

BOW & ARROW

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a tan sweater and a white glove, is shown in a close-up, aiming a bow with a pink arrow. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with trees and a blue sky. The magazine title 'BOW & ARROW' is printed in large yellow and white letters at the top. Other text includes '50 CENTS', 'MARCH-APRIL 1966', 'SPRING TURKEY HUNTING', 'Profile Of A Champ: DICKIE ROBERTS', 'FLU-FLU FLETCHING', 'Bow Test: PEARSON'S MUSTANG', and 'NORTH FOR GRIZZLIES!'.

ICD

50 CENTS

MARCH-APRIL 1966

SPRING TURKEY HUNTING

Profile Of A Champ:
DICKIE ROBERTS

FLU-FLU FLETCHING

Bow Test:
PEARSON'S
MUSTANG

NORTH
FOR
GRIZZLIES!



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ON THE COVER: Toothsome Jimmie Davis draws a twenty-four-pound Fasco bow with an XX75 Easton aluminum arrow featuring a spiral feather fletch for this shot. Scope is a Hushnell 1.3-power. We don't have her personal measurements, but then our photographer features archery, not girls, as his hobby. — Photo by C. R. Learn.

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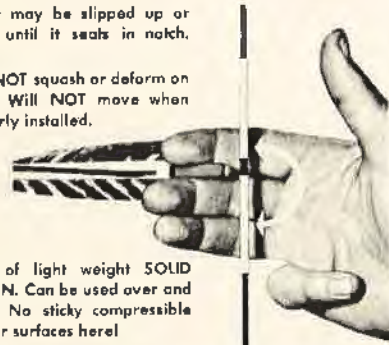
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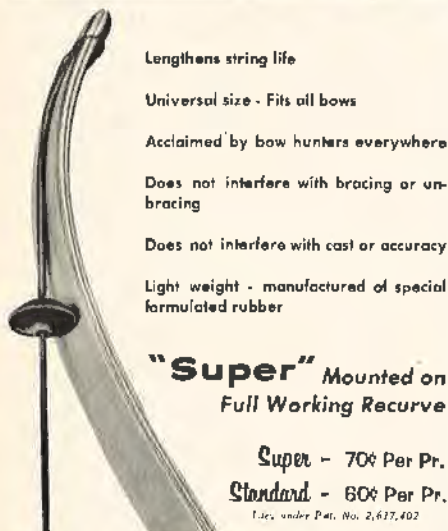
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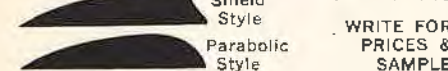
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TALLY HO, ETC.

In a few months, I'll be leaving for a three-year stay in England. I've been wondering whether to take my archery equipment, because I'm not sure whether I'll be able to use it. Do they have clubs over there similar to the ones here? Is there any possibility of being able to hunt there?

I'll be living in Suffolk County near Ipswich, if that is any help in answering these questions.

James B. Pierce,
Tucson, Arizona

(Archery, in the target sense, is a popular sport in England and you would enjoy taking your equipment. Simple inquiries in the area should turn up an address to contact, or you could drop a line to Doug Easton at 15137 Califa Street, Van Nuys, California, as he has a number of contacts in English target archery circles.)

YABUSAME READER

I just received my copy of your Nov./Dec. 65 issue and was most interested to see and read about the activities of C. R. Learn and his fellow mounted archers.

For the past three years, I have been working on Arabic manuscripts that relate to archery in the Middle East, and I have collected a considerable amount of information on the techniques of the mounted bowmen. Though I have been able to put most instructions to the test, I regret that horsemanship is not one of my abilities, and to date, I have failed to find anyone who can help me in this field. Mr. Learn is obviously an enthusiast and I should be glad to forward details to him.

The most important source of information is the *Complete Manual of Archery for Students* by Taybugha al-Ashrafi, which he wrote in Syria around 1370 A.D. He devotes one of the longest chapters in his book to mounted archery and deals with training of one's mount, adjustments to the harness and all the different ways in which an arrow may be shot from the back of a horse. There is no doubt that he was an expert archer and all of his instructions are sound and practical. He also wrote a manual on horsemanship, so one would expect a sound knowledge of this subject as well.

It appears that he came from one of the Central Asiatic Turkish tribes, who produced some of the most formidable mounted archers that this world has seen, so his teachings merit the most careful and detailed attention.

May I say how much I have enjoyed your excellent magazine and I hope, as a result of this request, another article will appear in due course, on shooting on horseback.

William F. Paterson, Secretary,
Society of Archer-Antiquaries,
Havant, Hants, England

HEAVY, HEAVY

I thought you might be interested in this as it is quite unusual: The Shawnee Sports Center has just received an order for a 175-pound Howard Hill longbow from a customer in New York City.

We have made 120-pound bows, before, but nothing like this until now.

Ted Ekin,
Shawnee Sports Center,
Sunland, California

(Now what do you suppose he's going to shoot with that? Or does he want to put something into orbit?)

BEAR FAN

Since I first became interested in archery and bowhunting, I have enjoyed your fine magazine. I have been a fan of Fred Bear for many years and would like to thank you for the excellent story in your Nov./Dec. 65 issue.

I listened to Arthur Godfrey's radio program from the safari in 1964 and waited eagerly for a story on Bear's exploits on that trip, but missed it if any was written.

This recent article of his is really one of the best your magazine has turned out, and I am sure that your future issues will keep up the great job you are doing. Thanks again for the Bear article, along with the other hunting stories.

Clyde R. Jordan,
Magnolia, Arkansas

COLLEGE CLUB

I am vice-president of the newly organized Southeastern Louisiana College Archery Club. One of the purposes of our club is to promote archery in the area of our college. To do this, we have formed an archery exhibition team.

Presently, we are considering making a tour of the high schools in the immediate area. We have been giving these exhibitions at no charge, but we have run into financial difficulties. If we were to charge a traveling fee for the show, would we be termed professional archers?

Ed Foil,
Hammond, Louisiana

(If the fee charged was not used completely for group equipment and cost of operation — if some of the money was passed on to the shooters — this would be considered income. Run your operation as a non-profit organization, using the income for expenses of a bonafide nature. So long as you don't take money individually, there will be no taint upon your amateur standing.)



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FIG. 1

Can be mounted as in Fig. 1—arrow point activates the switch—or as in Fig. 2, in which a small 15 grain cartridge inside the arrow activates the switch. New mounting bracket eliminates mounting hole and allows quick adjustments for changes in anchor point or shooting style. Cartridge is easily put in by removing the head (only tools needed are a cigarette lighter and pliers). Cartridges are easily changed from one set of arrows to another.



FIG. 2

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HUNTING WITH Doug Kittredge

Spring sprang, or it will be sprung any minute . . . in any case, it's an important time of year for the bowhunter. This is the time to make those major equipment changes you've been thinking about, so as to give all summer for practice and getting adjusted to the change before trying it out on flesh and bone in the fall.

Maybe you've been thinking of going to a bowsight on your hunting bow or perhaps taking one off to see how things work instinctively. You might be considering a change to a different length or weight of bow, a change in arrow type, or maybe a general overhaul of your method of shooting. Now is the time to make the change, develop it into habit during the summer and have it pay off during the fall hunting seasons.

Equipment has a good deal to do with a bowhunter's success, but important as tackle is, it's still the guy behind the bow who really does the job. Taking a shot at a wary animal often does not permit time to think out how it is to be done. You simply draw back and let it go . . . reverting to the shooting habits formed during the practice of the months before. Give a man equipment he is not used to shooting and, more often than not, he'll blow his shots trying to remember just how to hold a bit off here or there because of the difference in shooting characteristics between the new and the old.

I had this brought home to me a number of years ago when the new laminated fiberglass bows first came on the market. For a number of years, I had been shooting a fine yew wood bow; a bow which shot well and I knew every quirk of its behavior. The new glass bows were admittedly faster shooting, were cut more center-shot, and being a new product, had a whole of an appeal. All summer I put off owning one, but just before leaving for a deer hunting trip, my resistance melted and the new super torqued, undulating fiberglass snazoo was the bow I intended hunting with. It was speedy like a gazelle and I was a kid with a new toy . . . up until I had a chance to pop off a beautiful buck standing some fifty odd yards away. The excitement of the moment was too much. I forgot the extra flatness of trajectory of the new bow, held like I would with the old yew, and proceeded to shoot right over Mr. Buck's hairy back.

From that point on I had nothing but problems. If I failed to remember that I had a new, faster shooting bow, invariably I'd shoot over. On the other hand, when I remembered the new bow, I'd seem to over compensate and shoot under the critter every time. The trip ended without meat, and as a bowhunter, I was ready for the psycho ward. The new bow went onto the "used bow" rack. My faithful old yew wood club was delegated to use for the rest of the season. *Continued on page 55*



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TECH TALK

BOW WEIGHT PROBLEM

Could you tell me the largest game I could hunt with a forty-five-pound bow using a broadhead arrow?

Fred Dente,
Upper Montclair, New Jersey
(We'd suggest that you read Doug Kittredge's column in this issue. It discusses bow weights for various types of game. But to be specific, your bow is probably satisfactory for any game up to and including deer.)

HAIRLINE

I have a bow purchased in 1960 which has a hairline crack on the inside of the sight window above the handle about half an inch long and the arrow rest shows a little

wear. Could this adversely affect my shooting?

Gene Bennett,
Thompson Falls, Montana
(Normally, a hair crack is only a crack in the finish of the bow and does not affect the life of the bow. If it actually is in the glass of the bow at the point of the window, or if it extends into the core wood, the bow is subject to breakage.)

HEAVY TAB

I am a pencil-pushing desk jockey who likes to shoot a 50-70 pound bow. I have had moderate success with cordovan shooting gloves and have attempted homemade heavy-duty tabs without much luck.

It seems to me that shooting tabs or gloves should be made in different thicknesses, according to bow weight. What can I do for more comfortable shooting?

Dave Wriarth,
Newton, New Jersey
(About the only thing you can do for a heavy bow tab is to purchase a regular weight cordovan type and laminate a thin layer of celluloid to the rear to stiffen it.)

SPINE QUERY

Can you give me some information on the spine of wood and aluminum ar-

row shafts? I use a 29-30-inch 19016 aluminum shaft spined for a 40-45-pound bow with a 125-130-grain hunting head. What must I use in wood to give me the same results?

Laurence Leuenberger,
Monroe, Wisconsin
(There is no way by which you can obtain a wood arrow that will shoot with exactly the same characteristics of an aluminum arrow. The correct spine in a wood arrow for your bow would be about .450 to .500 in 11/32 size.)

(If you are going to shoot wood arrow one time and aluminum the next, the only thing you can do is to sight in your bow with both types. We'd suggest you use the same type of arrow for all types of shooting.)

SHORT SHOOTER

I have always heard that a person with a long draw length such as mine — 30 1/4 inches — should stay away from short bows. I do all my hunting from trees and find that I have trouble with limbs, twigs, etc. I do all of my shooting at thirty yards or less, but never have gotten complete penetration with fifty-pound bows, using a plus 500-grain arrow.

Do you think it would be a mistake to go to a shorter bow of 54, 56 or 58 inches? Would a 40 or 45-pound bow be

too light? Which would give more penetration, a short, fast bow with light arrows or a heavier bow with heavy arrows?

John M. Friend,
Gassaway, West Virginia
(For your type of hunting, a short bow is satisfactory and, with the short distances of most of your shots, the extra fine accuracy of a longer bow would be more than offset by the inconvenience in brush. A bow of even fifty-two inches such as the Bear Magnum should be okay.)

(We'd suggest a bow weight in the 50-55-pound class, or even heavier if you can handle it. Use a heavy arrow such as a size 9 or 10 glass, 2020 aluminum, or a forgewood. Don't go to a lighter weight bow. Heavy arrows are normally what makes most of the difference in penetration. Stay with them.)

GREATER CAST?

The manufacturer of the bow I am thinking of buying says to increase arrow spine ten pounds over draw weight, due to this bow's greater cast. Is this a bad characteristic . . . and what is bow cast?

Robert Brodeur,
Millinorket, Maine
(We'd suggest you follow the bow maker's recommendation as to arrow spine, and when you order your arrows, state the actual weight of your bow, then request a spine for a bow which is ten pounds heavier. "Cast" is the archery term for bow and arrow speed.)

LEFT OR RIGHT?

Please answer a question to which I find two different answers: For a right-handed archer, do stiff arrows go right or left? In which direction do weak arrows go?

An article by Easton said they went in one direction, but I also have read otherwise.

Jack L. Phillips,
Gassaway, West Virginia
(We seem to be big in Gassaway. The direction in which a stiff arrow goes depends upon the type of head being used. A broadhead goes just opposite to the direction of a target arrow. In a target arrow, a weak shaft normally shoots to the left.)

LOST DEER

During the last bowhunting season, I saw many deer hit and lost. In most cases, the hunters were using bows between 38 and 42 pounds at 28 inches.

Provided the hunter could handle any weight bow, what would you consider a minimum weight, a recommended weight and an excessive weight for whitetail deer? Also, for good penetration and a good blood trail, what type of broadhead do you recommend?

John Bammann,
Soyseet, New York
(In the opinion of Doug Kittredge, Continued on page 66)



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TACKLE TIPS

Tom JENKINGS

HOW CENTER-SHOT SHOULD A BOW BE? This question comes up quite early in any archer's progress to the top of the tournament ladder. To give a one-sentence answer to this question is extremely difficult. As with any other technical problem pertaining to either the bow or the arrow, it is so dependent on a myriad of associated things.

What is the diameter of the shaft, what is the length of the shaft, the material of the shaft, how the archer holds his bow, how he holds the string, ad infinitum? You run into a million unanswerable questions when you try to answer an individual problem, because archery is the most individual sport in the world. All technical aspects of an archer's tackle are tied directly to his individual form of shooting. However, we decided to investigate this center-shot business a little more closely. We have had our own ideas over the years about how center a bow should be.

Bow manufacturers seem to be in little agreement upon this subject. Amount of center-shot varies from dead center all the way out to as much as a half-inch off-center. I sometimes think many bowyers pay this part of the construction of a bow little attention and just let it fall where it may.

For some time, we have had a bow that would allow us to adjust the arrow ride point all the way to dead center and past if we wished. Contrary to popular belief, there are few bows on the market — if any — that will allow you to shoot with a true center-shot position of the arrow.

To be dead center-shot, the sight window of a bow must be cut at least half the diameter of the arrow past dead center. As the majority of bows are seldom even cut to center, it is obvious that few bows are really, truly center-shot. Our experimental bow actually would allow us to adjust the arrow ride point three-sixteenths of an inch past center. (While using the largest diameter arrow that we had available, which was a 2113.)

Long since, we have discovered, when testing arrow flight or bow performance, it did no good to shoot the bow in a shooting machine. Unfortunately, the machine just doesn't shoot like a human. The test bow is a thirty-five-pound bow and I shoot a twenty-nine-inch arrow. Selecting an 1816 aluminum arrow, standard three-fletch, I stepped out to our little shooting range. I screwed the center-shot adjustment to dead center. Shooting six arrows, I found that they all flirted left and right quite badly. With subsequent shooting and adjusting, I found that my best arrow flight for me was when the arrow ride point was in dead center. This made the arrow set half the diameter of the shaft, nine-sixty-fourths-inch out of true line with the string.

Allowing several other better shots than myself to do this same test, they came up with similar findings. Depending upon how good their release was determined the amount that they had to screw the rest out from dead center. The archers with the smoother and more relaxed release were able to nearly shoot dead center without arrow flirt. To expand this test, I shot the same arrow in the same bow with true center-shot, using a double flipper release that we use in-flight shooting.

The advantage is that it releases the string straight forward instead of having to go around the tips of your fingers. When using the flipper release, the arrows flew perfectly. Unfortunately, this double flipper release is not at all practical for target or field shooting.

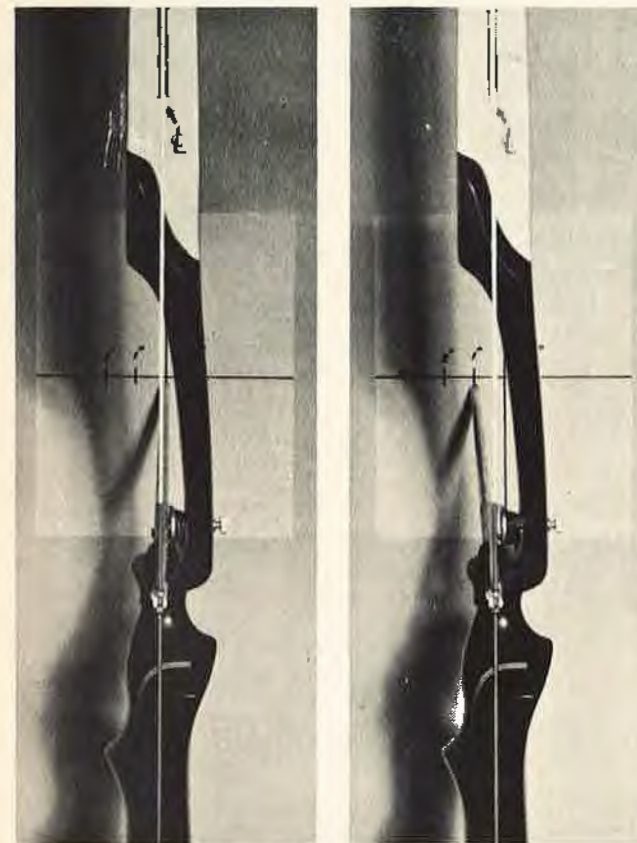
One interesting little experiment was the fact that, with a full adjustment of center-shot, I was able to shoot a large variety of arrow diameter and arrow spine. With a little adjusting, I was able to shoot 2114 aluminum arrows from this

thirty-five-pound bow. (Just think of all those liners you would pick up on an indoor shoot during the course of one evening.) A 2114 arrow is designed to shoot from fifty pounds plus.

If you wish to check how center-shot your bow is, do the following: Place an arrow on your strung bow. Hold it as if you were going to shoot the bow, shut your left eye and align the string with the dead center of the upper limb. Then switch your eye down and observe where the point of the arrow is in relation to the bow string. The bow string should perfectly bisect the arrow all the way to the point.

In our little tests we found that to have the point more than one inch off line was too much out of center when using the correct arrow spine for the average person. Most of the archers doing this test found their best performance from dead center to about one-half inch. When we say one-half inch, we are referring to the amount of the point movement out of dead center.

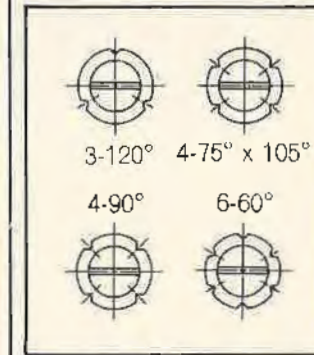
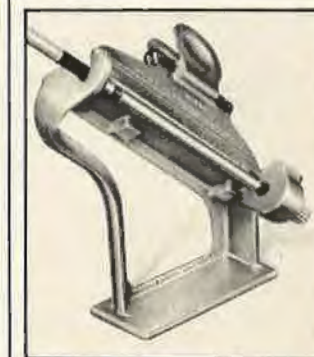
There are several bows on the market today with center-shot adjustments. However, I never have examined one yet that would allow me to adjust my arrow to true dead center. In most cases, I was able only to get good arrow flight with this adjustment screwed in to the maximum amount of center-shot. This left me no adjustments.



Left: Dead center shot bow has string lined with center line on top limb. Point of arrow is in line with string. (Right) The center adjustment is screwed out to move the arrow point one inch off-center. Both photos were taken a trifle .off-center to show center line of arrow point.

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Lew Rush has killed many turkeys with a gun, but is most proud of this 23-pound gobbler taken with a bow after more than two weeks.

TURKEY HUNTING WITH THE CHAMPS

BY JOHN HEUSTON



"I've drawn my bow at approximately seventy-five wild turkeys in my bowhunting career and all seventy-five of them saw me do it," wryly commented veteran Arkansas hunting guide-outfitter Lewis Rush of Crocketts Bluff.

This was Rush's way of summing up the many special problems a bowhunter faces when he pits his stick and string against the uncanny survival instincts of a genuine wild turkey. Not only must the archer call, stalk or outwait a gobbler until it's well within ordinary shotgun range, he must also draw and shoot the turkey almost invariably after it sees him.



"This takes considerable doing," Rush admitted, stroking his broad chin with a calloused thumb. "The buggers *always* seem to see you first."

However, not all of the gobblers Rush has encountered escaped unscathed. In 1961 after matching wits with turkeys in the St. Francis National Forest for twenty-three straight days, Rush called up and killed a twenty-three-pound gobbler sporting an eleven-inch beard. And he did it with a broken bow! The cracked limbs of his battered old Pearson *Palimino* had been wired together for one last, successful shot.

Admittedly, Rush is not an average weekend hunter. He has been a commercial fisherman and pro-

fessional hunting guide in southeast Arkansas' lower White River wildlife paradise for years. A living legend among Arkansas outdoorsmen, he now operates his 3,000-acre Rush's Shooting Resort near DeWitt, welcomes bowhunters and hunts with the bow for his own pleasure. Rush can't remember how many turkeys he has bowled over with a shotgun, but will never forget his bow-bagged gobbler. His was the second turkey ever bagged with a bow in Arkansas during modern times.

How do the old pros do it? What techniques have they evolved that will help the tyro turkey hunter even the apparently staggering odds against him?

In an attempt to answer these

questions and outline some basic turkey calling-hunting techniques for bowhunters, I interviewed two reigning national wild turkey calling champions and several of Arkansas' most successful bowhunters.

Mark Block, national Champion of Champions wild turkey caller and Bill Clements, the national champion caller, both of Little Rock, Arkansas, soon made it clear that there is no such thing as a "closed season" where turkey hunting devotees are concerned.

"You are either turkey hunting or getting ready to turkey hunt," quipped Block, a prominent realtor by profession. "It's never too early to scout your hunting territory and sharpen up your calling technique."

Block and Clements have been

**There's A Running
Battle Of Wits
Twixt Gobblers
And Gamesters,
With The Turkey
Usually Winning!**



Above: There are many types of turkey calls and these are used by Mark Block. Two at top left work on peg-and-slate principle; calls in center are trumpet-type yelpers with cedar box calls on right; Leon's call in foreground with small mouth yelper.

friends since grammar school and huntin' buddies since they were tall enough to shoulder a shotgun. Both are now ardent archers and Clements is a former president of the Arkansas Bowhunters Association. They won their titles at the colorful annual National Wild Turkey Calling Contest and Turkey Trot held during October in the Ozark Mountain city of Yellville, Arkansas.

The callers that converge on Yellville during Arkansas' spectacular Flaming Fall Revue are the best turkey call magicians this country can produce . . . bar none.

Both Block and Clements agreed that successful turkey hunting boiled down to a few basic musts: (1) Knowledge of turkey habits; (2) calling skill; (3) proper concealment, and (4) shooting proficiency with the bow under varied field conditions.

Calling techniques vary with spring and fall hunting. Arkansas' liberal bowhunting regulations provide for statewide archery seasons during both April and October, in counties open to gun hunting. Bowhunters also have an exclusive season, March 15 through April 17, in the St. Francis National Forest. In April it's gobblers only, but both hens and gobblers can be taken during the October bow season. The bag limit is two turkeys per year.

"Spring is the mating season and you want to lure an old gobbler up close by being as seductive as possible," Block explained. "Give the old boy a chance to show what a humdinger he is."

Block pointed out that only calling experience can teach the hunter how to "work" each gobbler, but his normal procedure goes something like this.

Having located good turkey territory before the season by scouting



for tracks, scratches and other turkey signs, Block is in the woods well before daylight on opening day. At first light, he gives a low cluck or two on his caller. If there is a gobbler nearby on the roost, these low clucks might bring him straight to you, often without fanfare.

"If I get no response to my clucks, I start on the mating yelp, which is from one to three fast, soft yelps," Block says. "Don't move at all unless you have to, then do it very, very slowly. You never know when an old gobbler is watching for you. He may come toward you gobbling and strutting all the way, or he might drift in like a ghost. You never know. After waiting for from seven to fifteen minutes, give the mating call again."

Block and Clements agree that if the hunter gets no response after a half-hour or so, he should move

on at least one-quarter mile and repeat the calling sequence.

No two callers seem to use exactly the same technique and Clements' style varies somewhat from that used by Block. Turkey callers are an individualistic breed.

"I may cluck at one minute intervals for the first five minutes of the day, then start my mating yelp about five to ten minutes apart," Clements comments. "A lot depends on whether I'm hunting blind or know turkeys are present."

Later in the morning, around seven thirty or eight, Clements begins working with a combination of the mating yelp that switches to a lost turkey call at the end of the series.

"The lost turkey call is from six to twelve consecutive yelps, usually eight or nine, beginning softly and increasing in intensity. Each call is

Ben Pearson (left) and Lew Rush sharpen up their turkey calling techniques before hunt in Arkansas' St. Francis National Forest. State has bowhunters' season in spring.



Bill Clements, National Champion Wild Turkey Caller, is one to keep his bow ready while trying to lure gobbler for shot. This call can be mouth operated in one hand.



slightly louder and higher pitched than the one before," Clements says.

"A turkey is as nervous as a freestyler with a fly on his nose and can't stand to be separated from the group for long. I play on these emotions with the lost turkey call. In the late morning hours, I switch to the lost gobbler call, which is the same as the lost turkey call only harsher in tone. This can be very effective. If Ol' Tom has snubbed me by ten-thirty, I slink back to camp to brood and plot further maneuvers for that evening."

So much for balmy April, but what about October when Mr. Bronzeback has lost whatever romantic urges might have made him careless under spring's spell? This calls for pulling some other calling tricks out of the quiver, say the experts.

"Companionship is the only thing a gobbler is looking for in October," Block feels, "So we play on his buddy-buddy instincts."

One of the most productive hunting tricks in the fall is to break up a flock of turkeys, then call them together again, both champs explain.

"This is easier said than done," Clements is quick to say. "But, once the flock is scattered, lost gobbler calls and kee-kee runs work best to bring the individuals back into the group. In fact, it's the only kind of calling I know that will work in October."

The kee-kee is the squealing, high-pitched peep of an immature turkey of either sex. When an older bird is lost and afraid, he will often regress in his fear and give out a kee-kee call. The "kee-kee run" usually starts out as an excited yelp



Bill Clements demonstrates favorite turkey stand for bowhunting. Brush taped to bow provides partial cover for his body. He does not draw until the turkey is hidden by tree, brush.

that degenerates into immature peeps.

Naturally, not all turkey hunting archers use a call. Some apparently believe the necessary calling skill is too hard to learn or don't want to bother. Many hunters just aren't interested in calling and prefer to try stalking or outwaiting the big birds. I know many Arkansas bowhunters who prefer to take a stand in good feeding territory and simply wait it out, hoping for a shot. Another method, fraught with difficulties, is locating a roost during the afternoon and trying to slip under it early the next morning in hopes of getting a shot at sunrise.



Many Arkansas bowhunters prefer not to build permanent stands but use tree climbers to scale trees as they find them. Safety rope secures the hunter to ultimate perch.



Alfred Hirt waited five years for his chance at a gobbler, and when it came, he scored. His was the fifth wild turkey to be taken in modern Arkansas bowhunting.

However, Block and Clements insist that learning to call turkeys is half the fun of hunting. A call is never far from their reach, year around.

There are as many different types of turkey calls on the market as there are broadheads, and each has its ardent followers. Calls are made on the peg and slate principle, hinged-lid scrapper and yelpers made from the wingbone of a turkey. All will do the job.

"No matter what type call you choose, buy a good record on turkey calling and practice. Listen to other callers. Buy a book on turkey hunting and know when to use each call," Block urges.

Both Block and Clements prefer a mouth-operated call manufactured by Leon Johanning of Lexington, Kentucky. The call utilizes a rubber diaphragm which is operated by suction.

"Leon's call will reproduce just about any sound a wild turkey makes, yet it can be operated with one hand," Clements says. "This makes it handy for a bowhunter."

Calling a skittish gobbler within arrow range is one of the bowhunter's major problems . . . another is how to handle him when he arrives.

Clements unexpectedly had one crusty old Tom stalk right up to his tree and stare him in the eye. This can be upsetting. Clements shoots over 400 on the field range, but he missed this inquisitive gobbler at six feet.

Therefore, choosing a proper

stand before you start calling is important. In Arkansas it is against the law to hunt turkeys from a blind. Bowhunters either take to the trees or make the best use they can of the natural ground cover available.

Our two champions have evolved, through trial and error, a ground hunting method that allows the bowman a fair chance for a shot. They pick a tree large enough in diameter to hide their bodies. All leaves and debris are carefully scraped from underfoot all around the tree. This enables them to noiselessly back around the tree, bow half drawn, keeping the trunk between them and the turkey as it approaches.

"I like to let the turkey pass behind a tree or other obstruction before I complete my draw, then I'm ready to loose when he steps out," Block says.

Both men believe camouflage clothing is essential and are experimenting with taping leafy cane twigs to their bows as additional cover. The twigs have not hampered shooting at all during practice sessions.

Despite their calling skills, neither Block nor Clements has yet bagged a turkey with the bow. However, they seldom fail to call turkeys within range and have flubbed up more chances than most hunters ever get.

"I've trimmed off enough limbs with broadheads to build a good-sized bonfire," ruefully admits

Clements. "One of these days luck is going to break our way."

Although both have bagged deer from tree stands, the most productive bowhunting method in Arkansas, they only recently tried hunting turkeys from a tree.

"I do believe a tree stand will have to be much higher off the ground to hunt turkey than is necessary for hunting deer," Block says, "Turkeys are used to looking up for danger, a lot more so than deer."

Bowhunting tackle used for turkey hunting is essentially the same as that used in deer hunting. However, Ben Pearson, the archery mogul from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, has designed a new broadhead especially for turkey hunting that has won wide acclaim. The wide shovel-shaped head comes in two sizes, 1 3/8 by 2 3/4 inches and 1 3/8 by 2 3/4 inches. Both make a wide hole in thick feathers and leave a good blood trail. As of this writing, the new chopper doesn't have a name.

Arkansas' wild turkeys are native stock, not the "pen-raised push-overs" stocked on a put-and-take basis in some states. They demand the utmost in hunting and shooting skill. Hundreds of experienced bowhunters enter the Arkansas game fields each season, yet only eight gobblers have been bagged in the state by modern archers.

All but two of these turkeys were killed in one of the finest archery hunting areas in the entire United States . . . the St. Francis National Forest of southeast Arkansas. The

St. Francis contains more than 20,000 acres of hardwood timber split by the rolling hills of Crowleys Ridge. The forest is actually overpopulated with turkeys and their abundance is posing problems for the wildlife management personnel of the U.S. Forest Service. Therefore, archers are encouraged to hunt.

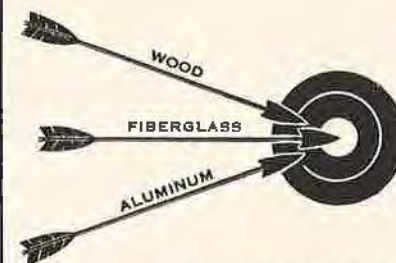
Without question, Arkansas' most successful bow-totin' turkey hunter is an exuberant young dentist from DeWitt who haunts the St. Francis timberlands each April, Dr. Shelby Woodiel.

Dr. Woodiel tumbled a husky young gobbler off a tree limb back in 1960 to make bowhunting history as the first Arkansas archer in modern times to bag a wild turkey. Plenty of skeptics had said it couldn't be done. Excited? When Dr. Woodiel saw his prize fall he dashed forward to secure it in such a hurry he ran into a tree and knocked himself out! To prove his first kill wasn't a fluke, Dr. Woodiel stalked within range of another gobbler roosting over water in the St. Francis and bagged Arkansas' fifth turkey in 1963.

With a precedent set, Lewis Rush bagged the number two gobbler in 1961, the only bird yet that was called up and killed "in full strut." Another Crockett's Bluff friend of Rush's, Russell Marrs, knocked off number three in 1962. That same year a Harvard law student home on vacation, George Pike Jr., drilled a nice gobbler on his first turkey hunt to up the total to four. Woodiel repeated with number five the next Spring. Veteran archer Alfred Hirt of Pine Bluff, after five years of trying, put number six in the pot in April of 1964. The number seven bird was the first killed during Arkansas' new October season and fell to Charles "Shorty" Zsidi of Memphis, Tennessee. Another Memphis archer, Kenneth Keefe, bagged number eight, a hen, on the Wa-Ke-Da Bowmens Club's hunting preserve in Arkansas.

However, the St. Francis is still the best bet for non-resident bowhunters. An Arkansas non-resident license costs the bowhunter only \$5. If he bags his turkey, he turns his \$5 bowhunting permit in on a regular big game license and pays an additional \$20. Therefore, an archer isn't penalized for getting skunked, bowhunting being what it is. He only pays the full \$25 fee if he scores.

The St. Francis has two developed campgrounds at Bear Creek Lake and Storm Creek Lake. And, armed with sage advice from such experts as Block, Clements, Rush and Woodiel, the St. Francis is where I'll be when the next turkey season rolls around. •



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Ace Express four-blade broadhead was used for deer, as author wanted the heavy weight for its hitting power.

Handle riser of the Mustang is a composite of zebra wood and walnut, featuring modern design flare. This adds the weight necessary for stability, author feels. Neet bow saddle and Nottingham rest were installed for the test.



**BOW &
ARROW
TEST**

Pearson's MUSTANG

IT MUST HAVE SOMETHING;
WITH HIS SECOND SHOT,
OUR FIELD EDITOR DOWNED A BUCK!

By Jim Dougherty

FOG can be a blessing or a bad scene, depending upon what you are attempting. I don't like it when I hunt ducks; it's swell when geese are working, and I love it to pieces when I'm deer hunting. Today was a deer day and I was at peace with the world. It was 6:30 in the chilly morning and I was twenty minutes from my home in South Pasadena, which should indicate that we who live in the greater Southern California areas still have a good thing going for us if we happen to be bowhunters.

Dawn would be late due to the fog that sifted the eastern glow of the rising sun and the deer should be working late into the morning. The bucks were just getting into the rut, slightly dingy as are all males when the prospects of love assail their senses. All I wanted was a real dingy one to match my dingy tactics.

There were four of us on this Sunday outing, and two others hunting besides myself had already been placed in blinds further up the canyon. The third, in all her loveliness, sat next to me, shivering slightly in the



After shooting the deer from approximately forty yards, the author waited an hour before picking up the trail of blood. He didn't have far to go, as arrow had done job.

chill. Lee Ann Hull is my wife's cousin and our house guest from Idaho where the family cools the winter meat supply with a neatly placed rifle bullet from the barn window.

This bowhunting action was new to her and really quite exciting. A week previously she had made her first early morning excursion with this silly cousin of hers and witnessed the slaying of a deer with bow and arrow at the incredible distance of twelve yards. Since, she was up every morning, when I decided to hit the deer trails, ready to watch the whole fascinating sequence of flipping big sticks at these little California deer. By Idaho standards, these really are little critters. In many states, the jackrabbits are bigger than our deer, but the little bucks of the chaparral country around Los Angeles are twice as smart as their big out-of-state cousins, which kind of makes things come out even.

Besides this neat blonde hunting companion, there was some neat new equipment in the blind, too: A new

Pearson *Mustang* bow and some new Easton XX75 arrows in 2020 size to match the *Mustang's* fifty-eight pounds.

I had been doing some contemplating on heavier equipment which involves a little story. About six months ago, I decided that for fifteen years I had been shooting all wrong; I really should be shooting left-handed. Typical archer's logic, and I'm not invulnerable to it. All my life, I have been shooting all missile pushers, with the exception of a bow, left-handed. Rifle, shotgun, pistol and bean blower all left-handed, but for some reason I always had shot a bow right-handed. You figure it out.

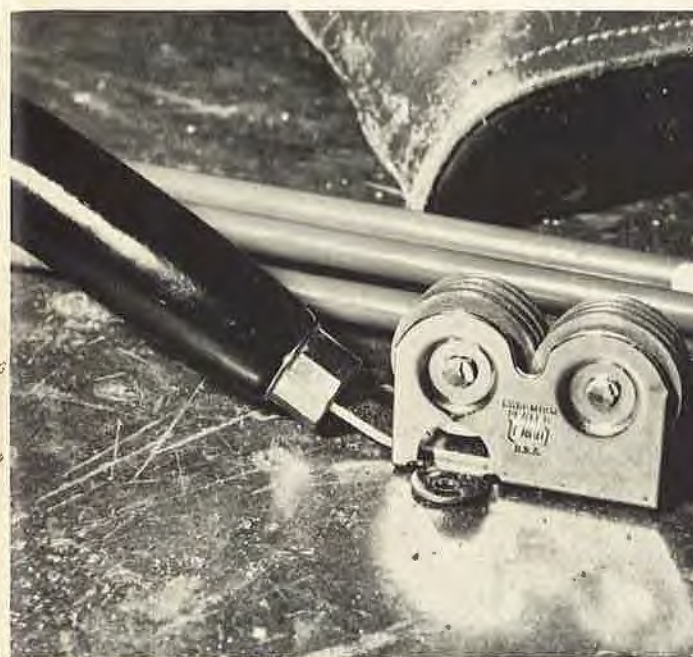
So, one day when I couldn't hit the ground from a ladder with any arrow in my quiver, I switched. I'd rather switch than miss. Using a light target bow to start, I began working up in weight. Pretty soon, I



Dougherty inspects first sign of blood trail resulting from a hit that severed the femoral artery of the deer. Mustang threw 625-grain arrow making complete penetration.



Lee Ann Hull was a definite decoration in the drab surroundings of deer blind, according to authors report.



Excellent cutting edges were put on the Ace heads with this ordinary kitchen knife sharpener. This piece of equipment costs little in majority of hardware stores.



Right: Left-handed Dougherty got in a few practice shots with this bow before going afield in deer season.

was shooting as well with forty-five pounds left-handed as I had ever shot right-handed, which really isn't saying too damn much when you come right down to it.

By hunting season I had worked into a fifty-pound *Kodiak* and took to the trails. A few critters fell, probably by mistake, but nevertheless they crumped to a properly placed arrow. However, I had been having some penetration problems and I was about ready to try another jump in weight when the BOW & ARROW staffers went green light on the Pearson test. So I asked for and got a heavier bow and went to work fashioning some really really heavy arrows which is why I went to the 2020s rather than 2018s. I wanted to blast a hole clear through the next dingy critter.

Coordinating all of these things and magazine deadlines can be sort of a squishy problem. I got the bow a week before Jack Lewis expected a report and a day before the weekend, when I hoped to get away to make a hunt.

I had not had occasion to shoot the bow at any range greater than twenty yards in the basement range at the Kittredge Bow Hut. Under many circumstances, this would have given me mental fits, but in this case, with the deer supposed to come past the blind at extremely close ranges, I wasn't concerned. I didn't figure to shoot beyond twenty-five yards.

The *Mustang* always has appeared to me to be a heck of a good bow. I like longer lengths as you may have gathered from past comments. This bow is sixty-six inches long and quite fast, and always has been well designed and popular both as a hunter and competition stick. I did have a mild fit when I couldn't get my bow quiver to go on. To me the snap-on bow quiver by Bear is about the greatest invention since girls and I have become hopelessly enamored with it.

I could have attached it had I had a pair of long brackets available, but I reverted to my *Silent Stalker* by King, also a great hunting quiver. The only problem is, that, when you have trained yourself to grab another arrow off the bow, you feel pretty silly grabbing at empty air in a moment of chaos.

I hadn't done a thing to the bow, although I usually like to cover the limbs with something in the way of camouflage. All I did was change the rest to a feather and attach string silencers, a nocking point and shoot a few on the shop range.

The arrows took a bit more time. To the 2020s, I attached four-bladed *Ace Express* broadheads which weigh 150 grains, giving me a total arrow weight of 625.

I then sharpened the heads with a common kitchen knife sharpener of the type found in your local hardware store. These heads really take an edge, and in short order, I was able to shave hair with each of them. With the arrows fletched with five-inch feathers, I was about as ready as I could get.

The blind is located in the bottom of a quiet, pretty canyon covered with grass about a foot deep and lots of chemise, scrub oak and a canopy of huge old live oaks. Someone once must have skipped through with some exotic seeds, for one side is covered with a red carpet of bougainvillea. The deer pass through here feeding on their way to bed just over the ridge. The spot is a natural but it has a quantity of disadvantages. Underbrush is quite thick and the deer have been getting by me regularly at ranges of ten to twenty yards without offering a clear shot. I must have cut down half of the canyon's foliage with my folding saw but still they get by. The carpet of grass doesn't help

either. No matter how you look, one always gets right on you before you see or hear him.

Lee and I had hardly settled ourselves when a slight rustling brought us up and alert. A bright-eyed doe came straight in to us. I had a doe tag in my pocket and thoughts of Lewis, cowboy boots propped on his desk, asking why I hadn't shot anything. That was enough to bring the bow to ready position. There was a bush I had not cut down. That, of course, is where she stopped, ten yards away, to stare at the fringes of Lee's out-of-place golden hair that I had tried to cover with my genuine good luck cowboy hat. The game of stare down went on and on. A fifty-eight-pound bow even at half draw for endless minutes finally wears thin. I relaxed, she spooked and I was secretly glad. Lee let out a long breath. While I trembled at half draw she had ceased to breathe and her complexion matched her blue eyes.

I never have been much of a blind hunter until this year, for to me, there is always a big buck waiting over the next hill. But my change in form has been coupled with a change in philosophy. Now I like to sit and let them come to me, until one shows up and dawdles around for ten minutes while I sit there, having mild coronaries and waiting to shoot. The challenge here is to not blow your cork and panic.

Lee has wood-wise eyes, and had spotted half of the deer in the past hunts. Just a leg or the flick of an ear is the way you generally spot game. I felt her nudge about the time the buck and doe were almost in the blind with us. The buck had a head full of wild thoughts and couldn't have cared less, but the doe wasn't too sure. So here we were, in an intimate little group playing ring around the blind.

You dream about having a deer close enough to

spit on. Well, that is what you had better do, because you can have them too close and this was the case here. When they finally bolted, it was the doe that took flight, the buck following her. From a sitting position, I more or less flipped my first shot out of the *Mustang*, trying to swing the bow, which was too long after all I've said about favoring long bows. I missed.

I had presence of mind after the first flying grab at empty space at the side of my bow to whip an arrow out of the *Stalker* on the ground. With a wild leap, I sailed over Lee Ann and hit the ground in a crouch looking for the deer. The buck stopped, looked back and we played stare down for a short eternity. Between us was a screen of loose brush, not thick but enough to deflect an arrow if your luck runs like mine. Twice the buck took tentative steps forward, looked me over to figure just what in hell I thought I was, then turned to pursue his lady love. I made a snap decision.

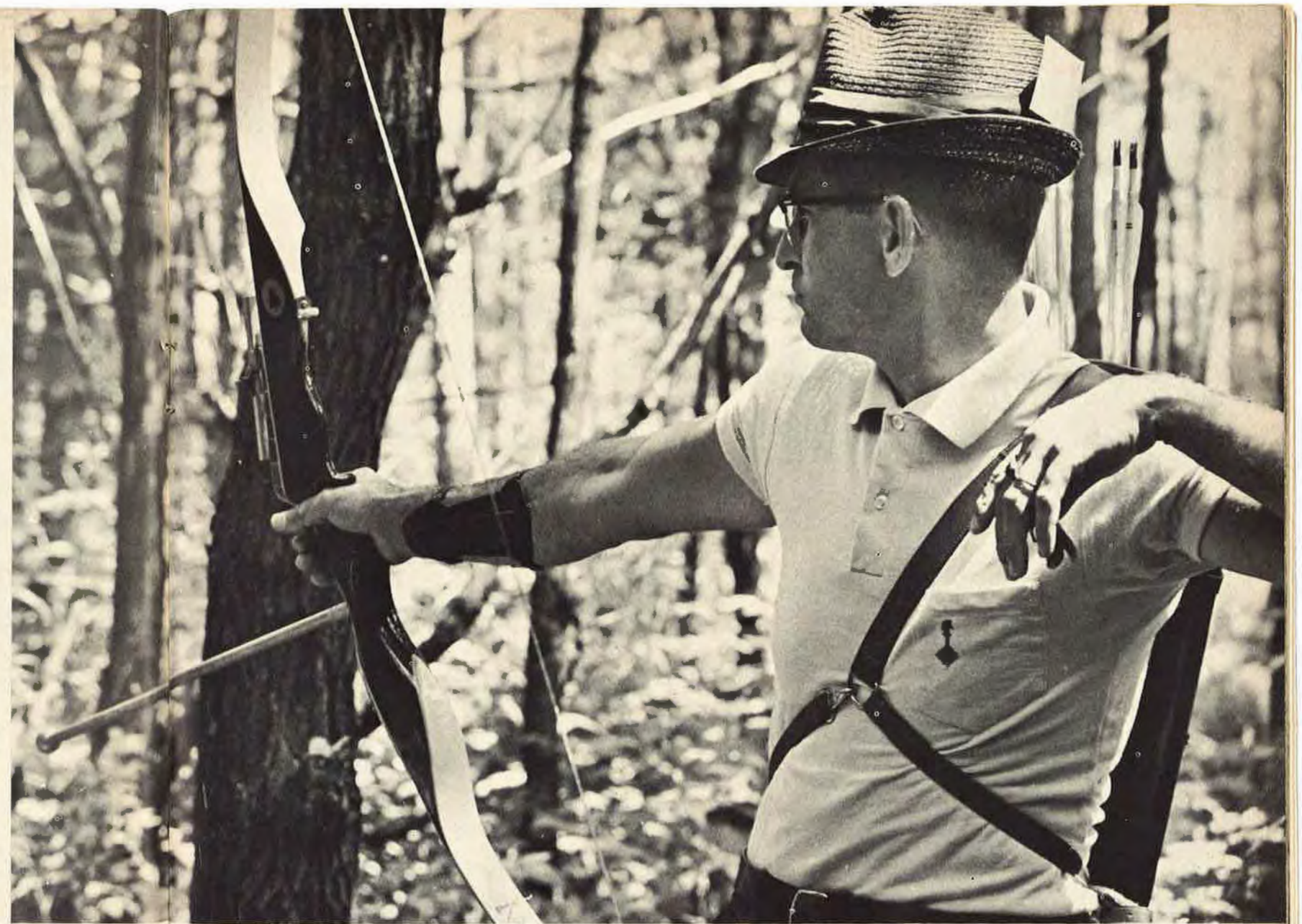
I figured it for about forty yards, held the point just below his rump patch and a bit ahead to allow for a bit of lead and let go. He came flying out of there as though someone had prodded him in the rear with a sharp stick, which is sort of what happened. He made thirty yards, staggered, then walked out of sight up the hill.

I had seen where he had been hit. Centered in the left flank, the arrow had been angling well forward.

I looked at Lee, who was all breathy and bright-eyed, and remarked, "Shot him right in the steaks."

We sat down, and three minutes later, heard the brush crash and pop, then silence. I had huge mental wars going on about whether to take up the blood trail at once or wait. I usually like to get on a leg hit

Continued on page 50



At left, Roberts gives a great deal of attention to nocking point (above) his follow through is totally relaxed.

DICKIE ROBERTS, age thirty-two, lives in Three Rivers, Michigan. He's a man who drives at night for a living and shoots by day for recreation. And, one might add, he's a man who occasionally can forecast his own immediate future.

Before he left home on the eve of the twentieth annual National Field Archery meet at Watkins Glen, New York, he dutifully kissed his pretty wife, Florence, and his thirteen-year-old daughter, Susie; gave Kenny, his eight-year-old son, a bear hug, and announced: "I have a strong feeling I'll bring home the trophy."

And he did.

As a result of his topnotch shooting in the men's freestyle division, in which he was credited with an aggregate score of 2692, twenty-one points ahead of second place Bill Bednar, Roberts was the 1965 champ. And if his present day feelings have anything to do

PROFILE OF A CHAMP: DICKIE ROBERTS...

By Joe Higgins

about it, he'll remain in that category for years to come. He can "feel it in his bones."

Dickie Roberts is a tractor-trailer operator who owns his own rig, operates his own business and on many occasions, does his own driving. Thus the hands that manipulated a Hitt *Black Ace* bow of forty-two pounds at twenty-eight inches during the tournament, are the same that guide the destinies of a thirty-ton juggernaut between Chicago and Detroit over some of the most hazardous and heavily travelled highways in the country.

The man who won the championship feels there is, in his driving, a source of skill for his shooting.

Piloting the big rigs, he'll tell you, calls for exceptional coordination, quick perception, concentration and brisk reflexes. But he'll also tell you so does archery, a sport which he began some years ago. Actually, he concentrated on instinctive shooting back in the

early 1950s, then went to sight shooting about 1959. As is usual in the case where a dad gets interested in such a family sport, his enthusiasm spreads to his children. Susie and Kenny will pull a bow right alongside their father.

Dickie's equipment includes the Hitt bow and 2013 *Apache* arrows with plastic vanes. He uses a Reynolds sight with fluorescent pin and a twenty-eight-inch stabilizer rod made from half-inch aviation aluminum rod, with a four ounce brass ball rod and ball; combined weight: fourteen ounces. To round out his equipment, he uses a plastic arm guard, Bear tab and King back hunting quiver.

The hunting quiver is no coincidence; his hobbies are numerous, include bow and arrow roving and hunting, use of the rifle — "just to keep my hand in that end of the business" — and fishing. Fishing, he

maintains, is the kind of sport where concentration is needed or the result is an empty creel.

"I find that almost any kind of individual sport will help a man in archery. I suppose it doesn't sound too logical to say that concentration is almost as equal to actual skill in fishing, but it is. And in the same sort of way, you can use that same ability in archery."

The same with rifle use, he points out. The target's there in front of you; you've got to know the capabilities of your "shootin' iron," and quite a bit about the effect of wind upon accuracy.

Thus Dickie Roberts, when he advises young and

aspiring archers, will tell them to obtain proper equipment, fitted as well as possible to the person, seek solid advice, then "start practicing."

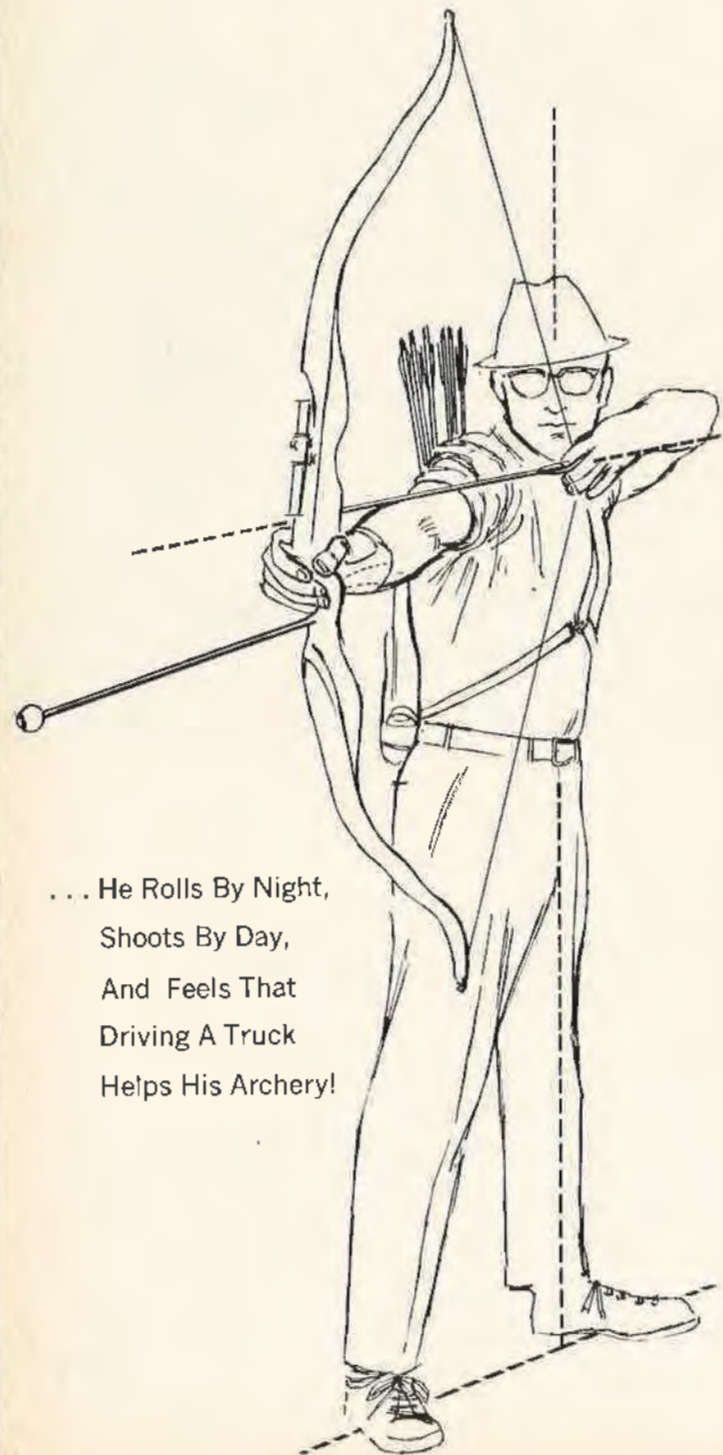
"As you practice," he points out, "your shooting style will develop. Just make sure it's the best for you. Then practice, practice and practice some more, even when it's rolling out of your ears."

In hunting, which is a sport calling for complete rapidity at times; the game doesn't always stand still. One should combine archery with a deep understanding of the woods. With better understanding of nature, says Dickie, the sport of hunting becomes more fun. One learns the habits of the animals sought and such effort sharpens senses. All aspects of the sport — target or hunting — are important, Roberts will tell you, even such an unpredictable thing as wind. The man roaming the forest in search of a trophy isn't as likely to be bothered as much by wind, but the target range offers a strong challenge when a breeze blows up.

"Learn how to play your targets," says Roberts. "Learn what wind can do to arrows. I consider this one of the most important aspects to good shooting."

The new champion, like most archers of top caliber, is subject to pressures as tournament time nears, as it progresses. We asked him, for instance, if his miss on target two of the animal round worried or bothered him.

The new champion favors a Hit Black Ace bow, drawing 42 pounds at 28 inches. His Reynolds sight includes a fluorescent pin and he uses a 14-oz. aluminum stabilizer.



... He Rolls By Night,
Shoots By Day,
And Feels That
Driving A Truck
Helps His Archery!



"It sure did!" he answered. "I knew I couldn't afford any more like that. As a matter of fact, I don't honestly know how I came to miss that one, and I felt pretty terrible about it."

"I knew that Bill Bednar would be breathing down my neck and I had to settle down fast and not make any more foolish mistakes. Bill's the kind of guy who would take immediate advantage of them! You can't play around with competition like that!"

When we asked whether he considered runner-up Bednar a strong opponent, he promptly replied: "That shooting of his can really put the pressure on. What makes it tougher is that I realized a narrow spread existed between us and that made me just that more conscious of any mistake I made. I think being out in front is the most nerve racking spot a man can be in during a tournament."

Nonetheless, competitors though they were, Roberts and Bednar got along. As a matter of fact, Roberts said he thoroughly enjoyed shooting not only with Bednar, but with others in his group; Ed Rohde, who placed third, and Victor Berger of Springfield, Ohio, who placed fourth.

Records went in this division. Bednar broke his 1964 record of 1064 (hunter) with 1072. Roberts shot a 1071, which also shattered the old record. Berger was third with 2103, at this point.

Roberts' final tabulation:

FIELD	HUNTER	ANIMAL	
547	533		
542	538	532	— Aggregate: 2692
1089	1071		

Bednar's final score:

FIELD	HUNTER	ANIMAL	
521	538		
532	538	546	— Aggregate: 2671
1053	1072		

Roberts is in a jovial mood as he accepts the winner's trophy. Gesturing at left is second place Bill Bednar, while Ed Rhode, in third place, awaits his own trophy.



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By Chuck Kroll

THE wilderness of north central British Columbia is a land of primeval beauty, lushly forested with huge spruce and fir, dotted with innumerable lakes, and crisscrossed by the valleys and gorges of such mighty river systems as the Babine, Nass, Nelson, Dease and Skeena.

From Hazelton on the great Skeena, north to Lower Post on the Alaskan Highway, the timbered mountains stretch out in wild profusion for some three hundred miles; for the most part unmarred by human habitations. There are hundreds of peaks in this area which never have been marked by the footprints of white men. Wild sheep, mountain goat, black bear, moose and caribou live and die there without knowledge of their greatest potential enemy — man. Outfitters' pack strings periodical-

ly penetrate some of the more accessible portions of this area, but by and large, this country remains as it has for centuries; unspoiled, aloof and pristine.

In addition to the great variety of other large game, the dense forests and wild waterways of this region are the home of *Ursus Horribilus*, the grizzly bear. The British Columbia interior probably contains a greater concentration of these magnificent carnivores than any other territory on the continent.

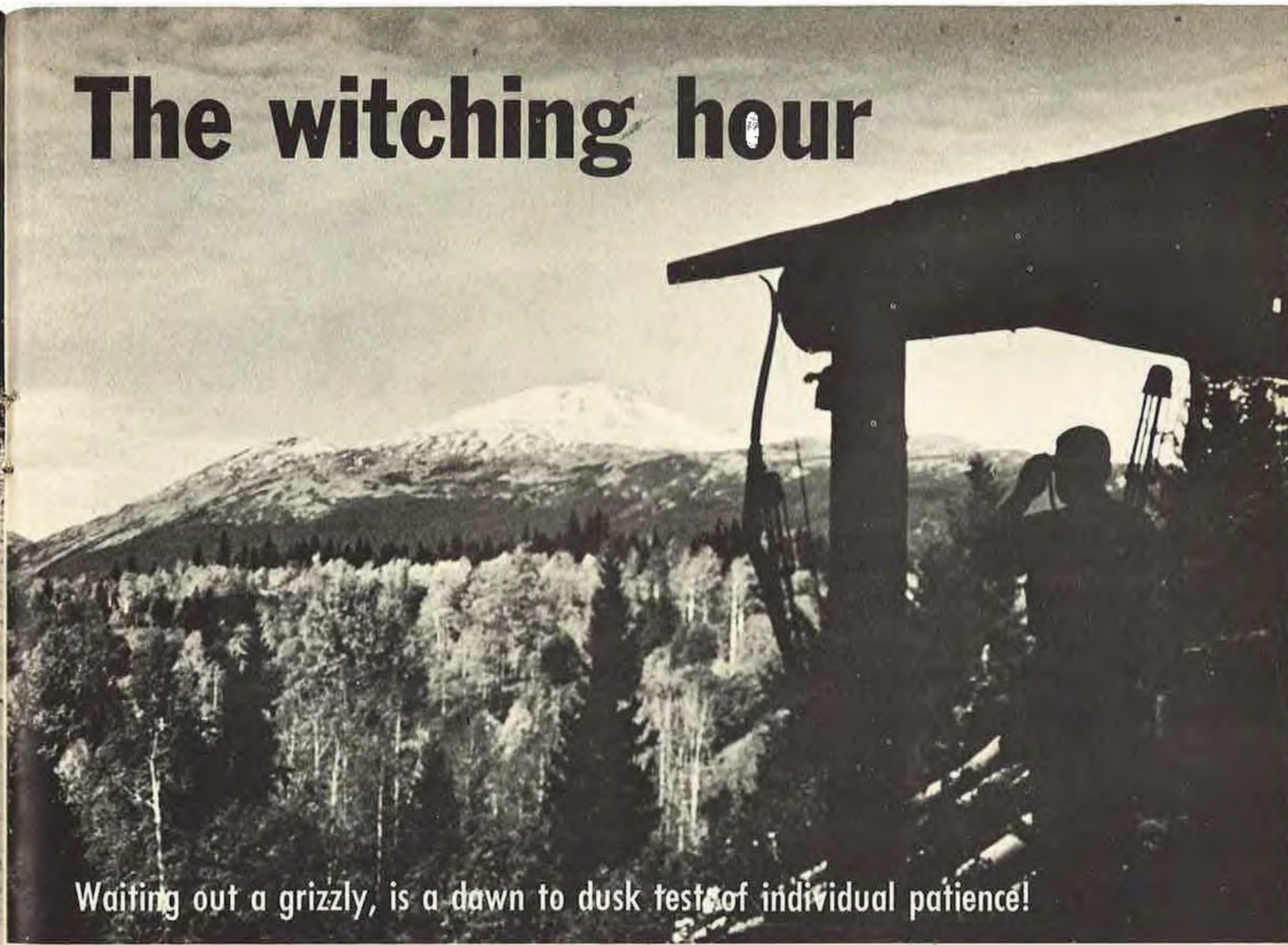
The possibility of an encounter with one of these humpbacked bruns, plus the fabulous fishing, led our party of four to fly in from Seattle on a drizzly September day for a rendezvous with an outfitter previously engaged for the expedition. Actually, we were divided somewhat in our aims. Fred Bear and myself, both from Grayling, Michigan, had grizzly in mind. Knick Knickerbocker of Crozet, Virginia, and George Griffith, president of Trout, Unlimited, and also

from Michigan, were along mainly to tangle with the great migrant steelhead trout, although Knick thought he would take a crack at a black bear or moose if the opportunity presented itself. Fishing tackle carried was standard, but the bows and arrows with which we intended to hunt were definitely an unknown quantity to the residents, both human and wild animal, of this area.

A short stop at Vancouver and then we flew into Smithers where we met our outfitter and guide, Jack Lee, and his partner, Bill Love. After a bit of talk, we loaded our duffle into a couple of station wagons and drove through Hazelton and on to Lee's farm in the Kispiox River valley.

These Canadian guides live in a world of their own, sawmilling in the winter, guiding hunters in the spring and fall, and cutting trails and building cabins in the summer. They are remnants of a now vanishing breed; hardworking, self-sufficient pioneer stock. They live

The witching hour



Waiting out a grizzly, is a dawn to dusk test of individual patience!

Left: Pair of grizzlies wade tributary of Kispiox River, seeking salmon (Above) Beyond Jack Lee's camp, wilderness stretches endless miles.

in a lush valley where the soil is rich and the rainfall heavy. Their homes are spotless. Fruit cellars and pantry shelves are loaded with home-canned moose meat, smoked fish, apples, potatoes, cabbage, squash and berries. Strawberries in the Lee's garden were the size of fifty-cent pieces. Raspberry plants were eight feet high and so top heavy with fruit they had to be tied together to keep them upright.

After changing into bush clothes, sorting and repacking gear, we headed north from Hazelton up the valley of the Kispiox, a main tributary of the Skeena. We now traveled in Jeep pick-up trucks along a bush road which in many places was more nearly like a dry, rocky river bed. The going was slow and it took several hours to drive the fifty-odd miles to the camp at Corral Creek.

The camp included clean-lined

cabins of peeled spruce logs solidly chinked with sphagnum moss and warmed by oil drum wood stoves. Unpacking gear and unrolling sleeping bags on the spring bunks took but a short time, then all hands repaired to the main cabin for a meal of fresh steelhead steaks. Jack's wife, Frances, was the camp cook, and like most women in such locations, is a real culinary artist.

Jack Lee had a most attentive audience following dinner when he related some of the hardships and experiences of their early days in this land. One was the account of how he made ends meet during a rough winter in Depression days by taking to the forest with nothing but a blanket roll, a single shot .22 rifle and some salt. He hunted red squirrels for their pelts, which at the time, were worth ten cents apiece, and lived largely on the small carcasses of his quarry. It was a time of constant travel, walking along looking for a new target while skinning the last one out with a pocket knife. Jack bag-

ged over 3,000 squirrels that winter, and became mighty familiar with every nook and cranny of the region he was later to take over as a guiding territory.

In attempting to get close to grizzlies in heavily timbered country, you can't just wander through the bush hoping to encounter one. A grizzly is too shy, too smart, and his senses too keen to allow such an encounter except through sheer accident. There are two ways in which a hunter, even a Bowman with the necessarily restricted range of his weapon, may get a chance. The rivers ordinarily have heavy runs of salmon, coho and humpback mainly, during the early fall. When the salmon are running, the bear gather along the rivers to fatten up on this easily obtainable bounty. At such times, a hunter and guide can drift down the river in a boat with a good chance of surprising a bear along the banks. The other, and surest way, is to put out bait large enough to appeal to the grizzly's huge appetite.



Left: Author used time after arrival at camp to check his equipment and to warm up in anticipation of hunt.

Right: In spite of the tribulations he describes, the author did himself proud by downing a grizzly with bow.

Below: Fred Bear, also on the hunt, spent part of his time in fishing for rainbow trout in Skunsnat Lake.



This particular year there were few salmon, so the odds were against the river float method. However, a week before our arrival, Jack Lee had put out baits in three widely separated locations where he knew grizzlies hung out.

While we waited for bear to find the baits, we divided our time between fishing and attempting to locate a moose. The fishing was terrific. With light spinning tackle George and Knick took several steelhead from the Kispiox ranging from 12 to 17 pounds in weight, and Wilford, Jack's son, caught one in a deep run just below the mouth of Corral Creek which tipped the scales at 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. Incidentally, practically all of the record steelhead in the past several years have come from this beautiful river, including the world record fly-caught specimen which weighed over thirty-three pounds.

I fished nearby Skunsnat Lake from a rubber boat and had no trouble catching all the two and three-pound cutthroat trout the group could eat. Dry flies and small streamers were equally effective on these uneducated and eager bumpkins.

Hunting grizzly from a blind near bait is not like hunting black bear, deer or other game from a blind. For lesser game, one can stay in the blind for long periods, but the grizzly's nose is so keen that there is too much danger of warning him off by an accumulation of scent in an area. Also, the air currents in these river valleys are quite tricky. What one has to do, therefore, is to clear an approach route to the blind, out of sight of the bait, so the hunter can sneak quietly in at intervals to check. If no bear is on the bait, the hunter immediately retraces his steps so as to leave as little scent behind as possible, coming back

after an interval for another look.

After several more days of waiting, in which the only action we had was at the end of a fly line, patience finally paid off. A morning check disclosed the fact that bear had found and started to feed on not one but two of the baits, some ten miles apart.

Fred Bear figured our chances were better if we split up. He and Jack Lee concentrated on one bait, and I was sent out to watch the other. Bill Love was guiding Knick and George on a fishing excursion so I had Wilford with me.

When hunting big game in this country the law wisely states that every non-resident hunter must be accompanied by a licensed guide with a rifle, regardless of what type of armament the hunter is using.

Early the following day, we traveled up the valley of the Kispiox, past its confluence with the Sweet-in River, and into the heavy timber where the bait had been located. The final approach path through a thick growth of willow and tag alder was screened from the bait by a small ridge, on top of which the blind was constructed.

With arrow nocked and ready, I slowly eased along the path and up to the crest of the rise, with my guide close behind me. Looking down at the bait in a hollow some forty yards beyond the blind, we could see evidence of the bear's activity, as a great heap of brush, leaves and grass had been raked over the rank smelling carcass. The bear, however, was nowhere to be seen.

We quietly retreated to a spot about a half-mile away where we made a nest under the spreading branches of a huge spruce and prepared for a long vigil. An hour and a half later, we rechecked the bait without result.

A grizzly, after finding and claiming a bait for his own, usually

will bed down in a thicket close enough so he can hear any other bear or other predators and chase them off. When he becomes hungry, he will feed until satisfied, then hole up in the brush again.

We figured that with patience and care we'd surely get a chance at this one, but after six fruitless trips back and forth during the remainder of the day, we were beginning to wonder if perhaps the bear had caught sight or scent of us and had left the area.

At 7 p.m., we started easing in toward the blind for the last look of the day. Dusk was approaching rapidly and, as we walked silently along, I noticed that a hush had fallen over the forest. No squirrels chattered, no birds sang, and even the minute insect noises were stilled. This phenomenon is familiar to most men who have spent much time in the open. It takes place in eastern woodlands as well as in the



western mountains. This period of complete stillness comes on just before or at dusk and lasts for perhaps a half hour. I call it the witching hour.

As we approached the final rise of ground, I thought I heard sound beyond but could not be certain. Then, as I crept to where I could see, there he stood! A beautiful mature grizzly was over the bait, tearing off great chunks of meat and gulping them down. The fading light of day accentuated the silvery tipping on his heavy coat, dark on the shoulder hump, sides and legs and honey-colored along the head and back.

I crept the few remaining yards to the screen of alder branches forming the blind. Then, as the grizzly dropped his head to tear off more meat, I slowly straightened, at the same time drawing the arrow back until the short *Kodiak Magnum* bow was in a tight arc.

Holding my breath, I concentrated upon a spot behind the bear's shoulder.

Like a shaft of light, the razor-head-tipped arrow flew across the forty yards separating us and disappeared completely into the bear's side. With a roar that raised the hackles on my neck, he whirled, and in two bounds, had disappeared into the heavy brush. My heart was beating as though it would burst, as I stood straining to hear any further sound. Nothing.

Silently I turned to Wilford. We exchanged nods, and without speaking, settled down on our haunches and listened to the sounds of evening slowly starting up around us as the witching hour came to a close. It began to drizzle.

A half hour passed and full dusk was almost upon us. We could not wait any longer. With agreement reached by another exchange of nods, we rose and filed down to the

spot where the grizzly had disappeared. Immediately we found a heavy blood trail. Slowly, carefully, we followed the bright red blotches.

I picked out the trail while the guide at my shoulder kept his rifle at the ready and eyes peeled ahead. Then, almost too suddenly to believe, we saw the bear in front of us, stretched out in final sleep. It had traveled less than two hundred yards from where hit and had rolled into a depression left by a huge uprooted tree. Without a blood trail to follow, one could have passed within a few feet of it repeatedly, even in broad daylight, without spotting it.

The rest, of course, was an anticlimax. We carefully skinned out the heavy pelt. By the time we finished, it was raining lightly but steadily and complete darkness had fallen. It was a long hike back to Corral Creek but I enjoyed every step of it. •

They walk softly, carry feathered sticks

By C. R. Learn



THE ARMY'S SPECIAL FORCES ARE EXPERIMENTING WITH EVERY LIKELY TYPE OF ARROW LAUNCHER!

SPECIAL FORCES is very much in the news. We read of this organization's work in Vietnam, we see photos of members in action, read of their role as advisors in the trouble spots of the world but few of us have come in actual contact with these men of the modern Army. Meet them on the street and they appear as any other person; put them in the jungle and their many months of training change them into a deadly team against any enemy.

Special Forces is an elite group of soldiers who have volunteered for this hazardous duty. They volunteer for many things but one is behind the lines infiltration and fighting. Getting there is problem enough, but once there, they have further problems, not only with the enemy but with the simple and necessary need of survival.

Brigadier General Joseph W. Stillwell, commander of the John F. Kennedy Center for Special Warfare at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, said, "In survival, it is the will to get out, second an escape mirror, and third a pair of gloves." The first is obvious, the second is for signalling and the third was different, but then the question arose as to the condition of the hands that take a terrible beating when moving in the jungle.

To survive, one must eat and that can be a great problem if you are in unfriendly territory, moving on your own and trying not to be captured or killed. The method of obtaining a meal can become the most important part of the operation.

Major Roy Akridge, Jr. of the Special Forces Reserve Unit in San Diego, California, has encouraged his men to try anything that will help should they be called into combat.

Recently they ran tests to see what they could come up with in the way of a silent weapon as a means of survival behind the lines. Snares will work but finding a game trail is necessary for that and in the jungles, monkeys, one of the main sources of survival food, have few trails in the treetops.

The longbow is being tested along with the crossbow, and a modern adaptation of the slingshot principle, devised to throw arrows only.



Sergeants three arm themselves for a practice session. From left, Nicolosi prepares to use a *Fist-Flite* with a standard arrow; Olson reaches for a notched shaft to use in the *Wrist Rocket* model, while Benson chooses a broad-head for use in his longbow. None are expert archers, but the unit encourages familiarity with varied weapons.

The longbow could be a problem moving in through dense areas and jumping into an area by parachute. Usually they would carry the longbow on a line, and as they near the ground, the package containing the bow would land before them, reducing the problem. Shooting a longbow in dense cover can be a problem, also, as many hunters will testify. Try shooting a standard bow while hunkered in a mesquite or other dense brush.

The crossbow offers similar problems but perhaps is better in a dense area since it is more compact. Too, the quarrels or bolts for a crossbow are much shorter than a longbow arrow. One distinct advantage of the crossbow is that it takes less time to train troops in its use than does a longbow. With the crossbow, one problem is the trajectory of the bolt and learning the weapon's effective range. Natives in the hill country of Vietnam still use the crossbow in hunting monkeys for food. There may be a little more noise from a crossbow than the longbow, especially those equipped with the metal bow.

As kids, we played with two rubber bands, tied to a forked stick and a leather pouch on the other ends of the bands to throw stones. This crude weapon usually resulted in some broken windows, a rabbit or two now and then, but Special Forces have gone beyond this. They are testing two similar units, one a *Wrist*

Rocket modified so that it will throw arrows, and the *Fist-Flite* which is designed especially for arrows. These units are similar in use but different in construction. Each have a metal arm that extends back and is placed on the forearm for stability.

On the *Wrist Rocket*, the arrow is placed in the vee formed by the slightly bent out arms. For a standard arrow to be shot in the rocket, it must have a few minor modifications. Sergeant George Nicolosi of the reserve unit found that he attained the best results if he cut the nock off at its base, just at the point where the string guides come together to form the solid nock. This modification makes the arrow inoperable in the longbow. Further tests showed that, with a notch on both sides of the arrow shaft, a few inches in front of the nock gave a better grip on the shaft for bracing.

The rocket uses a leather pouch in normal operation



Sgt. Edward Olson draws bead on target with this ninety-pound crossbow.



Left: Wallace Benson lines up with a 51-pound York longbow, while Olson and Nicalosi choose practice shots.

Major Roy Akridge, Jr., commanding officer of Special Forces Reserve unit, explains the *Fist-Flite* to Brig. Gen. Joseph W. Stillwell during latter's inspection tour.



and this pouch was retained for these tests. By bending the arms of the forked portion of the rocket more vertically, the unit could be used as a standard type beanie, or sling shot if you prefer. This gives it a multiple use but it of course doesn't have the range hitting power of the bows.

The *Fist-Flite* was sent to the unit by its originator, Bill Spatari, for evaluation. It has several advantages over the rocket as an arrow thrower. It has an arm bracing unit that will collapse and fold into a small unit making it much easier to carry. It has a center post, making it similar to shooting in a center shot bow, and with practice, one can hit well. The nocking end of the *Fist-Flite* is designed with a wire rod that fits into the standard nock of an arrow. Therefore, it will use the same shafts as a standard longbow. This unit will launch an arrow or perhaps a stick of similar size but will not throw rocks. It is compact and

can be carried in a pack, with shafts being improvised as the need arises. Slivers of bamboo would work if the tips were weighted or some method of maintaining straight flight devised.

All of these odd weapons were taken into the field where members of the San Diego reserve unit tested them. The silhouette target at the Convair Gun Range was similar to those used by law enforcement agencies against a dirt backstop. The crossbow ruled out the standard bale shooting, since the bolts weren't long enough to protrude through if they didn't penetrate completely. Another reason for the dirt was the use of broadheads; they do tear up straw.

The men backed off to about thirty yards and let fly. Tested were a *Wrist Rocket* of about thirty pounds, a *Fist-Flite* at thirty-eight pounds, a fifty-one pound York sixty-six-inch longbow and a ninety-pound aluminum bowed crossbow. All missiles were on target,

but these soldiers were interested in distance, too. They gathered their gear and headed for an open area close to the club range.

As the troops moved along the base road to start their shooting, several jackrabbits popped into view, running in that loping manner of theirs. Arrows and bolts came out fast and everyone at least got one shot off but none scored. They were all within range but they hadn't been prepared for the sly jacks that are open season in California.

Each man shot his weapon, using a forty-five-degree angle for maximum distance and the results were tabulated. The *Wrist Rocket* and *Fist-Flite* averaged very close on distances of about 110 yards each. All arrows were tipped with broadheads, the crossbow quarrels had field tips. The crossbow averaged about 150 yards and the York longbow hit about an average of 165 yards. There was a strong crosswind from the

right, so these distances no doubt could be bettered under quiet conditions.

When General Stillwell made a flying visit to the San Diego area, Major Akridge showed him the *Fist-Flite*. He had shafts tipped with Ace broadheads and the general was interested in seeing what the unit would do. The major loosed the arrow and the Ace buried itself to the ferrule in the pine board, about thirty yards away.

"We encourage men in our unit to experiment with different weapons for different uses," Major Akridge states. "We have many jobs to perform as a Special Forces unit and one of the basic problems can become one of survival. Training with what usually is considered a child's toy might make the difference between a man getting back from a mission, being captured or perhaps killed. We never refuse any reasonable suggestions and encourage versatility."•



Above: Shaft at top is standard arrow and may be used with longbow or *Fist-Flite*, while shaft at bottom has been modified to shoot in the *Wrist Rocket*. (Left) Nicolasi checks nock before trying shot with a *Fist-Flite*.

Special Forces sergeants retrieve arrows and bolts after practice on silhouette target approximating the size of a man. There were misses.





Photographs on this segment of the world safari are few as this newspaper article from Bangkok explains. Their gear was impounded during Indian-Pakistan hostilities.

Part IV | By Al Podell

IT WAS FOUR HOURS OUT OF TOBRUK that disaster struck. We had been moving at a good pace across the barren, heat-wracked Libyan Desert. We were crossing a landscape that contained no trees, no farms, no water and almost no people. We were heading toward the Egyptian border at Saloom, and after that, another two days of barren waste before we reached Alexandria. The land we now traversed was minerally impoverished, agriculturally inhospitable, historically undistinguished - save for some bloody WWII tank battles that had tied the tail of the Desert Fox - and, as far as we could see, devoid of game.

The accident happened on one of the few straight stretches of road we'd seen, a relief after two days of ruts and potholes. We felt a hard thump behind our Land Cruiser and I turned around just in time to see the left wheel of our trailer bounding high in the air and bouncing off towards the sand dunes. It was followed immediately by a spray of sparks and a shrill cry of tortured steel as our now naked trailer axle dug into the road.

We piled out, shaken but unhurt, to survey the damage, and we found it to be considerable. Evidently the axle spindle had snapped, probably as a result of the tremendous pounding it had taken for the past eight thousand miles since Paris. The wheel had broken loose, and the trailer had scraped on its belly for more than half the length of a soccer field, breaking and bending struts and supports as it slid along.

We hauled the trailer off the side of the road (thirty minutes), jacked it up all around (one hour), propped it up steady and even with rocks (one hour), and made camp (exhausted). It would be necessary, Steve told us, to spend at least two days in the desert until a new spindle could be welded on. It was hot as hell, we had no food with us, the nearest town was a day's drive away and, to top things off, it was Friday, the Moslem Sabbath, and all the shops were shut.

We worked the rest of the afternoon unbolting the axle so we could carry it to Tobruk for welding on Saturday, and we listened to our stomachs grumble as the desert sun went down.

We lit our gasoline lanterns against the vast darkness, plugged our Lampette into the Land Cruiser's cigarette lighter to shine some bright light on the card table, and prepared for a hungry night playing poker. We'd been stranded for six hours, and in all that time only one car had passed. Five Swiss boys were enroute to Beirut in a Microbus, but they had neither extra food nor welding tools.

So we were understandably startled when we saw a set of amber headlights coming, not down the road, but across the desert, directly at us. It might have been a giant desert cart the way the yellow eyes bobbed and leaped toward us, but it turned out to be a Libyan army jeep driven by a young lieutenant.

"Hello there," he shouted in English, combining a bit of a British accent with a heap of Arab inflection. "I hope you chaps don't mind a visitor."

He explained that an Army patrol had reported our plight and he'd come to see what he could do to help. He had no food with him, but he had brought a bottle of Kentucky bourbon, a veritable treasure in the desert. He uncorked the bottle, took a deep gulp, and passed it to Steve.

Steve, rarely one for looking a gift horse in the mouth, asked, "But I thought Moslems don't drink. Doesn't your religion forbid it?"

"You are right, my friend. We don't drink. But it would be inhospitable of me to offer you something without sampling it a few times to make sure it is fit for your consumption." Given a couple more such hollow-legged and diligent Bourbon samplers, the lads around Lexington would grow rich indeed.

As he sampled the brown brew, the officer explained that he was always at loose ends on weekends. He was a demolition instructor, but classes were over for the week. One of his wives was in Benghazi, and the other far south in the desert, both beyond the range of a weekend visit. So he was at our disposal.

Our first disposition was to get something to eat, and the officer saw no problem. He pointed into the desert, toward the south. "We will get some food from

THE WORLD'S LONGEST BOWHUNT

CHASING A GAZELLE THROUGH THE DESERT AT NIGHT IS A WAY OF LIFE IN THE MIDDLE EAST... AND FOR OUR HEROES!



Steve hunted foxes in the North African desert with little success. The original plan to live off the land with bows was proving unsuccessful.

the Nomads. They are passing through here now and there is a camp a few kilometers from here. They will help you. But you should take them a good present, and maybe a rifle to show that you are warriors."

Steve explained that we had few presents, and no rifles, and as for being warriors... But Mike suggested that a pair of shoes, of which we had several extra, might serve as a gift, and I added that maybe our bows and arrows might pass as acceptance weapons.

"Excellent," the lieutenant smiled. "The Nomads won't wear your shoes, but they are a fine present. They will keep them and show them to their friends or use them for ornaments in their tent. And they will respect you as warriors and hunters even more if you bring a bow. Until the big war the Nomads themselves only hunted with bows or spears, so they know their power."

"But," he sighed, "in the war they were given guns, some by the Italians, some by the British and we've never been able to get them to surrender those guns. So we've come to accept them. Just about every country along their annual route has agreed to let them cross the borders unhindered, to carry as many rifles as they have, and to hunt as and how they wish. It is their birthright, we feel, even if the rifles are a modern addition."

Steve, the lieutenant and I drove several miles into the desert to reach the Nomad encampment. Sheep and goats milled about, chickens and children scurried back and forth, tethered camels snorted beside the huge hide tents, and the scent of tea and baking bread was heavy on the night air.

We laid our bows on the tent threshold to show we came in peace, removed our shoes as is their custom and, following the lieutenant's lead, presented the gift shoes to the smiling old Arab who bade us enter. The lieutenant and the Nomad, after a round of courtesies and formalities, exchanged several long speeches in Arabic, pointed a few times at our bows on the threshold, and finally seemed to reach an agreement.

The Nomad clapped his hands and shouted toward the back of the tent where cooking smells came from behind a drawn curtain. Two Arab women approached shyly and deposited a great pitcher of goat's milk, a big pile of flat bread and a bowl filled with several dozen eggs at our feet. We expressed our thanks, accepted a ceremonial cup of tea, and backed out way out of the tent.

"Grent," Steve yelled when we were clear of the camp. "That's a good haul for a pair of shoes. You're some bargainer, and we really are grateful."

After a moment of silence, the lieutenant confessed, "Well, you see, I had to promise him a little bit more than the shoes."

"What?"

"Well, when I asked for food he complained that his tribe had not had meat in many days. They don't want to kill their sheep or goats at this time of year, but the hunting has been poor. Each year the gazelles grow more wary of the hunters. They are almost impossible to approach, and they outrun the fastest camel. Now they must be run to earth and hunted by car."

"When the chief saw your bows, I assured him that you were a great hunter. So he asked that you take your jeep and hunt a gazelle for him. I told him you'd be glad to. There was no way to refuse. He said he'd come with his men to your camp in the morning for the gazelle and also for the empty pitcher and bowl."

We both stared at the officer.

"After all," he started again, seeing his previous explanation had apparently not been sufficient, "how could I say no to him. But don't worry, I will go with you and show you. Though we will have to use your jeep. Mine belongs to the Army and I have already been warned about hunting in it. Here, have some more whiskey."

We had the bourbon - and the eggs and bread and milk when we rejoined the others - and, with misgivings, prepared for the hunt. We took the canvas top off the Land Cruiser and emptied the car completely. The plan was for me to drive, the lieutenant to ride beside me as guide, Steve to ride up back with the bow, and Mike to ride beside him with the spotlight.

We left the crippled trailer with Willy and Manu to guard it and headed into the desert, eastward so

that any gazelles might be silhouetted against the rising sliver of moon.

Soon Steve and the officer were in hot debate over the merits of the method of the hunt.

"I don't really think this is fair," was Steve's view. "I've hunted on four continents and shot all kinds of game, but I never hunted an animal from a car before. It's just not ethical."

"You Americans are all alike," the officer sighed, nudging me to avoid a ditch to the right. "Always talking about ethics. Out here there is only one ethic - survival. When you hunt in America, where everybody is rich and wealthy and well fed, you do it maybe for a trophy or for sport, as you call it. Here we hunt to kill and we kill to live. It's a serious business here. It is, how you say, a matter of life and death, and one enters such a contest with all the weapons at one's disposal. One does not refuse to use a jeep because of some misguided sense of fairness any more than you would tie your hand behind your back to fight your worst enemy."

"But," I countered, shifting into low four-wheel drive as the going got rougher, "aren't we breaking the law? Aren't there rules to protect the animals? And don't you realize that if you ruthlessly slaughter the game there will be nothing for future generations?"

He was beginning to sound more exasperated than friendly. "As I have tried to explain, the only valid law in the desert is the law of survival. Oh, a few countries have passed hunting regulations, but these are really only to make money from the tourist hunters or to stop the professional poachers. But nobody dares tell the Nomads what they can hunt."

"You must also realize that these gazelles eat whatever little grass that grows here. There is that much less for the sheep and camels of the Nomads. And as for the welfare of the future generations, a man with an empty stomach seldom worries about feeding grandchildren not yet born. Perhaps we are, as your advisers tell us, shortsighted, but let us see how far you see with an empty belly."

The officer explained that it was necessary to proceed without lights if we hoped to get a gazelle. Our headlights, he went on, could be seen ten or fifteen miles in the clear desert air, and they'd spook any game in the neighborhood. He claimed that when they first started hunting from jeeps at night, the lights had been a big help and usually had lured the curious gazelles close. But the game learned a lesson the hard way, and now blackout procedure was the rule.

He might as well have put a blindfold on me. The little slice of new moon gave almost no light and I was soon driving more by touch than by sight, and I seemed to be touching every ditch, rock, hole, bump, and mound west of El Alamein. I had slowed to no more than fifteen miles an hour, and rarely got above second gear in low-low drive, but the results were still devastating. I was cinched in tight with a safety belt, but I still seemed to be steering with my stomach and braking with my knees most of the time, and poor Steve and Mike in the back were bounced around without mercy. Before we began the hunt we'd debated whether a wood or fiberglass bow would best withstand whatever bouncing there might be, but from the racket in the back, I was beginning to think nothing would come through this ride unshattered.

The wind shifted toward the west, and although this gave us the advantage of approaching whatever game there might be from upwind, it also blew thick, irritating clouds of sand and dust back upon us. The slower I drove, the more time the sand had to settle on us, and the faster we went, the more sand we tossed into the breeze. It was a vicious circle with no happy medium.

After an hour, when we were far from civilization and its structures of any sort, and when I was beginning to wonder if our khakied friend really knew his way about, he called us to a halt.

"The underground water here is not far from the surface, so there is more grass than in other parts of the desert. If any gazelles are around, they'll be around here. How far can that lantern shine?"

It was a powerful six-volt Everready captain's lantern and could throw a bright, sharp beam at least eight hundred yards. Mike told the officer.

"And how far can you shoot with accuracy at a running gazelle?"

Steve judged no more than a hundred yards under these conditions.

"And how fast can you drive on the desert, with your lights on this time?"

I guessed about 30 to 35 miles an hour and told him forty. I figured if Steve could lie a little I could also.

The officer, probably taking our exaggerations into account, did some mental calculations, concluding, "Well, we may not get a gazelle, but at least we shall have some fun."

"But I thought you always hunted this way?" I blurted.

"We usually use two jeeps. When we find the gazelles, one jeep circles to the far side, turns on his lights, blows his horn, and drives the gazelles toward the hunters waiting in the other jeep."

With the engine running, we waited in the darkness. Our night vision was acute now, after an hour without light, and the officer taught us an old army trick of looking into the distance with the sides of our eyes to avoid the tiny blind spot in the center of the eye where, because of a dearth of rods and cones and a juncture of the optic nerve, night vision is its worst.

Far in the blackness some even blacker shapes seemed to move about. The officer grabbed the still dark lantern from Mike and started off toward them in a wide circle. He would try, he said, to drive them toward us, but if they went the other way, we were to chase them.

After thirty minutes or so, the darkness was knifed by the lantern beam which picked up a fat buck gazelle. We heard the officer cursing and shouting at him in Arabic and the buck bolted, though not quite toward us. I let the Land Cruiser shoot forward and tried to compute an intercept course, but the buck was near the effective limits of the lantern's range, and I'd need radar to track him if I let him out of my headlights. But if I tried to hold him in my headlights, an intercept course was plainly impossible. The only way we could keep our lights on him and chase him at the same time would be to follow directly behind him and hope to overtake him. In daylight an intercept course would have been a cinch, but at night it would have been black magic if it worked, so I abandoned the idea and doggedly tried to follow behind the racing gazelle.

We were about four hundred yards from him, and doing thirty-five miles an hour, but we didn't seem to be gaining much. Steve whisked a desperation shot high into the air toward the fleeing brown body, but by the time it came to earth, we were almost up to it and the gazelle far away. Surprisingly, the buck didn't dodge or turn, but kept on a straight course, and after five minutes of steady chase our inanimate, 135-horsepower machine seemed to be gaining on him. Steve was now shooting straight down the beam of the headlights, though how he was managing to brace and aim in our bucking chariot is beyond me. One white fiberglass arrow, aimed to lead the gazelle by a few yards, fell just short of his skipping hind legs, and it looked like the next shot might get him. The gap between us now was less than fifty yards.

The gazelle, without breaking stride, made a wide and graceful leap, soared a good dozen yards and landed running full out. In the headlights we could only see a dark, wide, sinister shadow between us, and I instinctively inched toward the brake. I soon saw what was ahead and slammed the brake hard, bringing us to a rather sloppy, skidding stop. Five yards in front of us, and stretching as far as we could see in either direction, was a deep fissure, a fissure that meant failure for our hunt and salvation for our quarry. Whether that gazelle knew where he'd been heading is something we'll never know for sure, though it's the kind of question that often keeps hunters awake at night.

We were all disappointed, having come so close, but it was not a deep disappointment for we had other things to worry about. We were now in the middle of a vast, strange desert, without our guide, and twenty miles or more from our camp which lay, we know only, somewhere within a spread of a hundred compass points to the northwest.

Evidently the officer also realized our situation, and his, and far back in the distance we saw a beam of light, revolving slowly and pointed toward the sky like an airport beacon. We retraced our route with its help, rejoined the officer, and pulled back to our camp just as the first faint hint of a new day was beginning to gray the eastern horizon.

The officer thanked us for the excitement, expressed his regrets at our loss of the gazelle and our expenditure of arrows, and prepared to drive back to his base.

"But what will we say to the Nomad when he comes for his gazelle meat in the morning?" Mike asked.

The officer smiled. "He didn't seem to believe me much when I told him you were great hunters. Just give him another pair of shoes. He'll understand."

We had the new spindle welded at Tobruk the next day and headed toward Egypt, again a dry and lifeless land save for a startling slash of brilliant green fields and towering palm trees in the delta of the Nile.

We had hoped to continue on toward Jordan and into the Middle East across the Sinai Peninsula, but the Egyptians, considering themselves still at war with Israel, refused to permit it. We had to go the long way around, taking the sea route from Alexandria across the Mediterranean to Beirut, the cosmopolitan capital of Lebanon.

Lebanon was a lovely country, with a sunny coastline, sparkling beaches, charming Biblical towns, beautiful mountains, impressive gorges, terraced hillsides and a friendly climate. It was also the most westernized nation we were to encounter between Europe and Japan, and we made sure to stock up on the amenities of civilization we'd missed for the past two months, from steaks to toilet paper.

Lebanon is also, despite its high population density and intense land cultivation, a good place for game, especially compared to the other arid and desolate regions of the Middle East, but I am forced to confess that, at this juncture, our minds were on an entirely different species of game. On the ship from Alexandria we'd met three luscious vacationing German secretaries and had managed to persuade them to join our group and see Lebanon and Syria with us.

After we dropped the girls in Jerusalem and headed toward Amman and the Iraq frontier, Steve had an idea which he claimed would help us improve our archery, although I think it was a secret form of penance for our recent dalliance.

Steve's idea was this: Since in another month or two we'd be hunting in the Pamirs and Himalayas, the highest spots on earth, why not round out the circle by doing some shooting at the Dead Sea, the lowest spot on earth? It lay no more than a few miles off the road to Amman, and we all agreed.

The road dropped down quickly off the barren Jordan plateau, and we soon passed a road sign that informed us that we were now driving below sea level. It was a queer feeling and, with the intense heat and added pressure we got some of the sweaty, claustrophobic symptoms you might expect from a crew of neophyte submariners.

We soon saw the Dead Sea in the distance, a vast, misty lake, bordered by small, barren cliffs and hills, 1,292 feet below the level of the sea, a lake so salty and inhospitable that absolutely nothing, neither fish nor plant, lived inside it or grew along its shores.

And here Steve added the sadistic twist to his suggestion. He'd heard that a swim in the Dead Sea was a rather unpleasant experience, and he decided to make same the penalty for any missed shots. He set up our big straw target about fifteen yards from the edge of the water, and he put the shooting line about fifty yards from that. There were just those fifteen yards of grace, but if any arrow went too high or too far beyond, it would have to be retrieved from the water.

We all took ten shots at the target and we all, save Steve, who I think was purposely undershooting, sent at least a couple of shafts into the water, including one wild one I sailed a good forty yards beyond the target and into the drink. So we all had to wade or swim in after them.

I can honestly say it was one of the worst experiences of my life - and that includes Army basic train-

ing, some four dozen sessions with a dentist, a bad case of dysentery, my fraternity initiation and the time my father tried to cook dinner when mom was in the hospital.

The water in the Dead Sea was unlike any I have ever experienced on earth, or even in nightmares. It had none of the cool, refreshing, cleanliness qualities one normally thinks of in association with water. It was almost as hot as the oven of stagnant air over us. It was stinging, sticky, viscous, slimy, oily, awful. The rocks on the bottom were so slimy you couldn't walk, and when you tried to swim, it was catastrophic.

The water sought out, stung and burned every orifice in the body. My eyes felt like they'd been filled with pepper and gorged by fire; they teared and stung until it was impossible to open them. My lips, which the water had only brushed, burned with the salt, and when I tried to wipe them clean with my tongue, it too became a prickly inferno.

The strange density of the water made it impossible to swim; at best we could only waddle or wallow after the arrows, and some of them were drifting faster than any of us were willing to risk paddling after them.

The water was a horror, but getting out was even worse. Our bodies felt like they were encased in a slippery, stinging coating of intermingled dirty oil and ground glass, and the casing tightened and cracked around us as the air hit it.

A couple of more sessions would have made great - or certainly cautious - archers out of us, but one was more than enough. Our only thought now was to get this terrible coating of Dead Sea debris off.

Two Arab boys, who had seen us scrubbing and scraping on the beach, offered to let us wash off in well water at their house - for a dollar each! Though we were in no mood to haggle, even at that outrageous price, the etiquette of the Middle East dictated that we bargain with them, and we shaved the price down to fifty cents each and dashed madly for the well.

When we finished washing, as best we could, for soap was powerless to remove the slimy ooze, Steve asked if we were ready for the next round. He had shot six arrows into the target and four into the sand in front of it, which showed that he either had lost his power or was purposely holding back. In either case, he hadn't had a dip in the Dead Sea pool yet and was all ready for another round.

Neither his sharpshooting nor his statesmanlike explanation saved our noble leader from finding out what a swim in the Dead Sea was like, although I'll concede he managed to pull a couple of us back in with him.

While he took his shower, we packed up the bows, tallied up the arrows (four missing in the lake) and got ready to head across the Great Syrian Desert toward the border of Iraq.

The three border guards at the Iraq check point were really story book characters, tall, fierce, bearded Arab warriors with heavy leather ammo belts slung crisscross across their chests, rifles in their hands, and wicked, curved knives dangling from their uniforms. Scarlet head-dresses with black bands completed the costume.

We were in no mood for argument after our recent trials, so when they came upon our quivers in rummaging through our gear, we readily consented to let them each keep a couple of arrows for souvenirs if they'd let us through. Besides, the metal arrowheads had started to rust fiercely already from their Dead Sea immersion. The guards took the arrows, smiling like ferocious giants of children and waved us on toward Baghdad.

As we crossed the desolate stretch that lay between us and the cradle of civilization, we took stock and tallied up. In the past month we had sighted only a hungry fox and a gazelle, had bagged not a morsel of game, had gotten our guts bounced around in the desert and our insides burnt out in the Dead Sea, and had lost eighteen arrows.

It was a mean, lean and sorry month for our crew of globe-girdlers but, as they say in the Superman serials, it was nothing compared to what was in store for us ahead when we tried to tackle the Marco Polo sheep in Afghanistan, the snow leopard in Nepal, and the man-eating tigers of Bengal. •

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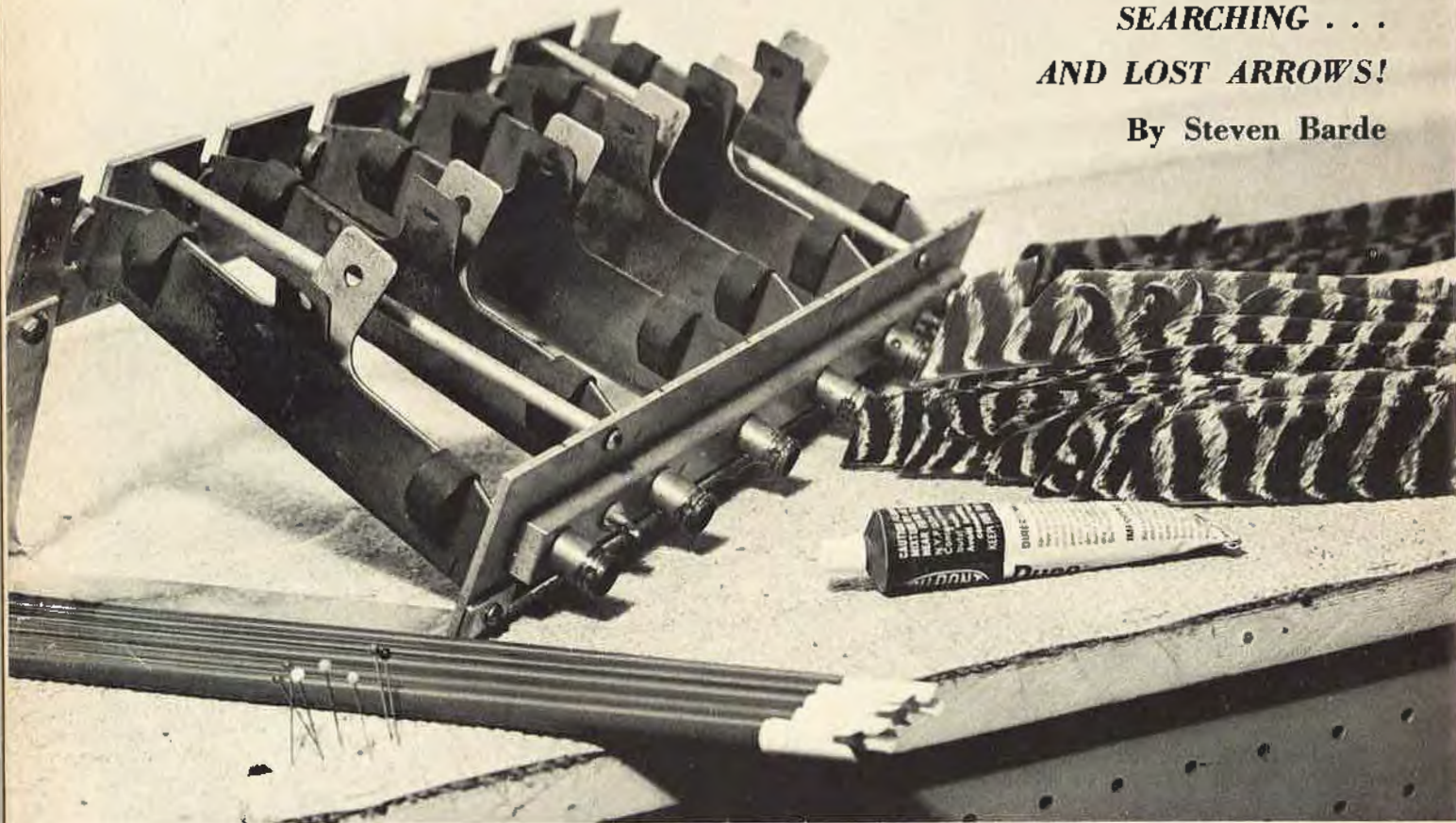


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HAVE A FLING WITH FLU-FLUS

THIS AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE CAN
SAVE A LOT OF WALKING,
SEARCHING . . .
AND LOST ARROWS!

By Steven Barde



1



2



3

1. Using the clamp jig, fletch should be cut as long as clamp will allow. Height of fletch should be left full. After cutting fletch in clamp, the fletching is done in usual manner. 2. For twisted flu-flu, feather is pinned to shaft with spot of glue. After this section has time to dry, hold shaft in hand and apply cement. Feather is pulled out, glue applied along quill area. 3. After quill is glued, fletch is twisted around the shaft in clockwise motion. Closer, tighter the twist, the slower and shorter the flight of the arrow.

SOME call it a bird arrow, some that "funny-looking" arrow, and perhaps there are those archers who never have seen a flu-flu.

They may be used for almost any type of archery, target, hunting, archery golf, bird shooting — whatever you want to use them for — but they are basically a limited range arrow. They can be made to fit a certain need in terms of distance. By making the fletch fuller or tighter, they will fly shorter; by making the fletch lower or longer, they will fly farther.

There are several things about flu-flus: They are noisy; they are bulky and a few will fill a quiver; the speed of the arrow is slowed down, and at times, the advantage of having an arrow you may not have to chase into the next county can be offset by having your trajectory and lead changed radically.

If you own a fletching jig, you can make flu-flus and if not, you can still make them. For the jig owner who has a selector dial for the spacing of the fletch, it is easy. If you have a four-fletch jig, the only limiting factor will be the length of the clamps. If you own a three-fletch jig, it may have provisions for making a six-fletch arrow. If not, make the three-fletch, turn the shaft in the jig and make three more on that shaft.

When using the jig, make the fletch as long as the holding clamp will allow. Don't cut the feather except in length, since you will want all the length of the feather to slow down the shaft. This is basically what a flu-flu is,

a high feather or massed feather area to reduce the speed and distance of the arrow by the wind drag on the shaft.

If you make your own hunting or target shafts, you no doubt take great care and have experimented with several cuts to get the speed and flight of your arrows the way you want. The higher the fletch from the shaft, the slower it will go. By leaving the feathers at full height and using the longest cut that the clamp will hold, you can make flu-flus.

Take the fletch, clamp it in your jig and cut the end for the maximum length of the clamp, cement and proceed as usual. The only difference may be the length, height and number of fletches you put on the shaft. A four-fletch will fly faster and farther than a six-fletch. This does give you a selection if you have a certain distance in mind, such as archery golf, using the flu-flu for the approach shot.

The four-fletch is straight forward, the six-fletch is also, if your jig is designed to make a six-fletch. If not, remove the shaft from the jig, rotate it so the new fletch will fall between the normal three-fletch and cement another set of three on the shaft. If you do this with the fixed-type three-fletch jig, don't cement the nock in place at the start; merely press it on firmly, then it may be moved and cemented into the position to allow the second set of three to be fletched. There is no particular spot for the nock, if using the speed nock, since all of

the fletch will be around the shaft and there is no need for a cock feather.

If you don't own a fletching jig, you can still make an excellent flu-flu that may be regulated as to speed and distance. To do this you need long feathers — the longer the better — two pins or thread and cement. The basic idea of this type of flu-flu is to wrap the feather, in a clockwise manner, around the shaft. A feather that is full cut and comes in bulk lots will be twelve inches or more in length.

One way is to take the small end of the feather, the top, and this will put the smooth or glossy side facing you as you look down the shaft from the nock end, put some cement onto the tip and pin it or tie with thread about an inch down the shaft from the nock.

Allow this to dry, then hold the shaft firmly, either in your hand or by laying it on a bench and placing a weight on it; hold the feather out at full length and apply the cement to the full length of the fletch. Pick up the shaft, and holding it directly in front of you with the nock up, twist the fletch onto the shaft in a clockwise manner for left-wing fletch. The closer together you place the quill of the fletch as you twist it onto the shaft, the shorter distance the finished arrow will fly.

Longer or wider spacing between the quill will give an arrow greater speed and distance.

When the fletch is twisted onto the shaft, take the second pin or another length of thread and push the pin

or tie the thread onto the shaft to hold the loose end of the fletch in place until it dries. If you are going to make your flu-flus from aluminum or fiberglass shafts, it is a bit difficult to put pins in these, so a wrap or two of thread will hold the fletch in place. The arrow shafts usually used for the flu-flu are cedar, but any shaft will do as well.

The finished fletch, when dry, is combed with a fine or medium-tooth comb to separate the vanes of the feather. The end product will have a fuzzy look. This acts as a wind drag and slows down the speed and limits the range of your arrow.

If you find that the shaft moves too rapidly or too slowly, it may be remedied in several ways. With the four and six-fletch types, the length of the fletch may be cut down to make them shorter. The height of the feather may be trimmed by burning or with a scissor for speed and more distance.

With the twisted fletch, if you want to increase the distance of the arrow, the total length of the fletch to be wrapped around the shaft may be reduced; the spacing between the twists increased to make the fletch move farther down the shaft; the feather may be turned around and fletched so the smooth side will face away from the nock end. This method makes the finished fletch lay back along the shaft more in the line of flight than the other method and gives longer distances.

Probably the only limiting factor in the length of the



4

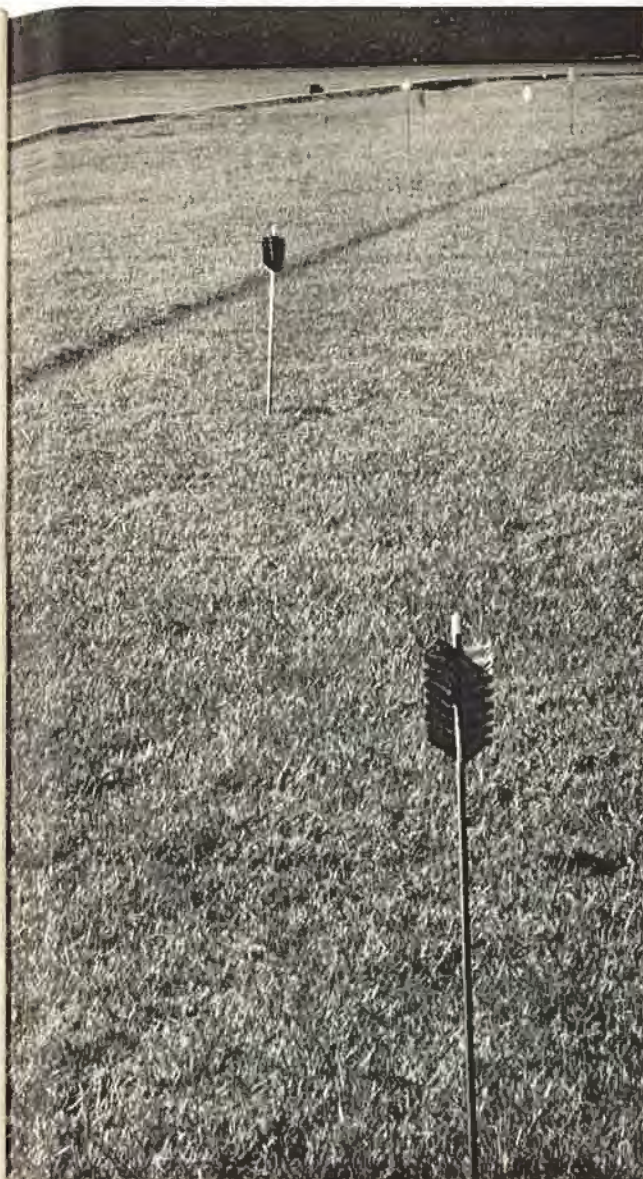


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4. The twisted flu-flu with a tight twist has the quills close together and both ends pinned for drying. 5. To bring out the full feather, a pocket comb is used on the fletch. This separates barbs that hold section of feather together. 6. Jean Learn draws 34-pound bow with HTM rubber blunt on flu-flu for distance tests. Note that shaft was left full length. The fletch is a single tight twist. 7. In foreground, full-feather four-fletch. Next is the six-fletch shaft with twisted style flu-flu in far background. Author found that flu-flus made on jig required more feathers than those which were twisted on.



6



7

fletch down the shaft is the bracing height of the bow; the fletch shouldn't go into the center rest section of the bow in the window area. If your twist fletched flu-flu doesn't give you the longer range you want, the distance may be increased by cutting down the height of the fletch from the shaft with a burning wire or scissors until the range is satisfactory.

To make a shaft fly shorter distances with the twist fletch, the twists may be held close together, so that the total length of the fletch extends only a few inches down the shaft. For still shorter range, more fletch may be added. This may be done by twisting more feather below the one already installed, or if the spacing is wide, a second feather may be fletched between the existing wraps on the shaft. If this method is used, a colorful arrow may be made by using feathers of different colors such as red and white, black and white or any combination. This double-twist fletch or the addition below a tightly twisted fletch will shorten the range of the arrow considerably, and also the speed.

By experimenting and adjusting, you can make flu-flus for different ranges, color code them by the color of the fletch and draw a sixty-yard arrow, a thirty-yard arrow or perhaps one in between for fifty yards, by reaching to the quiver.

When archers are asked how far a flu-flu flew, the usual answer is about sixty yards, more or less. To de-

termine the normal ranges that a flu-flu flies according to the fletch, tests were run on the football field at Grossmont College in El Cajon, California. A gridiron makes an ideal place since it is marked off in ten-yard intervals.

The bows used were a thirty-four pound sixty-six-inch Wing Presentation, a forty-five-pound Fasco in sixty-three-inch length and a fifty-one-pound fifty-four-inch Drake Hunter-Flight.

Arrow	Wing		Fasco		Drake	
	Target	Blunt	Target	Blunt	Target	Blunt
6 fletch	58	56	62	61	66	69
4 fletch	67	66	70	70	76	80
Long Twist	36	36	39	38	43	40
Long Twist	34	36	39	38	47	46
Short Twist	33	34	38	37	47	46
Double Twist	26	29	30	32	36	34

The arrows were shot at a forty-five-degree angle for maximum distance. The target tip weighed 60 grains and the HTM rubber blunt weighed 130 grains. The blunt was

added to the tip of the arrow over the target tip to see if there was any increase in distance with added weight. The tests showed that there is little difference. The fletch varied and two of the long twist fletches were used to see how they would compare. There was little difference with the thirty-four-pound and forty-five-pound bows but the difference of almost twenty pounds between the fifty-one and thirty-four-pound models showed an increase of almost ten yards for the former.

The blunt would be similar to the weight of a broadhead if you wanted to mount one on the flu-flu. The arrows were thirty-one inches to give the best results, but with the shorter shaft, the arrow would fly farther due to lighter weight. It was believed that the heavier shafts mounted with the blunt over the target tip would afford greater range but these varied little from the target tip distances. There was a crosswind in gusts which could account for the difference in some distances. There also was probable error in not holding exactly the same angle with the bow for each shot.

One further aid is to pre-wrap the feather, before putting the cement on it, around a shaft that will be smaller than the one you intend to fletch. This will help to break the quill, and when you place the pre-wrapped fletch on the shaft, it will go much easier. Another tip is to use contact cement on the twist fletch.

Have a fling with your flu-flus. ●



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The Australian Kangaroo Presents A Wily Target For Even The Most Experienced Bowman!

Bowhunting down under!



The Australian kangaroo not only is fast on his feet but can prove a dangerous opponent at close quarters.

(Right) Yonk Charles Gorlick downed this boar during the hunt described here. Heavy brush is a deterrent.



By Darryl Elsley

AFTER some five hours and 250 miles, my companion for the weekend, Charlie Garlick, and myself arrived at the 25,000-acre sheep and cattle property, situated on the Moree watercourse area of northwestern New South Wales.

Charlie immediately suggested a cup of coffee before turning in to bed. Well, for a Yank who has been out here for five years, he should have known better. Like most dinkum Aussies, I prefer tea. Charlie hails from Belleville, Michigan, and vows he will never go back.

With only four hours of sleep, we were up, dressed, had coffee (I relented on this occasion) and away. A couple of miles later and well inside the boundary fence, we stopped the car and prepared for the hunt.

We both wore ankle-to-knee high gaiters with our boots as a safeguard against snakes. The area we were in was particularly infested and we intended to be cautious where possible. We pushed due north into heavy lignum grass country, which at times, was shoulder high and very dense. The wind was blowing right into our faces, and so far, all was quiet.

Walking for an hour, we had sighted nothing at all, when Charlie signaled with his Weem's *All Call* whistle that a mob of kangaroos was ahead feeding. We were one hundred yards apart, the 'roos and ourselves, when we began the stalk. So far we had been extremely lucky getting in as close as we were now. The 'roo has phenomenal eyesight and as a rule would usually pick up anything unusual from five hundred yards away. The wind was with us here, as it was blowing strongly and was helping to keep any noise at a minimum.

The kangaroo, when feeding in a mob, will go down to feed, but always leaving a sentry to keep a lookout and watch over the remainder of the mob. As soon as one comes up off the ground, the other goes down to feed. This taking of turn continues indefinitely. Consequently, keeping out of sight of the "loner" is a really trying time for the bowhunter.

Moving slowly, we made it into about seventy yards when the lignum grass ran out. There were a few trees around, but too far away to make a beeline for cover.

Just at that moment, the loner

caught a glimpse of movement from my direction and stood up on his hind legs looking straight at me. I froze immediately, waiting for the stare to break.

I estimated this 'roo was well over six feet in height while sitting straight up, and a bigger buck would never come better. This 'roo belonged to the blue flier variety, which is one of the taller species of the half dozen varieties of kangaroo in Australia. By now the 'roo was looking in Charlie's direction, so I decided that I would make a long shot while the opportunity was available.

Naturally I was not expecting a hit from this distance. Even though the 'roo was over six feet tall, he was only about two feet wide and this sure looked a slim target from out here. The 'roo caught the movement of my bow as I came to full draw, but as kangaroos are quite inquisitive by nature, and because I was outfitted in camo clothing, he could not make sure what he was watching, so he did not move.

The arrow flew perfectly and I thought a hit was going to result. However, it fell a few feet short of its

mark but the line was perfect. My second arrow followed immediately, but was too high. By now the 'roos were hopping off, as flat as tacks across the paddock. There would be no more opportunities here again.

The two arrows I had shot did not present any task in locating, as all shafts were painted orange and carried yellow feathers, which contrasted brilliantly against the brown-colored grass. There had been no rainfall of any consequence for almost seven months, and practically all grass was dying. The sheep and cattle were being watered from artesian bores, with the bore drains carrying the water over many miles of country.

Out here the ground is as flat as a billiard table, the closest mountains some one hundred miles away. The scenery is identical in every direction, consisting of stunted gums, lignum grass and brigalow trees. Without a compass, one would be lucky to get back to camp, and getting lost would almost be courting disaster. We had two compasses!

wind was dropping and would soon disappear. The lignum grass had become too thick for us now and we decided to get out of it and hunt a water hole in the distance. Charlie, with his eyes working well, soon picked up a mob of pigs feeding towards the water hole.

We stalked from two hundred yards out, right into thirty yards. Charlie had first shot and hit a boar low in the stomach with the boar charging back towards some lignum bush for cover.

With Charlie chasing off after his pig, I had obtained a fair body penetration shot on a sow from forty yards. She carried her head high while running some few yards before dropping dead. Retrieving my arrow, I went to Charlie's assistance in locating his boar. After an hour of fruitless searching, the high lignum grass proved too much for us. The covering grass was too dense and we could not even locate a blood trail. I hate having to give up on a wounded animal, but there was nothing else we could do here.

It was well past our breakfast time as we made our way back to the car. Neither of us were expecting to sight further game, but passing between a few trees, we noticed two kangaroos that had bedded down for the day in a hollow in the ground which was covered with grass. Both 'roos heard us coming and sat upright to watch us. I was only twenty-five yards away and promptly drilled one through the chest, obtaining complete penetration.

This 'roo hopped off immediately and bounded into some lignum grass about one hundred yards away. I followed immediately and began searching as I figured this 'roo would not be very far inside the grass this time. By now Charlie had joined me and mumbling to himself about missing his shot. He reckoned he was taking a bead on the 'roo that I hit, and as a result, he never got a chance on the other 'roo as it got out of bow range. We tracked this 'roo for another hour and had to give up. Again the high lignum hid him from us which was disappointing. This would have proved to be my first 'roo taken with the bow, had we located it.

Eventually we drove back to the homestead looking forward to breakfast and a shower. After breakfast we discovered that it was impossible to shower as the temperature outside was well over one hundred degrees, and



This is the Australian Out Back country where author does his hunting.

the sun had heated up the bore water in the pipes outside of the house to such an extent the water was too hot to shower under.

Sleeping during the day did not come easy as the temperature steadily rose higher. This was summer in mid-January at its best. At last, the thermometer registered 109 degrees and started to drop again.

We were away again at four in the afternoon. Both of us had practiced for half an hour before leaving and were hitting our target quite consistently. A few spare broadheads and a mound of dirt served the purpose quite well.

Again driving the car as far as possible, we left it parked next to a bore drain. The bore drain would serve as a good marker in the locality if we were late getting back. Somehow, Charlie and I are always late getting back to camp, and we were leaving my red Falcon well out to spot easily, if needed.

Inside the boundary fence of a five hundred-acre horse paddock, we soon spotted a water hole, which we knew from previous hunts, was the only water around, except for the bore drain over a mile back. We took up positions in good cover, Charlie behind a large coolabah tree and myself under a dead gum tree. Over an hour passed without any game showing. I got restless and decided to check with Charlie and see if he was in favor to head back towards some heavy timber about a quarter of a mile away. Where we were positioned, it was easy to sight any game from up to three

hundred yards as all the ground in front of the timber line was plains with grass a foot high.

On my way over to Charlie, I accounted for a red belly black snake which measured a neat six feet in length. It took four arrows before I pinned his head to the ground. After some stretching of our legs, Charlie entertained me by picking a green fork off a nearby tree and doing some water divining.

Within minutes the fork stick was just about jumping out of Charlie's hands, and he was hanging on for all his worth. Eventually the fork twisted so much that it broke itself. Well, I have never been one for believing in this kind of jazz up 'til now. Boy, am I convinced!

We headed off towards the timber, and half way there, we spotted a mob of pigs feeding from the timber towards the waterhole we had just left. Both of us had to crawl to an old dead tree ahead about thirty yards, as there was no other cover around.

The sun was right in front of us getting ready to set, and watching the pigs and also to avoid the brightness of the sun took some work. There were about twenty pigs in this mob and Charlie was the first to score. He brought down a young boar with the arrow passing straight through the heart, and out the other side, with complete penetration obtained.

My shot was made on the run from almost fifty yards out with the arrow taking a boar along the back through the ribs obtaining about twelve inches of penetration. This hit hardly affect-

ed this old boy. Together we pursued the boar, but found we could not match his speed. The closest we ever made it was one hundred yards. As a result, the pig got away.

The sun was well down now with only about half an hour remaining of daylight. We could see another mob of pigs feeding on the timber line and decided we would stalk them before making back to the homestead. Well these pigs were very wary, and picked up our scents from fifty yards away and immediately took off back into the timber.

By the time we located the bore drain and made it to the car, it was 9 p.m. We had been a longer way past the bore drain than we thought, and as it was dark, we could not see the car at all. Therefore it was 10:30 before we had tea and hit bed.

Up again at four next morning, we were away to the same area as the previous night. Dawn was just breaking as we picked up a herd of emu's totalling twenty prancing all together only three hundred yards away. These birds sure can run, and run they did, when they heard the car engine. The emu's were capable of running thirty-five miles per hour at full speed.

Leaving the car in the same place as the night before, we headed towards the waterhole again.

Charlie spotted a large spotted boar of black and white color markings drinking and ready to depart. We were sixty yards away when the wind changed direction and gave us away. However, Charlie got one arrow away and just missed the old bloke by about a foot over it's hack.

We were aware of mobs of kangaroos in the distance, sometimes totalling as many as fifty in a mob. They could see us both from five hundred yards away with no trouble. We were not in the race in getting any closer. I sighted some pigs about three hundred yards away and we made off towards them. Both of us stalked in to only twenty-five yards and were hidden behind a dead tree laying on the ground.

As we prepared to make our easy kills, two large boars jumped up from the other end of the log we were behind and scared the daylights out of us. These two boars were bedded down in a hole in the ground lined with grass, and even though we were only fifteen yards away, we could not see them. As a result of this little fright, neither of us made a kill at all. This was as close as Charlie and I ever made it in a stalk and we were disappointed in missing out.

Right then our prayers were answered, as Charlie spotted the boar that I had wounded the night before only fifty yards away. It was not even disturbed by the connotation the other pigs had kicked up running away from us. The arrow was still there, in high in the back, and we were both amazed to see that this boar had carried the



Left: Author was delighted to garner a porker for his efforts, even after the kongaroo proved greatly elusive.

Ostriches, a holdover from past age, are frequently seen in bush country.



arrow all night without breaking it. All our broadheads were of Port Orford cedar and this was rather miraculous.

Charlie said he was mine, as I had made the first hit. It took five more arrows to bring this fellow down and only one shot, high in the neck, was a bad one. This pig just did not want to give up the ghost at all. Even with three arrows in him, shot from twenty-five yards, this boar tried to charge. Luckily I had a log nearby, as this boar had tusks two inches long and would have made a nice rip had he connected.

We reckoned we both deserved a rest for a few minutes, so we walked over to a large tree some thirty yards away. I took off my quiver and hung it up with my bow on a small fork and had a drink from the water bottle.

All of a sudden I hear Charlie yell, then he scrambled all over the place. A large boar had been dug into a hole in the ground, right under the limb on which Charlie was sitting. The boar had dug in to stay for the rest of the day, and surprised us as much as we did him.

By the time we got our hands on our gear and ready to shoot, the pig was off with his legs going like pistons. From that day on, I will bet Charlie will always look under any log he sits on.

Off again in ten minutes, we both sighted a lone sow some sixty yards distant. We stalked her to thirty yards and shared the kill. Both arrows hit the heart and penetrated the body completely. While retrieving the ar-

rows, Charlie nearly walked on a black snake, but it was down a hole in the ground and away in a flash. Only a few minutes later, I sighted a buck kangaroo feeding only 150 yards away.

Both of us began the stalk. This 'roo was wary and would only feed for some twenty seconds each time. Then he would sit up and look around. This was sage knowledge indeed. Half an hour later we were still seventy yards away and didn't look like making it any closer. This buck was well over six feet tall, and even from out here, the long claws on the front paws were clearly visible.

Here I would like to mention that, when cornered or even wounded, the kangaroo can be a dangerous animal. There have been frequent assaults on man, with the 'roo hugging its victim between the front paws, and digging the long claws into the neck or body. These claws are usually three or four inches in length also. Then the 'roo brings up one, or even both of his feet to the abdomen and endeavors to rip open the stomach with the long claws on the feet. At the same time, the 'roo is also biting the victim with a nice set of sharp teeth. The 'roo manages all this while balancing himself on his tail. Therefore those who did not

Continued on page 54

One danger of Australian hunting is the poisonous redbellied black snake, the bite of which is usually fatal.



CLUB CALL!

BANKING ON BOOKS

Any bowhunting, archery volume or film that can be used in the Professional Bowhunters Society's lending library is being sought by the Reverend William Hinton of Parlow, Virginia.

However, if you are interested in getting any of the above, they are available to you from the library at P.O. Box 6188, Charleston, West Virginia.

Another item from the bowhunters is a letter from the Department of Health, Education & Welfare on the use of succinylcholine (anectine chloride) on arrows in hunting for game animals.

"We have no information about the drug residues in this use of game animals anesthetized with such an arrow or the safety and effectiveness of such use . . . Accord-

ingly, succinylcholine chloride for use in felling deer is subject to pre-marketing clearance through the New Drug and additive provisions of the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act . . . To date such use of this drug has not been approved."



ARCHERY GOLF TOURNAMENT

It was pure "slaughter" according to the Maurice Thompson Archery Association of Crawfordsville, Indiana, when twelve top archers challenged the local golf pro and his best shooters to a match.

Having gleaned the idea from one of our recent stories, the arch-

ers decided on a forty-pound pull limit and use of the same type of arrow throughout.

The NFAA six-inch target, trimmed with no excess cardboard, was placed alongside the greens in the base of the sand traps to eliminate skipping arrows.

The archers and golfers were matched one to one and played head on.

"Next time," the report goes, "if there is a next time, it looks like the archers are going to be handicapped to make a more even match."

CLUB SHIRTS HELP

Good publicity and a well-organized program are the keynotes to the success of his club, writes Hal Stacey of the Leominster Sports Archers in Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

"We are part of the club (sportsmen) as a whole unit, always working in close cooperation with the entire club and its activities and always mentioning it in all our local publicity. I know of several archery groups who have broken away from their club, but in the long run, failed.

"I cover and take pictures of all

our large summer shoots and have made arrangements with the local papers to print the name of our club, competitors, scores of all shooters and their class, and the host club. However, to be effective, this must be done on a weekly schedule. We always mention how our shooters place, plus stories of deer kills, special hunting trips, competitors who compete in the nationals, state and the New England annual shoot . . . we wear club shirts with name of club, city and archer plainly visible."

His group has a monthly dinner meeting for planning purposes.



CROSSBOW CHAMPIONSHIPS

Mounted costumed lancers, a polo game, exhibitions on riding skills and a demonstration by the Crossbowettes, a high school exhibition team, on precision shooting was the color surrounding the 1965 National Crossbow Championship Tournament in Huntsville, Arkansas.

A grand sweep in the women's competition was made by Mrs. Corrine Linam of Fort Smith, Arkansas. She was the only woman that entered . . . so she won all the events; no reflection on her marksmanship, which is excellent.

The other grand slam winner was Bee Corbell of Odessa, Texas, in the slow-fire and rapid-fire repeater, American and King's round events.

Interest in the Huntsville event is growing with fine promotion on the part of George Stevens of Huntsville, who invented the repeating crossbow.

FLASHLIGHTS TO FLOWERS

The York County Bowmen of Canada are not short on imagination when their agenda includes such exotic items as an Indian John Shoot, a Flashlight Shoot, their first and last since only fourteen members showed up, and a fling at pelting the pansies at the Galt Paradise shoot.

Mixed up with all their events are dances, wiener roasts, western

Continued on page 65

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Continued from page 23

pretty quickly, but I felt this was better than a leg based on the angle and that the heavy arrows should have gotten well up into the deer. I decided to wait.

After an hour, I slipped and over one glance confirmed my suspicions. The femoral artery had been severed. This buck had made it about sixty yards before collapsing. It was a typical Dougherty buck, the world's smallest forked horn. It figured that with all the good bucks around, I would clobber the kid of the group.

There was no way of knocking any performance on the bow's part. Any time you can bat five hundred, you're in tolerable shape. The range had been an even thirty-nine steps, pushing forty yards. It takes a pretty good limb design to push this heavy an arrow through forty yards of miscellaneous brush and through a deer. A lighter arrow possibly would not have made it to the deer. A lesser bow might not have pushed the arrow as well.

The Mustang has a limb that is well designed for that added push; not too much deflex, a common ailment of some hunter models which is meant to smooth out the draw. A bow does not have to be really smooth if it is to be used in the field. Hunters generally are so full of adrenalin by the time they get off a shot that they would never notice some additional stacking.

The Mustang is not garish in appearance. It has the modern sweep in the riser, more ornamental than functional; a substantial sight window and shelf and enough beef to eliminate any worries in the limb stability department. It has the wider limbs required for greater work with arrows of weight unlike the rapier thin limbs of some target models, the wider limbs aid a bit in the noise section too, cutting it down considerably.

Handle risers vary but most of them seem to be coming out with laminations of zebra wood and walnut, a combination that is quite eye-catching. The riser laminations differ from many bows in that they run with the depth of the bow rather than the width, which should add to the strength of the riser. The limbs are a combination of one parallel and one tapered lamination of hard rock maple flowing from a twenty-seven-inch riser into a not too radical recurve. Without a lot of deflex, a tight recurve is not necessary to build up power after sapping some limb spring to attain smoothness. String grooves and nocks are sound and long enough to properly maintain string alignment, the tips have been built up to supplement the permanent positioning of the string. Workmanship on the bow is first rate, while finish work has been attended to seriously and nary a file mark nor nick could I find.

In the scant time allowed with the bow, I managed to get in one session on the range where there was room enough to operate. With the 2020 shafts it was about as expected. The limbs are really loaded up and hot performance suffers; she was point on at fifty yards. With 2018 shafts — better suited to this weight — the limbs were allowed to accelerate appreciably and the point on widened out to sixty plus.

Mention should be made pointing up the performance of the Ace head; in a nutshell, it was terrific. Properly sharpened, this is really a broadhead. Sturdily constructed, it will take lots of abuse and remain true. The blades at 1 1/4 inches really cut a hole, and it does as thorough a job as any head I've seen.

Pricewise, the Mustang is competitive with the majority of the leading hunters at \$69.50 and very much a competitor in the shooting department. For the one-bow archer, in a medium weight, it would make a fine all-around launcher for high scores and big bucks — or even the little bucks such as I always wind up with.

There are times when you can tell simply by first impressions whether a certain item has "it." This is the impression with the Mustang. ●

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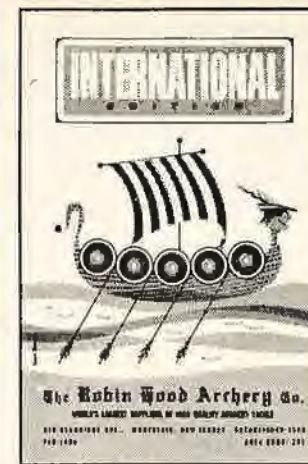
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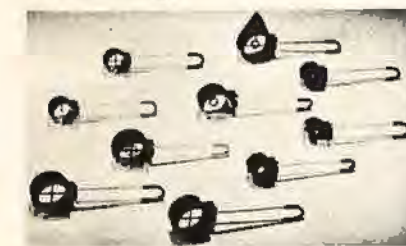
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IN EIGHT YEARS, SOVIET ARCHERS HAVE INCREASED FROM ONLY 500 TO MORE THAN 12,000!

The first time we saw an archery contest was during the third Friendly Youth Games in Moscow in 1957, in which challengers from Poland, Finland and Czechoslovakia took part.

This does not mean that we never saw bows and arrows before. Archery is one of the oldest and most popular sports in the Soviet republics of Buryatia and Tuva. True, their bows differ in design, weight, and strength in the bow draw from the modern European make, which explains the difficulty in switching over from the Buryat and Tuvian types.

At first, many archers made their own bows, but the quality was quite inferior, despite their efforts. The Lvov ski factory began putting up bows in 1960, and we hope that their quantity and quality will continue to rise in the next few years.

Soviet archery, as practiced today, originated eight years ago and made rapid progress, from nearly five hundred bowmen to 12,000 in different parts of the country.

The sport has been especially widely developed in the Baltic Republics and the Ukraine, evidently because they have long-standing sporting ties with Poland and Czechoslovakia where archery was introduced earlier. Incidentally, a Czechoslovak manual on archery was translated and published in the Soviet Union. It helped us immensely in our pioneer days.

Archery is a sport where age is not a hindrance in achieving excellent results. One of our leading women archers is fifty-nine-year-old Wanda Kapaczinska of Lvov, who last year took third place in the national championships.

Our archers staged their first national championships in 1963, and two years later, instituted gold medals to be awarded to the championships winners. The initial recipients were Victor Sidoruk and Nonna Kozina, both from Lvov.

The national championships consist of the M-2 exercise over distances of 90, 70, 50, and 30 metres for men, and 70, 60, 50, and 30 metres for women. Colour targets (122cm for the 90, 70 and 60-metre distances, and 80cm for the shorter ones) have a gold-coloured, centre circle (10 and 9 points), and four concentric circles: red (8 and 7 points), blue (6 and 5 points), black (4 and 3 points), and white (2 points and 1.).

Soviet archers made their international debut in November, 1963 in the GANEFO competition in Djakarta. Our men took first place, and our women, second. The overall honours went to twenty-eight-year-old Lvov schoolteacher Victor Sidoruk.

A correspondence match took place in April, 1965 between five Soviet and five British clubs, with the former emerging victorious.

However, it would be wrong to say that we rank with the world's best bowmen. The top results of the last Soviet championships lag behind those shown by the world champions. For instance, the Dynamo men's team aggregated 6,177 points to win this year's national overall competition, whereas the Americans, victors in last year's world title meet, amassed 6,792 points in the same exercise.

I feel sure that the decision of the latest Congress of the International Olympic Committee to include archery in the 1972 Olympic Games will stimulate the bowmen to still greater effort. We are not yet affiliated to the International Federation for Archery (FITA) — new members are accepted every other year at the FITA Congress, held in time of the world championships. The next Congress takes place in 1967, and I believe, when the next Olympic Games come up, we shall be a member of FITA. ●

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DOWN UNDER HUNT

Continued from page 47

know that the kangaroo is dangerous, please treat him with respect.

Unfortunately we did not make it any closer, as the 'roo caught sight of us and bounced away as fast as he could go. Watching this 'roo take twenty-five-foot leaps, one after another, can certainly leave you spell-bound.

The big red variety of kangaroo found in the outback and central Australia, has been known to almost reach eight feet in height, so encountering one of these 'roos would tend to leave a man at a disadvantage if cornered without a weapon.

It was now time to head back to the car. On the way we surprised a small mob of pigs and Charlie dropped a sucker with a neck shot from twenty-five yards. The sucker was small and hitting him at all was a good shot. Again, complete penetration was obtained.

I goofed my shot unfortunately, but made up by clobbering a black snake nearby. Back at the homestead, we had breakfast, changed and packed our gear to begin the homeward drive.

Charlie and myself were not the only hunters staying on the property. Three rifle shooters had made the five hundred-mile trip from Sydney and were guests of our host as well. This was their first trip to this area, and they only scored on two pigs during the weekend they were here. Both Charlie and myself had been here on this property many times previously, and knew just where to hunt.

We could not help the rifle shooters, nor would we, as bows and rifles just do not mix at all. So here we triumphed over the rifles on big Australian game. However, the Sydney boys did manage to account for more snakes. During a three-hour walk along a bore drain, they killed ten snakes with the shortest five feet in length.

In summary, both our bows were fifty pounds at our draw length. Charlie used a Howatt *Monterey* while I used a local Sampson bow. Our arrows were a mixture of three-fletch and four-fletch helical broadheads. The broadhead itself was a locally made Davies *Delta* weighing 150 grains. The total weight of the broadheads was between 550 and 575 grains. Painstaking work had been done in weight matching fifty shafts for this trip, and this combination has proved itself to us on pigs every time. Vaseline smeared on the broadhead, also helped give excellent penetration over dry steel.

Because of the heat, the small brimmed camo hats were of no use and we replaced them on the second day with wide-brimmed hats. I did use a forty-five-pound bow on the first sow but decided penetration over any distance would not be great, particularly on a big hoar. Therefore I reverted to my fifty-pound Sampson for the rest of the trip, which proved me right, on the five-arrow pig kill. ●

HUNT WITH KITTREDGE

Continued from page 8

So allow plenty of time for practice with new equipment before a serious hunting trip. Get your equipment ideas squared away now, then spend the summer practicing until your tackle fits like an old glove.

Practice requires shooting over and over at a target to develop a habit out of your shooting form, but the best hunting practice is the ancient art of stump shooting. Just taking off plunkin' at anything that strikes the eye, varying distance shot at and type of terrain covered.

On the West Coast it's easy to take a few hours shooting pine cones or clumps of sagebrush; other places it might be turned over earth clods, baled hay in a field, or who knows what. Try to make the first arrow count, for in normal hunting practice, this is the only chance you'll get. Take a few of the fellows with you and make an outing of it. You can even work out ways of keeping a running score based on whose first arrow is closest to the target shot at. Try to get in practice in the type of country you intend hunting as there can be quite a difference between shooting in closely timbered terrain and flat open country.

Take time out to do a bit of small game hunting. There are always black birds, jays, jack rabbits, ground squirrels, or some other non-protected animal to try your luck on. These animals might not be as exciting as big game, but you get more shooting and the practice in stalking and letting arrows go at live animals gets you into the "hunting" habit, tending to keep you calm, dry, and free of the fidgets when hunting more serious game.

So if spring has sprung in your neck of the woods, make what changes in equipment you've been thinking of, then get out and fling a few arrows just to keep the ol' eye sharpened, ready for fall. ●



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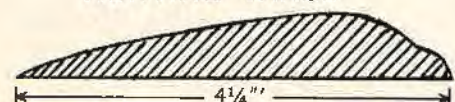
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The *Supreme* bow has a newly designed "speed limb" which has been under development for several years by Howard. The riser section is a combination of a special stabilizing material and Brazilian rosewood. The new model comes in 66 and 68-inch length and is priced at \$135. For further information on this and other Jack Howard bows, write to Jack Howard, Dept. BA, 415 West Loma Alta, Altadena, California.

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Bowhunting for wild boar — one to a customer — and Spanish goat — the sky's the limit — commences March 27 and extends to May 23 on Santa Catalina Island.

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ARSENAL NOTE

When he visited the Watervliet Arsenal in New York State, Joe Higgins of the Professional Archers Association took along the new Bear IIC-30 bow, showing it off to Colonel Keith T. O'Keefe, the arsenal's commandant.

The visit took place during an open house at the arms facility when some 20,000 persons had an opportunity to see how modern military firearms are made. Also on display was the Army's current M-14 rifle, but it didn't receive nearly as much attention as the archery exhibit put on by John Rudy, the 1964 National Field Archery champion from Syracuse, who was a special guest.



TARGET STAPLE

If you've ever wondered what Chuck Saunders of the Saunders Archery Company does with his spare time, it's pretty obvious. He invents things.

This photo shows a test of the tenacious new staple with a full-size bale being supported off the ground by nothing but four of these items. This test was aimed at showing that the improved face fasteners will hold firmly even in the loosest bales. Stray arrows hitting the special shaped head are deflected into the bale without damage either to the staple or the arrow.

The staples are available from Saunders dealers, being packaged in fours or in sets of seventy-two for club courses. Club secretaries are invited to write for a free sample, giving the name of the club and the address. Write to C. A. Saunders, Saunders Archery Company, Columbus, Nebraska.



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A new twist to solve an old problem is found in the Nu-Twist, a bow sling made of bead-chain which forms a half twist under the heel of the hand.

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Information can be obtained from the Saunders Archery Company, (Dept. BA), Columbus, Nebraska.

BEN PEARSON ARCHERY EQUIPMENT CATALOG '66



EQUIPMENT CATALOG

Describing his 1966 equipment, Ben Pearson has a new thirty-page full-color catalog featuring his record hunt with a broadhead.

For detailed information about Ben Pearson's 1966 line of archery equipment, write Director of Sales, Archery Tackle Division, Ben Pearson, Incorporated, (Dept. BA), Pine Bluff, Arkansas.



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If you don't drop your bow arm, Bill Higley says his new Torque-Balance-Stabilizer will cause the launching platform to remain virtually stationary until the arrow is gone.

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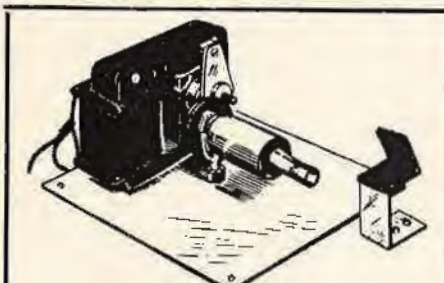
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The Second Annual FITA Fund Raising Shoot will be held at the Riis Park Archery Club range, 6100 West Fullerton Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, March 19 and 20.

Last year's shoot attracted 176 archers from Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, Iowa and Missouri. Proceeds of the tournament will be given to the NAA for their traveling fund which aids in sending top United States archers to the FITA Championship in Holland next year.

Deadline for registration is March 12. For further information contact Sylvia I. Levitt, 2613 South 11th Avenue, Broadview, Illinois 60155.



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OLYMPIC ARCHERY

Archery will be included in the 1972 Olympic Games competitive program, according to a decision made recently at the quadrennial meeting of the United States Olympic Committee. Archery was an Olympic exhibition sport in 1900 and 1904 and had official competitive status in 1908 and 1920.

With the inclusion of archery again as an official Olympic sport, there will be increased emphasis on a Junior Archery Olympic Development Program and the addition of archery to many current scholastic and collegiate programs.

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COMPLETE FIELD GUIDE TO AMERICAN WILDLIFE by Henry Hill Collins, Jr., 683 pp., \$6.95. Published by Harper & Row. There is no doubt that this is a scholarly work and was meant to be just that. Generally speaking, it covers every species of bird, mammal, reptile and amphibian, food and game fish that occur regularly in the United States and Canada east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the Carolinas and Oklahoma — although not necessarily in that order.

Some idea of the degree of labor that went into its preparation is reflected, too, in the fact that there are more than 2000 illustrations and maps designed especially for this book. Some 700 species are pictured in full color.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF ARCHERY by Robert Gannon: Coward-McCann, \$4.95, 256 pp.

In early chapters, as it should be, the author discusses the basic needs in the type of equipment needed by the beginner as well as that favored by the experienced archer. As the book progresses, the information becomes increasingly aimed toward the individual who is progressing in form, competence et al.

There are complete sections on field and target archery, tournaments, strings and stringing, and useful tips on how to avoid the more common shooting problems.

THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN'S GUIDE TO ARCHERY by G. Howard Gillelan. Thomas Nelson & Sons; \$2.50; 96 pp.

This thin volume is put together in eight easy-to-read chapters that will give the young or beginning archer full insight into the sporting aspects of the bow and arrow.

PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR ARCHERY TOURNAMENT AND HUNTING INSTRUCTIONS AND ENCYCLOPEDIA by George Leonard Herter and Russell Hofmeister; Herter's, Incorporated, Waseca, Minnesota; \$2.57; 288 pp., with 263 illustrations and photos.

THE BIG GAME ANIMALS OF NORTH AMERICA by Jack O'Conner. Published by Outdoor Life and E.P. Dutton & Company; \$10; 264 pages.

O'Conner discusses his hunting exploits with his usual relaxed style and good humor.

And nothing seems to have been left out; in these pages, the author takes us from the glaciers of the Yukon on a Dall sheep hunt to the jungles of Southern Mexico, where he hunted jaguar. In between, he discusses at length another twenty animals in the big game category and all of them native to this continent.

It's a top book, whether it's for your own hunting reference shelf or it's an educational project for the kids.

CLUB CALL

Continued from page 49

music (in Canada yet?) problems with getting someone to claim small game awards and getting the clubhouse bathrooms painted.

To honor the winners of their target archery shoots, a new concept for the club, they have established a Roll of Honor board which will be put on the trophy cabinet wall and on which the winners' names will be added each year. At the annual banquet, every winner will receive a keeper medal.



OHIO FIELD CHAMPIONSHIP

Up to their arrows in three inches of rain, 330 archers attended the Ohio Archers State Field Championship on a six-course site located on 260 wooded acres, hosted by the five-club Ohio River Archery Association.

Regaining their titles were Ruth Huckey — class A harebow and Tom Sheldon — class A barebow; new champions were Betty O'Brien and Victor Berger, both AFS.

POSTAL SHOOT

The Burnie Bowmen of Tasmania, Australia's Island State, are interested in a postal shoot since they are isolated from the other five archery clubs in the state.

Patricia Milburn, who placed second in the state target championships, says that her club has "introduced archery to the high schools and there is now inter-school archery competitions. Our members also coach the local Police & Citizens Boys and Girls Club two nights a week."

Any group interested in a mail match may contact the Burnie Bowmen at 15 Lane Street, Hillcrest, Burnie, Tasmania, Australia.

AMERICAN ARCHERY COUNCIL

The American Archery Council has been formed to stimulate interest and increase participation in archery and to act as an agency to coordinate all areas of archery activities and establish rules and regulations for the sport.

The group, sponsored by the Archery Manufacturers Organization, has its headquarters at 23 E. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

TECH TALK

Continued from page 11

"The sharpness of the broadhead edges has as much to do with killing power as any other single factor. I use razor blades glued to the broadhead, as I feel the hardness of the razor steel will not tend to dull as it cuts through hair, hide and bone.

"I don't feel there is such a thing as a bow too heavy to hunt any game; only the ability of the archer limits bow weight. A bow weight of fifty pounds and over is the best choice. But it must be kept in mind that a sixty-pound bow with dull arrows is less effective than a forty-pound bow with extremely sharp arrows!

"The physical weight of the arrow has a great deal to do with penetration. A heavy arrow in a lightweight bow is usually better than a light arrow in a heavy bow, when it comes to penetration in meat. The two-blade head, using razor blade edges is superior to any shape without the razors."

BOW ARM

I am fourteen years old and have a thirty-eight-pound Browning Nomad bow. As I release, I tend to jerk the bow up and to the right. I don't think the way I grip my bow is causing this, as I grip it loosely. My big problem is that I don't know I'm doing it. When I concentrate upon keeping my arm down, I lose my accuracy.

I would like to know also, if there is any way of fitting 11/32 broadheads to 5/16 aluminum shafts. Can you help?

J. C. Hutton,
Monticello, Indiana

(Pulling the bow arm is common to many archers and is a habit you should try to correct. The best thing is to stiffen the arm, keeping it pointed and pushed directly toward the center of the target until the arrow strikes the target. It will take a bit of practice before you seem to shoot well this way.

(Any 11/32 broadhead with a taper ferrule will fit any size shaft, as it is the taper that does the fitting regardless of shaft diameter.)

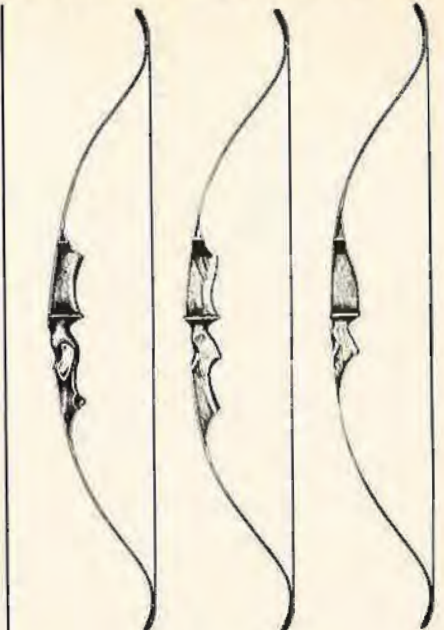
OVERDRAW

I have a bow with a forty-pound pull at twenty-eight inches. I bought some broadhead arrows that are twenty-nine inches. How many pounds more am I pulling with the longer arrows? Will these longer arrows hurt my bow, if I pull them all the way?

Jim Morehead,
Tulsa, Oklahoma

(You can figure on adding 2½ pounds for every inch pulled over the rated poundage. It should not damage your bow in any way to pull one inch over the rated draw.)

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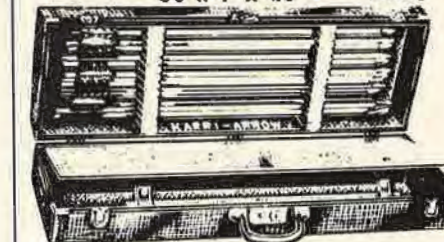
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HUNTING SECRETS OF THE EXPERTS by Vlad Evanoff. The editor has collected the personal secrets of twenty of the nation's best known hunters, both with gun and bow, and presents them here in an interesting but informative fashion. It contains 251 pages and has an entire chapter on bowhunting by Howard Siglar. \$4.95.

MODERN BOWHUNTING by Hiram J. Grogan. Here is a book that is loaded with practical information; the kind you can use in the field. In the text, the author uses his own experiences to illustrate his various successes in hunting everything from crows to alligators, not to mention deer. Information on special equipment and advanced techniques for various game are spelled out. Contains 163 pages, center section of exciting hunting photos. \$4.75.

FIELD ARCHERY AND BOWHUNTING by Arnold O. Haugen and Harlan G. Metcalf. Both of the authors are experts not only in archery but are widely recognized as educators. As a result, they have taken the teachers' approach in writing this book, explaining step by step how to improve your technique on the range or in the field. This volume contains 213 pages and is amply illustrated to get across the more complex points. \$5.50.

LIVING OFF THE COUNTRY by Bradford Angier. This book has all of the information needed for staying alive in the woods, whether you be survival buff or simply the hunter who wants to be prepared against the possibility of being lost or running out of food. The information is practical and tried by the author and others. Contains 241 pages with humorous practical illustrations. \$5.00.

ALL ABOUT CAMPING by W. K. Merrill, U.S. Park Ranger. This book covers the field with facts and sage advice on every possibility from trailer camping through survival, touching on safety and first aid. It is certain to make your trip happier, safer, and more interesting. Has 262 pages, over 100 illustrations. \$3.95.

WILDERNESS COOKERY by Bradford Angier. Here's an amusingly written book that reads unlike any volume of recipes you've ever seen. It's based upon the author's personal experiences in living in the woods, attempting to improve upon cookery of the old frontiersmen. However, all of the recipes make extremely edible fixings. It fills 256 pages with many helpful illustrations. \$3.95.

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NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 63 — Styles Of Field Champs; Texas Fox Hunt; More Beginner Problems; Arrow Speed vs Bow Weight; Fletch Your Own Arrows; Profile; Louis Rangel; Boar Hunting; Indoor Archery — Its Future; Yabusame Cavalry Archery.

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 64 — Flight Shooting Secrets; African Trophies With A Crossbow; Checker Your Bow Handle; Clown Prince Of Archery; Arrow Speed; Howard Hill; Nebraska Rabbit Shooting; Coyote Calling.

MARCH-APRIL 64 — Archery in Hawaii; Night Varmint Hunting; Harry Drake; Archery in Russia; Arrow Spine and Shaft Deflection; Alligator hunting; Peruvian Indian Bows.

MAY-JUNE 64 — Bowhunting's Golden Triangle; Vicki Cook; Bear's Kodak Test; African Lion Hunting; Bowfishing in Nebraska; How To Call Varmints; Planning Your Deer Hunt.

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 64 — Positive Approach to Bowhunting; Matt Yurick; Indian-Style Bowhandle; Backpacking for Deer; New Challenge in Field Courses; Catalina Family Bowhunting; The English Longbow.

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books for bowmen



HAPPIER FAMILY CAMPING by George S. Wells; The Stackpole Company; \$2.95; 96 pp. This is another in this publisher's series of concise outdoor guides, and is described as "the painless way to endure through bugs, rain, wind, cold, ashes in the beans . . . how to live through the problems and hazards for more pleasure."

While it may not be quite that good, it does offer practical information on how to prepare your family camp for rain and cold, offers a guide to the poisonous plants with which you or yours may come in contact — and what to do about them.

Probably of more importance to the family than these extremes is a chapter on budgeting for your camping trip, including the necessities if you choose to rent your gear and the tips for cutting costs when you're out in the open.

Also included is a listing of U.S. and Canadian campgrounds which will probably show the average family that such areas are much closer to their homes than anyone had suspected.

As indicated earlier, this volume doesn't offer all of the answers; certainly not in ninety-six pages, but there are a lot of them that you have wanted to know. —JL.

ENJOYING LIFE AS A SPORTSMAN'S WIFE by Jean C. Vermes; The Stackpole Company; \$4.95; 192 pp. This enjoyable little book is adequately subtitled, *Wifely ways to understand and live happily with an outdoors husband.* While it doesn't specifically indicate, we assume that the authoress is married, for it is obvious that she has undergone many of the experiences that some wives would consider tortures.

Mrs. Vermes uses a great amount of humor in listing some of these adventures — or misadventures, if you prefer — but she also does much to explain to the distaff side just why a man might seem to enjoy sleeping

in the woods, standing for hours in the rain and allowing himself to be chewed by various and sundry insects.

But in outlining this explanation, the authoress also shows a wife how she, too, can benefit from taking up fishing, hunting or camping, thus arranging it so that she does not become a weekend widow, while her spouse is out in the wilderness challenging the elements. —MH.

THE TREASURY OF HUNTING by Larry Koller; Golden Press; \$14.95; 251 pp. This is billed by the publisher as "Larry Koller's expert advice on the best techniques and the best guns for hunting and shooting every kind of North American game."

That's quite a claim, but knowing Koller quite well, we can state that he comes about as close to being a full-fledged authority as anyone in the country. The claim is not out of line with his abilities.

As for this book, Koller has put some forty-odd years of hunting into it. A great deal of thought and effort also has gone into production of the volume, since more than half of the pages are devoted to four-color illustrations.

The author starts with the history of hunting in this country, showing how it was depleted, then illustrates the steps being taken through conservation to restore this game wealth in the present age.

In discussing each type of game, be it caribou, grizzly or varmints, Koller has drawn upon personal experience, using these to illustrate the points he makes. There also are chapters devoted to the practical knowledge of how to handle game in the field once you have taken it, the use of hunting dogs and what to expect of them, and finally, a section concerning your hunting camp and how to set it up.

If you can't find, shoot and prepare game after reading this book, we'd suggest flower arranging or knitting. —MH.

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Indoor Championship. Her top scores were made in the 1965 NFAA Championship tournament and at the 1965 Fresno Safari Shoot (496, 518, 536). EQUIPMENT: Easton XX75 shafts, 1618 X 26" (finished by Pacific Archery and Hugh Rich Archery). 2 5/8" X 3/8" fletch—Index nocks. 33#—66" White Wing Bow (Wing Archery Co., Jacksonville, Texas) with a Kisser button—bow level and draw check.

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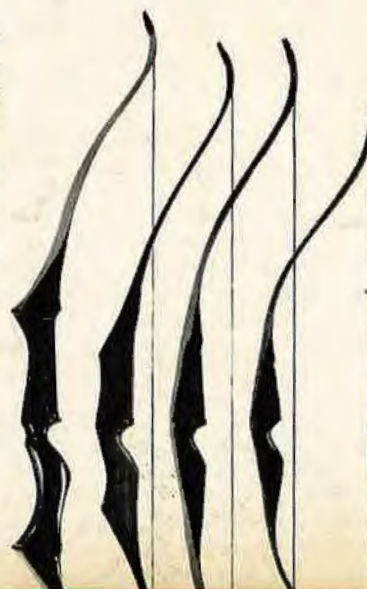
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