighty issues, six annuals and three mini-series, concluding in November, 1993. Grell stepped down as artist after *Longbow Hunters*, but continued to do covers and write scripts. Ollie's adventures took him to Central America, Canada, Britain, Africa and other points on the compass. One caper took him to Sherwood Forest; on another he took part in the Iditarod dog-sled race in Alaska.



And, like Hemingway's Paris, he often traveled with me in my mind to hunting and fishing destinations, and on canoeing expeditions. I think of him as a cross between Robin Hood and private-eye Philip Marlowe, equally at home on the streets or in the wilderness. In some frames, Ollie even tops off his civilian attire with a trenchcoat.

Although an "urban hunter," Ollie still remains a man of the wilderness. At the end of *Longbow Hunters*, he follows clues to the forests surrounding Mount Ranier, looks at his surroundings and says "I am home." This closes the circle with his origins: Ollie began on an island, where he was forced to rely on his bow for the sheer act of staying alive, and now he's returned to the wild.

"There is something that happens when you've been in wilderness for a time, even if it's a short time," Grell said. "If you've ever been in a place where you have become comfortable in wild surroundings, it becomes part of your life and part of your blood."



CLASSIFIED ADS

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

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.

QUALITY BEFORE QUANTITY WITHOUT THE KUSTOM PRICE. ROSE CITY CEDAR, CHUNDOO, COMPRESSED CHUNDOO AND EASTON SHAFTING, CUSTOM ARROWS, GASKET LACQUER, FEATHERS, NOCKS, POINTS AND BROADHEADS. Send for free brochure or check out our website at www.stickbow.com/arrowskp/. **ARROWS BY KELLY** 136 E. 600 North Rd. Rupert, Id. 83350 (208) 532-4416, fax (208) 532-4469, arrowskp@cyberhighway.net

Primitive Bows / Evenly Tillered. Flatbows: Vinemapple \$65.00, Hickory \$100.00, Osage \$195.00. Sinew / Rawhide Backing Available. Sinew Backed Recurves: Vinemapple \$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.

Alaska Brooks Range Bowhunts. Caribou, Moose, Blackbear. Eight days \$2,000.00. Discounts available. IBEP required, ned@gei.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.

ALASKA WILDERNESS BOW SCHOOL! Build self-bows and arrows. Also, Flintknapping, fire making and more. Prime fishing on our property. Contact Doug Theiner at The Rock Shop, P.O. Box 463, Willow, AK 99688. <http://rockshop.virtualave.net> rockshop@mtaonline.net

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.

SUNDOWN PRODUCTS

Whitetail leg and back sinew, whole or processed and ready to use. Rawhide backing strips, hide glue and more. Free price

list. Chuck Homitz, 34 Meyers Road, Washington, PA 15301, (724) 222-5861.

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.

O'E 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 LONG-BOWS. Catalog \$1.25. **WOODS UNUSUAL**, P.O. Box 1722, Hawaiian Gardens, California 90716-0722, (562)421-2171.

HICKORY BACKED (GLASS CORE) BIRCH LONGBOWS \$129.50. Takedown Recurves \$149.00. Cedar Arrows \$39.50. Catalog \$2.00. Dick Palmer Archery, PO Box 1632-I Fayetteville, AR 72702 1632.

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.

HORSEBACK ARCHERY. Advanced training by master Kassai Lajos in the beautiful Kaposmero Valley in Hungary. First week of July, 2001. Contact David Gray at Krackow Company, (712) 946-8332, gray@pathway.net.

ARE YOU READY TO SHOOT?

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



With
Bob Martin

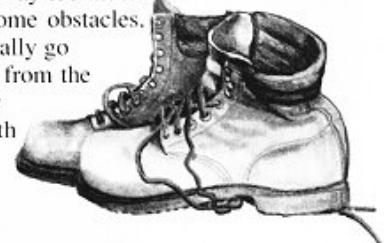
The warming sun seems to have the same effect on me as it does a solar battery. Yes, my near terminal case of cabin fever has transformed itself into a rampant case of spring fever! My intuition tells me this year is going to be a great one! As I write this for our summer issue (it is now April), a record run of spring chinook salmon are surging up the Columbia River system here in the great Pacific Northwest. They say it is the largest run of springers since 1938. This is my good omen.

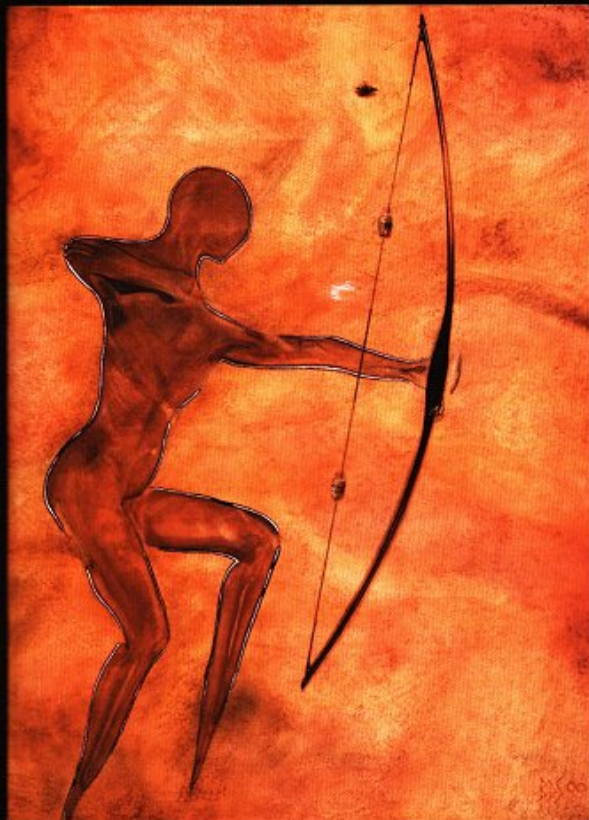
I have promised myself that this year I will take some serious counter measures to the conspiracy that has encroached upon my time and sanity. I have determined that I will fish more, camp more, hunt more, pick more berries, find more mushrooms, and do a better job at enjoying life than I did last year. Some may think that silly, or odd, or selfish, but I have learned over the years that for some of us, this is a necessity, not a luxury. For without our treks and pilgrimages, our exposure to sun and rain, cold and heat, mud and draught, some of us (and I am one) begin to stagnate inside and something in us becomes stifled and our spirits wither. Without an immediate 911 dose of the great outdoors we become irritable, dusty shells of our former selves. Like some plant deprived of water and sunlight.

My case of spring fever reached a crescendo when I found myself sharpening hunting knives for next September's elk season last week. I have packed my new camo day pack, and am planning my next trek to the mountains. Every evening finds me rummaging through fishing gear, and messing with a new fishing pole. I am gymnastically trying to find time to do the normal spring chores and projects. However, I have pledged to keep my priorities straight this summer, even if something doesn't get a needed coat of paint or the grass gets overgrown. Over the last few years I have become painfully aware of an evil plot to keep me from having some much-deserved fun and to separate me from the things I enjoy. I'm not sure who's behind it, but I'm sure it must be associated with the IRS or some other subversive organization. But my dad always used to tell me "You can't keep a good man down." So...I have hatched my own scheme!

I have code named my plan "R&R" (this could stand for lots of things). I can only share a few highlights of it as follows: (1.) Keep a fishing pole and tackle handy in the vehicle so that you can slip away unnoticed after work to a local "fishin" hole. The subversives will think you are headed home and you've got the jump on them. By the time they figure out where you are, you're already "fishin!" (2.) Pretend to be unorganized and forgetful. Camouflage your preparedness by stacking your gear in the basement or garage in unkempt piles. Meanwhile, you secretly are preparing to grab the appropriate pile and dash to the truck at a moments notice! This will catch the subversives by surprise; and before a sabotage effort can be launched you're already out the driveway! Ha! (3.) Be careful who you tell about your next outing. Remember the old adage, "Loose lips sink ships." I have had this happen to me and have yet to get a real boat because of it. My canoe has had to suffice but Rik keeps telling me I'm a loser because I don't own a real boat yet....hmmmm. (4.) Never keep much cash on you, invest in the plummeting stock market, and stare longingly at the new truck ads in the Sunday paper. This will give the subversive element the impression that you're too poor to have fun and lull them into a false sense of security. Then you can strike without warning: Under cover of darkness you drive the back roads to the nearest turkey woods and hideout wearing camouflage*. When they realize your missing, the subversives will be combing the airports, delaying flights and beefing up security check points. Meanwhile you enjoy the spring turkey season unperturbed. (*NOTE: It is a little known fact that camouflage clothing for outdoorsman has little to do with sneaking up on game and much to do with avoiding detection as they sneak out of the suburbs!) (5.) Put a map of your local fishing and hunting areas up on the wall in your garage or basement, like it's some kind of decoration. The subversives will never realize your plotting your next escape. They'll just assume you have bad taste.

There you have some of the basics. Any further information could give away too much. Just remember that success lies in your ability to adapt quickly and overcome obstacles. Before they figure out that your not mowing the lawn, or that you didn't actually go to the auto parts store or hardware store, you'll already be wrestling a trout from the riffles of a laughing stream, and that laugh is contagious! So laugh hearty my friends and have some fun. The Good Book says "a merry heart doeth good, like a medicine." And so it is, my friends, Big Medicine.





IMAGER



© Albert Camicioli Photography

Product imaging to the trade

B.D. Stewart / Imager
221 Knox Crescent
Ottawa, Ontario K1G 0K6
Canada
V: (613) 733 9226
F: (613) 733 2816
bruce.stewart2@sympatico.ca



» *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