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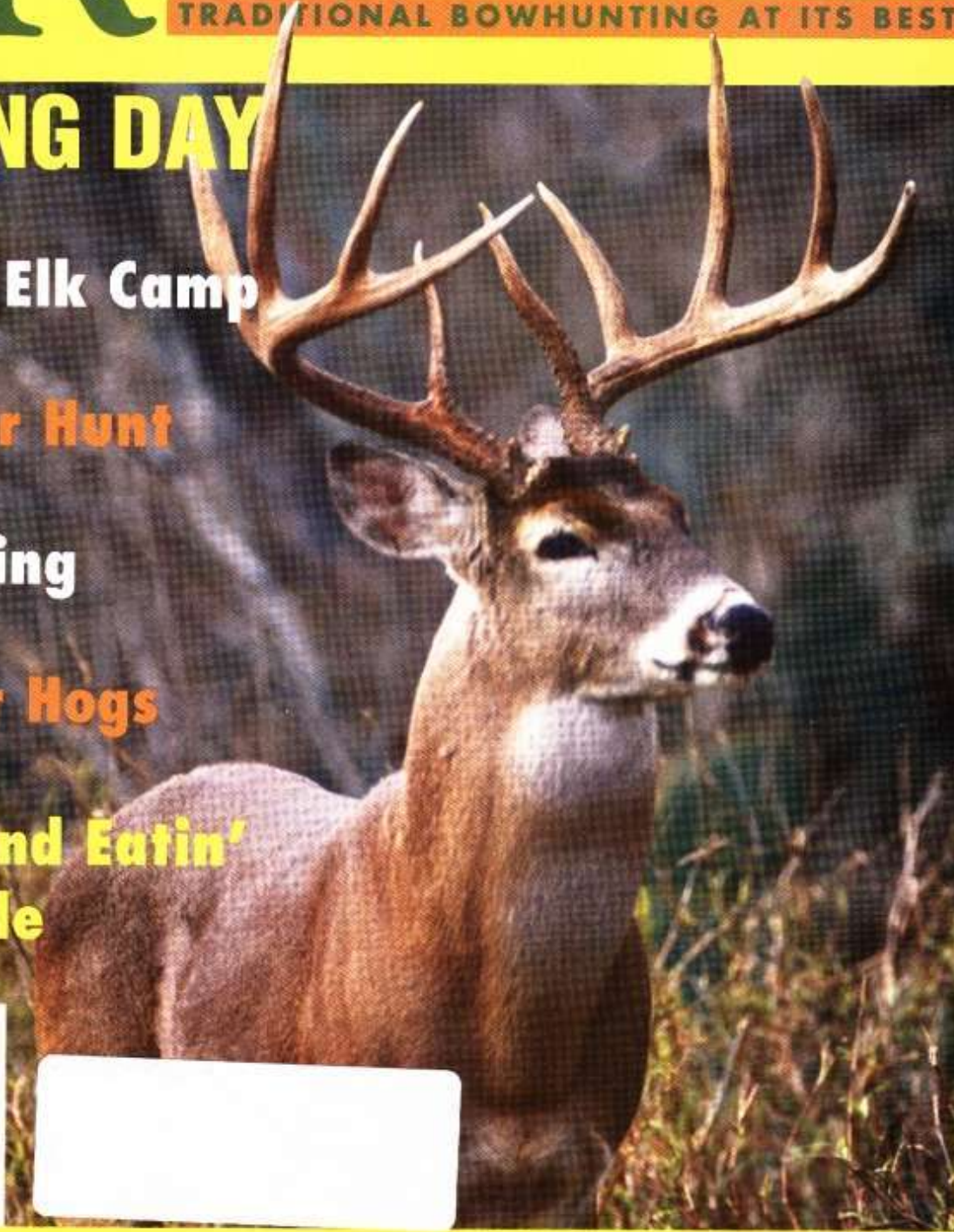
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ART DIRECTOR—Shari Hawley

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CONSULTANT—Samir A. Husni, Ph.D.

Thanks to all of our friends.

## DEPARTMENTS

FROM THE WHISPERIN' PINES—Bob Wesley

SOUTHERN REVIEW—Don Francois

WILD GAME RECIPES—Claire W. Stanley

EQUIPMENT EDITOR—Sam Fadala

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# PUBLISHER'S LETTER

## Thankful For Our Heritage

We have a great heritage in North America to be able to hunt our land freely, and in order to preserve this heritage, we must practice ethics and fair chase, hunt (and live) responsibly, and teach our children those same sound values. Traditional hunting is an attitude. Whether you shoot a .30/06, a longbow, or a slingshot, support each other. The enemy is not us, so stick together on the big issues that matter when you may not agree on the small matters. Have enough wisdom to discern the difference.

We've been busy here at Longbows & Recurves working at publishing a responsible, informative, and fun magazine. The summer shoot schedule and the people we have met shooting our bows have been great.

Odis Wilkinson, our new advertising manager from south Mississippi, says that traditional 3-D events are a good incentive for us to shoot our twenty arrows each day, and at the same time, get ready for opening day of deer season. Our entire staff often joins us at the target butt.

Longbows & Recurves was recently acknowledged within the magazine business as one of the top 25 most notable new magazines out of 933 launched in 1996. In his annual *Guide to New Consumer Magazines*, Samir Husni said, "There's nothing in the world like a blood, sweat and tears launch. Longbows & Recurves takes traditional bowhunting out of the history books and onto the pages of a well-done niche publication. No corporate sponsors drive profits. Longbows and Recurves is fueled by the publisher's love affair with the subject matter." I won't argue with him. We've been blessed with outstanding staff people and enthusiastic readers. Additionally, our nationwide distribution has almost doubled making Longbows & Recurves easier for bowhunters to find on the newsstand.

We continue to offer you "bowhunting at its best," and when we make a mistake, we will do our best to make it right. Using the good sense God gave us, we are overcoming hurdles, achieving goals, and changing for the better.

And, hey you guys, after this issue we won't be the new kids on the block anymore.



Mike Stanley, Bob Wesley, Joanne and Joe Garwood at a traditional rendezvous.

Happy deer hunting,

*Mike Stanley*  
Michael K. Stanley  
Publisher/Editor-In-Chief





# Longbows & Recurves

TRADITIONAL BOWHUNTING AT ITS BEST

Fall 1997

Volume 2, Number 3

## 18 EVOLUTION OF A TRADITIONAL BOWHUNTER

Memories of a stick and a string will often bring a wayward traditionalist home again.  
*by Bruce S. Snyder*

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Necessity may have been the mother of the hunting club tradition in the South.  
*by Don Thompson*

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Tips for hunting one-on-one for the bowhunter wanting to get a little closer to the ground. *by Merle Alix*



## 25 BACKPACK TRADITIONAL BOWHUNTING

Like the joyful tortoise, the backpacking bowhunter takes off on foot with his "house" on his back.  
*by Sam Fadala*

## 29 WILD MEALS

Eat well, cook little: a credo to live by when out in the field. *by Brian White*



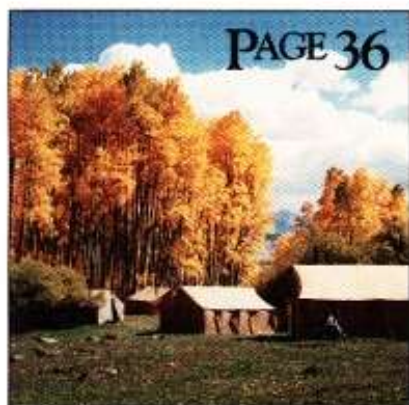
## FRONT COVER

Photograph by Mel Sargent,  
Pinnacle Photography

FALL 1997

Longbows & Recurves™





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Good companions, an early alarm, and plenty of adrenaline—all make up an Opening Day. *by Matt Schuster*

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Wide open farm country has a surprise in store for this Michigan hunter. *by Bob Butz*

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Hunting with stick and string brings big game success in Colorado. *by Don Stokes*

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A short guide to bringing home the bacon. *by Wayne "Biggie" Hoffman*

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Scouting and stalking fish? You bet! *by Jim Foral*

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A professional's how-to on getting that game trophy to your den wall. *by Kathy Butt*

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A quiet season of the bow can resonate through our lives. *by Dave Stewart*

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Game, friends, music, and good food sums up the cajun way of hunting. *by Reggie Little*

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Skill, courage, bravery, and ingenuity brought victory with longbows in a historical battle. *by Martin L. Hawley*



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# BIONOTES

Growing up in Texas has a big influence on **Brian White's** game stews and such—his fiery hot stews are sure to warm you up on chilly hunting trips. Brian now lives in Baton Rouge.

Anyone having trouble with priorities will learn much from **Dave Stewart's** touching story about the quiet season he shared with his father. Dave, retired and living near Eufala, Oklahoma, lives the good life now. "We fish all the warm days and hunt all the cold days," he says.



Dave Stewart

Using a recurve, **Jim Foral** of Lincoln, Nebraska bowfishes not just during the spawn, but close to year around. Jim is interested in wildlife observation, so bowfishing is much more than just the challenge; it becomes a time to enjoy the nuances of nature.



Don Thompson

**Don Thompson** in this issue writes of a subject he knows about on a personal level since he is a forester and private landowner in Mississippi.

Dyed-in-the-wool Southern boy **Wayne "Biggie" Hoffman** has been in the pages of *Longbows & Recurves* before, and we welcome his practical article about broadheads and hogs in this issue.

A freelance outdoor writer, **Kathy S. Butt** has been published in bowhunter and other outdoor magazines. She also helps her husband of twenty-two years operate their taxidermy business in Tennessee and a private land elk hunting operation in northern New Mexico.



Merle J. Alix

**Merle J. Alix** grew up on a dairy farm in Wisconsin and has been deer hunting the same piece of farmland, swamp, and cornfields with his Ben Pearson recurve every year since he was twelve-years-old.

A professional outdoor writer and editor in Michigan, **Bob Butz** has a byline regularly appearing in hunting magazines.

A certified Cajun, **Reggie Little** had ancestors who migrated to south Louisiana from Nova Scotia in the 1700s to escape religious persecution. When not huntin' and eatin' Cajun, he operates a video production company.



Reggie Little

A bowhunter from way back, **Don Stokes**, of Mississippi, knows that of which he speaks. Always willing and ready to help the neophyte traditionalist, Don has brought many people into the traditional fold.

**Matt Schuster's** well-written and insightful articles have graced the pages of *Longbows & Recurves* previously. From Georgia, Matt is active in the traditional field, including serving as editor for Traditional Bowhunters of Georgia magazine.



Bruce Snyder

**Bruce Snyder** brings special insights into how bowhunters come about in his story of returning to where he started with a stick and string. He lives in Clear Lake Shores, Texas.

**Harold White** writes regularly to *Longbows & Recurves* from Alaska. This issue's A Parting Shot tells Harold's story of his special friendship with his bows.

A lifelong student of military history, **Martin L. Hawley** is especially interested in the weapons and tactics of medieval combat. Martin and his wife Shari live in northeast Mississippi.

With some thirty years in wildlife photography, **Mel Sargent** of Pinnacle Photography has some thirty-nine magazine covers to his credit. From Arkansas way, Mel owns some fifty longbows and recurves.

## CONTRIBUTORS

Steven Donaldson  
Richard Stubler

## DEPARTMENTS

Sam Fadala  
Don Francois  
Bob Wesley



# WRITE ON TARGET

The views expressed by letter writers in Write on Target are not necessarily the views of the magazine, *Longbows & Recurves*™. The publisher does welcome your comments and opinions, but reserves the right to condense and edit letters due to space availability and/or appropriateness. Letters should not exceed 300 words.

## Search Is Over

Thought I would tell you that I really enjoy your magazine, especially Bob Wesley's section and The Bow I Carry. Since I am a traditional archer, this magazine was really the magazine I had been looking for. Also enclosed is a check for my subscription renewal. Keep up the good work.

Garry Miller  
Laconia, Indiana

## Shares Traditional Passion

I just received the first three issues of your excellent publication *Longbows & Recurves* and what a publication it is!

I've been an archer for six years, starting out with a Chek-Mate recurve, and three years later being romanced by the cast of my custom-made longbow. Since my first arrow, I've shared an intense passion with many other traditional archers in upholding and promoting this wonderful and satisfying

pastime. Reading your fine magazine only served to reinforce that others, like yourselves, share the same common vision—to promote the sport of traditional archery...

[Reading all of your magazines published so far], I devoured them all in short order and found myself wanting more. I thought all the articles to be topical, well written and I found your format (presentation) stellar.

As a pastor-in-training and would-be bowyer, I was elated to see your article

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on "The Recurve Maker, Randy Bain" as well as the advertisement for the Christian Bowhunters of America...

Our small but active archery club is always seeking young archers to join the ranks of traditional archers. I found your articles on "Equipping for Traditional" and Bob Wesley's article on "Traditional Solutions" not only informative, but helpful. I hope every future issue contains articles of this caliber.

In addition, I have a friend who is dealing in hand-held GPS units to assist archers and hunters in navigating our rugged coastal terrain. I showed him your article on GP Systems and passed him a magazine order form, so you should expect another faithful subscriber to contact you real soon!

Jerry Hill's successive articles on his [great uncle] were not only entertaining and enjoyable, but genuine. I feel as if I know Howard a little more now. In the immortal words of Mr. Hope, please tell Jerry "thanks for the memories."

As requested, I would be pleased to forward a completed Reader Survey form by mail. I patiently await your next issue and remain a fellow archer and faithful friend.

May the Peace of Christ be with you all at *Longbows & Recurves*. Keep up the good work!

Alan MacKenzie  
Port Hardy, B.C., Canada  
via e-mail

## Clubs Work

My wife and I recently became new grandparents and went to Virginia to see our new granddaughter. Prior to our trip back, I decided I needed something to read on the plane. Being a die hard bowhunter, I wanted to pick up something regarding bow hunting. I saw your magazine and bought it (it was the last copy on the shelf, I might add).

I enjoyed several of the articles, especially the article "Southern Review" since I am a member of ASTB.

I also enjoyed the article by Joey Buchanan, "Jakes and Opening Day," as we are moving to Georgia in the near future and I will be joining an archery club there. Both of these articles are great examples of how many of the clubs are involved with a charity or community service. I feel it's great for the club, the members, and it also promotes archery. It was also good to read of the sportsmanship and ethics taught to the children. We need to get and keep the children involved as they are our future. Believe me, when my granddaughter starts to walk, she will have a bow in her little hand. Hopefully built by me.

Thanks for the great articles and also keeping the word out that the archery clubs around do a great deal of community and charity work. Good job!

Sincerely,  
Boyd E. Staley  
Prattville, Alabama

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## Distinguish Yourself

Heard about your magazine a couple of weeks ago, got second issue a few days ago. Very nicely produced.

Unfortunately, I'm less than enthused about your content. The magazine's main title suggests that you're about traditional archery; it turns out you're really about hunting, as advertised in your subtitle. Personally, I find most hunting articles to be just more of the same: if you exchange the author, location, game, and result, they all sound alike. Rather than recounting personal exploits, I would prefer to see "how-to" hunting articles.

My interest is in information. In this regard, Sam Fadala's article on binoculars was promising, but it would have fit into a magazine on rifle hunting just as easily, and, while it's nice to tout one thousand dollar optics, what about readers with more modest budgets? An equipment review should either cover a specific item or present recommendations on a range of specific equipment to fit the varying sizes of readers' wallets. I

could continue to quibble (e.g., out here in the West, jackrabbits are going to laugh at the suggestion that blunts do more than bruise), but that wouldn't be productive. The bunny example, however, does point up a feeling I had while reading your magazine: that it has a regional flavor.

It seems to me you need to clarify your mission to distinguish yourself. As you know, there are already magazines on traditional bowhunting, primitive archery, and instinctive archery. What are you going to bring to the table to make your magazine stand out from the crowd?

I hope you find a good answer because there's not enough to read in the field of traditional archery.

Sincerely,  
Sadia Herzog  
La Crescenta, California

## Likes Magazine

Late last fall, while poking through my incoming mail, I noticed a flyer offering subscriptions to the traditional archery

world's newest entrant into the magazine world. The new publication is entitled *Longbows and Recurves*.

After looking at the flyer, I weighed my desire for another traditional bowhunting periodical against my incoming Christmas bills and already substantial array of magazine subscriptions. I made the regretful decision that I didn't need another magazine to add to the list. Then I dropped the flyer in the trash. At the time, I didn't know what a mistake I had made. But fate has a way of intervening....

I did get copies of the magazine later. I returned from a tiring business trip to Florida shortly before midnight. My intent was to go straight to bed. However, after flipping through the Premier Issue, I immediately sat down at the kitchen table and read most of all three issues before finally going to bed in the wee hours.

*Longbows & Recurves* magazine is a definite winner! The quality is top notch. *Longbows & Recurves* speaks to even wider interests in bowhunting than simply just the equipment used for the hunt.

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Welcome



The magazine is printed on good quality stock and offers creative layouts. Credit there apparently goes to Claire Stanley, the Creative Editor. All three issues contained generous splashes of color in photographs, ads, and original art. The editing is professional and well done....

The magazine has a slightly Southern flavor due to its Mississippi origins. But, don't let that put you off. *Longbows & Recurves* has plenty of balance and will be of interest to the national, and even international bowhunting community. In the Premier issue there was an article by Don Francois about passing on archery tradi-

tions through mentoring youth. Don's article caught the spirit of mentoring children perfectly, with the following quote from poet Kahlil Gibran: "You are the bows from which your children are living arrows sent forth."

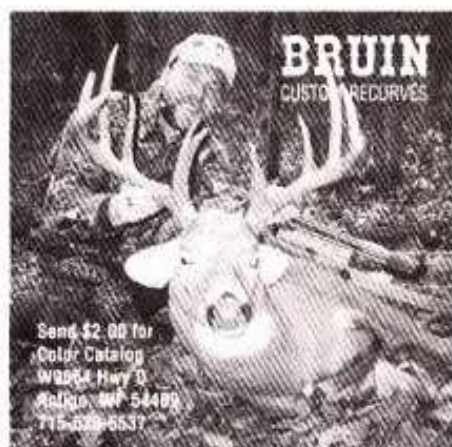
Jerry Hill, the great-nephew of Howard Hill, provided a peek at Howard's early pre-archery days childhood dreams of one day hunting an elephant with a bow. Other pieces focused on topics such as why bowhunting and coon dogs don't mix. There were also equipment articles and even well written fiction to round things out nicely.

Articles on hunting were written by well known names familiar to all of

us. Hunt topics ranged from rabbits, turkeys, deer and pig hunts, and more. Of course, I can't recount everything that was put into the first three issues of *Longbows & Recurves*, but the quality is high and apparently will be sustained over time, judging from what's come out so far.

My advice is to get a copy and give it a good going over. I'll bet that you will decide to subscribe. I've done just that. I didn't make the same mistake twice.

John Gresham  
Rafter Glen, Virginia



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Draw Weight (See notes)	Self Longbows	Narrow-Laminated Longbows	Reflex/Deflex Wide-limb Longbows	Recurve Bows
Pounds	Spine class	Spine class	Spine class	Spine class
25-30	720	620	520	480
30-35	670	570	480	440
35-40	620	520	440	405
40-45	570	480	405	375
45-50	520	440	375	350
50-55	480	405	350	330
55-60	440	375	330	310
60-65	405	350	310	290
65-70	375	330	290	275
70-75	350	310	275	260
75-80	330	290	260	245
80-85	310	275	245	230
85-90	290	260	230	215
90-95	275	245	Higher spines in limited quantities.	
95-100	260	230		

Note: For arrows longer than 28", add 5# to draw weight per inch over 28" and visa versa. Subtract 5# for bow quiver or heavy string silencers. If using fast-flye strings of 14 strands or less, add 5# to draw weight.

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# FROM THE WHISPERIN' PINES by Bob Wesley



## Perfect Practice and Shot Execution

In my two articles preceding this one, correct shooting form and indirect instinctive aiming were discussed. Now I would like to take a look at the role of perfect practice in grooving-in quality muscle memory to establish correct form, aiming, and shot execution.

There are certain characteristics that a perfect practice session should always have. It is of paramount importance that a practice session be enjoyable. I once asked Howard Hill this question, "Howard, you shoot with proficient consistency and you seem to do so with seemingly little effort. You must have worked at it very diligently through practice sessions over many years."

Howard looked at me and smiled, "Bob, I've shot millions of arrows, but I've never worked at it."

His philosophy was absolutely right. If a practice session is work, then sooner or later the archer finds an excellent excuse not to do it. First of all a practice session should be enjoyable.

A perfect practice session also should be planned. I review the previous session before planning the next session coming up. Once this is habit, it will seem to be a natural part of a person's experience. I structure the session to strengthen the weak areas of the previous session.

Which, of course, leads to a perfect practice session being recorded. At the top of the page should be the date followed by a record of distance shot and target size. Next comes a column

with a blank for four ends (each end consisting of five arrows counting five points each). Then there is a total and several lines for an objective critique. It could look something like this:

Practice Session No: <u>23</u>	Date: <u>3-2-97</u>
Distance: <u>45 feet</u>	Target Size: <u>6" Circle</u>
ENDS	SCORE
1	20
2	15
3	25
4	20
Total:	80

Critique: Aim on arrow 3. Good back power,  
however, lack of focus. Good form, aim, and  
execution. Shoulder moved on arrow 2.

Next Session:

1. Work on focus.
2. Lower bow shoulder.
3. Greater pull with rhomboideus muscles.

Something special happens when a record is kept and each arrow is shot as if it is the last arrow to ever be shot. Perhaps the subconscious receives a message that what is taking place is significant since it is being recorded and, accordingly, makes a special effort to execute each segment of correct form and aiming in an integrated and more precise fashion.

It is important that you assume an objective attitude concerning the perfect practice session and record of the results. You must keep in mind that

this is your session and the data resulting from it belongs to you. You don't have to impress anyone or prove anything. This session's data is simply a device to improve your focus, permit

concentration on weaknesses, and encourage improvement from session to session. When you hit a sticking point, then it is time to consult a professional instructor.

As you prepare to practice, remember to warm up with neck rolls and stretching of the shoulders, waist, and lower back. Always allow sufficient time to stretch the parts of the body that are involved in the shot. Draw your bow (do

not release the string or "dry fire" your bow which could result in bow breakage) at least six times before placing an arrow on the string. Begin with half draws and work up to full draws in warming up. Once in position to shoot, check the position of your feet, hand position on the bow and the low bow shoulder. Draw your arrow to anchor and then contract the rhomboideus muscles which move the shoulder blades toward each other. Feel the transfer of tension flow from the anchor hand and drawing arm back into the



rhomboidei. Lloyd Brown, who assisted in coaching our Olympic Gold Medalist, Justin Huish, told me that rather than back tension, he recommended back motion through the release. Positive motion through the release will eliminate plucking, collapsing, creeping, or loss of power.

As you now look at your target, pick out a dime size spot in the very center and focus on it. Now draw your arrow and begin the indirect aiming process. Once at full draw, briefly check the points of your form (bowhand, low shoulder, anchor, back power). Let the arrow down and take a deep breath. Now you are ready for shot execution.

Again, take a deep cleansing breath, let it half out, and draw your arrow. In a timed sequence check your points of form and burn an imaginary hole with your focus into the center of your target. When all feels perfect, relax the fingers of your anchor hand. If all is executed properly, the anchor hand

should remain on the face or move backwards towards the ear. The bow hand should not drop to any appreciable extent but should move slightly to the left if you are right-handed.

Once a score of ninety is achieved on your personal record, then move back five feet for the next session. Keep in mind that shooting twenty arrows perfectly is better than shooting two hundred arrows imperfectly. You must put your emphasis upon quality rather than quantity. Every arrow you shoot will be recorded in your muscle memory. It is essential that you record perfectly shot arrows in this muscle memory so that when you execute a shot, this muscle will become the easiest pathway to a perfect shot.

Remember that regular perfect practice conditions the muscle memory. A daily session, including warm-up, should take no longer than forty minutes.

A perfect practice session should be

enjoyable, planned, recorded, critiqued, regular, and progressive. It should incorporate correct alignment form and groove in the three basics of indirect instinctive aiming. The dynamics of the shot should place emphasis upon correct breathing, rhythm, and a dynamic continuous back motion in the release.

This all leads again to the beginning of this column in which I state a practice session should be enjoyable. But, is it possible to do all of these things and still really enjoy a session? The answer is an emphatic yes. When you groove these things in, not only will you enjoy your sessions but you will look forward to them. Your sessions will now become a form of stress relief and will be a delightful respite from normal daily activity.

In closing, from the shady glens of Whispering Pines, I send you my best wishes for much happiness and practice shots executed perfectly. ■

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# SOUTHERN REVIEW by Don Francois



## News of Interest

In the news of special concern to hunters is a deer task force assembled in Iowa to consider changes in deer seasons and bag limits in that state. The task force includes hunters, farmers, insurance industry representatives, and professionals from the Department of Natural Resources.

According to Gene Winter with Iowa Traditional Bowhunters, some parties feel that Iowa has too many deer and would like to see seasons lengthened and bag limits increased. Others feel that deer populations are just fine and should be left alone. Not surprisingly, two groups who think there are too many deer include farmers and representatives from insurance companies who point to deer for crop destruction and numerous vehicular accidents. Hopefully a fair compromise can be reached that will help both of these groups and yet not be detrimental to deer hunters.

Iowa archers are also watching two bills being considered by state lawmakers. One of the bills, if passed, would establish a gun season for deer during the peak of the whitetail rut, a period which has traditionally been archery only.

Another bill being watched would expand the landowner permit procedure whereby a landowner is issued a deer permit to be used on his own land. The proposed law would make the permit good statewide—not restricted to the landowner's personal property. Also, the permit could be sold by the original holder to someone else.

### WORKING TOGETHER IN MICHIGAN

Look north to see a good example of what sportsmen and women can accomplish when they work together to defeat anti-hunting legislation. Darryl Quidort of Michigan Traditional Bowhunters recounted how last fall anti-hunting activists tried to stop bear hunting with dogs and bear baiting. The Michigan United Conservation Club, which is made up of various sportsmen groups including bowhunters, was able to raise two million dollars and, more importantly, enough votes to defeat the anti-hunting bills. For good measure, they were able to influence passing of a resolution which states in no uncertain terms that Michigan wildlife will be managed only by wildlife professionals.

### WORKING TO SAVE BOWHUNTING

Something worth having is worth working to keep. That's what bowhunters all across America are doing: trying to

preserve the tradition of archery and bowhunting not only for ourselves but for our children. Sometimes the attacks are not from anti-hunters but from anti-archers.

In Pennsylvania, Representative Godshall of Montgomery County introduced a bill that would have cut the archery season from its present six weeks to a maximum of two weeks. On top of that, his bill would have increased the cost of an archery license 174 percent.

The United Bowhunters of Pennsylvania rallied their forces and after what Godshall called a "war," he decided to withdraw his bill, but would not agree that he would not re-introduce it again in the future. He cites pressure from his "rifle hunter" constituents who believe the bow season is too long.

In Louisiana, the Bayou State Bowhunters Association was successful in helping defeat legislation which would have made crossbows legal hunting equipment during Louisiana's generous archery season. Presently, crossbows can only be used legally during archery season by handicapped hunters who have a physician's statement attesting to a disability.

### MISSISSIPPI YOUNG HUNTERS

Mississippi bowhunters will be sharing a small portion of their season, but there aren't many complaints. According to Mark Livingston of the Mississippi Bowhunters Association, the state approved a special youth hunt on the last weekend of archery season. Only youths under the age of fifteen will be allowed to gun hunt and then only on private land. This means, however, that bowhunters sharing the woods with them that weekend will have to wear hunter orange.

### GOOD NEWS FROM NEW MEXICO

Good news out of New Mexico. Governor Johnson signed a bill into law which repeals the requirement that a non-resident hunter in that state hire the services of a guide/outfitter in order to hunt. While every bowhunter may dream of an out-of-state, guided hunt, for some it will never be financially possible. The repeal of this law means that even though you may not be able to afford to go first class, you can still make what for you may be the hunt of a lifetime. The person who is willing to do his homework, study the habits of the game he is after, and make proper preparations of himself and his equipment can still enjoy a quality hunt without the services of a guide. ■





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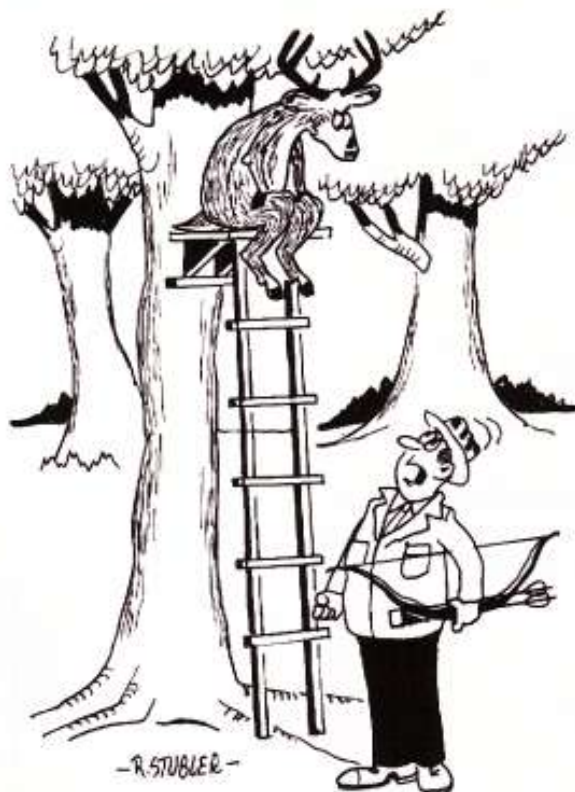
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# WILD GAME RECIPES

by Claire W. Stanley

## Delicious Fishy Dishes

In this issue, I am including several fish recipes from my friends, Arthur and Christina Hsieh in Taiwan. Arthur tells me these are from one of their best cook books, *Pei Mei's Chinese Cook Book*. He says that "Chinese people eat everything with four legs...

except a table, eat everything with two legs except a human."

Also included are three recipes for carp from a Mississippi cookbook, *Cook Wild Game & Fish, Mississippi Style*, by Billy Joe Cross.

Arthur and Christina use carp in

their recipes.

I suggest

you try it... You will never know if you like it until you try it. (Sounds like the mother coming out in me.)

Happy eating!



### SWEET AND SOUR BONELESS FISH

- 1 whole fish, about 1 1/2 pounds
- 4 dried black mushrooms
- 1/2 cup onion, diced
- 1/2 cup tomato, diced
- 2 tablespoons green peas or fresh soybeans

#### Flour Batter

- 2 eggs
- 5 tablespoons flour
- 3 tablespoons cornstarch
- 5 tablespoons water

#### Marinade

- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon wine

#### Seasoning Sauce

- 1/2 tablespoon soy sauce
- 1 tablespoon wine
- 4 tablespoons sugar
- 4 tablespoons vinegar
- 4 tablespoons catsup
- 6 tablespoons water
- 3 teaspoons cornstarch
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sesame oil

6 cups oil

Cut the head off the cleaned fish. Split the fish length-wise but do not cut through the back. Open the two halves to form the shape of a butterfly. Remove the bones. On the inside of the fish cut three 1/4 inch deep slashes lengthwise on each side and

slash the same way crosswise 1/2 inch apart. Marinate the fish with 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon wine for 10 minutes.

Soften the mushrooms with warm water. Cut into cubes.

Make batter with eggs, flour, cornstarch and water.

Mix soy sauce, wine, sugar, vinegar, catsup, water, cornstarch, salt and sesame oil in a bowl to form the seasoning sauce.

Heat the oil. Dip the fish head in the batter. Fry until golden brown. Dip the two pieces of fish and fry for 2 minutes. Take out, wait until the oil is heated up again. Turn and fry for another minute. Arrange the fried pieces on a large platter with the head.

Heat 3 tablespoons oil, saute onion, mushrooms, tomato and peas. Stir in seasoning sauce mixture until thickened and cooked through. Pour it over the fish and serve.

### FISH WITH TOMATO SAUCE

- 1 pound fish fillets
- 1/2 cup diced onion
- 1/3 cup diced black mushrooms
- 2 tablespoons green peas

#### Marinade

- 1 egg white
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

#### Coating

- 1/2 cup cornstarch

#### Seasoning Sauce

- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 3 tablespoons vinegar
- 6 tablespoons water
- 3 tablespoons tomato catsup
- 1 tablespoon wine
- 2 teaspoons cornstarch
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sesame oil

6 cups oil

Remove all bones and skin. Cut fish meat crosswise 2 inches long, 1 1/2 inches wide and 1/4 inch thick. Marinate with 1 egg white, 1 tablespoon cornstarch and 1/2 teaspoon salt for about 1/2 hour.

Prepare seasoning sauce in a bowl and set aside.

Coat each piece of sliced fish in the 1/2 cup of cornstarch, then quickly drop in heated oil to deep fry about 1/2 minute until golden brown. Remove fish and drain off oil.

Heat 2 tablespoons oil in a frying pan. Fry the onion, mushrooms, and seasoning sauce, stirring briskly until thickened. Add green peas and fried fish, turn off the fire and stir until blended. Serve immediately.



## FISH ROLLS IN SOUR SAUCE

- 1 1/4 pounds fillets of fish with firm white meat
- 3 tablespoons black mushrooms, shredded
- 3 tablespoons ham, shredded
- 1 tablespoon green onion, shredded
- 1 tablespoon ginger, shredded
- 2 tablespoons diced or shredded red pepper
- 3 tablespoons onion, diced
- 2 tablespoons green peas, optional

### Marinade

- 1/2 tablespoon wine
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

### Flour Batter

- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder

### Seasoning Sauce

- 4 tablespoons vinegar
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 3 tablespoons catsup
- 4 tablespoons water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cornstarch

- 6 cups oil
- 1 teaspoon sesame oil

Removing all bones and skin, cut fish crosswise 1/4 inch thick, 2 inches long, 1 1/2 inches wide, then marinate with wine and salt about 10 minutes.

On a flat slice of fish, sprinkle a little bit of cornstarch. Lay a few pieces of shredded green onion, ginger, ham and mushroom on the fish and roll up.

Coat the fish rolls with flour batter and deep fry it until brown, about 1 1/2 minutes. Take out and heat oil again. Return rolls to the hot oil for another 1/2 a minute. Remove fish rolls and drain off oil from frying pan.

Heat 2 tablespoons of oil in a frying pan to stir fry the diced onions, red peppers, and seasoning sauce. Stir until starchy. Then add green peas and fried fish rolls, mix well. Sprinkle a few drops of heated oil on the top before serving.

## CARP BALLS

- 1 2-3 pound carp
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons cream
- 1 quart water
- 2 cups Irish potatoes; boiled, peeled, and diced
- dash of pepper

Soak whole fish overnight in salt water (1/4 cup salt and 1 quart water). Drain and cover with fresh water. Boil for 25 minutes. Remove bones. Combine 1 1/2 cups fish, diced potatoes, cream, eggs and melted butter. Roll mixture into 1 inch balls and fry in hot deep oil.

## CARP WITH HOT BEAN SAUCE

- 1 live carp, about 1 pound
- 2 tablespoons green onion, chopped
- 1 tablespoon ginger, chopped
- 1 tablespoon garlic, chopped
- 2 tablespoons hot bean paste (or one tablespoon Tabasco sauce)
- 2 tablespoons soy sauce, light color
- 1 tablespoon wine
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 cup cold water

### Cornstarch Paste

- 1/2 tablespoon cornstarch
- 1/2 tablespoon cold water

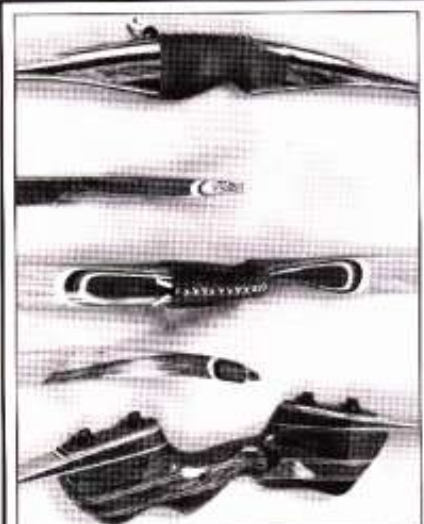
- 1 teaspoon sesame oil
- 1/2 cup oil
- 1/2 tablespoon brown vinegar

Kill fish by striking a blow on the head (do not remove head or tail). Scale and clean. Cut 3 or 4 diagonal slashes 1/4 inch deep on each side.

Heat fry pan very hot, add oil. When oil is hot, add the fish and fry each side for a half a minute. Push aside in the pan.

Add the chopped ginger, garlic, hot bean paste into the frying pan and stir thoroughly, then add wine, soy sauce, salt, sugar and cold water. Push fish back into sauce and cook 3 minutes.

Combine 1/2 teaspoon cornstarch and 1/2 teaspoon cold water to make a



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paste. When sauce is reduced to half, add cornstarch paste. Stir until sauce has thickened. Sprinkle vinegar, sesame oil and chopped green onion on top and serve.

## FISH HASH

- 2 cups cooked flaked fish
- 2 cups cold boiled potatoes, diced
- 1 tablespoon onions, minced
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 cup cooking oil

Combine all ingredients and fry in hot cooking oil until golden brown. Fold and serve, omelet style. 

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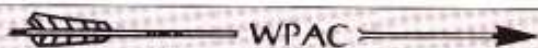


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Bob Wesley has been in archery for over forty years. He is a former president of the Mississippi Archery Association, has served on the board of directors for the Mississippi Bowhunters Association, holds many state titles and the 1982 Howard Hill World Archery Championship. He received personal instruction from Mr. Howard Hill. Bob was inducted into the Mississippi Bowhunters Hall of Fame in 1989.

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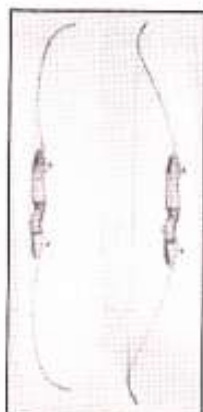
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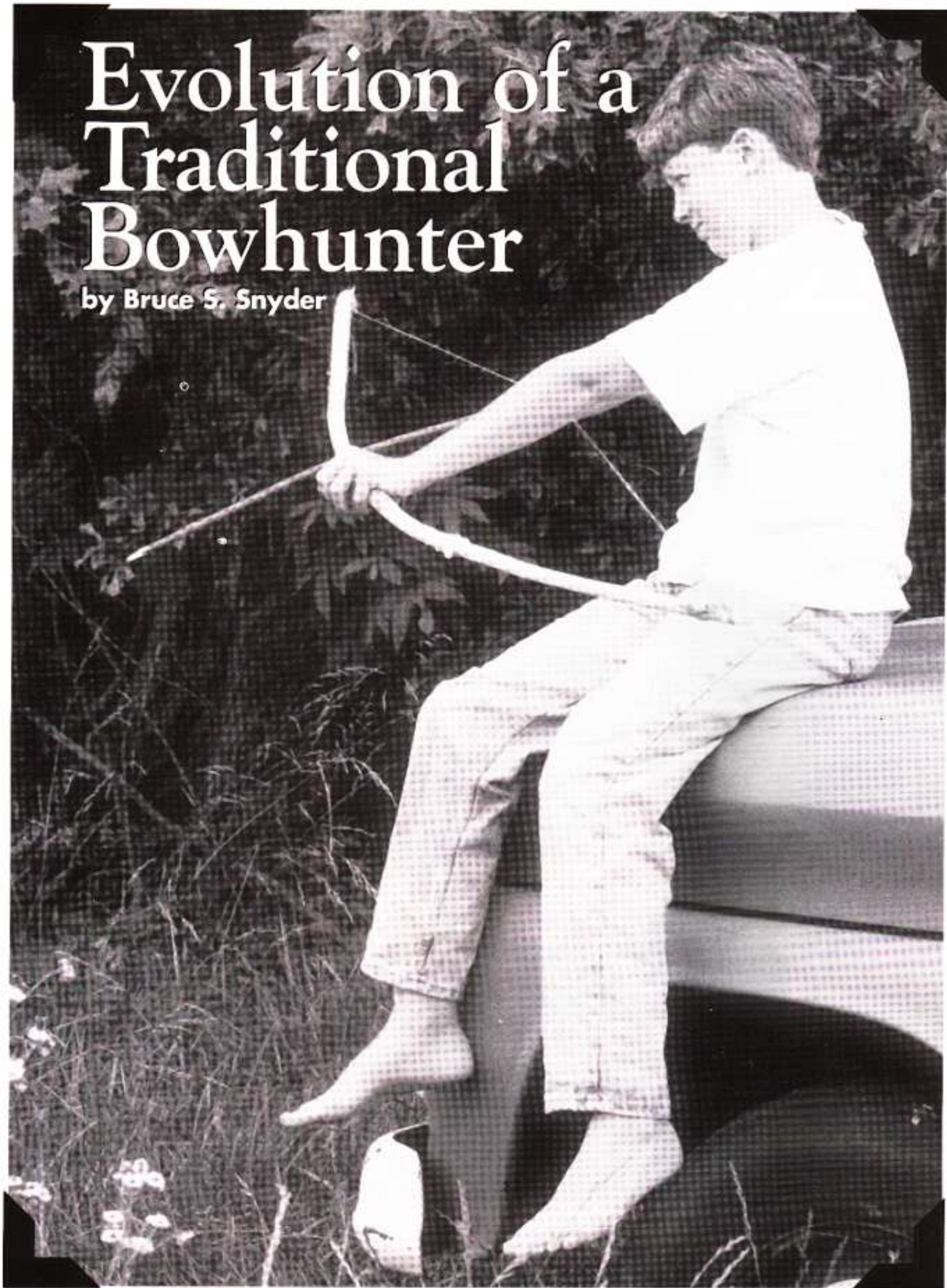
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# Evolution of a Traditional Bowhunter

by Bruce S. Snyder



Photograph by Claire W. Stanley



The evolution of a traditional bowhunter is often an interesting process and while everyone's story is undoubtedly unique, many stories share a common thread. For example, while I didn't grow up in a hunting or outdoor-oriented family, for as long as I can remember, wild places have always fascinated me—the oceans, lakes, rivers, forests, and deserts—as well as the flora and fauna that inhabit them. It is most likely this fascination and love which took me through the stages ending as a committed traditional bowhunter. It is similar for many traditionalists.

My "evolution" began with trips to the barber shop with my father. There I vicariously experienced the adventures recounted in the well-worn copies of *Sports Afield*, *Field & Stream*, and *Outdoor Life*. To me, the magazine rack in that barber shop was a veritable treasure chest. From these magazines, I gleaned enough information to know I wanted to be a hunter. I started with a bow.

My first bows were fashioned from remnants of kites. The horizontal stick from the kite's frame when strung with kite string made a serviceable bow for a six-year-old, while the longer vertical piece of the frame yielded a couple of arrows when it was cut in half. With these weapons, I roamed the orange grove near my southern California home, slaying all sorts of imaginary enemies, forest dwellers, and jungle beasts. Depending on whim, I became a native American hunter, Robin Hood, or Tarzan.

When the Air Force transferred my father to the Pacific Northwest, the vast forests of Douglas fir were more than enough entertainment for a nine-year-old. By then, my armament was more modern; a Daisy BB gun usually accompanied me on my forays in the woods. I did buy an inexpensive hickory recurve from a local hardware store, but it wasn't long before I had lost most of my arrows, and the upper limb of the cheaply made bow began to split. This somewhat poor introduction to traditional archery, however, was enough to provide me something to return to years later after I laid down the bow and took up the gun, as many young hunters do.

As the years passed, I pursued whitetail deer and Rio Grande turkeys in West Texas with scoped, bolt-action rifles, and I shotgunned the plentiful waterfowl and mourning doves on the prairies near my southeast Texas home. I thoroughly enjoyed my time afield, but in time the excitement waned. Something was missing. Although I didn't fully realize it at the time, I was a hunter for reasons other than just a kill. The challenge of the hunt, an

intimacy with my quarry, and the connection to the outdoors were what I sought.

Reenter *The Witchery of Archery*.

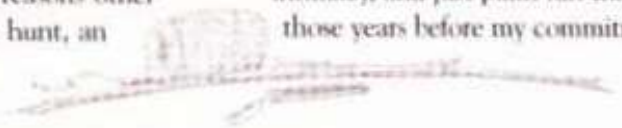
I was interested in traditional equipment, but at that time, my left arm, which had been injured in an automobile accident, wouldn't allow me to draw a hunting weight compound, much less a traditional recurve. I bought an entry-level compound bow, however, and after a few weeks was able to comfortably shoot a legal hunting weight.

A couple of feral cats, a cottontail, a turkey, and a tasty javelina fell prey to my compound bow that season. Although I didn't take a deer, I learned more about whitetail behavior during one season of compound bowhunting than I had in over a decade of chasing them with a rifle in hand. An additional plus was that there was only a handful of bowhunters on the southwest Texas ranch where I hunted at the time, so I usually had over three thousand acres all to myself.

After three years and four compound bows, however, I had pretty much run the gamut of gee-whiz techno-gizmos in modern archery, and I was fed up with the incessant tuning that the equipment required. I committed myself to going traditional, bad arm or not, and never looked back. I bought a used one-piece recurve that has since passed on to my youngest stepson and has been replaced with a Bighorn take-down recurve. My latest acquisition is a beautifully hand-crafted flatbow.

Admittedly, I don't shoot either recurve or flatbow as accurately at targets as I did with those modern contraptions of metal, cams, and cables. But I do have more fun shooting them, and I am pleasantly surprised at my stump-shooting accuracy. The wood of the bow and arrow, with its intrinsic beauty, seemingly has a spirit of its own that comes to life in my hands. Maybe traditional archery brings out the romantic, but sexy and sensuous is one way of describing the traditional bow.

Now I sometimes find myself upon a perch in an oak tree in the east Texas timber in a reverie. I am the barefoot boy with weapons of sticks and kite string. I am the father watching my young stepsons fashion their crude tools with tree limbs, baling twine, and pocket knife. I am the hunter in a tree with a simple stickbow and arrows that I crafted with my own hands. I smile with the realization that I have discovered—or rediscovered—the challenge, intimacy, and just plain fun that I had been searching for in those years before my commitment to traditional. ■





# HUNTING *in the* SOUTH

by Don Thompson

Unless a hunter in the South is a land baron, he will probably have to hunt on lands belonging to others since almost seventy percent of the forest land in the South is privately owned. Because of that fact, one popular hunting tradition has developed—the hunting club.

According to Dean Stewart, Wildlife Specialist for the Mississippi Cooperative Extension Service, hunting clubs are good for both the hunter and the landowner. "Open hunting practices of the past were detrimental to both wildlife and private lands," Stewart said. "Organized hunting clubs have improved wildlife management and allowed landowners and hunters to work together to maintain and improve wildlife habitat." Annual hunting lease income in Mississippi ranges from \$1.50 to \$25.00 or more per acre, according to Stewart's figures. The lower rates are prevalent in areas where leasing is relatively new, while the higher leases are in traditional leasing areas, such as the Mississippi Delta. In the Delta most clubs offer a complete experience that includes hunting and fishing, as well as cabin accommodations.

Most Southern hunting clubs contain a variety of hunters who use both modern and primitive weapons. Some clubs, however, are devoted to primitive weapons. One example is Dixie Archers which leases 3,844 acres in the Freedom Hills area of northwest Alabama for mostly bow hunting, but with black powder weapons also allowed. This club was started in 1990 by Harold Holcomb. Holcomb and his wife, Judy, ardent bowhunters and owners of Harold's Primitive Shop in Phil Campbell, Alabama, had definite objectives when they organized Dixie Archers.

When asked about the start-up Holcomb commented, "We wanted a family type of hunting club where members could enjoy the history and nostalgia of this area. They could go back in history using bows and black powder weapons to relive a portion of the lives which those who initially settled this land experienced." Today, other groups such as churches, scouts, and wildlife and environmental



*Above: Harold Holcomb pours salt while Judy Holcomb cuts vines for a salt lick on Dixie Archers lease in Alabama.*

*Right: Holcombs manage food plot by spreading fertilizer and picking up rocks.*

*Far right: Checking feeder mechanism for deer population.*

organizations also use the club's facilities to learn more about the area's history and wildlife.

Dixie Archers pays five dollars per acre for the land it leases. With fifty-five to sixty members, the annual dues are about four hundred dollars per member. Club members do more than just hunt on the land. They establish food plots, help maintain the roads, erect gates, and protect the land.

Photographs by Don Thompson





Members also collect harvest data from the primary game, which is white-tailed deer, and work with wildlife biologists in setting harvest rules to maintain a healthy deer herd. With their money and time, they have a vested interest in the land. When the land was open to public hunting in the past there was no one really responsible for game management. "Hunting clubs have been the best thing for wildlife," Holcomb said. "Members don't feel that they have to take every shot because they know that they will have other opportunities as they are managing the wildlife on their club."

For information about hunting clubs in a particular area, local bowhunter associations can be contacted (see club listings in the back of *Longbows & Recurves*) or timber companies with large land holdings, which might give hunters information about those who lease land from them. The state wildlife agencies which have

a deer management program available for hunting clubs also would be a good source of information. Currently the Forest Landowners Association in Atlanta, Georgia is compiling a directory of forest landowners interested in leasing to hunt clubs. The magazine will be distributed free to hunting organizations. Contact the Association at 800-325-2954 for information.

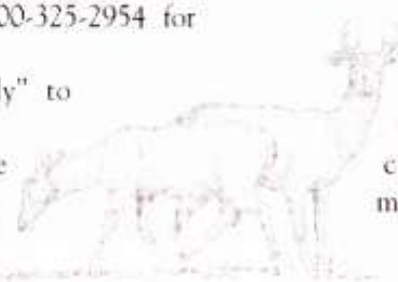
Most landowners "respond favorably" to hunting clubs in deer management programs, said David McArthur, wildlife manager for Tenneco Packaging. Hunting clubs in these programs collect harvest data for a state biologist or consultant

and are responsible for following the state's recommendations. Hunters interested in hunting clubs in their area can also contact their state wildlife division as well as large industrial landowners for information.

In any event, permission before hunting is paramount in the South. How do you gain permission from a wary landowner? Assure him that you will respect his property by closing gates, staying off muddy roads, leaving fences undamaged, and alerting him to any problems that you notice. Absentee landowners will often give exclusive hunting rights to someone who will look after their interests.

Finding and contacting absentee landowners is not difficult. Once you locate a place that you think will yield good hunting, note its location on a county map and go to the tax assessor's office in the county in which the property is located. Here you can find a tax plat showing the boundaries of the property as well as the address of the owner. The local Farm Services Agency will have aerial photographs of the lands in the county and their photos are a good source of information. When you contact the landowner and request permission to hunt, be sure to mention that you are a bowhunter using a long or recurve bow. Hopefully, this will differentiate you, in his mind, from those hunters who line the public roads in muddy pickup trucks waiting to shoot their .30/06's as a deer crosses. You will be lucky if you locate a landowner who will give you absolute hunting rights in return for looking after their land. Today, most landowners expect payment for hunting rights.

Unless you plan to purchase a large tract of land, you will be dependent upon private lands in the South for a good place to hunt. Contact the landowner before you hunt on private land. Consider joining or starting a hunting club that favors bowhunting. By having your own club, you can remember the saying "If you make the rules, you win the game," that is, if your shot is true. ■







*Greg Campbell and friend stalk hogs in the swamps near Marshallville, Georgia.*



# STALKING'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

by Merle Alix

Long before the invention of portable tree stands, man hunted game from foot. Moving silently, covered by his surroundings, he hunted one-on-one. And, he was successful.

Today's portable stands make much of that obsolete. It is easier to choose a good interception point on a well-worn trail and wait out your game than it is to stalk it down. That does not mean, however, that you should not try stalking when conditions are right.

I hunt whitetail deer with an old Ben Pearson recurve, and at times, especially late in the fall when most of the fields have been harvested and the rut is on, stalking quite often is the best approach. I have one particular cornfield that always stands until just before the onset of winter's harshness. It always provides me with stalkable deer when the wind blows either to the east or west. I don't always get a shot, but I always get close enough to get excited.

If stalking works for me, it will work for you; that is, if you do it right. So, just for you, here are Ten Commandments for effective stalking.

**I. Thou shall not be seen.** The first rule of any stalk is to become invisible in a deer's environment. Simply put, you must be camouflaged for the surroundings you are working. There is an advantage to wearing camouflage even if it isn't matched to the surroundings you plan to hunt. It still breaks your outline and helps. But, it can't possibly be as good as matched patterns.

If you hunt cornfields, wear a cornfield pattern. If you hunt marsh grass areas, wear properly colored patterns in tan. If you hunt young pine forests, use dark greens and brown. Don't forget to cover your face and hands as well. Too many people spend big bucks to get the right clothing and blow it by leaving their flesh-colored face sticking out at the top.

**II. Thou shall not be outlined.** Even with the best camouflage you can be seen by the deer if you walk right through the middle of an open field. Never stalk anywhere in which you don't have background cover to blend. This is tougher than it sounds. You won't always have 360 degrees of cover available. Use what you have. Stay

along brush lines. Work just under natural rises of ground. Stay along fence lines. Never silhouette yourself.

**III. Thou shall not move quickly.**

This is really an extension of the First Commandment. Deer can't see you if you are properly camouflaged and standing in heavy cover, unless you jump up and down and swing your arms all around you. Even less movement will get you spotted.

Yet, you must move to stalk, so your movements must be deliberate, slow, and precise. I never move more than three steps at a time, and if I'm not bored between movements I figure I am moving too fast. When I first started, I actually timed myself to insure at least two full minutes between moves. Try it, it is longer than you think.

**IV. Thou shall not be scented.** It is always a good idea to wear a masking scent when you hunt. Deer rely as much on their nose as they do on their sight. Even the best masking scents cannot completely cover you, however. Deer have an uncanny way of figuring out that you are there.

They can't smell you if your scent doesn't go past their nose, however. So, always stalk with the wind in your face which, of course, is easier than it sounds since you will not always be able to stalk your favorite hunting areas. I might not get to stalk my favorite little cornfield more than twice a month because it lays out with a natural funnel and the wind seldom blows the right direction. When it does, I score.

**V. Thou shall not be heard.** This sounds too basic to mention. It is not. Cracking branches, coughing, or any other unnatural sound in the wild has all the subtlety of Dennis Rodman's hair. It stands out, and so will you.

**VI. Thou shall not stalk unfamiliar territory** (this is called scouting). Trying to scout while you stalk is useless. You have to know where the deer will be and where they will likely go to know the best approach to an area. Stalking is just not a substitute for the hard work of proper scouting.





*Greg Campbell honors stalking's commandments to make the hunt productive and fun.*

## VII. Thou shall not stalk with the wrong equipment.

This is an area that I think lighter longbows and recurves have a hands down advantage over any compound bow. Recurves are also shorter and easier to move through heavy cover (longbows are lighter but the extra length can be harder to work with). Both longbows and recurves have no metal parts to slap branches and make unnatural sounds like compounds.

Wear quiet clothing and lightweight boots. Do not try to carry heavy daypacks that can catch branches. Remove any jewelry that can throw light reflections. If you wear glasses, cover them. Consider skin paint for your face; it is as effective as a mask without being as hot.

## VIII. Thou shall not take bad shots.

The upside: if you stalk properly you will see deer and get shot opportunities. The downside: most of those shots are bad and should not be taken. Unlike stand hunting, where you cover less than 180 degrees of territory and have cleared out shooting lanes, with stalking you never really know when, or where, a shot will present itself.

You are also on the ground. This means you will have to deal with plenty of brush, bad angles, and moving targets. Deal with it. Be a disciplined hunter and wait for the right opportunity. You will see far more deer up


close than you will ever get to shoot at, unfortunately. For example, I had one bedded deer in a cornfield last fall about eight yards away for almost thirty minutes and never did get a good shot. It can be frustrating, but you can do it.

## IX. Thou shall not stalk too much area.

Be realistic. Do not expect to make a quality stalk in a five hundred acre piece of woods. That is just too much area in which to control the outcome. I like to work no more than a forty acre piece at one time. Hunting primarily in Wisconsin, I prefer cornfields because the deer are feeding and the corn provides both cover and, in a light wind, some sound that hides my mistakes. Big areas should be broken into smaller workable pieces that can be identified through scouting. (See Commandment Six).

## X. Thou shall not get discouraged.

Don't kid yourself; stalking is tough. Trial and error is the only real teacher and there are plenty of errors ahead of you. But, with time and experience, you will find that stalking can be an integral part of your game plan. At times, it can be the best approach.

Over the years I have taken more than twenty deer while stalking and have worked literally hundreds more. So I know it does work. 



BY SAM FADALA

# B A C K P A C K TRADITIONAL

Backpack camp in the middle of the badlands—  
what an experience. Fadala didn't see even one other hunter in a  
whole week, but he did find plenty of game in the area.



# BOWHUNTING

## The Ultimate Experience

Sometimes even when out hunting, the world seems awfully crowded and noisy. Quiet places are still out there, though, places that look and sound like they did a century ago. That's what backpack hunting is all about. Finding the quiet places can be done all over the United States by using a cup of imagination and a quart of self-reliance. Surprisingly, it doesn't take much of a hike to leave the mainstream behind.

Photographs by Sam Fadala





Fadala would rather carry the extras than go without them, even down to his backpack pillow, seen here nestled into the bivy.



I begin such journeys with a topographical map showing the lay of the land, coupled with a land status map revealing who owns what—private property, state, federal, B.L.M., private company, or even city owned ground. For example, out West there are ranches with plenty of lonely space for the bowhunter to explore. I found one several years ago in the badlands of Wyoming. "Oh, that little road?" the rancher asked, tilting his hat back to take a look. "That road was washed out years ago. We never rebuilt it. We only get in there once a year on horseback for roundup." Those words made me smile. I didn't need a vehicle to get into the lonely stretch of land that lay in the distance. I had my legs and my pack. I asked if I could hunt there. The rancher said, "Sure. Nobody else ever does." Now I was really excited.

That stretch of loneliness was everything I could hope for. There were deer, a few antelope, sage hens, partridge, cottontail rabbits, and a half forgotten pond, not a cattle watering hole but a real pond that attracted ducks. I found a little stream, too, for a water supply. With my filter, which is vital, and a little boiling, I had a world of liquid to drink and more than enough with which to cook.

There are countless places left to backpack bowhunt, some as near as a timber cutting area where logging roads have been cut but sections of untouched land remain. On one of my trips East, I was surprised to find many backpacking opportunities in Pennsylvania, for example, as well as upper state New York, New Jersey, and, of course, Maine, which has a passel of "unorganized territory," what we call "wilderness" where I live—no motorized travel allowed.

Next comes putting an outfit together which is different from your regular gear. My own outfit consists of a packframe and pack, the latter large enough to hold considerable gear. I would rather go slower, tote more, and have my "stuff," than go strictly for light weight and lack some of the things I enjoy having in camp, such as a backpack butane lantern and a lightweight frying pan to do up those mountain grouse and partridge. On the frame goes the main pack, but I also take a little daypack with me. The daypack is perfect, once a camp is established, to carry all essentials for a day of hunting, including matches and firestarter, snacks, lunch, and those can't-get-along-without-'em items. The daypack can be attached to the packframe or worn over the shoulders. If I'm pretty sure that I will have game by the end of the day, I carry



A fine mountain grouse taken with a recurve bow is being cooked. The frying pan, a few condiments, and a little cooking oil are well worth carrying to cook up a king's feast like this one.

the daypack on the frame so I can use the frame to get boned game back to camp. If I plan to hunt fairly close to my main camp, then I will probably just slip the daypack over my shoulders.

The individual hunter will make his own list of what goes in the pack. The local library should have books on backpacking that contain good starter lists. Some will just come from experience. To begin with, there are some items I feel are essential. I already mentioned matches and firestarter. Also, a sleeping bag and a shelter. Lightweight bags run the gamut of temperature uses and also can be made to work in colder weather by the hunter wearing long underwear, plus sweats. Sweats can make all the difference between a shivery night or a cozy one in a shelter, which can be a mountain tent or a bivy.

The mountain tent is a lightweight, but strong little house that can withstand a whale of a storm, while the bivy is an interesting concept in one-man housing against the elements. The bivy weighs under two pounds but still provides sufficient shelter against the elements. In effect, it's a small tent. Because it is so small, it can actually be warmer than a tent due to a little envelope of air that surrounds the sleeping bag, rather than a whole compartment of air, as in a tent. Once that air warms up, a top grade bivy tends to stay pretty warm.

The sleeping bag and shelter, either bivy or mountain tent, are lifesavers. I mean this literally. If a hunter gets caught in a bad storm and has these two things, the odds of survival rise like a hot air balloon in July. Without them, Search and Rescue may be looking for a bowhunter who is in big trouble.





Here is a nice little open spot to watch for a while.

One more item is the small nylon tarp. I fit mine in between the pack and the frame out of the way. The tarp serves as a tent or bivy cover, helping to keep your shelter dry, or it can be used to cover the bow and other equipment at night, leaving all that storage room open in the shelter.


What next? Food-wise, freeze-dried meals should be considered if the hunter has water. The water should, of course, be filtered even if boiled. In the past, freeze-dried foods were expensive and were found only in backpack or sporting goods shops. You can still find excellent full-scale freeze-dried foods in these places, but the grocery store is loaded with

good dried soups and other meals at reasonable prices. And, I count on getting some trail game. That's why I take my frying pan with me plus a few condiments and cooking oil. Wild fare should not be counted on as the only food source, however.

Backpack bowhunting is an active way to hunt. I have come to truly appreciate blinds and stands and I intend to keep right on using them, from pits dug in the earth to windmill sit-outs. I find stand hunting highly enjoyable because I have learned to sit still and let the world—from bumblebees to moose—pass me by. But there's nothing quite like taking off on foot with my little house on my back like the joyful tortoise, exploring areas that don't get much human traffic, bedding down where I have the most faith, and waking up right there—not down the road—but right there where I want to hunt. In effect, the hunter lives with the game for a few days.

Backpack bowhunting is not only exciting, but a highly productive way to hunt, too. Safety is important, however. A plan of travel should be left by the hunter, including when he will return. Hunters also should probably get a medical exam to get ready physically for the season before backpacking into lonely places.

In addition, there are plenty of fine places only one hop off a main road for those not wanting to hike way in. I have a spot one hill away from a paved

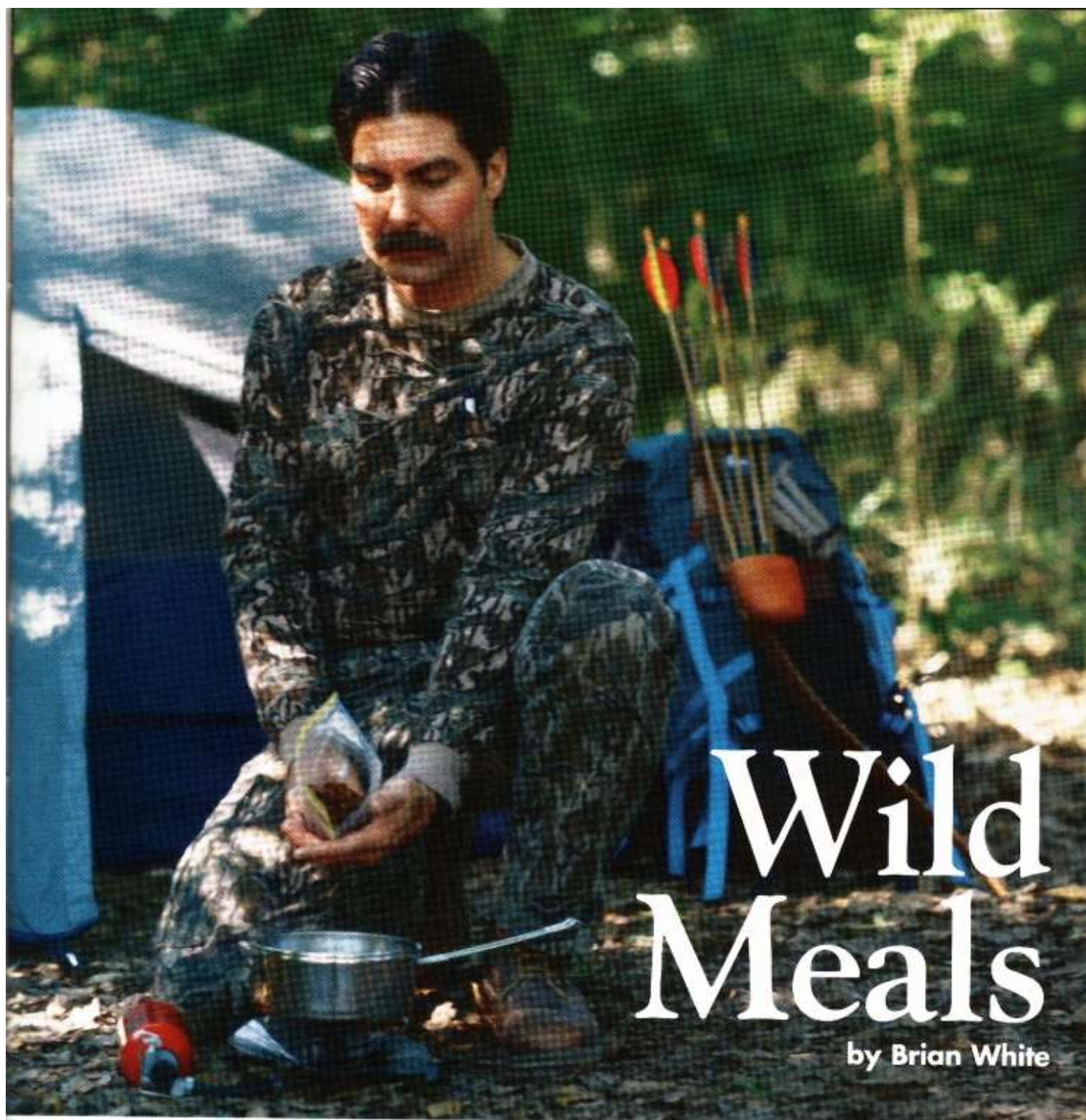
road. Farther into the country it gets pretty busy, and there are people milling down by the road, but in this little in-between niche, it's paradise. 

#### Sam Recommends:

- Mountain Tents: Peak 1 makes some dandies.
- Day Packs: Pack Idaho, Box 40, Salmon, ID 83467
- Thermo-Rest-Pad
- Bivy: Brigade Quartermasters
- Fire Starter: Nature's Fire, P.O. Box 356, Ellsworth, MN 56129-0356







# Wild Meals

by Brian White

If you are a bowhunter/camper or bowhunter/backpacker and not getting the enjoyment of eating your own game while out hunting, it is time for a change. One good way to pack light, but to still eat good is by learning the simple art of food dehydration.

Think about the advantages. Food about ten times lighter in weight and five to six times smaller in size than it was originally. Food prepared in advance from your own recipes, with storage time from between thirty to sixty days in a cool, dry place or over a year in a freezer. Food not requiring refrigeration; most of it can be eaten dry. Clean-up

time cut down for those nourishing, fill-up-your belly stews which only need one pot or pan.

You may be familiar with dehydrated foods which can be eaten just as they are without any preparation: dried fruit, beef jerky, granola. You can dehydrate an almost endless variety of foods, including any lean meat such as venison, rabbit, squirrel, and waterfowl. If you haven't been successful hunting, you can always use chicken, beef, and even crawfish and shrimp. Just cut off the fat, gristle, or sinew and pound out the tougher meat with a meat tenderizing mallet.

When it's time for your venison or rabbit stew, add water

Photographs by Brian White



to re-hydrate, bring to a boil, and simmer, adding water occasionally as it is absorbed. An easy way to re-hydrate your stews is to presoak them in water before heating them. The meat and vegetables will plump up and expand in the pot. So, a good investment is a water purifying filter which assures safe drinking or cooking water from lakes and streams when you are out in the field.

Vegetables are good to dehydrate also; just steam or boil them first until tender, not over cooking because they will be cooked again in the reheating process. Good choices are broccoli, cauliflower, carrots, corn, potatoes, green beans, and mushrooms.

For dessert or snacks to keep you going, a number of different fruits can be dehydrated, including apples, plums, grapes, pears, and bananas.

## Looking For A Dehydrator?

There are, of course, different brands of dehydrators on the market; however, they do not all dry evenly, and not all are capable of dehydrating stews. Most basic dehydrators cost about sixty dollars and come with two slotted trays and one fruit roll up tray. You will probably want to purchase at least two more slotted trays and two more fruit roll up trays. Total investment is about ninety dollars. To do all the things mentioned before, you need a dehydrator such as the American Harvest which will not only push air up the sides of the trays but also force air across the top of the trays so it will dry food evenly. The dehydrator should have variable power settings, standard removable slotted trays, and solid fruit roll up trays that go on top of the slotted trays. You also need the option of being able to buy additional trays. The slotted trays are used to dehydrate fruit and other non-wet food.

## Dehydrating

To dehydrate stews or sauces, spray the fruit roll up trays with a very light coat of cooking oil and place it on top of the slotted tray. Spoon the stew or sauce you wish to dehydrate onto the fruit roll up tray no more than one half inch deep. Make sure vegetables are cut small to about one half to three quarters of an inch in diameter at the most. When dehydrating stews or anything with a sauce, make sure the sauce is fairly thick, otherwise it will take too long to dehydrate and will lose too much of the flavor. Flour or chili powder will help to thicken sauces. Your favorite spaghetti sauce also will dehydrate well.

Drying time will be anywhere from six to fourteen hours. Don't worry about burning the vegetables or over drying them. About half of the way through when the top of the food is dry, take the racks off one at a time and turn the food over in the tray and dry for the remainder of the time. The food is



*Beef jerky dehydrating.*



*A sample of Brian White's dehydrated foods.*

done when individual pieces are no longer damp, mushy, or moist inside when broken or cut in half. When drying is finished, take the trays out, remove the food, crumble up, and store in a freezer bag for thirty to sixty days in a cool, dry place or over a year in your freezer.

## Side Orders

Your dehydrator is most useful when preparing the main course; however, there are a few dehydrated items in your grocery store that you might want to take along. The grain type foods, such as rice and barley, as well as noodles and pasta, are already dehydrated. Flavored individual packets of oatmeal and grits are great to take along and are ready in minutes.

Dehydrating is worthwhile preparation to your bowhunting trips, offering the opportunity to have some great food and freeing up time that could be better spent bowhunting in the woods, bowfishing by a stream, or catching up on some sleep in a comfortable spot after a strenuous day in the woods.

*Note: If you would like more information on American Harvest Dehydrators, you can reach them at Nesco/American Harvest, P.O. Box 159, Chaska, MN 55318, 1-800-288-4545*





## RABBIT STEW (DEHYDRATED)

- 3 cans of cream of potato soup
- 2 red bell peppers
- 2 jalapeno peppers (optional)
- 1 1/2 1 pound packages of mixed frozen vegetables (broccoli, cauliflower, carrots, water chestnuts is a good one, or just use your favorite mix, fresh or frozen)
- 6 to 8 mushrooms sliced thin
- 1 large rabbit or 2 small ones
- black pepper and salt to taste

Place whole rabbit and whole peppers into a one gallon capacity Dutch oven with about two quarts of water. Bring to a boil. Simmer until meat starts to peel away from the bone. Take the rabbit out of the pot. Let cool. Then, peel the meat away from the bone, and cut into 1/2 inch or smaller pieces. Save the stock and put into another pot.

Boil or steam vegetables separately until just tender, then set aside. Cut the red bell peppers into very small pieces (about 1/4 inch) and dice the jalapeno into pieces as small as possible.

Mix two cans of cream of potato soup with two cans of stock and the peppers. Simmer for twenty minutes. Add the rabbit, lots of black pepper, and the last can of cream of potato soup. Add stock as needed, put in the vegetables and mushrooms, simmer for five minutes, then set aside to cool before dehydrating.

All stews must be dehydrated on the fruit roll-up trays. Spray the fruit roll-up trays with a light coating of non-stick cooking spray; then spoon on the stew no more than 1/2 inch deep.

## TRIPLE FIRE BREATHING VENISON STEW (DEHYDRATED)

- 1 1/2 to 2 pounds venison
- 2 cups of water
- 1 yellow onion
- 1 red bell pepper
- 2 10-ounce cans Rotel tomatoes and green chili's
- 2 ripe cayenne peppers
- 2 cloves of garlic
- 1 jalapeno pepper, red if possible
- 1 teaspoon chili powder
- 1 tablespoon beef bouillon
- 1/2 teaspoon spicy Mrs. Dash
- 1/2 teaspoon oregano
- 1 1 pound bag of frozen vegetables
- 2 baked potatoes
- Meat Marinade (recipe follows)

Simmer meat marinade for two to three minutes to dissolve sugar, cut up venison into about 1/4 inch cubes, put venison in meat marinade for five minutes; then set aside.

Combine: water, onions, Rotel, garlic, beef bouillon, spicy Mrs. Dash, and oregano into a one gallon Dutch oven. Bring to a boil, then drop in the red bell pepper, the two red cayenne peppers, and the jalapeno pepper (whole). Reduce heat and simmer for twenty minutes. Take the peppers out and dice them as small as you can, put them back into the pot (seeds and all), put in the venison and the chili powder, and simmer for thirty minutes. Add half-cooked vegetables and simmer until vegetables are tender. Take the two baked potatoes and cut, skin and all, into 1/2 inch squares and mix with the rest of the stew. Take the stew off the fire and cool. Spray fruit roll-up trays with cooking oil and spoon stew on (no more than 1-2 inch deep).

## EASY BEEF (OR VENISON) JERKY

Heat marinade (recipe follows) until sugar dissolves. Cut any fat from a lean cut of meat, such as a roast. Pound meat with a meat tenderizing mallet and cut into strips approximately one inch wide, three inches long, and 1/4 inch thick.

Put venison in meat marinade and soak for two minutes only. Beef should be soaked for thirty minutes.

Drain meat, spray non-stick oil on the fruit roll-up sheet, and lay the strips of meat on top. Turn meat once or twice as its drying takes about six hours.

## MEAT MARINADE

- 3 ounces soy sauce
- 6 drops Liquid Smoke
- 1 tablespoon dark brown sugar

Simmer meat marinade for two to three minutes to dissolve sugar, cut up meat and put in marinade for thirty minutes.

## GRANOLA (DEHYDRATED)

*Can be used as a snack, a cereal, or molded into bars.*

- 1/2 cup pineapple juice
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1 cup dry oatmeal
- 1/3 cup wheat germ
- 2 ounce box of raisins
- 1/4 cup nuts (pecan pieces or slivered almonds)

Mix pineapple juice and honey. Stir until honey dissolves. Add oats, wheat germ, raisins, and nuts to pineapple juice and honey. Let the mixture stand or put into the refrigerator until the liquid is absorbed. Spray non-stick cooking oil on the fruit roll-up sheet and spoon the granola on about 1/4 inch deep. Dehydrate as usual.



# OPENING DAY

Knowing that this is where you're supposed to be.

by Matt Schuster





**O**pening Day. For those of us enamored with the experience of participating in nature with a stick and string in hand, this is the day that gives life meaning. Well, maybe that could be considered the height of hyperbole, but it's to be counted as a day of days anyway.

The weeks before Opening Day are spent readying equipment, making plans, and even tackling some tough decisions about which hunt camp and which friends to share this special day with this year. Eventually, it is usually decided to hunt in the place with the most history, the most memories, and the closest friends.

The night before Opening Day for me is spent with these good companions, many of whom have been absent from my life for the past eight months. We rekindle old friendships and tell oft-told tales of past seasons. The evening is a long one. After all, who wants to sleep the night before Opening Day?

Finally, when the "bonding" is done, each hunter wanders off to his bed for a night spent tossing and turning, too filled with the excitement of the hunt to sleep. I suppose I am one of many who experience a restless night, staring at the ceiling of my camper, unable to keep from replaying the same vision over and over in my mind, a dream so real that just enough adrenaline pumps into my system to thwart any hope of sleep. Here is the same Opening Day dream. Just after daylight, the deer feed to the oak tree over which I have hung my stand, and a big doe wanders right under me only ten yards away. I draw and release. A perfect shot, of course, and I feel pretty good about it considering it is only a doe. I am not being greedy. Later with the rut will come the Pope and Young fantasies. The Opening Day dream has dozens of variations, each with the same outcome, and sleep is a long time coming.

**B**ut sleep does come, and with it come dreams of another kind. Exhausting dreams of sleeping through the alarm, of not being able to crank the truck and missing sunrise, and finally the worst dream of all, the vision of a huge buck right underneath me which I cannot hit. Over and over I shoot at him, only yards away, but I cannot connect. How could this happen! I shoot again, and again, but the nightmare continues...

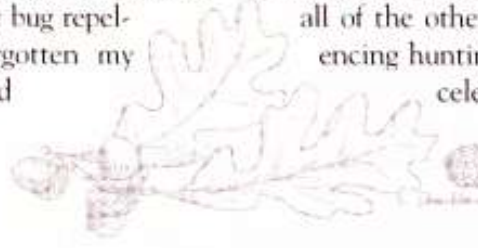
Finally, the alarm rings. Too soon for good rest, but never soon enough for this day. Opening Day. Time spent telling tales last night instead of preparing for the hunt comes back to haunt me. I cannot find my flashlight, and my safety belt has disappeared. Does anybody have any bug repellent? How could I possibly have forgotten my armguard; I know it was wrapped around my longbow.

A frantic hour later I am blundering to my stand, filled with the optimism that the first hunt always brings, but unaccustomed to quietly slipping through the woods in the dark after too many weekends in the city. I know I sound like a freight train, breaking every branch and careening through spider webs hanging head high. Sweating profusely, I finally climb into my tree. It is a good setup, and like in my dream, I am only ten yards from a dropping oak tree.

This spot was found only yesterday after a stressful drive to camp from a busy day in the city. Would I be able to find a good enough spot for success? The question had plagued me all week, but I was unable to get away from my other life in order to scout. Although an area that the year before had produced an early season doe for me under a persimmon tree looked barren, a nearby water oak tree in front of me showed that the local deer like the mast from this particular tree. My confidence soars as I await daylight.

**A**s the sun peeks over the treetop, turkeys yelp a hundred yards away, squirrels chatter all around me, but the deer do not show up as planned. They are just a little late, I think. They are still coming, and my vision will become reality. After all, it is Opening Day!

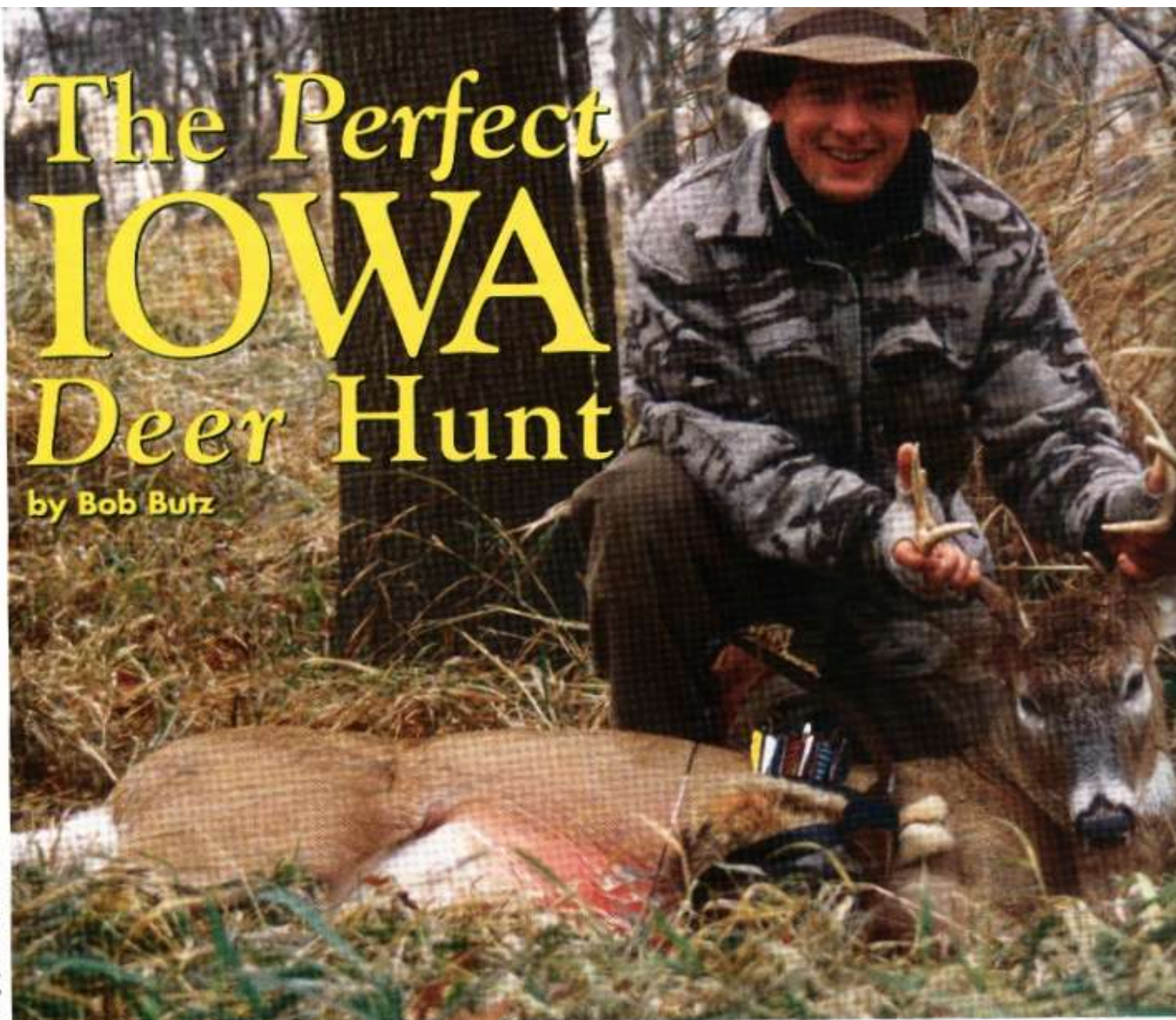
Two hours later, it is still Opening Day, and I am still confident, but in the meantime I have started new daydreams. The ones about bagging a nice plump doe over a food plot on this very evening take me far away from where I am sitting. The sound of footfalls on dry leaves pulls me from my mental wandering, however, and before I can stand up, a doe is directly underneath me, pulling maple leaves off a young tree. The fresh greens give her sustenance but also provide me cover. She roams below me, and at one point the nylon rope from one of my hang-on tree steps pokes her left ear. Please don't smell me, I think, and she does not. She eases toward the oak, and my legs shake slightly as I realize that it is almost time. My longbow comes up and bends with its first important shot of the season. The shot is true, and my Opening Day dream is at the end of a short blood trail.

I sit in the tree for quite a while. Everything that has just happened seems awfully important to me for some reason. I can never explain exactly why the successful hunt is such an emotional experience; I guess it's because I feel that I am exactly where I am supposed to be at this moment, doing what I am supposed to do. The rest of the time is just in between. The minutes pass, and I decide it is time to climb down. After all, there is now work to do, along with all of the other rituals that are necessary after experiencing hunting success. There might even be a little celebrating. After all, it is Opening Day. 



# The Perfect IOWA Deer Hunt

by Bob Butz



*Bob Butz's success in southeast Iowa.*

For a bowhunter used to prowling the rolling hills and forests of Michigan, the wide-open farm country of southeast Iowa seemed like grossly inadequate deer cover to me. This was the thought that kept running through my mind as my friend and I headed north out of Oskaloosa that morning.

The land surrounding the city was vast and unbroken, stretching all the way to the rising sun. The fact that the sun was already showing itself bothered me, too, for we were supposed to be deer hunting that morning. Where I come from, many bowhunters would probably tell you that the best part of the day was already gone.

My friend Kent Ostrem was riding in the pickup truck with me. This was his country

and his show, so I kept my concerns pretty much to myself. A bowyer by profession, Kent was taking the weekend off to hunt a little and be my "guide." He had been telling me for years how good the bowhunting was in Iowa, and, in fact, that the hunting was so good that he was thinking about outfitting hunts himself. So this hunt was an experiment of sorts; I was acting as his first client. My expectations, however, were not very high. This had nothing to do with the Iowa landscape, in spite of my already mentioned reservations. And it did not have anything to do with Kent's

ability as a guide, for as a bowhunter I had never known him to go a season without taking a deer. It was his confidence for which I was leery; I am as superstitious as they come in regard to these types of things,

*The narrow strip of trees  
and brush looked to be the  
only cover for miles.*





wholeheartedly subscribing to the notion that haughty banter is the stuff with which jinxed hunts are composed.

**I**t was November and, according to Kent, the whitetail rut was in full swing. Previously that week, Kent had seen a number of bucks working scrape lines along this particular stretch of river bottom in which we were heading. "All of them were good bucks," he kept telling me. "And I wouldn't be surprised at all if you got a shot at one." I tried to steer him away from any more of this kind of talk, trying not even to listen when the discussion turned to how I was going to get my venison steaks and tenderloins home to Michigan, or if I would get a shoulder mount done of a buck if I managed to get a big one.

When we finally reached the river bottom, I knew why we had taken our time getting there; the narrow strip of trees and brush looked to be the only cover for miles. It reminded me of those natural funnels all

the deer hunting experts describe. Everywhere were these scraggly locust trees and pin oaks and waist-high grass the color of ripe wheat.

Deer trails cut everywhere through this, and the walking was made quiet by the soft, black mud underfoot. Kent led me directly along the high bank of the river to a big open spot in the trees. There were two big scrapes on the far side of this clearing and the ground was criss-crossed and trampled with tracks. That initial observation amounted to all the scouting I did before deciding to wait out the morning there.

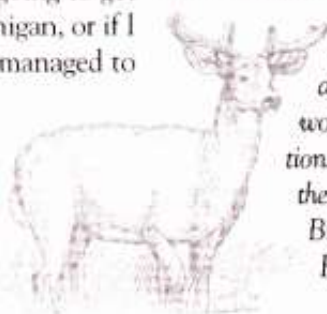
While Kent kept walking to reach scrapes he had located farther down the river, I found a nice place to sit in the grass, downwind and between the two scrapes. Ten minutes into sitting there, however, I decided that the grass would never be enough to break my silhouette if any deer did decide to amble by. Farther back in the woods I spotted a tangle of vines, tree limbs, and stumps that looked more inviting. I collected my things and repositioned. When I finally got situated, I found that although this place offered enough cover to break my outline, there was now barely enough room to draw my bow.

**U**nless I held the bow practically horizontal, I could not even pull the string part way back without the bow limbs hitting or scraping up against something. And even then, any deer that came by would have to be standing at what looked better than twenty paces to make this awkward shot even remotely possible.

But, I sat there for a little while more, afraid to move for everything had fallen so still and silent. I could hear a cock pheasant sounding off in the fields across the river. I saw a fox squirrel, an enormous red and brown one, up in the crooked limbs of a willow tree. Then I saw the buck. He was working his way through the grass and brush on the far side of the clearing. He was not a big buck, I saw as he stepped out in the clearing. But, he was beautiful, a soft color of chestnut in the sun.

In just moments, the buck took off across the clearing, but not in time. He now had a big splash of blood trailing down over his shoulder and leg. He never made it to the trees. There was no need to sit and wait, no purpose in replaying the awkward shot that had just happened. Success was mine in Iowa. ■

*Note: Land in southeast Iowa generally consists of gently rolling hills and agricultural land. With the exception of large tracts of CRP land, areas of wooded timber are sometimes few and far between. Heavily wooded river bottoms sustain large huntable populations of whitetail deer after the crops are harvested in the fall. For information, contact the Licensing Bureau of the Iowa Department of Natural Resources.*





A



*Longbow bull—strain of a hard week shows.*

The bull eased forward, nose near the ground, his natural caution temporarily overcome by curiosity. He had come onto the aspen bench ready to thrash an interloper who had challenged him for his small group of cows, but the interloper could not be seen. "Sticks" had been flying through the air around him, and one had hit nearby. It was this that had aroused his curiosity, and he sniffed the thick forage grass to see what manner of thing this was that had interrupted his urge to dominate the brash, squealy-voiced youngster that was so strangely invisible.

Fifty yards away I knelt in the grass, trying to control the trembling that had sent my first three arrows off target. The first good opportunity to take game since returning to the longbow had me shaken beyond my ability to control my shooting, in spite of my long hours of practice in preparation for this Colorado elk hunt. The first shaft had flown over his back at thirty-five yards,

although in the dusky light I could not follow its flight. The time delay before I heard the arrow hit an aspen tree told me where it had gone. The bull had come closer, moving away from the sound of the arrow's impact.

The bull had spotted movement as he approached on his initial response to my bugled challenge, precipitating a stare-down at close range. This was the last hour of the last day of the hunt, and the last-minute pressure had my nerves stretched to the limit. Finally he had been distracted by a red squirrel down the slope and turned broadside for my first miss. My second miss was at thirty yards, and then the bull knew something was not right and began to slip away. My ear-splitting, excited bugling stirred his hormones again and brought him back for my third miss.

His excitement was waning as he approached the spot where my third arrow had hit. I knew he had to be distracted before he found it and

*Right: Soaking up some sun—much needed relaxation near hunt's end.*

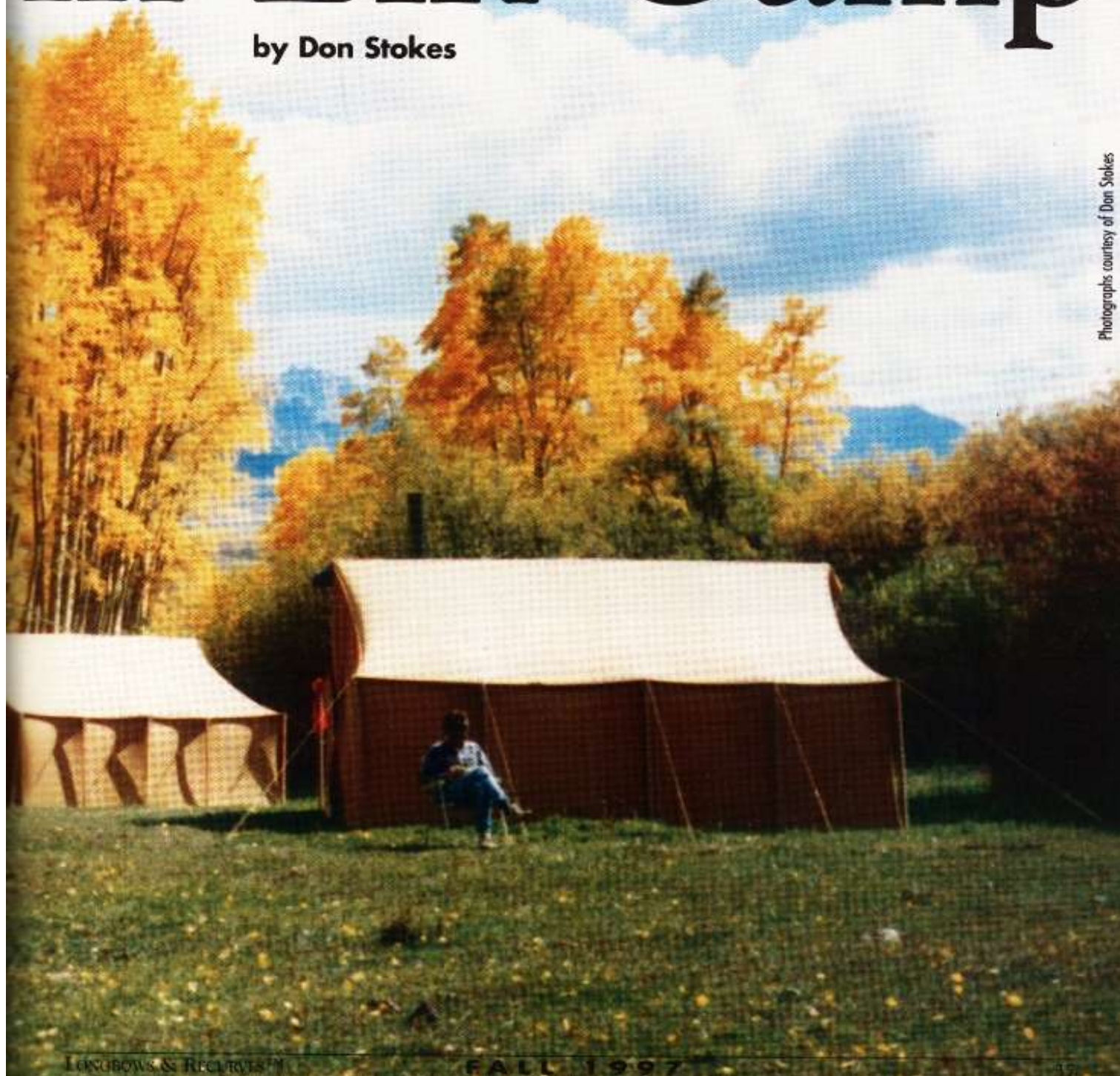




# Longbow in Elk Camp

by Don Stokes

Photographs courtesy of Don Stokes







*Glassing the high meadows.*

smelled the dreaded human scent that would end the deception. The diaphragm in my mouth shrieked repeatedly, an all-or-nothing gambit. He stopped and stared in my direction, then walked to a nearby bush and began to reduce it to splinters and flying leaves. In a momentary pause, he lifted his head and screamed his defiance at the world and the upstart rival who still refused to show himself. In a desperate attempt to bring him closer, I raked my longbow against the aspen tree beside me and bugled again. After a few more rips at the mutilated bush, he began moving in my direction, head held low with menace in his swagger.

With my "bull fever" partly under control, I waited with my bow tip resting on the ground. My fourth and last broad-head arrow was resting on the arrow shelf, nocked and ready.

The belt quiver at my side hung empty, but my confidence began to return as my brain regained its function. Shooting a longbow accurately is as much a state of mind as a physical process, a synergistic blend of hand and eye, bow and arrow. Nothing else is necessary.

A state of mind is what had propelled me over these mountains for the past week, a trip which included my wife and our two friends from North Carolina. All of us were experienced bowhunters, but this was the first Western hunt for our two friends. As on my previous trips, we were hunting near Telluride, Colorado with our friend and guide, Maple Taylor.

The week had started with a strong front moving through, dumping snow on the peaks and highest meadows and heavy thunderstorm squalls of rain on our camp lower





down. Although we lost most of a day of hunting, we welcomed the rain and its quieting effect on the early-fallen aspen leaves and the grasses that blanket the area. Our efforts on a previous season's hunt had been hampered by dry conditions which, with the tricky winds that this mountainous terrain generates, made stalking almost impossible. The falling temperatures behind the front also brought the rut into full swing. At night in camp, the sound of bugling bulls on the slopes above us renewed our energy as we plotted the next day's hunt.

The camp. It was a good one, much more than just the wall tents and cots and the shepherd stoves that warmed us briefly in the

evenings at bedtime and again while we dressed in the morning. It was laughter, good food, and better friendships, bonds that grow closer with intimate living and the hardship and frustration of rugged mountains and elusive game. In the cook tent, dubbed the Deep Creek Bar and Grill, was the stove always warm, ready to receive us when we stumbled in weary after a day on the mountain. Maple's camp cook always had warm food ready when we came in, with drinks to sip while we pondered the day's mistakes and successes. Every night there was at least one tale to tell of a near miss and always talk of the beauty of the country and some new discovery of one kind or another. For us Southerners, a yellow-bellied marmot or a new kind of bird was worthy of conversation. There is a sense of wonder in a place so foreign to our normal haunts.

Warm and comfortable, stretching sore muscles and reveling in comradeship and the deep satisfaction of working hard day after day, it was easy to stay up too late for the early dark rising of the next morning. Midday lunch breaks on the mountain after climbing all morning became nap time, with a chance for basking in the noon sun and relaxing before the descent. The naps were necessary so it could be done all over again, and the evening sessions were as important to the enjoyment of the hunt as the hunting itself.

On this hunt, conversation about the places where elk had been seen or heard often brought visions unbidden to me of ancestors around a crackling fire, drawing pictures in the dirt with sticks, staying up too late, telling tales of today's hunt and planning tomorrow's, strengthening the bonds that ensure survival. Perhaps these visions were brought on by my decision to use a longbow on this hunt, reverting to simplicity. After ten years of compound shooting and seeing archery become more and more technologically complex, with bows coming to resemble an assembly line of pulleys, gears, cables, and electronic gadgets, I had backlashed. It took two months of daily practice to get my body and mind in tune with the bow, remembering the skill which I had first honed as a teenager with an old Bear solid fiberglass longbow, which was to be replaced with a Ben Pearson recurve in the pre-compound days. It was the Ben Pearson bow with which I had eventually killed my first deer.

My companions on this hunt, all compound shooters, were polite, but didn't seem to understand why I chose to limit myself to the traditional style of archery; I hoped that I could show them that instinctive shooting is actually an advantage during the excitement of having a big game animal at rock-throwing distance.

## Elk Found

On this trip, we had found elk almost everywhere at first. Only one hunter had preceded us, and the animals were relatively undisturbed. In the third year of antler restrictions in this zone, the improvement in the number and size of bulls was evident. By the end of the week, everyone had seen good bulls and numerous cows. Every day we bugled in bulls, and with rifles we could have limited quickly. Bowhunting is not that easy, though, and when the last day of our hunt came, all of us had been betrayed by the swirling winds at least once when we had a bull in close. Before hunting these animals it is hard to imagine how something that large can be missed, but it is very easy to believe upon encountering it.

The last day of the hunt found all four hunters—both compound and traditional—without an elk. In an old sheep camp near timberline where several bulls were spending the day with their harems, my wife and I had our bull, a perfect 5 X 5, almost in our laps when the fickle wind betrayed us once again. Hearing no more bulls, we spent the rest of the morning playing tag in the black timber with at least three groups of cows. One old matriarch looked to be as big as





*Stalking the bedding area.*

Mandy, the mountain-wise Morgan pack horse that Maple kept in camp on the off chance that one of us should succeed in bagging something.


After lunch and a brief siesta we loaded up for the ride to the Deep Creek drainage where we had hunted the afternoon before. We had roused several bulls in a particularly rugged section of steep mountain and black timber, and we hoped to intercept them on their way down to feed in the meadows below.

This is what had brought me to my fourth and last broadhead arrow, resting on the arrow shelf, nocked and ready. That last arrow proved once more the incredible lethality of a well-placed broadhead when the bull went down in less than one hundred yards. After the requisite wait, it was practically dark when I reached him. I circled him warily, touching his eye with my walking staff before I got too close to be sure he had expired. A bull elk is an impressively large animal, and in the chilling twilight I could easily imagine the damage he could do in retaliation if alive.

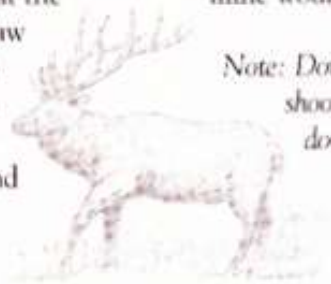
The arrow had done its job, though, and I sat with him, admiring his beauty and remembering his rage at the nonexistent bull that I had mimicked to draw him in. His antlers and his hide, washed clean of the rank odor that now enveloped me, would grace my home. His flesh would live on in my own body and in the bodies of my wife and

growing children. As the stars began to show, I pondered the natural progression of life and death and hoped that my children would have the opportunity and desire to do what I had done, to someday provide their families with meat taken with challenge and respect by their own hands.

I left my flashlight in my pack, preferring not to disturb the night with its beam as I made my way slowly down the mountain to the waiting Jeep and my friends. They would help me bring the elk down and also share in the meat, as we had shared the hunt and the fellowship. Even though it would be midnight before we got back to camp and the late meal kept warm for us, there was still time to share the day's experiences before we climbed exhausted into the sleeping bags for one more night's sleep in camp. Parting would be, as always, bittersweet, but we knew that we would be back, as long as our legs would carry us over the mountains and as long as we could hunt the elk that lived there.

My longbow had proved its worth, and my companions with their unfilled tags seemed to view it in a new light. I had a feeling, which proved to be prophetic, that the next time, mine would not be the only longbow in camp. 

*Note: Don Stokes returned to traditional in 1988 and is still shooting the same Bamboo Longhunter used to bring down the elk in this story.*







# Heads for Hogs

by Wayne "Biggie" Hoffman

**T**racking a mean, wild hog through the thick palmetto swamps in Georgia with the possibility of a close encounter at any moment is one hair raising experience that will make the nerve fibers vibrate and the heart pound.

If the critter doesn't go down within sight after a well-placed shot, then the hunter may be on his hands and knees in the swamp not only looking for minute drops of blood, but also watching for cottonmouths and the irate hog as well.

Wild pigs with their curious history are interesting animals to hunt, to say



the least. Hunting of wild pigs was often depicted in cave drawings in Western Europe dating back thousands of years. It is believed that the pig's domestication, unlike other animals like dogs and sheep, had to await the development of settlements since the hogs were not well suited to man's nomadic lifestyle. These domesticated hogs were brought to the New World by Columbus and other Spanish newcomers as early as in

## Big Red: Never a Pork Chop

Greg Campbell of Marshallville, Georgia is one hunter with the ability to take a hog every time he goes out to hunt them. His woodsmanship and shooting ability, along with his knowledge of feral hog habits make him the "top gun" when it comes to eating pork chops in camp instead of canned spaghetti. In his twenty some odd years of bowhunting hogs the only time he didn't get adequate penetration was on Big Red, a bruiser of a hog bought for breeding stock from a dog hunter.

Big Red killed two of the dog hunter's dogs when he was being moved and tore loose from the pen. When the catch dogs were set loose to do their job, Big Red took one look at the dogs coming towards him, and met them half way. Then he killed another dog before he was tied up again. Finally turned loose on Hoffman's lease, Big Red was seen from time to time over the next year or so. Hoffman knew the investment had paid off when hunters started seeing a lot of red piglets running around biting stuff.

the late 1400s. These were then known as feral hogs. The Russian hog, which is a heartier, bigger-in-the-shoulders, and truly wild pig, was introduced to this country in the late 1800s when it was brought here for sporting purposes. Some escaped their enclosures and bred with the ferals which by now were very well established.

The ferals and the Russians mixed, and the resulting progeny are what we now hunt in the swamps of the Southeast. Because of uncontrolled breeding, some "lines" have more Russian blood and some have more of the original ferals. (Some people will still refer to a big hog with gold hair on its face and big shoulders as a Russian, when actually there are no true Russian boars in this country living in the wild.)

While these feral hogs have a thick grizzled plate protecting their vital organs from a broadside attack, this shield is easily penetrable in the smaller pigs but becomes thicker and tougher as the hog ages, not necessarily as one becomes larger. For example, we have one-year-old, 150 pound hogs on our lease which have shields less than one-fourth inch thick and are easily cut. But this comes from an exceptional habitat managed for hogs. Normally, a 150 pound hog will be two, three, or four years old, depending on the food available, and will have a one inch shield that can be as hard as plywood.

In such a situation, the hunter needs heavy arrows and good cutting type broadheads. The initial reaction here may be to go to a two-blade type broadhead like a Zwickie or Magnus since for the ultimate in penetration, there is no doubt that these heads outperform all other types. While these hogs are not really all that tough to kill and recover, the keyword here being recover, these type heads are only marginal. Why? Because as the arrow passes through the protective shield, the gristle closes tight around the shaft and doesn't allow much blood to exit the wound. Coupled with the long absorbent hair and the always present



None. Two edge Zwickie.





coating of swamp mud, that doesn't give much on the ground for tracking purposes. Recovery may be very difficult, if not impossible.

Heavy arrows are, of course, necessary, but how is it possible to get a bigger hole to allow for tracking blood and still get the penetration needed? Multiple bladed heads is the answer. Not just any head, but one that will not only cut immediately on impact but also penetrate the hog's protective shield. Those two requirements eliminate about two-thirds of the heads on the market today. Punchcutter type heads won't work when it comes to consistently making clean kills on hogs. Hunters serious about feral hogs and with a genuine concern about bowhunting ethics will not use those types of heads since they just will not consistently take the tough skinned hog. Expandable type heads are available but should not be used.


Most experienced hog hunters use the four-blade models, and for good reason. A night or two in the river swamps trying to track a pig in the water and mud with little or no blood trail, or worse, having one hit perfectly only to find it after two days of grid searching is enough to convince any hunter. Even the four blades don't put the bloody fluid on the ground that is necessary. For example, one hunter tracked a 175 pound hog in Texas when the shot was right where it was supposed to be. Yet looking for hours under mesquite trees and "rattlesnake" bushes without the aid of tracking blood was unfruitful. The hog was finally located the next morning, and, luckily, it was cool enough that it didn't spoil. But the fact remains, even with a perfect shot, there was not enough "hole" to let any blood spill out and it could have resulted in an unnecessary kill.

So what's the answer for hog hunters? Many choose the Snuffer which can be sharpened unbelievably sharp and because of the three blade design, cuts a hole instead of a slit that the two bladeheads provide. This allows better transfer of fluid from animal to ground. The snuffer broadhead was invented and made by whitetail wizard Roger Rothaar from Ohio in his basement. Because of their toughness and big hole cutting ability, they became a mainstay in the ranks of traditional archers.

After Rothaar sold his company several years ago, the trouble became one of quality with the heads. Since manufacturing problems have been addressed by the company, however, poor quality problems should end.

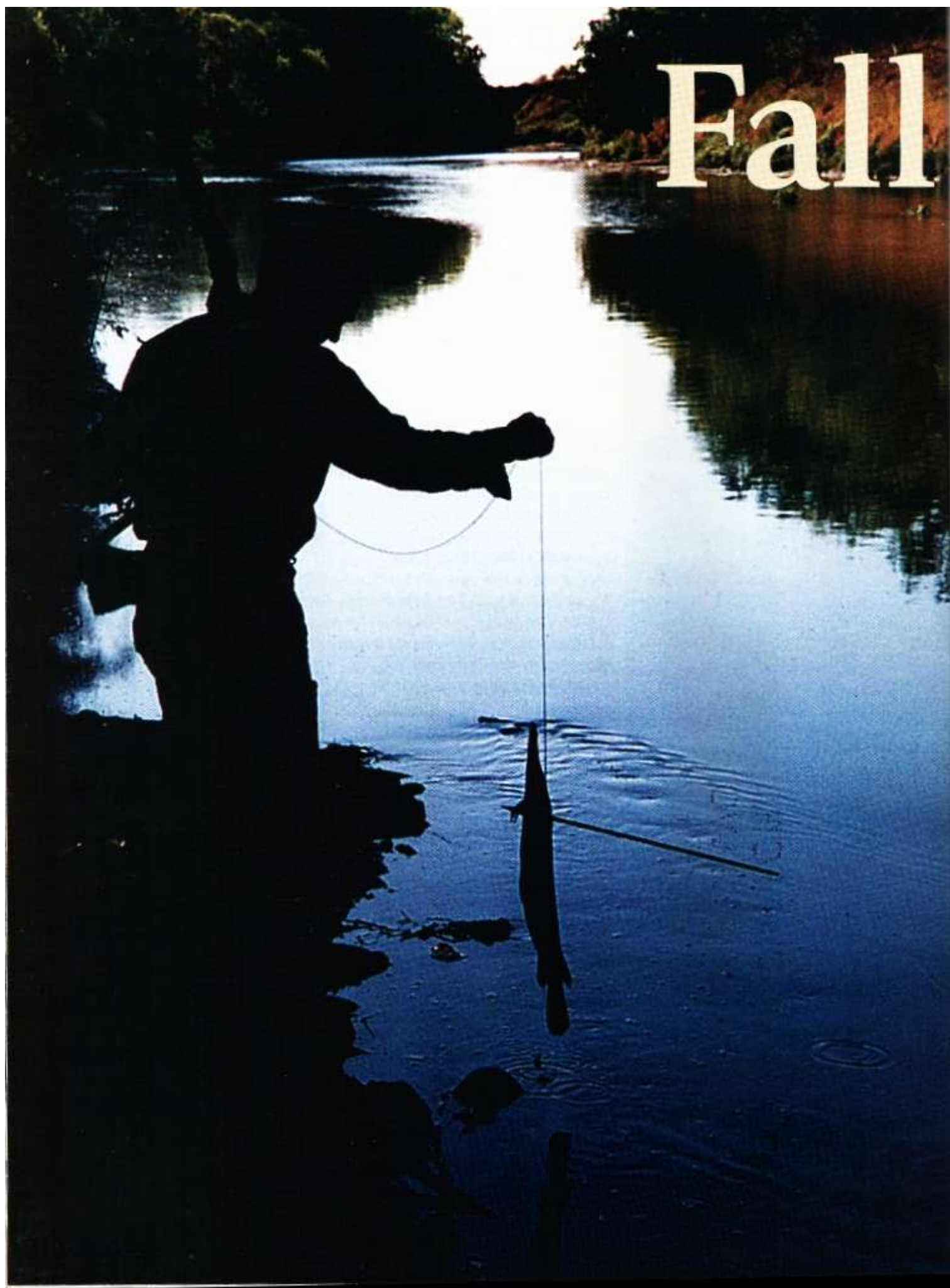
The Snuffer, three blade heads that are copper-welded for strength, comes in 100 grain, 125 grain, and 160 grain, and is of the "sharpen 'em up yourself" variety.

One last note on heavy arrows. Even the right broadhead must be delivered with some power behind it in hog hunting. Speed cannot be substituted for mass! Formulas for five grains per pound of draw weight and all that should be relatively ignored; as heavy an arrow as can be shot accurately is necessary. Gene Wensel, one of the world's foremost authorities on bowhunting made an analogy which the hog hunter should keep in mind: "Throw a ping-pong ball into a snowbank and then throw a golfball into the same snowbank. Which will penetrate further?"

Hunting for hogs is a different type of hunt. An ethical hunter will strive to make a clean, effective shot to put the hog down quickly. The right broadhead and heavy arrow to deliver it will make that possible. Then those close encounters of the hog kind will be less hair raising for the hog hunter. 



# Fall





# Bowfishing

by Jim Foral

It's fall and days are happily spent afield in the hunt of big game. There is nothing like it. Bowfishing? That's for spring bear and turkey seasons, and other rites of spring, right?

It ain't necessarily so.

Of course, the most opportune time to harvest rough fish and to get a fair share of shooting is during the height of spawning activity. That doesn't have to be the only time, however. The pursuit of rough fish in the fall is not an odd notion.

Unlike the hurried snap shooting associated with shooting fish during the peak of spawn, late season bowfishing develops into a matter of actually hunting the rough fish and includes a disciplined search for targets. Carp are usually the targets because in the Midwest, anyway, they are plentiful, and they are easily the most conspicuous of the inland water species.

Even after their yearly procreation sessions are complete, carp continue to be highly visible fish, but they do adopt different habits and are found in different locations in a given body of water. The novice fall bowfisherman will do well to understand a few things about carp after the spawning period. For example, after the spawn, they settle into a daily routine of feeding, surviving, and just passing time. They become shy and reclusive, becoming very aware of their surroundings and noticing intrusions into their habitats. In short, tactics used for taking carp during spawn simply will not transfer to summer and fall bowfishing.

Although carp which inhabit lakes and reservoirs are the same species as carp restricted to the confines of a nearby creek, the habits and behavior

of the two types vary enough that they must be regarded and treated separately. Just as we hunt deer as regional conditions dictate, so must we address the difference in impoundment carp to the carp in the creek.

Because lake and reservoir circumstances differ tremendously from region to region, blanket statements concerning carp behavior cannot be made. The flood-control lakes in eastern Nebraska on which I shoot range in size from 80 to 350 acres. Besides a nicely balanced population of game fish, each has a generous and stable supply of carp. The most carp can usually be found in the most shallow

locations encountered in previous seasons under similar water and weather conditions. From my data, three distinct types of carp with particular mannerisms have emerged: "tailers," "cruisers," and "suckers."

Tailers are carp that stick a segment of their tail out of the water. The tails are seldom stationary and can be seen for quite some distance indicating that the fish is in an angled or nearly vertical position while feeding on the lake's bottom. Tailers are normally seen on the shallow, muddy flats adjacent to creek channels and can generally be found in these locations until late October.

## *Late season bowfishing is like hunting the prey.*

parts of the reservoir. Overgrown shorelines, bays and inlets, partially submerged stumps, reed beds, cattail stands, and other areas of vegetation are where carp will most likely congregate. Featureless locations do not attract and hold these fish in any numbers.

Over the years, I have maintained a series of logbooks detailing my yearly bowfishing. The data includes numbers of fish sighted and shot, weather and wind conditions, water clarity, and the stages of lakeside vegetation. Most importantly, I have recorded the locations of the carp throughout the seasons. Besides being interesting and reflective mid-winter reading, my notebooks are a source of fond reminiscences and hopeful anticipation. They have enabled me to relocate carp popu-

In my experience, carp tend to display their tails during the very early morning. The best period to observe this behavior is between the time where there is enough light to see until about an hour after sunrise. Typically, tailers can be seen for less than a minute at a time, so it requires prompt reaction to paddle the boat into bow range while the carp is still in sight.

My standard procedure is to row toward the tail and prepare for the shot by standing at the stern as the boat drifts and the momentum slows to a standstill near the carp. After a few years of practice, I can now usually time the boat's stoppage to within three feet of a carp's tail.

Under normal conditions, I can get a high percentage shot off at a tailer one





*Bowfishing is a year round sport for Jim Foral.*

out of five attempts. Shooting at the flimsy tail of a carp is a temptation to be resisted since the chances of boating the carp are increased when the hunter can sink his arrow into a more substantial part of the fish's body. On a good calm day at the lake, tailers are continually in sight, often six to eight at once, and there is no shortage of targets.

To most readers, cruisers may mean something other than that which I have in mind. When jotted in my bowfishing log, it indicates carp that are

either swimming slowly and purposefully to a destination or carp that are meandering from Point A to Point B. Roughly seventy percent of the carp I have seen while bowfishing after the September leaves begin to fall are of this type.

Cruisers are the un-alarmed fish that move at a rate which varies from nearly motionless to a moderately brisk pace. They are most commonly found in the act of investigating cover such as reed beds, stumps, logs, and overturned trees. The bowfisherman

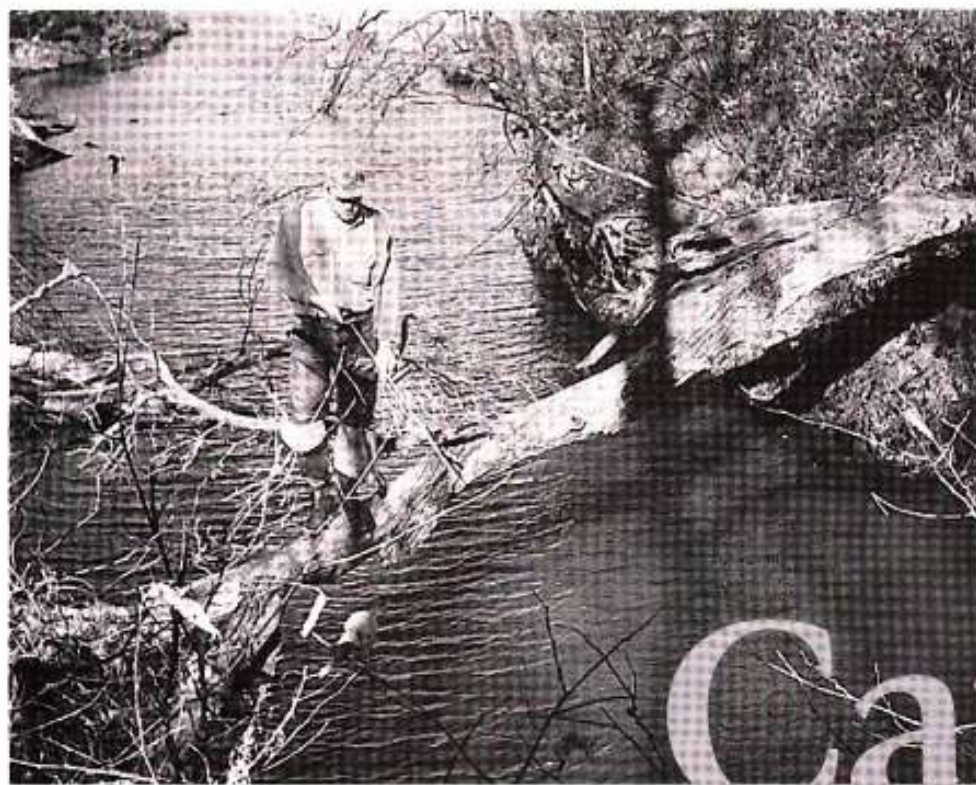
without a boat is at no particular disadvantage when cruisers are about because these carp often follow the edge of the shoreline, right up to the edge at times.

When I spot a cruiser, I try to position the stern of my boat in the carp's path, hopeful of intercepting the fish at short range. An attempt to chase the carp, no matter how quietly it is done, usually results in a lost fish. Post-spawn carp are extraordinarily nervous creatures; they tend to spook at the slightest disturbance. Patience is an essential virtue for the bowhunter at this point.

When a cruiser is spotted, the bowfisherman should place his bow in a position to be reached with absolute silence. He should always be standing (unless using a canoe) and ready to draw when the fish swims by, or as the boat drifts by the target. A lone bowfisherman in a boat will certainly be able to take his share of cruisers, but the maneuvering involved takes a bit of practice to perfect. A hunting partner who will alternate rowing duties will make a less frustrating trip for the novice. Cruisers seem to be active all day long, with mornings being the peak periods of activity, although I have witnessed restless carp swimming during all hours of daylight and all year long.

Long before they are sighted, the third type of carp, suckers, loudly make their presence known. The habitat of the sucker carp is always very close to the shore; good places to look for these fish are in the places where pop cans, Styrofoam cups, and other garbage discarded by uncaring boaters and campers accumulate on the lake. Suckers have the unusual habit of seeking out the most still and quiet water in the shallows of the lake and locating themselves under the floating layer of twigs, leaves, trash, and other debris. Their mouths can be seen just above the surface of the debris, producing a sucking sound that varies widely in volume and intensity; hence the name, suckers. I have seen





# Catfish

as many as two dozen engaged in a chorus of sucking and slurping, a sound emanating clearly and unmistakably for fifty yards or more.

While preoccupied with sucking and slurping, this carp still spooks easily. Once alarmed, they scatter like a covey of bobwhites and won't return for a couple of hours. When dealing with a group of suckers, I prefer to let my john boat drift into the group, from the rear if I can, until I get close enough for a shot. Since a circular set of orange lips makes a mighty small target, I like to sneak up within six or eight feet. From this range, I can distinguish a whole head, the only suitable mark. Hit or miss, one shot is all I get. These sucker carps also can be approached by an archer on the shore if that's your preference.

For all of the opportunities to harvest carp that impoundments offer, the accessibility of creeks is a strong appeal for many because of limited time in late summer and fall to get to a reservoir and also because boats tend to be unnecessary on most creeks. A limited amount of gear is required as well. Other than a stringer stuffed into a back pocket, the

bowfisherman can easily get by with a bow and a pair of waders.

The carp is the most visible and most abundant rough fish of the creek, behaving much the same as it did in the lake, though there is one notable exception. As a rule, there are not many tailers in moving water, probably because of the current.

Cruising is the pastime of the creek-dwelling carp. They wander

*Tailers, cruisers,  
and suckers  
are nervous after  
the spawn.*

slowly, methodically, and endlessly. They investigate food sources thoroughly and repeatedly, particularly during the fall. The cruiser travels from point to point and repeats the circuit again. Many follow the banks of the creek unnoticed in the depths. Occasionally, they swim to the surface.

Walking the creek bank is a very successful strategy for hunting these

cruising carp. A bank that offers two or three feet of elevation is an advantage since it gives more visibility and tends to reduce glare. Proceeding upstream, fish can be taken as they are encountered. Bear in mind that snapped branches, wayward shadows, needless splashing, or heavy footsteps are all it takes to send a wary carp on his way upstream.

Suckers are also found in creeks where they prefer similar dead still zones. They can be found around flow restricted areas such as sharp bends in the creek, beaver dams, and places where fallen logs span, or nearly span, the water. When the leaves fall in October, the current tends to deposit them in large masses at natural obstructions in the stream. Carp are inclined to congregate under a mat of these leaves and poke their mouths through the layer, betraying their presence. The tipping of a leaf can alert an observant and prepared bowfisherman to this unique opportunity.

My preference for hunting creek carp is a technique not unlike ambushing whitetail deer from a tree stand. I sit at an elevated position on a high bank or fallen log overlooking




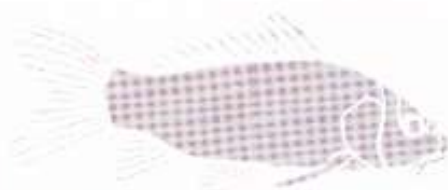


likely stretches of creek. Good spots tend to be deeper, stiller areas near beaver dams, or wherever the creek widens. In very shallow water, less than a foot or so, the deeper channels next to the shore serve as natural funnels for fish and are ideal places to set up.

Scanning the surface for shadows, ripples, glimpses of an off color, a fin or mouth, or any minute top-water disturbance requires patience, alertness, concentration, and quick reflexes. Waiting on an overlook with

arrow knocked, physically and mentally prepared to draw and shoot instantly and instinctively, is the dessert of fall bowfishing. I have never felt more like a predator than while waiting with bow in hand in this position since it is much like the way the eagle and the osprey hunt.

Bowfishing can have a place on the schedule of the year-round bowhunter. Those with the perception that bowfishing is merely a short-lived carp shoot in the spring should definitely reconsider. 



## What To Do With Those Carp


by Jim Foral

Dumping arrowed carp and other undesirable fish ("trash fish") in roadside ditches or trash bins does little to foster the public image of the bowfisherman as an ethical sportsman. It is the duty and responsibility of each bowfisherman to safeguard the public image by sensibly utilizing the fish we harvest.

An occasional dead gar or ultra-bony carp on the creek bank isn't all bad since they furnish a meal for raccoons, turtles, and other scavengers. A raccoon with a full stomach is less inclined to raid a goose or duck nest or rummage through a patch of sweet corn.

Once I watched an average-sized snapping turtle stake a claim to a carp on my stringer. It devoured not only the carp, but also a small gar I was pleased to donate to the cause as well. Crawdads and minnows stripped the bones and cleaned up the debris more efficiently than a person would have. The ecosystem recycled the carcass.

These rough fish aren't only for the animals, however, they are fit for human consumption too. Carp and its cousin, the buffalo, make decent eating; for example, carp is the fish of choice at the Friday night fishfry in every small community tavern in eastern Nebraska.

If eating carp isn't the plan, fish is a proven natural fertilizer, and it is certainly trendy to do things organically. A few carp buried near a rose bush has no smell and work wonders. 

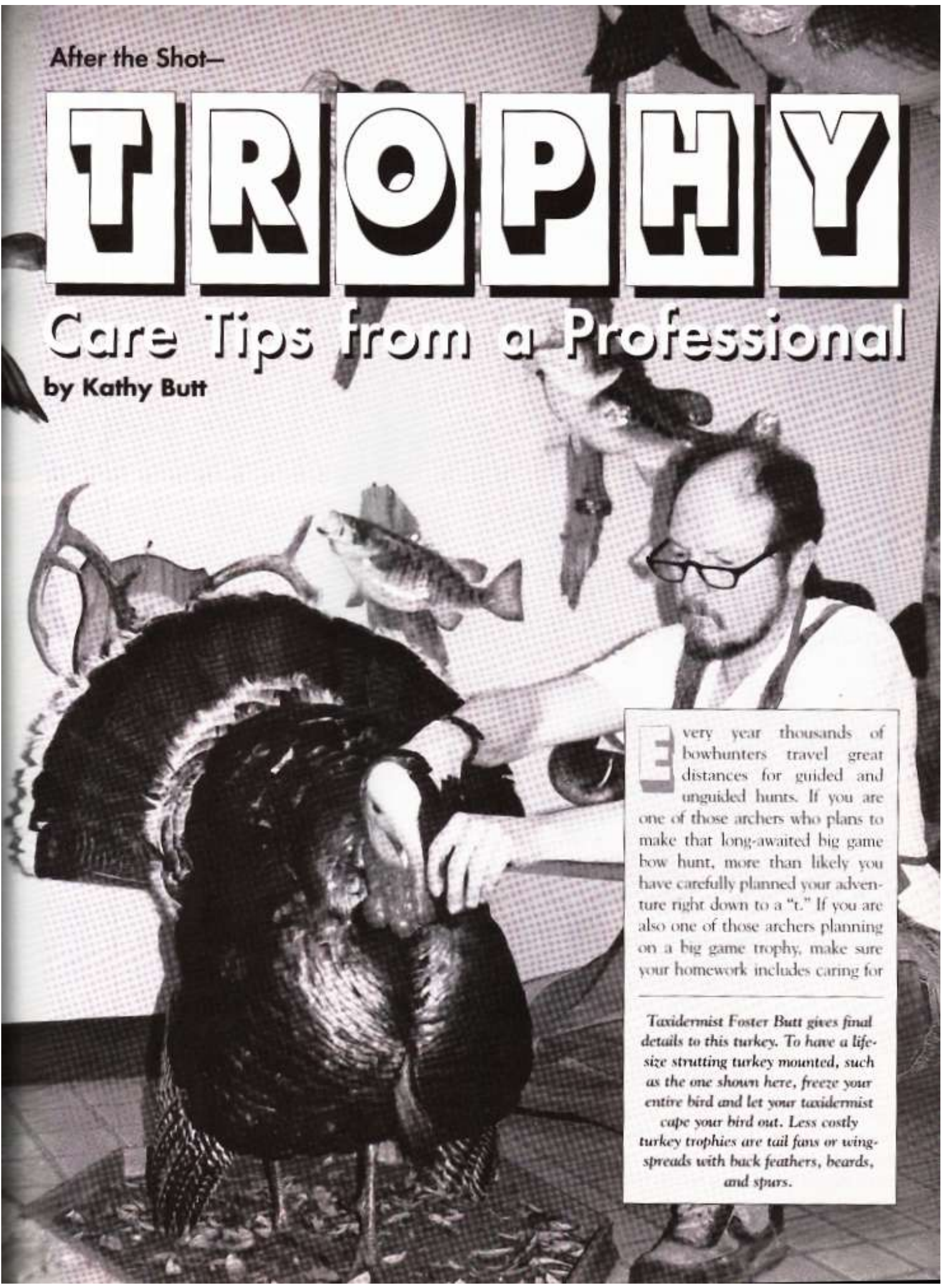


After the Shot—

# TROPHY

## Care Tips from a Professional

by Kathy Butt



Every year thousands of bowhunters travel great distances for guided and unguided hunts. If you are one of those archers who plans to make that long-awaited big game bow hunt, more than likely you have carefully planned your adventure right down to a "t." If you are also one of those archers planning on a big game trophy, make sure your homework includes caring for

*Taxidermist Foster Butt gives final details to this turkey. To have a life-size strutting turkey mounted, such as the one shown here, freeze your entire bird and let your taxidermist cape your bird out. Less costly turkey trophies are tail fans or wing-spreads with back feathers, beards, and spurs.*



that trophy, especially if you plan to do much of the work alone. The following tips will help you prepare for the bigger-than-life chore of caping out that moose, elk, caribou, mule deer, or bear and return home with a fine specimen to adorn your home or office.

Dedicated bowhunters spend a great deal of time, money, and effort to bag big game and will attest to the fact that the real work begins the moment you release the string. A once-in-a-lifetime dream hunt is worth the time and effort of paying special attention to preserving trophies and delivering them to a taxidermist in prime condition. My husband and I have been in the taxidermy and big game outfitting business for over twenty-two years now, and I can honestly say that when it comes to trophy nightmares, I have seen it all.

## Be Prepared

The perennial Boy Scout motto, "Be prepared!" certainly pertains to big game hunters. After all, if you are going to spend your hard earned money to book a hunt and anxiously wait up to a year before making the trip, take the time to do thorough planning. Cover all the bases, and do it early. First, make a visit to your taxidermy shop. Besides discussing with him the how-to of preparing the animal, discuss your options for mounts. There are numerous options available, and some taxidermists specialize in being creative with natural habitat bases and even offer signature mounts. These special services are going to cost you a little extra, but if you are interested in placing your trophy in your office or as an adornment in your home, specialized mounts may appeal to you. Signature mounts have a little extra attention to detail work (eyes, ears, facial features) and may be something you're interested in. Ask your taxidermist if he offers this option.

While at the taxidermist learn how to cape out the animal you will be hunting. Your taxidermist should be more than willing to lead you in the



*Top: The real work begins when big game goes down. Field dressing and caping out large animals such as elk is tough, but preparing a pack with sharp knives and sharpening steel ahead of time makes the job go quicker.*

*Bottom: Caping out trophies for life-size mounts, such as black bear, requires a special skinning job. Consult your taxidermist before making the trip and let him demonstrate the correct way to skin that bear, right down to his toenails.*

Photographs by Kathy Butt



right direction. After all, delivering your trophy back to him in tip-top condition will insure you a quality mount. On your visit, ask him to specifically show you how to turn lips and ears.

Out in the field, once you have completely caped out your trophy and turned the lips and ears, a thorough salting is necessary to prevent hair slip-page. Another option you may have available is to take your trophy to a local taxidermist in the area and let him cape out and dry your animal for you. He will charge you anywhere from fifty to one hundred dollars to do this and might also ship your trophy to your chosen taxidermist, saving you time and worry. I also suggest you give your taxidermist a call to let him know of your success and that your trophy is being shipped directly to him.

If you are going to hunt with a professional outfitter, touch base with him a couple of months prior to your scheduled hunt and ask whether there will be cold storage available for your trophy and meat, while also asking whether or not trophy care is included in your hunt fee. Some outfitters will take care of everything, while others do not. Know what services are available and be prepared for those that are not.

## Packing Suggestions

Knowing up front exactly what is and is not included in your hunt package will help you to pack. Unguided hunters are generally responsible for their own trophy care and should plan accordingly. I suggest you pack a small pack with three to four good skinning knives, a quality sharpening steel, wet stone, and oil for knife cleanup. Tough hides such as elk and bear dull knives quickly, and skinning big animals goes much smoother by having several sharpened knives along. A good steel is worth its weight in gold.

Quality skinning and gutting knives will make your job much easier. For instance, my husband prefers a knife that is mostly handle, since he finds the larger handle is much easier to



*Top: If you have never field dressed an elk before, be forewarned, there is a big difference between gutting a 120 pound whitetail and that of a 600 to 700 pound elk. The procedure is the same, there is just more animal to deal with.*

*Bottom: Use plenty of salt when preparing hides. The author's husband stresses to his clients to always use plenty of salt immediately after caping out hides. Check with your outfitter and know exactly what services are included in your hunt package. Most outfitters provide skinning and trophy care on a guided hunt.*

grip and less tiring when doing big skinning jobs. We also recommend the Game Skinner by Outdoor Edge Cutlery for field dressing; its razor sharp cutting hook opens game like a zipper,

while the other side offers a cutting edge for skinning.

For those of you who have never field dressed a big animal like an elk or bear, be forewarned, the job is tough.



There is a great deal of difference between opening up a 120 pound whitetail and that of ripping open a 600 to 700 pound elk. The same goes for caping. And, when you hunt in warm weather conditions, it is absolutely imperative you field dress and cape your trophy as quickly as possible.

## Essentials To Caping

Following are some essentials on caping your trophy and some practical ways to insure that your hide makes its way back to your taxidermist in prime condition. A common mistake many hunters and guides make when caping out their trophies is cutting their cape too short. When skinning your cape out for a full shoulder mount, always cut the cape well behind the front shoulders, making your initial cut up the back of the neck. Most guides are experienced in this task and understand how to correctly cape your trophy out. It is best to discuss your intentions with your guide ahead of time, especially if you plan on mounting your trophy life-size, since this will require a totally different approach to caping the animal. Never assume your guide knows your plans; always discuss this with him before the hunt to prevent any confusion.

To prevent hair slippage on your trophy, as mentioned before, carry a twenty pound bag of meat curing salt (non-iodized) which can be purchased at most co-ops or feed stores and is an amount sufficient for adequately salting an animal as large as an elk. After you have caped out your trophy, lay the fleshy side up and rub plenty of salt into the flesh completely. You can't use too much salt, so really pour it on. Don't forget to thoroughly salt the ears and lips after turning them inside out. Hang the hide in the shade to drain and salt it again the next day.

To package the hide for the trip home, you can fold the salted sides together and place in a dry cooler just prior to leaving for home. We do not recommend placing hides in plastic bags since they tend to sweat and become a harboring ground for the

bacteria which may cause hair slippage.

Another problem hunters run into when hunting mule deer and elk in the earlier part of archery season is preserving beautiful velvet covered antlers. Early season antlers must be treated with formaldehyde by injecting the solution just under the velvet to preserve the velvet covering, something your taxidermist also must demonstrate. He may want to prepare a package to take with you.

Traveling by plane can present additional problems. If you were successful in taking a nice animal, and there is no doubt that your trophy isn't in the record book category, you can cut your antlers in half at the skull and tape them together which will save you an excessive baggage fee. But, keep in mind that if your trophy might possibly be in the record book range, and you want to have it scored and registered, you must keep the skull intact.

To fly antlers home, simply cover antler tips with cardboard secured with duct tape, or one to two inch pieces of rubber hose pipe (also

secured with duct tape) to protect the tips. When shipping items such as large antlers, the airlines may charge by the cubic inch and it can cost you a pretty penny when shipping moose, caribou, or elk antlers. Make sure all the necessary paperwork is attached to both hides and antlers before shipping them home.





*Top: Big game, such as this muley buck taken by the author's husband, oftentimes are still in full velvet. To retain the beautiful velvet covering, the antlers must be treated with formaldehyde, a procedure which your taxidermist must demonstrate for you. He will also be able to prepare you a package with formaldehyde and syringes for you to take. Be sure to take care of this before heading west or at least inquire as to whether or not there is a taxidermist in the area who can take care of it for you.*

*Bottom: Caping out big game for life-size mounts, such as this nice Alberta blackie, taken by Nashville hunter Jeffrey Berry, requires hunters to pay special attention when turning lips, ears, and paws. Consult your taxidermist before making the trip and let him demonstrate the correct procedure to insure you a quality mount.*

## Tips To Save You Hassle

If you are one of the die-hards who enjoys taking care of everything, even butchering your wild game, the following tips can save you both time and money. Once again, I will start by saying that time is of the essence when hunting in warm weather conditions. Once the animal is found and field dressed, you must get the meat cooled down as quickly as possible. The hide must be taken completely off all quarters and hung to completely chill out. Insects are always a problem during early archery season and demand that we take special precautions to protect the meat. We recommend using "Liquid Game Bag," an oil based pepper solution which will seal the meat and discourage insects. Special game bags are another alternative. Both items are available in various outdoor catalogs.

Again, quality knives make butchering wild game much easier. A

long bladed flexible knife for de-boning meat and short-bladed sharp knives for cutting away excess tissues and gamey fat are best. Never put your meat in water as this tends to cause spoilage. Simply clean all hair and grasses off the meat as best you can before cutting, package in freezer wrap, and seal closed with freezer tape. I always carry a couple of permanent Sharpie markers to label meat cuts. De-boning your meat also will cut down on excess weight and space and will cost you less since it will cut down on the amount of checked baggage should you be returning home via commercial airlines.


Most airlines will allow you to place up to five pounds dry ice in each cooler, as long as you declare it while checking your baggage. Do not seal the cooler with tape. Make sure you write on the cooler that the contents are perishable so that should your cooler be mistakenly sent to another location, the airlines will take special care to see it is placed in cold storage. Yep, this does happen and doing something as simple as labeling your cooler may prevent a disaster. The usual cost of extra baggage on commercial airlines is approximately thirty-five to forty-five dollars per extra piece. This varies with each airlines, but is the general rule of thumb.

If you are thinking of shipping your meat next-day UPS, be warned, it is going to cost you dearly. Another option is to check your meat coolers as

baggage and have your hunting clothes (in duffle bags) shipped UPS to your home. We normally recommend our hunters pack their clothing, along with two extra empty duffle bags, in two large coolers. The coolers can be used to pack meat or trophy home, while the empty duffle bags may be used for clothing on the return home.

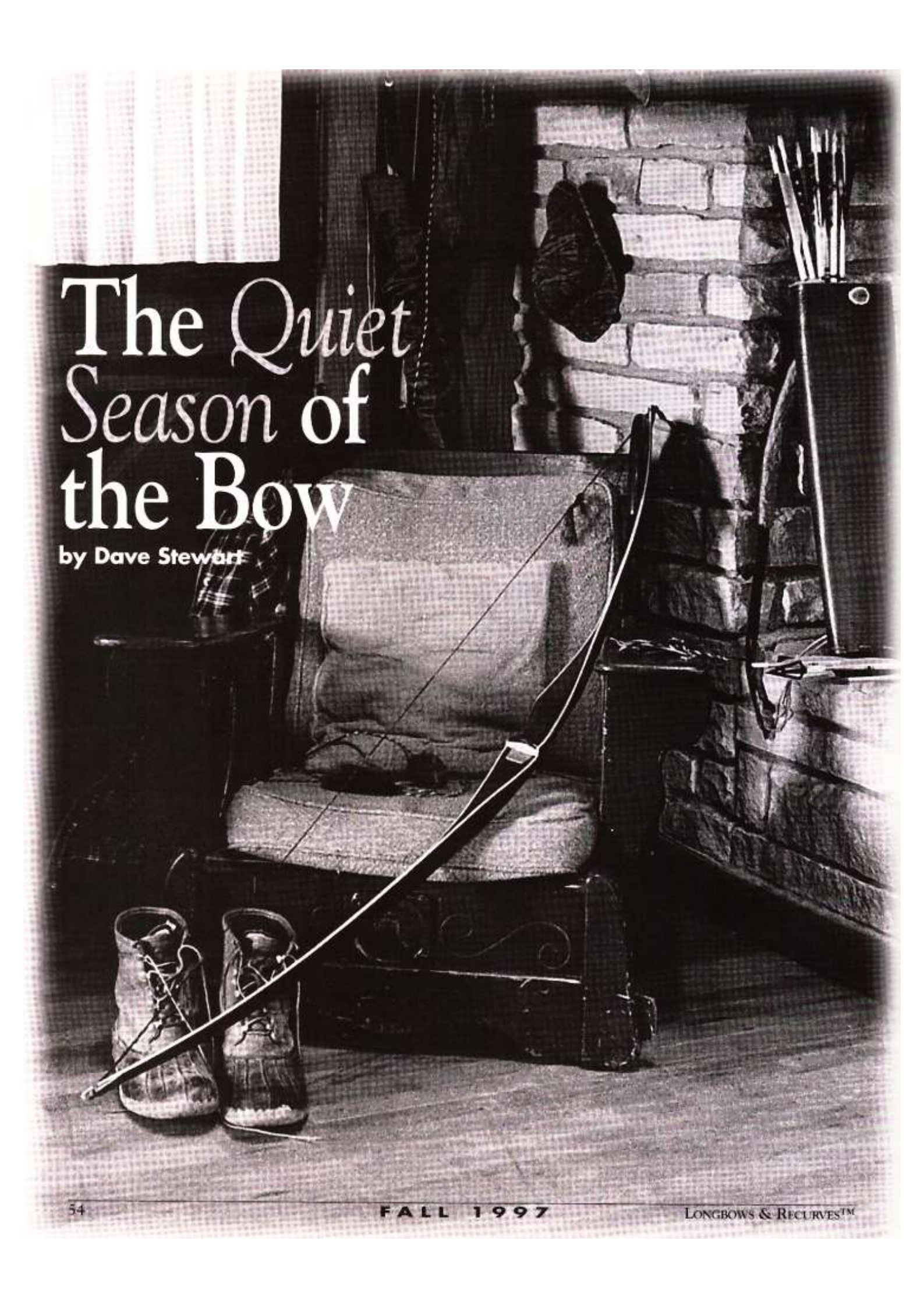
## Wild Turkey Preservation

There are a number of you who travel to tackle the challenge of bowhunting for wild turkey. The biggest factor in preserving a wild turkey for mounting is to keep the feathers as clean as possible. Simply wipe any excess blood off feathers with a dry paper towel and place the turkey in a bag and keep it cool. If at all possible, freeze your gobbler before returning home. If you plan to do a tail fan, you may cut the tail fan off, making your incision well above the secondary feathers, while the beard can be removed by cutting the flesh around the base of the beard. Some hunters prefer to do a wing-spread with the back feathers, tail fan, and spurs. This will require you bring the entire bird in to your taxidermist. Your gobbler can be completely skinned and preserved with Borax for the return home, but you will still need to keep your trophy cool.

Taking a dream hunt this year? Take the time early and be prepared for your success. Being prepared for your success will save you time, money, and heartache. Taking the time to learn how to correctly cape out your trophy, how to preserve it, and how to get it home in good condition will leave a sparkle in your eye every time you pass by and admire that beautiful mount hanging on your wall. 







# The Quiet Season of the Bow

by Dave Stewart



**I**t was early fall, just a couple of weeks before archery season. No thunder from muzzle loaders or ear deafening reports from modern guns, just the quiet season of the bow.

The monster buck had betrayed his bedding spot on a south-facing hillside during one of my late summer scouting trips. It lay forty yards west of the trail he and two smaller bucks were using. Three of us had seen this big boy running with two more huge racked bucks for the past three years. We had come to the conclusion that all three of these giant whitetails could read the opening dates of hunting season as well as we could.

Throughout our state's bow season, the bucks' instincts and experience provided them with a most complete disappearing act. Not so this year! Having accidentally moved "Old Mo" out of his bedding ground, I came back on two separate trips to confirm he was still there and each time he didn't disappoint me. After all these years of scouting, successes, and failures, here within ten minutes of my house "Old Mo" made his home, calmly eating from my persimmon trees, drinking from the live stream in the pasture, and bedding within earshot of all that was going on around our home.

Yes, bow season—that quiet season—was looking pretty promising this year. A twelve point was what my longbow had in mind, and a twelve point was what that arrow was going to bring.

**D**ad's voice over the phone denoted a sense of urgency. His health had been slowly failing ever since Mother had passed away almost five years previously. A heart condition complicated by diabetic neuropathy and further problems brought on by body systems starting to fail indicated my wife and I needed to make a quick trip. After a two hour trip that afternoon we pulled into Dad's driveway with our usual upbeat attitude still in place, thinking that we could take him home with us and nurse him back to health as we had done before. Besides, I had a twelve point appointment.

It didn't take but a moment to see how weak and frail he had become since our visit a month earlier. He had hardly enough strength to walk across a room, and his deeply recessed eyes filled with tears at our arrival. We began to clearly see his condition. Immediate care was needed on a twenty-four hour basis. Promises to him in years gone by now needed to be fulfilled: no nursing homes, no strangers in his house to be compensated for their service, just a son and a loving daughter-in-law would care for him until his time came. A trip back to our house for clothes and other necessities was made and then back to Dad's to move in and begin the promise.

As the days passed, selfishness began to creep in as thoughts of the twelve point appointment possibly being missed now became a reality. A twelve point whitetail is at best a once in a lifetime opportunity for this country boy. I visualized his spread to be close to twenty-four inches.

Despair set in as the days of caregiving passed and bow season got into full swing. Each day seemed like a torture period to me. Despair began to turn into bitterness. After all, maybe someone else would keep my twelve point appointment or, worse yet, what if "Old Mo" just died of old age? Died of old age! Say, what's so wrong with that?

**T**here are basically only two types of people in this world, old people and those who intend to get that way. I believe that goes for animals too. "Old Mo" had outlived most of his kind and undoubtedly had quite a reputation in his neck of the woods. What about Dad? Hadn't he lived well into his eighties, creating an exceptional reputation and legacy? What in the world was I so down in the mouth about? Finally, I realized my quiet season of the bow had begun alright but it was of a different kind now. Instead of taking a life, I was trying to sustain one. Instead of searching for sign, I was serving with sincerity.

The long hours of both day and night by Dad's bed began to provide insights into other opportunities. Three of my bows needed arrow rest replacements. Broadheads needed sharpening. New strings replaced old ones. All of my equipment was cleaned in minute detail as it never had been before. Stacks of old magazines were studied for new ideas and tricks long since forgotten. Back issues of magazines were ordered to fill in the gaps of my reference material. Whenever my wife could relieve me at Dad's bedside, on the camo hat would go, and into the backyard I would take myself to drill as many arrows as possible into the target before she would have to call for assistance with Dad again.

Introspection occurred regularly. Why do I so love traditional bowhunting? Why all the fuss against our sport generated by the anti-hunters? What is my personal position on the issues at the forefront? Am I ready to stand and give an answer to anyone who questions my belief in hunting and the ethics involved?

This quiet season, something quite different from what I had envisioned, provided me the time to think deeply and steadily about all those things traditional bowhunters hold dear. Yes, I do understand why I so love traditional bowhunting. Yes, I do understand all the fuss against our sport generated by the anti-hunters. Yes, I do know my personal position on the issues at the forefront. Yes, I am ready to stand and give an answer to anyone who questions my beliefs in hunting and the ethics involved.

Just like a deer appearing from an entirely different direction than originally anticipated, that season saw me totally overtaken and absorbed in life... and death. It was still, for me, the quiet season of the bow although there was no twelve pointer, and there was no success of the hunt.

What it was, for me, was a true quiet season of the bow. ■



# HUNTIN' AND EATIN' CAJUN STYLE

by Reggie Little

I was at my camp in the Atchafalaya Basin with high expectations for harvesting a buck. I had seen three does browsing two days before and the rut was about to reach its peak. A cold front had passed through a couple of nights before, dropping about two inches of rain as well as the temperature. Odds were in my favor.

I did not realize the result of the rain, however, until I found as I set out for my stand in the afternoon that the rising water had completely inundated the bottom where I planned to hunt. The bayou had risen about eighteen inches.

Not only can the weather change every hour, but so can the woods here in south Louisiana. So, I returned to the camp, grabbed another climbing stand and headed to the nearest place where there would be drier land. A fresh trail crossing a pipeline had two fresh scrapes along it. I decided this was the place I would hunt.

Several hours later as I stood over my Christmas eight point, I looked at him closely. The deer was typical for the part of the Basin I hunt in: two years old and about 150 to 160 pounds. He looked like he had just started his rutting rituals, so he was going to be some fine eating. Since Christmas was on Tuesday, he would hang in the cooler until Friday. There would be fresh venison at the camp Saturday night.

Cooking at the camp is probably as important here in south Louisiana as is the hunting itself. It is not uncommon for suppers to have anywhere from five to twenty-five people. Two or three camps will get together and have one big supper. Not only is this an every Saturday night deal, but weeknight suppers among groups of friends, co-workers, and so on are commonplace.

Get togethers "Cajun style" may bring out a

squeeze box or guitar, and a bouree' game is sure to be going on with the possibility of the great sum of three to five dollars being won before supper is ready. The camp gathering may include a boat ride from camp to camp or an ATV ride since all camps aren't way out in the woods and can be reached by truck or car.

During this relaxing time hunters spend together—sometimes the whole family shows up—everything is fair game for discussion from work to politics, and most of the time solutions for world problems are found. Of course, if there has been a harvest by two or three of the folks, those hunts are relived in detail, maybe even two or three times if everyone hasn't shown up at the same time.

At many of these get togethers, the following recipes are the main attractions. Venison, squirrel, rabbit, duck, and just about any wild game bird or meat can be used.

With all of it, a rich gravy is made with the meat and vegetables to go over rice accompanied by a couple of side dishes. Because of this, these dinners are commonly called "a sauce." I invite you to gather a group of good friends and/or family and enjoy eatin' Cajun style after your next successful hunt.

## VENISON

Onions—1 onion per 1 1/2 pound of meat  
Bell pepper—1  
Garlic—6 cloves  
Green onions—1 bunch  
Parsley—1/2 bunch  
Garlic powder  
Mushroom steak sauce  
Tomato paste—6 oz can





Clockwise, from top left. Meat just after browning. Onions, bell peppers, and garlic beginning to cook. Potatoes, sausage, and onions before adding water. Meat in the gravy right before serving time.



Photographs by Reggie Little

Flour—1 tablespoon  
Salt and pepper to taste

## **SAUCE**

I'm using some de-boned pieces of sirloin, but chops, backstrap, round steak, neck chop, shoulder or seven steaks will all work equally as well. Some folks even add a little lean pork to give a different flavor.

After the meat has been thoroughly washed and trimmed of all blood and damaged pieces, lightly season with salt, black pepper, and garlic powder. I say lightly because throughout the cooking period, the seasoning should be checked and adjusted if necessary.

Once seasoned, a Dutch oven "black pot," with just enough oil in it to cover the bottom should be heated. The meat should be flat on the bottom; it will start to fry or brown. If it starts to pop, a little water can be added. When the second side is browned, the heat should be reduced one third. Start on high heat. Then water should be

added and will begin to boil. This helps tenderize the meat, and it starts to pick up the residue on the bottom from the browning. This is the beginning of your sauce.

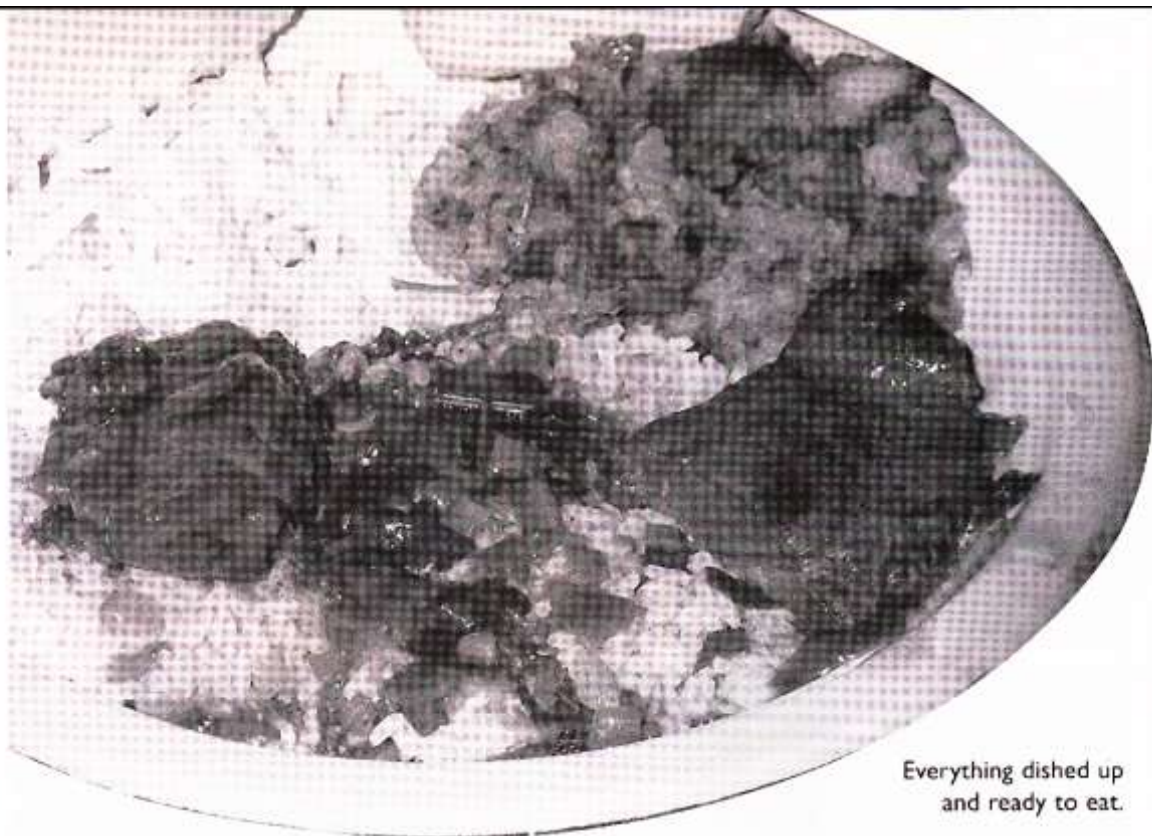
Let the water reduce almost all the way. When the meat starts to fry again, more water should be added and the meat turned over. This should be done a couple of times. When there is a deep brown color to the water, the meat should be taken out and set aside.

Add the onions, bell peppers, and garlic. Stir around so that the vegetables become coated with the liquid. As this water reduces, the vegetables will start to wilt, and a little more liquid may be added to finish them. When all are wilted they, too, should take on that rich brown color. As the liquid is almost gone, return the meat to the pot, and stir everything together, getting it mixed together well.

Now add mushroom steak sauce and tomato paste. The tomato paste is a personal choice; some folks like a whole six ounce can. I use only







Everything dished up and ready to eat.

a tablespoon and always add a little sugar to cut the acidity in the tomato paste. Use a steak sauce can, dilute a tablespoon of all-purpose flour with water, and add this ingredient to the pot. Cover tightly. Cut the fire to simmer and let it cook about forty-five minutes to an hour until the meat is tender. Add the parsley and green onion tops about ten minutes before the dish is done.

This part is served over prepared rice.

### POTATOES

Irish Potatoes—3 pounds peeled and cubed  
Smoked sausage—2 pounds cut in 1" pieces  
Onions—1 or 2 large  
Green onions—1/2 bunch, tops coarsely chopped  
Parsley—1/4 bunch  
Salt and pepper to taste

The most popular side dish at camp is this potato dish. It has so many names, I will just call it "potatoes."

Peel and quarter three to five pounds of Irish potatoes. Put in a deep pot, add two to three pounds of smoked sausage (bacon, salt meat, or smoked meat can also be used), dice two

whole onions, and add salt and pepper. Cover potatoes with about two inches of water and put on high heat. As the water boils out, the potatoes will break up. When the water reaches the level of the potatoes, reduce the heat by one half. Stir as the remainder of the water boils out.

Soon the potatoes will start to have body again. Stir so they won't stick to the bottom of the pot. At this point, add coarsely cut parsley and onion tops, remove from fire, and set aside. Check seasoning and stir occasionally.


Not only is this a good dish for many entrees, but it makes a good sandwich the next day.

### COLE SLAW

Shredded cabbage can be seasoned with either salt and pepper and vinegar or Italian dressing and some sugar.

### DESSERT

For dessert here in Cajun country, we generally get another helping of the main course, or at least dunk a slice of bread in the gravy. The lucky one takes his bread to wipe the pot clean.

That's huntin' and eatin' Cajun style. 





# THE BOW I CARRY

by Flip Pallot

## The Spirit of Monty

Some years back I ordered a longbow from a bowyer by the name of Monty Moravec. Things began with a long distance call to a small town in Montana where Monty lived and worked. We spoke about my bow, we spoke of hunting in my native south Florida, and we spoke of Monty's hunting.

I waited anxiously as the months crept slowly toward the delivery date of my new bow, and when it finally arrived, it was more beautiful than I could ever have hoped. It was sixty-six inches long with limbs of yew and riser of bubinga. The brown and white Flemish string set it off perfectly.

I attached the Selway Quiver, loaded in some judo points, and took to the woods behind my house to harass some stumps. Walking through the woods I conjured up a heavy horned whitetail walking past my stand at fifteen yards. Up came the bow. Very slowly I came to full draw and then missed the pine cone by two feet. As the afternoon progressed, things did not get any better; as wonderful as that bow was, I could not shoot it. Many other such afternoons came and went, and although this was the most beautiful bow I had ever laid a glove on, I could not shoot it.

Finally, I gave it to a friend who was just taking up traditional archery. I knew it was a fine bow; the problem was with me. I hoped that my friend would have better luck with it than I had. I did keep in touch with Monty, but never mentioned to him that I was not able to master his bow.

Time passed and Monty came to south Florida to spend a week with Hal Chittum and me at our hunting camp. Monty had never hunted wild hogs, and our area is overrun with them. It was a great week of hog hunting, stump shooting, and story telling around a live oak campfire. We ate the first wild hog that Monty ever shot. For an appetizer Monty provided lion jerky from a cat that he had taken earlier in the year.

When Monty realized that I wasn't using his bow, I "fessed up" and told him the story of having given the bow away. He took it well, saying, "bows are a personal thing and need to be tried on like hunting boots... when a bow doesn't fit, hunt with the one that does!"

Six or eight months passed after that hunt and one morning while checking the mail I received my copy of a bowhunting magazine. On the cover was a wonderful picture of Monty, kneeling in the snow with his dogs and a lion that he had killed with his old, beat up Monarch longbow. What a great photograph of Monty, I thought.

Perhaps that lion is the source of the jerky that we enjoyed when he hunted with us earlier in the year. It was then that I noticed Monty's birthdate and the date of his death superimposed over the top of the cover photograph.

It was a week or two before I remembered the bow that I had given my friend. I gave him a call and asked him if he had tried the bow. He admitted that he had been busy and had not had a chance to even string the bow. We made a trade for one of the other longbows in my arsenal, and Monty's bow once again lived at my address.

Only a few days later Hal and I met at camp for a hog hunt. I brought Monty's bow and a bunch of judo points planning to shoot it around camp in Monty's honor. I could not miss. No matter what I shot at, I just could not miss. I started making up ridiculous shots.... I just couldn't miss. There was hand shock... still, I just couldn't miss.

I took to calling the bow "The Spirit of Monty." It has since become my constant companion in the woods. Modesty prevents me from uttering the number of deer, hogs, and even one turkey which have found their way back to camp as a result.

The bow I carry is "The Spirit of Monty," and although I am not an overly metaphysical kind of guy, I have got to believe that something is with me in the woods that wasn't there before. It might just be self confidence; then again, it might just be the spirit of Monty. ■



Flip Pallot remembers his friend Monty.

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## FROM THE FIELD

### Be Heart Smart All You Old...

For those of you keeping a hunting file of interesting clips that you just can't throw away, you might appreciate the following information pulled from the editor's must-keep file. "Deer hunting literally 'stirs a man's blood,'" states the headline.

The hunter's heart races wildly at the sight of a big buck, according to a Michigan study of twenty-five middle-age male hunters hooked up to portable heart monitors. Some men's heart rates almost doubled when they saw a deer; one hunter's heart skyrocketed from 78 to 168 beats per minute when he sighted a ten point buck, according to the 1996 article by Daniel Q. Haney, medical editor of the Associated Press.

Cited in the article were Michigan statistics, for one, which show that about a dozen hunters die of heart attacks during a typical deer season there.

Advice in the article included good common sense for ya'll: building up your endurance before hunting season, having a physical exam so you know about any heart condition, and, of course, knowing your limits now (not fifteen years ago) in dragging animals out of the woods.

### Louisiana Traditional Bowmen's Rendezvous



*"Dad, you didn't tell me traditional archery was this much fun!"*

### Elvis Shoots Traditional



*Elvis (Mike Kattawar) put down his bow for a few minutes to entertain the crowd at the Mississippi Traditional Archers Association shoot at Grenada Lake, Mississippi.*

### Bow History Buffs

Letters from readers indicate that many are interested in the history of archery. A letter from David C. Gibson from Kewanee, Illinois is just one. David writes that his research shows that the bow and arrow was developed slowly from the improvements made on its great grand-daddy, the spear. "In fact," he writes, "most of the stone arrowheads that we find in the fields and streams of this country are really spearheads. True stone arrowheads are tiny, measuring only one to one and one-half inches long."

A rough outline of the steps in the design process that led up to the bow, as David wrote, include first the short, thrusting spear that was used at close quarters ("Close enough to tell if Mr. Mammoth used his Scope that morning," Dave says); next was the long throwing spear propelled by an atlatl (spear-thrower); finally, the first bow design.

As other ways of hunting were invented which offered a broad choice to hunters, however, the question begs asking: Why did traditional bowhunting continue as a sport and spearhunting did not?





Wayne Turner, of Selmer, Tennessee, shows the spike taken with his Osage selfbow, quiver, and turkey-fletched cedar arrows.

## The Joy of Traditional

Not many sports allow the joy of succeeding with something made from your own hand. Traditional archery, however, is one.

Wayne Turner recently contacted *Longbows & Recurves* from Selmer, Tennessee and told of the Osage selfbow he constructed and used for the first time during the 1996 season. Wayne said he carefully followed the arduous procedure of building a quality D bow set down by several notable bowyers. He also made his own arrows, "basically the Hill design except with minor modifications and mounted on a .375 inch steel tubing ferrule." For shafts he used Port Orford cedar, fletched with wild turkey feathers.

After considerable "ragging" from compound shooting buddies, he was 0 for 7 and the end of the October season was nearly over, he said. Setting up decoy "Henrietta" on the ground, Wayne set up in the tree stand. A small buck appeared fairly early. "After about ten minutes of head bobbing and sneaking, his nose was touching Henrietta," Wayne related. "At that moment I was wishing I had a video camera. The show was spectacular."

"Once the buck was satisfied the doe was neither friend nor foe, he did an about face and went on his way. At fifteen yards from the decoy, however, he paused and looked back. Apparently deciding he needed a sniff of the other end, he started circling around her in my direction. I knew the moment of truth was near... His full concentration was on the decoy... Coming to full draw and feeling my index finger touch my cheekbone, the arrow was on its way. Almost instantly it disappeared into his side, leaving only the fletching showing. Knowing it was a good hit, I sat down to calm myself and relish the moment."

His own bow, his own arrows, and now his success of bringing in his own game. Wayne truly experienced the joy of traditional bowhunting.

## Worth Quoting

“

Bowhunting is not a sport of instant success and gratification. It is one of skill, knowledge, and patience. These things can't be purchased and installed on your bow; they only come with time in the field and with sharing among each other.

”

Jerry Brumm  
Councilman, PBS  
Nashville, Michigan

## To Have or Have Not

Bowhunters are a dichotomy in action. Wanting to bring the animal home, many write of almost relief when they do not or a bit of sadness when they do. Kevin D. Catton of Ontario, Canada wrote such a letter.

After a morning of waiting in a cornfield, as Kevin told it, he saw **The Buck**. This was a beautiful, majestic buck with a heavy, eight-tined, symmetrical rack balanced atop a thick neck. He was also a buck with a reputation, known as "Old Mossy Horns."

It was a fairly typical shot, although Kevin worried that the fletching disappeared much too rearward, through the ribs. "I felt numb as I waited for the Thunderhead to do its work," he wrote. "An hour passed. Should I go? Could I take the strain of another hour? Maybe I caught the liver. Was he gut-shot? I made the choice and began the tracking. Another hour passed and my stomach rolled as I found the bloodtrail, dark-hued and faint, was failing and there was no indication that the king was about to lie down. I stopped the search and turned to go for help, moved about ten yards and there, tangled in the limbs of a blow-down, where he had tried to conceal himself, lay my monarch. A tear obscured my vision..."



# MORE FROM THE FIELD

## Lucky Buck

Jack Wilson, known as "The Old Coot" to some, wrote an encouraging word from Hickory, North Carolina. By relating one experience of learning to bowhunt whitetails, he points out how traditional clubs, associations, books, and magazines help the bowhunter to become a better hunter. It took him a while without this assistance years ago to find out for himself the importance of instinctive shooting.

"This was my early time as a bowhunter. The portable tree stand probably didn't exist, unless you called a piece of plywood and some two by fours for steps a tree stand. We had never heard of screw off points, there were no spray cans of masking scent, and no volumes of articles on bowhunting for trophy deer in magazines. "This was my early time as a bowhunter. I learned by my mistakes. I should have been very smart by then since I had made a lot of mistakes."

He had practiced all summer with his Super Diablo and was able to place arrows in a pie plate out to twenty-five yards. Hunting the same area for several weekends, he had seen lots of deer. Since much of the season remained, he passed up a few shots at does, hoping to take a buck.

"I slowly made my way to a large scrape I had noticed the weekend before, and I positioned myself about twenty yards away from the scrape," he said. "I had moved some limbs to make a ground blind and I thought it was a perfect ambush spot. All I had to do was wait. How the buck got there I don't know, but all at once there he was pawing at the leaves in the scrape. I was so excited watching him that I couldn't even

draw my bow. Quickly he either saw me or smelled my scent. I never got to draw my bow although I had the perfect shot."

Even "back then," Jack knew about homework, though. He knew where some of the buck's other scrapes were, so he moved. Sure enough, the homework paid off. "I heard a rustling in the leaves and here came the buck again. This deer had a huge rack; I counted eight points from a distance, maybe more. I start to draw my bow back. He moved behind a huge oak and stopped! I don't know if he sensed something was wrong or not, but it seemed like he was frozen in place behind the oak. The woods were so quiet that I could hear my heart pounding. Maybe he could too. I realized I had been holding my bow at full draw for quite a long time when suddenly he stepped out and my arrow was on its way. It seemed like it would never get there. Whack! My arrow split a sapling wide open, and with dirt flying, the buck was gone.

"I thought I had the perfect set up, a clean shot I knew I could make. And, that is now the advantage of present bowhunting," Jack said. Reading of other bowhunters' experiences, tips from experts, and general advice and encouragement helps in those situations. He now realizes he missed that buck because sometimes a bowhunter can't see the forest for the trees. "I had concentrated so hard on a spot on the buck, I just hadn't seen anything else."

Luck was with the buck that day since he encountered a neophyte bowhunter. Jack continued, "If you have ever missed a great buck, don't feel too bad. It might be a lucky buck's ancestor."



## A Bear Fact:

*Everyone, except the bear, had a great time shooting at the Mississippi Traditional Archery Association's rendezvous.*



## Boys In the (Robin) Hood



Keith Bain, Ron Weatherman, and Joey Buchanan all had fun at the Robin Hood Archery Club shoot in Elberton, Georgia.

## Spaghetti Jambalaya



Chief cook "stirs de pot" at Louisiana Traditional Bowmen's shoot in St. Francisville.

## A Tribute to Jay Massey

Well known and respected writer and outdoorsman John E. "Jay" Massey died of cancer in Girdwood, Alaska on January 18, 1997 at the age of 55.

Massey was especially known through his prolific outdoor writing which included four books on archery and bowhunting, *Bowhunting Alaska's Wild Rivers*, the now out of print *A Thousand Campfires*, *The Book of Primitive Archery*, and *The Bowyer's Craft*. He wrote numerous articles in newspapers and magazines including *Gray's Sporting Journal*, *Sports Afield*, and *Mother Earth News*, and served as editor and writer to several bowhunting magazines during his career.

As a tribute, his family wrote in the *Anchorage Daily News* that Jay's writing and his life had an international following, "He was known as one of the finest advocates for and teachers of traditional outdoor skills and ethics, traditional bowhunting, and conservation."

Massey lectured throughout the United States on such subjects as bowmaking, flint-knapping, field conduct, and hunting ethics. In addition, for the last sixteen years, he owned Moose John Outfitters, an outfitter for big game bowhunters in Alaska.

"He was a wonderful outdoorsman and primitive archer, but also much more than that," Mrs. Massey recently said. "I also knew him as the man. He listened, he was very humble, he never tooted his own horn. He was a good family man."

Mrs. Massey said a catalog of his books is available through their company, Bearpaw Publications, P.O. Box 429, Girdwood, Alaska 99587. She also plans in the future to compile many of his published articles for access by those interested in his work.

From the Field is your chance to share a favorite bowhunting anecdote, a personal insight into bowhunting, an interesting photograph, or whatever else strikes you out in the field.

*Longbows & Recurves* will pay ten dollars for published anecdotes and/or photographs. Send to: From the Field, *Longbows & Recurves*, 1828 Proper Street, Corinth, Mississippi 38834-5199.

Happy hunting and stay in touch!



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# Rain of Arrows,

## English Longbows At Agincourt

by Martin L. Hawley

**L**ongbowmen in history were much more than hunters. If they were English, they often answered the battle call of king and country. They carried the traditional English longbow, usually constructed from a single, seven-foot stave of yew wood. Some of these longbowmen wielded bows which had draw weights of up to 160 pounds and launched arrows three hundred yards. (For a perspective, the great archer Howard Hill holds the modern record from 1928 when he pulled a longbow at 172 pounds and shot an arrow 391 yards.)

These longbowmen, with bows and equipment sometimes provided by their local village, were so skilled in the art of the bow that history gives them the lion's share of the credit for the defeat of twenty-four thousand of the best trained and armed men that France, on her own ground, could hurl against them in the Battle of Agincourt in 1415.

Five thousand English longbowmen answered the fifteenth century "I Want You" issued by King Henry for troops to invade France. Shooting expertise could mean much more than just food to these practiced archers. In combat to serve the king, their longbows could earn furs, gold, silver, and fame. Some archers could earn freedom from prison with full pardon for crimes—even murder.

These English archers landed in France as the dominant force in the invasion army late that summer of 1415, along with a much smaller number of men-at-arms. The archers wore very little armor. A quilted doublet was worn, and a helmet made with leather covering an iron frame protected the head. Some had metal plates to protect the knees, but none had the full body sheet metal which could only be purchased by the wealthier knights and men-at-arms. Most archers did strap on a broadsword, mallet, or other weapon for hand-to-hand fighting. Most importantly, however, they landed in France with twenty tons of arrows.

Early in the invasion, some longbowmen died from disease and siege-related combat while fighting along the French coast. Survivors marched some 260 miles northeast in seventeen days—with only eight days of food supplies available—as King Henry hurried his army to get to Calais before winter weather set in. Henry intended to prove his claim on part of France and to mark the territory without real opposition. Even though short on food, there was not time to allow the bowmen to leave ranks to hunt for game. Along the way, provisions had to be supplemented by foraging from captured villages.

In mid-October, with the cold and wet weather in full swing, they found the French army organizing on the road to Calais, near the town of Agincourt. King Henry formed up the army to string their yew bows and strike the enemy that day, but it was late in the afternoon with daylight rapidly failing. The French, not fully ready, did not want to push an attack so close to nightfall. Battle the next day, however, was as certain as the rising of the sun.

Facing the English army, across one thousand yards of freshly plowed, muddy farmland was a massive French force of twenty-four thousand men. Aware of the odds facing the men, an English noble, Sir Walter Hungerford complained to King Henry that at least ten thousand more bowmen were needed to face the French. To this the king replied, "Thou speakest as a fool, for by the God of Heaven, on whose grace I lean I would not have one more, even if I could... this people is God's people."

Throughout the long, rainy night, the English archers listened to the constant noise made by thousands of mounted knights and horsemen gathering for battle. The French camp was alive with eating, drinking, and merry-making. Confident of absolute victory, the French threw dice and gambled for the ransom rights on English prisoners they expected to take in the next day's fighting. In sharp contrast, the English took communion and attempted to rest in the muddy, open fields.

### DAWN OF BATTLE

The English archers arose early the next day; many had not slept at all the night before. The sounds and smells of men and horses gathering for battle were everywhere. While preparing to fight, the men could see through the rising mist thousands of French men-at-arms, wearing full armor, forming to face them.

Leading the French forces were twelve royal princes and thousands of noblemen, knights, and attendants. The French forces assembled in three lines. The first and second lines contained eight thousand men each, composed of dismounted men-at-arms, a token number of crossbow men, and at least one thousand heavily armed knights divided into two groups along each side. The third French line consisted entirely of mounted cavalry of eight to ten thousand men.

The English line drew up three groups of men-at-arms numbering one thousand men. The five thousand archers wedged between them and formed in two large groups on



## A vibrant, stylized illustration of two medieval archers in a battle scene. The archer on the left, with a red face, wears a black tunic with a red cross, yellow hose, and a grey helmet. He is aiming a bow upwards. The archer on the right, also with a red face, wears a blue tunic with a red cross, red hose, and a grey helmet. He is aiming a bow to the right. A large banner with a red and blue design and a yellow lion is in the background. The scene is framed by a decorative border with blue flowers and a red and blue wavy pattern at the bottom. The artist's signature 'M. H. H. H.' is visible in the bottom right corner.





each end of the line. The English, primarily archers without metal armor, were facing four times their number in mounted knights and dismounted men-at-arms equipped with the latest in heavy armor composed of solid steel sheets.

Battle didn't begin right away. The armies sized each other up, waiting for the right moment. The longbowmen remained in position for about four hours while each side attempted to provoke the other to attack. Insults, jeers, and curses were shouted across the muddy no man's land between the armies.

Unlike the French, who began to sit down and enjoy food and drink, the English archers had nothing. For at least nine days they had subsisted on nuts and berries since the journey's dried meat was long gone. The long wait became more excruciating as the bowmen suffered from diarrhea caused by dysentery. No one was allowed to break formation, so the men had to relieve themselves where they stood.

During the long period of waiting, the French men-at-arms, gathered under brightly colored banners representing their nobles, argued and fought for position and honor for the front rank. The crossbowmen and archers brought by the French were pushed out of the main ranks and brushed aside, eventually playing no part in the battle.

On the English side, up and down the ranks King Henry rode, wearing his royal crown over his helmet. He attempted to raise his men's fighting spirit by repeating to them the French boast to cut three fingers off the right hand of any archer captured in battle. The threat was real and was designed to render any captured archers unable to draw their bows and strike down man or beast ever again.

At about eleven o'clock, Henry once more rode down the ranks of his men and dismounted near the center of the line. He knelt, made the sign of the cross, and bowed to the ground with a kiss to signify his readiness to die. All the archers and knights assembled did as well. The longbowmen pulled up their six-foot sharpened stakes, made to stop cavalry charges against them, and prepared to move on orders of their king. One knight rode out on orders from Henry to inspect the archers and to verify that their bows were strung.

## The English Advance

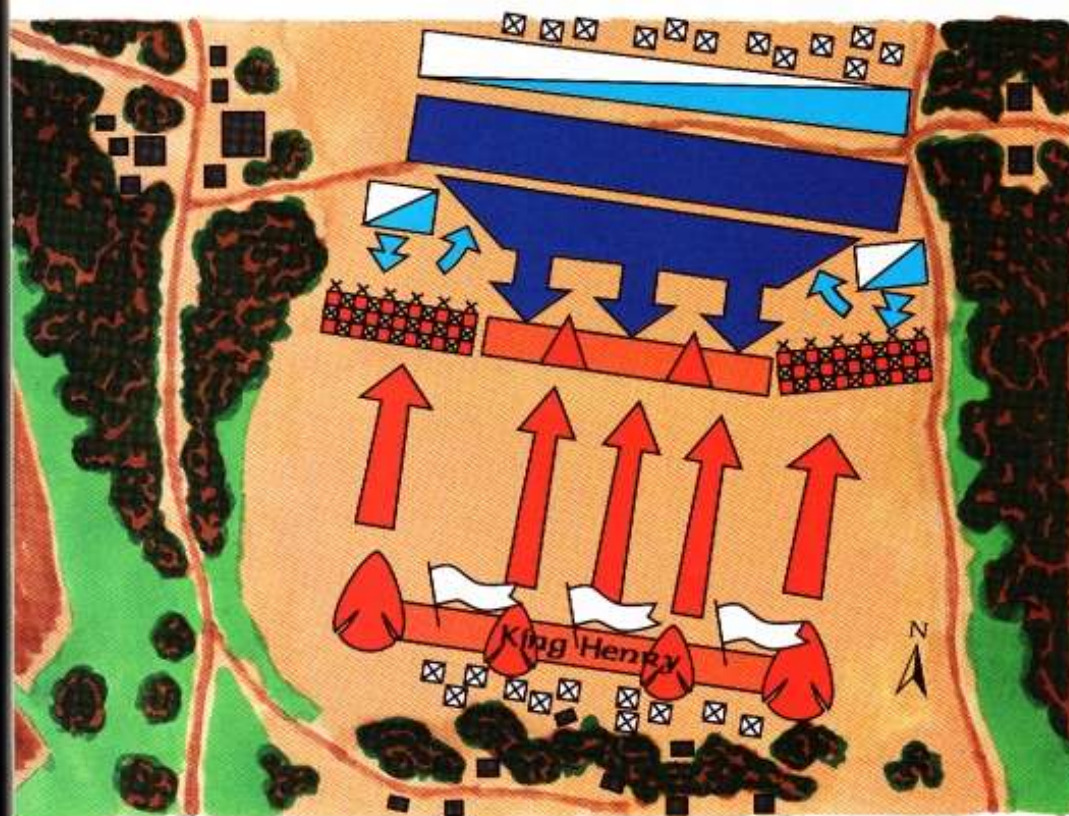
Advancing to provoke the French into an attack, the English troops slogged slowly and awkwardly forward as their feet sunk deeply with every step into the deep mud-filled furrows. The longbows aimed to close on their target within "extreme bowshot." They were 250 to 300 yards from the French main lines. Other bowmen concealed themselves in the woods bordering the field, providing additional shock effect.

The archers halted and pounded into the ground waist-high pointed, wooden stakes angled to impale the French warhorses in the chest if they charged the longbow positions. The longbowmen could easily see the mass of targets for their chisel pointed "bodkin" head arrow, arrows that could pierce steel sheet armor at close range.

The longbowman possessed one or two sheaves of twenty-four arrows in each sheaf with the arrows held in bundles by iron plates with holes to slide the shafts into. As they halted, the longbowmen removed the arrows from the sheaves, probably planting them into the ground point-first near their feet rather than using a quiver. Likely the front ranks of archers were kneeling, and those further back were standing. They were ready.

The order went out: "Draw your bows!" Then the order: "Strike!"

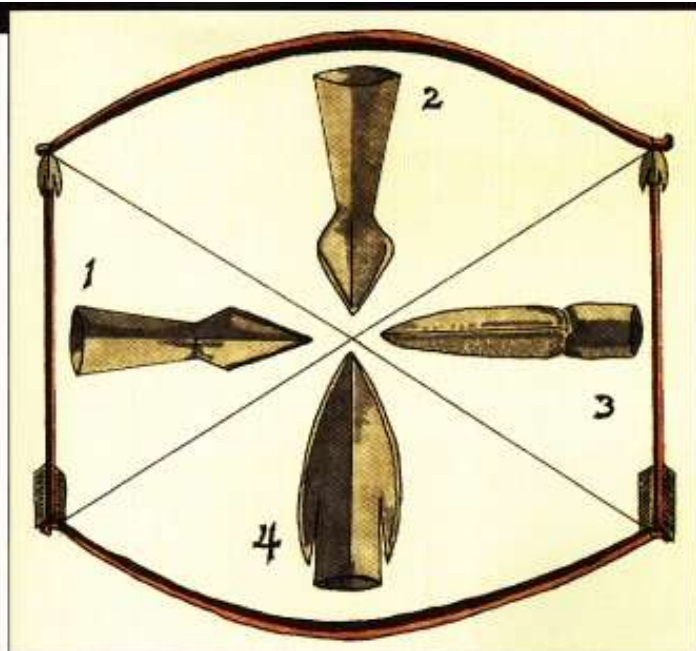
Four massive clouds of English arrows soared into the air and rained down on the French from an arc one hundred feet high.



### Agincourt Map Legend

- English Longbows
- English Men-at-arms
- French Mounted Knights
- French Men-at-arms
- × Archers' Stakes
- Local Buildings
- ⊠ Camp Tents





Examples 1, 2, and 3 illustrate various styles of bodkin points used in the medieval era. Example 4 is probably the most commonly used point because it was light-weight and useful for long range targets.

History tells that well-trained archers shot an arrow every ten seconds. The singing of the arrows, the clanging of their impact on polished sheet metal, and the cries of suffering, wounded horses angered the French into action.

Two great masses of French mounted knights charged the three hundred yard distance with confidence that they alone possessed the power necessary to drive the archers off the field. The onrushing French did not realize until it was far too late that concealed within the bowmen's staggered formations were the angled, sharpened stakes. The English longbowmen stoutly held position in the face of massive waves of horses, men, and steel charging them at some fifteen miles per hour. The archers waited to the very last moment, then gave ground to reveal their spikes of death. French horses reared in terror. Some impaled themselves upon the stakes, their riders thrown headlong into the muddy field.

Many of the mounted Frenchmen stopped in time and wheeled their frightened horses in headlong retreat. A renewed shower of arrows loosed on their heels sped them along. The haphazard retreat of hundreds of mounted knights caused more problems for the French, as their first line of dismounted men-at-arms were advancing towards the English center. The tight formation of fully armored Frenchmen collided with the retreating elements of their own cavalry. The result was confusion and delay. Many were injured or killed as renewed volleys of arrows sang across ever shorter ranges and flew along a level trajectory directly into the masses of oncoming men.

## THE ARCHERS BREAK FORMATION

As the French first line neared the English, the formation funneled into the center. The French considered

the English bowmen their social inferiors and sought glory through individual combat and the taking of any noble prisoners for ransom.

The English center fell back about a spear's length and both sides began a brutal slugfest as long heavy metal weapons clanged and clashed across the line. Neither side gained ground as the English infantry stood firm and the longbowmen struck again and again.

The overwhelming French forces could gain no headway by force of numbers. The French second line, unaware of the gruesome carnage in the center, advanced to the attack and pressed hard into the already overcrowded first line. Disaster fell on those unfortunate Frenchmen wielding a broadsword, spear, or battle axe in the thick of the fighting because now they had no room to maneuver and were cut down "in piles" by the firm standing English.

The archers, running low on arrows, picked up weapons abandoned in the field and bravely left their formation to kill or capture Frenchmen who had attempted to flee or had been isolated from the main body during the fighting. Many of the French first line were dead or captured and the survivors and those who joined the attack with the second line began to retreat.

As the French second line crumbled and prisoners were taken to the rear area for their own protection, King Henry became aware that his archers were nearly out of arrows and were scattered about the field plundering weapons and captives. In front of him, less than five hundred yards away, was yet another line of French mounted men-at-arms some eight to ten thousand strong. Anxious to protect his men and preserve victory, Henry reacted swiftly when reports arrived that an attack had been mounted in his camp area behind the lines.

Quickly he ordered two hundred archers to execute the prisoners to prevent them from picking up weapons and joining in an attack on his men. A few were likely killed, but the order was called off as soon as the king received word that the French cavalry had broken formation and left the field.

The heralds of both armies met on high ground and proclaimed Henry the victor. Henry's half-starved and badly outnumbered English force defeated twenty-four thousand of the best armored and equipped soldiers of France. The courage, bravery, and ingenuity of the English archers brought victory, adding another chapter to the history of the longbow.

*Note: To learn more about the history of the longbow, Robert Hardy's Longbow, A Social and Military History, is recommended. John Keegan's The Face of Battle contains an excellent analysis of Agincourt. Also, English Weapons and Warfare 449-1660 by A.V.B. Norman and Don Pottinger and The Cambridge Illustrated Atlas of Warfare: The Middle Ages.*





# A PARTING SHOT

## My Best Friends

by Harold White

I have never given a bow a name; I have never thought of it much. But yet, nameless as my bows are, they are my best friends.

From a quiet Alaskan mountain top for sheep, to the lowland forest for moose, caribou, birds, and rabbits, my best friends have travelled far with me. Yes, there are scars and scratches that they show from years of usage. I consider these as little more than battle scars.

My bows, a Ben Pearson, Wing, and, oh yes, my Big Horn longbow, share my fondest memories of many a place of new discovery. A quiet place in the lowlands. A site next to the waterfalls. My camp on the river. Even in my backyard with a good round of practice shots.

My bows are most forgiving, reliable, and on time. And, they never talk back. They are always ready to go anywhere and will even ride in the back of the pickup truck or ATV with no arguments. Now where can you find better friends than that?

When I draw my bows, they are part of me. Eyes, ears, sense of direction. They are an extension of my arm.

If these friends could talk, they would tell of hits, misses, tears, and laughter. They would talk of cold days and nights. Long walks and close encounters of all kinds. Even a few good hunter's lies.

I really do not know of appropriate names for my bows. If I named them anything, it would have to be simply "friend." With these friends, I will "ride the river" any day of the year. ■

Photograph by Harold White.



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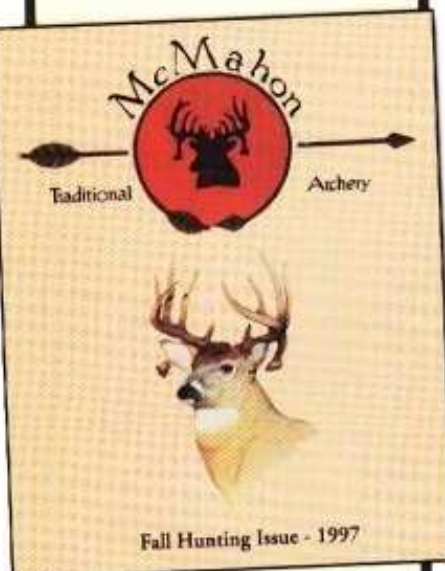
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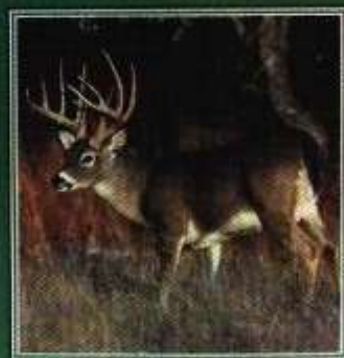


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