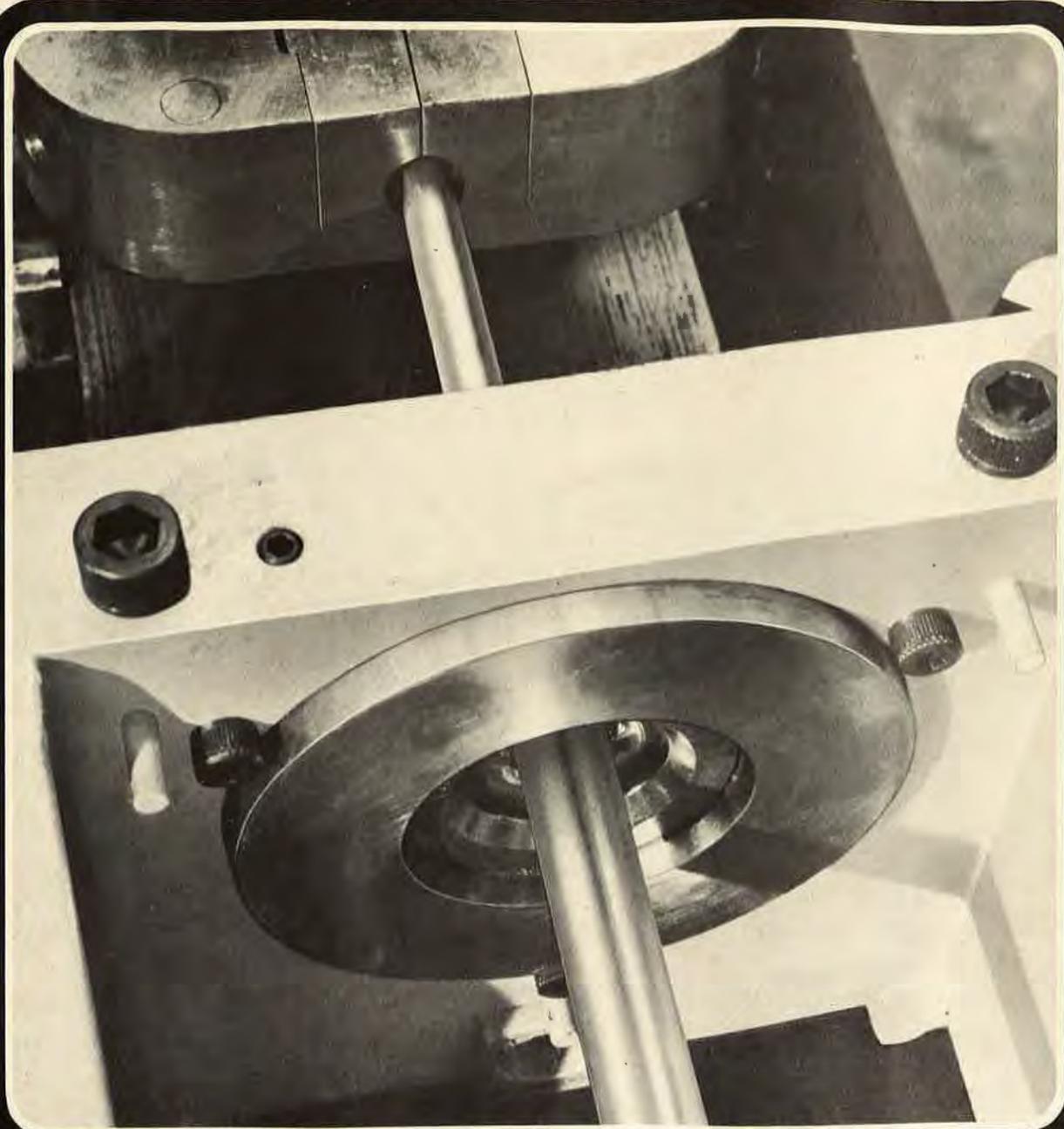


Archery



M.D. EASTON

VOLUME 43 — NO. 1 JANUARY, 1971



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WINGFIELD WINGS IT . .

**E. PAT WINGFIELD, President
National Field Archery Assn.**

If you happen to be one of these selected few who actually read my articles, my apologies for not writing last month. A number of factors were involved, none of which is a sufficient reason to procrastinate.

At times such as this, a new year, new goals, the promise of future success combined with the Christmas season, all combine to permit some degree of philosophy for the New Year.

Goodness knows there are enough problems in the world, or even at home, to wonder if sometimes all the effort is justified, but as I said, "tis the season"!

Our organization has suffered ups and downs just as we individuals do and as business is prone to do through the cycles of prosperity and despair. At present we are in the midst of suffering as caused by "plenty." There is plenty of money, there is plenty of unemployment, there is a plenty of jobs, there is plenty of time, there is a plenty of leisure and there seems to be plenty of problems.

With all of this plenty about there shouldn't be any, but we all seem to suffer the same malady, as a people, as a Nation and as an organization, no ability to make the plenty and the need coincide.

This seems to be a chronic problem, not alone with the NFAA but with all organizations of a similar nature. In good times we suffer from a lack of income because we are slow to act to meet the change in economics, in bad times we suffer from a lack of people with even a small amount of money and energy to devote to a cause other than earning bread for

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7 WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Get your answer from a Pro . . . Freddie Troncoso
1851 Orange Avenue, Monterey Park, California 91754

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Bob Learn does a bit of reminiscing looking back through early files of the magazine.

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Walt Bauman has traveled many trails. Each month he tells our readers what he sees and hears.

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Esther Krom of 90 Bell St., Belleville, N. J. 07109 actually bagged a bear with bow and arrow.

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Dick Sage recounts his experiences, and each month offers the bow hunter a tip on what to do and what not to do.

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You Editor tells how he bagged the NFAA "Blind Bogey." If you are a member, you might win a valuable prize.

59 IT'S A FACT

Walt Wilhelm is an archer and tells facts many of us never have known.

48 GREAT MOMENTS

In the sport of archery and bow hunting there are countless "great moments." Steve tells a few.

50 CLUB NEWS AND COMING EVENTS

Due to the rail strike, news from some sections failed to arrive. Perhaps you'll get an extra helping next month!

60 THE ARCHERY PICTURE

When it comes to photography, Milt Lewis is a Pro. He describes what you should and should not do in this art.

THIS MONTH'S COVER

Photo of Jas. D. Easton and his new plant was taken by Milt Lewis

the ever-present mouths to feed.

We seem now to be in a situation much as I have described. We suffer from a lack of funds and individuals with desire. Dedication is a tough commodity to trade for. You can't buy it at the corner regardless of your purse and when there is a shortage in this area, all others suffer.

This may seem a strange way to kick off a New Year, but the need for dedication, energy and desire were never greater. I would take most of this magazine to list the individuals within my sphere of ac-

quaintance who possess these listed attributes, and they are greatly appreciated. I'll make no attempt to list them, since, with my memory, some would be forgotten and offended by my omission.

In the near future someone will ask your help with a project . . . give some serious thought to what I've just said. You may be the one whose dedication, energy and spirit are needed to make it a success.

I certainly hope each of you has enjoyed a fine holiday season and look forward as I do to a fine and successful year.



GEORGE ROHRBACH
Executive Secretary

OFFICERS

PAT WINGFIELD, President,
1152 San Mateo, Salinas, Calif. 93901
Telephone: (Code 408) 424-2000

ERVIN G. KREISCHER, Vice President,
827 Floretha Dr., N.W.,
Albuquerque, N.M. 87107

CHARLES LUTZ, Immediate Past President
3618 Sugar Hill Dr., San Antonio, Tx. 78230

NFAA Headquarters, Address mail to:
GEORGE ROHRBACH, Executive Secretary
Route 2, Box 514, Redlands, Cal. 92373
Telephone: (Code 714) 794-2133

WM. H. WADSWORTH, Bow Hunting Secretary
Boy Scouts of America,
New Brunswick, New Jersey 08904

BOARD OF DIRECTORS COUNCILMEN

New England:

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Southwestern:

GEORGE CHRAFT
6113 Fairwood Cr., Las Vegas, Nev. 89107

Mid-Atlantic:

WILLIAM E. BOYLE
Ontario Street Extension
Canandaigua, New York 14424

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Report From Headquarters...

By **GEORGE E. ROHRBACH**

Executive Secretary, National Field Archery Assn.

NATIONAL INDOOR TOURNAMENT

Last month the membership was advised of the initial development of a NFAA National Indoor Championship Tournament. We have received the final results on all the investigations of this tournament from Chairman Vic Gibson, and the news of the tournament is most disappointing.

"Final details of the shoot were

nearly completed," Gibson reports, "but at the last minute the association was advised the dates for the tournament could not be used." The tentative site was the St. Louis Armory and the dates which had previously been reported to the NFAA now prevent us from using the armory. The only other date for this indoor tournament would be the last of April and, upon advice from Chairman Gibson as well as other officers of the association, it is felt the

N.F.A.A.

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- MONTANA**, Jerry Brabec
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- NEW HAMPSHIRE**, Ronald F. Poloske
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date is too late. By that time, the NFAA outdoor field season will be under way in many parts of the country, and the association did not wish to interfere with our outdoor schedules.

What the NFAA had hoped would be the first annual championship using the NFAA Indoor Round will not be a reality during 1971, but the association already is starting to work on establishing one for 1972. Chairman Gibson has requested any club wishing to host the tournament in 1972 should contact NFAA Headquarters with a tentative site. Bids for the tournament will be accepted immediately, and those which have been received by NFAA prior to the NFAA Board of Directors meeting in February of this year will be considered by the Board.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS TO MEET

The NFAA Board of Directors will conduct its annual meeting of the association on February 5, 6 and 7 in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Any member of the association is invited to attend the session and see first-hand the Board at work. President Pat Wingfield is finalizing the agenda for the meeting which will completely fill the two-and-a-half days. Saturday evening, February 6, will be the NFAA Annual Banquet, and the membership is cordially invited to attend. This is the first year the Board meeting has been held in the eastern part of the country and should enable members in the Southeastern Section to attend and observe.

ANNUAL REPORT OF OFFICERS

The annual report by the President and the Secretary will appear in the February issue of Archery. The annual report of association activities is called for in the by-laws of the NFAA.

NATIONAL FIELD TOURNAMENT - - 1971

The Board of Directors Council has favorably acted on legislation naming Cedar City, Utah as the site for the 1971 National Field Championships and Convention of Archers. This information was tentatively presented in the December issue of Archery and the Council has voted favorably to accept the bid. The host for the tournament will be the Cedar City Chamber of Commerce and the tournament location will be within easy driving distance of town. The association will provide additional publicity and promotion on this event in future issues of Arch-



The Dixie National Forest covers hundreds of thousands of acres. District Forest Ranger, Foyer Olsen (shown on extreme left) points out many available areas to conduct the 1971 NFAA National Tournament. Intently interested are Robert Gardner, President of the Cedar City Chamber of Commerce, Marlene Crim, NFAA Director, Nevada, and George Chraft, NFAA S.W. Sectional Councilman.

ery. Councilman George Chraft, your Secretary and Directors Ray Howard, Utah, and Marlene Crim, Nevada, have personally inspected the area. The association has also had meetings with officials from the Cedar City Chamber. The contract for hosting this event is in its final stages and personnel for the tournament will be selected shortly.

NFAA members who have always desired a vacation to the West should start considering the 1971 National Tournament now. Both the Cedar City Chamber of Commerce as well as the NFAA are working toward making this a memorable event. This area in Southern Utah is undoubtedly the vacation spot of the nation, and is considered one of the most colorful areas in the United States.

The Dixie National Forest will be the site for the 26th annual tournament, and the panoramic views around the tournament site are breath-taking. With the tournament scheduled to be held on U. S. Forest Service Land, NFAA will be working hand in hand with representatives of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Mr. Foyer Olsen is the District Forest Ranger assigned to this section of the Dixie National Forest, and has already been of valuable assistance to the NFAA.

Start planning now to attend this

outstanding tournament. More exciting announcements and other features of the tournament will be coming in future issues of Archery.

TOURNAMENT FORMAT COMMITTEE

Dick Freel, Medford, Massachusetts has submitted his final report on the recently appointed National Tournament Format Committee. The committee which was comprised of James Morgan, Kansas; Jerry Brabec, Montana; and Ned Rudd, Kentucky, has provided an up-dated classification outline based upon the handicapping system. The study made by the committee was primarily aimed at evaluating the present class breakdowns of archers attending National and Sectional Tournaments. The committee took into consideration the knowledge they had of local shoots as well as tournament conditions in their respective states. In addition, the chairman of the committee was supplied with information on the National Tournament attendance and class participation for the past ten years.

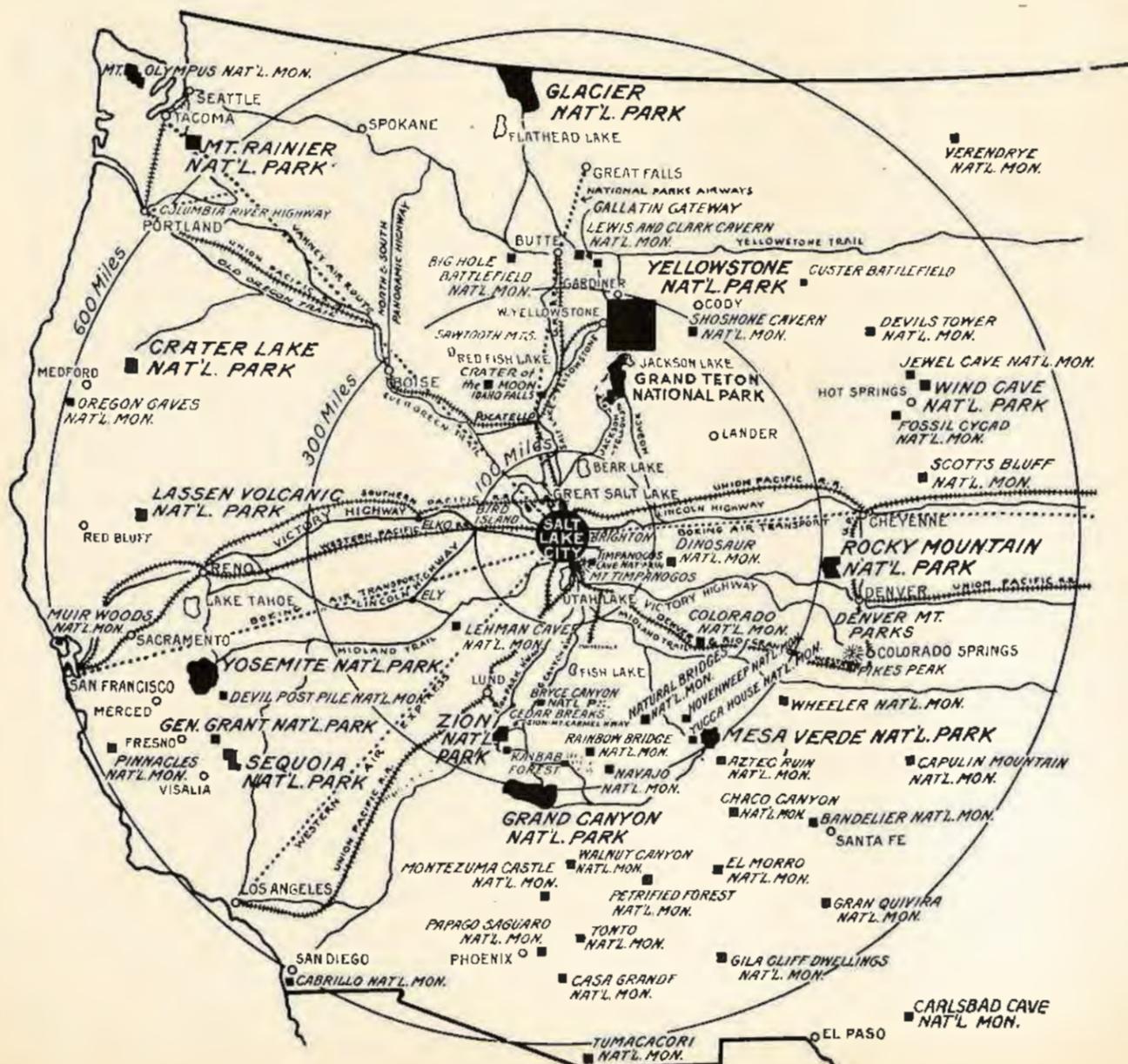
The report, which was submitted to national president Pat Wingfield, has been reproduced and is currently in the hands of your NFAA Board of Directors. Directors will very likely

See next page, then turn to page forty-one

NATIONAL PARKS AND POINTS OF INTEREST



PLAN YOUR VACATION NOW. ATTEND THE NATIONAL
TOURNAMENT AND VISIT SOME OF THEM ON THE WAY



FREDDIE
TRONCOSO



WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Dear Freddie:

What's my problem? The NFAA rules interpretation committee, is my problem. The reasons for their ruling on releases presented to me are faulty, to say the least. I would like to know what Webster's Dictionary knows about archery releases besides I have found several different definitions in other dictionaries all which could be taken to either qualify all releases or disqualify all release aids.

Furthermore, most of these strap releases, etc., have been around for hundreds of years before the NFAA. I think the rule is a cop-out. Justice is often confusing. On the same page as Article VII, Section E (on releases) in the By Laws is a ruling that would make the Compound bow illegal. The ruling says something to the effect that any device which lowers the weight of the bow at full draw is illegal (of course, this has been overlooked).

I think the PAA has the right idea: Allow them all or none at all. What can we, as members of the NFAA, do to change this ruling before the sport loses any more archers, and me also?

Respectfully yours,
MIKE STRATMAN

ARCHERY January, 1971

Dear Mike:

As I have pointed out many times, we cannot stop progress. We must realize controversial issues are bound to arise which sometimes cause considerable dispute. The NFAA, along with most archery associations, is governed by a Board of Directors who will vote and decide, in the better interest of field archery, the subject of "releases" and other important issues at the NFAA annual meeting in February, 1971.

Mike, the section in the NFAA By-Laws you quoted is Section E, paragraph 4 which reads: "Any extra attachment to the bow that would allow the draw weight of the bow to be relieved (removed) from either or both arms at full draw, shall be declared illegal." The interpretation of this paragraph refers to wooden stocks, metal rods or any other attachment which would convert the long-bow into a virtual cross-bow.

The Compound bow does not fall into this category. Paragraph 1 of Section E clearly states: "Any kind of bow, except a cross-bow, and any kind of arrow, excepting broad-head arrows that would unreasonably injure a target face, may be used in any event unless otherwise stated." It might be of interest to note the Compound bow was accepted and unanimously approved by the NFAA Board of Directors at the 1970 annual meeting.

I urge each and every NFAA member to take a few minutes and write to his respective State NFAA Director stating his or her own ideology concerning the subject of "releases." Releases are not new, but merely represent the natural progression of the sport. As Roy Hoff recently put it: "There was a time when the word 'sight' was a no-no."

Dear Freddie:

I am having some difficulties with my arrow rests with my release aid. I'm shooting with a Hoyt Pro Rest and I continue to break or crack them. I don't know why? Have you had this problem?

Another problem: When I shoot a bare shaft I can't get good flight. However, with feather on the arrow the groups are very tight. With my fingers I can get the bare shaft to fly very well, but not with the release aid.

Good Shooting,
BLAIR A. PETERSON

Dear Blair:

I use a Hoyt Pro Rest and shoot with various types of release aids, with absolutely no rest breakage at all. From the drawing you submitted, I'd venture to say you are nocking your arrows a little on the high side. The bottom of the Potowatomi square reads 90°. To place the nocking point 1/8" above, you read the lower 1/8" mark.

The best recommendation I can offer is for you to read Max Hamilton's article in the December issue of Archery Magazine. By placing your arrow absolutely dead-center, there will be no need to compensate for left or right entry of bare shafts. If you are shooting with your fingers, using bare shafts, entering the bale with nock end low indicates the nocking point is too low. For arrows which enter the bale with nock and high, merely indicates the opposite.

For arrows which enter the bale with nock end to the left, the arrow plate is built out to much (for right handed shooter) and should be removed or moved in toward center.

For arrows entering the bale with the nock end toward the right, the opposite applies.

Dear Freddie:

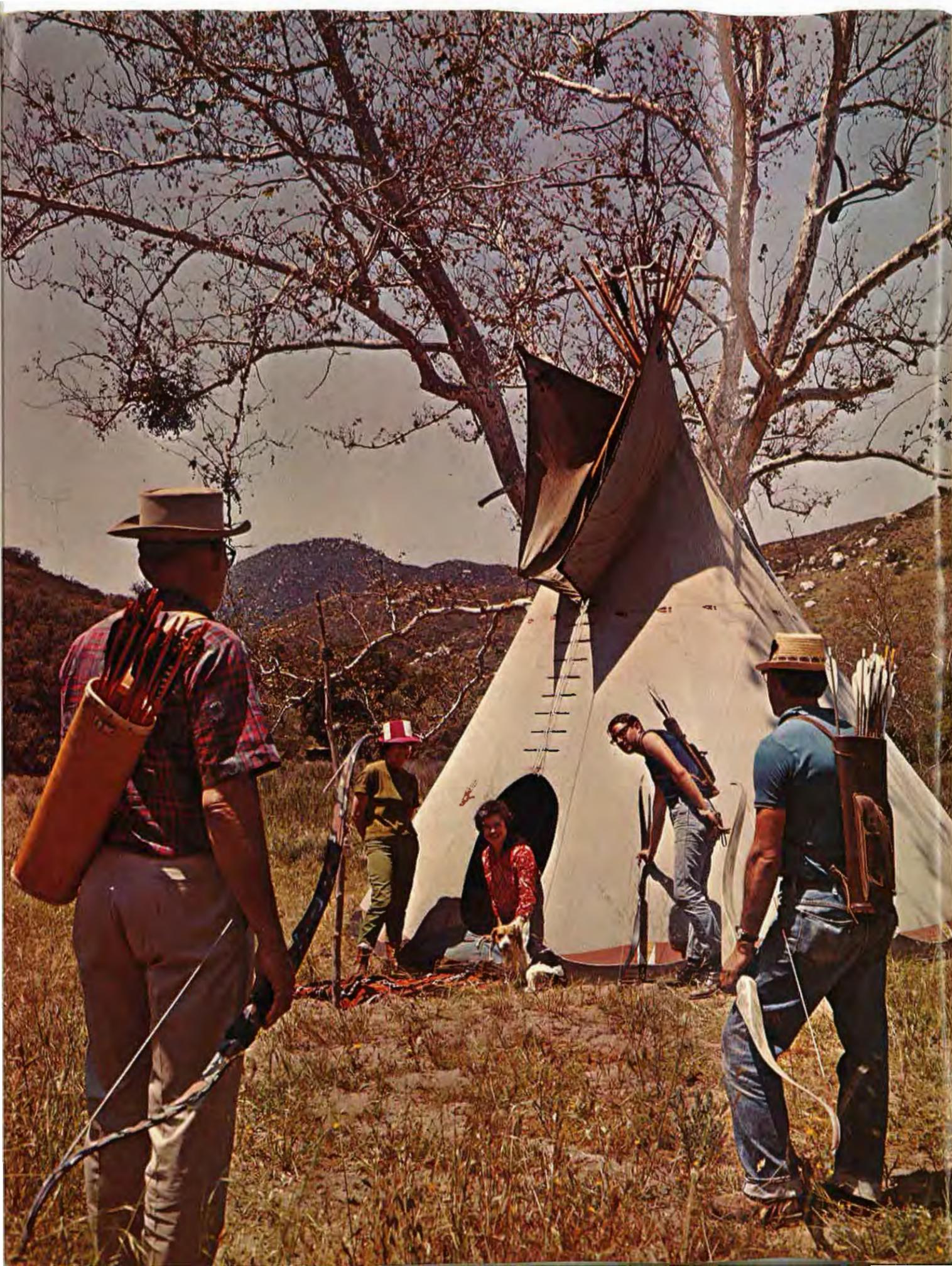
In one of your past articles you mentioned it was almost impossible to shoot vanes using a release aid. Since then, I have seen a good many top archers shoot vanes with great success. How do they accomplish this?

Sincerely,
AL MENEGUS

Dear Al:

Since that article was written, considerable research has been done and much knowledge gained by several top shooters, as well as manufacturers.

Shooting vanes with a release aid has become a reality and is due to a most important factor: BOW SET-UP! I was about to incorporate some data and facts on the subject when my good friend Max Hamilton beat me to it (dog-gone it!). Please read his article in the December issue. The title: "Using Vanes With Release-Aid." I have seen and experienced the best vane-flight using his suggested set-up—bar none!



By C. R. LEARN

CAMPING --- TEPEE STYLE

My old umbrella tent looked pretty bad when I struck it after last fall's hunt in North Kaibab. I was tempted to leave it but reconsidered and felt I could use it for a supply tent if nothing else. This was my first tent in many years and it taught me one thing, no more umbrella style tents. This doesn't leave much to go to except the sidewall, but there are other styles older and more practical in some respects.

A good hunting friend of mine, Charlie Farmer, went through all the tent problems years ago and then settled on one type he feels is the ultimate. It had a few problems but he overcame them.

Charlie and his wife, Bettye, have hunted all types of terrain and tried all styles of tents. They ramble in a camper for weekend hunts but when they go for the fall hunt they take their answer to the housing problem.

Charlie had told me about his tepee for years but I had never seen it up or going up. He had many pic-



As he lays the poles on the ground, he slips them together. He made sleeves of aluminum and the poles from stair railing.



Charlie Farmer carries his Cheyenne model tepee on the top of his camper. As he removes the poles he sorts them according to proper position. He has them color-coded for assembly.

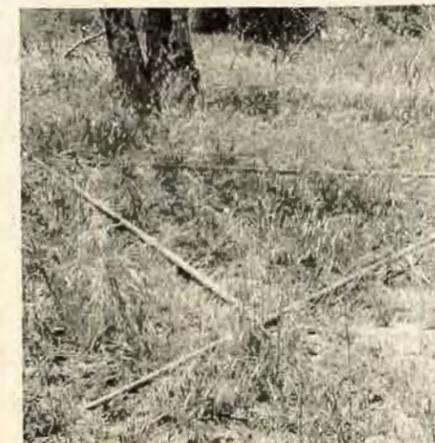
ARCHERY January, 1971



After marking the three positions he drives a stake at each corner. This assures him the proper size for the tepee.



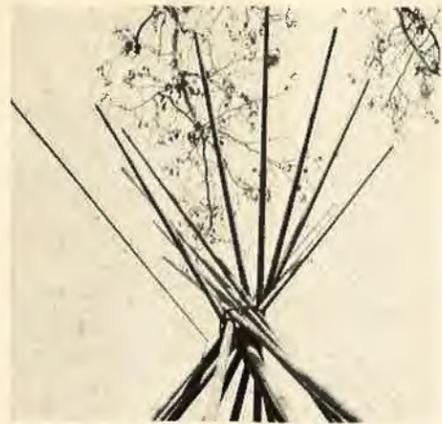
After the three bases are staked, the poles are removed and lashed together at the top with latigo leather straps.



Using the three base poles he lays out an equilateral triangle to position the base of these three poles on the ground.



Two of the base poles are placed at their stakes and the third is used to lift them into the air.



After all but the lifting poles are in place he ties the top together with a half-inch line which goes up on one pole.

tures of it in different stages of assembly and in different locations but I had yet to see it. My impression was of an unwieldy long tent-pole arrangement which would take forever to set up and the transport of the poles, they are 20 feet long, had me puzzled.

Charlie told me he was going to go out for a pre-season shakedown before he pulled out for the Utah deer season. He planned to set up his tepee and told me where he would be located if I was interested in seeing it. He mentioned I might want to bring my bow and some practice shafts since they planned a shooting session.

That Sunday I found Charlie and Bettye parked by a dry streambed in the back country of Southern California. Charlie had his tepee poles mounted on the top of his pickup-camper rig and there was no problem. He had used stair rail poles and tapered these to a small tip and wide butt. In the center he had made aluminum sleeves which would



The skin is removed from the seat of the camper and tied to the sixteenth pole—the lifting pole.

fit up around the cut poles giving them strength when sleeved together. With the sleeve system he managed to get his 20-foot poles on top of his camper in 10-foot sections and it presented no problem.

First he took the poles from the top of the carrier and as he brought them to the selected sight, he slid them together. He made them with marks to match. He carries 15 poles for the frame and two poles to control the flaps.

When he had the poles assembled he selected the three base poles and placed them in an equilateral triangle. This gave him the three points for the base poles on the ground. He marked these points with driven pegs and then tied the three poles together at the top with a latigo leather strap.

Next he took the three poles, placed two at the marked pegs and then, using the third as a lifting pole he brought the other two into the air and then placed the third pole at the third peg. This was the first step in erecting the pole skeleton for the skin to cover.

He started in a counter-clockwise direction, laying the other poles into the angles formed by the three poles. There is a tie rope attached to the base pole which he uses to lash them in place. To do this he merely held the rope and walked around the pole skeleton until he was satisfied with the top of the frame and then tied the rope to one of the poles with a rolling hitch.

The skin of the tepee is made of 60 yards of lightweight mildew- and water-resistant boat canvas. He carries this under the seat of the pickup and now he brought it to put over the pole frame. When he put up the frame I had noticed he left one pole out which should have gone in the back of the tepee.

He unrolled the canvas skin and shook the wrinkles out of it, not spreading it out but merely keeping it in the long roll he had it in. Next he tied the top of the skin to the point marked on the pole. This made the lifting pole and with it he lifted the tied canvas to the top of the frame.

He unfolded first one side and brought it around and then did the same with the other. He now had the frame covered with a very loose fitting skin. He took the front of the canvas where it met over the door and tied the three-tie strings there. He did this work in the mid-morning and the temperature was



The skin is put in position at the back of the tepee. Then it is moved around to the right side. Tepees always are set up facing east.

moving up toward 100 by then. These strings are temporary strings which allow him to stretch the skin as he proceeds around it, pulling it this way and that to get a tight fit on the frame. Next he took some 18-inch dowels and placed them through the lacing in the front of the tepee. These form a solid fitting to the front.

His next step was to take a bag of tent pegs and peg down the skin as he moved around it at the bottom. This brings the skin in very tight and he can adjust the frame poles in or out to make the skin fit properly.

He took the two long smoke poles and fitted them into the pockets sewn into the flaps. These then, are brought to the back of the tepee and by moving them around in different directions he can control the breeze through the tepee and if a



Both sides of the skin are in front and now Farmer is ready to position the upper section and tie it together. The upper section is held with 5/16" dowels. Farmer cut and painted cedar arrow shafts for these dowels.



The bottom of the skin is tightened and pegged to the ground.

fire is built inside he can control the smoke—it is impossible to be smoked out if the flaps and lower air spaces are properly made.

The modified Cheyenne style tepee looked complete at this point but there was one more item to be added. The outside skin of the tepee had about a 3-inch gap between the bottom of the skin and the ground. There is a liner made of the same material which goes inside the tepee which is tied to a line going around the poles. The liner is made with a long flap on the bottom and this flap lays on the ground.

The finished effect is that of air-conditioning. With the air rushing between the outside wall of the tepee and the inside liner it flows from the ground up through the smoke hole carrying the smoke and circulating the air continually, where there is a breeze or not. There is a continually changing air current flowing through the tepee. With the liner



The liner on the inside is tied to a line strung around the poles. This creates an air conditioning by convection currents. To cool off you raise the height of the outer skin; to warm up your lower it.

in and the skin tight it was already cooler inside the tepee in the 100 plus weather than it was in the shade.

The finished tepee looked very professional. Farmer had worked on the idea and found a book describing the early Indian dwelling and modified it from a 20-foot inside diameter to 16 foot. This gives plenty of room for two to four people and you can cook the meals inside or out depending on the weather. A small fire built in the center of the tepee, one thing which is seldom seen with a modern tent, soon warms it. If you wanted you could broil steaks over the coals sitting inside.

The Farmers have used the tepee for many years and it only shows this from a black smudge on the smoke flaps and the smoke hole at the top. The transport of the tepee is no problem. He thought of making the poles from aluminum for the light weight, but reconsidered as they often go into country where lightning might like the metal poles upon which to ground itself.

The Farmers hunt with the bow and arrow and remarked they were camped one year on the San Carlos Indian Reservation in central Arizona and had Apaches coming around for days to look at their tepee. One Apache remarked here was a white man who hunted with a bow and arrow, lived in a tepee while the Indians hunted with rifles and lived in frame houses.

The tepee served the plains Indians for many years in all kinds of weather. If I can find a method of carrying the 10-foot sections on top of my station wagon I might just have a tepee of my own next season. It costs about \$150.00 if you do all the sewing and wood-working yourself. Cheap enough considering the size of the finished product and the many features it has to offer. You can keep warm with a little fire, dry your clothes in rainy weather by running a line above and at the inside back of the tepee. You can spread out your sleeping bags and still have room for a cook table and a table to eat on and repair tackle at and maybe for a game or two of pinochle if the weather turns bad.

It took Charlie about 20 minutes to erect his portable home. The tepee isn't a new shelter, in fact, it is a very old type of shelter, but in the modern day it might prove to be a boon for the hunter who wants the convenience it has to offer. If I stay with it I should have mine ready for the next season now that I believe I have solved my shelter problem, thanks to Charlie Farmer and his Indian tepee.



One of the final interior touches is the placing of mats around the inside on the ground to help hold down the liner.



Now we are back where we started . . . viewing the beautiful four-color camping outfit built by an expert. Does yours look like the one Charlie built? Perhaps it looks even better. Your Editor would like to find out. Let's start a contest during these long winter months. Your Editor will personally guarantee a nice prize to be given the winner of this contest. I'm sure the N.F.A.A. will also have something nice to augment and encourage its members to get busy.

Though it is not a condition of the contest, we'd be pleased if your photograph is taken at your camping spot. If it's a clear and sharp photo, we guarantee it will appear in Archery Magazine. Okay?

By C. R. LEARN

Looking Back

The other day a friend asked me how the new issue of Archery looked compared to the old. My remark must have been more than confusing since he had been referring to the "new" issue of Archery while I was thinking in terms of the "old" Archery. What he had really meant was a comparison between the newer format of the magazine while I was wool gathering back in the past issues of the '40s. He walked away shaking his head, but I'm becoming accustomed to that type departure.

When someone says "old" to me now they have to clarify what they mean by "old." Old to me is the treasure trove of back issues Roy Hoff gave me to delve into for reference material. The main problem with this is when I get into the magazines I lose track of the present. We always think we're so smart with all the "new" ideas we have in the sport but if you look back it will remind you, as it did me, nothing is new, just redone a different way.

Some things can never be redone and that is history. It may repeat itself in similar circumstances, but it will never be the same. For example: I'm not sure what the record black bear is but I just read about one killed in California that weighed in at 750 pounds—killed with the old "stick" too.

Ben Malquist was given credit for killing the big bruin but two other hunters, George Johnson and Dow

Alexander, all of the San Francisco area, shot simultaneously with each arrow hitting a good spot. The bear fell from the tree and rolled downhill to stop against a tree, dead.

Now anyway you care to look at it, that is one hell of a lot of bear! We probably still have them as big but if you know where, don't tell anyone until after you write me a letter. The hide on this one measured 9 feet high and 6 feet across—sounds more like an Alaskan Brown than a California Black, doesn't it.

There has been some current controversy, or perhaps a better word would be discussion, of raising the dues to help the printing of Archery Magazine. This issue I'm reading now is the February, 1945, number which sold for 15 cents per copy. Times do change.

There is an interesting item in this issue written by W. A. Burdick of Rice Lake, Wisc., regarding the picking of a spot when shooting at game. We still have this same problem and he mentions the target people who can place all their arrows into a small spot but when confronted with the "huge" target of a deer manage to miss completely. He advocates picking a spot just behind the shoulder, pretend there is a dime at that spot and shoot the dime. This still works. If you can't seem to connect with that first, second or third deer, pick a spot in a vital area and concentrate just as you would

on the range. The big difference is the spot isn't painted on the deer, you have to imagine it while he stands there and waits—you hope—for that spot to materialize in your mind's eye before you shoot. As good a trick now as he advocated in 1945.

Moving on to the March, 1945, issue there is Fred Bear once again proving he had it with the shooting stick by bagging the biggest buck in the 1944 Allegan, Mich., hunt. This would be a change to see after reading this article by Arnold O. Haugen, that the town, the local archers and even the press turned out with awards, trophies and dinner for the over 200 hunters who turned up for the hunt that year. Right now many of us have a hard time finding access to country to hunt in, let alone finding a town which turns out to fete the hunters.

While looking at the ads in the old issue I couldn't help stopping at one which advertised loin sinew, heel tendons, sinew glue plus backing service on all types of yew and osage bows. This was by the Falcon Archery Shop of Chicago. With our sophisticated backing material today of Gordon Bo-Tuff, Bear Glass, 3M backing and others coming into prominence from the chemists' shelves, it seems wierd to think of this old-style backing. Tougher yet is to find a true sinew backed bow.

Most archers, yours truly included, are avid do-it-yourself nuts. We'd rather build most anything, within reason, than buy it. In the April, '45, issue there is an intriguing article by Cpl. J. W. Robinson on how to make a fish arrow and point. Remember this is before the aluminum or fiberglass arrows, which make fish arrows simple to make. If you have a yen for trying something new from the old files try this one recommended by the corporal.

He used shavings of pine and birch, you might use the Port Orford cedar of heavy weight and dense grain, and .38 fired brass and nails. Take the .38 brass and drill a hole in the end to accept the nail of your choice. A 16 penny should be about right for this. Place the head of the nail through the hole in the brass, pour a bit of lead; solder would do it nicely, to hold the nail firm, and place the brass with the nail point over the end of the shaft. A .38 will fit an 11/32 shaft with a bit of play, but you could take this out by crimping a bit with pliers, gently so as not to break the wood.

Take the point of the nail and flatten it out, hacksaw a piece into the

Look back to page 44.

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By C. R. LEARN

EASTON --- and aluminum

Sitting on the moon is a product which has no relation to archery except it was built by one of the leading manufacturers of archery equipment, Easton Aluminum of Van Nuys, California. When James D. Easton started tinkering with the hobby of archery in half of his garage in Watsonville, California in 1922 he probably would have scoffed at the idea of having a product made by his son in his plant and sitting on the moon's surface. The seismometer thermal shrouds were carried to the moon by Appolo 11 and 12 and were made at the Easton Aluminum plant.

"Doug" Easton started this whole thing as part of a hobby when he made hunting arrows and bows in that first Watsonville shop. He made bows of yew wood and the arrows of cedar, pine and other straight grained woods. At that time aluminum was an element not known to many but scientists. In 1924 he moved to Fresno and his archery shop enlarged to a single garage on the property and he started making target bows and arrows for the local archery clubs and still maintained his hunting line. His business was growing.

The first shop, other than a garage, was one he built from scrap wood at the back of his property on Harbor Drive in Los Angeles. At this time his business had expanded to a national scale and he made tournament yew bows and footed arrows for archers all over the country.

Business prospered and he moved into his first shop away from home, you might say, in 1932 when he took over a 50 x 60 metal warehouse in Los Angeles. He continued making the same tackle, but had to expand to keep up with the demand. He already had grown from a \$200 shop to his half-garage and then to the \$500 single garage and then to \$1,000 in his scrap lumber building and he now had an investment of over \$5,000 in the metal warehouse shop. While he was in this shop, in 1939, he made the first aluminum arrows. They were far from what they make today, but they were among the first in that line of archery tackle.

The next move necessitated by the growing business was in 1941 when he built a brand new building of frame and stucco at the corner of Fifth Avenue and

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Washington Street in West Los Angeles which gave him 3500 square feet and had brought his plant value up to \$15,000. This shop was built to encompass all phases of archery and catered to its many products.

At this time his aluminum arrows had gone thru many growing pains and the first tournament won, using Easton aluminums, was in 1942, one year after building the new plant. During the war years, aluminum was a critical product so Easton contented himself with perfecting his ideas about making better arrows from that metal. He continued testing, experimenting and improving his arrow material. There were many archers then who felt wood was the only material to make a decent arrow. Turn to page 24.



You can't hardly get 'em like this no more! Jas D. Easton proudly poses beside his brand new car; with runningboards, yet! This was in 1932 at plant number 4 on Fifth Avenue, Los Angeles.



by

GEORGE W. CATLIN

77 McLean Street,
Ballstone Spa, N. Y. 12020

COMING EVENTS

- Jan. 9-10—Bonnie Bowman, Alameda, Calif.—\$1050.
- Jan. 29-31—U. S. Open Indoor, Las Vegas, Nev.—\$20,000.
- Feb. 6-7—Junction City, Kan.—\$1800.
- Feb. 27-28—Pennsylvania Open, Kennett Square—\$2000.
- Mar. 6-7—Mitchell Open, (Mitchell, S. D.—\$1000.
- Mar. 13-14—New England Indoor Manchester, Conn.—\$1500.
- Mar. 27-28—American Indoor, Detroit, Mich.—\$12,000.
- April 24-25—Nebraskaland, Lincoln, Neb.—\$2000.
- June 5-6—Silver Eagles, New Boston, Ohio—\$3,000.
- June 27-28—Maid of the Mist, Niagara Falls, N. Y.—\$3000.
- July 17-18—Corry Archery Festival, Corry, Pa.—\$6000.
- Sept. 4-5—Round Lake Open, Round Lake, N. Y.—\$1500.
- Sept. 9-12—PAA Nationals, Grayling, Mich.—\$15,000.
- Sept. 25-26—Santee-Cooper Country, Sumter, S. C.—\$6,000.



By ANN SPARKS

1506 Marion
North Little Rock, Ark. 72114

ARKANSAS

Arkansas Valley Archers, Ft. Smith, Ark., held a special deer target shoot Sunday, Sept. 27, with 33 shooters participating. Winners were: Women Bare-bow, Dot Harris; Men, Bare-bow, Harold Hile; Men Free-style, Rickey Henderson.

Oct. 22 the Arkansas Valley Archers held a weiner roast and meeting at their range. Terry Brewer, area game warden, spoke to the group.

Everyone enjoyed the deer target shoot held in September by the

Arkansas Valley Archers, so it was repeated for the Oct. 25 shoot with the following results:

Men Bare-bow Dee Payne, Women Bare-bow Dorothy Harris, Youth Bare-bow Lewis Harris.

Burns Park Field Archery Club presented championship trophies at its September meeting. Club champions are as follows:

Men Free-style Bob Gettis, Women Free-style Nancy Teague, Bow Hunter David Thompson, Bow Hunter Open Ken Shook, Men Bare-bow Robert Lindsey, Women Bare-bow Pat Tiley, Youth Steve Gertsch.

There have been several reports of deer kills this year and there should be more now that Arkansas weather has decided to turn cold and the acorns have fallen.

Since the southern states are having difficulty getting club news and as a result are not printing monthly newspapers from which such news can be taken, please send me anything you feel would be of interest to use in this section. This report consisted entirely of Arkansas news because nothing was received from the other states. Hopefully next month will be better.

A STEP ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

By WALT BAUMANN

170 Rainbow Trail
Rainbow Lakes, Denville, N. J. 07834

They soar through the air
On great outstretched wings
Looking and searching for
Edible things

Be it a rabbit or a bird
That's come to its end
A vulture will spot it
And then will descend . . .

From the aardvark to the zebra, the various species of animal life have a certain function to perform. Each is equipped to function well. Let's take a look at the equipment a turkey vulture brings to the job, for example.

First of all, the turkey vulture ranges from the southern stretch of Canada southward throughout the United States, Mexico and South America to the Falkland Islands. That's a lot of territory, so your chances of seeing one are pretty good, especially if you get around.

Now that you know where to look, and if you are hot on seeing a turkey vulture in the feathers, I suppose it

would be helpful to know just what to look for, especially if you've never seen a turkey vulture before. So I'll describe one for you.

Truthfully, maybe you'll be sorry if you finally see one. Turkey vultures are pretty awful looking; they kinda turn your stomach, especially when they're tearing around on the putrid flesh of a dead cow. Moreover, their appearance doesn't improve much when they are dining on the flesh of a freshly killed animal, a car-killed rabbit, for example. So don't get mad at me if you get to see a turkey vulture and don't like it. I don't like them, either.

From the top of its wrinkled, unfeathered red head to the end of its dark tail feathers, a turkey vulture is about 30 inches long. In size and appearance it resembles a young farm-raised turkey, which is why it is called the turkey vulture in the first place. They are also called other names by people staggering around on the desert.

There's no doubt turkey vultures look dreadful while on the ground, being so dull black and all that. Come to think of it, they don't look much better when sitting around in dead trees. In fact, the only time turkey vultures look good is when they are soaring around on their six-foot wingspans, and best of all when soaring away.

Turkey vultures do most of their soaring over open land, looking around for something which isn't moving. Nature has seen to it the foot of the turkey vultures are weak, and the talons are not curved like those of the hawks. Hence, they cannot dive and kill.

Nature's cleanup crew does a good job. Their appetite is insatiable, and they will disgorge food and go right on eating until the cleanup job is done.

Turkey vultures do not built nests, but dwell in hollow logs and rotted out stumps. At night they often roost in great numbers, in dead trees or swamp areas where they will be undisturbed. When the sun rises and the thermal drafts are to their liking, they take to the sky and their daily hunt.

A mother vulture lays two eggs, which are cream colored, marked with dark brown, on the floor of her nesting spot. In 30 to 40 days the eggs are hatched, and in about 8 to 10 weeks the young are flying, looking for something to eat.

Protected by law in many of our states, turkey vultures perform a very valuable service. They may not look pretty, but be thankful they are here.



Photo of 1970 Cobo Hall Indoor Archery Championship participants and spectators.

BEAR ARCHERY INDOOR

The world's largest participant archery competition has been scheduled for March 27th and 28th, by Bear Archery, Division of Victor Compotometer, of Grayling, Michigan.

The "Bear American Indoor Archery Championship," with over \$12,000 in cash prizes. In the past this tournament has been the show-place of International, National, State and Local Champions.

Cobo Hall, in Detroit, Michigan, long has been known to participants and spectators as "archery's family reunion." The place to get together with old friends and meet new ones among world-famous competitors; archery champions, movie and television stars and astronauts.

Being located in Detroit, your get-togethers might lead you to some of the most famous of nightclubs and restaurants or even a trip to Canada just a few miles from the tournament site.

The Bear American Indoor Archery Championship has been scheduled for all divisions of participants: Open Amateur, Team, Bare-bow, Free-style. Divisions: Men and Women and the Junior Olympians. Being a part of the good time, sharing the thrill of winning or the heartbreak of loss will be yours to remember. Register now! Turn to pages 15 and 16 for schedule of events and entry blanks.

Registration has already been received from Victor Berger, winner of the 1970 U. S. Open Indoor Championship, with an all-time world's record

score of 899 out of a possible 900. He is current PAIA number one money winner and national champion. Also registered is the 1969 Cobo Hall Indoor Championship winner and current Texas Field Champion, Riek Gilley. There will be a host of champions and you'll be participating near one, possibly in your own target group at the Bear American.

You have an opportunity to win one of the seventy cash awards in the Open Division's Flight Awards System or one of the Amateur or Junior Olympic Trophies.

In the Flight Awards Competition, all archers in the Open Division not competing in the Championship Flight will automatically be entered in the competition of the Ten Graduated Flights totaling forty cash prizes. The Amateur Division is not eligible.

To outline the Flight Competition, since this is a new part of the Bear American Indoor, this is how it works: Upon completion of the first day's round of competition, individual scores will be listed in numerical order beginning with the highest score. The scores will then be divided into eleven separate flights. The first flight will be the "Championship Flight" and ten graduated flights below the Championship Flight, with four places being awarded in each flight. There is a strong indication the Amateur events will again be of the highest competitive caliber.

The Amateur Division has grown in almost every year of this tournament. Many think the increase in the number of Amateur archers is directly caused by the sport being accepted by the Olympics as a Gold Medal Event in the 1972 Olympic Games. There will be four divisions for Amateurs in the

Bear American Indoor: Men and Women; bare-bow and free-style. The first, second and third place winners of each of these divisions will receive trophies.

This year the Team Event has some slight modifications. There will be competition in both Open and Amateur divisions. There will be six divisions: Men and Women Open, Amateur Men (freestyle and bare-bow) and Women (freestyle and bare-bow).

All teams will have four members, all from the same state. In the Men's Open Team Event, women may compete on the team. In the Amateur Team Event, only Amateurs can compete and all must be shooting the same style, either bare-bow or free-style. Each individual's first-round score will be used for the team event score. Ties in the Team Match will be decided by totaling the place tied cash award and dividing it equally among those tied in the Open Team Division. The Amateur Division will use the N.A.A. rules for breaking ties. In order to compete in the Team Matches, each archer must be registered as an individual first. The deadline for team registration is March 10th. THE SAME AS FOR INDIVIDUALS. In registering the team please give the four members' names on the team, the state, the name of the team, and the division: Men or Women Open, Men or Women Amateur—bare-bow or free-style.

In the Amateur Divisions, the winning team will receive a beautiful trophy, and each member of that team will receive a medallion Saturday Evening, March 27th, the participants area will be buzzing with activity until the starting whistle is heard. Then the intense determination is seen on the faces of hundreds of youngsters under eighteen years of age.



A secretary

**GOES
BEAR HUNTING**

★
By
**ESTHER
KROM**



Izzy's bear hide was in fine condition without rub marks.

Early Saturday morning, July 11, Isadora "Izzy" Donatiello, Walt Krom, my husband, and I left for Maine for a two-week black bear hunt with the bow and arrow.

I have met many people who think it unusual for a girl to enjoy hunting, especially someone who never has lived in the country. Working as a secretary, I look forward to week-ends and vacation time to relax and enjoy the outdoors. This was my first "big" game hunt although I have hunted mule deer and have taken a whitetail and various small game animals with the bow and arrow. Izzy has hunted moose and caribou and Walt has hunted mule deer, moose, grizzly bears and black bears and each has his share of white-tails.

Our guide for the two weeks was Phil Copp, Route 16, Stratton, Maine, who is known among many archers in our area of New Jersey for his excellent black bear hunts. Phil, a bow hunter himself, has taken white-tail deer, black bears and a mountain lion with the bow. He has available two types of hunts, one is sitting bait. At times he has 20 or more baits set out in a 50-mile area, and many of his baits are set up with a bow hunter in mind. The other type of hunt is with his pack of fine bear hounds. Phil has approximately 35 to 40 hounds which he keeps in a large shaded area behind his house, each dog having his own house and tie area. We were going to hunt with the hounds.

After about ten hours traveling time we arrived at Phil's place which is in the heart of logging country, thick with many varieties of pine trees. Phil had just returned from picking up one of the dogs who had been lost on a bear chase the week before. He loses dogs rather often when they tree a bear out of hearing. At night the pack usually will leave a treed bear, and Phil has to drive the roads looking for the dogs. It may take him several days to get all his dogs back. Many of the people in the area know his dogs and will bring them home or call and let him know where a dog can be located.

We prepared our camp across the road from Phil's
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house. Izzy was staying in the trailer which is available to hunters, and Walt and I set up our tent to store our gear because we would be sleeping in our camper. After everything was set up, we went into Stratton to have dinner. Phil was with us and invited us to go with him on Sunday to "sweeten up" some of his baits.

Sunday morning Izzy and I had a difficult time getting Walt, who is an official measurer for the Pope and Young Club, to go for breakfast. He had located a few old skulls around Phil's place which would have made the record book if they had been shot with the bow. Four hunters who stopped to pick up two hides Phil was holding for them asked Walt to measure a possible Pope and Young record book bear they had taken with the bow the week before. We always had been under the impression there weren't very many record book size black bears in Maine.

When we returned from breakfast, we went with Phil to the various baits. Everyone of the baits visited was being worked on by bears. The difficult part about bait hunting is the bears must come in before dark, and a number of the baits are worked after dark. If nothing happened during the first week of our hunt with the dogs, Walt and I planned to sit on baits the second week in addition to hunting with the dogs.

That afternoon we did some target shooting, and Izzy got his equipment ready for Monday morning. He was going to use a 59-pound Hoyt Medalist Hunter and carry three dozen arrows mounted with Double 03 broadheads and two-edged Bear Razorheads. We learned from other people's experience with this type of hunt it is better to carry extra arrows as the bear may be well hidden in the tree and difficult to hit.

The first bear was to be Izzy's. I was to get the third one, so I planned to enjoy the two weeks of hunting expecting if we were real lucky I would possibly go home with a bear.

At 5:30 a.m. Monday, Izzy and Walt helped Phil and his dog-handler, Danny, load the dogs into the truck. I just watched what was happening as I didn't think I could handle the dogs too well. Later I did try to help with the dogs as they were very well mannered and



Walt's bear hide was in excellent condition. It had a nice deep color to go along with the thick pelt.

just eager to get out hunting. Although I am not really familiar with hound dogs, it didn't take me long to appreciate the beautiful disposition of these animals. The all male pack of nine or ten dogs consists primarily of Walkers and Black and Tans.

Once we were on the road, I lost all sense of direction. We were winding through mountain pine forests and then we weren't down in the brushy lowland too long before the dogs struck what appeared to be a good "track." Phil held the pack until his strike dog checked the track to be sure the scent was good and could be followed. It is hard to explain the excitement of a strike without the sounds of the barking hounds straining to be free to take up the chase. It wasn't long after all the dogs were gone we knew something was wrong. Phil stated there were too many tracks as we could hear dogs on both sides of us and see them crossing the road back and forth. Bears were apparently coming to this area to look for grubs in old stumps and logs. When Buck, Phil's favorite strike dog, returned, Phil decided he would rely on Buck's decision the track couldn't be worked out and we proceeded to round up the pack. Phil does this by calling and blowing the horn of his truck. If the dogs hear him, they come in.

We didn't go too far down the road when the dogs struck another track which was a good one. It was again our job to wait and listen for the pack. The dogs went to our right, we heard them circle around in front of us to the left and finally they were out of hearing. Now came the difficult part. Locating the pack once they caught up with the bear and finally tree it. We would either get a bear or lose the pack. The rest of the morning and part of the afternoon was spent listening for the dogs. It looked like we would be spending part of the night picking up the dogs who would leave the treed bear at night.

But Izzy was lucky. Phil heard the dogs tree barking off in the distance after we traveled up and down several very difficult dirt roads stopping at each rise in the road to listen. Most of the dirt roads have such obstacles as collapsed wooden bridges, exposed drain pipes, washed out rocks and logs and very large pot holes. Driving as close as was possible to the sound of the barking dogs, we left the road and headed into

the woods on foot. I would have sworn we were going in the wrong direction. The sound in the woods is very deceiving especially if you live in the city. My husband said to me before we went in to the dogs he would stay back with me if I felt I couldn't keep up. Izzy was carrying his equipment and Walt was carrying the cameras—I didn't have to carry anything which made the walk easier for me.

Our half-mile trek into the woods was a bit rough as we had to climb over and through brush pines, go up a steep grade and walk through mossy bogs. We stopped to rest for a "minute" several times. One of the dogs came out to meet us shortly before we got to the tree. This is where Izzy strung his bow and put on his archery equipment. He was ready to go and Walt was ready with the camera. Phil had his .44 revolver loaded which is a precautionary measure in case an injured bear comes out of the tree and threatens the life of a dog. He had previously told us a wounded bear sometimes falls from the tree, the dogs, of course, thinking the bear is dead rush in without their usual caution.

We then proceeded to the tree and the bedlam of hounds. The bear had picked the tallest, fattest tree in the area and was on the lowest branch which was about 25 yards up. Around the base of the tree were very thick pines as high as a tall man. Because they were so dense, Izzy had to shoot on the outskirts of these pines. The dogs were milling about in between the trees. Izzy had a 30-yard shot, hitting the bear with the first arrow. He followed with another arrow which we later found had penetrated the heart.

Everything was quiet. The dogs were immediately on the carcass mouthing it. We all had to scramble through the small pines to get to the base of the tree where the bear was. As he was behind the tree from where I was coming, I decided to go around the tree on Phil's side. It seemed a lot safer. I was amazed at what had taken place since I was standing all the while in an advantageous spot where I saw all the action. Boy, was Izzy proud. He had bagged a beautiful bear which Phil estimated was five years old.

As pictures were being taken and the bear skinned, I was reflecting on what had happened and seriously thinking I made a mistake to come black bear

hunting. Izzy had seemed so calm and confident. I was only watching and couldn't control my excitement. My stomach was flipping and I probably was shouting when that bear came down the tree. I know I was shouting to myself if not aloud.

Once the bear was killed it seemed like every insect in the woods converged on us. Luckily, because of the daily problem we were having with the various biting insects, we had packed insect repellent with the cameras. Not only were we liberally applying it, Phil was, too, even though he usually is not bothered by insects. (I had noticed one day while we were all sitting around talking, the bugs which were flying around us never went near the natives of Maine.)

After the bear was skinned, pieces of meat were cut and fed to each dog. Once the pack got their share of the meat we headed back to the road, the dogs walking quietly with us.

That night, after Izzy called Barbara, his wife, to tell her the good news, we sat around talking about our first day of the hunt. Walt was busy giving his equipment: two dozen wood arrows and his 55-pound Bear Super Kodiak bow a final check. He used Bear Razor-head broadheads with inserts on his arrows because they flew better.

It wasn't long after we started Tuesday morning the dogs hit a track. Once they were off we continued down the dirt road to keep them within hearing. This road was like a highway compared to the roads we traveled yesterday. We went some distance before we stopped to listen. It wasn't too long before Phil said it sounds like Buck caught up with the bear, and soon after they were over the mountain and out of hearing. Off in the direction we came from we could faintly hear One Eye Sam barking. This particular dog

has the loudest voice in the pack which was out today. We drove back down the road and listened for a long while before Phil said it sounded like the dogs were baying a bear who won't tree. They were out of hearing in a short time. This meant going into the woods and trying to catch up with the bear and dogs. Walt felt it would be better if I stayed by the truck for this chase, and they headed in the direction they last heard the dogs.

I was kind of glad I didn't go with them. I had seen the size of the mountain they were headed for and they had no idea how long the dogs could keep the bayed bear from running.

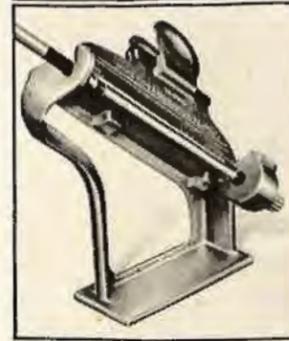
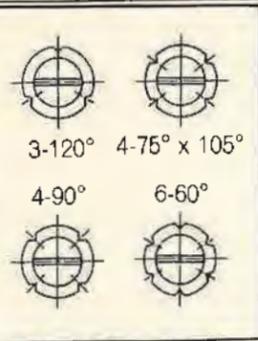
It was a long while before I heard dogs. Without Phil around I couldn't tell what was happening, but they were coming closer and then the sound stayed stationary. Shortly before 10:00 a.m. I knew they had treed the bear, the barking was so consistently loud. When the barking stopped at 9:55 a.m., I knew my husband had a bear. I was not to be disappointed. It was a three-year-old. Such luck - - - two bears in two days! Now it was my turn and I had over a week and a half to try for a bear.

Months before this hunt I was practicing with my previous bow which was 43 pounds. It took me a while before I felt I could shoot my husband's old 53-pound Pearson Conquerer without hurting my arm from the strain. The biggest help in building up to the weight was drawing the bow back without an arrow several times on the days I didn't have an opportunity to practice. Because of my short draw length the actual bow weight was proportionately lower, therefore, my four dozen wood arrows, which Walt made for me, were tipped with Bear Razorhead broadheads without in-

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serts in order to give my arrow deeper penetration. Aside from the fact my husband felt my equipment was rather light for bear, I expected to have an unbelievably difficult shot so I tried to practice at 30 and 40 yards preparing myself for the worst possible situation. Last year Walt had a 40-yard shot at a small patch of bear in a very thick pine tree.

Izzy and Walt kept telling me I had nothing to worry about. I wanted Walt to be proud of me on this hunt, and I didn't know how much composure I could maintain. I am in complete control of my emotions when I am deer hunting, but after experiencing the excitement with Izzy's bear, I didn't know what my reactions would be. Phil had mentioned I was the first woman bow hunter he ever had guided, and I had to prove myself as a hunter and archer, but the confidence wasn't there after seeing my first bear kill.

Wednesday morning, after we loaded the dogs and the ice chest filled with soda, we started out for the mountains. As we drove the dirt roads, I kept watching the terrain and trees. It seemed the forest wouldn't be too difficult to get through since it was well crisscrossed with roads, but some of the trees were gigantic.

Around 11 a.m., we quit for the day. The dogs didn't open up once; there just wasn't any action. We were all tired and figured everyone would be better rested for the next day.

At 6:45 a.m. Thursday, Benny opened up on my bear track. Phil backed the truck up off the road and let the pack out. About five minutes later they were barking treed. The dogs had winded the bear which probably was 50 or 60 yards in from the road when we passed. It is very unusual to tree a bear so quickly except when it is startled without warning by a pack of dogs as happened in this case. It happened so quick.

Walt called to me: "Get your stuff, we're going in."

Phil walked down the road a way looking for an easier path before he cut in. The terrain we were in was lowland bog and swamp. There were patches of laurel you had to force your way through, and I stepped on several patches of decayed wood which gave under my weight. I was sorry I didn't have on my hunting boots which were still drying from Izzy's hunt. I had regular snow boots on and in several places it was difficult getting them out of the bog without losing them. I was the last one getting to where Phil stopped which was shortly before the tree, and I wasn't even carrying my equipment. Walt had the cameras and my bow and Izzy had my quiver. I put my archery equipment on while Walt strung the bow. Izzy was going to hand me arrows as I needed them since I never had used a back quiver. We then followed Phil to the tree which was the largest in the area. The first place I stopped to look at the bear looked like it would be a good place to shoot. I just had to clear the branches which were between me and the bear, but the angle would be good as the bear was standing on two branches which were between me and the bear, but the angle would be good as the bear was standing on two of the limbs giving me a broadside shot. However, Walt and Phil were standing to my left and called me over there. I went figuring they had picked a good place to shoot through. When I got there, I didn't like the shot, the arrow would have had to angle forward too much although there were no branches in the way. I mentioned to Walt I didn't like the shot and went back to my original place. All the while I was doing this I couldn't get over how crowded it seemed under the tree. Everywhere I turned there seemed to be either people or dogs. I forgot Izzy was close by to hand

me arrows and Walt was trying to take pictures. The only thing I was thinking of about that time was how to shoot the bear. When I finally got back to my original spot, I know I was calm in drawing my bow and thankful for having practiced shooting in trees. Although it was about a 20-yard shot, I had to have the right upward angle and still keep my full draw length. As I was drawing the bow my husband reminded me to pick a spot. My first arrow hit the bear in what I thought was the low neck causing the animal to move a little. The second shot looked just as bad to me. From where I stood it appeared to be high in the chest. I never had a chance at a third shot. The bear had immediately come down the tree, jumped over the dogs and was gone. The dogs and Phil ran after it, and I followed as fast as I could. Izzy and Walt were with me. I lost my kamo hat and had to stop to pick it up as it was protecting my head from the branches we were plowing through. We heard Phil yelling in the distance and when we got there, the bear was dead. It had collapsed on the run. Phil was letting the dogs mouth the carcass for a while before he pulled them off. I couldn't believe there on the ground was my bear. It had all happened so fast.

I thought my shots were bad and was very anxious to find exactly where my arrows hit, and in quickly looking over the bear we found one arrow hole in the low front chest which probably had done the job. After the bear was skinned, we found the two arrow holes three inches apart in the chest and the lungs and heart wall were cut. Phil estimated my bear to be ten years old. Although it appeared small in the tree, it was the largest of the three bears taken, and it had the thickest pelt in addition to a white "V" on its chest.

As we were taking pictures, I finally had a chance to admire and look over my trophy. I was amazed I had done it so easily and calmly. I had approached the treed bear as a hunter, excited maybe, but calm enough to evaluate the situation and shoot a good arrow.

Three bears in four days. It was a very remarkable hunt. We had been very lucky for we never lost the dog pack.



Miss Kathleen Arnett, Queen of the 1971 Tournament of Roses, gets a few pointers on how to shoot a bow and arrow from noted archer John Alley. Both are graduates from the same high school and Pasadena (Calif.) City College which Kathy now attends. Alley, a member of CBH recently returned from a bow hunting safari in the Hawaiian Islands where he took a prized sheep and a record class bear.

• Photo by RONALD TOM

Phil Copp, who is rather quiet until you get to know him, is an excellent guide, a man truly devoted to his dogs and eager to please his hunters.

We were three very happy hunters returning home with three beautiful bears and very exciting memories of an exceptionally lucky hunt.

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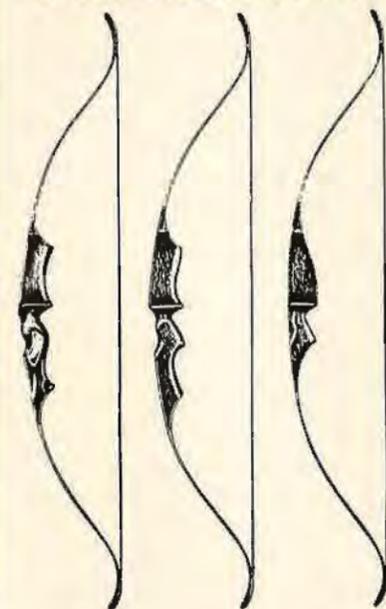
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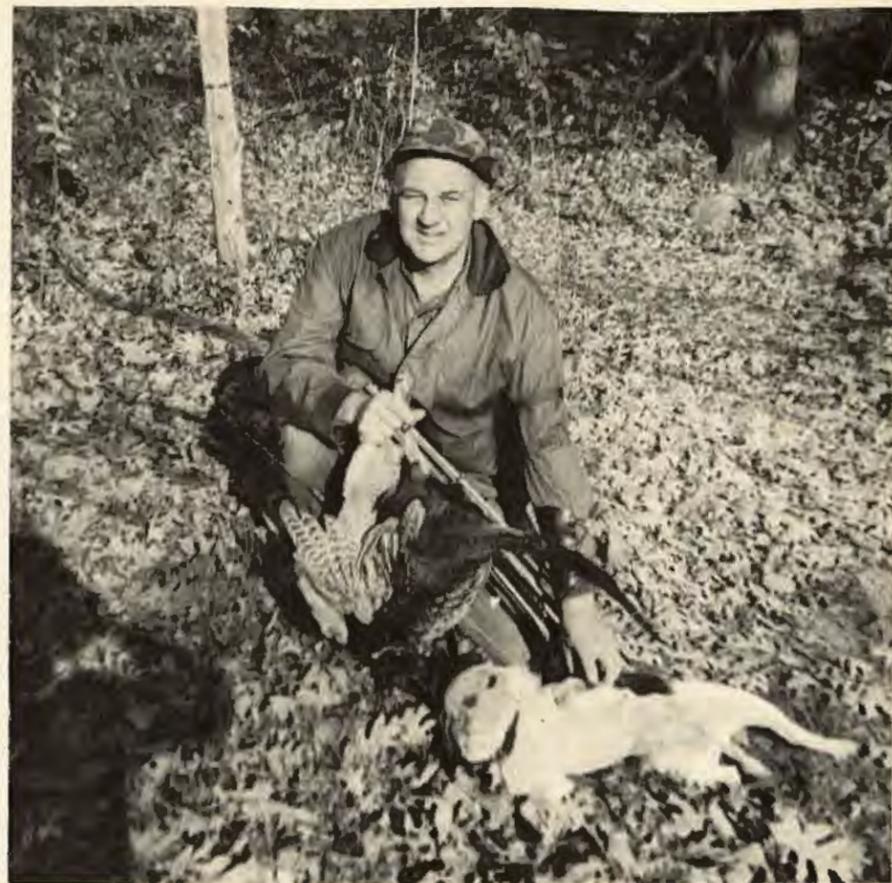
BOW HUNTER'S PAGE

No venison in the freezer and my shirt-tail is in jeopardy for I had my chances and didn't connect. The Jersey gun season is still ahead and since bow hunting is allowed for bucks only, I'll be out once more but the chances look pretty slim. I'm reminded of a pro football game I saw recently. The quarterback didn't look too bad, the defensive and offensive lines seemed to be working hard, but somehow they couldn't put it all together as a team. That's the story of my season. Good stalk, lousy shot. Right place, wrong time. Wrong place, right time, etc. But I still had a wonderful time.

Actually after all these years, the actual taking of a deer is becoming less important all the time. But it's still a great thrill and particularly, it hurts when you miss out because you just can't seem to do it right.

Our Jersey season was a warm one and the bucks didn't start roaming until the last week. Then only one week later a forkie walked right up to where a group with whom I was small-game hunting were sitting and yaking. They could hardly chase that love-struck whitetail back into the bush. For myself, I saw only two bucks during the entire Jersey season and both were much too far away for a shot.

Our Catskill hunting didn't pan out either. I got caught at work and only managed one day, which makes it pretty expensive at \$38.50 for the license. In spite of perfect weather for still hunting I didn't see a deer. The group with whom I usually hunt had a similar experience during an earlier four-day hunt. It's hard to figure out, but for the first time we spotted some "brush wolves" or coyotes or some similar animal in the area. Each noon when the nearby



The Bow Hunter's Page highly touts the hunting of small game with the bow and arrow as on a par with deer hunting. Visible proof . . . and not just words . . . is herewith presented. Dick Sage and one of his two beagles show off an opening day bag of a pheasant and a rabbit taken with the bow in New Jersey.

village whistle would blow, they would howl in chorus. Although I'm not too familiar with these animals, they sounded like the coyotes I've heard out West. The local people claim they've seen less deer than ever and are blaming it on these coyotes or whatever they are. I don't know if they are right or not but there can be little argument deer were mighty scarce in the valley this year. I suspect the plentitude of apples all over the mountains may have kept the deer more scattered than usual. In other years we've tended to find them concentrated near the valley orchards in the morning, and evening. This fall they just weren't working their usual haunts at the usual times.

I noticed something else which disturbed me. Some bow hunters had converted their cars to "hunting vehicles" by wiring plank platforms to the rear bumpers and riding the roads before daybreak and right at dark. This not only spooked the deer for the legal hunters but shots taken at these hours are mighty apt to produce wounded animals which are not recovered by the hunters. I

was surprised the local wardens put an end to the practice for they patrol the area religiously.

But while the deer season is practically a thing of the past, small-game season is in full swing and will continue until nearly the end of February 1971. In contrast to my poor results of the deer season, I opened the small-game period with a nice cock pheasant and a rabbit. Believe me, tain't often you get a good crack at a wild ringneck with a bow and arrow.

I won't belabor the point more but if you've never hunted cottontails with the bow and beagles, you're missing a wonderful experience. You won't get fat eating the bunnies you'll bag but every other facet of rabbit hunting will give you as much enjoyment as any other game you may seek.

Tree stands seem to be more and more the hunting method of the bow hunter. This year the group with whom I hunt in Jersey had 14 of them built on our farm. Since six is the maximum number of bow hunters we have on any one day, obviously many of the stands are vacant. I

BOW HUNTERS TIP OF THE MONTH

Serious bow hunters should have a spare bow fully equipped and ready to go if their primary weapon meets with misfortune. This is particularly true if you hunt in remote areas where equipment failure can totally abort a hunt. Probably the best method of acquiring this second bow is to hang onto your present one when it is retired in favor of a new model. The "spare" will then be familiar to you and you'll have the necessary accessories such as extra strings, nocking points, matched arrows, etc., readily available. A much poorer method is to buy a second-hand or lower-cost model to serve in an emergency. You'll seldom be willing to spend time practice shooting an inferior spare and when it's needed, it may be a real handicap because its feel and the shooting characteristics are drastically different.

in the wrong place they are inferior to ground stands because it is nearly impossible to move from them once a deer is spotted that is not coming close. If the deer aren't moving, they aren't worth a darn.

Although I spent a good deal of my prime Jersey hunting time in a tree stand at one location or another, I still don't enjoy it nearly as much as stalking. With out small farm and relatively large group it is the only practical way for the area to be hunted. If the season opened four or five weeks later at the beginning of the rut, it would be an almost sure-fire way of bagging a buck with the bow. But it is a sedentary sport and I'm not yet ready for that either mentally or physically. I'll remember far longer the drizzly day in the Catskills which I spent walking the trails and logging roads. The woods were ultra quiet. It was properly cool for slow walking and it was cloudy. I really felt like I was hunting as a hunter should hunt. I expected to see a deer with each step and was more surprised than disappointed when none showed. For me tree

stands are a last resort and although hunting from them is still a thrill, it will never match the excitement of a successful stalk.

Every year after the bow season is over, I find it necessary to work harder than ever to shoot the field scores which I could shoot during the summer. For me, bow hunting develops habits which don't affect my shooting at game, stumps, and the like, but they hurt on the field range. Principal among these bad habits is the failure to pull with my back muscles. So often hunting shots must be made from awkward positions where you can't tense those back muscles as you should. Also, I shoot instinctively and much more rapidly than I do on the longer shots on the field range. As a result I find myself shooting the longer field shots poorly, sometimes to the point of distraction. The cause is always the same, I just don't put my back muscles to work and I pull with my arm. The problem doesn't occur at the shorter indoor distances we shoot, just on the long shots outdoors. Archery can be plagued with frustrations!

seemed the deer, without fail, elected to use the paths near these vacant stands. On opening morning the stand we all voted "most likely" produced a big doe for a long-time bow hunter who had never managed to bag a whitetail. Thereafter that stand was occupied regularly but no one else had a shot. For myself, I never came close to having a shot from any stand I occupied. The others had shots but didn't connect.

Actually, you can get such a "thing" about tree stands you forget you took deer for years without them. In one instance we continued to use a stand from which we could easily see the deer although they were consistently at the extreme limits of shooting ranges. Finally, we got smart and put a ground stand at the point the deer were leaving the field and the next morning the occupant had three good close shots, all of which, unfortunately, he missed.

It boils down to a pretty simple fact. Tree stands are great if properly located and the deer are moving. They provide better shots on the average than do ground blinds or the shots you will get while stalking. Visibility is generally better so you are more apt to be ready when a shot is presented. And if you need to change your position to make the shot, you can usually do it without alarming the deer. But if they are



"Of course we haven't seen anything yet. You don't expect the deer to be out in this kind of weather."



EASTON AND ALUMINUM

Continued from page thirteen.

After the war ended, production moved into high gear as aluminum again became available. Plant Five was the turning point in the production and acceptance of his product. During the Korean War he did obtain a contract to make radiation dosimeters for a scientific company. They demanded and obtained extremely close tolerances and Easton met them, not only did he meet the requirements, but made them, with no rejects, for a fraction of what they had cost the company before with a different process. If he could satisfy a scientific company with the quality of his product it was a matter of time till more archers accepted the aluminum arrows. The archers were using more and more of the aluminum shafts and winning more and more tournaments with them. Winning always helps in selling any product.

Plant Six was built of concrete block in a location in Van Nuys which became a familiar address to many dealers and archers on Califa Street. Easton now had a 10,000 square foot plant with an investment of about \$75,000 in 1957. During his stay in this plant location he became the sole distributor of the Brownell string materials, a distributor of Bjorn archery accessories and branched out into other fields in his aluminum production. Archers had found a good product and liked the consistency of Easton aluminum.

In 1952 Easton again was pressed for space. He built a 7500 square foot addition on the front of the Califa plant location. He moved the offices and shipping sections to this addition and moved in more machinery to keep up with the demand. He now had mushroomed his initial \$200 Watsonville investment to over a quarter million dollar facility. They picked up contracts to make ski poles from their proven process in 1966, and in 1968 they added golf shafts to their production line.

While they tested these new products and tooled up to put them into production they continued making more and more Easton aluminum shafts. They had ex-

Doug Easton built this plant number three from scrap lumber. The location was in the rear of 4303 Halldale in Los Angeles. This was his first shop other than half of the garage.

panded from the 24SRT-X shafts to include the XX75 line with a different alloy content and then went beyond that to the X7 which is even more bend-resistant.

They now have stocked over half a million shafts in their shipping section to insure prompt delivery of dealer orders. The inventory had risen from a few sizes to 22 in two alloys and nine sizes in the X7 alloy. They now can supply an arrow to match a ten-pound spine with the 1413 shaft to a heavy hunter in 2219 which will shoot from a 100-pound bow. They make all the arrow components in the plant except the broadhead adapters.

With this production and stocking of finished products and the addition of the ski poles and golf shafts Doug Easton again felt the walls crowding in on him. In 1959 his son, Jim, joined him in the production of their products and works very closely in the operation of the plant and developing new products.

In March, 1968, Doug Easton again turned the first shovel of earth for a bigger and newer plant. They



Plant five was built of frame and stucco at 1807 Fifth Avenue, Los Angeles. It was a complete archery shop and at this time Easton further developed his aluminum shafts. Plant was built in 1941 and had 3500 square feet.

ARCHERY January, 1971



The address which became familiar to many archers and dealers is 15137 Califa Street in Van Nuys. Easton built this plant in 1957 and was number six in growth of Easton Aluminum.

stayed in the Van Nuys area, but they now have a new plant which has over 58,000 square feet on two acres of land to provide parking and maybe more additions in the future. This new building was made of what is termed "tilt-up" concrete. They pour the sections of reinforced concrete in entire walls and then "tilt" them up and join them together. The new building houses some of the old machinery, but new machines are being brought in to keep up with the increased demands for a quality product which has stood up over the years and still is a standard. The production of the Easton arrow shaft material has improved in quality and increased in volume. They still use the master set of aluminum arrows set up by Doug Easton when he perfected his process. They didn't need new materials, only more room to make the same ones.

While they were in Plant Six on Califa they obtained a NASA contract to build the very exacting thermal shrouds of aluminum and plastic film for the moon experimental package. They aren't made of tubing, but they are made at the Easton plant. What had started in a backyard shop had literally gone to the moon.



In 1962 Easton added 7200 square feet to the existing Califa facility. The addition housed the offices and shipping sections. While in this plant they expanded to include ski poles and golf shafts in their growing list of products. They also built the shroud for the moon seismometer.

ARCHERY January, 1971

THE BOW YOU SHOOT...



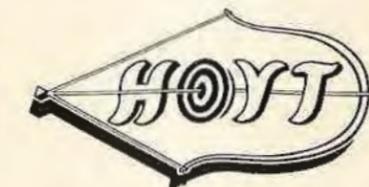
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In 1968 Doug Easton commissioned the building of their present location in Van Nuys. This is an artist's conception. For the real thing see this month's cover. This was the eighth plant since starting in 1922.

Easton sells his shaft materials (they don't make a finished arrow) to over 30 countries around the world. The export of Easton shafts is rising about 20% per year. The majority of this export is target material and the hunting shafts and components are sold here in the States and Canada. They are planning to increase the stock on hand from half a million to about a million. This insures prompt delivery on orders, something which is a must in good business. With the machinery, stock and building area the value of the new plant will just about equal the amount of stock on hand, well over a million. Quite a jump from a \$200 start.

Doug and Jim Easton always are testing and experimenting. The next thing they plan to add to the standard shaft line in late 1970 or 1971 will be dull, anodized, colored hunting shafts. They have been working on the process for years and it now meets their quality standards. It will be put into production and will be available on several private label shafts in the very near future.

At present, Easton maintains their shaft inventory, the bowstring materials. Bjorn components they import from Sweden, but they sell nothing in a complete state.

"We don't want to compete with our customers," Doug Easton commented. If you want an Easton target arrow you will have to go to your local dealer. They just don't make them in the Easton plant - - shafts, yes, arrows no.

During all the plant expansion and the many moves which Doug Easton has made over the years he has kept some of his old stock on hand. As a contrast to the ultramodern plant and the sleek shining shaft materials he has over 2,000 yew staves he has carried from plant to plant for over 30 years. He supplies a few staves from time to time to the palace guards in England to make ceremonial bows.

Yew wood doesn't deteriorate over the years; it just gets better. There may be a comparison between the proven quality of the old yew wood which gets better with time and the constant growth and maintained quality of the Easton aluminum products.

I should like to digress before adding "thirty" to this history of Doug Easton to pass along some reminiscent remarks of your Editor who has been much more than just well acquainted with Doug since the era of wood arrows and lemonwood bows. "Yeah," Roy said, "I actually accompanied Doug Easton, Howard Mathisen and others in a group of bow hunters to the San Jua-

quin River, near Red's Meadow, in California's Sierra Nevada country circa 1943. My bow was the very latest bamboo-backed yew, of which I was very proud. As we strung our bows on opening morning, I couldn't help but notice Doug's 'latest production.' Believe it or not, he displayed for my inspection a brand new lemonwood bow; one which he had whittled out the night before leaving his shop in Los Angeles. It was a self stave, with rectangular limbs and, of all things, no handle or arrow-rest! We kidded Doug about not being able to afford a decent bow. In retaliation, Doug said, 'Okay, you guys, I'll betcha I get just as many deer as any of you.' He continued with, 'that gang of bow hunters moved in on me at the last minute and bought everything I had in the shop, including my favorite hunting bow. I couldn't very well refuse 'em, could I?'"

"No bets were made, and it was a good thing. None of us even got a shot at a deer"

"In those days," Roy added with a sort of tongue-in-cheek manner, "aluminum arrows were bad words and in some circles it was suggested there should be enacted a law which would preclude their use both in competition and in the woods for hunting!"



"Why, yes, as a matter of fact, I AM bunny hunting!"

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By
**JOHN
LAMICQ, JR.**

When I was a youngster on our farm near Roosevelt, Utah, I often heard Mom and Dad tell stories about mountain lions and during my early youth I figured the big cat was a close relative of a Bengal tiger and I'd better watch out or one might chew me up. I shouldn't wonder but what many a lad out West has had the same reaction. This, of course, as I grew to manhood I learned is really a rarity. According to an article in Sports Illustrated: "Deaths attributed to the lion can be considered to be well under a dozen in the entire history of the United States . . ."

To my knowledge there has been only one authenticated case of a lion attacking a human being. Records show in 1924, in the State of Washington, a 13-year-old boy was trailed, chased, struck down and partly devoured by a very old lion. No eyewitnesses were on the scene, but the gruesome story was easily reconstructed from the evidence found in the fresh snow: matted bits of clothing and hair, matching the boy's, found in the lion's stomach when the animal was captured a short time later.

Though I had been a bow hunter for a good many years, the idea of hunting lions never entered my mind, even though I had bagged 18 mule deer, three of whom made the Pope and Young record book. The largest muley scored 188-5/8 points (typical) and ranks third in the all-time records. I also have hunted bobcats and numerous small game. In fact, I am the proud possessor of the first Crossed Arrow Award given me by the National Field Archery Association which is emblematic of their small game awards program.

A couple of years ago I decided I'd like to try

Now I faced the moment of truth! I certainly would have to draw upon all my experience as a hunter and archer I decided to shoot instinctively (even though I'm a pin-shooter) and drew the arrow to an ancho directly below my eye then loosed and saw the arrow bury itself into the lion up to the feathers.

Number Three In 'The Book'

for a lion—not just any ol' lion, but a big one; maybe big enough to be documented in Pope and Young's record class.

During the month of December, I spotted several sets of tracks, but none enticing enough to follow. One old female was treed but I passed her up for one of masculine gender. I hunted off and on all during December but no luck. Shortly after the first of the year I spotted a track which I thought might be a big tom. The only trouble was the track was too stale for the dogs to pick up the scent and follow. I made several return



Here's an example of the rough going we had to climb. The lion was bagged about a hundred feet up closer to the rimrocks. One slip on those slippery rocks could prove an early end to a bow hunter's career.

trips to the area where the lion had gone but found nary a track. Very likely the animal had moved into some deep canyon with precipitous rims and rough going.

A week or two passed. I decided I'd take the dogs with me and drop into one of these canyons and stalk along near the bottom of the rimrocks to see if I could locate the old tom.

Ed Young, my hunting buddy, was to drive the truck up one of the canyons about ten miles where I'd join him later, probably about dark. I ate a sandwich, drank a cup of coffee, got two of the dogs out of the truck and started toward the edge of the canyon. When I reached the rim and started down, believe it or not, there were his tracks! I figured they were about two days old. He had walked along the top of the rim going up the canyon. I put the two dogs on the track and away they went. I hurried back to the truck, which still was only about 100 yards away, and explained to Ed what I had seen. I got the third dog out of the truck and back down the rim I went and sicced the dog on the track. It was a little cold now due to the hardness of the ground and the length of time which had elapsed. This made tracking difficult for the dogs.

Ed and I joined forces to help the dogs. We would zig-zag up ahead and when we would cut the track we would call up the dogs and get them started on the track again. After about half a mile or so, the tracks led us down into the canyon, which was about half a mile to the bottom. Slowly, but surely, it seemed we were gaining on him. When we reached the bottom of the canyon we tracked him up the bottom of the canyon for several miles. Then, all of a sudden, no tracks. The dogs had lost them—and so had we!

We finally decided to climb back out on top of the canyon and see if we could pick up his trail again. Going up the steep slope, which was marred by rimrock, Ed and I became separated. An easy place to climb over the rim and out on top was difficult to find.

I had caught one of the dogs at the bottom of the canyon and was leading him out with a rope I kept in my pocket. Climbing out on top through a small draw, which was covered with about 14 inches of snow, I came upon the lion's track again. It appeared he was traveling along the rim going up the canyon.

I released the dog and called to Ed, who was already on top and going back along the rim looking for tracks. Ed brought the other two dogs and we again set out following the tracks along the top of the rim. After several miles we began to observe the lion was running from the bare ground along the top of the rim into the cedars and sagebrush for about 100 yards or so and then back to the bare ground along the top of the rim. In the cedars and sagebrush there was about eight or ten inches of snow, crusted hard and sharp on top. After reaching the bare ground along the rim, the lion would walk along for some distance and then race back into the cedars and sagebrush for a couple of hundred yards and then back to the top of the rim. He continued along the top for a short distance then made another dash into the cedars; this time coming back with a fawn deer he had killed. We decided the lion ventured onto the crusted snow only for game, after which he hurried back to the ground, because of sore feet.

It was clearly evident the fawn was dragged, or rather carried, since there were few drag-marks in the snow. Then the fawn had been covered over completely with hair and pine needles, doubtless against the time when the lion would return for "brunch."

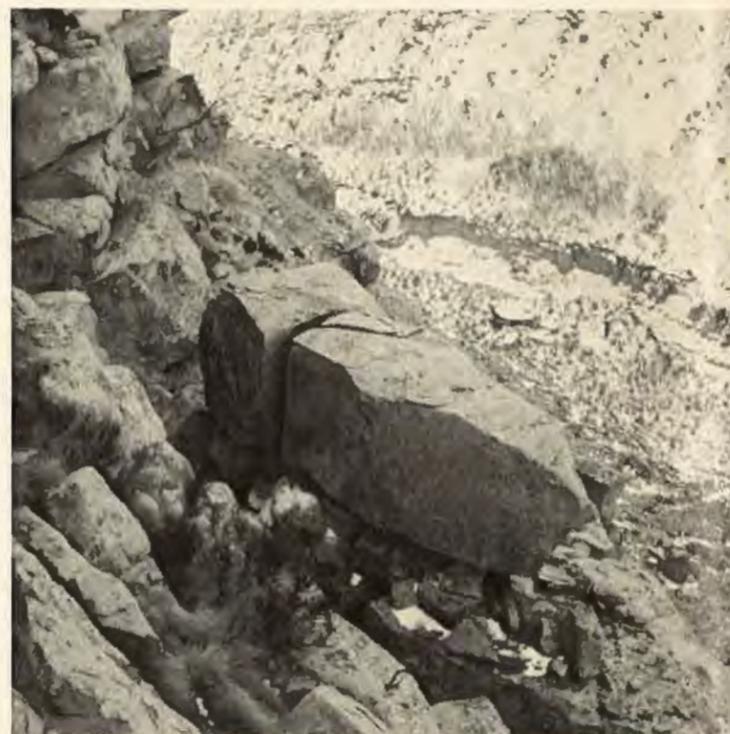
We decided not to disturb the kill, and since it was getting late in the afternoon we gathered our

dogs and started the long walk back to the truck. I have done a lot of walking in my day, but this walking through crusted snow nearly knee-deep is something else again. As a licensed guide in Colorado, I have taken out many deer hunters. On one occasion, a Michigan bow hunter was following me up one of the very steep slopes on Roan Creek. While stopping for a breather he exclaimed, "I'd like to see you come up to Michigan." "Why?" I asked. He replied, "I'd bet you could take one deep breath in the morning in Michigan and it would last you all day here."

My wind is good, but walking through this snow made my legs ache where they join the hips, apparently from lifting them higher than is necessary when walking over bare ground. I was no better off than the lion. The dogs' feet were also getting sore. By the time we reached the truck, we were all pretty tired. We put the dogs in the truck, ate a sandwich and drank a cup of coffee. Then we started for home, arriving after dark.

Early the next morning we were up, drinking coffee and discussing the hunt ahead of us for that day. My Dad was to join us for the hunt also. When he arrived we went out, loaded the dogs and started for the spot where we had left off the night before. We all figured the lion would return to his kill that night, and that he would be in bad trouble, as we had some of the best lion dogs around. After about an hour and a half of driving we arrived at a spot about half a mile from the kill. We unloaded the dogs and started the walk to the hill. When we arrived we could see at once ol' Mister Lion had not returned.

The dogs took off on the trail they had followed the night before, along the top of the rim, going further up the canyon. After about half a mile of tracking we became more excited, because the size of the tracks seemed to tell us our quarry was a huge tom. We came upon a scent pile, a pile of dry dirt and pinion needles scratched into a pile by the front paw of the lion. Since



This is lion country. Only the most rugged of individuals survive the difficult climbing of precipitous rimrock. There are those who think all you have to do to bag a lion is run him up a tree, then cast a fatal arrow. Not so!

these piles are left as challenges to possible intruders to stay out of the area, and since female lions do not leave such a scent pile, we were even more convinced our lion was "Mister."

The dogs continued along the track to the top of the rim, when suddenly it seemed as though the track was lost. The dogs would run out a hundred yards and then return. One of the dogs went down into the canyon through the ledges, so I decided to follow him to see if he found anything. The ledges were too high to climb down, so I hollered to Ed to take two of the dogs back down the ridge into the canyon where he could get down to the lower edge of the ledge.

In about 30 minutes he arrived below me with the dogs. They could not pick up the scent either. The lion had gone down, but where? I climbed back to the top of the rim and looked back along the trail for the one dog I had with me. He was back down in the ledges, trying to double back. Had the lion gone that way? I walked to the edge and peered over the sheer drop-off. Some 100 feet down was some snow in an alley about four feet wide, protected by sheer rock walls from the sun. The sides of the alley were about 15 or 20 feet high. In the snow I could see tracks which appeared promising. I hollered to Ed and asked him if he could boost the dogs up into the ledges so they could get into that alley to investigate those tracks. Between Ed and the alley there was about 100 feet of ledges and so very carefully he picked his way up into them, boosting the dogs up so they could climb over the ledges. Finally they reached the top, and the dogs dived into the alley, barking wildly.

Mister Lion had been there! Where was he now? Above the alley was only about 30 or 40 feet the dogs could travel, as the terrace in the ledge had been cut off by a sheer drop-off on all sides.

When Ed heard the dogs barking on the track he climbed up the last ledge and walked up into the alley, examining the snow for some possible sign the lion had been there. When he was about midway thru the alley, we both heard the growl of the lion above the barking of the dogs. Ed turned and looked up into a crack in the rock on the right side of the alley. Old Mister Lion and Ed were practically "eyeball to eyeball." Ed moved away from the crack, shouting the good news. I replied I would be right down.

Below me was the dog who had accompanied me. It looked as though if I'd proceed up the ridge about 100 yards or so I might pick my way down the ledges the same way the dog had gone, and come out where the lion was. In some places I was forced to my hands and knees to crawl over treacherous spots such as over-hanging cliffs which partially blocked the ledge upon which I was making my way. I was, at times, seemingly trapped. Loss of a foothold here meant a drop of 30 to 50 feet. Finally I arrived at the spot where my dog was. In front of him was a 15-foot cliff; behind, an eight-foot one. He could go nowhere. I examined the 15-foot drop-off and concluded I had better go back and come in the way Ed had.

I boosted my dog up the eight-foot cliff and climbed after him. We then continued along the ledge until we arrived at the top of the rim. I then went down the ridge and descended the way Ed had gone. About 30 minutes later I arrived at the spot directly below where Ed was. He climbed back down through the ledges to help me climb up with the equipment. I generally use a bow quiver for hunting deer, but for this hunt I decided to use my back quiver. I figured it would be easier climbing around the ledges without the excess



In the opening full-page action picture, Robert Simms depicts the hunter making his shot at the lion. Actually it was a bit more difficult to get an arrow through to the animal. Above you can see the lion and the crack through which the arrow had to pass.

weight of my bow. I had a dozen glass arrows in the quiver, tipped with Pearson Deadheads, all razor-sharp, except for two which I had used for practice shots.

Slowly but surely we picked our way up through the cliffs, finally arriving at the alley. We gathered the two dogs and I handed them down to Ed over the first cliff, where I tied them. I then drew an arrow from the quiver and began walking up the alley to the crack where the lion had taken refuge. When I arrived, and looking in, there sat Mister Lion on his haunches with his back toward me. I could see no more of him than the top of his flank. The rest of him—rib-cage, front shoulder and head—was covered by rock. I figured the best vital shot would be into his flank and up into his heart and lungs. But standing on the alley floor I could not shoot for that area. I was too low. I looked around the alley floor and discovered a rock jutting upward about ten inches. I placed my left foot on the rock and my right foot firmly against the opposite wall of the alley. From that position I could see the lion's flank easily. The shot would have to be a near-perfect one, for the crack through which I would shoot was very narrow in spots; so narrow, in fact, I felt sure the fish-tailing of the arrow as it came out of my bow surely would strike the edge of the crack and deflect my arrow. The lion was only about 20 feet away, but what a shot!

I've been shooting 15 years (A free-style). Three years in a row was free style champion of Western Colorado. Before turning free style I shot bare bow for several years, shooting 400 or better field scores.

Now I faced my moment of truth! I certainly would have to draw upon all my experience as a hunter and archer. I decided to shoot bare bow. I drew the arrow to an anchor directly below my eye, waiting for the clicker to signal I had reached full draw. When my ears heard the clicker sound, I let go. The Mercury Hunter, 54 pounds at 28 inches, hurled the glass shafted arrow through the crack. I saw it bury itself into the flank of the lion up to the feathers. A perfect hit! Right away I figured if that old tom wanted to vacate that crack I was not going to stand in his way. I probably was in a bit of a hurry—to put it very mildly—when I stepped down off that rock and fell into the snow, banging my bow against the rocks, slipping and sliding while trying to get back onto my feet to gain the protection of a five-foot ledge.

After what seemed like hours, but in reality was only a few seconds, I stood on the ledge with another arrow nocked and ready, waiting for Mister Lion. He didn't show. My Dad, who was a hundred feet higher in the ledges filming the episode with a movie camera which I had given my Mother for Christmas, shouted to me he saw the lion was dead. He had gone only about five feet after being hit, and was dead in seconds. The Pearson Deadhead had done a good job.

The crack was too small for me to crawl through, so I had to ease myself around the cliff onto the ledge where the lion was lying. Below me was a 60-foot drop-off all around the ledge where the lion had been perched. This had been his sanctuary. We figured he had been lying there for at least a day and a half, since the dogs never had shown any signs of scenting fresh tracks.

Ed joined me. We took some pictures and then lowered the lion off the ledge with some rope we had. It took 50 feet of one rope and 10 of another—just enough. From that ledge down to the bottom was about 50 feet. After we got him to the bottom of the rims on the hillside, we took more pictures.

Mister Lion's ears were split from fighting. Around his shoulders were little white spots of hair. These were old wounds which had long since healed. White hair had grown back in place of the dark brown. His left upper fang had been broken off some time before, since the break it had been worn completely smooth. If there are any 200-pound lions around, this certainly was one. In prime condition, he measured nine feet long, nose to tail.

We proceeded to skin him, cutting the skin suitable for a rug mount. After about 45 minutes we completed the job and stood admiring such physical beauty. His forelegs were twice the size of my arms, though not as long. His front shoulders looked like nothing but solid muscle. Everything but the head we skinned; we saved that for doing at home.

We loaded the gear. I threw the skin over my shoulders and we began the walk back to the truck. While walking under the steep rim on the mountainside, with the lion's hide draped over my shoulder, I twisted my ankle and fell to the ground. Though I was not hurt bad, I began thinking of what would have happened had I twisted my ankle while walking through those ledges. One fall from those 60-foot ledges and it would have been all over for me. After about an hour, we reached the truck, loaded the dogs and began the trip back to the house.

When we arrived at Ed's house we unloaded the dogs, fed and cared for them, and I began caping the lion's head. While skinning the head I found the lower bone which goes around the left eye was deformed and had an odd growth on it. After I finished caping the head I began cutting the meat from the skull. We decided at one time or another a deer had possibly kicked him on the side of the head and this could be the cause of the deformity. But upon closer examination we found the upper part of the skull above the eye was also somewhat deformed—on the same side as the broken fang. Could it be he decided horse meat might be a tasty treat and the horse had other ideas?

The next day I took the skin down to Grand Junction for the Wildlife Conservation Officer to examine. In Colorado the law requires every mountain lion killed during hunting season shall be taken to any wildlife conservation officer of the Game, Fish and Park Division within 48 hours of the kill for the purpose of inspection and reporting. I called Wayne Finch, W.C.O. in my area, and he came and inspected the skin and skull. Hal Burdick, official measurer for Boone and Crockett, and Pope and Young, was out of town that day. The following day I took the skull to him for measurement. Green (a skull is green until such time as it shall be considered completely dry, and therefore not subject to further shrinkage), it measured 15-6/16, thereby qualifying for Boone and Crockett. The world's record for Pope and Young is 15-7/16, taken in 1968, beating a record which had stood for ten years. After the 60-day drying period it was officially measured at 15-5/16, placing third largest ever shot with bow and arrow, and 17th in Boone and Crockett.

The author of this story does not confine his search for record-book-class lions, but also deer, elk and antelope. He has bagged a near world record 4 x 4 mule deer taken on the Lamicq property near Grand Junction, Colorado.

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Tales Of The Feathered Shaft

By Roy Hoff

THE "COW-FLIPPER"

THE GREATEST BOW HUNTING
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OF THE BOWSTRING!

In the adjoining photo you will see a herd of the greatest pains-in-the-neck I've ever encountered in bow hunting. These ornery critters are just plain ol' white face range cattle. But I'm sure you'd have found another name for them if you'd been in my blind shortly before dark; just when the big bucks are likely to appear any minute; then snap goes a dead twig back in the aspens. By golly we're in luck tonight. Then not just a gentle snap of a twig but a loud crash of a broken dead limb. There just back in the aspens was a herd of cows all lined up like military inspection and surely grinning as broadly as if they'd just put one over on the C.O.

I brought my Retina camera along just in case another ol' mossy-back might stop by for a drink and pose momentarily for a portrait. If there had been a buck nearby, mossy or otherwise, by the time those cows got through entertaining me, it was a wonder there were any deer left on the whole John Lamicq spread of 20,000 acres.

The old cliché, "necessity is the mother of invention," was made for this situation. When I returned to camp that night I scrounged one of John's not-too-good tire inner tubes and went to work just like in my kid days: whittling out a slingshot or "beanie" as we used to call 'em. I now had the rubber bands, and cutting a tree branch with a just right crotch was a breeze, but do you think I could find an old tab around camp? Nary a one. So I cut a piece of the tongue out of my boot top to make a "pocket" to hold the ammunition.

My fellow bow hunters all kidded me and had a good laugh when I displayed my cow-flipper. But I warned them they'd probably have to laugh out of the other side of their mouths after I held the cows at bay while I bagged a big buck. The next day I practiced with the flipper instead of sharpening my shooting eye with some broadhead practice.

Back in my tree stand and as usual about three hours before dark, I was prepared for any intrusion from my bovine friends. A little bird must have told 'em about my cow-flipper, for none of them was hungry or thirsty enough to invade my private domain. The deer also were conspicuous by their absence. Our hunt was for only five days and with those pesky cows cluttering up my hunting spot, the only quiet hunting I got was in the mornings. Next season I'm going to make a deal with John to build a chain-link fence around my personal hundred acres to keep out the cows.

Each morning I saw deer—does, spikes and forkeys—all over the place, but passed 'em all up except on one occasion.

It was dark of the moon. As I groped my way up hand-holds which Johnny had nailed to the tree for



I should like to have you meet some of my hunting companions, each of whom is a "pain in the neck!"

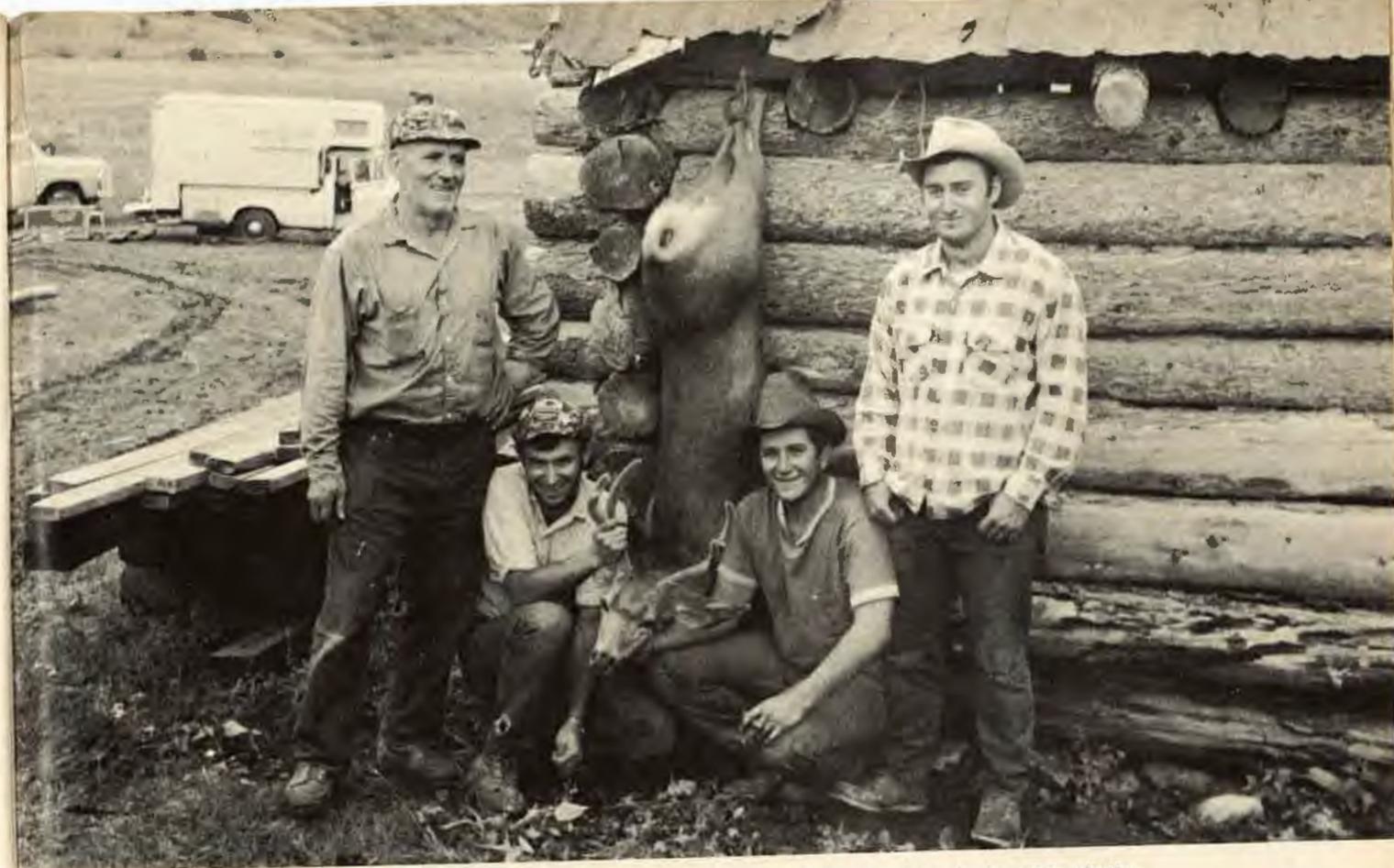
my convenience, I thought, "this is the day we'll hang our "Blind Bogey" deer on the camp meatpole. Conditions were ideal: the cows would stay bedded until the day warmed up; without even the slightest breeze, my body odor would float gently through the tops of the aspens and pines; with carpet under foot, bow held in a verticle position, arrow nocked and a spare near at hand, there was just no escape for a legal deer this morning. All thoughts of record-book muleys were gone and in their place was "just any ol' forkey, Dear Lord."

Dawn was breaking. I could dimly see the outline of the hills surrounding the little valley in which my blind was located. With the aid of my binoculars I could make out what might be either stumps or deer. When a person is in a hurry to reach a blind before daylight, it's remarkable how rapidly Ol' Sol will make his appearance, but when you are sitting in your blind waiting for him it takes "hours."

An hour went by and the sun was high on yon horizon. Chances of a deer coming in for a swig this late were very slim indeed.

Another hour went by with only two does visiting the spring below me. They fooled around for a few minutes probably trying to decide where to bed for the day and then disappeared into the aspens.

While I was making preparations to close up shop until evening I took one last look around, and, as it always seems to happen, there, about 200 yards away, at the edge of the aspens, was a herd of five or six deer grazing contentedly on lush tid-bits of grass. A look-see through the glasses showed there were at least



Undoubtedly this is the most prized buck ever hung on a meatpole. This "little stinker," Gentlemen of the Bow Hunting Fraternity, is YOUR "Blind Bogey Deer." This "little guy" will provide some NFAA member a free all-expense-paid trip to his hangout or in approximate vicinity. We hasten to add the limit of expense three-plus-three pointer weighed when it was still warm after being field-dressed sans heart and liver? I know the answer, but I can't tell you at this time. There still is ten days to go before the close of the contest on December 31. I will give you a clue: This deer weighed somewhere between 100 and 200 pounds. Golly! if I told you now, I wouldn't have anything to write about next month. Let's just close this caption by saying, "I'll be seein' one of you guys come next hunting season!" Shown are: guides John Lamicq, Sr., John Lamicq, Jr., Dwight Praesel, Jim Speer.

two four-by-fours plus a couple of forkeys or spikes. They were a long way from my "marked distance" bow range, but I certainly was not going to mind waiting until my company arrived. I had all day, if necessary.

During the next hour, and I honestly believe it was a full hour, there was much to learn from the antics and actions of these deer. There was a blue-coated spike who seemed to be the herd's leader, or else he was a traitor in deer's clothing, for he always was in the lead. If there were a little bush nearby which might be worth a sample nibbling, the spike was the first one there. Then he would return to the herd and (in my imagination) talk it over with the gang. After a few minutes all would proceed to the bush and feed for a while, moving here and there in no particular direction.

Suddenly the moment I had waited for so long arrived. The spike, with no apparent reason, suddenly trotted in a bee-line for the waterhole. With the white patch of his hind end looking me square in the eye, I watched with great interest as he spraddled his front legs wide enough apart so he could get his head down far enough to get a drink. Even as you and I might have done, he finished his drink, turned around and trotted back to the herd. I knew he said, "What's the matter with you scaredy-cats? There's nothing down there; perfectly safe." He was not very convincing,

for I could see they were not that thirsty and would continue with their nibbling.

Ten minutes went by. No change. Then the big one took the lead and started walking toward the top of the mountain, in the opposite direction from which the herd had come, and in a right angle to me. They all disappeared into the trees.

Luck which had surrounded my tree-stand in the past years certainly had deserted me today. A day, I might add, when I really needed a legal deer. I needed no reminder of how I had shot off my big mouth about goin' out and killin' a deer for a Blind Bogey contest. John had told me in advance, "Don't worry about getting a deer. If you sit in your tree long enough a big one surely will come by. And you will be granted that privilege." Okay, so I'll sit there all winter if necessary!

I spent the next few minutes shaking out a few cramps, eating a couple of tootsie rolls, gave my Bellykin a couple of affectionate strokes, changed arrows for luck, then settled down for another final glance around with the binocs to see if anything were stirring.

Know what a Bellykin is? It's a hand-carved walrus tooth which was given to me by the Alaska Bowmen at a banquet given in our honor when we visited their Territory for a moose and caribou hunt. It is a legend of good luck in the Far North Country.

Suddenly, across from my blind, and in the direction the deer had disappeared, a doe made its appearance walking nimbly down toward the trail which leads to the water hole. It appeared like magic from a clump of scrub oak and other chaparral. Following at intervals of a few seconds, and in this order, were: a spike, three-point, four-point and five-point. The latter came out into the clear under the branches of the oaks, but did not take one step toward the waterhole. He left that chore to "Benedict Arnold." Young Benny, the spike, returned to the waterhole, and the exact spot and position he had been ten or fifteen minutes before, took a drink and promptly returned to his buddies. My extra sensory perception told me he said, "Hey! fellas, everything's okay. Didn't you see me go down and have a drink?"

No dice! That herd was not going to approach the water any closer. What could be the matter? It was a cinch they hadn't heard me, for they would have looked in my direction or spooked. It is doubtful they scented me because I was at least 20 feet higher than their noses. Could it have been the fresh cow dung of which there was considerable evidence. As I write this, I feel this cow business was the deterrent. The odor was so strong it was impossible for them to detect man scent and other possible hazardous odors.

The deer messed around, nuzzled each other, nibbled at what appeared bare ground, milled around in a small circle and seemed to be getting impatient. Believe me they were not the only ones who were impatient. Though I had promised myself faithfully I would not even raise my bow until one of those big bucks was within my twenty-yard distance.

A horrible thought: "What if they'd leave the area without a drink and I wouldn't even get a shot?" Ambush plans would have to be changed. There was a small flat rock just in front of the buck's left hind quarter. Wonder how far it is to that rock? By golly, I was in trouble. When on flat ground I can guess the distance after a fashion by looking half-way to the object or target and multiplying by two. But looking down from a tree top there wasn't any half-way mark.



David Samuelson, Johnstown, Pa., was another happy bow hunter who returned to the gang back home with proof "they grow 'em big in Western Colorado." There certainly was plenty of "velvet" on these antlers.



This is John Rook of Youngstown, Ohio. He's a happy man as he poses with his 4 x 4 record-class muley. A fine hunting companion and a dyed-in-the-wool bow hunter if ever there was one. The recent loss of his left eye did not daunt his spirit one bit. Our hearty congratulations, John, and the very best of luck in your future endeavors.

I now had to attack the problem scientifically. If it were a twenty-yard shot to that certain spot; then it has to be at least forty yards to that rock. Yeah, in this clear mountain air and at 10,000 feet altitude, it's just gotta be forty-five yards. I know you bare-bow shooters are snickering up your sleeves—or out loud. But being a pin-shooter, I had no other recourse. One thing in my favor was I had lots of time to survey the distance. Finally there was not the slightest doubt in my mind - - - 45 yards to the rock, then allow about the width of a pencil mark of elevation for a dead-on shot for that one-for-twenty spot. I was a little bit shaky or else the ball on the end of my stabilizer was loose and wobbling around more than usual. I drew the shaft slowly so there would be no chance of a scrape sound, held for a second and loosed. I could not follow the flight of the arrow. I just heard it smash into a log below the deer, one of which had been put there in a low makeshift fence to keep cattle from falling over a small cliff into the spring. Each of the deer jumped a foot or so; an involuntary reaction to a sudden suspicious sound. Then they stood still. Evidently my "surveying device" was a little out of order. Being as how I shot low and the deer had hopped about a yard farther up the hill, I'd better set my sight for another five yards. That I did. Then a repeat performance exactly the same except the thud of the arrow sounded more like it had struck the ground.

Again the deer did not spook. Very likely they were reluctant to run for fear of running into the danger instead of away from it. They just walked slowly in the general direction from which they had originally made their appearance. If I couldn't hit one standing still, it seemed silly to try a moving shot. I hoped they would again stand still. They didn't.



The "Fearsome Threesome From Pennsylvania." Only one of these sets of antlers will make the book, but you never saw a happier group of bow hunters. They are: Scott Perrine, Hathoro; Bob Vogel, Warrington; Bob Whitbeck, Philadelphia.

I waited for a while for the herd to return. This was wishful thinking. I then climbed down the tree and recovered my arrows. They were much too high in the bank. I again climbed my tree; screwed off the broad-head; screwed on field points and did some sighting-in. After three shots at the rock I scored a very near miss. A look at my sight revealed **39 yards!** I had shot the distance for 45 yards. I mused, "would I have been better off if I had shot bare-bow? Three-fingers-under and gun-barreled the arrow? How would I have aimed for the second shot, considering I knew not where the first arrow had struck - - - ?"

Now there was no doubt I had what is generally called, in some circles, "buck fever." This sort of thing can't happen to old-timers like me. Oh yeah!

That night Frieda joined me when I produced my ever-lovin' Bellykin and gave it a little bit of fem-

Mrs. John Lamicq, Sr. and Frieda were just finishing their breakfast of flapjacks when I returned to camp after a morning of seeing lots of cows but few "shootable" deer.



inine touch. That brought luck of a sort. The country was in dire need of rain. We got it, but good! No chance to go hunting. I couldn't even reach my blind over those slippery roads with a four-wheel-drive vehicle which Johnny was kind enough to loan me. Even though the hunting curtain had been rung down for the season, Johnny didn't seem to be the least concerned. He encouraged me by saying, "Don't worry about getting your deer. We'll go down by our ranch on Roan Creek. I have a special patch of alfalfa where deer by the millions come in to feed each evening. No problem! And there's even a nice big tree for a blind!"

Now Johnny Lamicq is a pretty smart hombre. Coupled with Dad and his two guides, Jimmie Speer and Dwight Praesel, I had a hunch they'd see I at least got a shot at a deer. I mean one I wouldn't miss!

Before discussing John's non-slipper-upper deer hunting spot down on Roan Creek, I want to tell you some experiences encountered by the good—and possibly a little luckier—hunters with whom I mingled for five days.

Tops on the list was John Rook of Youngstown, Ohio who has more guts than I and a lot more than many so called rugged outdoorsmen. John had suffered the tragic loss of his left eye. Notwithstanding the impairment of vision and the necessity of wearing a sterile gauze bandage over it, he appeared happy go lucky and toughed out the elements and rugged hunting conditions with the best of the hunters. He was justly rewarded which pleased all of us. An accompanying photo shows his record-book four-by-four muley he bagged from his tree stand. He is a bare-bow shot and not too particular about known or marked distances.

During his lucky evening, three bucks surrounded his tree blind. There was only one "ketch" to the event: The bucks wouldn't come in close enough for a decent shot. They were down-wind and apparently had spotted John, at least had scented him. The biggest buck kept peeking around a tree trunk with just his head

and neck exposed. John explained he could see the buck's hind-end, but he was reluctant to shoot at it, even though it was a larger target. The chance he might get a non-fatal hit persuaded him to take a chance on scoring a one-for-twenty (as I call it) in the neck. This he did and dropped the big beauty in his tracks. John later stepped off the distance at 50 yards. Nice goin' John.

John climbed down from his blind and carefully approached his downed buck. At ten yards the horrible thought came: what if the buck 'came to' and jumped up?" Taking no chances John put an unnecessary arrow through the heart. I say unnecessary because John soon learned the first arrow had done the trick; the deer had died instantly.

That night when Johnny and his two helpful guides, Jimmie and Ray, got the buck safely tied to the meat-pole we passed around the Mogain David to toast the best and the happiest hunter in the gang. I'm sure John didn't mind when I joined in the ceremonies with a can of Diet Pepsi.

For the "vital statistics" John's bow was a Wilson Black Widow with a drawing weight of 53 pounds. The shafts were Easton aluminum 2016, tipped with Black Diamond four-edge broadheads.

Other nice bucks were taken off the Lamicq ranch. I do not have "blow-by-blow" descriptions of just how they were taken. However, as space permits, I will show you the pictures.

I think I learned why it rains so hard in the high elevations - - it makes it too rough for man or beast to roam the woods. But John and his Dad said, "Come heck or high water, we're breaking camp and going down where Roy can get his deer." And break camp we did. I use the word "we" a bit loosely 'cause all I did was pull up a few tent stakes and boss the job. I was amazed—and I'm sure you guys who hunted at Lamicq's this year will—how rapidly four strong and healthy guys with the know-how can break a camp of the huge size which accommodated the hunters. One day, with time out for an occasional hail storm and cloud burst, and the job was accomplished.

Just before dark, the boys put the chains on our camper tires. Then began the most rugged trip we ever have taken in a motor vehicle. The road was not built for cab-over campers and where portions of the road

Out West we call this a three-pointer. Don't ask me why. Only the most points on one side are counted, which does not include "eye-guards" or "brow-tyes." The hunter couldn't care less. He bagged a fine big muley to take back to his home in Paris, Ky. Lucky guy is Garland Bills.



W. H. Purser of Clemson, S. C. says, "It might not be a record-breaker, but it rates high in my book."

had to be blasted out of solid granite, the road workmen conserved dynamite by blasting only high enough to allow a loaded buckboard to pass. I think John was a little worried and probably figured my driving ability should be improved upon a bit before going down that mountain. In an effort to be helpful and give me a bit of encouragement, he said: "There's one bad spot which is just a little scary. If you want me to, I'll drive the truck through for you. I am certain that was the understatement of this century - - unless it was before the year 1903 (my birth date).

Imagine my embarrassment when I couldn't even pull the first hill out of camp toward our destination. Good Ol' Dad just happened to have a log chain along! He towed us up to "level" ground. While the boys were unhooking the chains, I suggested to Frieda maybe it would be a good idea when we got home—if we ever did—we should buy a new truck with four speeds and a compound low gear; and with an engine of about 350 cubes. Frieda not only agreed on the purchase but suggested it would please her if I would get a job with about TEN speeds and 900 horsepower! We did it! The best our local dealer could do was a "Longhorn" model Chevy with four speeds and 350 cubs. So, Dad, Ol' Buddy, you can leave the log chain home next fall.

Bob and Betty Gulman, both NFAA Master Bow Hunters, later joined the Lamicq's for an elk and deer hunt and went over the road I am talking about. Betty writes: " - - - We bought a new four-wheel-drive truck and cabover camper just before we left for Colorado. When we started up that road to camp I really wondered if we were going to make it through a couple of those spots, but kept thinking if Roy and Frieda can make it—we can, too! Incidentally, the couple blanked on elk but bagged a couple of nice bucks. (Probably from my abandoned tree blind!)

I'll tell you about only one spot on this road. On Frieda's side she looked down and admired the beautiful Christmas trees. John later explained they were a bit bulky for a living room, mostly being a hundred or more feet high. I suggested to Frieda we had been over a lot of bad roads in our nearly 50 years of rough-

ing it in the mountains, and never had it been necessary for someone to bail us out of a bad spot. I suggested it would be helpful if she'd let me know when a wheel on her side would be over the bank!

You think I'm kiddin', don't you. Forget it! We finally arrived at the "bad" spot. Unfortunately, as far as I was concerned, we had passed the point of no return. There just wasn't room enough for the car to go by. Furthermore, how the heck would I ever back up in that total darkness? In a few seconds John and Jimmie came to the rescue. Here's a bit of dialog:

"John: "Take 'er easy now! Keep coming! A little more to the right, you're gonna scrape on this side!"

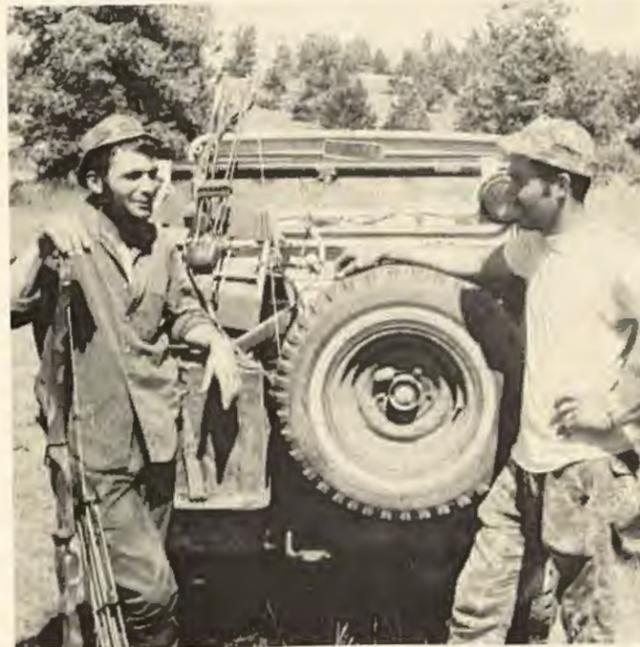
From Jimmie! "Hey! One wheel is almost off the cliff on this side. We're gonna have to figure out some other way."

We finally decided our poor old camper would just have to scrape—and scrape it did. But we got by! How 'bout that!! From there on we had a beautiful big "divided highway." There were a couple of spots which needed a bit of improvement. One where I almost burned out the brakes even though I was using low gear compression and the hand brake sparingly.

Now, before you get the idea you need a Sherman tank to get up to the Lamicq Ranch I hasten to add—YOU DON'T GO THATAWAY! You go all the way around the mountain to Grand Junction; thence to Loma; thence to Douglas Pass (where the tin shed which houses highway maintenance vehicles is located) then turn right. Pavement all the way. A map showing the way to camp is necessary from here on.

If I chop this story off here you'll never know whether or not I got my deer. So - - -

As we drove into the spacious yard of the ranch which is a couple of hundred yards from Roan Creek, we heaved a sigh of relief. It was raining, muddy and



The McNamara Brothers, Vincent and Martin made a good team. They were up before daylight and back in camp after dark nearly every day. They didn't get their deer but they got shooting aplenty. Martin stalked a big 3 x 3, got a shot and missed; knocked another arrow, took aim but—and listen to this—out of the corner of his eye spotted a big 4 x 4 standing off to one side enjoying the show. Martin changed his mind and decided to shoot at the big one. He tried to draw his bow but was so shook the best he could do was come to a "floating anchor" then let 'er go. It was a miss. The boys work for Damon Howatt.

cold, but our camper was warm and comfy. After a couple of cookies and a Pepsi we hit the sack. Next morning the boys went to town for a fling—or sumpin'—and left Dad to point out the "can't-misser" hunting spot. It was a mile from the house, and I needed some "props" so Dad hitched up his four-wheeler and drove me to the spot. Our cargo consisted of two bales of hay. Not to practice on; to sit on! We then returned to the ranch for breakfast. There would be no need to go hunting until evening unless I wanted to hike through the chaparral on the steep hillsides of nearby mountains. This I wasn't just about to do.

After Mom and Dad and Frieda and I had downed a stack or two of hot-cakes stripped with bacon and eggs, Frieda and I left in the truck to build my blind for the evening. Practically the only identifying landmark nearby was a huge leafy tree, something like a Chinese elm. I switched procedure on this blind and built it on the ground instead of in the tree. I used one bale of hay to sit on; the other to cover up movement of my feet and legs and allow a spot to lay my bow. This bale was placed facing up the canyon, for I noticed the prevailing breeze was toward the meadow below. For the "purist" hunter this blind, without "further refinements" would have been perfect. But I'm no purist - - I use a sight, string-peep, and bow stabilizer! I do, however, resemble a bow hunter as I dress in camouflage coveralls with hat to match.

Frieda's job, as usual, is the long-way around. She was to make like a buck and stand in a spot where I "knew" a buck would come in the evening. Then she would move to another "exact" spot where I'd see a deer and, finally, look pleasant at a "probable" spot. At each spot she stuck a twig into the ground. 

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Amt. Draw	Amt. Draw	Amt. Draw
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—201 28 lbs.	—378 35 lbs.	—8 33 lbs. 1 h
—242 30 lbs.	—651 38 lbs.	—34 35 lbs. 1 h
		—60 38 lbs. 1 h

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—25 28 lbs.	—8 38 lbs.	—3 25 lbs. 1 h
—27 30 lbs.	—6 30 lbs. 1 h	—4 28 lbs. 1 h
—48 35 lbs.	—3 35 lbs. 1 h	—8 38 lbs. 1 h

BEAR HC300 TAMERLANE Reg. \$235.00. Sale \$107.75. 1—30 lbs.; 1—35 lbs.; 72"; 1—33 lbs.; 1—35 lbs. 69" 1—30 lbs.; 2—35 lbs. 66".

BEAR KODIAK HUNTER 60". Reg. \$90. Sale \$40
—9 60 lbs. —9 63 lbs. —5 65 lbs.
—3 70 lbs. —6 38 lbs.

BEAR GRIZZLY 56". Reg. \$70. Sale \$31.50
—4 38 lbs. —8 60 lbs. —7 63 lbs.
—6 65 lbs. —8 68 lbs. —4 70 lbs.

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I took over. I marked the distances! I know a million more or less bow hunters will flip their lids when they read this. It's true, so why not admit it? In this meadow there were, here and there, tall weeds, species unknown to me, but they were about three feet tall, natural vegetation to that area and made beautiful distance markers. I stepped off the distance from my sitting position bale until I reached 40 yards, where Frieda originally stood. There wasn't any marker weed at hand so I transplanted one from another area. This was in an oblique direction to my right. If the deer came in to feed where I thought they would, they'd be standing in this spot or nearby.

When my architectural and engineering duties had been completed I took a landscape picture of the set-up for your approval.

The day dragged along as they usually do just before opening of the season. Considering I had lots of time, I loaded my gunny sack with a mixture of foul weather gear on my shoulder, tucked my bow under my arm and headed for the alfalfa patch. I took along an Outdoor Life Magazine and re-read Fred Bear's adventures in India where he bagged his tiger. I even read G. Howard Gillelan's page. He's an ol' hunting buddie of mine. An hour went by; then another. I looked at my watch. It was ten minutes to seven. Not much time left to retain the prefix of non-slipper-upper. It was getting chilly so I turned my attention from hunting to the foul weather gear bag. Dragged out a sweater and unfolded it; pulled the collar over my right shoulder off onto my arm, then started to pull the other side off so I could put on my sweater. For this little chore I had to direct my sight from right to left. I froze with my coveralls half on and half off. There, to my left, where the deer couldn't possibly come in due to me being upwind, were four does, ears pricked up and staring in my direction. At that moment we could have snapped a prize-winning picture. Bow hunter caught with his pants down—or almost!

I was playing it cool, no movement, not even an eyelash. Bucks will be coming in after the does. Wonder how far? No marker-weeds! Wouldn't you know it!

I remained motionless for a couple of minutes, then just as I started to pull my clothing back into place, out came four more does. I was in a predicament. If this last herd were not too hungry I might get so cramped I couldn't shoot my bow. Soon they followed the same pattern as the other deer and began feeding. I finished pulling my clothing on and reached for my bow in case that big buck came out. Bless my soul! Right over where Frieda had stood and right beside my marker-weed was a buck. I thought it was a four-by-four. It was a shot no one could miss. Five minutes later I was caressing those beautiful velvet-covered antlers. Each side of the antlers had lost a point since I first saw him, but I'm sure no deer ever looked better at that moment; yes, even my big four by four taken on a previous trip to the Lamicq Ranch.

I am sure there will be many who read this and wonder about my referring to a Blind Bogey contest. Allow me to explain briefly: If the NFAA repeats this program it will be the fourth successive time your Editor has promised the gang he'd bag a deer. A further promise has been - - - when you bag your deer, have it weighed and attested by a butcher, warden or locker plant owner, send the receipt to us and IF the weight of your deer comes the closest to mine you'll get an all-expense-paid trip (maximum \$500) to the area in which I bagged the deer. This is not a matter of a contest to see who can kill the biggest or the most; it's



This was our spot to camp at John Lamicq's. These are a sample of the "table model" Christmas trees Frieda saw as she looked into the canyon below when we passed a narrow spot in the road on our way to "Blind Bogey Deer Country." Though we take our camper, we don't recommend it unless you have compound low or four-wheel drive. Johnny builds stands in trees like this (not on top).

purely a luck event, something the NFAA is trying to do which will please their bow hunter members.

I wish I could tell you who the winner is. This will not be known until the contest closes on December 31. That's 20 days from now. As it stands now, we have a tie. One of our bowmen bagged a deer who weighed just one pound under mine; the other hunter's deer was one pound heavier. The entry with the earliest postmark decides the tie. I sincerely hope someone comes up with the exact weight. This month I'm showing you a picture of my deer. If you bagged a monster of a deer, you might as well forget about the contest. Next month I'll try to show you the picture of the winning deer and the lucky hunter who bagged it.

If this story whets your appetite to mingle with the bow hunters at John Lamicq's Ranch, the following will be of interest. First, and probably most important, is you'll have a good chance to bag a mule buck which will make the Pope and Young record book. Your management will be the John Lamicqs—Senior and Junior—both good archers. They know what the bow hunter expects and they do their best to provide it for them. They have two helper-guides, Dwight Praesel and Jimmie Speer, both excellent archers. I mention this because I once had a gun hunter as a guide which spoiled my entire trip. You will camp out in rugged mountains of unsurpassed beauty. You may not bag a deer, but very likely you'll have chances which I guarantee will raise your blood pressure a notch or two. If you want more dope write to John Lamicq, Jr., 245 South First West, Price, Utah 84501. This is the winter address.

REPORT FROM HEADQUARTERS

Continued from page six.

give additional study and consideration to the current proposals at the NFAA Annual Meeting in February, 1971.

DUES RAISE EFFECTIVE JANUARY 1, 1971

The December issue of Archery reported to the membership action taken by the Board of Directors regarding a dues increase. At the time this proposal was presented at the 1970 Annual Meeting, it was felt a dues increase of \$1.00 might be adequate to fund the association's official publication, Archery Magazine.

In the October issue of Archery, a complete presentation was made to the membership regarding your official magazine and facts were presented which clearly showed the magazine was operating at a deficit and would continue to do so even at a dues raise of \$1.00.

The President and Secretary, who authored the article in October, brought the issue straight to the membership. The facts which were presented were to be taken into consideration, and the membership was asked for an expression of its desire. The coupon ballot provided in the October issue was used as a gauge of the member's concern and a complete tally was kept on those received. This report is presented to you in this issue of the magazine immediately before the reporting of the action by the Board.

After this report was submitted to the NFAA Directors, a new motion was introduced by the Board which obtained the necessary seconds to make it an official action of the Board. In essence, the Board voted on a \$2.00 increase to affect single members of the NFAA or a head of the family membership. Based on those coupon ballots which were submitted by NFAA members, as well as the good judgment of the Directors from each state, the Board voted and favorably passed the \$2.00 increase. This action supercedes the previous action of the \$1.00 increase, and the total of \$2.00 will affect single members or head of family memberships. It will not affect more than one person in a family. A report of this balloting is presented after the tallies of the coupon ballots.

It is evident to officers and directors of the association there are many members who do not desire to see the association continue to be operating at a deficit. Many letters have been received at your National

Headquarters requesting expansion of your official publication be considered. The officers of the association are happy to report with the recent dues increase many of the requests by our members can now become a reality. Your Secretary-Treasurer, in preparing a preliminary schedule of a budget for 1971, is able to report the association will be in a position to operate on a balanced budget for the year.

It is further hoped with the desires of the membership in expanding the coverage in your magazine, this in turn will create more interest in the association, its programs and activities. This in turn should create more interest with an ultimate growth in membership. Promotion and publicity of the association, its members and clubs, will only encourage more members to join the ranks of archers throughout the country who comprise the largest archery association in the world. Each member can share in this pride.

REPORT OF COUPON BALLOTS BY STATES

Item No. 1: I favor the dues increase of \$2.00 proposed by the Officers and Directors of the NFAA. Dues increase to affect only single or head of family members.

Item No. 2: I do not favor a dues increase of \$2.00 and I understand future publications will have to be altered to meet the current NFAA budget.

Item No. 3: I authorize my NFAA Director to vote in a manner deemed

necessary for the future of the NFAA and Archery Magazine.

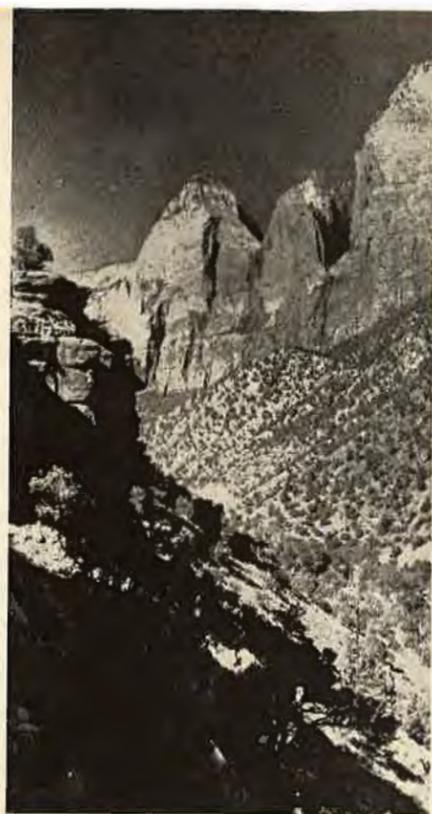
STATE	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Alabama	5	0	0
Alaska	1	0	0
Arizona	4	0	0
Arkansas	3	1	0
California	41	11	6
Colorado	6	0	0
Connecticut	10	5	0
Delaware	0	0	0
Florida	9	2	2
Georgia	2	3	0
Hawaii	0	0	0
Idaho	0	0	0
Illinois	18	0	6
Indiana	9	4	0
Iowa	4	2	0
Kansas	5	0	5
Kentucky	2	0	0
Louisiana	5	1	0
Maine	4	0	0
Maryland	4	20	0
Massachusetts	9	0	2
Michigan	4	6	0
Minnesota	9	0	0
Mississippi	0	0	0
Missouri	7	5	0
Montana	0	0	2
Nebraska	8	0	1
Nevada	2	0	0
New Hampshire	0	0	0
New Jersey	6	1	0
New Mexico	4	0	0
New York	5	19	1
N. Carolina	4	0	4
North Dakota	3	0	0
Ohio	13	0	1
Oklahoma	8	0	0
Oregon	3	15	1
Pennsylvania	2	3	0



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Breath-taking scene in Zion National Park which is only a short drive from the 1971 National Tournament site in Cedar City, Utah.

isiana, Maine, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New Mexico, North Dakota, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia and Wyoming.

NO VOTES: California, 2, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Wisconsin and Europe.

ABSTENTIONS: None.

BALLOTS NOT RETURNED OR LATE: Indiana, Michigan, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Tennessee, Washington and Japan.

BOW HUNTING REPORT

BIG GAME AWARDS

BEAR

California

Edward Carroll, Stockton
Harlow Austad, Boise ID
Susan Sherer, Boise, ID
Arthur Heinze, Rock Falls, IL
Fred E. Miller, Maquon, IL
Joseph Hollidge, Warrenton, VA
Michael Kaluszka, Glastonbury, CT.

ELK

Colorado

Stanley Lauriski, Aspen
Myron Artzberger, Pueblo
Neoi Duncan, Cheyenne, WY

ANTELOPE

Idaho

Arnold Peterson, Burley
CARIBOU

Alaska

Danny Duter, Ree Heights
GOAT

Alaska

W. R. Thompson, White Post, VA
MOOSE

Alaska

William Ryan, Anchorage
WATER BUFFALO

Australia

R. D. McClain, Darwin N. T., Australia
WILD HORSE

Australia

Jane McClain, Darwin N. T., Australia
DEER

Alabama

Charles Beavers, Birmingham (wt)
Joseph Knight, Hueytown (wt)
Jonny Hughes, Birmingham (wt)

California

Verneil Ledgerwood, Corona (m)
Larry Shortridge, Yuba City (m)
Joseph Becker, Yuba City (m)
Vernon Wilkinson, Stockton (bt)
Paul Ackerman, Woodland (m)
Valen Threadgall, Napa (bt)
Bob Lewen, Lynwood (m)
Michael Penn, Orangevale (m)
Henry Soto, South Gate (m)

Colorado

Lee Braude, Albuquerque, N. M. (m)
John Harris, Jacksonville, IL (m)
Dean Pinnacle, Lee's Summit, MO (m)
Steve Porter, Corona del Mar, CA (m)
J. B. Rich, Shreveport, LA (m)
Loren Dawson, Jr., Pekin, IL (m)

Florida

John Durham, Ft. Pierce (wt)

Georgia

Raymond Langley, Calgoun (wt)
Larry Young, Augusta (wt)

Idaho

Arnold Peterson, Burley (m)
Lyle Lark, Burley (m)

Illinois

Fred E. Miller, Maquon (wt)
Norman Taller, Mt. Carmel (wt)
Bert Sanders, Bartonville (wt)
Robert Barker, Sr., Bartonville (wt)
Arthur Heinze, Rock Falls (wt)
Jerry Pierce, Elmwood (wt)

Indiana

Guy Gustin, Longsport (wt)
Donald Clark, Ft. Wayne (wt)

Iowa

Jim Keefer, Iowa City (wt)
Daniel Mattes, Iowa City (wt)
Rodger Whitaker, Keokuk (wt)

Kansas

Nicholas Gray, Junction City (wt)

Kentucky

William Brown, Shepardsville (wt)
Theodore Brown, Irvington (f)
Marion Ladd, Hopkinsville (f)

Louisiana

Dale Mount, Sulpher (wt)

Maine

Douglas Bowen, So. Portland (ws)

Maryland

Bobby Phillips, Edgewood (wt)
Harry Weishaar, Annapolis (wt)
Carl Adams, Reisterstown (wt)
Nettie Adams, Reisterstown (wt)

Michigan

Edwin Fitzgerald, Lockport (wt)

Missouri

Joseph Gettler, Kansas City (wt)
Robert Bergen, Kansas City (wt)
Stanley Brady, Rolla (wt)
Bradford Epperson, Rockhill (wt)
Paul Jeffries, Moberly (wt)

Montana

Jerry Babec, Billings (m)

Nebraska

Jack Warren, Kimball (m)

New Jersey

A. H. Des Rochers, N. Arlington (wt)
Eugene Garabrant, Denville (wt)
Tim Banks, Brooklyn NY (wt)

New Mexico

W. Hazelwood, St. Joseph, MO (m)
Robert Norman, Jr., Albuquerque (m)
Ron Beachamp, Albuquerque (m)

New York

Terry Anderson, Jamestown, NJ (wt)
Raymond De Marco, Albany (wt)

North Dakota

Gary Thompson, Minot (wt)

Oregon

Boyd Carroll, Coos Bay (bt)
Michael Loftis, Coos Bay (m)

Pennsylvania

Clifford Saxby, Morristown (wt)
Edward Jindra, Ruxton (wt)
Ralph Casperson, Rochester, NY (wt)

South Carolina

Jack Willson, Six Mile (wt)
Jerry South, Cross Hill (wt)

Tennessee

Jim Whitsitt, Nashville (wt)
Keith Woods, Hixson (wt)

Texas

Billy Blackstock, Abilene (wt)
Shirley Montgomery, Lubbock (wt)
Clarence Carver, Highlands (wt)
H. M. Brown, Pasadena (wt)
Samuel Hoerster, III, Austin (wt)
Lonnie Cagle, Center Point (wt)
Ronald Collier, Austin (wt)
Lewis Cox, Mexico, MO (wt)

Utah

Lee Valesquez, Brigham City (m)
Jerry Pino, Gardena CA (m)
Robert Jenson, Orange, CA (m)
John Engholm, Bellingham, WA (m)

Vermont

Francis Papa, Tolland, CT (wt)
George Davis, Jr., Rockland, MA (wt)



Peter Halbig of Ocean Falls, B. C. holds the world's record for moose in Pope and Young Club. Just to show it was no accident he downed this beautiful mountain caribou which ranks near the top in Pope and Young with 288-4/8 points.

Carlos Medeiros, Lynn, MA (wt)

Virginia

James Howell, Backburg (wt)
Jerry Martin, Warrenton (wt)
S. Clay Dillion, Roanoke (wt)
Harold Maxey, Salem (wt)
Christine Maxey, Salem (wt)
John Griffin, Jr., Virginia Beach (wt)
Thomas Frye, Lesburg (wt)
Donald Mac Brair, Roanoke (wt)

West Virginia

Gifford Martin, Fairmont (wt)

Wisconsin

Jerry Wahlberg, Rascoe, IL (wt)
Judy Shafer, Sandwich, IL (wt)
Ted Hight, Aurora, IL (wt)
Walt Sawciki, Medinah, IL (wt)
Ronald Dornsei, St. Paul, MN (wt)
Russell Miller, Twin Lake (wt)
Mark Schottenbauer, Onalaska (wt)
Gary Jones, Aurora, IL (wt)
Harley Tison, Oswego, IL (wt)
Ben A. Jones, Peoria, IL (wt)
John Logan, Eau Claire (wt)
Ralph Evans, Palatine, IL (wt)
John Jacobsen, Gleason (wt)

Wyoming

Thomas Prosser, Lovell (m)
Richard Schendel, Worland (m)
Neil Duncan, Cheyenne (m)

SMALL GAME AWARDS

Arrowhead Pin

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W. Higginbotham, Jr., Jackson, AL
Keith Bergman, Billings, MT
Vernon Bergman, Billings, MT
Gad Garland, Burkburnett, TX

Jim Hoedebeck, Garland, TX
Darell Troutman, Ashland, OR
Danny Deuter, Ree Heights, SD
Nolan Anderson, Sun Valley, CA
Tommy Keeton, Houston, TX
John Jacobsen, Gleason, WI
Ronald Tucker, Marysville, IN
Irene Trumble, Woodstock, IL
James Ivy, Dallas, TX

First Arrow

Roger Cox, Dallas, TX
Willie Young, Carmichael, CA
Mark Wsing, Bloomington, CA
Tommy Keeton, Houston, TX
Smokey Crews, Longview, WA
John Engholm, Bellingham, WA
Robert Raye, Plano, TX

Second Arrow

Roger Cox, Dallas, TX
Ronnie Ainsworth, Vernon, TX
Samuel Hoerster, III, Austin, TX
Thad Kirk, Phoenix, AZ

Third Arrow

Clarence Carver, Highlands, TX
Thad Kirk, Phoenix, AZ
Jeffrey McKnight, Waterville, OH
Edward Popp, Riverside, CA

First Crossed Arrows

Eldon Epley, Elk Creek, NE

Third Crossed Arrows

Carl Adams, Reisterstown, MDD.
Don Grimoldi, Napa, CA
Billy Epps, Dallas, TX

Master Bow Hunter Medal

Nicholas J. Gray, Junction City, KA
John Durham, Ft. Pierce, FL
Frank Rinella, Lisle, IL

Rhode Island	0	0	0
S. Carolina	4	0	0
S. Dakota	5	0	0
Tennessee	12	0	0
Texas	25	4	14
Utah	3	0	0
Vermont	0	0	0
Virginia	18	6	5
Washington	4	1	0
W. Virginia	7	3	0
Wisconsin	8	2	2
Wyoming	1	0	0
Europe	0	0	0
Japan	0	0	0
Totals	306	114	52

BOARD OF DIRECTORS MAIL BALLOT ACTION

BD-24-70

"That a mail ballot be taken to raise NFAA dues \$2.00 for single members and heads of households over the existing 1970 dues rate. If passed, this action will void the action taken for the dues increase dated October 1, 1970. This action to become effective January 1, 1971".

YES 55 NO 19

2/3 of 74 needed for passage.

49 needed to pass.

YES VOTES: Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, California, 3, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Hawaii, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Lou-

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Don't think for one minute that bow hunting 25 years ago was only a he-man's game. Give a look at Alma Blundell of 2180 Le Tarte Ave., Muskegon, Michigan. She and husband, Wesley, live at the same address and she still bags her deer.

LOOKING BACK . . .

Continued from page 12.

edge and lift it up to form a barb. This will give you a fish arrow for pennies, it may break due to the wood, but if you get a fish who cares! You can be more elaborate and attach a swivel type head which will open when the fish tries to pull away but the hacksaw and barb would be a very fast and effective rig. You might have a bit of trouble extracting the arrow from the fish but he couldn't get away either. I don't know about you but I'll make one or two, maybe three, for expendable shots at fish.

"People who do not care for takedown bows have the following criticisms: 1. The round or "broomstick handle" (which seems to have been the original form). 2. They creak or loosen in the handle.

3. The handle adds to the weight of the bow."

The above aren't new comments but those made by Clarence Pratt of Milwaukee, Wisc., in the May, 1945, issue of Archery Magazine.

My first introduction to a takedown bow was the Groves takedown in 1969. The idea isn't new but Bear Archery has recently gone over the top with a set of perhaps the best yet. More on that, but first let's look at the old argument which was entirely different than our present situation.

Pratt advocates the takedown bow for several reasons (this is in 1945). First he had problems finding long enough sections of osage from which to build a self-bow. He had a plentiful supply of shorter sections so applied some common sense and purchased a takedown handle. These were made in several styles which

allowed the bowyer (usually the avid archers were bowyers in their own right too) to place matched sections of osage, lemonwood or the desired material into the pre-formed sockets of the handle section. These sections then fit together like a socket or perhaps a better comparison would be the ferrules on a fly rod which fit tightly together.

With the above method Pratt could not only make a takedown bow for better portability, and he could also have an extra set of limbs ready made to insert if he should have an unfortunate accident and break a bow limb. Like we always say, nothing is new, just adapted to the times.

The current rash of takedown bows on the market derived from and for different reasons, I'm sure. There is the advantage of having the extra limbs or even three or more if you like in case of breakage or in case

you desire a lighter bow and conversely a heavier one.

The main advantage in the modern takedown bow is portability. We travel farther and faster now but space is still a problem. Last year I fought the airlines to Texas and wondered if I would have a full-length bow when I arrived. I did, but it didn't help the nerves during the flight. Now I have a Groves case, solid enough to withstand the baggage handlers, which carries a metal riser, two sets of limbs and over two dozen arrows. I could carry this on board a plane—they are required to put it in the pilot's cabin, but I still feel better with it there than in the baggage compartment.

A few weeks ago, compliments of Bill Sparks of the Bear Archery Company, I received for testing and shooting, a set of beautiful magnesium riser bows now being made by that company. They were advertising in those early issues of Archery Magazine too, by the way. These new Bear bows are colored, have three sets of handles to choose from, or if you like a "stick" handle you could shoot the metal one. The locking is the same as on a wood riser, a few of which came out several years ago. Wait till you see these beauts. The idea isn't new as Pratt talked about having seen and used the takedown bows several years before 1945. They called them takedown, or carriage bows, and the thinking was as good then as it is now.

"What I think I want is about a 60-pound bow for hunting," I remarked to a man by the name of Frank Eicholtz about ten years ago. Frank strung a 60-pounder which I naturally couldn't start to pull. I settled for a 34-pound for target.

He wisely told me to hit the bales before trying for rabbits or deer. In the same May issue of '45 Frank has a short article on "How Do You Aim?" He is in defense of the instinctive archer versus the sight shooter. Does that sound like some of the present articles regarding the release? Frank mentions a really good instinctive archer is far better at unknown distances than a good sight shooter. If the sight shooter was on with the first shot he had the rest on target, if he missed with the first he had an idea of what to do with the second. Eicholtz mentions how he took a flashlight and shined it on the center spot of a target at night. He backed off to 20 yards and put the pile on the spot. He used the instinctive method and shot a group "you could grasp in one hand." This same light tech-



Looking back to 1945 we find evidence of trophy bears taken in California with bow and arrow. Posing with this monstrous black bear rug is George Johnson.

nique was used by the Japanese in their training for archery students when they became doubters.

There are four pages in the May '45 issue I would like to see revived in our current publications. These pages are the results of the 1944 Art Young Big Game Award winners. They list the name of the archer, big game and weight, place and date of shot, distance of shot, where game hit, penetration, distance game traveled after being hit, aiming method, type bow used, bow ends, weights and length of bow, arrows and weight, size of head and finally the weight of the head. For an example let's follow this through with a big game winner you might recognize, Fred Bear. His game, one of two, was a buck deer at 175 pounds, shot at Lac Suel County, Ontario, on Sept. 21, 1944, no distance listed, but shot through hips and two back of ears with complete penetration, using instinctive aiming with an osage bow backed with silk with recurved ends weighing 70 pounds with

a length of 62 inches. The arrows were self cedar at 630 grans tipped with 1 1/4-inch wide broadheads weighing 160 grans. This tells a hunter a great deal. These four pages are filled with this type information, very interesting to read and shows the variety of killing hits, the variety of tackle and perhaps how effective.

The Sandia Crest Bow Hunters of Albuquerque, N. M., sent me a newsletter last year with a similar listing of the deer killed by the club members. It is interesting to note some deer went down on the spot and others were tracked for over half a mile or more. This tells many stories in itself and you can almost recreate the hunter and his elation and problems later. Perhaps space is too precious now to devote to such listings but it would still be interesting.

So you think the bow quiver is fairly recent do you? In an ad for John's Archery Shop of Clintonville,

Wisc., at the back of the same '45 issue, is a picture of a bow quiver which holds three broadhead arrows. It looks like a miniature back quiver but you hold it in your bowhand in front of the bow, the arrows stick straight up. This would give you four shots if you carried one on the string, a very bad habit but often done. When I saw this ad I wondered what happens if I tried one of these "Stalker Bow Quiver" styles with my radical canted bow.

If you'll excuse me, I think I'll take a look at the "new" issue of Archery Magazine, the one dated 1970—that's 25 years later than the one I just finished rambling through.

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Archery Magazine

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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WHAT are YOU MISSING?

A MONTHLY REPORT FROM THE NATIONAL FIELD ARCHERY ASSOCIATION TO ADVISE YOU OF THE AWARDS, THE SERVICES, AND POLICIES OF YOUR ORGANIZATION.

As part of your NFAA membership, you receive the official publication of the NFAA Archery Magazine. Archery Magazine is provided to an NFAA member each month.

Nearly every association in the country provides some type of communications between the organization and its members. In other cases, just like the NFAA, the publication will bring to members news of the association and make able attempts to keep the membership informed of all phases of the organization. Archery Magazine operates the same way. Each month members wish to know what is happening in their sport as well as being informed of current proposals within the organization. These are brought to you monthly through the pages of this magazine.

From an administrative standpoint, your National president and secre-

tary will bring you the insights of the association. Actions being taken or proposed by your NFAA board of directors will be reported for your information. Those members excelling in various phases of the sport of archery are publicized.

All news does not come from a National standpoint. For this reason sectional reports are provided to tell the story of archery and activities in different parts of the country. It becomes virtually impossible to provide news in respect to all individual members, or for that matter, even to include national publicity of every archery club within the NFAA. With over a thousand clubs throughout the country, all the activities of these clubs certainly cannot be given adequate publicity in the limited number of pages each month.

The NFAA is the speaking body

of the hunting archer in the United States. Feature stories on hunting are provided for the member's enjoyment. Many have even learned a few hunting tricks experienced by other successful hunters. Other feature articles which relate to conservation are also a regular part of your magazine.

Problems in your shooting? Each month an article is presented which explores these problems and enables you to know the "whys" of shooting and how to correct mistakes.

As a membership publication and owned by all NFAA members, the magazine provides participation for you, the average archer. Annually the NFAA, through its official publication, provides for a prize story contest as well as the blind bogey contest. Only as a member of the NFAA are you able to participate in these programs.

History, technical aspects, modern true-to-life bow hunting, reports of actions on the administrative end of the sport, sectional reports of members and clubs, programs of the NFAA, features on outstanding tournaments, and a variety of advertising of new products brings action to you through your official publication. You receive it as part of your NFAA dues.

NOTICE!

Dates for the National Field Tournament have been set for the last week in July.



Twelve months of Archery Magazine are provided with every NFAA membership. News of the NFAA and archery activities throughout the nation are brought to members each month. Feature articles, hunting stories, regular monthly columns, and a host of other attractions make Archery Magazine the leading publication for members of the NFAA.

By
**STEVEN
BARD**

Great Moments

What constitutes a great moment? For each of us it would be entirely different. Perhaps it is the first trophy you won on the last bale of your early target attempts. It might be the record mule deer trophy hanging on the mantle. For each of us it is different. One of mine, small and minor and it may seem is a forkey mule deer rack, not big; in fact, very small, but it represents the first deer taken with the bow, not the least by any means but the first. There is no other trophy which can replace that "first" in anything, target or hunting.

Going through the back years of Archery Magazine presents a unique problem in trying to determine just what is a great moment. For those who are target oriented it would be the first perfect score in any event recorded. To others it might be the biggest animal taken with a bow. Keep this in mind as you read the following "Great Moments" and try to keep an open mind. There will be

moments in hunting and target, but perhaps not the ones you may consider as the greatest. If you have any suggestions and it is recorded in Archery Magazine from 1945 till the present, drop us a line and we'll try to oblige by recapturing those moments for you in this column.

There is a great moment for all hunting archers at one time or another. This doesn't refer to the hunt or the kill, but instead to a battle waged before many of us took up the bow to hunt. The first thing which had to be done in each state was to convince the governing bodies the bow was a killing weapon and archers should be allowed to hunt their way with the bow without the added danger of rifle hunters in the field at the same time. What it boiled down to is the passing of the bow hunting seasons, by the various states.

Who was first?

I don't know, but back in 1945 Archery Magazine devoted several columns of copy to the passing of the first bow seasons for the State of California. They didn't win the right easily as you will see taken from the following article written by Roy Hoff:

The California archers obtained a ten-day pre-season for anyone who wishes to hunt with a bow. The license then, 1945, was \$3.00 for a resident and \$5.00 for a non-resident. This was \$1.00 more than the cost to the rifleman.

They had several years of discouraging dealings with the people in government at that time to pass the bill for the archery season. When they organized the California Bow-

man Hunters organization in 1943 they took the first really organized steps toward getting the pre-season bill passed. The group, then nearly 600 strong under the leadership of Roy Hoff went before the legislature to see how their bill would pass—if it did.

The comments passed around the assembly floor aren't new; we still hear them today among the non-believers. They mentioned hopping from rock to rock, wearing doe-skins to entice the bucks in, feeling that the use of sex in this manner wasn't very sportsmanlike and other wild ideas about a subject they obviously knew little or nothing about. After months of debate in the Senate and Assembly Fish & Game Committees, the voices of the lawmakers became less and less critical of the bowmen and the bill passed. That was only the first step, however.

The elation soon turned to a bit-for struggle with the S.P.C.A. who was "lying in the weeds" until the bill reached the Governor's desk. It was learned that pressure was being put on the Governor to veto the bill.

The California Bowman Hunters decided to play politics with the big "wheels" of the Legislature. So they staged a steak dinner, including bar before, during and after, with no strings. They merely tried to talk to the guests to let them know personally the archers are no nuttier than the people who run around with a stop watch in one hand and a foot on the accelerator claiming they are having an auto rally. That might get someone else's back up, but that is how feelings run according to your favorite sport.

The wining and dining no doubt was helpful to the bowmen's cause, but they still needed the signature of the Governor. You don't take the Governor out to dinner, usually, that

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Though he looks terribly dejected, this was a "great moment" for Jim Easton as he listens to advice from fellow archer, George Miller.

is, but with the added pressure of the U. S. mail and Western Union messages sent to his office by the members of archery clubs, the organized lobbying, if you care to call it that, of the CBH obtained the coveted signature and pre-season bow hunting in California became a reality. Today we still enjoy that privilege with one season in the Los Angeles county area which runs into late January of the following year. Over 100 days, and it sees many hunters taking the field in that area. That would be one candidate for a Great Moment.

No matter what the problem or the situation there are always opposites or contrasts if you prefer. Let's take a look at a completely different situation which occurred in Illinois in the same issue of the July, 1945 Archery Magazine. Illinois archers were no different than the other hunters in wanting a special archery hunting season in their state. They put before the Legislature House Bill 190, legalizing and setting aside a special archery hunting season. The archers were represented by the Chicago Archery Club's Walter Bergen, working with Representative John G. Ryan. Between the two of them, with the backing of the other archers who helped in any way possible, they "had smooth sailing" with one minor exception. When the bill came before the Senate they thought they might be having their legislative legs pulled. It seems once in a while a bill is proposed to see if the governing bodies are on their toes. They thought this must be one of those Trojan Horse bills to check their awareness. A quick conservation with the right people straightened this out and the bill went through with no hitches. When it came time to sign the bill the Governor did so and the Director of the Department of Conservation made the attending bowmen deputy game wardens. The Director not only did this but invited them to help rid his nursery of rabbits. They made him an honorary member and promised to help him learn the sport.

There was one other dissenting note which was cleared up. The local sports writer made a few unknowing comments in the press about the archers. He hit the bill with the comment it would permit "an adult to go out and make a fool of himself with kid's toys."

The archers flooded the mail with corrections to this article comment. The writer was taken in tow and shown how effective a bow can be, and admitted his basic problem of not knowing the sport as well as he should. He was present at the sign-

ing of the bill into law and admitted he never had been flooded with so much mail or had his ears pinned back so nicely.

A good comparison between Illinois and California in passing a law to legalize special archery hunting seasons. Each state probably had as much or as little trouble, but the main thing now is most states do have an early archery hunting season, and many also have reduced rates for the licensees. Whenever an archery bill goes before a group of committee for review or amendment the same unknowing people, knowledgeable probably in politics, but not in sports like archery, put up a fuss and often manage to stop a bill to help archers. There is one way to help prevent this, knowledge.

With our modern methods of communication it brings more sports into the home via the video tube, but people like Fred Bear and others who put time and effort into doing these hunting features right can do more with a ten-minute feature than all the words in the magazines. People tend to believe more what they see than what they read. There are still conservation groups who advocate no killing—just let the animals starve from over-grazing. If these two moments in the 1945 issue of Archery Magazine sound remote, don't relax too much; it might be going on right now in your own capital.

Let's reverse the normal procedure and start looking at this moment from the closing paragraph from the October, 1945 Archery Magazine issue. "We have started the ball rolling. The first school field archery course is established—there will be more. Then we look forward to inter-collegiate field archery. And finally field archery athletic letters and awards will surely be given, as this "Sport of Kings" takes its rightful place in physical education."

This is the closing paragraph on

an article written by E. F. (Al) Engleman of Glendale College, California. The article states the college is using an outdoor field round in the physical education department with the course being open to both men and women for credit. At that time archery courses were open to women, but seldom to men. Perhaps the main reason was lack of interest shooting the standard target rounds at set distances. The college then boasted of a "tricky" 14-target layout which ran at the back of the college in the draws and as to being wild, they often saw deer on the hills while shooting. They held the range to 14 targets so the archers could complete one round during the one-hour gym class. They claim, to the best of their knowledge at that time, to be the first college to sponsor an official field archery course located on the school campus.

There are many schools offering archery in the coed gym classes now, but how many actually have a field course? Most of the ranges seen by the author have been laid out on the football field, using the yardages marked for the "other" game with roll-around targets. A few colleges have a permanent range set up for use in the gym classes, by the archery club and often for inter-collegiate competition. There were some photos of the course with the article and it did indeed look rugged, with brush, steep hills and trees.

These may not be great moments to you; they may be marginal to many, but there are two things which catch the eye while browsing through back issues. The word FIRST and any world or national title shoots. There will be more. In fact, the next issue will deal entirely with hunting. A very bad hunt, but certainly one which drew a great deal of attention throughout the entire North American Continent and many foreign countries. 

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Club News and Coming Events - - -

Editor's note: If your club is not mentioned, or area archery activities, then you are the one who is to blame. How do you expect your column reporter to write something if you don't tell him? If nothing else, when your club is going to have a big Invitational, let me have the dope so I can put it in a special spot for coming events. After the event be sure to have someone tell your reporter what happened and who won what. Don't snow us under with winners and runners-up in all classes and divisions. Just give us the tops.



By ED TAUSSIG

100 Hepburn Rd., Apt. 8K
Clifton, N. J. 07012

The year 1970 did not turn out the way you wanted it? You did not hit the 400 or 500 score you wanted? You did not get the big buck? In fact, you didn't get any game? Cheer up, we have a brand new year to Make It Happen. Yes sir, 1971 is the 1. One thing for sure, archery is a very individual sport, very seldom can you blame anyone else for what you did not do. Forget the resolutions for 1971, decide to go out and have some fun and you just might be surprised and have your desires come true. Really, without a little fun mixed in most times the success is hardly worth it.

Enough of being a Preacher-Teacher. On with the news and as might be expected this time of year, most of it concerns bow hunting.

New Jersey had another banner deer hunting season with the bow. One thousand three hundred eighty-six deer were harvested of which 777 were bucks, 603 does and 6 unknown. This is the third highest archery deer kill on record.

Top county was Hunterdon with 289 followed by Warren with 152 and Burlington 142. The counties which showed the greatest increase in kills were Ocean and Somerset whereas

Morris had the greatest drop by far. Considering the constant encroachment of housing on open land this was a great year.

From the reports I have been receiving New York was not so fortunate. Without exception every columnist I read, said the deer kill was down considerably both with bow and rifle. The reasons were almost as many as the columnists. The heat is really on the biologists at the moment though because of the large either-sex kills the last few years. Will let you know the final result as soon as I hear.

The releases Pennsylvania has been sending me predict a large kill both with bow and rifle. Have to give the Pennsylvania Game Commission a lot of credit. Every week they send releases on conditions on each of the six sections of the state. What the weather is like, conditions of the roads, prospects for killing game, etc. You might just say they cater to the hunter.

Right at this moment they have

been concerned with the highway kill of game during the rifle season. They mention one district game protector picked up 13 road-killed deer in one night. Deer are really kept on the move 24 hours with so many hunters in the woods. Whatever state you hunt you should be more careful during the hunting season. That car you save might just be your own.

No report on the bow-kill from West Virginia but they have been having a successful season as of the end of November. Ten thousand three hundred deer were checked in with Hardy County being the best producer with 1,253. Hampshire was next with 1,030 and Grant had 671. Seems to me I would know where to go for the best area if I was to bow hunt there.

Many thanks as usual to Howard Street for keeping me informed of hunting results in Virginia. No figures yet, but plenty of great stories coming out.

Have reports of three bear being



Winners of fourth annual Deer Shoot held by High Tor Bowmen of New York. Standing: Frank Mosica, Jack Chambers, Harold Yipbrock and William Taylor. Kneeling: George Mosica, Gordon Maxfiro and Fred Nirdakruser.



Martin Desepalo, West Keansburg, N. J., member of Indian Hill Bowmen, with 166-pound six-point buck taken in Hunterdon County, New Jersey.

bow killed. Largest one, 250 pounds, was brought home by Gordon Weeks of Raphine. Gordon hunted the Big Levels of Augusta County. Joe Hollidge of Warrenton, a member of the Prince William Archers killed his in Rockingham County. Shot it at 1:00 o'clock in the afternoon. Wonder how many of you readers were taking your siesta about that time. Tracked it about 200 yards before recovery.

The third bear was something else again. It was taken by Bob Grimstead of the Wythe Bow Hunters. Bob was in a blind and the bear walked right up to it and looked in. Seeing Bob he backed off about four or five yards and stopped. Hear tell Bob was shaking so bad he never shot the arrow, it just shook itself off the string. It was a great shot though. The arrow penetrated right to the feathers close to the heart and he only went 45 yards before collapsing. Dressed out at 205 pounds. Congrats to all three of you.

Another unusual accomplishment coming out of Virginia concerned Harold Maxey and wife, Tom Broyle and wife, and Larry Hefner. The five of them hunted together in the Potts Mountain area of Craig County. Well, they made good on a thousand to one shot by all five filling their deer tag. Hunting had been pretty poor until the day they got a driving rain. That day all three men filled out. (What do I keep telling you about those rainy days?) Before the week ended both wives connected for their first deer.

Sure not many groups can claim an accomplishment like that. For Harold Maxey it was his seventh successful year in a row.

Delaware may not be a very large state but don't underestimate the determination of her bow hunters. Probably one of the most difficult to get a deer in, which makes the accomplishment all the sweeter—so some real kudos to Ray Niblett, Jack O'Day, Vern Blankenship and Harold Spencer for their success.

Butts and Bows Archery Lanes in Belleville, N. J., must have the largest participation of any deer contest in the East. Four hundred and twenty-nine archers signed up to compete for the many fine prizes offered by Len Cardinal. Fifty-four deer were weighed in at the lanes. A remarkable achievement of 12.6 per cent success ratio. Considering the overall New Jersey average is between 5 and 6 percent it gives you a good idea of how important it is to practice and be ready for that all-important chance.

Heaviest Buck and Best Antler Award went to Gene Long of Clifton with a 142-pound, 8 pointer. Rocky Castiello of Bloomfield took second with a 3-point 128 pounder followed closely by Pat Camuso of Belleville with a 3-point, 125 pounder. Out of 54 deer taken 25 were bucks and 29 does. Heaviest doe was registered by Joe Lubertazzi of Nutley with a 113 pounder, just nosing out Frank Mead of Freehold with a 110 pounder.

Almost without exception, every

state warns anyone with a snowmobile against pursuing or harassing deer. In most states it is a misdemeanor with fines of from \$100.00 to \$200.00. Further, it makes the deer expend energy and fat when they can least afford it and can make the difference between surviving the winter and not. So, if you enjoy snowmobiling remember to give wildlife a break and admire them from a distance.

Couple more publications available. West Virginia has a new Bow Hunters' Guide available at no charge by writing the Wildlife Resources Division, State Capitol, Charleston, W. Va. 25305. It lists recommended areas for bear and deer hunting as well as bow hunting regulations.

Pennsylvania has a 281-page publication entitled "Mammals of Pennsylvania." There is considerable information on measurements, weights, type of tracks, identification keys, breeding data, etc. It is available for \$2.00 from the Division of Information and Education, Pennsylvania Game Commission, P. O. Box 1567, Harrisburg, Pa. 17120.

Top place in the archery class of the Virginia Game Commission Big Game Trophy Contest was won by C. R. Williams of Madison Heights. His 9-pointer had a Boone and Crockett score of 170 1/8.

Not much news from the tournament trail but will give you what we have.

The High Tor Bowmen of New York



Members of New Jersey Devil Bowmen exhibition team. Back row: George Passwaters, Jim Grove, Floyd Linaweaver, Paul Freemairn, Cliff Lippincott, Charles Gray. Second row: Gloria Wyman, Stella Lippincott. Third row (kneeling): Dave Thomas, Ed Wyman, Terry Matthews.

held their fourth annual deer shoot in October, consisting of 28 full sized deer targets. Although it was a fun shoot there was many a cry of pain when the archer realized if it had been the real thing there would have been many a white flag running away unhurt. Winners in all classes were awarded beautiful hand-made deer trophies. Strange was the fact that in such a tournament there was not one entry in the Bow Hunter Class—makes you wonder.

The Delaware State Archery Association held their annual banquet at the Dover Air Force NCO Club at which their state champs, as well as others, were feted.

In addition to the state champion trophies presented, a number of other archers were honored. Ray Niblett and Mimi McDermet were awarded the Most Improved Archer Awards for 1970. The Outstanding Archery Family Award went to the Clauges family. Jack O'Day from Seaford was presented with the Most Dedicated Archer Award. Kay Fatcher was presented with a "500" patch for her 508 shot during the state championship.

All wine and dined to the wee hours of the morning, reliving the great times experienced by them during the year.

No news from Maryland this month, but was interested in finding that State Champ Dave Jackson maintained a 538 field average throughout the season. Not too many can claim that. In fact, I know a lot of archers who would like to maintain 50 percent of that.

Much credit to the Bergen Bowmen of New Jersey. They recently completed what they called "Operation Turkey," in which they raised funds to purchase some wild turkeys to release in Wawayanda State Park. Although they raised enough to purchase 13 birds the breeder only had 6 left

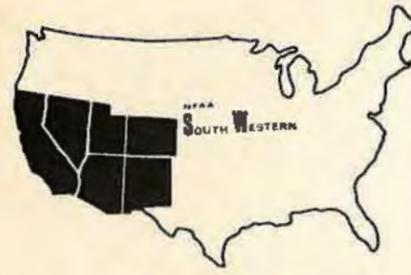
when they went to pick them up. All their members are hopeful the 6 will reproduce and provide hunting in the years to come.

Many thanks to those who have

been faithful in writing me—could use a few more reporters though—how about joining up? A few notes now and then would be sincerely appreciated.



Joseph L. Hollidge, Warrenton, Va., bagged this bear in Rockingham County, Va.



By LYNN GARDNER

6977 Nita Avenue,
Canoga Park, Calif. 91303

Due to the fact Santa Claus was so busy last month and everyone seems to be getting busy to start 1971, news was slim, but I guarantee you we hope next month's magazine will be big enough to handle the activities which are planned for February.

CALIFORNIA

CBH-SAA under the firm helm of John Slack are now in the midst of an election with Betty Howard, running again for State Secretary, Clarence Kozlowski as State Field Vice-president, Chuck Vobril, Hunting and State Target, is a race with Rusty Leslie and Earl Rozar running for State Target Vice-president - - all are great and will give John an excellent Board to face 1971 and it's many controversies. All this will culminate at the

State Convention in Anaheim at the Disneyland Hotel on the twenty-third and twenty-fourth of this month. The highlight of the convention will be the Big Game Awards Banquet, held on the twenty-second.

Our Marines are back again and Silver Shaft Archers of Camp Pendleton invite all service personnel and any others in the area to visit or join them. They have completed a Three-Star Range, which has turned out to be one of the finest in Southern California. Contact J. Mellinger if you are in the area.

A few notes for your calendar: April 11 will see the Oranco Bowmen holding forth on their range with their annual Big Game Shoot - - Frontier Days with the El Monte Archers, and a must "fun" shoot for all will be held on Feb. 14 - - The Bonnie Bowmen Indoor Archery Tournament to be held on Jan. 9 and 10 promises to be a real challenge - - The Malibu Mountain Archers have completely rebuilt their range and are ready to go on Feb. 7 for their annual Turkey Shoot - - We knew the phoenix would rise again - - Monica Grage of North County Bowmen took a trip to Phoenix and returned to San Diego with the Jewel Hamilton Award. This perpetual trophy was started in 1963 and has become a "most wanted trophy," and is given each year at the Southwestern Inter-Collegiate Championship Tournament. This is the first time the trophy has left Phoenix.

A recent NAA registered shoot at the Southgate Target Archers Range

produced some of the finest scores ever shot in a target tournament, John Williamson and his compound bow shot an 800 and an 804 for a 1604 double; this is the highest double I have heard about. Art Robinson with 780-800—1580 and Ken Ostling shot a 790. A young lady, from whom you will hear a great deal in the future is Miss Phyllis Long of La Puente who tallied out with 755-746—1501 for the women. (If I sound like a personal press agent for this little gal, I guess you could say I am as I so sincerely believe she will soon be a National champion - - so mark my bragging and we will see how wrong or right I am - -).

The Silverado Bowmen of Napa Valley (in the midst of the greatest wine country in the word) have their plans all set for their annual Silverado Vintage Tournament on March 28 and extend an invitation to all to attend.

Riverside Archers held their annual Jungle Shoot. All targets were freestanding and what would be classified as denizens of the jungle. Top winners were: Men, BB Class A: Sid Chamberlain; women: Jan Williams, youth: Art Ullrich.

Free style, men: Ken Ostling; women: Terrie Ostling.

Bow hunter, men: George Morris; women, Judy Taylor.

New officers for 1970 are: President—Larry Browning; Vice-president—Lowell Stone; Secretary—Doreen Beghtol; Asst. Sec'y—Roy Beghtol; Treasurer—Carl Braniger; Range Captain—Roger Black and Randy Doyle.

Asst. Range Captain—Bill Clerkler.

NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA

Our friends from New Mexico were too busy for news this month but I do know a little about Nevada with the Las Vegas \$20,000 Indoor Open being held at the Thunderbird Hotel on Jan. 29, 30 and 31. This is drawing archers from all over the country this year and some really stiff competition is in the offing. They are using the flite system again this year, which has really proven itself in the Southwest, as it gives all archers an opportunity to win. This year they are going to again give a free, all-expenses paid, trip to Vegas for early registration, with added promises for new innovations to make this year's competition even more exciting than '70.

UTAH

So nice to hear from Robert Helber of the HILL Archers, located at Hill Air Force Base, Ogden. He reports the pheasant shooting is great and it is strictly a flu-flu proposition as far as equipment is concerned. This was the first hunt of this type permitted on the base and the shooting was excellent - - with one but, no birds were taken but the tail feathers sure flew.

Malibu Turkey Shoot February 7th

The club was unable to hold their annual event due to a fire which raged through the range. It has now been re-built. The brand new 28 target bales stand out like ghosts against the blackened hills. The area has had considerable rain and the chances are good the hills will be green by shoot time.

Registration at 8 a.m.; shooting at 9:00 sharp. Event will be regulation



One of the highlights of the Riverside Archers Jungle Shoot was the awarding of Life Memberships to Roy and Frieda Hoff. Shown at the presentation are: Frieda and Roy. Congratulating the couple was President Gerhard Doll.



A new club is now doing nicely on the High Desert. The archers have named their club so our readers will not think they hold their shoots in Death Valley (the low desert). The tree you see is seldom seen outside of the Pacific Southwest. These odd shaped trees are called Joshua.

• Photo by ROY HOFF

field round plus novelties and clout. Twenty-five turkeys will be awarded the winners of various events.

Fees: \$3 adults, \$5 for man and wife, \$1.50 youths, \$7 family.

Baby sitting, food and drinks will be available on the range, which is located in Latigo Canyon, 3-1/2 miles west of Malibu on Pacific Coast Highway 1.—Submitted by T. Sparkman.

Madera Field Archers Hiawatha Bounty Hunt shoot

This event is scheduled for February 27. There will be 56 animal targets. Class cards required. Hot lunch will be served and the usual beverages.

Shooting will start at 9:30 a.m. Fees: \$7 family, \$5 man and wife, \$3 single, \$2 youth. Range is two miles south of Coarsegold on Highway 41, Madera. For further information contact Susan Burke 1210 W. 5th St., Madera.

Round-up Time Again At Yuma

After a long dry spell of four years, the Yuma Bowmen have come to life and proudly announce their famous annual "Round-up" will be returning to the big tournament events.

The tournament will be held on the club's new range 19 miles north of Yuma on Highway 95, in the Adair Complex. The dates: February 6 and 7. The event will consist of 28 registered field on Saturday plus novelties. Sunday the archers will shoot 14 hunter and 14 animal targets. Trophies to third place in all classes.

Registration and card pick-up for those pre-registered will be 7:30-9:00 Saturday; Sunday 8:00-9:00. Awards will be made at 3:30 Sunday afternoon so out-of-towners can get an early start homeward.

Fees: pre-registration: adults \$3.50, youth \$2.50, family \$10; Saturday: adults \$4.50, youth \$3.50, family \$12. Camping space with water will be

available. Send fees to Sally Smith, 2405 Melody Lane, Yuma, Ariz. 85364.

Pomona Valley Bow Hunters Annual Golf Shoot

The club's annual event will be held February 28 at the regular site. Take the San Dimas (Puddingstone Dam) off-ramp of Highway 10, or Foothill 66 to Gate 6. Look for signs.

Fee: adults \$3.50, youth \$2.50, family \$7.50. Shooting will start at 7:00 a.m. Our thanks to Bart Barton for the above information.



GLADYS COCHRAN

1828 Kintyre St., Eugene, Ore. 97402

MONTANA

An apology to the State of Montana for their news in last month's Archery Magazine which was put under the Wyoming column.

Blase DiLulo, sports coach at Lockwood Jr. High, has done a great deal in getting the students at his school interested in archery. Setting up a championship tournament for Lockwood (to be held annually) and inter-school competition, seems to be his

main project. The team has already had one tournament with Central High School last September and planned another in December. It'll be interesting to report the results of the tourney.

Also from the Black Otter Bowmen: With the help of Bill Leisi, Richard Virgi has devoted his time and interests in starting a 4-H Archery Club in Billings. Their second meeting was held Nov. 16 at the County Courthouse, whereupon the group selected their officers for the coming year. President is Richard Virgi, vice-president is John Stevens, and secretary-treasurer is Greg Zeiler; adult advisor is LaVerne Solheim.

A note to non-Black Otter Bowmen: You do not have to be a member of our club to belong to this 4-H group, as the Black Otters are just sponsoring the organization. Nothing special is being set up by the "Sagittarians" except to get their monthly meetings in order.

A Junior Olympic program, suggested by Henry Meyers and sponsored by the Black Otter Bowmen, will soon be in progress at the Grand Archery Lanes every Saturday morning. Henry also notes there are students from Senior and Central High School, shooting on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. Instructions and cake shoots are in session for cubs every Friday evening.

Winter Leagues have started for Billings and Laurel archers, with two evenings for the Freeman Round, team competition, and Tuesday evening for the new NFAA Round. Both of these rounds are being shot on the NFAA new target and the response, so far, is favorable. The NFAA is giving patch awards for scores shot on these two rounds and Henry Meyers, operator of the Grand Archery Lanes, is awarding \$10.00 free merchandise for a perfect 300 score on the Freeman Round, \$50.00 free merchandise for a perfect 300 score on the NFAA Round and a free case of Pepsi for a triuplicate score.

Elmer Hart of the Sidney Bow Hunters, reports more big game kills for their club. Gene Hueth bagged a whitetail doe with his bow, while lucky Elmer can credit himself with an antelope (doe).

The Sidney Bowmen have located an indoor range in the local Moose Lodge and are eager to start shooting the new NFAA Round as soon as their range approval is completed. The club is trying to develop a Montana-Saskatchewan Canadian Shoot for next summer.

OREGON

The Cascadian Bowmen of Eugene have announced the winners of their Long Tournament and the checks were presented at their November meeting. The tournament lasts all summer, from the beginning of Daylight Savings Time to the end of the fast time.

Shooting is every Wednesday night, alternating PAA, Field and Hunter Rounds, until mid-July; then alternating Broadhead, Field and Hunter for the rest of the season. A 50 cent fee is charged each night to be used for prize money, both handicap and scratch competition. Fees collected for each round are presented to winners of the particular round. This is the second year they have held the tournament.

This year's winners are: Charles Lake \$19.76; Jean Lake \$17.93, Lyal Beck \$8.40, Orin Owens \$5.64, Ken Sommer \$5.55, Marge Baxter \$5.50, Fern Epperly \$2.78, Ike Epperly \$2.00, Marty Knigge \$1.39, Mary Sommer \$1.05. The donated lawn chair for high man and wife went to Charles and Jean Lake and the hunting knife was won by Marty Knigge for average score.

Signs of winter are here, with indoor shooting getting into full swing and the talk turning to club elections, big game banquet, etc. Some of the members are still persistently trying to bag that deer. Bob Brooks has joined the group of successful Cascadian Bowmen, bringing the total to nine. A new report now adds Dave Miller, Dennis Brandsma, Howard Bruce, George Downs, and Chuck Holbert to the lucky hunters who have downed their deer.

Cascadian Bowmen's newly elected officers for the year 1971 are: President, Ken Sommer; first vice-president, Chuck Holbert; second vice-president, John Bar; secretary, Jean Lake; treasurer, Charles Barr, and field governor, Bob Griffith.

On Dec. 9, members will be competing for a place on Cascadian Bowmen teams to enter in District and, hopefully, State Flint competition; which even at the club level is interesting competition every year.

The Quiver Rattlers Archery Club had 44 eligible club members attending the Dec. 2 general meeting and voted into office the following members, who will assume their duties at the January general meeting and be installed at the banquet, Jan 23, 1971:

President, Leroy Dukcs; vice-president, Steve Sumner; secretary, Donna Bachman; treasurer, Sue Whitman; membership director, Sandy Bouck; hunt director, Ralph Bouck; indoor range, Matt Vocana; outdoor range, Bob Reeves; field governor, Chuck Miller. The general meeting also welcome five new Quiver Rattlers into their group.

Opening weekend of the Pine Grove Archery Season saw many club members, standing, stalking and following blood trails through the snowy underbrush, but only Gale Bast succeeded in filling his tag. The Quiver Rattlers were passing out advertising with free hot coffee and doughnuts, but most hunters seemed too busy hauling out deer to benefit from the refreshments, which were frozen for use another weekend.

IDAHO

Jerry Roberts of the Boise Bowmen says their league is getting more interesting each Thursday night, and everyone likes the new target and scoring.

They held their Benefit Shoot for Nampa State School Nov. 29. They gave turkeys, ham and bacon in place of ribbons, etc. These were donated by Albertsons. There was a total of 21 shooters, giving them \$60.00, seven turkeys, three hams and seven pounds of bacon to send over to Nampa. Almost every shooter took home bacon (as they say).

Their archery season opened Dec. 5 and so far over half of the men have gotten their deer or elk. Of course, with three or four feet of snow there are a lot of colds and lost arrows.

The EE-DA-HOW Bow Hunters are into their winter league and like the new face which is bringing in higher scores. Bruce Nygard shot a 291, Doyle Anderegg a 283 and Perry Farnam a 277. This is the highest each of these fellows has shot. At the meeting it was voted the league would participate in the NFAA Indoor League program.

WASHINGTON

Washington State Archery Association held their election of officers for 1971. The following are the new officers: President, Addison L. Chrisman/III; past president, Dick Lobb; hunting vice-president, Richard Thrasher; tournament vice-president, H. J. (Ray) Smith; public relations vice-president, Jim Clemmens; National Archery Association director, Bill Bill Brereton; National Field Archery Association director, Ed Cody, and secretary-treasurer, Dot Doescher.

The WSAA will host the first annual Bow Hunters Banquet for the purpose of fellowship and bow hunting awards. The banquet will be held on the Snoqualmie Summit (they hope) during the first part of April. This gives them time to prepare the awards, etc. Glen St. Charles has some excellent movies of grizzly and polar bear hunts for entertainment.

ALASKA

Tournament activities are rather slack this time of year, nothing going on in Fairbanks, and haven't heard from any of the other clubs. The Twin Cities Archers are going strong. The Black Sheep Bowmen are going to start the first of the year with the NFAA's new league program. The

- (1) Fletches 3 feathers simultaneously at 120°. Fletches 6 at 60°, and 4 at 75° x 105°.
- (2) Can be switched to right or left spiral fletching to exact minute angle at 5/32 in 5-1/2" at 120° just by reversing feather clamps.
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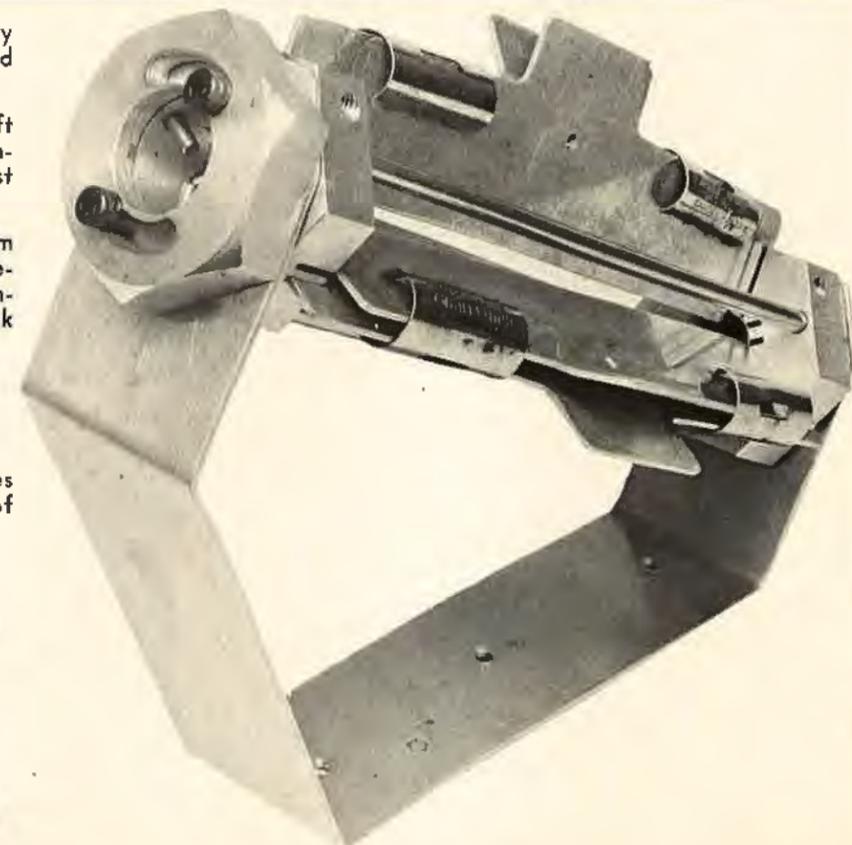
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Golden North Bow Hunters will also start their league program during January. The league seems to be well received in Alaska.

Due to the death of Charlie Bowman, Dr. James Scott (DVM3), has volunteered to fill the remainder of Charlie's term. Jim will continue in the term in the fine tradition which they have come to expect. Jim held this position prior to Charlie's two terms.

Earlier this fall, Dave Harper of Fairbanks bagged a large bull elk (Roosevelt variety) on Afognak Island near Kodiak. It was measured by Keith Clemmons, Pope and Young official measurer, at 271-1/8 which places it number one in the Pope and Young bow hunting records. It replaces the

old record of 270-2/8 pending final certification by Pope and Young officials. Congratulations Dave. The following bow hunters have also been successful this season since the last report: Charlie Bowman, Anchorage, moose (taken two days before his death); Bob Hanson, Anchorage, moose; Larry Bovins, Anchorage, moose; Bill Ryan, Anchorage, moose; Charles Hambright, Anchorage, moose; Dale Cowever, Anchorage, moose, and Bill Ryan again with a caribou.

The special moose season for bow hunters only at the Anchorage International Airport is in progress again this season. The first three weeks of the season, which extends through March, have seen eight moose taken.

The hunt is under the supervision

of the Airport Security Police and they limit the number of hunters to 25 at one time. There are still a couple of moose left and more should move into the area as the snow deepens in the high country and winter progresses.

Wayne Smith hunted on the airport last year and would like to say he received nothing but outstanding courtesy and cooperation by the fine Airport Security Police and Airport Fire Department. He encourages everyone to try and make this hunt. The plans to hunt again this year, especially since he hasn't taken a moose yet.

MEMORIAL TO CHARLES BOWMAN

By Bill Ryan

Charlie Bowman passed away very suddenly on Tuesday, Nov. 3, Charlie

was 50 years old and one of the most avid bow hunters and archers I have ever known. I've worked under and hunted with Charlie for the last two and a half years and, both at work and hunting, every minute was a new learning experience for me. He had a wealth of bow hunting knowledge and has bagged 4 elk, 4 antelope, over 12 deer, 2 moose, 2 caribou, one black bear and numerous small game. One of his elk ranks fourth in Pope and Young and Charlie was a regular member of the Pope and Young club.

Before coming to Alaska, Charlie was stationed in Aberdeen, S. D. He worked with the State Archery Association there to develop bow hunting seasons and areas. After coming to Alaska, he has worked tirelessly on behalf of the bow hunters in Alaska with the Department of Fish and Game Board. He was highly respected by all who knew and worked with him. He will be missed greatly. Charlie was serving his second term as the Bow Hunting Activities Chairman for the Alaska Archery Association and was doing an outstanding job.

The club has started a fund drive for a clubhouse. Their tiniest member, Allison Marie Fritz, weighed in at 7 pounds and 8 ounces. Congratulations Dave and Sue.

NORTH DAKOTA

A wild game supper was held by the Indian Mound Archers of Washburn. The meal included moose, venison, antelope, goose and grouse. Films were shown on archery and water fowl. The public was invited.

The Nishu Bowmen will start their Winter League in December.

Fourteen-year-old Corey Coenig of Mandan, shot a 200-pound, 8-point whitetail buck along the Missouri River Bottoms. His first deer, Corey needed only one shot, which went through the lungs.

Bob Gangl's part in the elk hunt was cancelled due to illness.

MISSOURI

A group of archers at Polo, Mo., have formed a new club, the Arrow Slingers. A. J. Rardon will head the group as president. Their first meeting was held in October.

The Grand River Archers at Harrisonville had an especially good November meeting with two films shown by the conservation agent. The club will give a trophy to each member who bags a deer this year.

Jerome Glascock is the new president of the Ashland Bow Hunters. Thirty-two archers began their indoor shooting program.

Don Folsom, Platte City (431-2259) is the man to contact on indoor shooting for the Platte Valley Bow Hunters. The deer stories and kills are many in the state—too numerous to mention. If anyone was left unmentioned it would be bad so I'll not try to list them all.

Reminder of indoor invitationals in February: At Joplin, Feb. 21, one at Rich Hill same date; At Lawson, Feb. 28.

MINNESOTA

Nancy Sanderson has her job cut out. As of Jan. 1, Nancy will be the new MSAA secretary-treasurer and classification officer. Nancy's address is 222 West Thirteenth Street, Hastings, Minn., 55033.

Jerry Kremer announces the Monte club is really going. They are up to 16 members with more joining all the time. The club has a variety of intra-club shoots.

Dr. James Shubert wrote a fine article on the National Bow Hunting trip to Douglas, Wyo. We're glad they had such a fine trip, even though they didn't bring home a trophy.

It is not a pleasant task to report tragedies and Minnesota has had two among its archery family. Mike Glass died while bow hunting this fall. He was a long-time member of Chikakoot Bow Hunters and MSAA. Jan Sliper, 16-year-old daughter of Bill and Gladys Sliper, was killed in a car accident following a football game. Jan was the 1969 Bow Hunters Jamboree Women Champion.

Our hearts go out to these two families.

IOWA

Ed Marten sent up some news from Des Moines.

The championships are all over and the all-club champs are Bob Lane, first, Abb Daugherty, second and Steve Cline, third. Carol Green and Jeanne Ware were first and second for ladies. Sam Ware took honors for Youth.

Vi Owings writes from the northwest corner of our state to send the roster of new officers of the Soo Bowmen. Earl Johnson is president, Walt Weitzel vice-president, Leo Peterson secretary, and Esther Johnson treasurer. Vi Owings is the corresponding secretary and her address is 2114 McDonald Street.

The club has a Duryee Round at 9:00 a.m. Jan. 17. A double PAA will be held Feb. 14, best round for awards.

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By **ROLAND MANTZKE**

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INDIANA

Evelyn Harvey would like to give her sincere thanks for all the cards, flowers and letters she received during her stay at the hospital — she should be caught up with her correspondence by the time you receive this magazine. Don't let it be said Indiana doesn't have bow hunters. Congratulations to Melvin Wolf of Arlington who, while on a hunting trip to British Columbia, nailed a caribou with his 70-pound bow. This animal scored 388 4/8—the world record is 374-1/8.

ILLINOIS

My wife and I spent Saturday evening with Abe Bjorklund and his very charming wife. Abe is going to continue his writing career but he did say some day he would return to archery. We hope he doesn't take too long, as archery needs men of Abe's caliber.

Broken Arrow from Sterling have five bow hunters who really enjoy hunting—they have two bear and eight deer to their credit. All their hunting



Robert Hansen of Anchorage, Alaska is shown with his prize rocky mountain goat taken last year. It scored 49 points in Pope and Young's North American Big Game Competitions. It surpasses the old record of 48-4/8 points for a new record. The goat was taken on the Kenai Peninsula with a Herter's take-down bow, fiberglass arrows and Ram X broadheads.



In September of 1970, Roy Bowersock, shown above in the white shirt, became the second person in the State of Texas to receive the NFAA 20-year pin. This award, emblematic of 20 years continuous membership, is the capstone of Mr. Bowersock's nearly 40 years in archery. Mr. Bowersock won his Art Young Big Game Pin 22 years ago. John L. Hurst, president of Cowtown Bowmen, makes the presentation.

was done in Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois. Some fellows have all the luck and skill.

Hats off to Barbara and Larry Murphy. He is a sales representative for a teaching machine company and he has offered his services as an instructor and the use of his equipment to any prospective archer. This school is located at his home south of Carbondale. This offers a lot not only to the local residents but to the 23,000 students of Southern Illinois University. There is no charge and the only reward is the satisfaction of helping new archers. This seems to be a distinct mark of dedication, of which archery could use a lot more.

By the time Archery Magazine is printed the Indoor American at Campaign will be history except for those competing for the Indoor Aggregate Award. They still have two to go on Jan. 30-31, the 300-round championship, and March 20-21, the Chicago Round. All three must be shot to be eligible for the Aggregate Indoor Award.

With the winter season on us indoor shooting is going over big with league shooting at many ranges. There are two new indoor ranges in the Chicago area. Custom archery in Forest Park and Golden Arrow in Chicago. Aurora-land Archers held an indoor shoot on the new NFAA faces. These went over big with the archers.

IT'S A FACT . . .

By **WALT WILHELM**
Yermo, California

A 50-pound grizzly bow saved the life of an archer. Deadeye Joe Golden was the guy. Hunting at 12,000 feet elevation, Joe slipped on ice at the head of a glacier and skidded for 40 yards down the incline. Right at the bottom the bow lodged between two boulders and kept Joe from dropping over a 200-foot cliff.

The greatest collection of bird bones ever found on this earth was found at the Rancho La Brea tar pits near Los Angeles. These tar beds have fielded tens of thousands of bird and animal bones. The tar outpourings from the depth of the earth has preserved the bones in perfect condition.

The Coso Range of rock drawings lies almost entirely in the lands of the N. W. C. Naval Weapons Center. The base is the largest ordnance research and development organization of the United States Navy. The site covers over 1000 square miles.

We are very interested in fossils. Within five miles of my home we have found bones of a tiny horse, a small camel, the saber tooth tiger, fossils of fish, but very few birds. In 1844 only 48 species of fossilized birds were known in North America. At the present time more than 170 have been found.

Indians of the Coso Range traveled as far east as Death Valley to harvest mesquite beans and grind them into flour.

An archer, when ordering a certain brand of beer, told the bar tender to be sure and get his brand because he couldn't tell the difference.

Bill Otto is a great fisherman. The guy debones and fillets all his salmon and cans it himself.

When a lady driver shoved her head out of her car window the wind blew her hair two miles.

A man claimed he was going to get a dog for his wife. The guy looked forward to it because he figured it would be a good trade.

A lady here on the desert treats her gentleman friends like dirt because she hides them under the rug.

OUTDOOR WIFE



By **CREETIE KERR**

125 South, 350 East
Orem, Utah 84057

GOOD POCKET HEATER

We recently purchased four new pocket heaters and they work so well and are so simple to ignite and keep warm we wonder what we ever did without them.

Their name is simply "Hot." They come in a bright daffodil yellow colored box with orange trim. They sell for \$1.89 all the way down to 89 cents each, depending on the store where you find them. Our's were 89 cents each. The little heater is simply a blue velvet box in a blue velvet bag. The box has a secure catch and when open a material much like a furnace filter material is seen and it is upon this material that a little "Solid Fuel Stick" is laid. The solid fuel sticks appear to be charcoal and sell for about 59 cents for 12. These come in a separate box from the heater. You simply open the heater cast and take a fuel stick, light one end with a blow on it until it glows, place it in the heater case, snap the lid and presto, in a few minutes there is heat. I do mean heat! While hunting geese last weekend I slipped one of mine down the front of my shirt and didn't bother to put the velvet carrying case on it—I had red skin for a week as a result.

We purchased two of these at first and after our first use we hurried back for two more. They are a good investment.

Found another little item which is a real jewel. Cost us \$2.00. It is a tiny miniature 3 1/2-inch high lantern with a wee candle. It has a little glass removable globe and a metal carrying handle. It is just

about the neatest little back-pack light we have found and is so well covered a good wind will not bother it. Hung from the top of a tiny tent it is ideal for all the light needed for undressing, dressing and organizing the many details necessary to the hunter for his next day's hike. Various catalogs have the baby candles the lantern uses—We noted the surplus stores stock them. The name of the lantern is simply "Hope Tyrol Light" and we found our's in a sporting goods store. We use our's if we need to walk around in a night camp, too—saves batteries for the trail.

A real nice flashlight we recently purchased—again for back-packing—is the plastic Mallory. About 3 5/8 inches in length and in a button-down shirt pocket, almost weightless.

These tiny camping items have added up to much pleasure for us and they might for you too.

LETTERS . . .

Dear Editor:

I want to take this moment to tell you what a fine job I think you and your staff are doing in publishing Archery Magazine.

I also wanted to let some of the other archers across the country know what one state secretary thinks of the service from NFAA Headquarters.

Last January, I took over the job of secretary for the Kentucky Archers Association and over 95% of the time I was in the dark. Not knowing which way to turn, I would write to Mrs. Janet Mackey and George Rohrbach, and not once did I fail to receive a prompt courteous reply from them. Many of us pay our dues and immediately we feel we should be pampered and waited upon by our officers and their staff. This is not the way it should be, and I for one wish to publicly thank the staff of the NFAA and to congratulate them on doing a fine job.

Sincerely yours,
ED POST, secretary
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ARCHERY PICTURE

HALF IS BETTER THAN NONE

As I look back on my hunting trip last fall at the Wilcox Tavaputs Ranch in Utah, one episode still stands out in my memory. For a few years now, I've been sort of "poo-pooing" the small compact half-frames. This one afternoon, the sun was setting, and I had spotted some deer across the canyon, and to make any type of a hunt or stalk, I had better start moving fast. I took off on a trot with all my camera gear bouncing around on my chest. I went through a thick aspen grove in the center of which there had been a windfall of trees and the going was very slow. I actually stumbled out

of the aspens as a small limb tripped me, and took a couple of fast steps to regain my balance and almost fell into the arms of another bow hunter. He had a big grin on his face as he saw me for there I was with two Nikon 35mms around my neck, a pair of binoculars, plus the small (Bear) belt kit around my waist, and two long leather tubes, each carrying telephoto lenses - - plus my bow and arrow equipment. No wonder the deer were getting a big laugh at me.

I took a quick glance at his photo equipment and all he had was a small camera attached to his belt. I thought he had my old favorite, the Kodiak Retina, which has been discontinued for about 10 years. I made a mental note to talk to him about it after we got back to Tavaput's Lodge.

Later, after another great meal Jeannette puts before the bow hunters, I finally cornered my bow hunting friend and asked him how he liked his Retina? He said it wasn't a Retina, but an Olympus "half-frame" camera. I've always talked down the so-called "half-frame" 35s because they are just too small a negative to print or fool with. I told him my thoughts and he said, "just wait a minute," while he went to his room to get some photos he had taken the season before with his older model Olympus. He brought back a bunch of photos and, being a typical pro, I found it hard to tell the difference from a 35mm and the 35mm negative which is cut in half, or, as they call it "half-of-a-frame".

He had samples of black and white, color prints, slides, and all were excellent and he even had some blown-ups, which were sharp and of good quality. Then he showed me some of the B&W shots he snapped of one of the NFAA National Tournaments. He shot most of them with a 150mm telephoto lens.

I couldn't believe my eyes such a small camera could do such a fine job and be so compact and small. He has just purchased a new Olympus Pen FT half-frame with a built-in

meter, and he showed me some photos he had taken with it earlier in the summer. I was impressed with both the new and old models. Like I've said I hate going around, especially on a hunting trip, loaded down with all my equipment and lenses while here is a camera just five inches long two and five-eighths inches high which is compact with built-in meter and through-the-lens viewing. It is amazing how they can get all of this top flight precision into a small camera and still get top-quality results.

The main reason I had always talked down a "half-frame" camera was I saw some photos shot with one and the whole showing was bad. I now realize it was the photographer and really not the camera's fault. If you do a lot of B&W shooting, then you must be very careful about the negatives. Of course, this applies to color negatives and slides too for the smallest amount of dust, smudges, or fingerprints could easily ruin a good negative. For the slides, they should be put into a slide magazine or cartridge to keep away from the dust. This still applies to all films from movie to stills. The half-frame films just need a little bit more "lov'n care".

There is a good half-dozen half-frame 35s on the market, and they also are made to fit all types of budgets and all needs. Some of the manufacturers have every type of lens available from the wide-angle to the zooms to telephotos up to 800mm. The biggest selling point is that this type of camera is so compact, it is light weight, and you get 72 slides or photos from one roll of regular 36-exposure 35mm film. For a mountain climber, the bow hunter, back-packer or traveler this type of camera is a must, for if size and weight is important, then a half-frame fits the bill.

On the next morning's hunt, I left the Wilcox Lodge with the half-frame around my neck - - No, I didn't trade away my Nikons, I just left them in their cases so I could try out the Olympus. Gone was the weight; in fact, I was constantly checking to see if I hadn't lost it. I did get a chance to use it later in the day on a couple of typical Tavaput Plateau mule deer as you can see in the accompanying photos. The camera gave superb performance, with pin-point focusing, all knobs and buttons were very convenient and the X sync works at all speeds. This one had a self-timer



This big mule deer was photographed late in the afternoon. Camera was an Olympus Pen FT model with 150mm telephoto. Tri-X film. Speed 1/125th.

and through-the-lens metering system so that meter works through any lens you put on the camera.

Prices for the Olympus start at or near \$160.00 and go up to the top model for \$240.00. Other make half-frames start at or below \$100.00 and up to \$250.00.

If you're thinking of buying one, just to have as a second camera for special trips or outings such as archery tournaments where you are a contestant, or rough bow hunting trips, then look into the second-hand models or last year's vintage. In any case, don't do what I've done in the past and ignore the obvious, but take a closer look at those half-frame cameras. The half-frame is far better than some of the 35mms which are on the market.



By Frieda Hoff

BARBECUED VENISON CHOPS

- 6 Chops about 1-3/4" thick
- 2 Tablespoons butter or oil

Sauce - - -

- 1 Cup ketchup
- 2 Tablespoons grated or finely chopped onion
- 1/2 Cup chopped celery
- 1/2 Cup water
- 2 Teaspoons vinegar
- 1/2 Teaspoons salt
- 1/2 Teaspoons Worcestershire Sauce

Trim off all fat. Heat butter or oil and brown chops quickly. Meanwhile combine remaining ingredients and pour over hot meat. Place uncovered in moderate oven (350°) for one hour. Baste meat occasionally with sauce and turn chops over once during the baking.

BRAISED VENISON OR ELK CHOPS (In mushroom gravy)

- 4 Good sized loin chops Weight about 1-1/2 lbs.
- 1-3/4 Teaspoons salt
- 1 Dash pepper
- 3 Tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 Cup water
- 10-1/2-oz Can mushroom soup
- 1 Teaspoon sherry wine
- 2 Drops Tabasco or other hot sauce

Wipe chops clean with a damp cloth and trim off any fat. Sprinkle chops with salt and pepper. Use a skillet with tight-fitting cover. Brown chops slowly (uncovered) on both sides in heated butter or margarine. Add 1/4 cup of the water, cover and simmer 15 minutes. Add 1/4 cup more water and simmer 15 minutes longer. Next add rest of the water and the soup. For the finishing touch, add the sherry and sauce. Cover and cook slowly one half hour.

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4. 350	11. 240	18. 170	4. 200	9. 75	4. 250		11. 240	18. 170	4. 200	9. 75	
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4th	120	100	80	72	64	56	48	40	32	24

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Trophies will be awarded to first, second and third place winners for both men and women in the following divisions: Men, free-style; Men, bare-bow; Women, free-style; Women, bare-bow.

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First place team in each division receives a trophy and each member of that team receives a medallion. Men's free-style, Men's bare-bow; Women's free-style, and Women's bare-bow.

JUNIOR OLYMPIC COMPETITION

Trophies will be awarded to first, second and third place winners for both Boys and Girls in the following divisions: Cadets, Juniors, and Intermediates. Each participant must be a member of a N.A.A. approved J.O.A.D. Club and have achieved the classification of Archer or better.

— SCHEDULE OF EVENTS —

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1971
★ First Official P.A.A. Round
★ Junior Olympic Round Saturday night

SUNDAY, MARCH 28, 1971
★ Second Official P.A.A. Round.
★ Awards Presentation.

Tournament Information:

Early registration deadline is March 10, 1971. Every effort will be made to assign requested shooting times. Anyone registering and not being able to attend will have their entry refunded. Tournament is sanctioned by P.A.A. and N.A.A. The first individual P.A.A. round score will be used for Team Event score. First place cash awards will be presented during awards presentation. All other cash awards may be picked up at the Tournament Director's office at 9:00 p.m., March 28. Awards not picked up will be mailed March 29.

INDIVIDUAL ENTRY

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State _____

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First PAA round individual scores will be team score. All team members must be from the same state. Women may compete on men's team. A state may register any number of teams. Team member must be registered in individual competition.

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