

# The Feathered Shaft



OCTOBER, 1949

VOL. 3, NO. 6 25 CENTS

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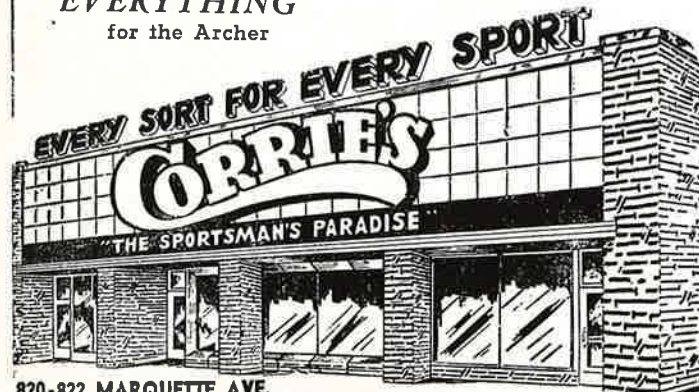
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# The Feathered Shaft

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*"The object of shooting is to hit the mark!"*—ROGER ASCHAM

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## Next Month

FEW PEOPLE realize the extent to which the bow has left its mark on the world. Van Robertson, who has contributed articles before to The Feathered Shaft, has written an article entitled "The Bow Left It's Mark on the World." Coming in next month's issue.

## COVER PICTURE

VAL KIMBROUGH of Benson, Arizona, is one of the few white men who has mastered the ancient art of chipping flint arrow heads. See the picture story on page seven of this issue.

# Hunting Deer the Hard Way

By William D. Eng  
St. Paul, Minn.

**A**RCHING high in the air, the speeding arrow plummeted into the straw and burlap facsimile of a deer.

"Good shot, Jim!" Joe exclaimed. "Do that next week when the season opens and you'll get your deer for sure!"

Jim, Dick, Joe and I walked the hundred yards to the target and examined our hits and near misses closely.

"If we do just half as good as this on live deer, our chances should be good," said Dick, emphatically. "We've got to bring home a deer or we'll be the laughing stock of the neighborhood."

The special deer season for Minnesota archers opens early in the fall, more than a month before the regular rifle season. Although the leaves have not yet fallen from the trees, which makes hunting more difficult because of poorer visibility conditions, the deer are not overly frightened by hordes of hunters stamping through the brush, firing volleys of thunderous rifle shots. The hunter's stalking ability is put to the toughest test by pitting his skill with the bow and arrow and woodsmanship against the keen senses and speed of the white-tail deer. The archer must stalk the deer carefully so as to obtain an open shot, since the slightest touch of a twig would send the arrow harmlessly off in another direction. Also, the range of the bow and arrow is limited.

Using a rifle, a hunter can shoot accurately several times farther than the effective distance of the bow and arrow. Also, bullets can plough through much small underbrush without being deflected from its course. Compared to rifle hunting, chances of getting a deer are considerably less when you use the bow and arrow. It is more difficult to shoot a bow and arrow in the tangled brush than to shoot a rifle. A couple of advantages for the bow are that the bow and arrows weigh less than the usual hunting rifle, and the deer will sometimes stand for another shot if he does not see the archer, because there is no loud report to frighten him.

**ALL WEEK** we gathered our camping and archery equipment for the hunt—dozens of arrows tipped with razor edged steel broadheads. The sparkling finishes of our osage bows were painted a dull green color to prevent light from reflecting and scaring the deer. Quiet tennis or moccasins were worn to prevent making noise in the brush. A tent, camping gear, and enough food for several days were also included.

Hours before daylight, our car sped up the highway. Too excited to sleep, we talked of the best methods of hunting deer with the bow and arrow. All of us had been on many deer hunting trips using the rifle, but none of us had ever tried hunting big game with the bow and arrow before. We decided to organize a drive and place men on stand to await the deer, or hunt individually by silently stalking our deer.



We reached our destination in the Minnesota north woods just as the first faint light of dawn lit up the overcast sky. A sharp October breeze was blowing from the north.

Scrambling from the car, we collected our archery tackle and fanned out to enter the silent wilderness. The country was rolling hills covered with second growth pine, aspen and poplar trees. Slowly, cautiously we made our way into the brush, halting frequently to listen for any tell-tale sounds. Arrows were nocked, and the bows were carried in readiness for a quick shot.

A sharp snort punctuated the stillness. I stopped short, listening intently, straining my eyes to note any movement. Raising my foot, I took another step. Another snort sounded, and then a huge buck leaped from his bed beneath a windfall and rushed into the woods. I sent a futile arrow after the white-tail and proceeded on.

The underbrush became more dense and tangled, branches slapped my face and hand, and the bow caught in the twigs. Seeing a deer trail winding through the brush in the direction I was headed, I followed it. Two hours passed and there was no further sign of a deer. Periodically I heard reassuring whistles from the other boys. I knew the deer trail would soon come to a road.

Topping a ridge, I glanced up to see a large doe nonchalantly feeding on some

overhanging leaves. Bending low and hugging the edge of the trail, I tried to get within shooting range. The doe looked up and down the trail occasionally, but I carefully stayed within the shadows. Then the faint sound of an approaching car came to my ears.

The sound grew louder, and the deer, glancing toward the road, became nervous and jumped into the brush. Sensing an opportunity to get within shooting range, I hastened to the spot where the doe had disappeared. There, crouching low, with bow and arrow ready, I waited apprehensively. A branch rustled, and a brown patch moved noiselessly. The doe vanished behind a scrub oak cluster, as I watched with pounding heart. Seconds passed and still no sign of the white-tail. I was just ready to believe the deer had left when all of a sudden I was conscious of being watched. Slowly I moved my head and there, not ten feet away was the head of the doe, with bulging brown eyes and large, alert ears, staring at me. Startled, I decided to try a hurried shot and brought my bow up and snapped the arrow away. The doe was one step ahead of me; however, she bounded so high in the air that the arrow passed below her, missing cleanly. Frantically I grabbed for another arrow from my quiver, but she was already gone.

**CHAGRINED** THOUGH I was, I could do nothing but walk out to the road and meet the others. All of us had seen deer and all had taken shots at the fleeting white-tails except Jim.

The next morning before breakfast, Jim and I left before the others to go east of the camp about two miles and wait on a stand. We followed the edge of a dense willow swamp and took up our positions on an adjoining hay field. We picked runways that looked heavily traveled, and posted ourselves about three hundred yards apart.

Soon I could hear the shouting, whistling, and crashing of Dick and Joe as they waded through the swamp. A twig snapped nearby, and I could hear the faint hoofbeats of a deer approaching. With bow raised in readiness, I waited behind a thick willow bush. The animal burst forth from the brush in full gallop. My arrow whizzed through the air, barely missing the doe's back. Another heart-breaking miss!

Disgustedly, I went to look for my arrow and, leaning my bow against a tree, I bent over to pick up my arrow. Hearing a sound, I glanced up right into the face of a magnificent buck. He looked at me for a second, and then galvanized into action with a series of graceful plunges across the field. I was so mad that I broke the arrow over my knee and picked up my bow and started up towards Jim's position.

(Continued on next page)

THE FEATHERED SHAFT

# RUPPERT JACKS

By DON THEYE  
Glendale, Calif.

**W**E STOPPED in Ruppert, Idaho, on our way back to Barstow from Two Rivers, Wis., where the 1948 National Field Archery Tournament was held.

Hunting with a bow is perhaps primitive, but you can have more fun than shooting fish in a barrel! Especially on small game like the jackrabbits we hunted. There was really no hunt to it. All we did was drive out to the desert, get out of our car and string our bows. We took off across this vast expanse of desert with high hopes of shooting our game until we were worn out—and we weren't disappointed.

Nubbie Pate, Bill Otto and I saw jacks coming from the brush almost immediately. They were like millions of ants on a path.

I let go my first arrow and was so excited at the thrill of seeing so many of these creatures, I missed completely, as did the rest of the party.

Bill Otto was the first to bring one down. I was standing about 175 yards from him and saw him draw and release. I couldn't see the target, for it was concealed by the prairie brush. His arrow had penetrated the rabbit but this tough seasoned veteran of the desert only kept running. But Bill quickly nocked another arrow and sent it singing through the air. It also struck but when this one failed to bring the game down he took off after it and upon catching it, hit it with his bow. Bill looked like a windmill churning in the wind. He picked up his game with a smile of victory and tossed it in a pile which was soon added to as I got my shot soon after.

Nubbie was hopping along trying to keep his crutch out of gopher holes when he brought his game down with one shot. Nubbie was just as seasoned to the desert as these jacks were and it would have hurt his pride if he hadn't got one with one arrow. Every time we have gone hunting he has proven his ability. Nubbie is admired by every one for not letting his handicap hold him back from accomplishing his feats perhaps better than a person in perfect condition. Don't mis-

understand me though—Nubbie is in perfect condition!

Under his wavy silver hair is the face of a man who has traveled to many places and seen many amazing things. He has a remarkable physique and is browned from years in the Mojave Desert sunshine. His mind is quick as a hair trigger, as he has proven many times, and his ears are full of the sound of singing arrows and the thud as they hit their target. Nubbie is known in the archery world as one of the best shots on both targets and game.

After three hours of shooting we went back to Ruppert to eat and to go out to a different hunting ground. This time we had a larger party and could

spread out more. The new hunting ground was rougher going and the brush was much higher and thicker, which made shooting difficult.

We had just started to hunt when a rabbit darted about nine yards from me. I released just as he went behind a bush. Not hearing a thud, I figured I had missed the old boy, but as I went to claim my arrow and pull it out from a clump of sage, there was the rabbit on the end. The shaft had penetrated its heart and killed it instantly.

We left the hunting grounds as the sun was setting—the end of a perfect day afield, for I had bagged my first game with a bow and arrow.



Don Theye, the author, Bill Otto and Nubbie Pate with some of the jacks shot near Ruppert, Idaho, on their return trip from the 1948 National.

## Hunting the Hard Way . . .

Continued From Preceding Page

Nearing Jim's stand, I heard the snort of another deer in the brush as it scented me. The deer moved away rapidly, straight toward Jim! On top of a wooded knoll, Jim waited, hidden by the brush. Pausing to look behind her, the doe halted momentarily. I saw a flash as Jim's arrow leaped through the air. The doe bounded straight up in the air, then moved slowly through the poplar stand with quavering steps. A staccato sound such as a small boy might make with a stick on a picket

fence came to my ears. Realizing that the doe was hit and the arrow was slapping the trees as she passed, I hurried to the scene.

The deer hadn't gone very far before she became very wobbly on her feet. The great loss of blood was weakening her. By the time the doe collapsed, Jim had caught up to her and was standing in readiness for another shot if necessary. The doe was stone dead, however, and another arrow was not needed. The shaft had struck the doe just behind the shoulders and had penetrated almost up to the feathers.

The rest of the hunters arrived and

congratulated Jim as he cleaned the deer. The arrow had pierced the heart and was embedded in it. Jim explained that he had only a square foot of clear space in the brush through which to shoot his arrow. By releasing his arrow smoothly without jerking, Jim hit the animal in a vital spot. Thinking back at my previous shots, I realized that I had been at fault in this respect. I vowed to myself that between now and next season I would spend many hours practicing the technique of smooth arrow releases, so that I might have a better chance next season of getting my deer.

# OPERATION OSAGE

By **GEORGE F. SCOTT**  
Belfield, N.S.W., Australia

**D**R. JOHN BOORMAN, Australian flight champ, of Cessnock, had travelled the northwest of N.S.W. in search of osage orange.

A hedge situated at Inverell was looked over and found to be ideal. The character who owned the property intended selling, so it was imperative that all those interested make the trip and endeavor to make arrangements for the cutting and transport, etc.

I might add at this stage that osage orange is not native to Australia. Our forestry commission can only guess at its origin, being brought from overseas, or imported specially for orchard wind-breaks, dairies, etc. Odd trees along the rivers and creeks were to be found where the fruit had taken root after being washed downstream.

The forestry people cannot give the location of these hedges as they are not numerous and the stuff has no commercial value, and for this reason is not listed on their records.

This was indeed unfortunate for it necessitated a round tour by car—well nigh impossible with the severe petrol rationing then in force—in order to locate the osage. Then it is just in the cards that the owner won't part with it for sentimental reasons, because his grand-pappy planted it, or some other absurd reason, as actually happened.

To cut it oneself, a vehicle and/or trailer, crosscut saw and abounding enthusiasm is necessary. We had only the latter.

Ross Herron and myself, whose holidays coincided, endeavored to work in with the Doc's long week-end off. A month previous we had decided on a definite date.

We travelled by train to Cessnock from Sydney—about 140 miles—then did justice to Mrs. Boorman's excellent cooking. Then we were introduced to Eric Turner and Bert Enderby, two locals who were as yet skeptical of the power of the bow in general and our prowess in particular. They had offered the Doc 5 shillings (approx. \$1) for every rabbit he collected on the trip till they heard of Herron's kills at Abercrombie.

Up at 3 a.m., we got into a good breakfast and hit the track at 4 a.m. in Turner's new Mercury. We arrived at Inverell at 1 p.m., keeping pace with Doc's schedule of the itinerary.

Our eyes were opened when we saw our first decent hedge of the stuff. We raced back after dinner, but were informed that the property was sold, as predicted. Ferreting out the agent who made the sale we contacted the new owner. Decidedly a hen-pecked type, he "was afraid that his wife wouldn't like the hedge disturbed."

"Not one small branch—surely she wouldn't miss that," I remarked.

Further conversation useless, we left to attack new fields. The agent directed

us to a dairy just up the road.

"Another nice hedge," we observed, and called in to pay our respects. Not a soul was home and the area was deserted. We cruised around the corner and along another hedge and sighted a couple of massive trees in the distance.

"No," we decided, "they are too big for osage—no fruit, and the leaves are too small, bark is too smooth, not enough thorns, etc."

Back into the car we travelled slowly back till we reached the next "definite" osage with fruit and all.

"This is the same leaf" said Ross.

"And the same bark," said I.

"Let's go," said Bert, as he put the car into gear.

Back we raced to the massive trees, and further inspection revealed that we had a rare find. We couldn't get our arms around the trunk of one and another had a second growth limb over a foot thick, dead straight for nearly 20 feet.

On the way back Herron was mentally calculating the proportion of flight bows to the long limb.

Later we picked up Doc and Bert and they were likewise amazed.

Next day we were still pondering how to get the osage cut and transported, when Bert had an inspiration. He had obtained the local paper and browsed through the ads, located a fellow doing a job of firewood cutting (with a truck) who required work.

We soon had him in the car on the way out to our find.

I guess he must have had one of the greatest ear-bashings of all time. We each took him in turn and explained what we required. He picked up quickly: straight sections, 4 ft. long and no less than 8" diameter. His tentative quote was reasonable and we sealed the bargain, swapped addresses and drove him home.

Everything looked rosy in the morning and we pushed on to Moree, home of the wild pigs, had a swim in their Olympic Pool and hot artesian springs, and then on to Narrabri. All the way from Moree to Narrabri was flat country—dead flat—being part of a huge tableland; sheep, cattle and wheat country.

We were now going to give the rabbits the once over and after supper we went out a couple of miles to a likely spot.

Using the car headlights we cruised up and down the "rabbit-proof" fence, with more holes in it than you could poke a stick at. A pair of us, Doc Ross and myself, took it in turns to squat precariously on the front mudguards and we did the best job of shooting ever.

Eric did a masterful job in locating and following the bunnies through the bunch grass and "roly-poly" bush. If they hopped in shooting distance, Eric

would stop the car and we would either fire from the car or slip off and go around the beam to get a better shot.

All misses were so close it seemed incredible.

Doc drew first blood accompanied by Bert (with flashlight), Ross was next, then yours truly.

Mortality of arrows was very great, largely due to our dead center (abdomen) hits on the rabbits. With either blunt or blade they would do all manner of convulsions, somersaults and the like, then go streaking off to their burrow. We invariably lost them, and the arrow, in the darkness—the clackety-clack of the shaft our only clue. A miss would have the same result—snaking in the undergrowth and nearly impossible to retrieve.

The following night we visited a friend of the Doc, who had arranged for a visit to a nearby farm. Using the same headlight procedure with the utility and the aid of a powerful spotlight we really got amongst them. A "master of ceremonies" gave the orders for either the riflemen or archers to take the shot, depending on the distance.

After the drive we adjourned to the homestead and had coffee. The bows were chief source of interest and we were asked for a demonstration by those who hadn't gone with us.

Ross and I amazed ourselves in shooting at a playing card pinned on the trunk of a cedar tree, and illuminated by a torch, while we moved away to 60 yards in semi darkness to go remarkably close and never miss the tree.

I was using a well burred over Bodkin, being my best practice arrow. The Doc had cause to curse this missile the night previous.

He had chased an o'possum up a tree and was out of arrows. I was first on the scene and pulled one out of the quiver and handed it to him, in the excitement forgetting my "blunt." Enderby, our trusty torch man, soon had the spot on the o'possum's posterior, which was all we could see. By the sound, when the arrow connected, I thought it had hit a branch, but the amount of fur clinging to the blunt convinced us all of what a broadhead would have done.

To get back to the locals—they were so impressed that a wild pig hunt has been tentatively arranged for the next long week-end we can manage. In style, we intend shooting from the back of a utility. A true picture of penetration and speed of kill will be apparent on this next trip—those rabbits are too small and harder to stop.

It is now nearly six months after, and nary a word have we heard from our osage contact, many letters have gone unanswered; and Herron is minus one pound and lost a lot of faith in human nature. Net result is no osage but lots of pleasant memories of the trip.

## THE FEATHERED SHAFT

## Picture Story . . .



By **MARJORIE J. RIDDELL**  
Western Ways, Tucson, Ariz.

**F**OR many years Val Kimbrough of Benson, Arizona, has been chipping arrowheads and doing an expert job. He learned from an old Chickasaw Indian that they used a deer horn to make their arrowheads. With this information Val experimented for three or four years until he finally hit upon a process to flake tiny, even chips off a piece of flint. Very few white men have ever mastered this art.



★  
**ARROW  
HEAD  
MAKING  
WHITE  
MAN  
STYLE**  
★

Upper left: Val teaches an intrigued young spectator the fine art of arrowhead making, meanwhile spinning a yarn of Indian or Western lore.

Center left: Closeup of Val chipping an arrowhead.

Bottom left: Val holds up a finished arrowhead for inspection by his youthful audience.

Upper right: Kimbrough shows his young friend several arrowheads of different types.

Lower right: Val is adept at handling modern archery equipment, too, having brought down quite a number of small game with the bow and arrow.

—Photos by Charles W. Herbert, Western Ways, Tucson, Ariz.

Val selects a suitable stone for fashioning an arrowhead by knocking off a flake with an Indian stone hammer. Then holding it on a hard surface, he presses down with the deer horn which has the sharp ends broken off. This blunt end flakes off chips until first one side, then the other is properly shaped. The deer horn is hard enough to force the chip away and still not so hard that it slips off the chip. Then Val holds up a finished arrowhead that rivals any that the red man ever made.

## THE OUISCONSIN BOWMEN

By SAM DINERSTEIN

THE FOURTH annual tournament of the Ouisconsin Bowmen was held Sunday, June 19, in Delavan, Wis. Ninety-five archers registered for the field shoot, twenty-five for the target shoot and two for the flight shoot.

The flight shoot was put on just to show the assembled archers how the men's and the women's national flight champions won their championships, and no attempt was made to measure the distance their arrows travelled. Clarence Haugen, the men's national flight champion, shot six arrows and then Dorothy Branaka, holder of the Wisconsin, the Illinois, the Midwestern and the National Mail Women's flight

championships, shot six arrows.

The following is the list of prize winners:

**Men's Roving Shoot**—Class A: Marty Humpal, Ray Page and Cecil Leonard. Class B: Bill Warner, Lee Pizzuto and Maynard Peck. Class C: Red Hurdis, Ralph Chamberlain and Leroy Schmelzer. Consolation: L. E. Muzzy.

**Men's Target Shoot**—Verne Simons, Warren Incelli and Marty Humpal. Consolation: Frank Hackbarth.

**Women's Roving Shoot**—Class A: Edna Snook, Mae Simons and Mary Page. Class B: Louise O'Donnell, Jane Quarfot and Doris Vander Veen. Class C: Ella Hurdis, Barbara Coogan and Nora Laing. Consolation: Kay Hackbarth.

**Women's Target Shoot**—Doris Stollfuss and Doris Vander Veen.

**Junior Roving Shoot**—Paul Hastings, Larry Beresh and Charles Campbell. Consolation: Helene Hurdis.

**Junior Target Shoot**—Larry Beresh, Jackie Mitchell and Helene Hurdis. Consolation: Logan Wenger.

Sixty-seven merchandise prizes, valued at \$300 were provided by the host club.

The shoot marked the opening of the rebuilt 28 target field course. Our course was a honey last year, but now it has been changed to cut the walking in half and yet make the shots more difficult. The winner shot only 295 and yet he regularly shoots over 400 on his home course.



Marty Humpal



Dorothy Branaka demonstrates flight shooting.



Part of the men's target shooting line.

## IT 'CLICKS' OFF THE YARDS

A QUICK, easy and accurate method of measuring archery distances is claimed for a new gadget developed by an archer-hobbyist, Russ Oakes of Waukesha, Wis. With each revolution of its wheel which is 11.46 inches in diameter, a metal peg on the wheel clicks against a wire projecting from the pusher-type handle, thus indicating that the device has measured off one yard. Starting with the small white arrow pointing to the ground directly beneath the target, an archer merely counts the "clicks" for the desired number of yards.

On any plot of ground sufficiently level to be worthy of being called an archery range, the device is quite accurate—as the small humps and valleys sort of balance off each other. It is pointed out that one person using the

device can measure distances more quickly—and usually with more accuracy than two persons running a short tape line, and having to measure off ten yards at a time, moving up and marking as they go along.

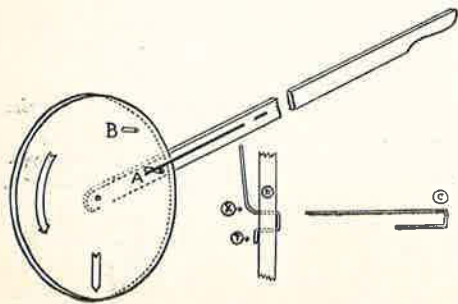
For the benefit of archers who may want to make one of the devices for their own use, Oakes suggests that the wheel be sawed on a circle having a 5 3/4-inch radius, then sanding the perimeter slightly until a mark on the rim measures off exactly one yard when the wheel is rolled between two marks 36 inches apart.

Although the metal peg contacts the wire at "A" indicated in the accompanying drawing, it is positioned in the wheel at "B" (about one o'clock on the wheel when the white pointer is at six o'clock). This is done so that when the wheel is revolving at a walking speed, the click will be heard at the instant the small white arrow points to the ground.

Oakes says he isn't going to try to

Russ Oakes demonstrated his Yard-O-Meter at the National at Fond du Lac. The device is very accurate.

In the diagram "C" and "D" show details of bending and inserting the wire "clicker" in the handle.



manufacture and sell the device. He figures he will be making some slight contribution to archery by letting The Feathered Shaft publish this story and the drawing so archers may make their own.



THE FEATHERED SHAFT

# THE SCALLAWAG ARCHERS OF LOTTSABOTTOM COUNTY

By GORDON M. PAYNE  
Eugene, Ore.

IT ISN'T that I hold it against Ed Johnson; but just the same, if it hadn't been for him, the whole thing wouldn't have happened. It was just after I'd seen him in his office and put the bee on him, successfully, for a donation to one of our local charities that he brought up the matter of going to a meeting of his archery club, and since he had just acceded to my request, I couldn't gracefully refuse his. It seemed innocent enough then; but I could see later that he hadn't failed to take advantage of every inch. So it was agreed upon, and that evening he called for me in his car, with the excuse that I couldn't have found the place alone and that it was foolish to take two cars. Later I realized that it was simply a ruse to cut off my main avenue of escape.

Off we went, and ended up at a large house at the end of a dead-end street that even a taxi driver could have found. We parked our car and joined a group which had gathered on the front porch. There were the usual perfunctory introductions and the even less satisfactory non-introductions. You stand around and suddenly come up against a perfect stranger who decides that he must have met you at a former meeting but can't remember your name, who begins an utterly unintelligible conversation which ends with a question you can't possibly answer. Then you explain your situation and he says, "Oh," and walks away. I went through two like that and finally a voice cried out that it was time to start the meeting, and Ed came and got me.

The group split up into two halves, one going in the front door and the other going around into the garage. In answer to my query as to whether there were two clubs, Ed said no, not exactly, and mumbled something about not all of the members seeing eye to eye on certain technical aspects of the game, but added that we should all get together later in the evening.

Looking back on it now, I think Ed was right in not preparing me. In the first place, his most earnest efforts would have fallen short of reality; and in the second, it would have been faulty psychology. It is better to have a hypodermic needle shoved clear in once and for all than to have the thing applied in stages.

Our group went into the garage, at the far end of which was a sort of dais on which there was a kind of chair made out of an old oil drum. The members of the group began to remove or add to their apparel in such a way that before my amazed eyes they began to assume a condition of dress faintly reminiscent of the Middle Ages. There were small peaked caps with long feath-

ers. There were belts, or girdles, with pouches. The favorite color seemed to be green. Then, on the dais, a man appeared in a tabard, emblazoned, and blew a fanfare on a three foot trumpet, omitting the high notes. Upon this, a man walked in, completely covered with a chain mail hauberk, and sat down in the oil drum. Everyone made obeisance. He was followed by a scribe, who had a pen with a feather on it.

I was in no condition to recall with clarity what followed at that meeting. The scribe had quite a lot to say, but I didn't catch it all. He wore a sort of tight fitting hood over his head and shoulders, with scollops on the edge. It was a little snug across his throat and as a consequence his words were blurred most of the time. I do recall that a paper was read condemning peacock feathers. This was followed by a heated discussion which revolved around "instinctive shooting." The more extreme faction held that the truly instinctive shooter should, at the moment of release, completely close both eyes, else it might be said of him that he had taken aim. It was plain that a man who would take aim would also drown little kittens.

I further remember that a motion was made and seconded that any archer who appeared at the butts with a metal arrow would suffer the loss of the first three fingers of his shooting hand. However, the scribe objected, pointing out that any member so served was sure to ask that his handicap be changed, and that he would resign rather than go through that again. Motion failed to carry. There was some more about holding a tournament during Pentecost, and then we adjourned, with trumpet. The members resumed their more normal aspects, and we went around to the front door.

On the way, Ed explained that the Ancient and Honourable Company of the Scallywags had to hold their meetings in garages because all the wives, to a woman, had banned the chain mail hauberk from their furniture; and that the Chief Archer always complained about having to stand so long, since sitting on the floor was unbecoming. We were now going to join the "new" archers, he said, and I could detect tolerance struggling with scorn.

As we entered, I noted that the new archers seemed to find the trappings of civilization amenable to their avocation, for they were sitting in easy chairs in various attitudes of comfort listening to a man who was dressed, to my relief, in a double breasted grey suit. He was just finishing his paper, which had to do with "The Effects on the Anchor Point of a Three Days Growth of Beard," and another gentle-

man was called upon.

It was plain that the new group expected an important contribution, for there was a ripple of suppressed comment as he rose to speak. He began by greeting his old friends, and saying how glad he was to be back again; that he considered it an honor to have been able to have served his country in her hour of need, there had, most unwisely, been no provision for the prosecution of the sport, and that as a result the claptozoic muscle of the right steclactic had suffered a partial atrophy resulting in a deviation to the low left of two to three minutes of angle. Omitting further biography, he launched into his paper which was entitled "The Effects of Waxing as Opposed to Glue Sizing on the Tertiary Vibrations of the Bowstring, With a Total Disregard, in the Interests of Controlled Laboratory Procedure, For the Factor of Whether or Not the Arrow Ever Hits the Target." He was followed by another gentleman who had designed a bowsight capable of adjustments to within one-twenty-nine thousandths of an inch. This was to be used in conjunction with a Table of Corrections printed on a card intended to be thumb tacked to the face of the bow, which enabled the archer to compensate for the changes sustained by the mechanism when the suns rays impinged upon the face plate at an angle of more than thirty-three degrees. In closing, he apologized for the failure of the metallurgical sciences to overcome this factor, and mildly upbraided the manufacturers of archery tackle for failure to avail themselves of his design.

The meeting broke up, and I had to search the various groups to find Ed. Eventually I found him in a corner flailing his arms about in a highly agitated manner, his forehead beaded with perspiration, and the muscles about the mouth unnaturally tight.

"... and that," he was shouting as I approached, "is what should be done to any man who would shoot a metal bow!" With that he spun around, glassy eyed, and stalked so abruptly from the group that he bumped into me with sufficient force to dislodge my glasses. While I groped about he picked them up and put them on me, which was totally unnecessary. Once I have them in my hand I can find my own nose.

We went directly and silently to the car and started home. When his breathing returned to normal we made plans to go to the archery range the following day.

That was two years ago, and I have certainly learned a lot since. I had no idea how cold a chain mail hauberk could be when you have to wear it in a damp, unheated garage.

# The Case of the Cross Bowman\*

or

## The Demon of Lemonwood Forest

Wherein Is Revealed the Wondrously Bizarre Manner in Which Mad Carl Does Play the Fool

By CARL M. RUBIO  
Providence, R. I.

WHEN I'm in practice, you should see me rove! Uphill, downhill, over hill, over dale, more accurate than any caisson. See that birch twig down in the valley? No? Use the field glasses; no, not the hickory twig, the birch, just above the third pebble to the right of that twelve inch juniper. Sure, sure, I know it's a downhill shot with a stiff cross-wind, but watch: I figure all the angles, bank it over to the right and bur-r-r-n it in. Looks like a hit. Still don't see it? Can't be more than a hundred yards, we'll be there in a few moments. Gad, broken clean through! Amazing what a blunt will do.

Ah, yes. Ah, yes, as they say on the radio. Why, only recently after many months layoff I was out with a friend and we were both limbering up pot-shooting around the countryside. "Were I as good as you, we could have some fun keeping points," said I. (And he was fairly sharp for a rusty archer.)

"Nonsense," exclaimed he gallantly, "rather it's the other way around."

Oh, but no, my dear Alphonse . . ." I began, trying to out-gallant him. We were both interrupted by the two shots I was making during this witty repartee. It was gloaming, bad light, a long down slope and then up again to a square foot of cardboard about sixty yards away. Both of my arrows were in it, one in the absolute geographical, geometrical, hypothetical center, the other darned near.

So it goes, in the realm of human events. One can improve only so much; then one tries for the Big Time . . . still hunting.

Only, there is a Mechanical Mind behind it all. The God of Chess, of Fate, of Chance, of Skill, makes His Hand Felt. But how!

One gets one's first inkling when one goes shooting with one's wife. She has a weak bow and anything over ten yards is strictly trajectory plotting for her. One starts off being generous, and ends up fighting for one's honor, one's very reputation. She who never practices drops her dainty darts in as close or closer than your powerhouse osage ever will. With a little warming up, however, you meet the competition (even shine once or twice) only to find that she is beginning to bore with the ease of it all. No, perhaps it wasn't Fate after all; doesn't a true champion always identify himself? Of a certainty, etc., etc., etc.

IT'S A SUMMER'S AFTERNOON and I'm tired of rocks and rills, wishing it were hunting season, because "this year I think I'll go in for some of that." Of

a sudden I come upon a bunny actually taking a nap and cooling off in the tall grass. His long ears keep fanning the flies away and his eyes are shut. How could I miss at this range? It would be foul murder, so I look around to make sure we're alone before drawing the bow. At twenty yards, I should tag him easily, yet . . . there is the spot where he was and there is my arrow, just about in the spot. I recall an article by the movie star Guy Madison in which he recalls his years of missing before connecting with an arthritic lapin. He must have had buck fever! The summer days lengthen into autumn; I have yet to hit a lapin, and I don't have buck fever. Imagine! I, who can pierce a bull's eye, cannot even hit a cow-barn, particularly if it looks like game, an elephant let's say. We was robbed! The Fix is in!

Again it's a beautiful afternoon. I shoot twice, thrice, at the same woodchuck and always he lowers his head as the arrow hisses over. Once he has to climb around my arrow to re-enter his hole, which is perfectly partitioned by the shaft. Ha! If only I knew that such dramatic near-misses were to become chronic, I would have long since turned to sure-fire winning sports like horses, cards or roulette.

A wittle wabbit is mind its own business in the sylvan glade when out of a thicket zings the arrow of a cleverly concealed hunter. The coney does a flip-flop, and the hunter (a sentimentalist at heart) blushes to think of having hit it in the "fundament." But no-o-o! Or he risks a sure shot at a squirrel pasted on a tree trunk. There is the clatter of the arrow's impact, a furry body drops to the ground . . . from fright, and dashes away as the chagrined, nonplussed and disgruntled "hunter" hears his ricocheted arrow drop into the woods at an unknown direction and distance.

I AM THE CHAGRINED, NON-PLUSSED & DISGRUNTLED HUNTER! Is there no relief? Genuinely superstitious by now, I turn to illegal game—a muskrat—sure that the demons of the woods will permit me a hit in order to punish me with conscience or with the just rewards of crime. The shaft drives in and vanishes; the muskrat floats backwards downstream, floats as one dead! My eyes widen with astonishment, then widen more with a look of cerebral instability as I realize he is merely surprised and totally unharmed. Far away through the swamp a loon answers my lunatic cackle . . .

It is that time of early evening when

game begins to be heard and seen more frequently. Ahead of me on a rise a rabbit rears up, already aware of my presence. The feathered birch climbs up from my bow, arcs over, then lowers down into dead center of the rabbit, the wooden rabbit, for such it is even to the long ears, although you would call it a tiny stump. My nerves will not permit me to retract it properly and the point remains in that stump to this very day.

But I'll say this: I am one of few sportsmen who have changed their mind and let game go on its way. I lay an arrow right alongside a skunk in a field, when the beast turns and charges! Only then do I realize that his home is somewhere in the stone wall behind me, that he's just as soon slug it out weapon for weapon. If I stand where I am I can get him easily, but—what if he's thinking "if he stands where he is I can get him easily . . .?" I retire to one side as my sister dashes up to inform me of having seen a fox at close range. Her description is unmistakable, but of course she was unarmed. The fox, like the crow, can see my weapon long before I can see him.

Which reminds me: in its system of awarding points for game, how can the National Field Archery Association award three points for skunk, two for poisonous snakes and turtles, and only three for crow? Unless that organization has revised its point system since 1946, I am baffled, for with all due respect to the NFAA I have yet to shake the hand of a man who has bagged crows with the facility of turtles! This is still highly appropriate to the short but essential point of this narrative: I have learned the meaning of real hunting. With a rifle, the dog does the hunting and the rifleman does the shooting and if it's a shotgun then it's pretty helter-skelter and for my money corresponds to "saturation bombing" in the late war. The "hunter" merely covers an area with his scatter-gun and lets go. With the bow, one has to be able to hunt an animal down close and he has to be able to hit it with a single shot. There is the primitive joy of using the weapon, even of making it. Archery is to sailing what riflanship is to power-boating. It is romantic, colorful, leisurely, and danged tricky. I have learned that bow-hunting is lots of looking and almost no walking. I have never enjoyed getting near game so much, and I have learned a hundred things which I hope to jot down some time. Ways to dress when slinking around with archery equipment at vari-

Continued on page 26

## WHAT'S DOING ABROAD

England . . .

By Eddy Hamlyn, Christdow, Devon

READERS of "Archery" in the Badminton Library may remember that a century ago the Somerset Archers decided to shoot over a range of 20 yards as they hit more often than at a greater range! Those days are very, very dead!

At the second annual shoot in 1948, men shot two dozen arrows at each range of 30, 40 and 50 yards. This year they shot a National round of four dozen at 80 yards and two dozen at 60 yards. Ladies shot the same number of arrows at ranges of 50 and 40 yards.

About 30 men shot and almost 20 women at the Third Annual Tournament at Somerset on 21 May of this year. They were drawn from a very large area, W. Bullock arriving with a contingent from Swindon (as usual using glorious tackle entirely of his own manufacture), Commander B. Smith and Mrs. Smith (of Weymouth Archers and the Grand National Archery Society) and others, as well as from the numerous archery societies, both new and old, in various parts of Somerset.

The championships were run under the auspices of the Central Council for Physical Recreation, and the presiding genius was Barri C. DeVigne of East Chinnock, Nr. Yeovil, Somerset, who had trained many of the competitors, made most of the targets and made most of the arrangements.

The venue was the playing fields of the girls' high school, known as Bishop Fox's school, Taunton, and was situated just half a mile from the railway station, probably the most easily accessible one in Somerset. The field was over 200 yards long and the turf was like velvet. When a band of enthusiasts had marked it out and set up the 15 targets, the sight was one to gladden the eyes of any archer.

Competition was very keen, the standard of shooting was high, having greatly improved in the past year, and the weather was almost too perfect. Above all, the atmosphere of the whole competition was a very happy one, competitors were out to enjoy themselves and they succeeded.

The Merrifield Cup for Somerset Ladies' Championship was won by Miss Berry of Bath, while Mrs. B. Smith of Weymouth had the highest score. The medal for the highest score at the shortest range was won by Miss C. Russell of Crewkerne.

The Men's Somerset Championship was won by L. Oram of West Hatch and his teammate was second. Commander B. Smith of Weymouth had the highest score (open), other prize winners were J. Purnell of West Hatch and J. Bullock of Swindon.

The silver belt and quiver for the highest score (team of four) was won by the West Hatch team.

The high standard of shooting by members of tiny village clubs such as those of West Hatch and Long Load (among others) seemed like a flashback to the medieval days when arch-

ery was the great sport of the villages. Among the teams shooting was one of bluejackets from the Fleet Air Arm station at Yeovilton, whose green football jerseys worn with the traditional "bell bottoms" proved a welcome substitute for the more orthodox Lincoln Green. A very young girl, Miss Oram of West Hatch, shot very creditably in the women's round.

If some of the American friends we meet in the pages of "The Feathered Shaft" could have been there, our happiness would have been complete, though they may have found our English method of shooting in both directions, three arrows to an end, a little strange.

★

South Africa . . .

By Sam Hikins, Johannesburg, S. A.

ARCHERY has been going very slowly this year—until 19th June when the Transvaal championships were run off in Pretoria on the Iscor sports grounds. Then things did liven up—and how! Morena competitors certainly had it this time. The general standard has improved no end.

Ninety-seven entries came in for this year's tournament—2nd annual Transvaal championships representing seven clubs, which are affiliated to the Transvaal Archery Association, headquartered in Pretoria. Pretoria A. C., Iscor A. C., Brakpan A. C., Poison Arrow A. C. of Lyttelton, Willowvale A. C. of Johannesburg, and the Morena. Ninety straddled the shooting lines. Men did the South African Springbok Round (doubled) 30 at 80, 30 at 60, 60 at 50 and 30 at 40; Juniors did a Junior Springbok, 30 at 50, 60 at 40 and 30 at 30, and the midgets did 30 at 40, 60 at 30 and 30 at 20.

Men possible—1080 for a single. Ladies, juniors and midgets the same.

Individual men, winner, Bill Stewart (runner-up 1948) score 1588 double S. R. Stewart's first round 831, second round 757.

Individual women's winner was June Louw with 1487. Junior winner, Alan Currie, Willowvale A. C., Johannesburg, 1294. Midget winner, A. Kloke, Pretoria A. C., 1025.

Iscor won the men's team round and Pretoria A. C. the ladies' team round.

Through import restrictions we are now making equipment, in a small way. Arrows, wood, and so far we've only tried birch for hunting blunts, and Hunter Currie, Godfried Watermeyer and a couple of others have made bows using lemonwood staves imported some time ago from the States, and S. A. ironwood, and East African mahogany, which makes an excellent bow when given plenty of width just above and below the handle. Currie, who came third in the tournament with 1461, D.S.R., used one of these mahogany bows of his own manufacture. Ron Hunter, who came second with 1548, broke his second Apollo steel, as he started his very last end of the day. Borrowing another Apollo he scored three golds, a red and two blues.

## BOOK REVIEW

HUNTING WITH THE BOW AND ARROW. By Saxton Pope. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City (\$3.00).—A fascinating wedding of the practical and aesthetic aspects of the sport of archery—that in a sense describes this classic written by the man who together with his companion, Arthur Young, was the link between the Thompson brothers and the bow hunter of today.

Here on the printed page is expressed in deathless prose the deep love of archery inherent in all of us, but which many of us find difficult to put into words. Even the simple flight of the arrow is described as symbolic of life.

"The flight of an arrow is symbolic of life itself. It springs from the bow with high aim, flies toward the blue heaven above, and seems to have immortal power. The song of its life is sweet to the ear. The rush of its upward arc is a promise of perpetual progress. With perfect grace it sweeps onward, though less aspiring. Then fluttering imperceptibly, it points downward and with ever increasing speed, approaches the earth, where, with a deep sigh, it sinks in the soil, quivers with spent energy and capitulates to the inevitable."

But the book is not confined to the poetic. While perhaps somewhat outdated by present day methods, there are chapters on fletching, making a bow and archery in general.

The recounting of Pope's and Young's adventures hunting grizzlies makes for can't-lay-it-down-without-finishing reading. There is the very amusing, as well as informative, tale of the time Art Young outsmarted a big horn sheep up in Alaska. Stewart Edward White described it as the most remarkable example of psychology applied to stalking game he had ever witnessed. The big horn is known as the hardest game to stalk. The standard procedure for the modern hunter is to approach to within three or four hundred yards, lay the crosshairs of a telescopic sight on the shoulder of the sheep and pull the trigger. How Young outwits a big ram to approach within bow shot makes one of the most thrilling yarns these eyes ever absorbed.

All the hunting information in the book is not confined to the largest game, like moose and Kodiak bears, but there are many tips on how to stalk white tails. The modern bow hunter would do well to imitate the infinite patience of Pope and Young on the trail of deer.

The author in his last paragraph reverently expresses the prayer of all bowmen when he writes:

"May the gods grant us all space to carry a sturdy bow and wander through the forest glades to seek the bounding deer; to lie in the deep meadow grasses; to watch the flight of birds; to smell the fragrance of burning leaves; to cast an upward glance at the unobserved beauty of the moon. May they give us strength to draw the string to the cheek, the arrow to the barb and loose the flying shaft, so long as life may last.

Farewell and shoot well!"

# drivel . . .

by ev johnston

ACCORDING TO WEBSTER, "drivel" means "to be weak or foolish in speech." Need we say more?

We have a very soft spot in our heart for "drivel," however. Some years ago when we were in our more or less adolescent youth, we wrote a column for one of the community newspapers in town. We pondered long and late over a title for that column, but no matter how many catchy captions we considered, it always came out "drivel."

It was our first piece of writing and we were especially proud one day when we were sitting in a booth in a neighborhood eating establishment when we heard a fellow in the next booth reading the column aloud to his wife. (We assume it was his wife.) They seemed to be enjoying it, laughing heartily. I beamed.

"By the way dear, what does 'drivel' mean?" asked the sweet young thing.

"I don't know," hubby replied, "but it sounds like 'dribble' and that should just about answer your question."

"Drivel" had a rather short life—about three issues, as we recall. It seems that in one of the columns we used a time-honored expression often uttered by our illustrious father, who failed to cut us in on the real meaning of the term and naively we quoted him verbatim in the column. A neat stop by the editor prevented the Johnston family from being chased out of the county by irate parents of small pitchers with big ears who were just learning to read, and "drivel" gasped its last breath right there.

So you can see we have quite an attachment for "drivel." Being a bit more blase and worldly-wise, we feel we can now avoid the pitfalls of yellow journalism and libel suits. We'll make this a monthly feature provided you twist our arm a little with letters suggesting its continuance. Otherwise we will continue anyway. So either way you are hooked into a cold deck. We'll try to inject a little sense and nonsense into the column each month. And if we know our limitations, it will be mostly the latter.

O. K., let's "drivel."

★ ★ ★

## Fussin' and a'Feudin', . . .

IT MAY BE NEWS to some of you folks but Roy Hoff and yours truly are feudin'. No, not broadheads at thutty paces. Just trying to see who is going to bag that deer first. If we rack up the first tally, we write a story for ARCHERY. And vice versa. So you will have to subscribe to ARCHERY if you want to read the gory details of how we felled a mighty monarch of the forest with our trusty bow and arrow.

But what a jump this guy Hoff has on us! Here Hoff gets two California seasons, a special season on Catalina island (if he's lucky enough to draw one of the permits) and a trip to Idaho to hunt with Joe Dolan and Doc Kenagy. If he doesn't get one this year, he'd better turn in his uniform.

Meantime, we have used all our available time chasing after various and sundry ribbons and medals all summer. While they are very edifying and ornamental, for eating purposes they are strictly from hunger. And with us there are six yawning chasms to feed. So what must we do for our hunting trips this year? We'll be out on week ends. Our only hope of beating Hoff to the draw is to have him break in a pair of bifocals or bribe someone to bend up his tin arrows. A recent note from Roy states that he missed out at Portola (too bad! tsk, tsk.) and is now heading for Idaho. Good luck, anyway, Roy. Hope you get a nice trophy for that beautiful den of yours.

★ ★ ★

## Paul Bunyan Corrie . . .

WE MADE ONE SORTIE into the Wisconsin woods on the opening week end. Naturally, with an eye to avoiding strenuous work, we were very careful as to the hunt-

Twelve

## Twin Cities Archers Plan Trek to Shangri La



Part of the Twin Cities gang of last year resting in the lodge.

A 130 mile auto trip brings one to the heart of the Wisconsin Indianhead country, namely Ralph Dahlgren's Shangri La Lodge, a place where sportsmen meet to hash over the events of the day as well as those happenings of the deep past. A sanctuary for the tired hunter to rest his weary frame after a day in the tall pine, seeking his objective, the elusive deer.

Ralph extends an invitation to all bow hunters to visit Shangri La Lodge and enjoy its hospitality. His wife, Elsa, is the creator of delicious meals and many times has made it difficult for one to leave the table without that burdensome second and even a third helping of her favorite dessert. Elsa always has the coffee pot brewing to thaw the frozen innards.

With thousands of square miles of hunting down the prey, Ralph and his handyman, Joe Mutts, are very willing helpers in designating areas for hunting and driving. Joe was born in the area so you have his 21 years of experience to count on for competent information and guidance.

The St. Paul Archery club announces its plans to hold a deer hunting excursion to Shangri La Lodge Oct. 29 and 30. They invite all bow hunters in the Twin Cities and surrounding areas to join in the fun. More details can be obtained by calling Harry Beck, Nestor 0682 or writing to him at 394 No. Cleveland Ave., Apt. 9.

ing companions we chose. Bruce Morikubo of Corries in Minneapolis provided the cabin, and Fred Corrie and Ernie Henkel provided the muscle necessary for dragging 300 pound bucks out of ravines.

You'll know what we mean when we tell you that we coaxed Fred on a scale and kept adding weights to the balance until it read 238—and very little fat! And Ernie is no midget either.

We pounded brush the first day around Somerset. Lots of tracks but they proved very inedible. Yours truly saw nary a flag. Ernie had a chance for a head shot at 50 yards but very wisely waited for a more certain shot at the shoulder, which the uncooperative doe refused to present.

The second morning it was decided that Ernie and yours truly would take a stand and Bruce and Fred would drive toward us. Ernie took a stand at what we called the "cross-roads" where several trails met and we went back near the road. The sun was nice and warm and we were a little weary from a combination of little sleep and brush pounding of the day before. So we sat down, back against a tree. Gradually we slid down the tree until we reached a very comfortable position flat on our back. The quiver was in the way so we took it off and tucked it under our little head nice and comfy like. By turning our head we had a nice view of the trail. Plenty of time to spring into action when the deer came by in droves.

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THE FEATHERED SHAFT



FRANKLIN GEORGE  
Wins Illinois State Championship

## Windy City News

By ALYCE HERRON

The Illinois State Championship and Chicago City Championship tournaments were combined and held August 20 and 21 at Jackson Park under auspices of the Chicago Park District and by the Chicago Park District Archers. It was necessary to combine the state and city championship tournaments because we have been hosts to the Midwestern Archery Association in July and the tournament schedule was too crowded.

An important business meeting was held Saturday evening in Hamilton Park fieldhouse after the smorgasbord dinner. A committee consisting of A. G. Russell, chairman, and six other members had previously been appointed to lay out a program to develop a statewide organization of separate and distinct branches of all phases of archery, field, hunting and target, under a coordinating board of governors. Temporary presidents for all branches had been asked to organize their groups. The Committee's report was read and a proposed new constitution for the target group was approved and adopted. Other divisions will write their own constitutions and organize their own divisions.

Urbana Archery Club volunteered to sponsor the target tournament next year. Dr. A. M. Buswell of Urbana, was elected president and A. J. Otten, Peoria, vice president. The secretary will be named by the president in accordance with the constitution.

As a result of the publicity in the newspapers by the Chicago Park District publicity department a large crowd of interested spectators was present.

The men's national champion, Russ Reynolds, was present and the television program filmed (by Brand Production of Chicago) at the National

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tournament was finished at this tournament. The program will be shown on the ABC channel, WENR-TV, October 9 at 5:30 p.m. central standard time in New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago as "Action Autographs—National Archery Champion."

On the line to defend their respective titles were State Champions Dewey Thorsen of Batavia and Dorothy Jackson of Chicago Archery Club; City Champions Marvin Schmidt of Lincoln Park Archery Club and Jo Bergen of Chicago Archery Club.

Franklin George of Du Page Archery Club emerged as the Illinois State champion as a result of the two-day battle and Clay Wood runner-up for the past two years was the winner of the City Championship. Lois Moeller, Ogden Park Archery Club, who in previous years has offered some stiff competition for the title, did some really fine shooting and captured both the state and city championships.

The large number of state and city trophies for the various divisions gave the score-keepers quite a headache. The following is a listing of champions for state and city:

### TARGET CHAMPIONS

Men—	State—Franklin George, Glen Ellyn	2094
	City—Clay Wood, Tuley	2068
Women—	State—Lois Moeller, Ogden	2197
	City—Lois Moeller, Ogden	2197
Intermediate Boy—	State—Don Mitchell, Scotts Field	1250
	City—Robt. Henderson, Ogden	
Junior Boy—	State—Paul Prehm, Urbana	1239
	City—Cynthia Turek, Chicago	1166

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Junior Girl—  
No Class. One girl shot with boys.

### CLOUT CHAMPIONS

Men—	State—Marvin Schmidt, Lincoln	234
	City—Marvin Schmidt, Lincoln	
Women—140 yds.—	State—Jo Bergen, Chicago Archery	272
	City—Jo Bergen, Chicago Archery	
Women—120 yds.—	State—Gerda Markgraf, Riis	274
	City—Gerda Markgraf, Riis	
Intermediate Boy—	State—John Brousch, Chicago	71
	City—John Brousch, Chicago	

Junior Boy—	State—Paul Prehm, Urbana	135
	City—Cynthia Turek, Chicago	

Junior Girl—  
No class. One girl shot with boys.

### FLIGHT CHAMPIONS

Men—Unlimited Class—	State—Fred Strain, Columbus	531 yds.
	City—Fred Strain, Columbus	
Men—50 lb. class—	State—Fred Strain, Columbus	475 yds.
	City—Fred Strain, Columbus	
Women—Unlimited Class—	State—Dorothy Branaka, S. Beloit	432 yds.
	City—Hazel Hackwith, Lincoln	411 yds.
Women—35 lb. class—	State—Dorothy Branaka, S. Beloit	357 yds.
	City—Hazel Hackwith, Lincoln	265 yds.
	City—Hazel Hackwith, Lincoln	265 yds.

Junior Boy—	State—Paul Prehm, Urbana	210 yds.
Team trophy—Lincoln Park Archery Club	Marvin and Betty Schmidt—Husband & Wife	
Cadets—Gary Moeller, Ogden		
Midgets—	Boy—Ricky Pozsgay, Lincoln	
	Girl—Paulette Will, Lincoln	
Open Division—Russ Reynolds, Ohio		

## CARL W. MIDDLETON PASSES

Mr. Middleton, jeweler, bowyer, fletcher, archer and manufacturer of the famous "Mid-Nox" died suddenly August 6th.

Mr. Middleton originated the plastic arrow nock in 1930, and virtually invented his unique method of forming the tough, rigid nitrate material which "burns off in a flash" (when a nock is struck and needs repair) at so low a heat it does not burn a wood shaft. The Mid-Nox shows the jeweler's precision which made it, molded flawlessly, smooth of non-shrinking material.

At the time of his death Mr. Middleton was working on a new design field and hunting nock together with James D. Easton. This new nock design and manufacture will be carried on by Mr. Easton, who has taken over Mr. Middleton's stock and equipment to continue the Mid-Nox manufacture and distribution.

Mr. Easton designed the present form of Mid-Nox in 1934. Larry Hughes first used them on tournament arrows at Storrs, Conn. The replaceable plastic nock has been considered one of the most outstanding late improvements in archery tackle.

Thirteen



Jane Johnson, first woman president of the St. Louis Archery Club, did her shooting at the National at Fond du Lac from a stool. A victim of an auto accident, Jane has had to get around on crutches since her injury last winter. Despite the handicap of shooting from the stool, Jane took fourth place. The Baltimore Orioles, archery team composed of archers from Baltimore, Md., are shown receiving their trophies at the National for winning first place.

← SCENES FROM THE NATIONAL: Upper left, Col. F. E. Pierce of Coronado, Calif., takes aim with his crossbow. Upper right: The Essex Archers presented a colorful spectacle with their banners at the National. They took third place in the team event. Center right: The newsreel cameramen took many shots of the tournament. Here they are filming the shooting line by driving by in an automobile while the archers let fly at the targets. Lower: The banquet, the culmination of a perfect tournament.



Below: Fishing for carp with the bow and arrow has become a popular sport in recent years. The Coon Rapids dam near Minneapolis is a favorite rendezvous for enthusiasts of Minneapolis. Dick Pearson, of Robbinsdale, Minn., took these pictures of his two fishing pals while on a fishing spree at the dam. They bagged 25.





## E. Henkel, Mary Seth Take Honors at Minnesota State

For the first time in eight years, Victoria Nelson failed in her quest of the Minnesota State tournament. Mary Seth, who is also Minnesota Bow Hunters champion, captured the coveted trophy which Vic has won for seven years straight.

Norma Harsted, Vic Nelson and Merle Kiichli were second, third and fourth respectively.

In the men's division a see-saw battle between Allen Muller and Ernie Henkel wound up with Henkel winning by a narrow margin to protect his championship laurels.

Fritz Johnson and Otto Gulbrandson came in third and fourth.

In the junior division, Jim Larsen retained his boys' division championship and a newcomer to archery, Babe Greis, copped the girls' division trophy. Both are from St. Paul.

Rain by the buckets-full forced postponement of the first day's York round after the fifth end. The York was finished on the second day and one American Round shot.

Thanks to Dewey Hutchinson of St. Paul with an armload of hamburgers and the Marvin Smiths of Minneapolis with a complete ham dinner for the hungry and wet archers, the downpour of the first day was turned into a pleasant gathering under the shelter of the Como Park pavilion.

## Illinois State Field Tourney Held at Blackhawk Range

By NAN ROGERS

On Sunday, Sept. 4, 97 archers from various parts of Illinois gathered at the Rock Cut Range of the Blackhawk Field Archers at Rockford, Ill., for the second annual field archers' shoot. The winners in the various classes were:

**Men's Expert Division—**  
1. Vern Simons, Rockford ..... 744  
2. Ernie Root, Hinsdale ..... 714  
3. Paul Crist, Urbana ..... 610  
4. Martin Humpal, Rockford ..... 604

**Women's Expert Division—**  
1. Mae Simons, Rockford ..... 336  
2. Marion Buswell, Urbana ..... 256  
3. Norma Lanahan, Chicago Hts. ... 245

**Men's Bowman Division—**  
1. Wm. Northall, Rockford ..... 355  
2. Ben Scott, Rockford ..... 352  
3. N. George, Hinsdale ..... 341

**Women's Bowman Division—**  
1. Joyce Weber, Chicago ..... 152  
2. Nan Rogers, Rockford ..... 144  
3. Maurine Collins, Urbana ..... 135

**Men's Archer Division—**  
1. V. Krueger ..... 249  
2. W. Jay ..... 239  
3. B. Perry ..... 225

**Women Archer Division—**  
1. Sue Krause, Chicago ..... 117  
2. Willie Kissick, Chicago ..... 114  
3. Peggy York, Chicago ..... 99

A business meeting was held at noon and Martin Humpal of Rockford was elected president and Paul Crist vice president of the I. A. A. Field division for the coming year. The shoot will be held on Buswell's acres (Urbana, Ill.) next year.

## SPOTLIGHTING CLUB ACTIVITIES . . .



Tops in the Minnesota State Target Tournament were left to right: Jim Larsen, St. Paul, Junior Boy's; Mary Seth, Minneapolis, Women's; Ernie Henkel, Minneapolis, Men's and "Babe" Greis, St. Paul, Junior Girls' Champion.

## Pikula, Smith Take Cleveland Championships

By ELEANOR MOCZADLO

Emil Pikula shot a 1326 total score over an American-York, nosing out Winston Hussey by one point to take top honors for men in the annual city championship tournament of the Cleveland Archery Club held September 11. Kate Smith, one of our top archers who really did some mighty fine and steady shooting, took first place honors in the women's division with a 1521 total over an American, National and Columbia. Irma Oelschleger, who was steadily creeping up, took second place, only one point behind the champion.

MEN—			
	Amer.	York	Total
1. Emil Pikula	89-657	133-669	222-1326
2. Winston Hussey	90-666	123-629	213-1325
3. Louie Chmura	89-593	118-542	207-1135
4. Pete Sikora	89-625	94-470	183-1095
5. Larry Svoboda	89-575	110-509	199-1083
6. Carl Fath	90-618	95-449	185-1067
7. John Repasi	90-612	75-329	165-947
8. Charles Nook	87-573	83-367	170-940
9. Bud Pesta	88-502	84-386	172-888
10. Carl Oelschleger	86-512	84-370	170-882
11. Jim Bottomley	90-530	72-340	162-840
12. Bill Brown	86-472	79-349	165-821
13. Larry Batis	83-411	79-381	162-792
14. George Reeves	83-477	68-278	151-755
15. Stewart Hamilton	76-412	46-198	122-610
16. Al Long	78-326	52-186	130-512
17. Bob Hart	82-398		

WOMEN—				
	Amer.	Natl.	Colum.	Total
1. Kate Smith	582	421	518	1521
2. Irma Oelschleger	575	409	536	1520
3. Frances Taylor	565	392	528	1485
4. Eleanor Hamilton	583	352	491	1426
5. Eleanor Moczadlo	551	325	486	1362
6. Hilda Hussey	477	351	466	1294
7. Martha Fath	502	314	464	1280
8. Marie Svoboda	436	358	463	1257
9. Eleanor Bottomley	476	256	483	1215
10. Marie Leissa	356	117	309	782

JUNIO RBOYS—			
	Jr. Am.	Jr. Am.	Total
1. Dick Kay	459	427	886
2. Dick Brumbach	455	374	829
3. Bob Hart, Jr.	365	294	659
4. Al Long, Jr.	298	220	518

JUNIOR GIRLS—			
	Col.	Col.	Total
1. Helen Neubecker	311	331	642.
2. Monalynne Hussey	208	164	372

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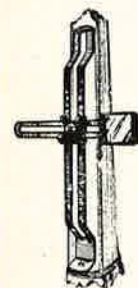
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## Allen Muller, Marv Seth Top Minnesota Bow Hunter Shoot

Rain failed to dampen the spirits of some 75 members of the Minnesota Bow Hunters association as they met at Camp Hiawatha on Deer lake in Itasca State Park near Grand Rapids, Minn., Sunday, Sept. 19.

Last year's champion, Allen Muller, successfully defended his championship by turning in a hot 440 for the 28 target course, which was set up to simulate some very tough hunting shots.

Buck Doran of Duluth was second with a nice 423 and John Schwenk of St. Paul was third with 399.

In the women's division, Mary Seth of Minneapolis repeated her performance of last year when she topped the field. Jane Schenstad of Glenwood took second place.

Young Marvin Knopf of Glenwood, who Nort Schenstad describes as the fellow who is going to take Dr. Pletcher's title in 1960, topped the field of juniors.

This year the shooting rules called for the use of a one ounce arrow with a 40 pound minimum bow weight. The targets were all the same size based on the theory that the deer are about the same size at whatever distance they may be from the archer. Adjustable sights were allowed.

L. E. Eichman, Grand Rapids, president of the MBH and also of the Minnesota State Archery Association, was given a rising vote of thanks for arranging the details of the tournament. Characteristically he modestly passed the compliments on to his committee composed of Frank Wassberg, Fred Smith and Lawrence Kaupp.

The site of next year's tournament will be determined at the annual meeting to be held the first Sunday in April at Duluth. Indications are that the Twin Cities area will make a bid for the tourney next year.

## Archery Play Day and Clinic at Barnard College Oct. 15

Students and physical education instructors of approximately 45 eastern colleges were invited to participate in an Archery Play Day and Clinic sponsored by the Physical Education Department of Barnard College, women's undergraduate division of Columbia university, on October 15. This coeducational event, held in the Columbia

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University athletic field, featured the instruction of archery specialist Mrs. Myrtle K. Miller, director of the Teela-Wooket Archery Camp, and former international, Connecticut state and New York city archery champion, and a demonstration of target archery by Jean Lee, national and eastern women's archery champion.

Non-competitive shooting for students, a display of practical aid material, and educational movies were also scheduled, together with an informative talk on archery tackle, and an explanation and demonstration of archery golf and clout and field archery. The program was planned to give students an opportunity to meet and participate with archers from other colleges and to present current, up-to-date information on the sport.

Other members of the clinic staff were Ann Mullan, publicity chairman of the National Section Women's Athletics Archery Committee; Joe Mandel, Edith Andorfer, Edith Pruss, Don Bege-nau and Corinne Bize, Barnard College physical education instructor in charge of arrangements for the clinic.

## HENKEL COPS INTERSTATE FIELD SHOOT AT ST. PAUL

By JOHN D. HUTCHINSON

Ernie Henkel of Minneapolis, Minnesota state archery champion, edged out A. Bilyew of Joice, Iowa, in the Interstate Field Shoot sponsored by the Twin City Archery Club at the Highland field course in St. Paul, Sunday, September 11. Following closely were Buck Doran of Duluth and Manley Hammer of Austin. High scorer with the ladies was Mrs. Jane Schenstad of Glenwood, Minn., with Mrs. Sylvia Hutchinson, St. Paul, second and Mrs. L. Bilyew of Joice, Iowa third.

Henkel garnered a score of 234 while Bilyew was getting a 220. Bilyew's score was quite remarkable in that he is an instinctive style shooter and it was his first time on the course. Marvin Knopf, Glenwood, Minn., was high in the Juniors, with James Hammer of Austin coming second. Although Marvin is a junior, he has had considerable experience in deer hunting.

The Lewis system of scoring was used with first, second and third prizes in each division. In addition to the regular prizes there were several merchandise prizes given.

The Highland field course is a 28 target course that has been well marked and the butts well sodded. It is regarded by many as one of the best in the middle west and attracts hunters and field shooters from several surrounding states.

Many of the entrants, including women, have bagged deer or bear with their bows and arrows. Mrs. Jane Schenstad of Glenwood last year bagged the largest deer brought in by bow hunters, her buck weighing in excess of 300 pounds. Mrs. Sylvia Hutchinson, St. Paul, has also brought down a deer.





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force their enemies back into the temple. The beam of light approached the body of Helen. Now, it touched her, and slowly traveled across her right side on its way to her heart.

Volpan raised his knife as the beam approached nearer still.

With a shout of triumph, Volpan started the knife slowly down toward the heart of the terrified girl, his eyes gleaming with fanatical joy at the successful consummation of the sacrifice to Kukulkan.

Even as he did so, there came an angry buzz and Volpan shrieked in pain as a long arrow skewered his right arm. Dropping his knife, he reached for it with his left hand. Again came a white feathered arrow, and his left hand was pinned to his side. Helen was saved.

With the sight of Volpan stricken down at the moment of his triumph, his men lost heart, and a moment later the attackers swarmed over them, slaying many and taking the rest of the priests captive.

Arthur went in on the front wave, but met Garza who was trying to escape. Tomas turned on him like a cornered rat. He fired at Arthur, but in his fear, he missed, and before he could shoot again Arthur had him by the throat with one hand and was beating him mercilessly with the other fist.

By the time he had beaten Garza into insensibility, Helen had been freed and met him with outstretched arms, while the wounded Volpan was marched down to where the princes of Mayapan stood waiting for him. There he stood, while they looked at him in silence.

With a roar, the soldiers and the people of Mayapan, rushed up the pyramid, and in a few moments the hideous image of Kukulkan was torn loose from its throne and hurled down the pyramid, breaking into a thousand fragments as it thundered down from stage to stage, while smoke rising from the blazing temple marked the passing of the bloody worship of the cruel Kukulkan, the Feathered Serpent, which had hung for a thousand years over the land of the Mayas. From now on under the good and wise Hunabku, the one true God whom their fathers had worshipped, there would be peace.

Garza, now that he was in the toils, was cringing, but not so the arch conspirator Volpan. With all his faults he was no coward, and he stood there grim and haughty, suffering from his wounds as he was, and giving back the lords look for look, defiant and unafraid.

"It is too bad to have to kill a man as brave as that one," said Ah Zulon, "for cruel and treacherous as he is, there is much to admire in him, but he must not be allowed to live and make more trouble."

"We will give him a trial," said Mel Chi, "but the evidence is so apparent that the sentence is the only thing to be determined."

"What shall we do with Garza?" asked Ah Zulon. "He is another snake."

"When we send escort to take you and the party back to the coast, you will no doubt find the Mexican soldiers who are looking for him somewhere on the road. He will be turned over to them. They want him for many crimes and it will go hard with him when they get him."

Swiftly they convened the council for the trial. Some of the councilors had been slain in the fighting, but the rest grimly set to perform the task of trying Volpan for his crimes.

As they sat there, voting on Volpan's fate, with the smoke of the temple rising in the air and the blood of their slain still wet,

there was only one verdict possible. The vote was unanimous on that score.

"What is the verdict?" asked Mel Chi, as they ended their voting.

"Guilty, and doomed to die," replied the scribe who kept the records.

"It is good and right," said Mel Chi. "Volpan, son of Ah Mak Xiu, you are judged according to your crimes. I pronounce your doom. You and your followers are to die by the death you prepared for our guests in the room of The Breath of Kukulkan. I have spoken."

Volpan stood there as haughty and unwavering as ever. His eyes met those of his judges without cowering a moment.

"The eyes of Ah Puch, the God of Death, now glare upon me," he said spreading his arms wide in a magnificent gesture, despite the pain he must have endured. "I am glad to die now that the temple of Kukulkan the Feathered Serpent, is destroyed. As for you, my faithful followers, you have served the best you could. Let us show our enemies that we are men. The Gods are dead. Let us die with them."

Haughtily, he turned his back on the judges in a gesture of scorn and the soldiers led him away.

A little later, with the hissing of the deadly gas singing a requiem for these cruel and fanatical men, they died brave and unafraid.

## CHAPTER 59

### The Homeward Trail

"WELL," said Arthur a few days later, as he stood talking to Helen at the house of Popol Kabah, "all is well that ends well, so they say, and we have gotten things all straightened out. The lovers are now reunited after twenty-five years, and the villains punished. You and I are together again, and as far as I can see, everybody but Captain Bates is happy over things as they are. He really liked Aunt Harriet."

"It is getting time that we started home," replied Helen. "I have been through so much the last few days, that I want peace and quiet for a long time. Also, I think I am getting homesick, just a wee bit."

"So'm I," said Arthur. "I could die happy if I could get hold of some good old country ham and red gravy, and some of old Aunt Julie's good fluffy hot biscuits to go along with 'em."

"How sordid," she exclaimed in mock anger. "Talking about hot biscuits at a time when we are planning our honeymoon, and figuring on how to fix up our home. You should have your mind on our future."

"That's just what I have," he replied. "I have been thinking just now that I used to be all the time complaining that nothing ever happened and yearned for adventures both strange and wild. Well, I got them and more than I bargained for. After all we have been through I now yearn for a cozy home where I can live quietly and feast on hot biscuits, and then, too, I am getting old enough to raise a family."

Helen turned her face away for a moment, rosy red, then turned back to him. "Well," she replied, "we can go ahead and plan for a home right away, and I know that we will have a real home. But just at this moment, we have to look after that precious pair of old dreamers who seem to be able to do nothing but hold hands and look scraphic with happiness. Bless their hearts. I wonder where they are now? It's a ten to one bet they are holding hands and just gazing."

Just then, their conversation was interrupt-

ed by the arrival of Captain Bates, who ambled up and inquired what was the prospect of starting home. He was mightily cheered by the news that they were going to start back to the coast within the next day or two at the latest.

"If I ever get this far inland again," he declared, "I hope that someone will give me a good swift kick. No man's life is safe on land. There are too many funny things going on, and so much love making that an old 'batch' like me feels like a lost dog. Whenever you folks are ready to sail, I'm ready to get going and I don't mean maybe."

With this expression of his opinion of the dangers of the land, the good captain went over to start packing up some curios he had obtained, and they were left alone again until Ah Zulon showed up a little while later. He came over and stood a moment, smiling at them in an understanding way before he spoke.

"Well," he said, "I have a load off my mind. I had been worried over the fact that there might be trouble if the Mexican troops came to Mayapan, but there is no need for them to come now, for we will start for the coast tomorrow with a strong escort, and scouts report that the troops are still trying to find a trail. Major Rodriguez is certainly trying his best to obey his orders, which are to find us and to bring back Garza dead or alive. We will join him and then go on to Merida, thence to New Orleans and home."

"I am glad that things are settled that way," said Arthur. "I believe that Major Rodriguez is an honorable and humane officer, but the natives are still excited over things and so it may be best that they don't find the city."

For a time they talked over the trip, then Ah Zulon left them and went back to where he had left Harriet standing. She was already making friends with the Maya women, and as they were planning to spend at least part of the time with the Mayas after they married, she was surrounded by some of the women who were trying to teach her the language.

On the approach of Ah Zulon, they scattered laughing, and with a great pretense of stepping softly, left the lovers to themselves.

The next day the party started, escorted by a large body of the Mayas, and their trip was almost in the nature of a triumphal march.

They could not help but feel pity for Garza, but after all, he had brought his trouble on himself, having in his time broken nearly every law in the books. Crestfallen and humble he trudged along with his hands bound behind him and keeping his eyes on the ground, refusing to speak to any one.

So, with their minds filled with memories of love and hate, happiness and stark fear, and the kindness and hospitality of the Mayas, the little band wended its way back toward the coast.

They passed the Pyramid of Ik Zatak Katun, where they had fought for their lives, and again looked at the Pit of Doom. Ah Zulon had one of the men swing the trap door open and they could see that the monsters of the pit were still there but dead and harmless now.

They came in sight of the soldiers camp next day, and sent on a man to notify the major that they were coming. In another two hours they had come to where the soldiers were waiting for them and were warmly greeted by Major Rodriguez, who was glad they had escaped and very much pleased over the capture of Garza.

Now that he was in the toils of the law which he had flouted for so many years, the prospect was not pleasant for Garza, and he began making excuses and blaming it all on Volpan, who he claimed had inveigled him into the kidnaping.

"Well, Garza," replied the major to his long harangue, "you have over-reached yourself at last. The kidnaping is one of your lesser crimes. You have a record of murder, white slavery, dope running, and the last thing we have against you is the Fumes plot, and we have proof enough on you to have you shot a dozen times."

By this time the wretch was in fear for his life.

"But you can't shoot me without a trial," he cried, "it isn't lawful."

"Neither are your crimes lawful," replied he major.

He turned to his second in command. "Here, Otero, take this rat and see to it that he is kept safe. I have a warrant for him dead or alive. I don't like to kill such as he is. Leave the filthy task to the law. Take him away. He makes me sick."

And so the cowardly Garza was led away babbling his thanks to the major, and put under guard. When they arrived at Merida, he was led away to prison and that was the last of Tomas Garza, who had caused so much sorrow and trouble.

## CHAPTER 60

### The Girl in Matamora Loses a Lover

BY EASY stages they traveled along the road back to the coast, but this time, they made it in security, and not in hardship and dread as they had done when they came the same road such a short time before.

The Mayas accompanied them to the outskirts of Merida, then stopped there, camping to await the return of Popol Kabah and Zac Chen, who with a few others, went on into the city with the party.

The lovers were so absorbed in each other, that they did not pay as much attention to the road as they should. They were living in a world of their own, and the way seemed paved with flowers to them.

Captain Bates was overjoyed to be near his beloved sea once more, and solemnly vowed never to leave it again and risk himself so far inland, where things were so full of danger.

Jose was jubilant as they approached the city. To Captain Bates who had just been telling him all about how much safer the ocean was than the land could possibly be, he said with a sigh:

"Well, Captain, now I will get a chance to go and see that dear sweet little girl who lives in Matamoros. Oh me! but I thought at time that I would never see her again. We were in some tight places."

"Of course, you are as big a sap as the rest," laughed the captain. "Next thing we know you will be gettin' married and be a poor old hack for some woman to order



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around. You had better get out and have a final fling before you act a chump. You are still free. If I was a young rooster like you, I would be out and making love to all of them when I get to Merida. There are a lot of darned good looking young chickens in that town. I advise you to look some of them up when you get there, and get busy at your love making. You are not a bad looking young fellow and you are not going to be free always."

Jose stood a moment in deep thought, then he gave a whoop and, flapping his arms, crowed like a rooster.

"That's a great idea, Captain," he cried delightedly, his face beaming with pleasure. "I'll ask some of the soldiers if they know some good looking chickens. If I marry that girl in Matamoros, I will have to stick to one from then on. I think I will act on your advice and find myself a girl. Just watch Jose!"

"Gosh!" said the captain to himself, as Jose pranced away to speak to one of the soldiers, "I'll bet that young galoot has had that idea all along. He is as crazy as the rest."

The party had been in town for a week when one day, while they were talking in the patio of their hotel, the Mayas came in and greeted them. From their demeanor, it was apparent they wanted something.

"My brother, Ah Zulon," said Popol Kabah, "we have talked it over and we have decided to ask our brother Ah Zulon that he get married here so that we can attend. It will make his heart strong if he is married with those who love him to see it. So we wish to see the good Ah Zulon and his beloved as well as the young man and fair maiden married too, because they are of the blood of Ah Zulon and his wife to be. We ask this as a favor. Can you grant this to your friends?"

"What do you say, Harriet, and you, too, Helen?" asked Ah Zulon. "Our Mayan friends want us to get married here so that they can attend our weddings. Personally, I am in favor of it. I have waited too long already, and a few days sooner would be all the better."

"After all they have done for us," replied Harriet, "I think it is little enough in return to do as they request. What do you say, Helen and Arthur?"

"Suits me," he said. "I too," she chimed in. "Let's do."

"Well," said Ah Zulon—or to give him his white name, Henry Wardlaw—"it will take about three days to get things ready. We will have a church wedding and make it a nice one so that our Maya friends will be able to give a good account at home. Let's make it four days from today, say about 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon."

"O. K.," said Arthur. "I am giving orders in my family this time anyway, so it is settled, isn't it Helen?" She nodded, smiling, in reply.

"My brother, Popol Kabah," said Ah Zulon turning to him, "they are much pleased with the idea. We have decided to hold the wedding ceremony in a church at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, and you, my friends and brothers, will be honored guests. We will be hurt if you do not attend and wish us happiness."

"It is good," replied Popol Kabah. "My brother Ah Zulon has the heart of the Mayas. I will be there to greet my new sister."

Slowly, so it seemed, the day approached. Jose seemed to have deserted the party entirely, and they wondered if in some way they had offended him. However, Jose had other fish to fry.

## Tackle Hints

**M**Y ARCHERY buddies and I have found that by changing our bow strings every other day that we use our bows, our strings last much longer.

SYLVESTER COOK,  
Pewano, Mich.

**H**ERE is a tackle hint for Par-X fans: Par-X absorbs and transfers temperatures almost too readily. The handle often becomes too cold for comfort. Wrap the handle with mohair upholstery material. It fastens easily with 3-M trip cement. It feels pleasant to the touch, is nice to look at, and more comfortable.

D. E. GARRISON,  
Greeley, Colo.

**H**ERE is something which I believe would make an ideal material for backing bows and also for bow strings. It's a natural textile fiber called "Ramie." This material was used during the war by the British for parachute cordage and harness and also for making fire hose when they could not obtain natural rubber. This material has a dry strength greater than nylon or Fortisan fibers. Also it gains about 30 per cent in tensile strength when wet, whereas the man-made fibers lose some of their strength.

HENRY E. HEILSBERG,  
Valley Stream, N. Y.

At last, the day before the wedding, he put in his appearance, and Helen took him to task for not coming around.

"Jose," she said, "do you know that we have scarcely seen you once since we got back here? What is the trouble? We want you to be here tomorrow sure, for we have decided to hold a double wedding in the church tomorrow at 2 o'clock and you are expected to attend. We will be looking for you to be there."

"What?" he cried, jumping up. "Are you going to have a wedding? I must get busy and get ready. I have only one day to get ready in."

With this, he grabbed his hat and fled as if pursued by devils.

"Well, well," said Captain Bates who had just come up, "what in the heck has got into that young galoot? He is gettin' worse all the time."

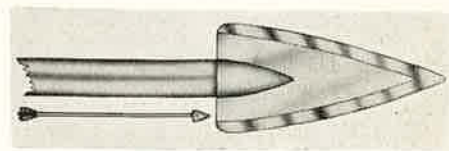
The time came at last. Captain Bates, in a dress suit he had borrowed, and which was about two sizes too small for him, was all ready to give the two brides away. No sign of Jose. They could wait no longer.

They had all just taken their places for the ceremony when there was a commotion at the back of the church and Jose elbowed his way to the front, dragging a very fat girl by the arm as he came.

"Here!" he cried breathlessly. "Hold on a minute. Let me in on this."

## What's New?

Litemetal Dicast, Inc., of Jackson, Mich., has designed and die cast a magnesium hunting arrow tip for the Ken Hager Arrow Manufacturing Co., makers of Center-Shot Arrows. Archers complained that the conventional broadhead steel arrow tips made arrows too heavy at the nose. This newly developed magnesium die cast Litemetal tip assures a perfectly balanced arrow when mounted on an aluminum



shaft. The new tip gives greater range, finer accuracy and the cost is comparable to the ordinary steel point.

Litemetal has also developed a die cast notch for the arrow shaft which replaces an aluminum machined part. This innovation will cut production costs considerably.

These die cast contributions by Litemetal complete the trend for an all metal archery outfit.

Further information is available from Litemetal Dicast, Inc., 1921 Wildwood Avenue, Jackson, Mich.

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"For the love of Mike, folks," said Captain Bates in an undertone. "Just take a look at the baby elephant Jose has annexed."

"What about that girl in Matamoros?" asked Arthur, trying hard to keep a straight face.

"Oh," replied the unabashed Jose, "she is too far away, and most probably she has another sweetheart by this time. Anyway this one looks better fed, and I like them pleasantly plump this way."

So they rearranged the couples to make room for Jose and his giggling girl bride, and the ceremony proceeded.

THE END

THE FEATHERED SHAFT

drivel . . .

Continued from Page Twelve

An unearthly racket roused us from our reverie. The horn of the station wagon was screeching quietly. We turned our head slightly and there with legs spread wide and arms akimbo were three very irate red-coated hunting companions glaring sweetly at your poor tired editor.

"What a hunter you are," said Fred in his best sarcasm. "Brother, if we'd have had our camera, that guy Hoff would have had a cover picture for next month's ARCHERY. Here we beat the ground to death with our feet and find you sleeping at the other end!"

"Ah, nothin' got by me," we said in a small quavering voice.

"Oh, yeah? Bruce stood over you and was going to take your bow away from you, but you had your itty bitty fingers around the string and we were afraid you might wake up. You're lucky those horses over there didn't step on you. But that's o.k. You'll stay awake this afternoon. You'll do the driving through that ravine by the cabin."

So all afternoon we picked 'em up and laid 'em down through brush even a mouse couldn't get through—but we did. But all to no avail. No deer.

Needless to say, the heat was on that night at the cabin. It was very doubtful for a time whether yours truly was going to run behind the car on the way home or not. They finally let us ride, however. Nice fellows.

Fred kept muttering all the way home, "What a hunter, what a hunter! Going to sleep on a stand! Guys have been shot for less than that. Wait till Hoff hears about this."

So we thought we'd beat him too it. It's more honorable to make an honest confession, don't you think? Besides, we overheard him ask Bruce how to get in contact with Hoff.

We got in the last word, though. "Next time I'm going out alone," we said indignantly.

"You're telling me?" snapped Fred.

Boy oh boy, will those guys be green with envy when we bring in that big buck—if we can stay awake long enough to shoot him.

★ ★ ★

**We Need Material . . .**

WE'RE running short of stories and articles. During the summer, what with the national tournaments and numerous local tournaments, there was plenty of material to fill each issue. However, our backlog is nearly exhausted. We know we're being rather unorthodox in speaking so frankly. Perhaps only in a magazine such as this could an editor make such an appeal to his readers.

We know from the letters we receive that you have enjoyed immensely the material we have presented. It has been entirely the work of other readers like yourself who have found that their enjoyment of the sport was too much to keep only to themselves. They wanted to tell you, the readers of The Feathered Shaft, about the many thrills they have experienced.

How about you? Don't you want to share your experiences with other archers all over the world? You know this magazine goes to all the 48 states and ten foreign countries. Here's your chance to "tell it to the world."

Maybe you've got a tackle hint that can help some struggling beginner along the road; or maybe you've got some new ideas on making tackle; or a thrilling tale of how you bagged small or big game. Pass it on, folks. Every reader is anxious to know about it.

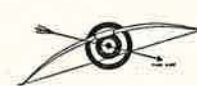
This summer, in a talk with one of the prominent archers from the East, we were told that archers as a group, were not very articulate—that they were pretty backward about putting their ideas down on paper. We don't believe it. We've had some very interesting stories and articles the past year that disproves that statement. And we believe that there are hundreds of other archers

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who can equal or better the quality of material that has been published in this magazine. It just takes the old "get-up-and-go" to sit down at the typewriter and bang out some literary gem that will make these pages sparkle.

How about it? Do you want to have an enjoyable winter season by the fire reading a really interesting magazine or do we have to put up with dreary stuff like our "drivel" column? It's up to you folks.

And don't forget that two-year subscription offer still goes. We're setting a big barrel by the door so the staggering mailman can dump the manuscripts in it. Don't let us down. Thanks much.

Twenty-three

# PENNSYLVANIA STATE TOURNAMENT

The 15th Annual Target Archery Championship of the Pennsylvania State Archery Association Incorporated was held on the campus of Penn State College, September 3, 4 and 5. One hundred and twenty-seven contestants from all parts of Pennsylvania shooting at 40 targets in a straight line provided a most attractive picture and setting. During the three days event many spectators were heard to say, "I never thought there was so much to see at an archery tournament."

E. Hill Turnock, Pittsburgh, won his 11th state championship by shooting a score of 2086. Robert Schriver, Scotland, placed second with 1972, while William Reid, Philadelphia scored 1971 to place third. R. G. Heintzelman, Allentown, scored 1957 to finish fourth, with Tom Mansell, Aliquippa, finishing fifth with 1903. The championship was decided on the Single York and Double American rounds. John Fry, Syracuse, N. Y., took out of state honors.

Mary Jane Everett, Allentown, won her fourth consecutive championship by scoring 2198. Patricia Baier, Glenside, placed second with a score of 2141, while Elsie Ervin, West Point, placed third with a score of 2026. Lillian Bassett, Glenside, scored 1971 to place fourth and Margaret Shenk, Lancaster, totaled 1958 to place fifth. Grace Middleton, Oaklyn, N. J., took out of state honors for the ladies. Single National, Single Columbia and Double American decided the ladies' championship.

Four boys and four girls shot in Junior Division. In this division Anne Forbes Camp Hill, took first place for the girls by shooting 2203. Janet Lehmer, Harrisburg placed second with 2039. Harold Duppre, Pittsburgh, took the Junior Boy's Championship with a total of 1993, while 11-year-old Donald Heintzelman Allentown, placed second with 1438.

Mrs. F. G. Haines, Warren, shot an arrow 545 yards and 2 feet to take flight honors for the field. A. C. Gigler, Ambridge, placed second with 534 yards.

The ladies clout champion is Margaret Shenk, Lancaster, who scored 232 points, with Verna Leaman, Bird-in-Hand placing second with 229. Ernest Lehmer Harrisburg, retained his title of 1947 and 1948. His score was 220.

Charles W. Stoddart was the Field Captain and Miss Myra I. Wade the Lady Paramount. Clayton B. Shenk, Executive Secretary of the Association, was ably assisted by Harold Reynolds, Frank Childs and S. Robert Leaman.

The 16th Annual Target Champion-

ship Tournament will be held in Allentown, Pa. The Walden Archers are the sponsors. George W. Brooks, 820 N. 26th Street, Allentown, was elected president of the association for 1950.

Men	
E. H. Turnock, Pittsburgh	314-2086
Robert Schriver, Scotland	296-1972
William Reid, Philadelphia	307-1971
R. G. Heintzelman, Allentown	305-1957
Tom Mansell, Aliquippa	305-1903
Winfield Ervin, West Point	298-1846
Charles Mort, Pittsburgh	297-1829
Paul Bohlander, Aliquippa	299-1825
John Fry, New York	299-1799
H. Leibensperger Allentown	296-1780

Women	
Mary Jane Everett, Orefield	324-2198
Grace Middleton, N. J.	322-2190
Patricia Baier, Glenside	321-2141
Elsie Ervin, West Point	318-2062
Lillian Bassett, Glenside	305-1971
Margaret Shenk, Lancaster	310-1958
Marie Pearson, Butztown	314-1934
Fay Steinbart, Pittsburgh	313-1931
Anne Melzer, Ellwood City	315-1917
Marie Mohn, Boyertown	315-1917

Clout—Men	
Ernest Lehmer, Harrisburg	36-220
Paul Ehlander, Aliquippa	31-177
Richard Davis, Harrisburg	31-167
Bud Shedrick, Dallastown	32-162
Robert Bruce, New York	33-159
Floyd Gaham, Swarthmore	31-153

Clout—Women	
Margaret Shenk, Lancaster	36-232
Verna Leaman, Bird-in-Hand	35-229
Viola Walker, Altoona	35-223
Fay Steinbart, Pittsburgh	36-220
Dorothy O'Roark, Pittsburgh	35-213
Kay Lundell, Pittsburgh	36-208

Junior Clout	
Janet Lehmer, Harrisburg	36-226
Marlyn Melzer, Ellwood City	35-185
Fay Louise Steinbart, Pittsburgh	33-161
Harold Duppre, Aliquippa	28-156

Flight—Men	
A. C. Gigler, Ambridge	534 yds.
F. G. Haines, Warren	524 yds.

Flight—Women	
Evelyn Haines, Warren	545 yds. 2 ft.
Joan Coleman, Md.	223 yds.

Teams—Men	
Pittsburgh No. 1—	
E. H. Turnock	96-656
Tom Mansell	95-613
Paul Bohlander	94-536
Charles Mort	94-644
	379-2449

York No. 1—	
Robert Scriber	96-664
Ralph Hull	94-596
Ed Moyer	96-600
Ray Shewell	91-566
	377-2421

Walden Archers No. 1—	
R. G. Heintzelman	96-662
H. Leibensperger	95-601
Robert Beecher	95-569
Carson Kemp	96-562
	382-2394

Team—Women	
Abington—	
Patricia Baier	95-641
Lillian Bassett	96-604
Elsie Ervin	94-638
Matilda Johnson	95-587
	380-2470

Pittsburgh—	
Fay Steinbart	96-620
Anne Melzer	95-601
Dorothy O'Roark	95-523
Kay Lundell	81-387
	367-2131

Walden Archers—	
June Kemp	93-555
Marie Mohn	95-573
Florence Heintzelman	88-484
Erma Leibensperger	94-514
	370-2126

## Cleveland Elects Officers

The Cleveland Archery Club elected new officers for the 1950 season.

Those elected were: George Reeves, president; Bill Aingworth, vice president; Eleanor Bottomley, secretary, and Stan Landgrave, treasurer.

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Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett A. Johnston, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the owner of THE FEATHERED SHAFT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:  
 Publisher Everett A. Johnston, 4007 Dupont Ave. North, Minneapolis, Minn.  
 Publisher, Everett A. Johnston, 4007 Dupont Ave. North, Minneapolis, Minn.  
 Editor Everett A. Johnston, 4007 Dupont Ave. North, Minneapolis, Minn.  
 Managing Editor, Dorothy D. Johnston, 4007 Dupont Ave. North, Minneapolis, Minn.  
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 None.

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 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

EVERETT A. JOHNSTON

Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of October, 1949.  
 (SEAL)  
 BEATRICE A. LAPPING  
 (Notary Public)  
 My commission expires Sept. 13, 1950.

SEND IN YOUR STORIES  
 AND ARTICLES  
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 SUBSCRIPTION TO  
 THE FEATHERED SHAFT

## Long Beach Archers

By PATRICIA P. GALEY

Oh happy days. At last we have our new range and is it wonderful! Big and roomy and everyone is so proud of it. It hasn't got the grass in yet, but it will have and when it has grown it will really be some range. Colonel Jesse Jackson came after dinner and we personally thanked him for all he has done for us in obtaining the range. We all appreciate it very much.

Well, it seems like old times again, Jim Murray is back again shooting, and shooting very well, too, for being away ill for so long. Welcome back, Jim. John and Mrs. Burch, Bud and Mary Myrick are back too from vacation and it surely was nice seeing them. An old Long Beach member came to see us yesterday—some of us knew him from old, but others became acquainted with him yesterday—who is he? Why, Bud Newman, of course. Bill West was shooting with us after being away for so long.

Attention folks! Wha' Hoppen'? After threatening to do so for a long time, Don Brasch shot into "B" class, but I guess it was too much for him, because I saw him staggering across the field like a man in a dream and muttering "587 wha' hoppen.?" Those members who have not as yet shaken his hand kindly do so next meeting. Another up and coming archer is Bob Whitley. It was his second tournament and he shot a 503. Did everyone notice that Bee Miller shot a six gold? I hope so because she was the only one who did so all day, much to the disgust of the men.

A new member joined the club, too. Bernadine Malen. Bernadine hasn't shot

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YEWWOOD. Select roughed out spliced billets. Air dried 6 yrs. Price \$6.75 prepaid. State if for hunting or target. DOUGLAS ARCHERY CO., 2619 E. 6th St., Long Beach, Calif.

SELECTED P. O. Cedar 11-32" shafts, fitted with index nocks, spiral fletched with ¾" feathers, matched to within .15 grs. Nicely crested and varnished, for either Field or Hunting arrows. Ship. wgt. per doz. 2 lbs. (Less points.) Price \$5.50 per doz. F.O.B. Abbotsford. J. M. HOFF, Abbotsford, Wis.

before, either, so let's give her some good coaching and encouragement. A rumor came to me from a reliable source that a certain Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Halliday may join us before long, so we have something to really look forward to.

"There's one thing about archery clubs. They're made up of 100 per cent willin' workers. Even to the extent that 5 per cent are willin' to do the work and the other 95 per cent willin' to let 'em do it!"



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CINCINNATI 29, OHIO

**The Cross Bowman . . .**

*Continued from page 10*

ous seasons and various times of day or night. The ways of game the year around, in full-moon and no-moon, and so on. That game doesn't look like game, unless it **does!** (I found this out staring at some "wood" for five minutes, wondering how it could resemble a hawk so much—even to the yellow legs—and finally decided to lob an arrow that way about the time the hawk decided to fly away!) With all this knowledge I am a better man in the woods today, a more deadly and efficient hunter.

BUT STILL I MISS . . . ! !

(Editor's note: Here the MS trails off incoherent of logic and illegible of script.)

State Police Note: We found this man-thing in a sylvan glade just off the Taunton Pike. The coroner pronounced death due to extreme exhaustion brought on by a fit of dementia which had caused him to run wildly through the woods, perhaps for hours. There were no possessions about him, but in his left hand was clutched a dead field mouse, killed by some small blunt instrument. Macabre, sir, very macabre.

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**OH, DEER!**

By STEW FOSTER  
La Canada, Calif.

(With apologies to D. E. Garrison,  
Greeley, Colo.)

**I**F YOUR back is hump-shouldered from carrying all those ribbons on your bosom; if your mantle sags beneath the weight of those glittering trophies then you are the one who did not miss your deer at 50 feet or less. Didn't miss, did you?

This under the chin draw and anchor puts the shaft where wanted on still targets and sometimes on moving targets, on terrain and obstacles that will not allow a vertical bow which are usually short targets. Just tilt the bow and it will not make difference in your windage. I have killed a lot of rabbits and 90 per cent have been still shots, and 90 per cent of my hunting shots in 11 years have been shot where I could have used under the chin draw. I have hunted in five western states.

If you will set your sight or mark at 20 or 25 yards and concentrate on your target or game, there isn't any obstacle that can get in your way as long as you can see your target. The only time you look at your sight or mark directly is when it falls directly on your target, said distance being from 20 or 25 yards to zero. In other words, from 25 yards to zero your mark will be right where you want your arrow to go. Can you imagine what you could do to most rabbit shots with a set-up like this?

I happened to be on a hunt with a man who shot a mountain lion while drawing left handed. He had never in his life drawn a bow that way before. Terrain prevented his normal draw, but anyone, no matter what his basic training, could do that at short range.

What am I driving at? Simply that if you want to be a good hunting shot or any kind of a good shot, you must learn to know how to scientifically aim at what you want to hit.

My system is not the only one used that is good. A high anchor looking at the point of your arrow, which I will not try to explain because I don't use that system, is also good.

So if you will spend as much time as a man has to spend to learn instinctive shooting (as they call it) to get so you can hit a milk bottle cap set at 40 feet, once out of three shots, you will hit that cap twice in three shots sight or mark shooting. If people would stop trying to shoot like the Indians and learn a good scientific method, we would have a lot better shots and a lot more game taken with a bow.

**Booklet by Arnold Haugen to  
Be Translated into Swedish**

The Michigan conservation department game booklet "Deer Hunting—Indian Style," familiar to many Michigan bow and arrow hunters, is going to have a Swedish version.

Hakan Bleckinberg, head of a Stockholm sportsmen's club, has requested permission to reprint and distribute the instructive booklet on archery hunting in order to promote interest in the sport in Sweden.

Author Haugen, former chief of the conservation department's Cusino wildlife experiment station and president of the National Field Archers Association, recently left to assume leadership of wildlife research work at Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

**Estimated 12,000 Michigan  
Archers Take to the Woods**

The largest bow hunting army in history kicked the lid off the deer season in Michigan Oct. 1.

With more liberalized hunting regulations and more bow hunting converts, the conservation department estimated there were about 12,000, or nearly 25 per cent, more archers than last year. On the basis of 1948 report cards returned, the department estimates 9,875 bow hunters bagged 583 deer.

Archers are becoming more skillful for in 1947 only one in 20 got a deer; last year one in 17. As high as one in 15 hunters is expected to bring home venison this season.

Last year three-fourths of the archers limited their stalking range to a half-dozen counties. With the higher hunter concentration in Roscommon, Allegan, Crawford, Oscoda Iosco and Montmorency counties, 85 per cent of the deer were harvested in these locations.

Male deer may be taken in any county from Oct. 1 to Nov. 5. Liberalized regulations this year provide for taking of deer of either sex in this period in Alcona Antrim, Alger, Baraga, Benzie, Charlevoix, Crawford, Delta, Gogebic, Grand Traverse, Iosco, Iron, Lake, Leelauna, Luce, Mackinac, Manistee, Mason, Montmorency, Ontonagon, Oscoda, Roscommon, Schoolcraft, Wexford, Drummond Island in Chippewa county, and that part of the state lying south of the north line of Townline 16, except Allegan county. Special bow season in Allegan county on deer of either sex runs from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15.

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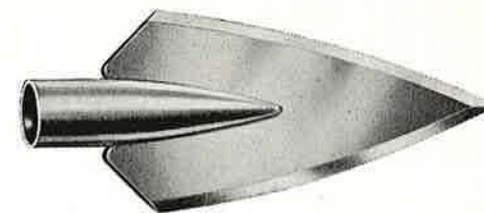
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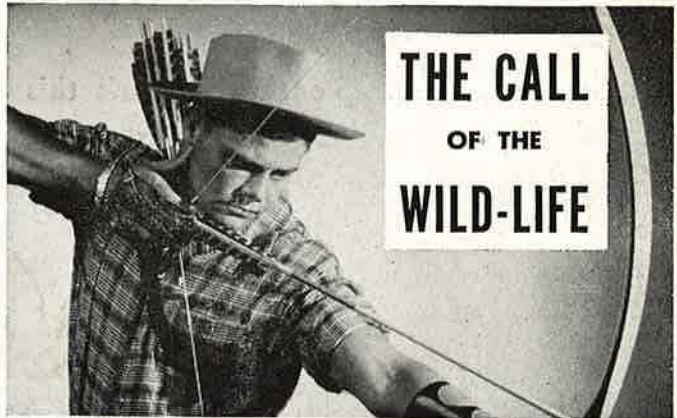
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